

LOW LIFE THE RISE OF THE LOWLY
REDREDGED FROM THE MUCK BY ANDY HOPP



CORE RULEBOOK



IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES



IT WAS THE END OF TIMES

LOW LIFE

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LEGAL JAZZ

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THE WHOLE HOLE

A GADABOUT'S GUIDE TO MUTHA OITH - VOLUME 0: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

A peep meandering through Floom's Place of Pondering would be fortunate to encounter a certain Fizzle of Floom. This croach has the goggled gaze and crusty stench of one best avoided. A dreg of society. He's not that, though. In fact, he carries in his feculent noggin a trove of esoteric wisdoms, random tidbits, and paraphernalia of the bygone. He's one of Floom's most respected oldsters and a peep could do worse than heed Fizzle's spoutings. This guy knows about *Back in the Day*. He waxes eloquently about *The Time of the Flush*, extrapolates on *The Rise of the Lowly*, and plops the lowdown on *After the Wipe*. Fizzle's historical (and often hysterical) puppet shows are crowd-pleasing and his epic poetry is, well, epic. Much of what comes next is combobulated from the spoutings of Fizzle and oldsters of his ilk. To snazz things up a bit I'll be spattering lumps of Fizzle's poetry about.

Don't be alarmed, it's probably not contagious.

-Toucanacondor Flaminguez

Greetings, fellow denizen of Oith. Toucanacondor Flaminguez here; ceaseless rambler and peripatetic observer of things. The task has fallen upon me to scrawl the opening gist of this tome. To simplify the process I find it advantageous to assume you are ignorant and oblivious to the ways of everything in general (except how to read or at least to listen). Perhaps you are a newly wakened tizn't, happening across these words as you wipe the crud from your eyes and gaze upon the Oith for the first time. Maybe you got bonked on the head and can't remember anything. Perhaps you drank something you shouldn't have, or too much of something you should. Whatever the case, if I'm telling you jazz you already gob, kindly move along. It's not personal. You're just not the target audience.

The Oith wasn't always the festering paradise it is now. In fact, if it weren't for several dozen catastrophic apocalypses, unlikely cataclysms, erstwhile calamities, gawdly interventions, and gazillions of years of transformation, we might be sipping juice boxes with the ancient Hoomanracians right now. More likely, we'd be squirming through the muck beneath their tootsies, barely sapient enough to exist and as far from our current glory as Clorb's Wang is from That One Place with All the Sand. Our murky, fulvid skies were once blue and vibrant. The Big Drink, those stagnant and greasy, churning and tumultuous, briny murks that drench much of the Oith were once majestic, azure expanses of crystal foam and rippling surf. What once was



verdant and bold now bulges with moss, fungus, and rot, or else it is twisted and gnarled beyond description. The Oith is forested and carpeted and drenched and whatnot, just with different stuff than once it was. Funkier stuff.



A REALLY, REALLY LONG TIME AGO

*In the beginning, or shortly preceding
Nothing much happened, nothing worth heeding
What happened was nothing and nothing was lame
So the gawds got together and started a game...*

Of course, there were things before there were the things before the things we know. There were things before there was the Hoomanrace just as the Hoomanrace was a thing before most of Oith's current residents were a thing. This age refers to the time before anything we know as anything was anything. Speculation abounds, but since nobody was around yet, nobody knows what transpired. We don't, for example, know How It All Began. We don't know From Whence Jazz Came, nor do we know Why Anything is Anything. Sure, we have scriptures and dogmas aplenty, laying the blame or

the credit for the creation of everything at the behest of one gawd or another or as the result of one cosmic causality or another, but nobody has ever been able to offer a theory with enough conviction to persuade everyone else. In fact, the assertions of one creed often run completely counter to those of another. It's a big mess.

We'll discuss origin stories and theological doctrines elsewhere in this book and others. Whether the Oith was crapped into existence by some cosmic beast, invented as a game to entertain bored gawds, "Let there Be"d by Jelvis, rolled from the residue of creation by Almighty Boorglezar the cosmic dung beetle, painted by Boss Rob, illegitimately sired by a thousand celestial strumples during an orgy to end (or, to begin them, I guess) all orgies (the so-called *Big Bang*), or simply showed up one day after taking a wrong turn at the Nether Regions doesn't matter. It's here now and a thousand holy wars won't change everyone's mind. Let's move on.

WAY BACK IN THE DAY



*A Big Ass Monster with scales
And spikes, horns, and teeth on its tails
Devoured with pleasure
An assortment of treasure
And plopped gleaming stones in its trails*

This was the age of the Big Ass Monsters. These huge reptilian critters roamed the Oith, kicking butt, taking names, and generally being awesome. So bad of ass were they, the theory goes, the Oith literally couldn't handle it. A cosmogonic eviction notice was posted and the Big Ass Monsters departed, leaving nothing but their stony bones and the remains of ravaged groupies. Where did they go? Nobody knows for sure, but conjecture is rampant. Perhaps they now rock the Nether Regions, their armored scales and bristling maws adorned with flames and chains and other hardcore jazz. Were they banished to some subterranean pit or distant island? Do they now dwell within the Keister of Gawd, as posited by such venerated gadabouts as Ubbercat Dung and Huxeltranious Swivelteets? Maybe they all just got sick and died or something. Such arguments have sent more than one wisenheimer to an early grave, victim of a spork wielded by a differing opinion.

A REALLY LONG TIME AGO

*From mud, muck, and ooze, and things quintessential
The bubbling morass produced things with potential
Nothing too fancy worth writing about
But given some time it would work itself out*

The Oith existed about now. There wasn't all that much going on, though. Sure, some critters and plants and stuff probably did their assorted thangs, eating each other and whatnot. Time passed. Things transpired. None of them were particularly interesting. It's believed the first ancestors of today's croaches and worms showed up, but that's not very interesting either. The Primordial Soup Kitchen opened for business. It would be several gazillion millennia before the first customers would arrive.



THE TIME OF THE FLUSH

*The peeps had enough of this crap
Constant smiles were making them chap
With a half-hearted shrug
They opened a jug
Of ruckus all over the map*

Eventually happiness got boring and poop got real. Through various outrageous debacles of Fundamental intervention (a lot of peeps insist Stan was somehow involved), geologic upheavals, otherworldly incursions, foreign visitations, tectonic toe-stubbings, environmental ravages, pathogenic proliferations, incendiary holocausts, celestial collisions, domestic disturbances, trips, stumbles, spills, and sprained moral compasses all sorts of wack jazz went down. Horrible, terrible, no good things like war and hostility were invented. Cats got astrophied and aclysmed out the wazoo. Basically, things started to suck and they haven't stopped sucking since.

BACK IN THE DAY

*A Hoomanracian peep with a grin
That stretched from his nose to his chin
High-fived every stranger
(He wasn't in danger)
They grinned back and slapped him some skin*

It was during this era the vaunted Hoomanrace, those delightful paragons of existence, were birthed and lived. A peaceful and industrious species, they knew little of strife and violence (at least for a time). The favored offspring of Mutha Oith, these beings were powerful custodians of the land and architects of philosophy, art, and poetry. They lived in harmony with all creatures, shaping the land and enacting wondrous miracles of spirit, science, and artifice.

Such was the way of things for long and longer. Happiness dripped like sweat from every pore of every beast and a palpable funk of joy and friendship clung to every danged thing in existence. It was the best of times, apparently, and it lasted until it ended.



THE UNNATURAL HISTORY OF MUTHA OITH: A PUPPET SHOW IN SEVERAL ACTS

How did it all go down? I'm pleased I pretended you asked. Nobody knows, but if we're making stuff up anyway here's what happened: DRAMA! Probably somebody drunkenly said something about somebody else at a party or something. Word got around to the other peep. Things were said. Faces were slapped. Opposing significant others were seduced. Weapons were improvised. Guts were punched. It's a tale as old as dirt and, like dirt, the crud just kept accumulating. Satisfaction was demanded. Sides were taken. Vengeance was sworn. Escalations were escalated. More weapons were invented: stabby things and slashy things and clobbery things. Lines were drawn. Lines were crossed. Words were exchanged. Harsher words were exchanged. More weapons were invented: shooty things and throwy things and spiky things. Aggressions were vented. Boundaries were formed. Treaties were signed. Pacts were broken. More weapons were invented: flaming things and explosive things, *invasive* things and things best undescribed. Armies were formed. Armies were crushed. Goats (whatever those are; probably some kind of ancient breakfast cereal) were scaped. Populations were oppressed. Uprisings uprose. More weapons were invented: pestilent things, corrosive things, *nukular* things. Societies crumbled. Others arose. Others crumbled. Peeps croaked in droves. Droves croaked in throngs. Throng croaked in hordes. Populaces diminished. Poop, as I said earlier, got real.

All was not lost! Not yet, anyway. Sure, the Hoomanrace was devastated. Yeah, things sucked. Mutha Oith had been violated without so much as a goodbye kiss. The planet was wrecked, cracked open, frozen, thawed, boiled, and ripe for the picking. Things were about to get worse. Much worse.

The ancestors of today's oofos, beings from various cosmic elsewhere, had been infiltrating the Hoomanrace for millennia. Until now they generally kept to themselves, occasionally popping out from behind a shrub to probe somebody or trampling a few crops now and then. No longer. Invasion was the order of the day and the crippled vestiges of the Hoomanrace were ill



prepared for the onslaught. No worries, though, the triumphant oofos were even less well prepared for the next phase of what I just decided to refer to as Mutha Oith's Apocalyptic Cluster-goose.

Maybe the gawds were getting bored with watching all the wars and invasions and enslavements and whatnots. They were jaded and needed more action. Why not? Poop got real a while ago, now it was about to go *down*.

Hurricanes, himmicanes, tornadoes, volcanoes, oithquakes, floods, mudslides, water-slides, landslides, curly slides, avalanches, blizzards, heat waves, famines, typhoons, tsunamis, brush fires, limnic eruptions, boils, blights, plagues, torrential downpours, and minor inconveniences ravaged the land as never before. The lost continent of Eglantiss rose, sank, rose again, and sank again, returning to Oith the misplaced zazz of hocus pokery and other Fundamental arts. Cataclysmic forces opened a door connecting Oith to the eldritch realm of Middle Oith then quietly shut it in embarrassment, but not before admitting all manner of rampaging horcs, frolicsome smelves, and the like. Bombardments from elsewhere, immense flaming

rocks of ice and stone, fell from the skies. Something huge crashed into the backside of the moon, cleaving a great rift in that booty and hurtling tremendous pasteurized chunks of moon-flesh Oithward (creating the Moonular Cheese Fields in the process). *Things* were unleashed. Horrid, malevolent things. Unpronounceable things from unpronounceable places. They rampaged for an age, sopping up and subjugating most of the obliterated residue of Hoomanrace and oofu civilization before heading back home to sleep it off. Shambles and ruination remained. The Oith had been dumped, wiped, and flushed.



AFTER THE WIPE

*The gawds weren't entirely able
To discern what was real or a fable
They gazed 'cross the lands
Threw up their gawd hands
And knocked the game board from the table*

This era marked another period of relative inactivity on Oith. The essentially annihilated remnants of life clung desperately to existence, mutating and devolving into strange new forms or disappearing entirely. Most of Oith's resi-

dent organisms were extinct by now (including, if we're singling anyone out, the illustrious Hoomanrace). Those that remained struggled tenaciously to survive among the blighted grounds, contaminated seas, and polluted skies, eking out a subsistence almost as lowly as the primordial worms and croaches slowly crawling their way from the muck.

THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

*Rather than starting from scratch
They reused the dregs of the batch
One gawd to another
Said "Listen, my brother
Let's you and me have a rematch"*

The Hoomanrace was gone and Mutha Oith was a disgraced, ravaged strumple ready to be taken advantage of by those with the means and inclination to do so. Thus arose our predecessors. Over the span of a gazillion and twelve eons (give or take) our forefathers and foremothers (all eight of them) evolved, devolved, spawned, and begat, creating the awesome assortment of peeps and denizens that currently inhabit the Oith.



The forsaken cities and wondrous achievements of the antediluvian Hoomanrace lay crumbled and buried. The remnants of that ilk have either croaked, fled, or been warped and mutated beyond recognition, victims of continuing exposure to cosmic, nukular, and pestilent influences left in the wake of the Flush. The dominant beings of the planet, the noble cockroach, the tenacious worm, and the imperishable snack cake have evolved into grand new forms. The descendants of those few abandoned oofos who survived the Flush strive desperately to reclaim their past glory, their astounding technologies lost to the anus of history.

Audacious times are upon us. Lost lands and forgotten civilizations await discovery. Terrible monsters and grand treasures lurk behind every rock (usually one or the other, occasionally both together). There are hoards to nab, foes to stab, and tales to blab. These are the days of Low Adventure, where destiny is shaped not by circumstance of birth, but by strength of snazz, zazz, and jazz. It's a bold world for bold peeps, where life is relatively inexpensive and even the lowliest worm can become a king by his own mop.



THE UNOITHINGS OF OFALMEYER PITSTENCH

MARKING THE PASSAGE OF TIME

"Urethra! I found it!"

-Ofalmeyer Pitstench

Remarkably, thanks largely in part to the scroungings of the late Ofalmeyer Pitstench (of the Glowhio Pitstences), ancient conventions used eons ago are once again in place throughout many of Oith's more civilized domains. Ofalmeyer's explorations of several Hoomanracian ruins (chief among them the pulverized shambles of Yew Nork and the primeval catacombs beneath the city of Yapple) have uncovered the decayed remains of a number of Hoomanracian calendars. Ofalmeyer and his team spent decades deciphering the artifacts, gleaned much from these impossibly venerable documents. They learned of the Hoomanrace's apparent affection for various pointy-eared furry beasts and those beasts' unhealthy affinity for cheeseburgers and incorrect grammar. They discovered that someone named Groundhog has a birthday next week and that peeps back then really dug bathing suits.

Among the great many tidbits and nuances of Hoomanracian culture reaped from the stained and moldering relics came a greater understanding of how they measured the passing

of days. It happened that many of the leaders of the era were disgruntled with the contemporary manner of doing such things (which mostly consisted of the boss of the land in question deciding it was time for him to have another birthday party). Sure, Grothnozzle's Agenda, which measures the years before and after the city of Floom was founded (*befof* and *yafwaf*, respectively) tells us what year it is, but the actual duration of a year (or a day, for that matter) was pretty arbitrary. With very little coaxing, they jumped on the Pitstench bandwagon and adopted (with some probable errors in interpretation) Ofalmeyer's system, merging it with Grothnozzle's Agenda and making everyone all smiley. It's been tweaked over the years, most pronouncedly by Yimminee the Souse, famed wisenheimer and inventor of the legendary Souseburger sandwich. He's the croach who came up with the names for all those historical epochs you probably read about a few minutes ago. Keistermeister Tincture IV made some refinements as well.

Anyway, here's the gist:

MEASUREMENTS OF TIME

SECOND: The amount of time it took Goozwalf the Geeze, personal janitor to Keistermeister Tincture IV, to say his name with a mouth full of pickled scruffy nubblers. There are sixty of them in a minute.

MINUTE: How low long it took Goozwalf to stop choking after trying to say his name with a mouth full of pickled scruffy nubblers. Sixty of these make an hour.

HOURL: Goozwalf spent this long on the potty trying to get rid of the pickled scruffy nubblers. Twenty four are in a day.

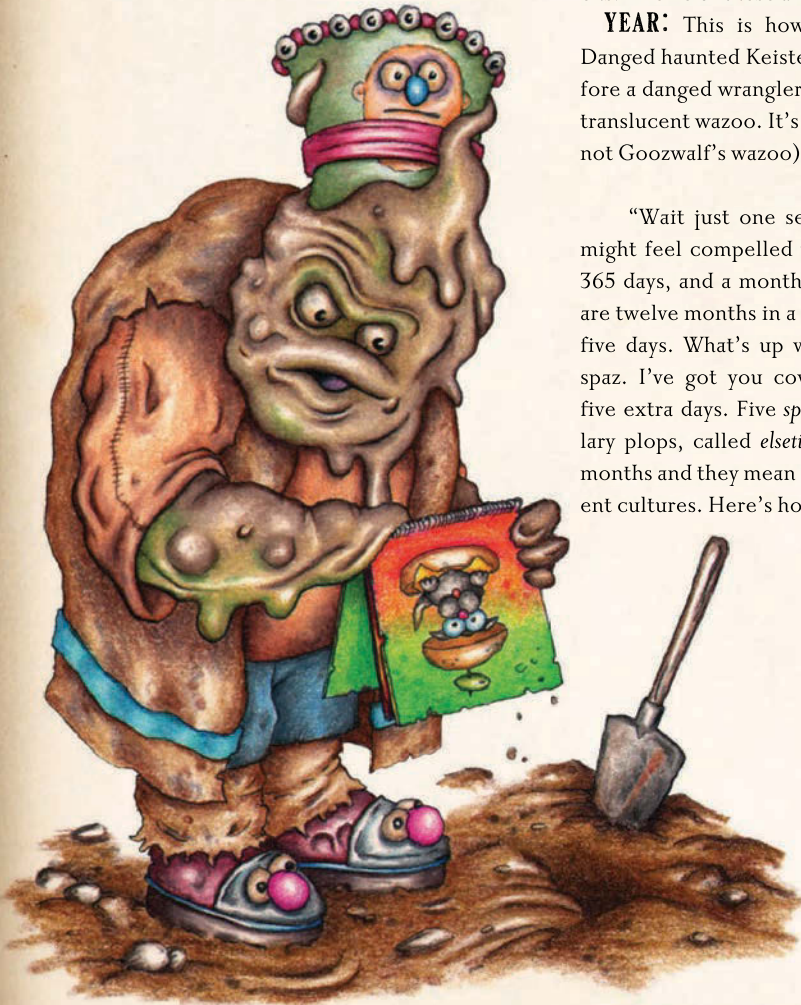
DAY: Jokes about Goozwalf and the integrity of his bowels got old, according to Keistermeister Tincture IV, after about this long. It's also, coincidentally, roughly how long it takes for the sun to complete its itinerant journey across the sky (on those rare days when a peep can actually see the sun). Seven of these guys are in a week and thirty make a month.

WEEK: This is how much time passed before Goozwalf's widow hooked up with Keistermeister Tincture IV following her husband's unfortunate, scruffy nubbler-related demise.

MONTH: After thirty days a cook's apprentice discovered a barrel of poisoned pickled scruffy nubblers in one of the Keistermeister's kitchens. Twelve of these are in a year.

YEAR: This is how long Goozwalf of the Danged haunted Keistermeister Tincture IV before a danged wrangler was called in to evict his translucent wazoo. It's made of 365 days (a year, not Goozwalf's wazoo).

"Wait just one second!" the savvy reader might feel compelled to interject, "If a year is 365 days, and a month is thirty days, and there are twelve months in a year, you just shorted me five days. What's up with that?" Don't worry, spaz. I've got you covered. There are indeed five extra days. Five *special* days. These intercalary plops, called *elsetimes*, happen in between months and they mean different things to different cultures. Here's how it works:



The danged wrangler who evicted Goozwalf of the Danged was an ancestor of Blackbones the Unpleasant, one of Toast's preeminent danglers and wielder of the infamous Unpleasant Dangly Thingee.

MONTHS OF THE YEAR

ONEUARY

TWOUARY

THE FIRST ELSETIME: Flompsmas (Floom),
The Feast of the Greased Beast (Boorglezarians)

THREEUARY

FOURUARY

THE SECOND ELSETIME: Smelfstomping Day
(Agggogg), Day of the Dong (The Dingdom)

FIVEUARY

SIXUARY

THE THIRD ELSETIME: Slogala (Yapple),
Jelvfest (Jeezle Freaks)

SEVENUARY

EIGHTUARY

NINETEMBER

THE FOURTH ELSETIME: The Inner Sinner Dinner
(Stanismists), The Great Hate Date (Jemimah's
Witnesses)

TENTEMBER

ELEVENUNE

TWELVETEMBER

THE FIFTH ELSETIME: Wiping Day

DAYS OF THE WEEK

SPOONDAY

(Tincture IV had a thing for cutlery)

MOONDAY

(Pants optional)

TUBESDAY

(You don't even want to know)

WENSDAY

(Originally called Thensday, because it came
next, but renamed in remembrance of a particu-
larly snazzy blister on the wife of Keistermeister
Sinful Bulgenoggin in 244 yafwaf)

BOORGSDAY

(In honor of Boorglezar)

FRIED EGG

(This may have been an interpretation error, but
they rolled with it anyway)

SPLATTERDAY

(As a tribute to those fallen in the Great Gossian
Water Balloon Fight of 222 yafwaf)



DOESN'T THE MOON FIT INTO THIS SOMEWHERE?

Apparently peeps used to watch the phases of the moon to note the passage of months. Maybe the big butt in the sky had more fiber in its diet back then, but there's nothing regular about it now. It wavers erratically across the celestial dome in a random and erratic manner, showing its massive pimpled cheeks day or night or not at all according to its own agenda. Wisenheimers have spent lifetimes trying to find some pattern to it, but for now it's just a big, aimless, cheesy rump and about as useful for measuring days as a thimble full of nose hairs.

THE INSPIRINGLY PATHETIC TALE OF YORT AND HIS STICK

THE WEIGH OF THINGS

"Yeah, I'll take a gorfuzzle of linachithi heads, three slurps of glompscomb juice, a shload and a half of what passes for corn, and eleven noggins of slog slime. It's nine squiggalurches to Gargle Twice and I want to get there by morning."

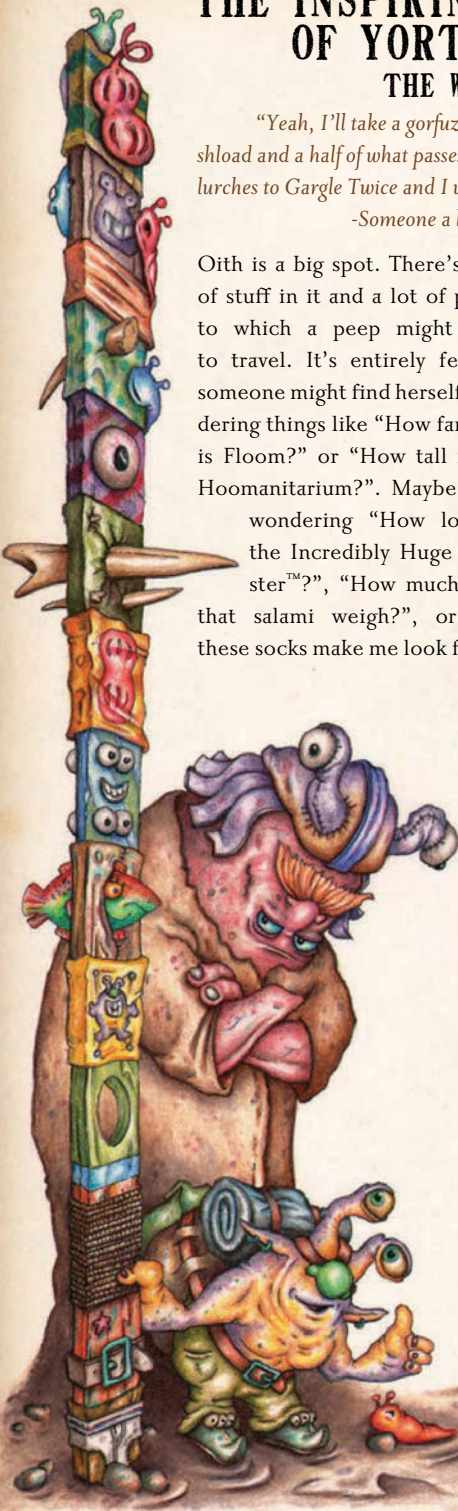
-Someone a long time ago

Oith is a big spot. There's a lot of stuff in it and a lot of places to which a peep might want to travel. It's entirely feasible someone might find herself wondering things like "How far away is Floom?" or "How tall is the Hoomanitarium?". Maybe she's wondering "How long is the Incredibly Huge Monster™?", "How much does that salami weigh?", or "Do these socks make me look fat?".

To answer these questions and others the peeps of Oith have devised system after system. The problem was nothing was standardized. The Torklian *squiggalurch* and the Oorlquarian *rutt*, although both units of distance, were about as relatable to each other as the Ewgian *slump* was to the Aggoggian *smelfpunt*. Similarly, the *woft*, used in Goss for centuries to determine how many *worbs* could fit in a *bunscrollup*, was completely useless when trading with waremongers from the Dingdom of the Dong, where the *blarb* and the *dloaf* did that job. Something had to be done!

To address the issue, in the year 409 yafwaf the High Exalted Glorious Infrizium of Knowledge in New Oorlquar called a meeting. Diplomats, wisenheimers, and other thunkular peeps were invited from all the civilized plots on the glob. They gathered in the city to think things through and work out some sort of compromise to the benefit of all. Of course, as is often the case when such peeps gather, peaceful discourse was soon abandoned in favor of shouted threats and entitled whining. Torkle wanted a squiggalurch based scheme. The boss of Aggogg demanded (and nearly went to war over) one in which the smelfpunt was the foundation. Templars representing the Ding of the Dong insisted on the blarb, which elicited a kick to the shins and a round of wedgies from the Babajuanan emissaries. Names were called, eyes were gouged, feelings were hurt, and the whole thing almost fell apart with no nation enriched or edified by the experience.

Interestingly, the Gossian *worb* and the Aggoggian *smelfpunt* were identical, both having originally derived from the ancient Yew Norkian *squelch*.



Finally, after days of chaos, a voice of reason piped up (in the person of one Frump Whimplebottom III I/III, a wisenheimer from the town of Circuspi on Keister Island) and they finally agreed on a solution. A contest would be held the following year, hosted by the Infrizium and sponsored by all the attendant sovereignties. It was settled. Competitive grub-gobbling was, as always, the answer. One champion from each domain would take up the bib and the winner would decide the whole shebang. The main course? Circuspi nuts, obviously.

For the uninitiated, Circuspi nuts are these hideously vile delicatrocities. Most peeps would rather chug a steaming bowel of broccodile dung than pop a Circuspi nut in their craw. They're also ridiculously filling; a single one constitutes a full day's meal for anyone desperate enough to eat it and mighty enough to keep it down.

Forty three competitors sat at the buffet, banners waving and bibs rampant. Steaming heaps of lukewarm Circuspi nuts filled the bowls. A bell rang. A gong sounded. Chaos! After several hours of furious gobbling and even more furious vomiting a veritable cataract of secondhand grub coated the assembled masses and a winner emerged (literally).

With six hundred seventy nine Circuspi nuts forced down his gullet and not a single chunder to his name, Yort, a young bodul from Koozle's nefarious Backside District, wavered to his feet, immersed in the emissions of his foes and the applause of his adoring fans. With a vig-

orous belch and a nod to his mommy, he stood forth and claimed his prize. From that day on, henceforth into perpetuity, as proclaimed by international treaty, all units of measure for distance, weight, size and so forth would be called the *yort*. That's it, just the arbitrary yort. Yort was hungry but not particularly creative.

Yort only knows how big or heavy a yort actually is. Although it's used to determine just about everything, from the distance between Clorb's Wang and That One Place with All the Sand to how much glop can fit in Umbley's bucket, peeps are even more confused than they were before. To remedy the situation, or at least to confuse it further, Yort travels the world bearing the so-called Yortstick. He wanders constantly, a gadabout's gadabout, sizing things up and marking them with what he claims is an accurate measurement in yorts. Many independent attempts have been made to quantify the unit based on Yort's markings, but they never seem to jibe with the markings he left elsewhere. How, one would be forgiven for wondering, can Yort be trekking the world when he was supposed to have lived over a hundred and fifty years ago? Apparently, the attention he received when he won the Infrizium's challenge turned him into some sort of gawd or something. He hasn't aged a day since and his hide is still caked with the curdled residue of his opponent's meals.

And that, my son, is why we can't have nice things.

WHICH WAY TO THE KEISTER OF GAWD? THE WAY OF THINGS

"All I need is a stout slog and a Keister to steer it by."

-Potamus of the Unwelcome Tongue

Relics of ages bygone, such as *norf*, *south*, and *weast*, are of little use nowadays. Such archaic and ancient terms, which depend upon the position of the sun and moon, are meaningless when those celestial bodies wander haphazardly across the sky like a couple of bickering old codgers (who also happen to be blind, dyspeptic,

and vaguely spherical). To the sensibilities of most of Oith's intelligent denizens the Keister of Gawd is the geographic center of the whole goosin' world. To accommodate this belief, directions of any significant distance are qualified with the terms *holeward*, meaning toward the Keister, and *holewhence*, meaning away from





the Keister. For example, New Oorlquar is holeward of Gargle Twice, Maankaas is holeward of Poom, and Clorb's Wang is most definitely holewhence of Koozle. Directions perpendicular to, or neither away from nor toward, the Keister are usually given in relation to some other landmark; Toast is at the base of Mount Funky, Yew Nork is across the Teats of Boorglezar from Glowhio, Aggogg is across the Big Drink from Gargle twice, Smite is over in that general direction, and so forth.

Of course such indications are only useful if a peep knows where the Keister of Gawd actually is. A device known as a *Keister compass* is extremely useful in this regard. Such a contraption, cobbled of weirdness, hocus pokery, and similar arts is attuned in such a manner that its doohickey always points directly at the Keister, or, more precisely, directly at a certain rock in the basement of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, which overlooks the Keister. Keister compasses are pretty clammy, when they can even be found, but extremely useful. If you have the means, I highly recommend picking one up.

AN ABUNDANCE OF ODDNESS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

"I was just minding my jazz when all of a sudden, out of nowhere, this worm walks in and I could just tell... His left eye was on his right side and his right eye was on the left. Creepy."

-Barence Thrice-Plumbed

We dig our Mutha Oith, but she's a bit off. There's a sort of general wonkiness. It's tough to put a finger on, at least in public, but things sometimes just aren't right. Perhaps it's due to the eons of punishment the planet has endured; the residual cosmic, nukular, and elsewherical influences visited upon her during the Time of the Flush. Maybe Fundamental powers, gawdly prerogatives, and the eldritch leachings of hocus pokery, contamination, and similar arts have taken their toll. Possibly she's just old and tired and doesn't give a goose anymore. Perhaps all those things are true. Whatever the cause, the manifestations are readily evident to anyone with the mind to ponder such things.

Stuff that should have rotted away or crumbled to dust eons ago, relics of the Hoomanrace for example, still linger. Objects that should be small, like tube socks and lunch boxes, are occasionally enormous instead. Conversely, regularly gigantic things, like mountains and your momma's butt, are sometimes tiny (or maybe they're just really far away). Size isn't the only thing affected in such a manner. A petrified cookie recently unothed in the ruins of Yew Nork was no bigger than a goozera's gizzard, yet it mysteriously took a team of six slogs to lift it. Just about everything in Glowhio glows (hence the name). That's certainly not natural. There are places that'll make your skin turn blue just

by walking through them (no word on what color it turns if it's already blue), rocks that stick to metal, hot ice, cold lava, wet sand, and dry water. Up is, from time to time, down. Down has been known to be up. Wonkiness...

Usually these odd distortions are limited to certain locations or particularly ancient stuff, jazz that was around before the Rise of the Low-

ly, but a peep might sporadically happen upon something modern that's similarly affected, perhaps a pair of pants that inexplicably no longer fit even though you did three sit-ups last week or a ginormous oily boid hatching from a regular sized egg. Such occurrences are often thought to be portentous by peeps sensitive to that sort of thing.

LOW LIVES THE PEEPS OF MUTHA OITH

Oith is peopled by a veritable all-you-can-eat buffet of diverse and fascinating beings. Some we'll deal with later when we talk about monsters and beasts and such, but it might be helpful to spout some gab about a few of the more civilized and intelligent peeps (relatively speaking) right about now. Keep in mind everybody is an individual with his or her (or its) own personal disposition, lifestyle, and motivations. It's entirely possible to encounter a peaceful horc, a Hoomanitarian cremefillian, or a moronic oof; but those guys are far from representative of the species as a whole. This next section is an overflowing clam sack of unavoidable generalizations and stereotypes, so take from it what you will.

-Me, right here

BODUL BEING OF DUBIOUS LINEAGE

*A blade-wielding bodul said shrewdly
"I say, sir, don't speak of me rudely.
I admit I look weird
I've a hand for a beard
And my mother dresses me crudely."*

THE LOWDOWN

Boduls are a people lost in parody and paradox. Of all of Mutha Oith's species few are as universally mocked, nor as universally esteemed, as the loathsome yet mighty bodul. See, boduls are believed by many (especially themselves) to be the actual living descendants of the ancient Hoomanrace, gazillions of generations removed. Corrupted, transformed, warped, and mutated beyond any semblance of their ancestors' majestic form or former majesty, boduls nevertheless take a measure of pride in their pedigree. Of course, not everyone believes boduls are descended from Hoomanracians, and not

everyone who believes gives a poop, but such a notion has become the defining characteristic of many boduls. They are proud and spirited peeps, or at least they think they are, although at times they tend toward bouts of self loathing and despondency as they imagine the lost glory of their supposed ancestors.

To physically describe a bunch of boduls is to invite cerebral hemorrhage. Such an abundance and diversity of forms and shapes exist as to make any attempt at classification as painful and fruitless as crapping glass pineapples. Sure, they share some traits in common; a bipedal stature, long, droopy ears, and a number of hands and legs are prevalent features, although by no means representative of everyone. That's usually where the similarities end, however. I've seen boduls with six arms, boduls with three noses, and boduls with upside-down faces. There are boduls with their hands on backwards, boduls with their ears inside-out, and boduls with feet where their noses should be. Some boduls have bulbous chins and others have no chins at all (some even have multiple chins or chins where



chins shouldn't be). There are boneless boduls, blistered boduls, triple-buttod boduls, and boduls who glow in the dark; one-eyed boduls, two-eyed boduls, three-eyed boduls, and boduls with more eyes than a peep would be reasonably expected to count. In Floom there's a bodul with tongues for his ears and in Torkle there's one with four heads. Doop has a bodul who's flat as a rug and at least three in New Oorlquar have boobs on their back. I once met a peep in Gargle Twice who has noses on his knees and a bodul I noticed in Yapple had no head at all, just a mouth and some eyes in the middle of his chest. Some boduls are hairy and others are bald, while others have hair on their tongues. Some boduls are only a yort high while others are almost a yort! Some are shy or embarrassed by their appearance while others celebrate their diversity and revel in their uniqueness. The point is, there are a lot of boduls and they all differ from each other in a great many ways.

SCRAPPIN'

Boduls make their own decisions and there's not much that can be predicted about one based on past experience with another. Some are brutal and warlike while others are peaceful and passive. One might chop you in the yap just for peering his gist sideways while another might cower under a table if you cough too loudly. There have been, historically, plenty of estimable bodul warriors, among them such notables as Magnificent Munge, Beardo the Beardless, Huthu the Moidilizer, Yurston of Yapple, and Thrashtle Badaboom (known as Thrashtle Gurgeburster among the horscs of the Mudlump clan). Boduls who are into such things, tend to adopt their own unique fighting styles, preferring specially crafted weapons and armor adapted to their individual anatomies. That kind of stuff can get pretty clammy, so bodul scrappers usually adorn themselves in scraps and piece-meal until they can afford some custom jazz.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

The diversity of boduls extends to their dispositions as well. Perhaps no other group among Oith's civilized peeps baffles generalization quite so defiantly (maybe tizn'ts, I suppose). Boduls are as multifarious in their nature as they are in their appearance. Some are wicked and vile. Others are kindly and cheerful. Some are hardworking and conscientious while others wouldn't give a goose if they had six spare geese to give. It's true they tend to be a bit on the prideful side, as a consequence of their feasible lineage, but that is by no means a universal attitude. Of course, such things could be said about many of Oith's denizens, but with boduls it rings even more true. Their individuality is special, less *individual*, somehow. It's not the concentrated uniqueness of the tizn't, whose identity is a function of its own idiosyncrasy, but something not quite personal: a collective uniqueness, if you will (or even if you won't). Where a tizn't might say, "I'm absurdly wonky, therefore I'm unique" a bodul would be more likely to utter, "I'm a bodul and boduls are unique."

Q: Why did the bodul cross the road?

A: To get away from people who ask stupid questions.

Certain cremefillians, especially those of the Jemimah's Witness faith, are ill-disposed toward boduls because of their Hoomanracian lineage. Other than that, boduls tend to either get along or not, depending on their own personalities.

BODUL NAMES

Bodul names are as varied as bodul anatomies but, as long as we're generalizing, many tend toward grandiose monikers to compliment their prideful personalities. Such pompous titles as Grossum the Awesome, Otho the Boss Boss, Fearsome Flognoggin, and Cuddlesmith Love-surgeon have been known. Conversely, those boduls less certain or conceited about their lineage tend to adopt simple names, occasionally adding a descriptive eponym or epithet. Some notable peeps: Daddy Hassafrass, Boot Bunsblossom, Yerkle the Sockstitcher, [Expletive Deleted], and Goop the Guy Named Goop. The Hoomanitarian faith being popular among boduls, many of them are given names based on assorted words found on Hoomanracian relics and artifacts. For example, there's a daddy named Internal Combustion Engine in New Oorlquar and a peep in Doop goes by the unlikely and discursive handle of Sodium Benzoate to Preserve Freshness. Of course most boduls, like peeps across the glob, are named in the custom of the culture into which they were born or the religion to which their parents adhered. However, they often choose a more personal name for themselves once they're old enough to do so (in fitting with their strong sense of individuality).



THE LOWDOWN

In any conversation regarding which of Oith's denizens is the most bizarre, the strange and spongy cremefillian invariably takes the cake (hah!). Sure, everyone on Oith has their own bit of wonkiness, but what could compare to a giant talking pastry with a serrated spatula and a vendetta? Nothing, that's what.

Cremefillians belong to a group of organisms that includes such creatures as odres and slogs. Although various cremefillian types exist, the most common are the yellowish, vaguely cylindrical guys occasionally known as *tweenks*. Like slogs, their flesh is a soggy, crusty, cake-like material, more sponge than skin. In place of blood a thick, white, cloyingly sweet substance flows within them. With long skinny arms and flat, disgruntled faces, they're what most peeps outside the Dingdom of the Dong picture when somebody says cremefillian.

Cremefillians are a storied people, with a sad yet triumphant history. According to legend, and essentially confirmed by the unothings and explorations of oldsters and wisenheimers

CREMEFILLIAN THE TWEENK

*A cremefillian brute made a killing
When he proved he was perfectly willing
To hunt down his foes
As well as his bros
And splatter the walls with crème filling*

There's a cremefillian assassin in the city of Floom known as the Cleaner. His deal is that he can't abide the filthiness of his fellow tweenks so he joined The Happy Plate Club and promised to wipe them all out. We'll see if he succeeds.



over the ages, the roots of the cremefillian race began Back in the Day, when the preeminent Hoomanrace ruled the glob. In those days, the primordial cremefillians were much smaller—tiny little fellows created in Hoomanracian laboratories to satisfy the nutritive urges of the populace. Bound in shrouds of transparent hoomanracium and imprisoned in colorful paper tombs, these helpless and presumably terrified ancestral tweenks were devoured in droves. It's unclear why the characteristically peaceful and nurturing Hoomanrace would act with such nefarious apathy toward a newly birthed species of its own creation. Maybe the Hoomanracians were unconscious of the nascent intellect burgeoning within their cupboards. It's possible, but unlikely when one considers that the very prisons themselves were adorned with smiling images of the unfortunates trapped within. Perhaps the rancid seeds of hatred and callousness that would usher in the Time of the Flush were already being sown. Cremefillian holy rollers, particularly those of the Jemimah's Witness faith, insist this is true, pointing to execrated relics depicting such ancient Hoomanracian villains as Jemimah the Hostess of Hate and "Little" Debbie joyfully devouring their helpless predecessors.

Things changed during the Time of the Flush. Those various cosmic, gawdly, nukular, and pestilent cataclysms that wreaked such havoc across the glob also delivered unto the early cremefillians their salvation. Through whatever combination of Fundamental gumpions, the cremefillians grew larger and more determined, eventually escaping their bonds and raining vengeance upon their weakened Hoomanracian captors. Much blood and much partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening was shed. The Ding's libraries in Toast hold countless tomes describing the various triumphs, heroes, and exploits of this age (although wisenheimers question the veracity of most of them). Of course, a great many cremefillians perished during the proceeding eons of apocalypse, but enough survived to carry the species into the modern day.

SCRAPPIN'

Cremefillians tend to be pretty feisty scrappers. They aren't big fans of guff and don't generally take it from other peeps. When poop goes down (as it often does), cremefillians tend to favor weapons and circumstances that take advantage of their long arms and unique morphology. They often fight well in teams, usually back to back and taunting their foes with epithets and your momma jokes.

A cremefillian's spongy hide absorbs all sorts of filth and pestilence over the course of its lifetime. This makes it unpalatable to all but the most desperate or ageusic of predators. Conversely, various venoms and poisons that would croakify most other peeps have little or no effect on cremefillians (although there are certain toxins that'll lay them flat). Thankfully, this quirk of physiology doesn't apply to suds. Tweenks can get snookered on grog just like anybody else (and they tend to do so perhaps a bit more often than is healthy).

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Tweenks are a proud and resilient people. As such, they can be quick to anger and cling to

grudges like other peeps hoard clams. It doesn't always come to blows, but a cremefillian isn't above throwing a few rude gestures and a shouted malediction or two at anyone he doesn't like. The usual victims of their blustering tirades are boduls and Hoomanitarrians, for obvious reasons, but just about anybody can set one off.

Crime, both organized and disorganized, is a way of life to many cremefillians. There's an abiding tradition, in many parts of the world, of cremefillian thuggery and gangstahood. Obviously, not every tweenk is an iniquitous villain, it's just that those who are tend to be proud of the fact. Such infamous peeps as Fat Sushi (Dongfather of Toast), Nabmaster Hung, Chiz Chiz the Chop, Voluminous Gweep (Dingpin of Broken Toe), and the Floomian assassin known alternately as "The Cleaner" and "The Cavity Searcher" are notable examples.

One crime a cremefillian would never commit is that of enslaving another cremefillian. Certainly it's all fine and dandy to subjugate other peeps, but, for historical reasons, such a thing is abhorrent to cremefillian sensibilities.

CREMEFILLIAN NAMES

Tweenk names tend to be a bit on the childish side, some sort of cutesy-wutesy repetitive babble that, according to wisenheimers has deep historical value, reminiscent, as it is, of the names scribbled on their prisons Back in the Day. Dong Dong, Wee Wee, Wee Dong, Lung Dong, Dung Lung, etc... When a cremefillian reaches a certain age he goes through a rite of passage, the details of which vary by religion and geography, after which he adopts a new moniker for himself. Names of this sort tend to be a bit on the arrogant side, chosen to make the bearer sound like a bad ass, although that's not always true. Witness such peeps as Crandel Creampuff Crusher of Crania, Hater Wig Wig, Dung Dong the Fister, and Barence Thrice-plumbed. Other well-known cremefillians include famed con-tanimator Uuulon Crepulos, legendary scrapper Glutenous Maximus, and Horus Morus, the Ding of the Dong.

CROACH

A CLEVER NICKNAME GOES HERE

*Said a croach to his pal in the dust
"We've been dining on crumbs, dung, and crust
Perhaps we should munch
For our afternoon lunch
On something a bit more robust."*

THE LOWDOWN

Resilient and gristly, croaches are among the most populous and gregarious of Oith's peeps. They can be found just about anywhere doing just about anything. Some choose the life of the vagarious gadabout, traveling the Oith in search of adventure. Others opt for a more citified existence where they fill every niche imaginable, from the lowliest slum to the grandest palace. Croaches are steadfast and adaptable. They know their lot in life and they either accept it and thrive or refuse it and strive for something different. Hardships and triumphs are greeted with equal enthusiasm. In fact, there's nothing a croach enjoys more than overcoming obstacles and proving his moxie.

Not only are croaches socially adaptable, able to withstand oppression and hardship that would crush the average peep, they also possess several physical features in line with their durable nature. That crunchy shell isn't just for looks, after all, and those extra arms are useful for all kinds of things (yes, that too, you pervert). Croaches can get around in the dark pretty well, thanks to their sweet antennae, and their legendary gullets can digest just about anything. Unfortunately, this makes them the brunt of an endless panoply of poop-eater jokes, but croaches usually just shrug these off and take another bite.

SCRAPPIN'

Every croach is its own croach and acts accordingly. Some are violent and cruel while others are peaceful and mellow. One thing they have in common, though, is when they do



fight they tend to be pretty decent at it. Their crunchy shell makes it hard to bleed them and most croaches have four arms with which to wield various choppy, stabby things. The list of famous croach scrappers is a long one, with such bad asses as Voluminous Baalke, Aig the Lanky, Dorble Two-Eyes, Rorilla Platebreaker, and Flurp Foefilcher as random examples.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Unlike cremefillians, who tend to harbor spite like a harbor harbors boats, or horcs, who just like hurting things, croaches seem to get along with just about everybody. Not individually, mind you (there are plenty of unpleasant croaches out there), but as a general guideline. Croaches are among the most cosmopolitan and versatile of peeps. As such, it's hard to really nab them down. They do all sorts of jobs and their lives are about as varied as life can be. If a croach isn't well regarded it's unlikely to be because he's a croach. He's probably just a jerk.

CROACH NAMES

Croaches tend to keep whatever names their parents give them, which are more likely to be a function of their culture or religion than their species. Nicknames are common, but they're usually descriptive rather than arrogant. Sultan Pepper, The Litter Bug, Bernizedd the Enplumpinated, Ermle the Stitch, Gristle Sans-an-Arm, and Deleterious Snark are a few croaches of note.

HORC THE BOOGIE MAN

*Belched a horc to a smelf that he caught
In his pot when the two of them fought
I get off on the strife
That I cause in your life
You might think that's a knife but it's snot*

THE LOWDOWN

Horcs are vile, brutish louts. Consummate bullies, they flagrantly (and fragrantly) hulk their lumbering bods about, quick with a fist or a sneer. Look at one sideways and you might get clobbered. They dig fighting, talking smack, and listening to peeps grovel.

Reveling in brutality and swagger, horcs are usually pretty big dudes, although whether that girth is made of rippling slabs of meat or jiggling flabs of grease varies. Great strands of muculent sludge ooze from their flesh, coating the whole mess in dripping, glutinous slime. Don't tell them I said this, but they kind of look like something plucked from the schnoz nozzle of a cheese leech or some other huge beast; brawny boogers with enormous mouths and fastigated noggins. Speaking of mouths, a horc's maw is easily wide enough to chomp the snoot off a smelf (which they tend to do whenever the opportunity arises). A horc's belly houses a bulging gullet within which he stores partially chewed smelf snoots, assorted gear, and other bits of whatnot, regurgitating said goods when they are needed.

The supreme embodiment of horcish values are a group of zealots known as the *Boogie Knights*. These ruffians travel the Oith, spreading ruckus and mayhem wherever they stomp. Revered and respected by other horcs, the Boogie Knights are despised and feared by just about everybody else.

SCRAPPIN'

Few things bring a horc more joy than stomping a foe into jelly (except maybe stomping jelly into a foe). They were born for ruckus and it's something at which they excel. Most horcs learn to swing a clobberin' stick before they say their first words (which invariably have something to do with stomping smelves). Most horcs lug around a small arsenal wherever they go, although they'll often choose a particular weapon with which to carry on an inappropriate relationship.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Not every horc is a violent maniac, but those who are hold a special place in society. In traditional horcish culture a constant battle for position rages, with non-horcs rating somewhere between warm slog poop and cold slog poop on the social scale. They idealize impulsive, aggressive, and pugnacious behavior. The biggest, strongest, and boldest horcs are usually the leaders, dominating other horcs (and everyone else in reach) with bluster and brutality. The current boss of Aggogg, an immense, hulking beast of a horc called *Fistpounder Gavelbanger*, is an immense, hulking beast of a horc. It's said he got that way by devouring his predecessor in a single gulp. The truth of that claim is unverified (it's possible he chopped him up first).

Despite their constant internal turmoils, the brunt of horcish fury is directed at smelves, who rate on the social scale somewhere between six day old slog poop on the bottom of a boot and six day old slog poop on the bottom of a bare foot. The source of this ancestral enmity is unclear, but horcs revel in it. From a horc's point of view smelves are either slaves, food, or target practice.

Still, plenty of horcs learn to play nicely with other peeps. When away from the confrontational influences of their peers they tend to mellow a bit. Throughout history there have even occasionally been horcs who have somehow befriended their ancestral smelven enemies and taken up sporks against their fellow horcs. Such aberrations are rare, but they do exist.

HORC NAMES

Horcs are an interesting batch when it comes to names. As little horclings they pretty much answer to anything anybody bigger than them chooses to call them. For example, a horc mom might refer to her young son with such endearing monikers as "The One Who Was Born with Poop in His Ear," "The One Who Smells like Armpits," or "That One over There." Eventually, a horc disregards such sentimentality in favor of a more grown-up name. As a general rule, horcs like to say what they do in their name, trying their hardest to sound like bad asses in the



process. They also like to throw in references to hurting smelves because goose smelves. Some horscs of note: Barrelsmasher Hangnail, Uncle Pissfoot, Smelfsqueeze the Juicer, Spleengobler Hatesmith, Filthy Gob, Smelfrender the Smelf Render, Cleaverswinger Chops-a-smelf, Fistpounder Gavelbanger, Bossbasher Floomsblight, Smelfsquisher Toejam, Smelfsmacker Smelfsmack, and Suffersmelf the Generally Well-Disposed.

OOFO NOT OF THIS OITH

*If you wonder if someone you spy
Is an oofo or some other guy
Just wait for a chance
To peep him sans pants
And you'll notice he lacks a brown eye*

THE LOWDOWN

Oofos are the descendants of ancient visitors who came to Oith gazillions of years ago from distant elsewheres beyond the moon and far, far away. They've lost all contact with their estranged ancestors, thanks to the Time of the Flush and its resultant calamities, but erstwhile vestiges of those absent peeps and their befuddling inventions remain. Such scarce and scattered artifacts are obsessively sought by oofos everywhere, many of whom dedicate their lives to this fixation in a vain (yet occasionally productive) attempt to reconnect with their departed ilk.

Although a wide variety of oofos populate the Oith, the most common are the uncanny peeps occasionally known as *drabs* (but usually just known as oofos). These guys sport little wiggly antennae, long, slender necks, bulging eyes, smooth skin, and frequently translucent noggins, through which their pulsating noodles might be glimpsed. Oofos are all about the brains, since they widely consider themselves the most intelligent of Oith's denizens. Such may or may not be the case (the average dweeb could outsmart an oofo with one lobe tied behind its occipital condyle), but their brainpower is evident in at least one impressive practice: their acumen with the Fundamental art of dementalism. Most wisenheimers agree oofos are the only peeps, at least the only peeps among Oith's populous denizens, with the snazz for that particular zazz. Whether this is because they're smart or just through some quirk of anatomy is an argument for someone else to have.

Spectacularly be-brained as they may be, oofos lack one fundamental fundament shared



by just about everyone else. I'm speaking, of course, about the humble buns. More specifically, the buns hole. Oofos apparently have incredibly efficient digestive systems (or perhaps some other way of removing waste). As such, they have no use for terminal vents. In fact, they often find the concept fascinating, obsessively fixating on the rump nostrils of other peeps. This has led to a great many embarrassing and/or disastrous interactions. One only need read of the *Prodigious Probings of Doop* in 532 yafwaf to find a recent example.

SCRAPPIN'

Most oofos prefer to use their considerable noggins to avoid confrontation. When this fails, as it often does, they aren't above either running for their lives or delivering a fresh-baked order of buns kick, usually in the form of a dementalist brain wedge or a telekinetic jink of one sort or another.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Oofos really are a lot better than everybody else. It's an incontestable fact. They use bigger words than most peeps and they can do long division like nobody's business. Still, they're not arrogant, just telling it like it is. Of course, oofos are relatively rare, so hanging out with less intelligent beings is pretty much unavoidable. To cope with the inferior rabble, oofos have developed a couple of brilliant mechanisms and tactics. First, they are extremely adept at pretending to be less intelligent than they think they are. This has a relaxing effect on most oithlings, who might otherwise resent an oofo's ingenious ingeniousness. Second, an oofo's tendency to obsessively fixate on a particular goal distracts her from contemplating the inferiority of the common populace. Many oofos have mastered these skills with such alacrity they no longer even have to try to maintain them. Obsession and idiocy have become second nature to such peeps, making it extremely difficult to tell an oofo who's really good at pretending from one who's just stupid.

OOFO NAMES

Many oofos dig names that glorify their unioithly ancestry. Plenty of voiced alveolar sibilants, uvular fricatives, and pompous appellatives invade their monikers like so many unwelcome probes. Zorxulon 2x10¹², Zolto Moonspawn, Swovv Zinkleman, Xixxzozz from Elsewhere, and Plixnoxzulon (Mender of Oithlings) are a few I've met. Others are all about the dementalism, brandishing relevant eponyms and sobriquets. Witness the swagger of such magnificent noggin-havers as Trozgoxx the Lobe, Xilquozo of the Ninth Demention, Blozozo Braindrainer, Choozboxxle the Cognimancer, and Diffident Ilz.

PILE THE BYPRODUCT

*A pile with fists made of grime
Declared his abhorrence of rhyme
There's something quite wrong
Said he about song
So I wet myself and ran extremely far away*

THE LOWDOWN

Festering heaps of biological trash, piles are the result of contamination gone awry (one of many possible results, actually). The esoteric zazz of contamination, the mystical art that allows containimators to summon, commune with, and influence the primordial spirits of filth and decay, sometimes leaves things behind; effluent residue tinged with Fundamental prerogative and a spark of intellect. In such a manner are piles born. Well, not actually born. Originated, I guess.

Piles come in two basic flavors. Some of them, known as *bound* piles, are Fundamentally in the thrall of whatever containimator accidentally created them. These peeps are usually servants, often employed as bodyguards, scrappers, or drudges of one sort or another. The other ones, *sovereign* piles, are on their own. They do what they want and are free to manage their own



affairs. The mechanism of these relationships is undiscovered. Why one pile arises bound to a master while another is as free as your first spoonful of chili at the Chopping Block is a question of great interest to containimators, as are the implicit circumstances needed to create a pile in the first place. Such a process never happens on purpose, despite centuries of research. Piles are accidents. Happy accidents, but accidents nonetheless.

A pile is, essentially, a living mound of dense, feculent crud. Its rotund, bulky mass is covered in thick, malleable goo, the stink of which ranges from horrendously atrocious to atrociously horrendous. This thick, putty-like ordure is firm yet pliable, allowing the pile to shape it into various spikes, bumps, "hairdos", and such. Since the actual living body of a pile resides several yorts beneath this integumentary gunk, it can withstand continued abuse. Piles even use their gunk to store various bits of gear. Who needs pockets when a peep can just stick stuff in himself? Not piles, that's who. They can

even rip globs of their goo from their bodies and fling them at their enemies, a gross yet effective technique which often leaves the foe temporarily blinded or otherwise hindered.

SCRAPPIN'

Piles, by nature, tend to be either extremely experimental in their approach to things or else steadfastly efficient. The former, when circumstances call for hostility, seldom use the same tactic twice in a row. They carry an assortment of weapons and instruments, giving each a chance to do its thang before moving on to the next. The latter just want to get things done so they can move on to the next thing. An impatient smack and it's usually over.

As a rule, piles aren't particularly bellicose nor especially pacifistic. They deal with each circumstance as it arrives. Some situations call for violence and, when they do, a pile will most likely answer that call. But he might not. It's up to him. Unless he's a bound pile, in which case it's up to his boss.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Despite their grotesque appearance, piles cherish life. They tend to respect other beings, especially when offered similar respect in turn. Most piles are, at least initially, friendly and outgoing. Get on one's bad side and you'll probably regret it. Apologize and he'll probably forgive you. They have little use for grudges and acrimony.

Piles aren't stupid, but they don't waste time with complicated decision making. Impulsive and unpredictable, they prefer to act rather than ponder. Some peeps find a pile's spontaneous disposition a bit unsettling, others dig their passion. Either way, it's certainly better to have a pile as a friend than an enemy.

PILE NAMES

Bound piles are often given a name by their creator, which is usually something either lame and belittling (Blorb the Subservient, Gross

Greelo, Ploop Socklicker, [Jeff...] or grandiose and extra macho (Huge Hoopaloooph, Mud-muscle the Flatulent, Borborygmal Bellyblight, Chunk Chiselchompers...). Sovereign piles usually name themselves, in which case just about anything is possible (Finsto the Quill, Byulunculus the Vigilant, Feco the Defecator, Brillo the Fool-Pitier). They don't always follow the "Something the Something" formula, but it is awfully popular.

SMELF THE SCHNOZ FLAUNTER

*Said a smelf to a horc in a fray
Your feet have a rancid bouquet
Your armpits are rank
Even without your stank
I can smell you from twelve yorts away*

THE LOWDOWN

Smelves, enormously beschnozzed little guys, came to Oith from the realm of Middle Oith during the Time of the Flush, fleeing the tyranny of their brutal horcish adversaries. This proved to be a bad decision, since the horcs just followed them, but it's over and they're both here now.

The average smelf is a short, slender, green skinned fellow (or fellete) with a gigantically disproportionate honker. Smelves are extremely proud of their prodigious proboscises, often polishing them with earwax and scented oils and adorning them with tattoos and jewelry. Not



only is a smelf's nose the decorative focal point of her countenance, it's also the source of many of her special talents.

Not surprisingly, smelves have a very powerful sense of smell. They're more attuned to the smellements, those noxious and beauteous Fundamental odors and fragrances of the universe, than are most other peeps. This fact, combined with their sensitive and clever nature, makes smelves supremely adapted to the art of smell-casting. Many of history's greatest smellcasters are smelves. In fact, the Garden of Smellements Gleeful on Keister Island, one of Oith's greatest hubs of Smellements exploration, is peopled largely by smelves.

Some smelves have developed their nasal acumen yet further, practicing the rare and dangerous snazz known as *nosebloating*. By inhaling a great gust of air through his nostrils, a nosebloating smelf is able to slowly levitate, rising upward at the mercy of the wind. Of course a smelf can only nosebloat for as long as he can hold his breath, but that's usually enough time to scoot his little wazoo away from whatever horc is tormenting him.

SCRAPPIN'

Smelves, despite their small size, can be pretty scrappy. Usually peaceful by nature, if someone pisses them off (or pisses them *on*) they'll get busy in a hurry. Unless you're a horc or some other evildoer it's unlikely you'll ever be on the receiving end of a smelven smackdown, but they can get quite fierce. Smelves tend to be well organized and intuitive scrappers, working together to take down tougher foes. Resourceful and inventive, smelves use their various abilities to great advantage, often nosebloating out of reach and raining mayhem upon their enemies in the form of slingshot stones and hurled reeks.

There are a great many smellcasters among the smelven population, some of whom are quite powerful. Their reeks are the stuff of legend. Woe unto the horcish ruffian who wedgies the wrong smelf.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Smelves sincerely believe in the goodness of most peeps. They tend to get along fine with just about everyone who isn't a horc. They're used to the occasional jibe or jeer directed at their bulbous schnozzes and diminutive stature, both of which they regard as points of personal pride. Big nose plus small body equals sexy smelf, if you do your math correctly.

While forgiving the occasional heckle, smelves detest bullies and do their best to avoid them. Horcs, whom they generally despise, will only be tolerated if they aren't being all horcy.

SMELF NAMES

Conventional smelven nomenclature smacks smelves with some pretty silly names. They really dig alliteration and the word *smelf*, which is kind of the universal cognomen for just about every smelf out there. Additionally, many smelves include the name of their clan or some other family descriptor when introducing themselves. Witness such epic personages as Smerkles of the Longnostril ilk, Sunny Hindquarters, Smuggly Smelf, Sugarface Smelf, Sologostro of the Seven Stranded Salad Tongs, and Gorminee the Goosed. Other smelves, particularly the lazy ones, just slap themselves with some kind of descriptor and the word *smelf*: Pimple Smelf, Nabmaster Smelf, Lackadaisical Smelf, Unimaginative Smelf, and so forth.

TIZN'T THE WTF

*A tizn't habitually viewed
Himself in a mirror in the nude
"There's a beak on my schnoz.
I've a tail, fins, and paws.
I'm a rather conglomerate dude"*

THE LOWDOWN

If cremefillians take the weirdness cake, tizn'ts nab the whole buffet. As convoluted



amalgamations of extinct creatures, former denizens of Mutha Oith from before the Time of the Flush, tizn'ts are bizarre in the extreme. No two are exactly alike (or *anything* alike, for that matter), and that's the way they dig it. Not even the wondrously diverse boduls can boast an assortment of forms to rival the multifarious tizn'ts.

Uncanny and enigmatic, tizn'ts are a people shrouded in mystery. They begin life, or at least their memories begin, by awakening as fully formed adults, usually in some wildernessal reach or dank cavern. Fully intelligent, they possess no memories of a former existence, their only clues a sagging diaper and a strangely printed tag (usually clipped to an ear or appendage). From whence they came and why are questions best left to the wisenheimers who study

such things, but an inscrutable entity known as the Primordial Soup Kitchen is believed to be somehow involved.

Tizn'ts celebrate their own individuality. They are each completely different, composed of various bits and pieces of ancient beasts. Nobody knows for certain what the constituent creatures may once have looked like in their entirety (although Hoomanracian artifacts occasionally reveal a hint or two). Their names and natures are lost to the Flush, but wisenheimers find sport in speculating about such things. For tizn'ts, idiosyncrasy is a way of life. Most enjoy being the center of attention. Those who don't usually find companionship with others of a like mind or live solitary lives far from the domains of other peeps.



SCRAPPIN'

The one thing that can be said about scrapping with tizn'ts is not much can be said about scrapping with tizn'ts. They're all different. The other thing that can be said about scrapping with tizn'ts is, because they're all different, they often have an unpredictable assortment of jazz to bring to the scuffle. Claws, beaks, talons, horns, stingers, fangs, spines, pointy jabby bits, and all sorts of exotic features could be squished into the mix. One never knows.

Like boduls, every tizn't is a unique being with his or her own motivations, desires, and impulses. Some dig fighting, others abhor such things. There have, however, been several memorable tizn't scufflers over the ages. In particular, note such notables as Dolphrog Porcupartrigeon, Pengoriloris Tigelegiraffe (who bloodied the dirt in Floom's Scrappin' Hole with the fluids of a hundred foes) and Froggoat the Flounce.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Tizn't are used to being stared at and pelted with unanswerable questions about their lineage and embarrassing interrogations about their anatomy. Some resent this attention, shunning the company of others. Others revel in it, celebrating their diversity and flaunting their uniqueness. The first group tend to be hermits of one sort or another, either wandering the glob in search of someone weirder than themselves or retreating to some wildernessical boondock to ponder existence in solitude. The city of Over There, holeward of the Badunka Bight on Keister Island, is a haven for such tizn'ts, peopled almost entirely by members of that ilk. Tizn'ts who don't mind the attention live life just like everybody else, either enjoying the scrutiny or ignoring it.

TIZN'T NAMES

Since tizn'ts don't have families, usually awakening to sentience alone in the wild wearing nothing but a diaper and a nametag, they get to choose their own names. Sure, there's something written on the nametag, and a lot of tizn'ts choose to go by that (once they figure out how to pronounce it), but as far as anybody can tell it's just a bunch of random nonsense. Wisenheimers postulate these palaverous conglomerations are actually contractions listing the extinct creatures whose traits compose that particular tizn't, but that's never been proven. Here are some examples: Toucanacondor Flaminguez, Pandalope the Panderer, Kangaroostrich Platypotamonk, Camelobstrich Salamandrill, Babooningale Tarantulemming, and Rhinostrichuck Caterilapus (Mayor of Over There). Of course, many tizn'ts decide to call themselves something else entirely, which is perfectly acceptable: Doorq Snozzleweiner, Pickle Head Frankenfortress of Scab, Reputus Merkle Garbonzo the Somewhat Less Than Sane, Gobblecluck the Never-Been-Asked-That-Question-Before, and Rainbow Sprinkles (the gourmancer and mad pie-slinger of Floom).

TAIN'TS

Although most tizn'ts are cobbled of animal bits, a rare few, known as tain'ts, contain vegetable matter as well. These peeps are a strange mixture of beast and plant. They're otherwise pretty much like other tizn'ts in every way, which is to say completely different from anybody else, but I thought they deserved a special mention. A few tain'ts you probably never heard of: Cantelope Dandelion, Asparagobster Fromage (Big Cheese of Maankaas), Kudumber Daiseel, Limon the Horc Hacker, and Sycamouse Algostrimapple (beastpuncher and boss of New Oorlquar's Saddlesitters Salmagundi).

THE PRIMORDIAL SOUP KITCHEN

This esoteric and perplexing scullery is thought by some to be the work of ancient oofos, luminous and benign beings from A Really Long Time Ago. Stories say these peeps wandered the Oith (and perhaps various elsewhere) in some sort of enormous gleaming conveyance, harvesting assorted traits from all the organisms of the day. To what end? Possibly they anticipated the Flush and planned to use the amassed material to restock the Oith After the Wipe. Maybe they were just into that sort of thing. Regardless, when they went to recombine the omnifarious bits they must have lost the recipes or something, resulting in the fascinating peeps known as tizn'ts.

Nobody knows where the Primordial Soup Kitchen is or what it looks like. Its secrets remain among Oith's greatest mysteries. Many see the continued appearance of new tizn'ts as proof of the Kitchen's enduring existence.



WERM

THE SQUIGGLY-WIGGLY

*Two worms sipping suds from a mug
Proposed toasts to each bodul and bug
"We're lowly, it's true
But at least we're not you."
Then went back to their mugs with a shrug.*

THE LOWDOWN

Not unlike many of Oith's creatures, worms rose from extremely humble beginnings to become vibrant and vital contributors to the world's various cultures and societies. Derived from simple ancestors (soil tillers, parasites, and pathogens, for the most part), the worms of today have risen from the primeval mud to become mighty warriors, brilliant hocus pokers, crafty waremongers, and masterful weavers of art and artifice. Diverse in form and strong in spirit, worms are very proud of their species' history and accomplishments.

Although not nearly as anatomically various as boduls and tizn'ts, worms constitute a bulging clam sack of interesting forms. Some are long and slender with smooth, segmented skin. Others are flat and broad, relatives of the dreaded cheese leeches of the Moonular Cheese Fields or Glowhio's luminous glowworms. Although most worms come fully stocked with a number of arms and legs (usually two of each), some peeps lack one or both such extremities. No worries, though. A lack of limbs is less of a detriment than one might think, considering the prehensile bodies most of these peeps flaunt. Their squirming coils do the job, allowing them to lift and manipulate tools and weapons with alacrity.

SCRAPPIN'

Worms have a number of natural adaptations that make them pretty decent fighters, or at least pretty decent at getting fought at. Their dense, rubbery flesh and supple coils resist clobbering things with surprising efficiency. Even if a



worm manages to get hurt, his body will slowly regenerate itself, provided he isn't devoured or mashed up beyond hope. It's a long process, and it doesn't work if the worm actually croaks, but worms regularly recover from injuries that would grievously slay most peeps. They don't particularly enjoy fighting, at least not as a classifiable trait of the species, but they're good at surviving if they do.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Worms, like croaches, are one of the most prolific intelligent species on Oith. They can be found just about anywhere and there's nothing in their nature that makes them indisposed toward other peeps. Nor are they particularly reviled by the usual haters. Worms crawled up from the muck to claim their rightful place in society and nobody seems generally disposed to deny them their nook. Of course there are plenty of

individual peeps who aren't particularly fond of the squiggly-wiggles, just as there are plenty of worms with prejudices and rancors of their own, but there's usually a more detested victim with a more slappable face somewhere nearby.

WERM NAMES

Worms tend to adopt the naming conventions of whatever culture or religion they were born into. There's really no such thing as a standard worm name. It could be anything. To complicate the issue, it's not unusual for a worm to change his name on a daily basis to suit his current mood or to glorify a recent deed or achievement. A worm known today as Mullig the Meek might call himself Trullig the Terrible tomorrow and Gupnuppler the Undecided a week from Splatterday. Gorsho Loxodentist, Hugormo XIII (Keistermeister of Floom), Shnaggledorf, Cerumen Thricewipe, and Trozz Flomp, are worms you might know.



GIGS, GRINDS, AND STINTS

THESE ARE THE PEEPS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

*A tizn't who shall remain nameless
Had beginnings remarkably claimless
He slacked a lame job
Just to stuff his fat gob
But he wasn't lethargic, just aimless
-Toucanacondor Flaminguez*

Oith's panoply of denizens don't just stand around being exemplary specimens of their particular species. They actually do stuff. Lots of stuff, in fact. Here's an incredibly rudimentary list of just a few of the many things a peep might do to make his way in life.



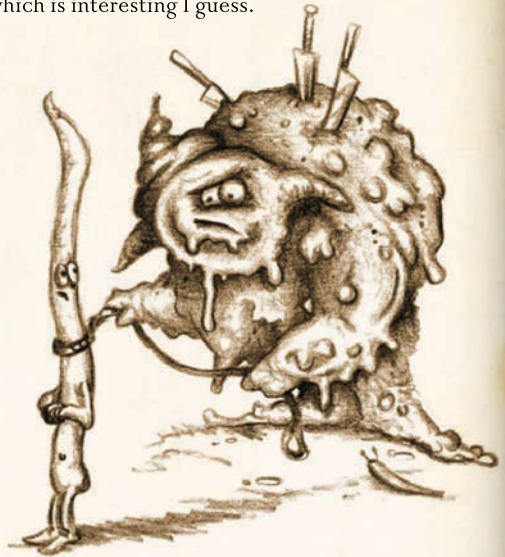
ARTEEST

Artsy and fartsy (usually the former, often the latter), these creative peeps scribble and scrawl, sculpt and stain, creating wondrous works with brush, crayon, and clay (also pencil, reed, masonry, ketchup, etc...). Famous arteests, such as Romblo of Floom (architect of Chund), Squeezenad the Lonesome (who painted the infamous *Bulgenoggin in Repose*), and Lemon the Limp (celebrated caricaturist and sock puppet aficionado), hustle hefty clams from various patrons and collectors.



BEAST PUNCHER

Beastpunchers are the guys who capture, train, or care for Oith's domestic critters. They drive wagons, goad herds, stable slogs, train stomps, tend to livestock, and otherwise maintain the beasties. Brunskin the Pantsless, a beastpuncher in the agrarian town of Somewhat Unusual, recently bred a hamster with two faces, which is interesting I guess.



BOOTY HUNTER

When a waremonger needs stolen goods recovered or the hoinks need help tracking down a nefarious gangsta, they often turn to booty hunters. These peeps specialize in finding things and

peeps that don't want to be found (for a hefty fee, of course). Many booty hunters have a keen sense of individual style, often displaying a personal trademark such as an unusual weapon, a stylish mustache, or a signature catchphrase. Such temerarious peeps as Globbo Machismo, Burd "Fist Flinger" Doddichomp, and Cellslammer Rancidtongue (who recently nabbed the nefarious Gozzle the Greased) claim this title.



CONTANIMATOR

Contanimators are the bosses of filth. Through mastery of eldritch arts they summon, contain, and control the Fundamental spirits of blight, trash, and decay. Most such muck chucklers are pretty grimy themselves, corrupted and stained by constant interaction with feculent influences. Contanimators of note include Filthy Gob, The Litter Bug, Uuulon Crepulos, and Cerumen Thricewipe.

CRAFTSPEEP

This is sort of a collective term for anybody who makes or repairs stuff. Need a slog sled built, a spork sharpened, or a sweater knitted?



These are the peeps to do it. There's an almost limitless assortment of things craftspeeps make (to list them all you'd have to hire one to make a scroll a gazillion yorts long), although most of them specialize in one particular product or another. Such craftspeeps as Barnswoggler Sloggroper, The Sockstrosity, Ermlle the Stitch, Reasonable Glozz, and Trunzzizz the Shoe Fly are known for the quality goods they produce.



DANGED WRANGLER

Sometimes peeps and critters don't know when they've croaked. They shumber about, variously groaning and gobbling brains and being all translucent and stuff. Such beings are known as ...of the danged (sometimes Danged is capitalized; sometimes it's not, at the whim of the writer and by ancient pact with unnamable dark forces of grammar). The peeps who deal with whatever Fundamental forces are responsible for animating these incongruous corpses are known as danged wranglers. The power they wield over ...of the danged is similar to the power containimators hold over the spirits of filth. Glomer Clad-in-Black, Boneface the Bleached, Perpetual Shart, and Droob Dong Dangler are (or were) exemplary Danged wranglers.



DEMENTALIST

Some oofos and a few of Oith's more outlandish critters can accomplish amazing feats just by thinking about them. The nogginial zazz of such peeps is truly impressive. With but a

squint of the eyes and a slight tilt of the noodle, a dementalist can read a peep's thoughts, give him a wedgie, set him on fire, or perform any number of ridiculous exploits. It's like hocus pokery without poking any hoci. There have been a great many prominent dementalist over the ages. Trozzgoxx, Fleep Oct Num, Zum Blech, and Xixzulon "I Come in Peas" Zorzox, are a few.



GADABOUT

Oith is a goosin' huge place, far bigger than most of its inhabitants could possibly imagine. Beyond the frontiers lie wildernesses untamed, civilizations unmet, creatures unrecorded, treasures unfound, ruins unexplored, enemies undefeated, friends unbefriended, and countless discoveries undiscovered. Gadabouts are explorers, wanderers, and vagabonds. They travel the Oith, mapping places, discovering stuff, and doing all those other things I just mentioned. A rare few of the greatest gadabouts, such as Toucanacondor Flaminguez (Hello!), Tath Shardborn, Credulous Shmeckle, and Olgifit Sumthott are chosen to publish their findings in journals such as *The Whole Hole - A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith*, which you are currently reading.

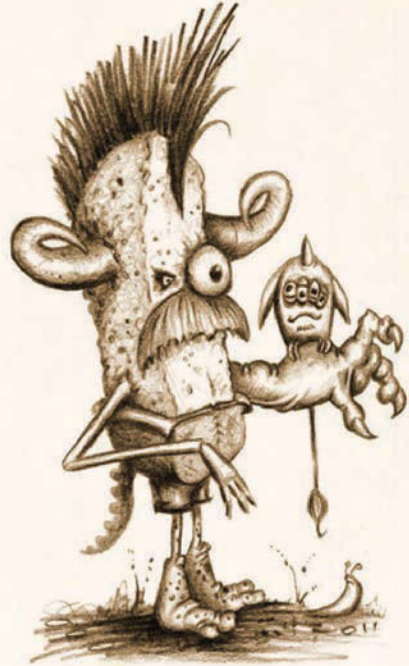


GANGSTA

All manner of crooks, outlaws, and pilferers ply their iniquitous trade from within the shadows of Oith's cities, towns, and elsewhere. Such peeps, in the popular vernacular of the time, are known as gangstas. A great assortment of gangstas exist, from the miserable pocket pilferer, like the peep who swiped your bag of slog nuggets, to master fat curdlers, like the nabmasters who yinked those sweet leg warmers from the Boorglezarium. The bosses of crime are the most notorious gangstas of all. Such infamous peeps as Fat Sushi, Dregzie the Schnoz, Voluminous Gweep, and Unflushable Nab command great respect from their underlings and foes alike.

Not every gangsta is a nefarious villain. Some break the laws of the land in pursuit of a loftier goal. Consider, for example, the legendary Merkhin the Shorn, who shaved the heads and bodies of the hilariously hirsute and dispersed the clippings among the follically challenged. Consider also such peeps as Snotflinger the Mank, who robbed a corrupt waremonger of Goss and used the clams to throw a Feast of the Greased Beast party for some itinerant Boorglezarians, and Hung Dong, a cremefillian ding-

pin who used his ill-gotten clams to buy a gaggle of smelven slaves from the horscs of Aggogg and then promptly set them free. History overflows with tales of such anti-heroic antics.



GIGGITY GIGGER

Giggities are these strange little triangular dudes who flutter around, looking weird and inappropriately touching things. Wisenheimers argue about what they are, exactly (a popular theory lists them among the minions of the Primordial Soup Kitchen), but some stuff is known about what they do. One thing they do, for example, is touch peeps. When they do, they somehow absorb an aspect of that particular peep (it works on critters too) and manifest the trait on themselves. For example, a giggity who touches Daddy Hassafrass might acquire Hassafrass's bulbous chin, or maybe his four arms, or his skill as a holy roller, or his haircut, or his love of tacos... it could be anything. Hassafrass would remain unchanged, but the giggity would not. Crazy. Anyway, giggity giggers are peeps who have mastered several Fundamental skills that allow them to do the same thing to giggi-

ties. When they touch a giggity and do some sort of secret handshake or something, a previously nabbed trait carried by that giggity is transferred to the gigger. Oith's most conspicuous giggity gigger is a worm known (currently) as Troozlephonius Snoop. He uses giggities to solve mysteries and it's totally cool. They should do a play about him sometime.



HAM

Hams are professional big mouths. They perform plays, sing songs, strum some sick licks, pound instruments, walk on stilts, juggle linachithis, tell jokes and otherwise entertain the peeps. Many are wanderers, musical gadabouts plying their trade at suds middens and various public places. Others are celebrated players, performing for adoring audiences at such eminent venues as Floom's Reekbottle Theater and New Oorlquar's Fanny Dome. Such hams sometimes become hugely famous, attracting a following of clamoring fans and adoring sycophants. Guy Goosevomit, Gusty Derple, Eezle Gutgobbler, and Troffle Has-a-foot are a few such luminaries (although Troffle's been dead for centuries, Troffle of the Danged still performs nightly behind one of the Reekbottle's many ancillary snack bars).



HOCUS POKER

A hocus is one of the Fundamental excrescences of existence. Apparently, poking one in a certain way causes it to squirt magic all over the place. I can't claim to know how, but peeps known as hocus pokers are able to muster and shape such eldritch discharge into workable manifestations of power. They can do wondrous things, such as fly like an oily boid, conjure a wall of crackling zazz, coat an enemy in flaming goo, or grow a snazzy mustache in like no time at all. Hocus pokers are some of the most feared and respected peeps in town. Such nabobs as Uster the Damp, Creased Plud, Lustrous Hind-quarters, and Thrice-eyed Gulve "The Tongue of Torkle" are a few of Oith's more reputable hocus pokers.



HOINK

Hoinks, usually decked out in characteristic duds and badges and whatnot, are charged with maintaining order and enforcing the laws of a particular populace. They're endowed with certain official powers and duties, which vary depending on the particular jurisdiction. Among the many perks a hoink might enjoy are the ability to apprehend and imprison gangstas, investigate crimes, get free stuff from waremongers and the purveyors of grubberies and suds middens, and occasionally even the chance to execute a villain or two. Most hoinks never achieve much recognition, but occasionally a particularly brilliant deduction or the hooking of an especially infamous gangsta might earn him some props. Consider, Occifer Gleech, who famously captured the detestable Gropemaster Pinch after a six week hunt through the streets of Floom, and Tomethrower Feelth, who somewhat less famously recaptured Pinch a few days after he escaped from Gleech's custody.



HOLY ROLLER

Holy rollers do the work of the gawds on Oith. They gather converts, attend to flocks, preach the gospel, and otherwise spout the gawdly gab. For their troubles, many holy rollers are gifted with a spark of Fundamental zazz, performing various miracles and solids pursuant to the tenets of their faith. Oith is veritably infested with such peeps, but among the most venerated are Daddy Hassafrass (Hoomanitarian), Righteous Daddy Bloo Swade Snooze (Jeazle Freak), Prime Sinister Othothoth Blech (Stanis-mist), Hater Wig Wig (Jemimah's Witness), and Mother Posterior Lolola Yumonomee (Boor-glezarian).



LASHMASTER

Slavery, whether legal or not, is a widespread phenomenon across much of Oith. Those palaces and monuments aren't going to build themselves, and peed-ons can get clammy in bulk. A lashmaster, equal parts brutal thug and motivational speaker, is a skilled handler, purveyor, purloiner, and overseer of slaves and other unfortunate peeps. It should be noted, among the more populous realms, only Aggogg, the Pox Aroma, That One Place with All the Sand, and

Glowhio officially allow such enforced drudgery, but there's still enough indentured servitude, military conscription, jailhouse labor, and poor decision making skills to keep lashmasters employed elsewhere as well. It's difficult to name any famous lashmasters, since doing so brings a hint of legitimacy to their ruthless art, but an odre known as Luminous Burl, working a particular pit in Glowhio, has a song written about him, so there's that. Peeps in their suds, from Doop to Poom, croon *The Ballad of Burl Bonebasher* when they're feeling particularly offensive. Among the horses of Aggogg lashmasters are particular renowned, with such whip wielders as Smelfslurper Crackback, Goad Smelfscourge, and Wallop Smelf-in-her-teeth coming instantly to mind.



OLDSTER

Buried beneath eons of rubble and detritus, and/or secreted away in many of Oith's more insurmountable reaches, are a great many ruins and vestiges of ancient civilizations and old-timey peeps. Most of them are too destroyed to salvage much of interest, but occasionally artifacts, relics, and other historical objects are

uncovered. Oldsters are the peeps who give a goose about such things. They go nuts for the stuff.

Oldsters, at their core, are historians. They chronicle the passing of time, investigating and recording the happenings and happenstances of this day and ages past. Museums, reliquaries, ancient ruins, and dusty suds middens are the haunts of the oldster. Many of them garner great respect among those inclined toward things intellectual. A few of note: Taletalker Ticklenip, Hyuvis of the Crushed Business Partner (it's a long story), Smoggle Smelf of Wermburg, Recto the Analyst, and Zoorzgozzle Kowner-of-All.



PEED-ON

Somebody has to do the crap work. Peed-ons are unskilled laborers, nameless minions, and the unsung drudging dregs. They work the fields, lift things, carry things, and basically get ignored by everyone else. A peed-on is essentially a slave who has to pay for his own food. They do the work nobody else wants to do.

I've never heard of a peed-on I've ever heard of. If I had, he'd be something else.



PIMP

Pimps are mack mommies and daddies. They pander their stables of strumples to the lonely, the desperate, and the libidinous. A good pimp is half lashmaster, half waremonger, half smoovester, and half ham, with an attitude big enough to accommodate four halves. Pimping is a respected profession in many parts of the world. Elsewhere it's illegal, or at least heavily frowned upon.

Pimps live life large, flaunting fine duds and clammy swag. They know they have it and they know you want it, and they're going to give it to you (for the right price). Ever heard of Pandalope the Panderer, Magnanimous Grape, Aftskin Fluttercooch, or Sunny Hindquarters? Yes? I'm telling your mother.

PRICE-O-CORN

Price-o-corns sail the Big Drink and other waterways, where they spend their days and nights wenching, chugging suds, sinking tubs, plundering treasures, and otherwise causing a ruckus. Although price-o-corns are unwelcome in many societies, some coastal and island burgs make a good trade catering to their turbulent lifestyle and flamboyant fashion sense



(eye patches, spare parts, floppy hats, really big boots, etc...). A great many price-o-corns, with their adventurous ways, swank duds, and notorious manner, gain a bit of infamy among the peepulace. The ravages of such bold bucklers as Filthy Gob, Clefty Four Chins, Captain Brown Eye, Lizebrantalion Squirhinocerat, and Beardless Barf are the subject of many a suds midden saga.



SCRAPPER

This term refers to just about any peep who makes his way by force of wallop and clobber. Some are soldiers and warriors, swinging sporks and slinging bricks at the order of boss and burg. Others are gladiators and pit fighters, matching wits and weapons with others of similar bent for the entertainment of the crowd and the adoration of the groupies. Some scrappers wear the metaphorical badge of the gadabout, wandering the Oith trashing monsters and stealing their treasure in the name of adventure. A few scrappers of potential interest: Glutenous Maximus (cremefillian gladiator), Rancid Mank (wielder of Stan's Stinging Stab Scepter), Yoppa Kidney-squeezer (squeezer of kidneys), and Hurble Foeflayer (who conquered the horscs of the Tongue Rage clan).



SLAVE

Whenever there's a social Yortstick somebody has to be on the bottom. Slaves are the unlucky goosers who get to fill that role. More accurately, they should be call "enslaved", since slave isn't really a career choice. It's more of a lifestyle forced upon a peep by others, but it is something peeps do so it bears discussion.

Occasionally a slave gets lucky and nabs a gig-teaching the larvae or setting the dinner table or something, but more often he's forced into a life of carapace-splitting labor, working the quarries and fields or building monuments and palaces and things.

Every now and then a slave rises from the horde and does something to plop his gob into the histories. I'm talking about peeps like Chirrominee the Welt, who escaped an Aggoggian slave pit to found a successful juice stand in Maankaas, and Ziggle the Wiggler who worked himself to death in the what passes for corn fields holeward of Glowhio. Wait, that's not cool.



SMELLCASTER

Through interaction with the various smell-ements, those esoteric and Fundamental building blocks of stink and aroma, smellcasters wield a special type of zazz. Reeks, as such eldritch vapors are known, are bottled and concentrated using numinous rituals and bizarre communions, to be hurled at foes or inhaled by the wielder. Magic ensues and everybody's happy (except the foes). Smellcasters like Gorminee the Goosed, He Who Smells Far, Unctious Pwoof, and Bulbschnoz the Waft brandish potent zazz indeed.



SMOOVESTER

These guys are slicker than greased worm poop. One minute they're gabbing with you about the weather and the next their walking away wearing your pants. Masters of the con, the fraud, the sneak, the swindle, the grift, the racket, the hoax, the deception, the seduction, and the rip off, smoovesters are some tricky goosers. A good smoovester, one worthy of the title, can talk the trousers off a trionaprapants and sell diapers to an oof. Most smoovesters don't call themselves that, it would kind of ruin the surprise, but such greasy peeps as Swovv Zinkleman, Moist Murphle, Pearly Whites, and Grubonzo Gildedtongue have pulled off a few notable shenanigans.

SNOOT

These peeps are the filthy crust of society. The filthy *rich upper* crust, that is! They're clammy waremongers, flush nobles, imperious aristocrats, and other privileged sorts with fancy duds, lofty demeanors, and bulging clam sacks. They traipse such posh hoods as Floom's Bucket Turf, Torkle's Upper Crust, just about anywhere in Borf, and New Oorlquar's Swishswank Vicinity, having parties, attending the theater, buying clammy stuff, looking down on the masses, and

otherwise rolling in it. A few of Oith's clammiest peeps: Shroothoozula Crudmuffin (Doyenne of Glop), Bezoar the Rank, Clamsack the Corpulent, and Pecunious the Loaded. Most of Oith's rulers would probably fit into this category as well, with Sultan Pepper himself probably topping the roster, but I don't want to talk about them right now.



STRUMPLE

Such delectable peeps as Luscious Laplicker, Kremekle the Kinkeror, Amanuensis the Septapod, Gorgeo Shinypecs, and Chillnavel the Frigid Hoar rent their love (or at least their immediate attention) from alleyways, mattresses, brothels, and massage parlors in the darker crevices of Oith's backside. The lowliest among them are often strung out on one vice or another, pandering their goods (which usually aren't that great) from greasy shadows in search of just one more bowl of chili. The loftiest are something special indeed, commanding great respect and huge clams as they seduce their pick of clientele from schmancy dens of iniquity and sultry saucy-houses. Strumples are variously reviled or revered, at the whim of local laws, tastes, and proclivities.



TUBPUDDLER

This is just a fancy name for a sailor. They ply Oith's waterways in tubs of all types, from the myriad rivers and lakes to the world-spanning Big Drink itself. Some notable tubpuddlers include Captain Methylmer of the *Garbarge*, Cassoweasel Manatang of *The Hard Bargain*, and Dripsquish the Extraordinarily Normal (who went down with *Hugormo's Hulk*).

WAREMONGER

Skilled in the arts of barter and trade, waremongers are merchants, shopkeepers, and other purveyors of goods and services. They peddle their multifarious jazz from an assortment of



markets, stalls, shops, and street corners. Some travel door-to-door, hustling their goods with the power of shtick and spectacle. Others ramble the Oith in search of new markets and new materials, encountering adventure and danger along the way and occasionally discovering something worthwhile. Oith's cities, towns, and crossroads are infested with waremongers. Here are a few who pop to mind for no particular reason: Erigloop Spongebelly, Blorfo of Borf (dealer in Borfian fish wine), Papa Whippersnapper, and Deleterious Snark.



WEIRDO

Weirdos, through mysterious arts arcane, contrive fantastic bastardizations of zazz and jazz. They harness Oith's Fundamental energies and focus them into various items, doodads, mabobs, and whatnot. Through such bizarre ministrations just about anything can be created, from socks that never fall down to sporks that independently pimp slap their opponents. Weirdos, as their name implies, are the strangest of a strange batch. Such visionary oddballs as Oily Nad, Weegle the Wonked, Trolfoffis the Unwell, and Asshopper Pengarooster work wonders, cobbling wondrous works in their wondrous workshops.



WISENHEIMER

Wisenheimers (also known as thunks, brainbulgers, nerds, and several less flattering tags) are Oith's resident smarty pants. They ponder the big questions, like *Why are words like Danged and Fundamental sometimes capitalized and sometimes not?* and *What are those weird little slug things that keep showing up in all the drawings?* Thunks think deep thoughts, dispensing wisdom, philosophizing philosophies, adjudicating disputes, and generally showing off how smart

they are. Most wisenheimers delight in riddles, word games, long division, and espousing the virtues (or decrying the failings) of various thisses and thats. Many of them gain a degree of fame or infamy from their teachings, spoutings, and tirades. Unctuous Fifthlip, Creamy Pumpkin Bath Gel, Chordlebork the Itinerant, and Xixnizzle Snizzle are but a few.



WORDWIGGLER

Wordwiggles are writers, poets, and storytellers. They tell tales, record histories, pen sagas, and spout gabs. Many are wandering tale-talkers, spreading news and building legends across the Oith. They carry a vast repertoire of stories, myths, anecdotes, proverbs, fables and gossips with which to entertain, edify, and educate the populace, often in exchange for grub, supplies, and other loot. Throughout history (which they themselves often propagate) a number of wordwiggles have achieved notoriety. Among them are such visionary peeps as Unkthuggance Umungus (Half-Crazed with Insanity), Sweetlips Fuzznoggin, Crusticle Poom, Plunkolingis, and Indulvius Nitch.



HOLY CRAP

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THE RELIGIONS AND FAITHS OF MUTHA OITH

Such depths can only truly be plumbed by one within the order, a profound and fervid adherent of the creed. ... that's exactly what I became, living as a member of the devout, absolutely dedicating myself to the pious venerations 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.

-Credulous Shmeckle



As my friend and fellow gadabout Credulous Shmeckle is fond of repeating in his epic and forthcoming masterpiece *The Whole Hole -A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith- Volume 02: Holy Crap*, Oith is veritably infested with crazy philosophies, bizarre faiths, and fanatical orthodoxies. Think something up and chances are somebody else thought of it first and formed a cult dedicated to worshipping, espousing, or destroying whatever it is. With so many diverse faiths to choose from, a peep may have significant difficulty deciding which ones deserve his devotion (or at least his attention). Of course, several religions have gained a bit more validity and legitimacy among the populace than others.

A sect devoted to venerating the Oith's creator will probably attract more devotees than one that worships a stale cookie you found in your cupboard last week. We'll spout some scanty gab about several of the lesser faiths a bit later on, but for now let's turn our attention to five of Oith's more prominent religions.

BOORGLEZARIANISM

*A Boorglezarian croach wagged his tongue
And preached of creations unsung
"The Oith, there's no maybe,
Is Boorglezar's baby.
She rolled it from vast cosmic dung."*

Boorglezarianism is dedicated to the worship of Boorglezar the Cosmic Dung Beetle in all his/her/its multifarious aspects, and the teaching of his/her/its prophet, the esteemed croach Shimmizar. Boorglezarians are common throughout the world, with various boorg-the-drawls and taboorg-nacles in most burs and boondocks across the glob. It's the compulsory faith in That One Place with All the Sand (where apostasy and blasphemy are synonymous), and has swarms of followers in just about every nook there is. Croaches in particular are drawn to Boorglezarianism, but it's popular with other peeps as well.

The popularity of Boorglezarianism can be attributed, at least in part, to the various iterations of its gawd and the myriad manners in which he/she/it can be venerated (let's just say *he* from now on to make things a bit less confusing). See, according to the tenets laid down centuries ago by Shimmizar in a series of sacred texts known as

the *Boorglebibles*, Boorglezar is basically a mob of one. He's somehow male and female and also neither and both of those things. He's fat and bloated, yet slender and lank. Wasteful and frugal, vengeful yet compassionate, immense yet tiny, coprophage and gourmand... Boorglezar is all things to all peeps. This strange multichotomy of being attracts adherents from all necks of the metaphorical woods. Basically peeps act however they want and, in so doing, claim they are walking in the myriad footsteps of Gawd. Appropriately, such behavior is more common among the laity than the holy rollers. True devotees are more interested in gaining converts and spreading Boorglezar's influence and Shimmizar's gab than attending to their personal whims and desires. They know (some of them, anyway, depending on which sect they follow) that in moderation lies the true path to enlightenment. Do all things, but do nothing to excess (except worship Boorglezar).

As befits Boorglezar's nature, a great many diverse sects and factions have diverged from the central diocese over the centuries. Many of these are at odds with each other, preaching the dogma of one aspect or another of the cosmic dung beetle's being. Although most worship Boorglezar directly, creeds venerating Shimmizar or the cosmic ball of dung itself are not uncommon. One such creed, the *Dunglings*, worships the poop sphere as the holiest of objects, gazing deeply into its sooty core in search of answers to life's mysteries. Another faction, a collection of ritually castrated floozies and pimps known as the *Gelded Strumples*, run holy brothels in the name of Boorglezar, attempting to plumb the depths of his cryptic sexuality. A third cult, the *Undecided*, in emulation of their gawd's finicky nature, consult a device known as a *cube of sacramental resolve* at least once a day to determine their actions and inclinations until the next roll. Some fanatics are so impassioned that every decision they make must be dictated by such a cube. Hundreds of Boorglezarian factions exist, united in their devotion to Boorglezar but little else.

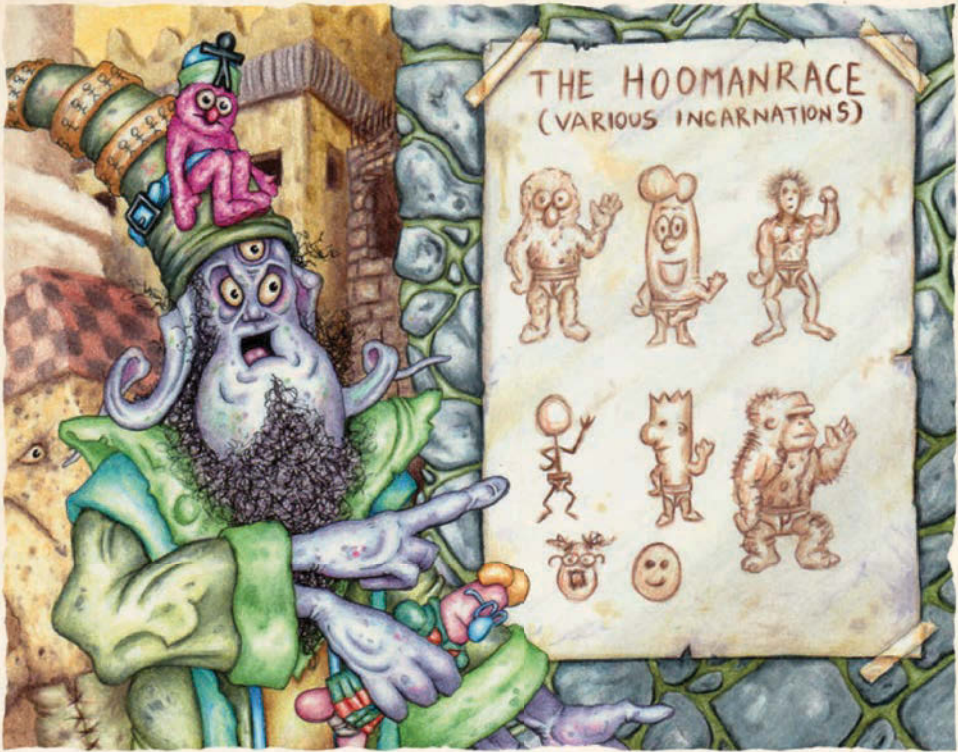


SYMBOL: A spherical ball of dung, often worn about the neck on a collar, rope, or chain.

RAIMENT: Nothing specific, although the color brown is popular. Various sects have their own preferred garb.

VIRTUES: Veneration of Boorglezar, Shimmizar, and the cosmic dung ball. Adhering to the tenets of a devotee's chosen sect.

SINS: Blasphemy, failure to show proper veneration. Others vary by sect.



HOOMANITARIANISM

*Hoomanitarians firmly insist
Hoomanracians elsewhere persist
They've gone for a snack
But soon they'll be back
When they get here they're gonna be pissed!*

According to followers of the Hoomanitarian faith, the ancient and exalted Hoomanrace is not actually extinct. Instead, they insist, those vaunted peeps are only sleeping, or else they took off to another elsewhere for an extended vacation while Mutha Oith pulls herself together in the wake of the Flush. Hoomanracians preach the divinity of the Hoomanrace. To believers, Oith's former denizens are not simply regular peeps. Instead they are Fundamental beings akin to the gawds themselves, who, while not quite as influential as those omnipotent entities, contain at least a hint of the almighty. *Gawshes*, perhaps.

Hoomanitarianism is practiced across the glob with followers and devotees just about everywhere (The Dingdom of the Dong, That One Place with All the Sand, and Aggogg being three vehement rejects). Their affirmations harm nobody (with the exception of a few divergent sects, which we'll discuss in a moment) and their dogma is difficult to disprove. These factors and others (a racial pride felt by the faith's largely bodul congregation being one) gain Hoomanitarianism an ever-expanding hoard of followers. It's all about how awesome the Hoomanrace is (or was) and few peeps will dispute that claim (except for just about every cremefillian ever).

Various sects and factions preach differing dogmas regarding the ultimate fate of the Hoomanracians and whether or not they will eventually return to Oith (and if so, what they'll do once they get here). Holy rollers labor tirelessly in their great museum temples, contemplating scriptures and artifacts to learn all they can of Oith's past inhabitants. Most insist the

Daddy Hassafrass, one of Oith's preeminent Hoomanitarians, has a huge Hoomanracian face tattooed across his chest. That's him up there.

Hoomanrace will be back some day, whether to reclaim the Oith or to praise us for our stewardship, and we'd better be prepared when they arrive. Others believe the Hoomanrace is gone for good, either wholly deceased or residents now of some celestial realm beyond the understanding of bodul and bug, but that the remnant artifacts they left behind yet contain a splash of hallowed zazz. These peeps, fancying themselves the *Kinship of the Lost Remote*, attempt to amass as many such relics as possible in the belief that doing so will bring them closer to gawdliness. Another sect, the *Every Bodies*, believe a remnant spark of the Hoomanrace exists within every being on Oith. They blab about friendship and siblinghood among all Oith's peeps (which earns them respect from some, rolled eyes and begrudging sighs from others, and the occasional wedgie or smashed face from the haters). An opposite view is held by a faction known as the *Hoomaniacs*. They seek nothing less than the eradication of all other religions, whose spoutings they consider anathema to the designs of the Hoomanrace, especially the vile Jemimah's Witnesses and their cremefillian followers.

Haters gotta hate...

SYMBOL: Various effigies of the Hoomanrace in any of its many forms.

RAIMENT: Robes and pajamas embellished with images of Hoomanracians and their artifacts.

VIRTUES: Discovering or attaining Hoomanracian relics. Spreading the good word.

SINS: Heresy, pejorating the Hoomanrace, desecrating a Hoomanracian image or relic.

JEEZLE FREAKISM

*Astride his porcelain throne
Jelvis belched a vociferous groan
"Mercy, baby," He roared
As He crooned to the horde
"Let he without sin cast rhinestone!"*

It is preached, by those who spout such gabs, even the Hoomanrace (exalted and gaw-



shly as it may or may not be or have been), worshipped gawds of its own. Nobody knows much about these mysterious entities, or whether or not they're the same gawds we know (or imagine we know) today, but various clues and artifacts unothed and analyzed by oldsters and wisenheimers over the centuries scoop bits of the lowdown from time to time. These tidbits, if not comprehensive or even very informative, are apparently at least enough upon which to base a major world religion, shaping the lives and destinies of hundreds of thousands of followers throughout history.

Jeezle Freaks venerate one such Hoomanracian gawd, a marvelous and usually benevolent being known variously as Jelvis, Jeezle, Jeezum, The King (sometimes King King or King of the Kings), Jelvis Criminy, Jeezle Peat, The Big Guy, The Man Upstairs, The Pelvis, and a thousand

and twelve other assorted names and titles. We'll stick to the name Jelvis for this discussion, since it's the most widely used moniker for this mysterious and mighty gawd. Not much is known of Jelvis, but apparently he spent some time as an actual Hoomanracian before ascending to gawdhood. He was evidently a wisenheimer or ham or something, spouting controversial gab and thrusting controversial hips at impressionable larvae to the consternation of various authoritarians of the day. Despite oppressive animosity from such bossy peeps, Jelvis turned both cheeks, famously admonishing his groupies with such commandments as *Love they neighbor* and *Don't be cruel*. Of course he was promptly murdered for such outrages, as tended to happen to a lot of popularly unpopular peeps during the Time of the Flush (Conflicting scriptures alternately have him either pooping himself to death or being nailed to a lower case "t" for some reason). Nevertheless, in defiance of everything oldsters tell us about magic in those days, for years following his demise Jelvis was apparently seen alive in a number of restaurants, caves, potatoes, pieces of toast, tortilla chips, and geezer colonies (occasionally hiding eggs behind the sofa for purposes that remain unclear). Devotees consider this resurrectional apotheosis to mark the end of Jelvis the Hoomanracian and the rise of Jelvis the Gawd.

The Jeezle Freakian church is a powerful and influential force across the glob. Temples and shrines dedicated to the worship of Jelvis or the adoration of the various patron stains of the faith are in just about every city, town, or village across the civilized plots on the glob. Righteous Daddy Yolk Holywafer, a venerable worm from Keister Island, sits atop the porcelain throne at the Grey Strand Temple in New Oorlquar, ruling the roost and supposedly interlocuting between Jelvis and lowly oathbound petitioners.

To many Jeezle Freaks, especially followers of the prevailing Presleyterian dogma, Righteous Daddy Holywafer's edicts and scriptural interpretations are the word of law. He's not the only righteous daddy out there, however. Every

Jeezle Freakian sect, cult, and creed (of which there are hundreds) interprets the Good Book in its own way, venerating Jelvis or various patron stains at the direction of its own righteous daddy (and various baby daddies, big daddies, mack daddies, etc...). Patron stains, since you asked, are particularly holy peeps who have left their mark on the church throughout history, indelibly seeping their way into the fabric of the faith. Some are Hoomanracians from Back in the Day (Stain The Colonel, for example, patron of fried food), and some are more recent peeps, canonized for some great act or circumstance. Consider Stain Flurp of Yapple, patron of gastronomic indelicacy, glorified for his actions during the Yapple-Poom conflict of 332 yafwaf during which he saved two strumples (one for himself and one for the righteous daddy). Patron stains are sort of like Jelvis's posse. Peeps pray to them for the things Jelvis doesn't have time for or is just too awesome to bother with. For example, a Jeezle Freak with tummy troubles might tip some suds in the name of Stain Flurp, while a devout grub-tosser is likely to offer a brief power ballad to Stain The Colonel before tossing a load of linachithi nuggets into the oil. There's a patron stain for just about everything, from stubbed toes to beheaded foes. I think Credulous Shmeckle plans to put a list of them in his book, if he survives long enough to publish it.

For some reason, Jeezle Freaks, regardless of sect, spend an inordinate amount of time feeling guilty about things. Each creed has its own list of sins and virtues, but doing things and then apologizing for them is a pretty common theme among them all.

SYMBOL: A lower case "t" for some reason.

RAIMENT: Jumpsuits, rhinestones, sequins, loin-cloths, pompadour hats, various snazzy duds.

VIRTUES: Taking care of business, apologizing, preaching the gospel, public spectacle.

SINS: Stage fright, refusing dessert, breaking vows (which differ by creed)

JEMIMAH'S WITNESSISM

*A Witness, angst-ridden, irate
Disinclined to discuss or debate:
"It's the crack of the age
When we bake up some rage
And defile the Hostess of Hate!"*

The lives of early cremefillians, if oldsters have interpreted the unothings correctly, were a clustergoose of torture, confinement, and inevitable devourment. Cruelly created in massive vats, incarcerated in airtight tombs, and maliciously pandered for the nutritive consumption of their tormentors, primordial tweenks had it bad, their existence, transient and desperate as it was, ruthlessly ended by the choppers and gullets of ancient monstrosities. The culprit and purveyor of such callous injustice? The supposedly benevolent and venerable Hoomanrace!

Countless cremefillians of today honor their subjugated ancestors and oppose their historic tormentors by following the dogma of the Jemimah's Witness faith. Rather than focus their beliefs around the worship of a particular gawd, Jemimah's Witnesses instead choose to direct their anger and wrath upon the Hoomanrace and its baleful deities (particularly one known as Jemimah, the Hostess of Hate). Religious ceremonies often involve the defilement of Hoomanracian effigies and relics, most commonly in the form of glass bottles shaped like Jemimah and her despicable cohorts (Butterworth Bun-Biter, Scarily Baker-of-Cakes, Slapped Jack, Hines and his Dun Kin, and others). Such idols are shattered with ritual angst in Dingdom Halls across the glob.

Jemimah's Witnesses openly oppose the various efforts by Hoomanitarrians to call the Hoomanrace back to Oith. To this end, a particularly violent splinter sect known as *The Delicious Crème Filled Center of All* dedicate themselves to destroying all evidence of their ancestral nemeses, desecrating holy sites, trashing museums, heckling and assassinating oldsters and holy rollers, and otherwise destroying evidence of



their hated enemy. An even more vicious creed is that followed by *The Teeth of the Chocogator*, who make a habit of attacking and brutalizing random boduls, who they believe are descended from the detested Hoomanrace. This sort of behavior is discouraged by the Dingdom Hall, but if the Dingdom Hall approved they wouldn't be a splinter sect, would they?

Although dozens, perhaps hundreds, of Dingdom Halls exist in burs and burglars throughout the world, the biggest is in the city of Toast in the Dingdom of the Dong. It's led by Abhorrer Huggle Hoomhacker, who sits upon a throne made of defiled relics of the Hoomanrace and commands a batch of followers to rival that of the Ding himself. Holy rollers of the Jemimah's Witness faith veritably drip with rancor and angst, ranking themselves with such titles as Hater, Despiser, Spiter, Resenter, and Disliker. Although Jemimah's Witnessism is rampant just about anywhere cremefillians can be found, it thankfully isn't the only faith

to which such peeps adhere. Don't make the mistake of assuming someone's a Witness just because he's a cremefillian. That would be like fancying all croaches are Boorglezarians or all boduls are Hoomanitarrians. A lot of them are, but the condition is far from universal.

SYMBOL: A cracked or inverted syrup bottle.

RAIMENT: A filthy dew rag, vestments adorned with effigies of hatred and angst against the Hoomanrace.

VIRTUES: Destroying effigies and relics of the Hoomanrace, the Hostess of Hate, and other fiends.

SINS: Eating pastries, touching or implementing unspoiled Hoomanracian artifacts or relics.

STANISMISM

*With license and vice nonchalant
and a mouth full of teeth, tongue, and taunt
A devotee of Stan*

*Leaked his damnable plan
"Do unto others whatever you want"*

According to just about everybody, Stan is the granddaddy of lies and deceit. He's 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 permissive 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.

Various dogmas plop Stan as the Anti-Jelvis, who opposes the workings of that ancient gawd (although in my experience Stanismists are all about the jelly donuts and sacred booze, so I'm not sure where that comes from). Jemimah's Witnesses believe he first dripped syrupy poison into the ear of the Hostess of Hate while followers of the cosmic dung beetle varyingly refer to him as Boorglezar's gut-squirming squirts or his constipatory obstruction, depending on the story being told. Regardless of the tale, Stan is a universal villain, occasionally a harmless prankster and sometimes an omniscient slaughter junkie. His followers decry such labels. Stan, they insist, isn't a bad guy at all. He's just unrestricted by the uptight rules and laws arbitrarily forced upon us by peeps with gleaming crowns or shiny raiments. Stan does what he wants and his fans strive to do the same. Of course, Stan prefers if a bit of vice and trickery is thrown into the mix to liven things up, so Stanismists humor him in this regard.

Stanismists are notorious partiers. They'll try just about anything once (probably twice) and are into every flavor of wacky jazz. Their pot-luck blood orgies are the stuff legends wish they



Stan despises charity, compassion, mercy, and other prudish rectitudes. They give him indigestion. Instead, supreme to his dogma are the fundamental conceits of deception, trickery, rapacity, and self-indulgence (Stanismists are encouraged to be egocentric as long as they do it in Stan's name). The highest practitioner of such things, and the boss of the faith, is Prime Sinister Othothoth Blech, who pops his squat at Stan's baddest sin-o-gogue, a prodigious and monstrous monolith in New Oorlquar known as the Steeple of Stains (don't touch the walls). Othothoth doesn't rule over other Stanismists so much as set an example for them. He's not the only such one, either. Various cults, usually espousing the virtues of one or another of the faith's ideals, litter the glob like chunks in Stan's vomit. The *Gullet Gorgers*, for example, are just about the most gluttonous peeps you're likely to meet. They make Greasegizzard Big-Gulp look like a finicky larva. The *Sodophilists* will put anything in anybody's anywhere, while the *Phallus of Malice* doesn't even want your consent. Most such sects don't last very long, popping up for a quick fling before being quashed by one anonymous heap of heroes or another, but those that do tend to attract some interesting followers.

SINS: Entering the temple of another gawd without somehow desecrating it, charity, compassion.

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/inbred for espousing/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...

The preceding examples represent but a few of Oith's various religions. Peeps across the glob worship an amazingly diverse multitude of gawds and ideals in an equally diverse multitude of ways. Credulous Shmeckle will tell you more about many of them in another tome, but for now here's a brief and woefully incomplete list-
ing.

AAAAATHEISTS: A wildly fanatic group of over-achievers and sycophants who want to be first in everything (including alphabetical order). Not right, just first.

BIG BABIES: These guys think Oith is just the nursery for their larval forms and adulthood is in some other realm. They spend a lot of time crying for their mommies and begging strangers to change their diapers.

BOTTOMLINERS: The clam isn't just king, it's gawd to these peeps devoted to the sanctified accumulation of wealth and property.

COHORTS OF THE PORCELAIN GAUD: All things swirl down the drain eventually. The cohorts are here to jiggle the handle when it's all over.

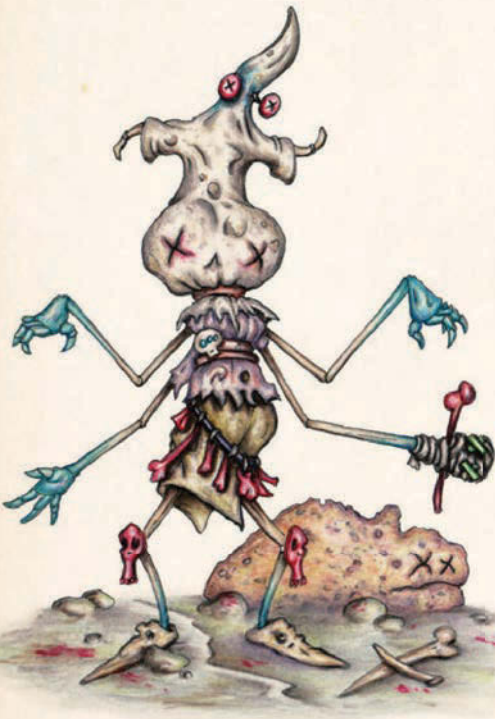
CRITTER CULTISTS: Peeps in various cultures

(usually the primitive necks of the woods, but not always) worship an assortment of creatures. There's a sizable broccodile cult in the sewers of Goss and a group of cheese leech venerators in Maankaas whose congregation outnumbers the local Jeezle Freaks.

CRUDBROTHERS: Crudbrothers (and Crudmothers) bend the knee to the powers of almighty filth, revering contaminants and similarly feculent beings.

CURDS: These Cheese Heads believe in the holiness of Moonular cheese. I told you earlier, peeps will worship just about anything.

THE DANGED: The Danged revere all manner of ...of the Danged (You know, stuff that's not really dead nor really alive). They groan, rattle chains, wear too much black eye liner, and stay up really late attempting to emulate the objects of their devotion.



FLOWER CHILDREN: Peaceful and timid, the Wusses are some of Oith's most feared assassins. They dress like flowers, for some reason, and spout gabs about holding hands, getting along with each other, and the seventeen best ways to cleave someone's kidney.

FLUFFY NUBBLERS: Fluffy is just some guy, an ancient Hoomanracian from Back in the Day. Fluffy Nubblers revere him like Jeezle Freaks revere Jelvis (because he's awesome, apparently).

THE FUNGISH: Devotees, decked out in beards and merkins of moss and mold, adore all things fungal. The chief of their pantheon is the Moss Boss, a gentle and benign amalgam of smelf and shroom.

THE HOLESOME: Peeps of this faith ponder the divinity of holes. Any holes. I'm not sure I understand the gab they spout, but it has something to do with math and something to do with the Fundamentally convoluted nature of recursive emptiness and the existential *fill or be filled* axiom or some such. I don't know...

NOT-OF-THIS-OITHLINGS: This unlikely congregation is composed of oofos who believe in the divinity of their ancestors in much the same way Hoomanitarrians venerate the Hoomanrace.

THE POLISHERS: According to these peeps the Oith has gazillions of secrets to reveal if we can just wipe enough of the crud from the surface. They are obsessive cleaners, scrubbing and buffing with fervent abandon, desperately attempting to glean Oith's hidden gists (just as soon as there's a surface clean enough to actually glean). Good luck.

RETURNERS FROM WHENCE WE CAME: Worms of this faith are the descendants of parasitic vermin. They seek to return to the warm guts and bowels within which dwelled their ancestors. Through some fluke of holy zazz, they are consistently reborn if they die outside of such places.

SANTANISTS: Santanist horcs follow the example of the Santa, another Hoomanracian gawd from Back in the Day. Burglary, voyeurism, and the enslavement of smelves are the paragons of Santanist virtue.

THE SNOOZERS: Waking existence is a dream and only through continual slumber can we attain enlightenment. Get a job, you lazy goosers...

SUFFERING SOCKS: Apparently there's a finite amount of suffering Oith can handle before she breaks down entirely (the Time of the Flush marks one of her particularly histrionic tan-

trums). The Suffering Socks seek to alleviate this agony by taking it upon themselves. They live lives of near-constant torment, willingly, because they're crazy.

TEMPLARS OF THE DONG: These are the personal holy rollers of the Ding of the Dong. They worship him as the gawds' rep on Oith and believe he'll become a gawd himself once he's done here.

YORTIANS: According to Yort's mom (and high priestess), he's totally a real gawd nowadays. Yeah, the circuspi nut guy.

WAGGLING THE ZAZZ

MAGIC AND MYSTERY ARE PART OF OUR HISTORY

*A zazz waggler charred, burned, and smoked
To his apprentice facetiously joked
"Extinguish the fire
While I change my attire,
Some hoci resent being poked"*

Oith is veritably infested with wonders. In some places a peep can't swing a dead croach without hitting something fascinating (in others a peep can't swing something fascinating without hitting a dead croach, so it evens out). Gadabouts glimpse marvels and bewilderments every day that would boggle the minds of those who don't get out much. There are things out there the average peep couldn't fathom with a twelve yort fathoming rod. Consider, for example, the Moonular Cheese Fields. How often does a continent-spanning chunk of something delicious fall from the sky and become part of the landscape? Not often, that's how. There are Things That Might Not Be, lumps of rock that'll smash a peep flat of their own volition, food that eats you, and a bottomless hole wider than my ex-wife's butt. The Incredibly Huge Monster™ is a thing. I've met vengeful snack cakes, talking poo, guys with their faces on upside down, bugs that write poetry, and worms who speak with their armpits—and that was just at breakfast

this morning. If those aforementioned guys who don't get out much would, um... get out much, they'd splat peepers on sights that would wonk them righteously. Anyway, my point is there's a lot of really astonishing stuff out there, but nothing has the potential to sizzle a peep's noggin or dampen his trousers in amazement quite like the zazz wagglings arts practiced by hocus pokers, danged wranglers, containimators, and others of their mysterious ilk.

Oldsters tell us zazz was brought to Oith long ago, during the Time of the Flush, when the lost continent of Egglantis rose from the depths to share its unfathomable knowledge with the peeps of the day. Apparently, that didn't work out so well. Also during that era knowledge of such things was enlarged and refined when mystic portals between Oith and the magical realm of Middle Oith burst open, spewing forth smelves and horcs and various other things, along with the eldritch secrets of that realm (some of them, anyway). Recent unothings in-





dicade such Fundamental mysteries were known to the Hoomanrace at various points in their history (along with many we have yet to rediscover), but frequently forgotten or misplaced along the way.

Nowadays, zazz is waggled in a variety of remarkable ways by a remarkable variety of peeps. Here's some dirt on a few of them:

CONTANIMATOR

*To a Polisher armed with a mop
A muck-chuckler growled, "Desist! Stop!
Despite all your rants
The gawds wet their pants
Before the power of almighty slop!"*

Contanimators juice the ebbs and essences of filth and refuse, distilling and channelling the Fundamental zazz of such discarded phenomena, shaping and harnessing the energies of wasted potential and vile corruption into disgusting marvels and loathsome enchantments. They are the masters of muck, the dukes of disease, the regents of rust, the bosses of blight, the rulers of rot, the lords of lewdness, the gurus of goo, the sages of sludge, and the avatars of assorted alternate alliterative appellations. With but a gesture, a disgruntled expletive, and a handful of something gross, a skilled contanimator can conjure the defiling spirits of putrescence, inflict devastating scourges and ruinous plagues, enliven and animate constructs of dross and debris, hasten rot, encourage decay and otherwise wave the scepter of grime, sewage, and impurity.

All this mucking about with unclean forces takes a heavy toll on those who slosh such gullies. Contanimators are habitually corrupt and vile, influenced and altered by the foul energies and rotten compulsions of their craft. The toys with which they play are difficult to control, often leading them to madness, despair, and disease. Still, power can be a potent placebo. A great deal of discomfort can be ignored if the prize is high enough. Contanimators may be disgustingly infested maniacs, but they wield

power rivaled by few, envied by many, feared by most, and respected by just about everybody (if only from the other side of the street).

Despite the various havocs contaminating wrecks on the minds and bodies of its practitioners, these resilient peeps continue to waggle their unclean zazz, perhaps because the core of their art is a discipline unreachable by dissimilarly eldritch peeps. Contanimants, the Fundamental embodiments of filth, blight, decay, and all that other stuff we were just talking about, are the pets, puppets, playthings, and paramours (ew, gross) of the savvy contanimator. The uncanny energies and noxious emanations of such beings are the ingredients from which he bakes his metaphorical muffins. He bends them to his will, coalesces their foul essence to fuel his machinations, and binds them within constructed shells to better carry out his various commands. Contanimators aren't afraid to get their hands (or their anything else) dirty.

DANGED WRANGLER

*Said a dangler, "Don't goose with me friend
Or your life might have more than one end.
I'll bash in your head
Ensuring you're dead
Then raise you and bash it again!"*

Danged wranglers are totally goth. They dig gloomy poetry, dark eye makeup, and playing with dead things. It's this latter aspect of character that interests us in this discussion, since the zazz waggled by danged wranglers is pretty much focused, as the name implies, toward wranglings ...of the Danged. Danged wranglers don't simply *play* with dead things, however. They create them, control them, communicate with them, and borrow their Fundamental essences to power various tenebrous crafts and mysterious workings. Although the forces with which they commune are morbid in the extreme, these peeps aren't necessarily bad guys (although some of them definitely are. I'm talking about *you*, Bonebottom Skullcrapper. I know what you



Kreez Duumsinger is one of Oith's most potent danged wranglers.
It's pronounced Doom-singe-er; don't ever let him hear you make it rhyme with "dumb finger" or he'll have horrible things done to you.

did.). They just have an interest in certain dark projects.

By channeling and concentrating the energies loaned to them by whatever Fundamental forces are responsible for motivating ...of the Danged, danged wranglers can blast some worthwhile zazz. The central discipline of their art is, of course, the animation of deceased corpses. Such rustling husks aren't just for siccing on a peep's enemies, however (although they do that too). A slick danged wrangler can make a carcass do all sorts of interesting stuff. For example, Glomer Clad-in-Black, Fooms premiere corpse jockey, is rumored to have a lair elegantly furnished with artfully posed ...of the Danged. Even the lowliest lump of oithly remains can learn to set off a trap, carry some luggage, or hold a door open, and the more clever types can do just about anything a living peep can do (except breathe).

Danged wranglers don't spend all their zazz simply making cadavers dance. Their murky workings allow them to commune with dead peeps, command, control, or repel already extant...of the Danged, and perform a vast array of semi-related tenebrous machinations. It's pretty bad ass.

DEMENTALIST

*A dementalist, eyes closed, alone
Levitated above turf and stone.
His noggin meat bulged
As to himself he divulged
"My brain has a mind of its own"*

This zazz, waggled exclusively by oofos and a few of Oith's more bizarre monstrosities (the typical oithly mind just doesn't roll that way), taps into the eldritch potential of the practitioner's own noodle. With but a thought, dementalist can directly influence the thoughts, memories, and desires of others. They can speak without speaking, peer inside a peep's noggin, manipulate matter, and goose with the Fundamental workings of the way things are. Heady

stuff indeed.

Dementalist are often proud and arrogant, lording it over the various sycophants and paparazzi that vie for their attentions. They believe themselves to be smarter than just about everyone else, although in my experience such is rarely the case. Sure, they can do all sorts of zany zazz just by thinking about it, but that doesn't necessarily make them any more intelligent than peeps who have to use their legs to walk or their mouths to speak. Of course, many dementalist are quite brilliant, but a lot of peeps assume just because an oofa can bake a pizza without an oven he can instantly determine the maximum air speed velocity of a circusp nut laden oily boid traveling from Floom to Yapple against prevailing headwinds while accounting for weather and how many parasitic bilgebugs are currently infesting its tail feathers, and that may or may not be true.

The Dementional Discotesticus, an organization founded centuries ago by Zumm Blech of the Twelfth Demension, is one of several such orders dedicated to furthering the multifarious aims and influences of dementalist and their ilk. It's headquartered in Floom's Grey Matter Boozaterium, with chapters and clubhouses in many settlements across the glob. Ostensibly, the Discotesticus claims world domination as its stated goal, but the member oofos generally just sit around eating tacos, gabbing wordlessly about random nonsense, and mentally undressing passersby.

GIGGITY GIGGER

*A gigger with horns and webbed toes
And a luminous bulb for a nose
Swung his net with pizzazz
Before wagging some zazz
To replace both his knees with elbows*

Giggities, as discussed earlier in this volume (and later as well), are these little, vaguely triangular guys who flutter about the glob touching peeps and critters and nabbing (or at least





How many giggities would a giggity gigger gig if a giggity gigger could gig giggities?
Three. No, eight. No, I don't know. It's a mystery.

copying) various aspects of those peeps unto themselves. They number among Oith's more bizarre entities, and that says a lot (Oith has a lot of bizarre entities). Anyway, specialized zazz wagglers known as giggity giggers are hip to the skills and secrets needed to coax such purloined traits back from the giggities who yinked them. Armed with assorted nets, traps, and lures, these valiant peeps capture giggities (unharmd, it doesn't work with dead ones) and, through a complex series of prods, probes, pokes, tickles, strokes, caresses, and less appropriate touchings, transfer said attributes to their own bad selves. It's all rather intimate.

Just about any trait can be nabbed from a giggity, assuming the giggity in question nabbed that trait from somebody else at some point. By way of illustration, consider the following narrative:

Throb Gigtickler, a croachular giggity gigger from the city of Doop, has captured a giggity in one of his artfully crafted traps. Applying himself to the task at hand, he begins a low, rumbling chant as he gently massages the giggity's shoulders with slow, circular caresses. The giggity coos softly, nodding its purple afro back and forth in tune with Throb's rhythmic ditty. Throb applies more pressure, slowly tracing various arcane symbols across the giggity's backside with his fingertips. The giggity sighs, its enormous tongue unwinding to coil itself on the cage floor. Throb increases the pressure, his song reaching a vibrant crescendo. A flash of light! A puff of smoke! A warbling cry from somewhere off stage! Opening the cage, he sets the newly bald giggity free. Content with a job well done, Throb slyly brushes his new purple afro.

Giggity giggers are pretty easy to recognize as such. They're the guys with the big nets and the incongruous features. They often sport various body parts and appendages uncommon to their species. If you spot a worm with horns, wings, one furry arm, and a big dangling glowy thing on his head he might possibly be a giggity gigger. Then again, he might just be weird.

HOCUS POKER

A poker of hoci molested

By gangstas succinctly protested

"Get out of my path

Or prepare for my wrath"

Then he left their remains predigested

Ever since the Eggplantians and Middle Oithlings opened the metaphorical arcane floodgates, zazzular energies have coursed through the figurative veins of Mutha Oith like blood through the literal veins of someone with real veins (I got expelled from analogy school). Zazz imbues just about everything nowadays. Of course, you've still got to be sensitive to it, trained, as it were, in the manipulation and detection of such energies, to make any use of it all. That's where hocus pokers come in. As Oith's quintessential wagglers of zazz, they really get into the whole waving your arms around and chanting like an idiot thing.

That's pretty much the essence of hocus poking. You gesticulate wildly and babble nonsense until something interesting happens. If you know what you're doing, some pretty fascinating things can ensue. A skilled hocus poker can do just about anything, from launching flaming balls of snot out of his ears to flying without wings. Hocus Pokers are pretty much the most versatile and widespread zazz wagglers around. Sure, they can't heal the sick, wrangle the dead, or take over peep's minds, but who needs to do that when you can fire a bolt of lightning from your belly button?

Don't get the sense that hocus pokers (or any zazz wagglers, for that matter) are common or anything. They aren't. It takes a great deal of discipline and skill to unravel the nigh unfathomable mysteries of the arcane. It's just that, of a rare bunch, hocus pokers are the least rare. Sort of medium rare.







I've heard Emperor Of Grease employs a staff of holy rollers on standby to resurrect his sorry butt should he fall victim to one of the inevitable bouts of chronic assassination syndrome that are known to afflict him on occasion.

HOLY ROLLER

*Unto the Floomites there verily came
A daddy who earned vast acclaim
By healing the scabrous
And clothing the glabrous
And setting the sinners aflame*

Holy rollers are religious fanatics. They spout the gabs and gospels of various faiths and the zazz they waggle is supposedly hand delivered by the gawds themselves. Apparently all it takes is a bit of prayer, the laying on of a few hands, and a coprolite hard devotion to whatever dogma a holy roller's particular creed espouses. Well, that can't be all it takes, but that's what I've been told by those who claim to know. According to most holy rollers, the only reason the gawds aren't constantly laying solids down on peeps like me is that we don't believe hard enough. Whatever. Oith's countless boorghedrals, sin-o-gogues, and dingdom halls are overflowing with the devout, and most of those peeps waggle less zazz than a souseburger sandwich. There must be more to holy rolling than blind conviction. Credulous Shmeckle, no doubt, has more to say on the subject. I sincerely recommend you nab yourself several copies of his forthcoming treatise *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 02: Holy Crap* at your earliest convenience.

Regardless of the reasons why some ecclesiastical peeps are gifted with zazz and others aren't, there's no denying the miracles (and damnations) blasted by those who are. I've seen savvy holy rollers do some amazing things. There's the normal assortment of expected miracles, tales of which are seemingly spouted from every street corner in Floom by obsessed zealots of one faith or another. We're all familiar with stories of holy rollers healing the hungry, feeding the sick, clothing the naked, and washing peep's feet for some reason. That stuff's all great, and I've benefited from such zazz myself on occasion (buy me a mug of suds at the Salty Bean sometime and I'll regale you with

gags about Toalla Limpialente, a Hoomanitarian mommy and former traveling companion of mine), but there's zazz far more potent than that in a holy roller's arsenal. I've seen a sinister of Stan goose a horc to death with a dingaling of infernal fire (the memory still occasionally haunts my nightmares). I've witnessed a batch of Jemimah's Witnesses turn a bodul to glass and smash him to pieces with mallets of divine angst. I've cowered in fright as a big daddy repulsed a horde ...of the Danged just by sanctimoniously waving his lower case "t" in their general direction. When the Boorghedral of Imago Coleop was set to the torch by disgruntled Stanismists Puparch Aphod snuffed the flames with nothing but a prayer and a ball of dung. Remember that time last year when the Ding of the Dong was assassinated, his body chopped into tiny pieces and tossed into the Big Drink? No? That's because his templars glued the pieces back together, waggled some robust zazz, and now he's good as new. The gawds don't play around (or if they do, they play dirty).

SMELLCASTER

*A stinker with powers undoubted
Brandished the reeks that he touted
"My stench, funk, and gust
Is acutely robust
Because I'm so righteously snouted!"*

Smellements are the Fundamental entities that govern, embody, and represent all of the universe's various stinks, odors, and fragrances. Without the smellements we wouldn't need noses, except to breathe and to look sexy, because there wouldn't be anything to smell. The smellements imbue all things, for all things have a scent. They are generally content to mind their own business, which is basically to just sit there, invisible and intangible, and stink. There is, however, great power in the smellements, as essences of nature, but it remains, for the most part, untapped and unnoticed. In general a smellement can't do much more than inflict a



bit of nausea, seduce a potential mate, or cause a room to clear, but in the trained hands and schnoz of a smellcaster, it can do far more indeed.

Smellcasters are zazz wagglers who have mastered the arcane rituals, languages, and recipes needed to coax, combine and harness the smellelements, exploiting their supernatural faculties and coalescing them into mystical vapors known as *reeks*. Reeks are extremely potent gasses, bestowing numinous powers upon those who inhale them.

A smellcaster is armed with an assortment of reeks, contained in bottles and flasks, ready at a moment's notice to be opened by a cork-popping thumb and inhaled through questing nostrils. Smellcasters either sniff their reeks themselves, blow them in the direction of others, or hurl the flasks to shatter elsewhere, releasing the reek to do its thing upon impact.

I've included a vast amount of information about smellcasters, smellelements, and related jazz in my previous tome *The Whole Hole – A Gad-about's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*. Read it, if such things interest you.

WEIRDO

*Oily Nad, a weirdo by trade,
Gisting the workings of jazz that he made,
Said, "Touch it right there
And it styles your hair
But jiggle this stick and you're flayed"*

Weirdos are artificers and crafters of zaz-zular wonderments. They construct and enchant all sorts of crazy devices, like spatulas that flip incendiary pancakes and floppy hats with brims that flap like wings (the spatulas don't flip the hats, just the pancakes). If an object's infused with zazz, chances are a weirdo made it happen. Such peeps are in high demand across the glob, possessing skills and talents beyond those of (or at least different than) ordinary craftspeeps and hocus pokers. In fact, a weirdo is sort of a cross between those two guys. He builds stuff

and then fills it with poked hoci. In some ways the art of a weirdo is like that of a containimator infusing a minion with containimants, but usually less disgusting.

Most weirdos specialize in a particular type of device, or at least in handiwork that displays a signature style or affectation. Wondrous Weegle of Floom's Bucket Turf, for example, is all about the zazzular peeper-gleamers. His fabulous eyewear (*retrospectacles, introspectacles, circumspectacles, disrespectacles*, etc...) is stylishly sported by clammy peeps in Floom and elsewhere. Oily Nad, also of Floom, is a bit more eclectic in his proclivities, but his devices characteristically feature a number of moving parts and more intricate mechanisms, often adorned with embellishments depicting or adulating his containimant kin. In Doop there's a bodul called Steamnostrils who produces fascinatingly weird saws and sleds. He makes a hoard of clams selling such things to the hair harvesters thereabouts. A sporksmith in New Oorlquar, Desper the Pleasant by name, provides cutlery that feeds a peep without assistance and bibs that wipe his chin for him afterwards. Of a more bellicose bent are weirdos such as Smelfsnuffer Coshwalloper, who cobbles enchanted smelf smashing mallets for the bosses of Aggogg, and Urflehanius Hujjimenxalooph of the Auricrap Toenail, who crafted the mighty Jumbossus of Gargle Twice. Weirdos make all sorts of crap for all sorts of reasons, but it's apparently uniformly awesome (even if we aren't awesome enough to understand what it does or why they made it).





There's this place in New Oorlquar that's like a commune for weirdos. If you're into making weird stuff you should check it out. Tell them I said, "Hello". They'll know what I mean.

SPOUTING THE GAB THE LINGUISTIC IDIOSYNCRASIES OF SOCIETAL INTERACTION

*Bluster and blabber and jive
Are for keeping a dingus alive
A lexicon bold
Leaves the suckers done told
Instead of just one word use five.*

Peeps on Oith communicate in many diverse and interesting ways. The Badookie tribespeeps of Clorb's Wang, for example, spout their various gabs through a series of complex belches, snorts, and hiccups. There's a Jeezle Freakian clique in New Oorlquar the members of which blab amongst themselves not with waggled tongues but with elaborate fluctuations in body odor. Consider the Whiff Whistlers who dwell among the lofty crags high up in the Teats of Boorglezar. Their warbling yodels echo through the valleys and bluffs, crashing and wobbling like the cries of a drunken shnooble, and apparently revealing a great deal of information to those with the ear to discern it. The silent (but deadly) Orple Reamers of Babajuana babble in a voiceless tongue of carefully ordered and elaborately illustrated greeting cards. Squoorks in the Scum Quag yack amongst themselves in a jargon of squelches and crepitating armpit noises. Oith overflows with such odd forms of discourse, but most peeps just use good, old-fashioned, words. Of course, these words come in a variety of flavors, the so-called *Ordinary Tongue* being the most common by far.

Here's a woefully inadequate sampling:

AGGOGGIAN: The horcs of Aggogg shout at each other in this abrasive jargon.

BOORGBABBLE: This is the ecclesiastical language spoken by Boorglezarian holy rollers.

CURDLED: This language is common among the peeps of the Moonular Cheese Fields, although many of them speak the ordinary tongue as well.



DING LINGO: Peeps in the Dingdom of the Dong either spout this lilting blabber or the ordinary tongue, depending on where they were raised. Jemimah's Witnesses sometimes conduct services in this language, although the ordinary tongue has more colorful expletives so they usually favor it (despite its Hoomanracian derivation).

DRIBBLE: More of a system of slang, idiom, and innuendo than an actual language, this is the secret palaver spoken by price-o-corns, nabmasters, and other unsavory types.

EWGEZE: It's going out of style of late, but geezers and lashmasters in Glowhio and some of the other Ewgian crapholes still spout this eloquent gab.

GROOTHOO: The native language spoken by groothoo boids consists of caws, squawks, whistles, and cackles.

GUTTERMOUTH: Although the more worldly among them can spout a bit of the ordinary tongue, containants have their own burbling and guttural brogue.

NETHERSPEAK: This dark, oozing parlance is spoken by dorks and various sinister dwellers of the Underwhere, as well as other moody, grim sorts. Stanismists and danged wranglers are often fond of netherspeak's dismal tones and morbid vocabulary.

THE ORDINARY TONGUE: This common trade language is spoken throughout the world and has been around since before the Flush. It's

a complex and diverse language, replete with multitudinous idiosyncrasies, sentence-enhancing expletives, intricate verbiage, and regional dialects. Only the most rectally retentive wisenheimers speak it fluently. The rest of us just sort of make things up as we go along.

POXYAMMER: This ancient language is common in the Pox Aroma and its neighbors.

SCARY ASS WORDS: Scary ass words are what scary ass muthas and their ilk use to communicate among themselves. They don't care what anybody else has to say.

SHAMELESS WAREMONGERING CLAMS, CURRENCY, AND COMMERCE

*A slog seller local to Goss
Sold his slogs at a ten percent loss
His employer was guffed
But the waremonger chuffed
When you're broken then I'll be the boss.*



The majority of Oith's societies don't have an official form of currency, although some have experimented with the idea (often with hilarious and disastrous results). In many places goods and services are traded directly for other goods and services. Need a new shirt? Maybe Murtle the Shirtsmith will trade for that jar of pickled toenails in your knapsack. Wanna plop your flop at The Dive Inn? Perhaps Sunny Hind-quarters will let you wash the blankets (trust me, you don't want to be the guy who washes the blankets at The Dive Inn). Looking for someone to build you a house? Start saving your moltings.

The thing is, gravy does exist, it's just not thought of as money. Most such things are really just small baubles, decorations, and assorted whatnots. These objects, collectively known as *clams*, are collected by peeps and traded with other peeps for other stuff. Since they are small and easily carried, they've sort of become the default unit of currency almost everywhere

and just about everyone uses them as the basis of their bartering. Of course, since clams have no defined intrinsic value, this whole system is open to exploitation and debate. Hagglng is very common and is an accepted and expected interaction in most marketplaces.

Recent efforts in several of Oith's more prominent realms to ditch clams in favor of something more definable have met with limited success. The Bottomliners, under the auspices of Keistermeister Hugormo XIII, have, for example, campaigned to replace the clam with a *smackeroo*, a metal coin minted in the likeness of the Keistermeister. In Glowhio, cabbages are spent like clams. In some parts of the Dingdom of the Dong they use stale cookies for some reason. Some peeps dig such ideas and others abhor them. Maybe someday there'll be an easily measurable international standard, but for now clams are the thing to hoard.

THE CRAPTASTIC WORLD OF MUTHA OITH THE TRAIPSINGS OF TATH SHARDBORN

For such a crap hole, Oith is home to a surprisingly diverse and numerous panoply of cultures and denizens. The following passages, excerpted and paraphrased from Tath Shardborn's epic introductory volume of *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith*, describe several such lands, burgs, and civilizations. This treatise is far from complete. In fact, entire volumes of *The Whole Hole* detail the ins, outs, and in-betweens of many of these places (and others), and even those are woefully inadequate. Oith, like your momma's butt, is just too big and too interesting to describe sufficiently in a single volume, let alone the meager space allotted us here. That doesn't stop curious and adventurous peeps from taking a stab at it anyway (something else it has in common with your momma's butt).

Within each section you may find descriptions of particular places and peeps of interest. These things are described under the heading "Jazz of Note". Obviously, they aren't the only such places around, just a few Tath found noteworthy. For more detailed and expansive erudition stock your library with various volumes of *The Whole Hole*, available wherever such things are available.

The astute reader might observe, at the beginning of each entry, a section listing a few important facts about the region in question. The items are described thusly:

GEOGRAPHY

A brief introduction to the natural wonders, urban achievements, and geological features of the place.

DENIZENS

The approximate number of peeps who call the place home, as well as a parenthetical listing of the most common sorts. Unless noted otherwise, assume the inhabitants are a mix of Oith's more prevalent peeps.

JAZZ

Some of the region's most commonly exploited or exported resources. Many of these substances are described elsewhere in this volume.

GOVERNANCE

Who's in charge and how they govern.

BURGS

A brief, non-comprehensive listing of some of the realm's more noteworthy cities and towns.

RELATIONS

How the peeps of the place interact with the peeps of other places.

Anyway, I'll let Tath tell you the rest...

THE WHOLE HOLE: SUPPLEMENTAL A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE LANDS & WONDERS OF MUTHA OITH

The planet Oith is, for the most part, a total wreck. The whole place reeks of filth and decay. The landscapes are shattered, desolate, and bleak. The seas stink of rot and the land stinks of the sea. That's not to say natural beauty and majesty do not exist, simply that when such things are found, they are made all the more beauteous and majestic for their scarcity.

Despite these former statements, perhaps

even contrary to them, wonders abound. Beauty, in the classical sense, is in short supply, but a host of natural marvels keeps even the most jaded gadabout's jaw agape and drooling. From the snowcapped, volcanic peaks of the Teats of Boorglezar to the bottomless Keister of Gawd the world is veritably infested with amazing testaments to the power of the creator (or creators, whoever he, she, or they may be). Here we have



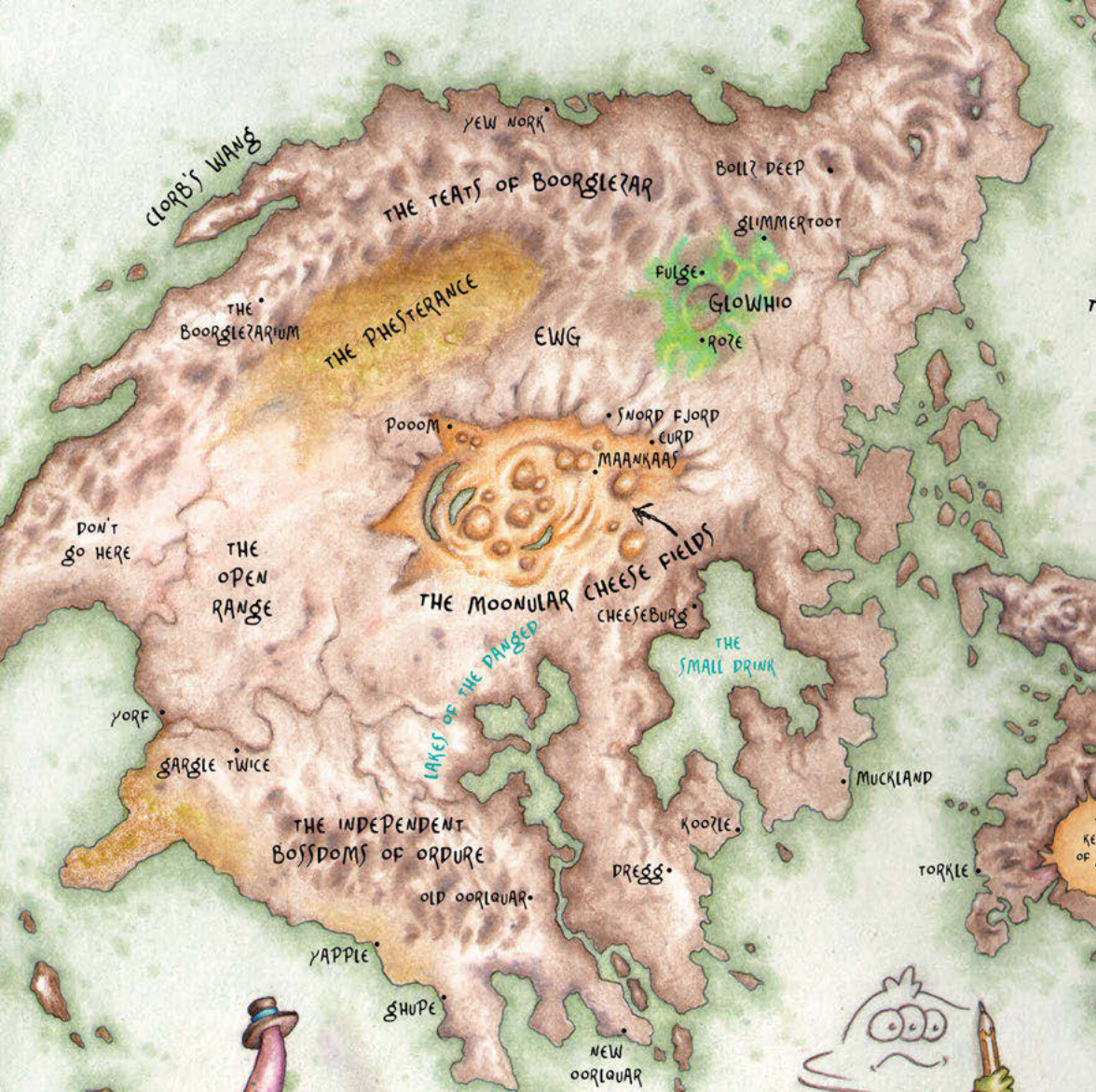
an entire realm composed of the corpse of a deceased monster, over here are the luminescent stones of Glowhio. To your left are the blue skies and green grasses of the verdant Dingdom of the Dong. Watch your step as you traverse the sweeping dunes of That One Place with All the Sand. Dine in style on the Moonular Cheese Fields. The point is, you don't need amber waves of grain and clean water to find glory in nature. Mutha Oith will provide, to say nothing of those wonders created by her denizens.

Yes indeed, the residents of Mutha Oith, blighted and devolved by a billion calamities, are a resilient, industrious, and creative bunch. Loudly proclaiming the glory of intelligent thinking and cooperation are the brilliant cities, towns, and villages that dot the landscape

like ingrown hairs on the ass of creation. These manufactured wonders are no less majestic than those created by nature, perhaps even more so considering the source.

Understand, of course, that beauty is in the eye of the apiarian. What looks like a horrifying pit of ooze and filth to the cultured sensibilities of Prissy Smelf may be a relaxing day spa to a worm from Clorb's Wang. Indeed, many denizens of Oith are proud of the broken nature of the world, considering it a verification of their own resilience and perseverance.

Like it or hate it, it's where we live, so you might as well stick a clothespin on your nose and plunge ahead as I, Tath Shardborn, introduce you to some of Mutha Oith's wonders, realms, cities, and cesspools.





BROKEN TOE
BLEEP

THE KINGDOM OF THE DONG

THE BIG DRINK

SOME HUGE ASS MOUNTAIN RANGE

THAT ONE PLACE
WITH ALL THE SAND

• BABAJUANA

LAKE
MOG

THE MANGLE SLAVE

KEISTER ISLAND

HOLEWARD
DILMATION

THE
YUCK

UNPASSABLE STONES

GREASE

• Sissy PANTS

• ANGRY FIST

THE POX AROMA

BOTCH

THE ICKY ICKY SWAMP

GLOPPOSSUS'S NAVEL

• FLOODED CRUST

GREAT
SLUDGE
LAKE

THE
BUNSCRATCHER
BLUB

THE
CHOBE

THE
SEA OF
SOMETHING
OR OTHER

THE BRISTLE BRINE

SOME ROCKS

THE INCREDIBLY
HUGE MONSTER™

ASSOGG

CLOB

SMITE

ASSOGG
CITY

STANK
SANTA'S
AVEPIT

SCORE

DOOP

THE EMPIRICAL TYRANIUM OF AGGOGG THE BLOOD-SODDEN SOG

GEOGRAPHY: Foggy mudflats, impenetrable swamps, boulder-strewn valleys, rounded mountains, and volcanic flows.

DENIZENS: At least a million (mostly horscs and other unsavory types).

JAZZ: Scrappers and mercenaries, pain, rocks, weapons and armor, slogs.

GOVERNANCE: Fistpounder Gavelbanger is Boss of this kingdom of thugs.

BURGS: Aggogg City, Smite, Clob, The Santa's Slavepit, Plunk, Bleek, Slesh, Flemm, Gash, Armpit, Ponk, Gozz, Gob, Stub, Groin, Oob, Gorfle.

RELATIONS: The denizens of Aggogg take what they want. They have little use for the niceties of diplomacy. The only reason they aren't constantly at war with every other burg on Oith is that they are constantly at war with each other (although they are often at war with other peeps as well).

A peep would do well to clutch his clam-sack tightly while traveling the island nation of Aggogg. Crime is rampant here. Or, more accurately, it would be, if yoinking and murder were illegal. According to Fistpounder Gavelbanger, the fearsome mountain of horc-flesh who currently squats on Aggogg's sinister Smelfbone Throne, possession is the law. If somebody is holding something, it's his. If you are holding something, it's yours. If somebody takes the something you were holding it becomes his as soon as he holds it. This generally means the bigger, tougher peeps tend to have more stuff than the weak and timid, which suits the Boss's plans nicely. Aggogg is a nation ruled by fist, fury,

and fear. The horscs who call it home are proud, fierce, and rowdy. Fragile and gentle peeps better toughen up or find somewhere else to live, lest they find themselves toiling in the slave pits or boiling in the stew pots.

Life throughout most of Aggogg's settled lands is a constant ruckus of gangstas stealing from gangstas, price-o-corns raiding price-o-corns, and big horscs with big sporks poking, gouging, scooping, and slashing each other (and everybody else) to shreds. Sure, there's a little bit of order, especially within the burgs that occasionally have to deal with peeps from other places, but the general mood is one of uncontrolled random violence, constant bluster, and rampant chaos.

AGGOGG CITY

The capital of Aggogg, the uncreatively monikered Aggogg City is a sprawling fortress; more of an enormous castle than a proper burg. It's a lawless and violent stack of stone blocks, iron spikes, and foggy, murk-choked alleyways.

Although Aggogg City has little to offer gadabouts, aside from the occasional stab in the gut, the burg's slave-driven smelters and slave-burning furnaces churn out an impressive assortment of stabby, clobbery things, which, along with the loot nabbed during the Boss's perpetual raids and incursions, keep the coffers overflowing with clams and Fistpounder's various appetites appeased. Only the boldest and most desperate tourists and waremongers visit this place, since a peep is at least as likely to get nabbed by slavers or disemboweled by ruffians as he is to actually find whatever drew him here in the first place.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE BAR KEEP: Located at the base of the tallest tower in Aggogg City, this complex of busted stone and rusted metal serves one of the most potent mugs of suds around. Rumor says it's made of fermented smelf blood, and I have no



reason to doubt such allegations. Regardless, it's delicious and gets a peep poop-faced faster than tongue kissing a ptyalismic pile.

Drunkards can enjoy their suds while listening to the screams of those who neglected to pay their tab, since the place is also a fully stocked torture chamber. Barrelmasher Hangnail, the Keep's proprietor, is blind as a mug of suds (or anything else without eyes), having had his eyes publicly gouged out by the place's former owner after failing to settle his bill. That guy's dead now and Barrelmasher holds the keys, even if he can't see the lock on the door.

DED SMELF PRETZEL FORGE: Hungry horcs across the glob get all sialorrheic for Knottwister Nogginknocker's famous baked pretzels. These knots of dough, twisted from a secret batter (supposedly containing dried smelf skin, powdered smelf bone, and other unpleasant ingredients) and baked in a furnace sculpted in the likeness of celebrated gurgitator Greasegizzard Big-Gulp, are served with a delicious sauce made of mustard and smelf blood. Peeps who aren't

into eating smelves should probably go somewhere else.

THE MUSEUM OF THINGS THAT ARE NO LONGER YOURS: A retired nabmaster called Bulging Crack maintains this well-guarded display of all the jazz he nabbed during his long career. Highlights include the severed big toe of former Boss Hijink Smelfgargler, some decorative eyeballs once owned by the Keistermeister of Floom, Nosenipper Schnozlopper's nosenipping schnozlopper, and a decorative elbow cuff once worn by Raging Smelfsmelfer of the Boogie Knights.

THREE DEAD SMELVES: Another of the many dead smelf themed establishments in Aggogg City, this is the workshop of a trio of horcish brothers (each of whom wears a signature smelf-nose hat), renowned from Doop to Maankaas as a few of the best spork smiters on Oith. These guys can turn a lump of molten blackness into a battle ready warspork quicker than most horcs can debone a smelf.



GORFLE

This nigh-impenetrable cavern citadel is one of the last bastions of smelven resistance on Aggogg. The populace, predominantly escaped slaves and their allies, are some of the toughest goosers around, honed by the brutalities and atrocities committed against them during their times of captivity. These peeps spend most of their time planning and executing raids against their horcish foes, freeing slaves to add to their number, and inflicting wild mayhem among their enemas. I mean enemies.

Few peeps outside the enclave know the actual location of Gorfle, but it's rumored to be somewhere in the craggy mountains near the volcanic Furnace Flow. Further rumors plop a benign race of albino dorks as the founders and subterranean hosts of Gorfle, but the truth of such blabbings is contestable.

FILTH

This disgusting blemish on Oith's upper lip is Aggogg's third largest island. It's the domain of the Litter Bug, arguably Oith's most potent

contanimator, and the hordes of containimants and other disgusting things whose company he keeps. The Litter Bug is the undisputed master of this realm, with workshops, factories, and unoithly menageries (collectively called the Stank), scattered across the island. Ruinous vapors and vile sludges drip from the Stank's pipes and stacks, staining the land and encouraging the growth of blighted, containimant-riddled fungles and forests of mildew and mutagenic scum.

Would-be apprentice containimators travel here in droves, hoping to learn at the polluted feet of the master himself. Many are turned away. Others become subjects for his grotesque experiments or fodder for his beasts. The few who've survived their tutelage (such infamous containimators as Cerumen Thricewipe and Uuulon Crepulos come to mind) have numbered among Oith's most influential crudchuckers.

Supposedly, buried beneath the toxic sludge and putrid excrescences of Filth are a keistermeister's ransom in treasures and artifacts of the Hoomanrace. Intrepid peeps ex-curse here frequently in search of such bounty, but most are never seen again.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE GARBARGE: While not technically part of the island of Filth, this enormous tub, commanded by the notorious Captain Chesh Methylmer, meanders the Big Drink on an endless quest to collect various significant items of refuse, filth, and detritus to fuel the Litter Bug's fell machinations. You probably don't want to visit, but I thought it warranted a mention nonetheless.

NORPH

The island of Norph is Aggogg's second largest realm. It's a mountainous, boggy morass through much of its expanse, with dank marshes and murky swamps taking up most of the land the boggy morasses miss. Most of the inhabitants are horcish Santanists, reveling in the glory of their iniquitous lord within the rusted spires and candy-striped pillars of The Santa's Slavepit. This terrible domain is the central temple of the Santanist faith and the worst place on Oith to be if a peep's a smelf. Nothing good happens here.

THE DINGDOM OF THE DONG

GEOGRAPHY: A verdant and mountainous archipelago with grass and flowers and stuff.

DENIZENS: More than a million (mostly cremefillians and the occasional tourist).

JAZZ: Crime, poetry, food.

GOVERNANCE: Horus Morus, the Ding of the Dong, rules over all, with hundreds of squabbling warlords competing for his attention.

BURGS: Bleef, Broken Toe, Ore Guano, Toast, Rizoto, dozens of small villages and towns.

RELATIONS: The tweenks of the Dingdom are of-

ten insular and xenophobic. Strangers are usually welcomed with open arms and shifty gazes then robbed or gifted.

If cremefillians can be said to have a homeland, this archipelago is it, for it is the only nation populated almost exclusively by their kind. The Dingdom of the Dong is a chunk constantly at war with itself, run by conflicting gangsta warlords and their armies of samuricecake hoodlums. Ruling supremely over all is Horus Morus, Ding of the Dong.

The peeps of the Dingdom are a xenophobic and insular batch. Most non-cremefillians are viewed with contempt, and foreign visitors are treated with scorn and distrust. Despite their paranoia when dealing with strangers to their land, the denizens of the dingdom are obsessed with honor and tradition. A broken taboo or a perceived insult can, and often does, lead to warfare and open partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shorteningshed. Despite this code of honor, crime, especially the organized variety, is ubiquitous.

The land itself is one of the healthiest and most verdant to be found on Oith. This apparent oddity can be attributed to the unique habit of cremefillians to unintentionally soak up the pollution from the surrounding land and store it in their spongy flesh. As a result, plants in the Dingdom are actually green, the sky is a brilliant blue, and the stink of the air is far less rancid than elsewhere.

BORKLE BLEEK

Several yorts outside of the city of Broken Toe there's a huge field of bright yellow flowers and tumbled boulders. At the very center of this rocky meadow is a stone of titanic proportions, a great hollowed boulder larger than most houses. Dwelling within this stone, perpetually sitting cross-legged and muttering softly to himself, is Borkle Snode, a pile of mysterious origins who came to the Dingdom to find enlightenment among the flowers. It is said that he

possesses great wisdom, but the truth of it may never be known, since he never speaks to anyone or gets up to stretch his back. Every decade or so Borkle switches his position. He spent the first ten years of his meditation sitting in a cauldron of slog drop soup and the second decade suspended upside down from the ceiling.

MOUNT FUNKY

The volcanic caldera of Mount Funky stopped rumbling and spewing centuries ago. Now the giant mountain sits quietly with its hands gently folded in its lap, using its indoor voice, and playing nicely with others.

Some wisenheimers think Mount Funky was actually the egg from which the Incredibly Huge Monster™ hatched so many years ago. Most peeps debunk this theory as idiotic, but who knows? Many a philosopher has lost his life in a duel while arguing topics far less contentious.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE TOMB OF KOBASHI THE SQUISH: This beautiful pagoda, built on a cliff overlooking the city of Toast, is rumored to be haunted by Kobashi the Squish, a gangsta lord who ruled the Dingdom of the Dong two centuries ago and now numbers among the spirits ...of the Danged. All sorts of amazing treasures are said to be hidden within, but so far very few peeps have been brave enough to scope it out.

TOAST

Toast is the capital city of the Dingdom of the Dong. Built atop dozens of jagged hills in the shadow of the caldera of Mount Funky, its winding roads and decorative ponds mingle with beautiful flowerbeds and luminous paper lanterns. Delicate wooden bridges and colorful buildings line the paved thoroughfares as waremongers, fences, and drug dealers peddle

their jazz from streetside stalls. Dazzling pagodas and cylindrical towers are the edifices of choice. Casinos, strumpletoria, and religious shrines are everywhere.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE GRAND AND AUSPICIOUS PALACE OF HIS MOST REVERENT PERSONAGE, HORUS MORUS, DING OF THE DONG, EMPEROR OF ALL AND SUBJECT OF NONE: Umm, yeah. This grandiose compound is one of the largest and most ostentatious structure on Oith. It's a fantastic collection of elegantly sculptured terraces, pavilions, castles, porches, gazebos, pergolas, and towers, all connected by bridges, stairways, plazas, aqueducts, and arches. The whole thing takes up more room than many cities. Inside, an army of scrappers, servants, bodyguards, and butlers tends to every need and whim of the royal family.

The palace is also the training grounds for the Ding of the Dong's elite ranks of samurice-cake warriors.

THE DINGDOM HALL OF JEMIMA'S WITNESSES: This majestic temple, located in the city of Toast just holewhence of Lefty Hori Hori's Pre-owned Rickshaw Emporium, is the global center of worship for Jemima's Witnesses, a faith dedicated to destroying all vestiges of the Hoomanrace. The temple is made almost entirely of volcanic glass, shaped and carved to resemble a female member of the ancient Hoomanrace. On high holy days, the entire congregation gathers to defile the hated visage with rotten food and other, more disgusting, substances.

Although Dingdom Halls exist in many burgs across the glob, the one in Toast is Oith's biggest and most orthodox.

GLEEK'S SCRIBBLINGS: Gleek Toenail is one of Toast's preeminent cartographers and gadabouts. Originally from Ore Guano, this burly cremefillian has traipsed a great many of Oith's backwaters and boondocks, mapping the works along the way. His maps, while not particularly





accurate, are prized for their elegance and the snazzy doodles and annotations Gleek tends to jot in the margins.

PAIR-O-DICE: Toast's largest casino, strumpletorium, and religious shrine is a wondrous place indeed. The whole place has a sort of Keister Island theme, with winding bridges and paths leading to various gambling tables, private rooms, and altars to various deities. The ceiling is painted to resemble the ochre sky over Keister Island, with paper lanterns and carefully tended bamboo torches providing dim and intimate illumination. The buffet is huge and provides a wide range of comestibles imported from all over the world. Try the sundae bar.

In charge of this wondrous place is Don Sushioka "Fat Sushi" Twinkugowa, a notoriously ruthless pimp and gangsta. Twinkugowa makes certain there are plenty of dark corners for illicit deals to take place and his team of bouncers, pit bosses, and thugs make sure the digs don't get too rowdy.

YOU GONNA EAT THAT?: This place is terrible. Don't go here. If you do, order the drunken Goozera fritters. They taste awful but the floorshow is worth the tummy aches.

THE FESTERING CRAPHOLES OF EWG STANKY, MANKY, AND DANK

The lands of Ewg encompass a gigantic area of crumbling mountains, deep craters, volcanic ash, petrified forests, teeming fungles, and thick, miasmic marshes. For the most part they are uninhabited by civilized folks, although the odd mining colony, peripatetic gadabout, or deranged hermit can be found if one searches hard enough (the fortress of Bollz Deep and the quarries of Glowhio being significant exceptions). Scarcely populating the land, mostly along the coast and in the hills surrounding the mountainous Teats of Boorglezar, are several indigenous

tribes of savage brutes, nomadic wanderers, and fearsome critters of one sort or another.

A mysterious being known as the Gubernator rules over much of Ewg, casting his tyrannical gaze from the pinnacle of Bollz Deep. Most of Glowhio's slave middens and smolderstone mines are overseen by the Gubernator and his loyal minions, who also control the harvesting and export of the Phesterance's fecund bounty and most of the region's other resources.

CLORB'S WANG

GEOGRAPHY: Mountainous forests of petrified wood, hot gravel pits, low valleys of fungal scrub, multiple entrances to the Underwhere.

DENIZENS: Several thousand rustic tribespeeps (mostly savage worms and horcs, with the occasional gadabout or holy roller in the cooking pot).

JAZZ: Critter parts, petrified leaves, urinium (supposedly).

GOVERNANCE: Various tribal chieftains and scrub bosses, although incursions by the Gubernator's forces are increasingly frequent.

BURGS: Dozens of tribal villages.

RELATIONS: The savage tribes that inhabit this place are constantly fighting against the oppression of the Gubernator. Visitors are seldom welcome without a really good reason and a buttload of gifts.

This vast peninsula is named for a local hero of legend. According to a resident tribe of savage worms, Clorb the Prodigious vanquished a horde of rampaging scary ass muthas by intimidating them with his impressive girth. Aside from its name and possible interest to oldsters, Clorb's Wang has little to offer, although it is rumored to be the only remaining source of the rare mineral known as urinium. That's right, urinium.

GLOWHIO

GEOGRAPHY: Vast and immeasurable plains of cratered stone, jagged orange mountains, boulder strewn chasms, winding, subterranean tunnels, deposits of luminous smolderstone, multiple entrances to the Underwhere, and immense fields of gargantuan fruits and vegetables.

DENIZENS: Many thousand (mostly slaves and their attendant lashmasters)

JAZZ: Smolderstone, slaves, hugenormous fruits and vegetables

GOVERNANCE: The Gubernator of Ewg is, and has been for some time, the supreme authority.

BURGS: Fulge, Roze, Glimmertoot, scattered villages and farmsteads.

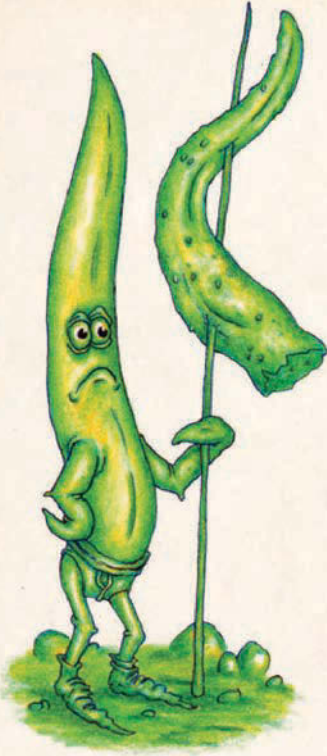
RELATIONS: What happens in Glowhio stays in Glowhio.

This place is just plain creepy. There's this eerie green (sometimes orange, also sometimes blue) glow that permeates everything in the blasted desert. Very little grows on the surface here, save for the seemingly omnipresent mutant land fish and the variety of beasts that feed on them (and on whatever travelers are foolish enough to visit). Here we have a realm of craters and ash, a polluted landscape of dimly luminescent filth and savage monsters.

The one redeeming feature of Glowhio is the fact that it is the only known source of the glowtententially valuable mineral known as smolderstone. Smolderstone, as everyone knows, is a smooth rock that retains its luminescence even after being removed from the glow-nurturing soils of Glowhio. This amazing quality makes smolderstone invaluable to stonemashers, gadabouts, librarians and anyone else who fancies a light source that lasts forever and doesn't cause incidental fires and burns. The stone forms the basis of Ewg's economy and is mined by specially trained slaves owned by the Gubernator.

Really, the glow can be just about any color. Green is the one most peeps think of, but Boorglezar loves endless variety, apparently.





Anyone or anything that spends considerable amounts of time in Glowhio often begins to acquire a glow of its own. Such luminescence usually fades a bit after a day or two away from the source, however, and disappears altogether within a week or so.

Smolderstone isn't the only thing of value to be found here. In fact, although very little grows above ground, the subterranean orchards and gardens of Glowhio produce an abundance of vegetables unrivaled elsewhere on Oith. Not only are such things abundant, they're immensely enormous. This is the realm of potatoes big enough to live in and singular squishyfruits that can feed a hundred slaves for a week. Indeed, Glowhio could feed the world if only someone devised a way to keep the produce from rotting as it traversed the glob. Hocus pokers and wisenheimers are on the job, but so far their efforts have been largely fruitless (pun intended).

ROZE

The luminous city of Roze sits at the center of an enormous crater, surrounded on all sides by vertiginous cliffs and tumbling scree. This is where the gubernator squats when he's away from Bollz Deep, in a vibrant smolderstone palace overlooking the salty Brinebath. The digs on the surface are mostly crafted of battered rock and crudely sculpted towers of crystallized salt, although most of the burg is underground, protected from the harsh rays of the unyielding sun.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE BRINEBATH: This basin of saliferous goo serves as Roze's main water supply, nourishing both the populace and the enormous veggies grown in the caverns below. A gargantuan, semi-aquatic cheese leech, mutated beyond recognition as such by Glowhio's pernicious influences, inhabits the deepest reaches, occasionally coming ashore to get its belly scratched by a special contingent of slaves assigned to the task. Snoogy Woogums, as it's known, is sort of the town's mascot and a favorite pet of the Gubernator.

THE GUBERNATOR'S SUPER FANCY SLAVE MARKET AND SMOLDERSTONE EMPORIUM: This is the closest thing Glowhio has to a decent marketplace. Subterranean in design, the bazaar is a wandering catacomb of stalls and booths, all illuminated from within by the mysterious nature of the land. Hawkers and waremongers shout for attention, their barking salvos echoing dully throughout the tunnels. Many things can be found here, as the resident mongers are always eager to trade for exotic items from elsewhere. This is just about the cheapest place to buy or trade for smolderstone and giant veggies, even after the Gubernator collects his taxes.



THE PHESTERANCE

GEOGRAPHY: A gigantic swamp of filthy, disease-ridden muck, dense, miasmic fungles, and mossy plateaus.

DENIZENS: Few (only crazy peeps and the occasional fungus harvester come here deliberately).

JAZZ: Fungus, disease

GOVERNANCE: Although the Gubernator of Ewg ostensibly owns this land, he seldom bothers with it.

BURGS: There really aren't any, although real estate is incredibly cheap.

RELATIONS: It's hard to have relations when you're as nasty as the Phesterance.

The Phesterance tops my list of places I'd least like to revisit. This vast swampland is cloaked in a thick cloud of miasmic spores, progeny of the ubiquitous forests of giant fungus that blight the landscape like tumors on a kanker's belly. This is one of the most inhospitable environs on Oith. The water is thick, syrupy, and inhabited by dreadful things. The food sucks and the service is atrocious.

Although the Phesterance is Oith's largest fungle, and the sheer mass and variety of fungus to be found here are boggling to behold, the swamp's pestilent vapors and omnipresent predators make harvesting such things difficult in the extreme. Peeps try anyway, and they're occasionally rewarded for their efforts, but most end up choking to death on their own vomit or perishing in the belly of something horrible.

JAZZ OF NOTE

POOBLO THE DRIB: If you absolutely have to venture into the Phesterance, why not seek out the hovel of Pooblo the Drib? Pooblo is a crotchety old smelf and his shack is suspended above the

The booty hunters of Jail Pets Meat in Floom have recently expressed interest in the whereabouts of Pooblo the Drib. To what end?





LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

morass on stilts hundreds of yorts high, which makes dealing with him a bit difficult, but if you have the gumption to seek him out he might reward you by curing some of the diseases you picked up along the way. He's supposedly a smellcaster without peer (although He Who Smells Far and a few others might dispute that claim).

THE TEATS OF BOORGLEZAR

GEOGRAPHY: Jagged mountains, lava flows, volcanic calderas, icy lakes, enormous geysers and steam gouts, occasional outcroppings of fungus and moss.

DENIZENS: Several thousand (mostly soldiers and slaves in Bollz Deep, holy rollers in the Boorglezarium, and primitive savages throughout).

JAZZ: Religious indoctrination, mud, volcanic glass

GOVERNANCE: Mother Posterior Lolola Yumonomee heads the Boorglezarium but has to pay tribute and taxes to the Gubernator. Local chiefs rule the savage tribes.

BURGS: Bollz Deep, The Boorglezarium, Yewnork, assorted villages, castles, and outposts.

RELATIONS: The Boorglezarium is open to all visitors, especially those with empty minds and open pockets. The savages are a potluck of headhunters, cannibals, and generally nice people. They are constantly at war with each other, as well as any minions of the Gubernator who happen by. The ruined city of Yewnork is constantly under siege by unhappy savages. Bollz Deep is private property. Don't go there.



This crumbling mountain range is riddled with caverns and slowly spouting volcanoes. The highest peaks are home to deadly ice flows and the lower reaches are the domain of bubbling surges of lava, devastating landslides, vicious predators, scalding geysers, and cute little duckies. It's a dangerous land to traverse and an even more dangerous land to inhabit. Savage tribes of indigenous croaches, worms, and horcs roam the mountainsides, forever warring with one another and boiling the occasional tourist or wanderer.

BOLLZ DEEP

The immense mountain fortress of Bollz Deep is the Gubernator's main digs. He rules the roost (several roosts, actually) with an iron lung, I mean an iron fist, so to speak. Like many of the settlements in the Teats of Boorglezar, Bollz Deep is largely subterranean, occupying several expansive caverns connected by a labyrinthine tangle of intervening tunnels and passageways. Peeps from elsewhere aren't usually welcome here, but the Gubernator does grant the occasional audience if something nabs his interest.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE GUBERNATOR OF EWG: Few peeps know the true nature of the mysterious and enigmatic Gubernator, and those who do are presumably barred from divulging such information. Still, speculation abounds, most of which accuses him of being a particularly powerful and influential squiggly mass (although he's most often seen in the guise of a croach). Having seen the guy in person, I'm inclined to believe such rumors. He's huge, undescribably indefinable, has been ruling Ewg for centuries, and definitely pokes a potent hocus.

Accounts of the Gubernator's cruelty are matched in profusion only by those of his magnanimity. Sure, his slave raids and pogroms against the indigenous peeps of the region are frowned upon by most folks, but his groupies and subjects think he's the borlo's bunscheeks.

Centuries ago, a contanimator named Oozlemess Bollz performed hideously awesome experiments way down in the caverns where the current fortress of Bollz Deep resides.



THE PIT TO END ALL PITS: This moat-like semi-volcanic fissure is choked to the gills with the charred bones and steaming remains of slaves and other peeps who have angered the Gubernator over the years. Apparently the Gubernator gets pissed easily, because this crack is deeper than Sweetlips Fuzznoggin's poetry and thrice as impenetrable. An arched bridge of bone and stone spans the chasm, allowing access to the fortress beyond, but I'm told it's veritably infested by traps and guardian monstrosities.

Danged wranglers sometimes journey here to study the site of such ongoing and nostalgic carnage. The Gubernator doesn't seem to mind such trespasses, since they only serve to increase his reputation for infamy.

THE BOORGLEZARIUM

The Boorglezarium, a majestic and enormous monastery carved from the volcanic face of a mountain somewhere holewhence of Glowhio, is a bastion of adulation for devotees of the Boorglezarian faith. The monastery is vaguely constructed in the shape of a gigantic beetle, forever drooling a seeping cascade of mud and

steam from its mouth and nether regions and balancing the glob on its prodigious brow. It is truly a wonder of architectural madness and a testament to the persistence and reverence of those who dwell and worship within.

The several thousand holy rollers in residence are supervised by Mother Posterior Lolola Yumonomee, a brilliantly obese croach who also happens to be one of the most potent zazz wagglers around. Her followers are supremely devoted to her. Most of them are croaches or dungces, but several adherents from other species inhabit the digs as well.

A centuries-old pact exists between the Boorglezarium and the Gubernator of Ewg, protecting the former from the predations of the latter. I'm unprivy to the terms of the arrangement, or what the Gubernator gets out of it, but there must be something juicy going on.

JAZZ OF NOTE

SHIMMIZAR'S TOMB: This catacombic vault, one of the most heavily guarded and cunningly ensconsed on Oith, is a repository, museum, and reliquary that holds many of Boorglezarianism's

most sacred artifacts, chief among them the actual sarcophagus and oithly remains of the prophet Shimmizar himself. All sorts of hallowed jazz resides here, from the original Boorglebibilios to the shattered remains of Stan's Mommy, a horrid construction of stone and lewdness unleashed upon Yapple's Boorgthedral of Coleop Dungthumper in the year 422 yafwaf (it's a long story). Anyway, I'd be willing to speculate the Boorglezarium's true purpose is to protect these cherished relics and keep them from hands unsoiled by the sacred dungball.

THE SOUVENIRIUM: This is the perfect place to pick up something for your loved ones back home. All sorts of devotional jazz can be nabbed here, from googly-eyed Boorglezar plushies to canonical literature bound in sacred dung infused plorp hide.

YEWNORK, BEREFT OF DENIZENS

Once a thriving market town, outpost, and port for the trade of smolderstone by sea, the entire city was destroyed by a bubbling mudslide that cascaded down the Teats about forty years ago. Some say the slide was brought on by the prayers of willful savages, others declare it an act of Boorglezar. Regardless of the cause, the burg spent several years choked in mud before a second flow, this one of cool, refreshing mountain spring water, descended on the municipality and washed away the offending mud. Now what you have is a genuine ruined city, abandoned by the populace (the living populace anyway) and ripe for exploration.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE PLACE WHERE THEY HID ALL THE TREASURE: Nobody knows where this is, but it has to exist, seeing as to how this is a ruined city and all.

THE IDIOT'S WARREN: This crumbling basement is the home of the Idiot, a decrepit hocus poker on a constant search for hidden booty.

THE INCREDIBLY HUGE MONSTER™

My uncle Scroot's friend Grool is a really fat cremefillian. He's one of those gigantic fifteen-sandwich-eating muthalovers that everybody points at when he waddles down the street. As a larva, I used to think he was the biggest guy in the world, but my perspective turned itself inside out when I visited the corpse of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ on a family vacation after my first molting. Think of the biggest creature you can imagine then double it in size. That's pretty big, yes no? Double it again. You're still not even close. The Incredibly Huge Monster™ is so freakin' huge that a person standing on its nose would have to walk for two weeks or more just to get to its belly button. It's that goosin' big.

Nobody knows where the Incredibly Huge Monster™ came from or why it died. Wisenheimers speculate that it arose in the sea near the Dingdom of the Dong and went on a years-long, cross-continental rampage of destruction before finally croaking for some unknown reason. This happened hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, so witnesses are rare. The dirt is this, though: recently, wisenheimers have discovered something quite fascinating. The Incredibly Huge Monster™ isn't actually dead at all. It's apparently sleeping, or maybe it's been zazz-waggled and it's just sort of dormant for some reason. Some say it's been danged wrangled or that it's in the process of being such. Lots of theories exist, is the point I'm trying to make. Regardless, it evidently still breaths, albeit extremely slowly, and its blood and ichors yet flow (also extremely slowly).

Nowadays what you've got is basically this amazingly big mostly-dead creature covering a large portion of the land. Throughout recent history, peeps have tried to build settlements across the expanse of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ but the monstrous denizens and scavengers that populate the corpse make such endeavors extremely dangerous.



THE MONSTROUS HEADLAND

GEOGRAPHY: Tangled hair forests, rocky abutments, an enormous ear canal and associated tubes, tunnels, and wax mines.

DENIZENS: Twenty thousand or so (primarily residents of Doop and Scurf).

JAZZ: Hair, monsterwax, bone, dander, various oils, greases, and secretions, mucosite, edible molds.

GOVERNANCE: Frezzish the Flage heads the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition. Hupu Hirsute is the current mayor of Doop. Hairhacker the Splendid usually rules Scurf.

BURGS: Doop and Scurf, scattered villages.

RELATIONS: The peeps of this region trade with various lands across the glob.

The Monstrous Headland is a huge area, thousands of yorts across. Its vaunted heights rival many mountain ranges in scope and altitude. A

thick and expansive forest of tangled hair and the cavernous entry to the Auricular Wax Mines are the most obvious landmarks, as the beast died (or didn't die) facedown, its countenance impaled on some sort of ginormous metal spear, or so the legends tell us.

The outer surface of the great, curved landscape is dominated by a thick and tousled jungle known as The Follicular Maze. The inner reaches of the Headland are a boggling mess of tunnels and cavernous cavities. There is great mineral wealth in the Monstrous Headlands, including massive deposits of wax, ivory, and a strange stone known as mucosite.

THE AURICULAR WAX MINES

The multitudinous caverns that compose the unimaginably extensive canals and tunnels found in the ears of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ are home to a vast and lucrative mining operation. The thick waxy deposits harvested from the mines are used in a wide variety of ways. Monsterwax, as it is known, makes an excellent lamp fuel, waterproofer, leak fixer, cooking oil, hair mousse, floor shiner, furniture polish,

and light snack. It is a very valuable commodity, which is why the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition, run by a cranky bodul named Frezzish the Flage, is so very clammy.

Deeper within the Auricular Mines a greater treasure is rumored to be secreted. Indeed, tales tell of a prognosticating being of cerumen and zazz that tells fortunes to those who answer his riddles. The Auricular Oracle, as this dude is known, is whispered to live in all times at once, knowing all and forgetting nothing. The wisest heimer of all. His exact dwelling place is on the lowdown, and few creditable witnesses have ever described him.

DOOP

The booming town of Doop is built into the fleshy cliff side at the base of the entrance to the Auricular Wax Mines. The residents are a mixture of wax miners, hair harvesters, waremongers, and other robust types.

Aside from headquartering the Auricular Wax Mining Expedition, Doop is also home to most of the local hair harvesting operations and a base camp for expeditions to other parts of The Incredibly Huge Monster™, including the port of Scurf.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE SPLIT HAIR: This strumpletorium is renowned worldwide as a great place to get your stab on. The owner, a wermular pimp named Magnanimous Grape, travels the glob gathering exotic stock for his extensive and eclectic stable. Employees of note include Bump Tookus, Gurgle the Gargle, and Absorbant Bleef.

STEAMNOSTRILS'S: Steamnostrils is a weirdo who crafts these bad ass sleds, sledges, scissors, and saws for the hair harvesters of Doop. His creations are prized as far away as Glowhio, where the clammiest waremongers and farmers of Roze use them to haul their massive veggies.

THE FOLLICULAR MAZE

The great, curving dome of the Monstrous Headland stretches from horizon to horizon. Of course, a peep in the Follicular Maze can't see this because he is surrounded on all sides by horrendously huge clumps of rotting hair and sloughing skin. Such a place is horrific in the extreme, with rampaging hair bares and blinding dandruff storms a ubiquitous menace. It's difficult to reach, since a visitor must scale the tremendous cliffs and cave faces that lead to the Auricular Wax Mines or brave the numerous dangers of Widow's Peak. Indeed, few travelers would ever visit if the Maze wasn't the source of what passes for lumber in this neck of the woods (well, neck of the neck, anyway).

The villages and towns around here weave their dwellings out of the ginormous strands of hair harvested from the Follicular Maze. Such a building material is flexible and strong, able to withstand the howling winds and ground tremors common to this land. Small companies of hair harvesters are a common sight in the Maze, gathering the fruits of their labor with long cleavers, saws, and specially constructed sleds.

Obviously, most of the hair harvesting happens around the outskirts of the Maze. The inner reaches are far too remote, jumbled, uncharted, and dangerous for the typical commercial enterprise to explore. Still, some intrepid peeps dare to venture inward toward the ruins of Urplemosk's Crown, in search of the lush and hardier strands to be found in that beast-riddled region (also Urplemosk's rumored treasures).

JAZZ OF NOTE

URPLEMOSK'S CROWN: About a hundred years ago (give or take a decade or three) an eccentric hocus poker known as Urplemosk the Unblemishable left New Oorlquar and set up digs deep in the thickest tangles of the Follicular Maze. Maybe he just wanted some privacy or maybe he had some mysterious hair related experiments

THE CRAPTASTIC WORLD OF MUTHA OITH

in mind. Nobody knows for sure, since he's long dead and his pad's not much more than a busted chunk of ruins overrun with carnivorous things. Still, something he did up there had an influence on the surrounding mop. The locks in the vicinity of Urplemosk's Crown are the most voluptuous and durable in the entire Maze (incidentally, so are the indigenous hair bares).

WIDOW'S PEAK: Something about this precipice has an unsettling effect on peeps. Ostensibly it's just another sebaceous, grunge-riddled cliff indistinguishable from the hundreds of similar ilk. Also, it's probably the most holeward point in the Follicular Maze, but it's unclear if that's relevant or not. Anyway, whether due to some bizarre intrigue of geology, an ancient curse of one sort or another, or the influences of an unknown malefactor, peeps who linger here too long tend to find themselves overcome with an irrepressible urge to hurl themselves over the edge and into whatever crushing demise lies below. It's unfortunate, too, since Widow's Peak would be one of the Follicular Maze's easier ascension points if the situation were otherwise.

SCURF

While it's not technically a part of the Monstrous Headlands, the port burg of Scurf contributes so heavily to the prosperity of Doop and the region's other habitations that it might as well be. Located on the shores of a deep inlet on the coast of the Big Drink a few days travel vaguely holeward of Doop, Scurf's tubs and markets make trade possible between the lands of The Incredibly Huge Monster™ and the rest of the glob. It's a good place to hang if a peep needs a guide to take him farther inland or is in the market for anything produced or harvested on the Monster™.

The briny swells near Scurf are patrolled by the Keisternauts of Floom, who protect ware-monger tubs from the predations of the ubiquitous Aggoggian price-o-corns and other unsavory peeps who lurk thereabouts.

Gravelbreath the Underfed, third mayor of Doop, is one of history's more significant peeps to fall victim to the dreaded curse of Widow's Peak.





JAZZ OF NOTE

ELDERLY QUEECH'S FISHY SUDS: This nondescript grog parlor overlooks Scurf's busiest harbor and serves the best fish wine this side of Borf. Queech, a bodul with tootsies the size of bug slogs, squishes and ferments his own blend of purple-faced buns-haver and sea harlot broth (with some secret ingredients). It's really more of a foamy fish beer, but peeps call it wine anyway.

VERMIN GROOTHWOE: This indelicate booty hunter is a member of the gruesome Happy Plate Club, each member of which dedicates his existence to eradicating a particular species from the Oith. Vermin has selected the majestic groothoo boids of Tail as his chosen quarry, hunting them down and collecting their pieces for sale to unscrupulous collectors.

THE QUARRY OF THE DANGED

The Quarry of the Danged lies smashed somewhere beneath the face of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. As the only known source of the exceedingly rare and valuable stone known as mucosite its location is a closely guarded secret. An enigmatic conclave of miners and stonemashers harvest the mineral, selling it at exorbitant prices and keeping their sites and sources secret. Dangerous guardian beasts (mostly the sort who favor the company of danged wranglers), concealed passages, and sneaky traps guard the way. A mysterious hidden palace of mucosite is rumored to be the base of this conclave, a secretive group who call themselves The Danged (I know, it's confusing. There's a religion called The Danged, these guys, most of whom are adherents of that faith, creatures ...of the Danged, danged wranglers, and also dangers, dangleberries, and dangling participles). Members of the Danged wear masks to disguise their identities, to better emulate the remnant spirits they revere, and because masks are terribly fashionable.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE MUCOSITE PALACE: I don't know anything about this place except for the obvious fact (or rumor, anyway) that it's a palace made of mucosite somewhere deep within the Quarry of the Danged.

TAIL

GEOGRAPHY: An amazingly huge tail curving and coiling upward for thousands of yorts, bedazzled with opalescent scales, deadly cliffs, and mountainous spines.

DENIZENS: A hundred thousand or so (primarily groothoo boids).

JAZZ: Feathers, scales

GOVERNANCE: Ordlecock, Grandest of the Groothoos, rules the roost from his gilded nest at the pinnacle of Whitesludge Peak.

BURGS: Chleef Sqwokk, Churg, Zerch.

RELATIONS: The various groothoo clans and factions sometimes war with each other and sometimes get along.

The sweeping and chasmic realm of Tail is the most majestic to be found anywhere on the Incredibly Huge Monster™. Its curving landscape, spiraling thousands of yorts above the ground below, is home to the mysterious and mystical groothoo boids, a race of wily and xenophobic peeps.

Very little is known of this domain. It is notoriously difficult to traverse (unless a peep can fly) and the groothoo boids are not very hospitable to outsiders.

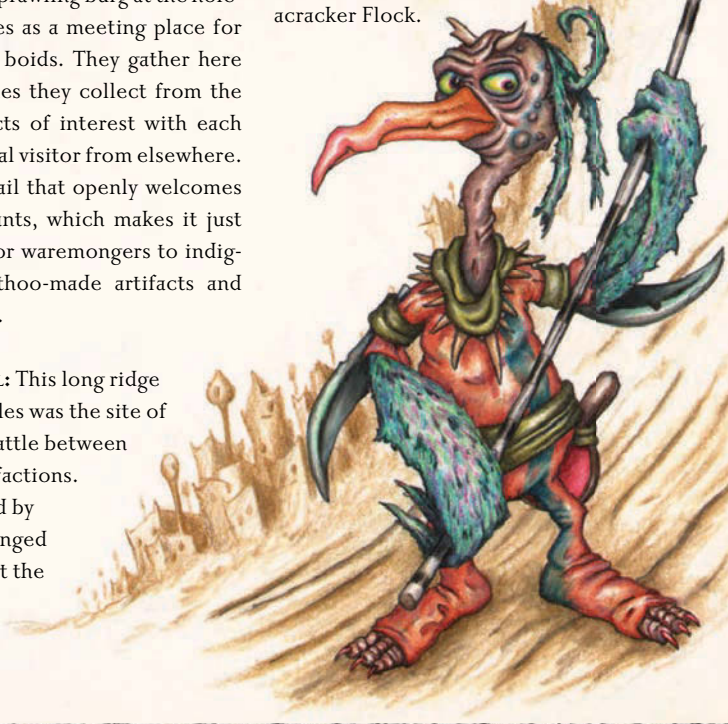
JAZZ OF NOTE

CHLEEF SQWOKK: This sprawling burg at the holeward base of Tail serves as a meeting place for the region's groothoo boids. They gather here to trade the shiny scales they collect from the realm and other objects of interest with each other and the occasional visitor from elsewhere. It's the only burg in Tail that openly welcomes non-groothoo inhabitants, which makes it just about the only place for waremongers to indigenously acquire groothoo-made artifacts and other resources of Tail.

THE CHREEP WEEP KEEL: This long ridge of deeply furrowed scales was the site of a particularly violent battle between two warring groothoo factions. It's supposedly haunted by groothoo's ...of the Danged and is avoided by all but the most courageous of gadabouts.

LEKK BLEEK: Yet another ancient and crumbling hunk of ruins that was once an opulent and majestic perch, Lekk Bleek is rumored to conceal the nest-tomb of Churp Urk, first chumble of the Patesquinter Flock. Is it infested with terrible things that want to eat you? Yes, of course it is. Does it conceal a hidden wealth of valuable treasures and esoteric mysteries? Well, that kind of depends on your definition of the word *valuable*.

ZERCH: A long time ago a bunch of oofos constructed a tower right at the very pinnacle of this realm. The goal was to stretch the thing all the way up into the sky and use it to somehow contact their exalted cosmic ancestors or somesuch. Anyway, it didn't work and the thing toppled over before it reached more than a few thousand yorts. Now it's just sort of this sideways cylindrical tube that's used as a roost by the snarky and bellicose Wannacracker Flock.



TORSOVANIA

GEOGRAPHY: A stinking, putrescent desert on the outside; a dank and festering maze of pipes and tunnels on the inside.

DENIZENS: About a thousand (mostly scab reapers and crazy peeps).

JAZZ: Scabs and scales

GOVERNANCE: Kingpenance Hopcifer is the daddy in charge of the lanes at the Bowls of the Oith. Boltho Boltho is mayor of Scab.

BURGS: Scab, a few scattered settlements and nomadic tent villages.

RELATIONS: The Bowls of the Oith is open to all. The peeps of Scab are generally an adventitious sort, always seeking to take advantage of newcomers and visitors.

Although it is by far the most expansive realm on the Incredibly Huge Monster™, stretching from the nape of the Monstrous Headland all the way to the mountainous and statuesque domain of Tail, this stinking, pustulant desert, is also the least hospitable to travelers. The vast outer expanse is a wind-blasted desolation of scabs and scales. Crusty seas of horrid liquid spot the landscape and beasts too wretched to describe scavenge the realm for prey. The inner reaches are fouler still. Dark, fetid, and foul, the guts of a monster the size of a continent are no place for the queasy. For the most part, the hoses and arteries and other thoroughfares within the bowels and trunk of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ are uncharted and unexplored.

Few things of value are to be found in Torsovania, save for the occasional treasures scavenged from the corpse of someone who didn't believe me when I said how dangerous it is. A few sites of interest do exist, mostly minor religious shrines and the very occasional trading post or settlement of scab reapers.

JAZZ OF NOTE

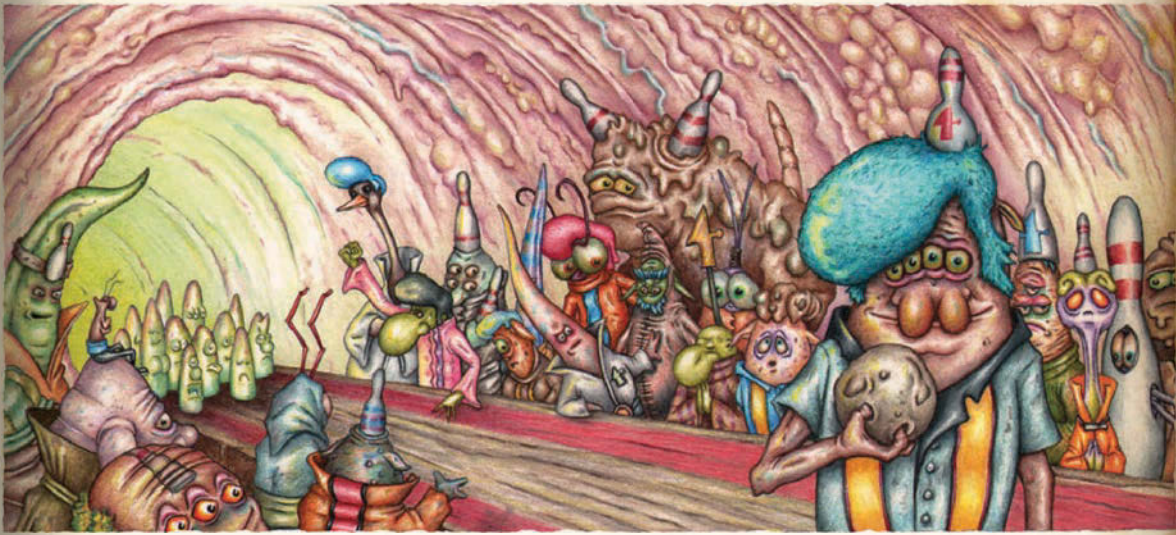
THE BOWLS OF THE OITH: One feature of particular interest deep within the innards of the beast is The Bowls of the Oith, a combination bowling alley and religious shrine dedicated to an ancient ritual wherein a gigantic kidney stone representing the glory and generosity of Jelvis is rolled down the long alley of intolerance to crush various idols depicting the sins of the penitent.

The shrine, built and maintained by a sect of Jeezle Freaks known as the King's Pinheads, is visited by hundreds of pilgrims every year. Such travelers brave the many dangers of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ in order to worship and pay homage in this holy site.

THE CRACK OF DOOM: Imagine a massive canyon of fleshy... Oh, goose it! Just imagine a giant monster butt. I'm not going to dwell too long here, and I suggest you follow my example. In the valley beneath the shadow of the realm known as Tail is a deeply fissured, beast-haunted, canyon. Midway down this canyon is the gaping mouth of a cave that leads deep into the interior of Torsovania.

The canyon walls are notoriously difficult to scale, being both smooth and slippery, and many a gadabout has plummeted to his doom attempting the ascent. In order to reach the Crack of Doom a traveler must either descend from the backside of Torsovania, at the point of the ascension of Tail, or else he must travel between the legs of the Incredibly Huge Monster™ and climb upwards toward the cave "mouth".

SCAB: When I said before that nothing of value could be found in Torsovania I guess I was lying just a little bit. The land does have some mineral wealth in the form of the disgusting scabs and scales that occasionally pepper the landscape. Such effluvia, although fragile and difficult to harvest, can be polished and sold as decorative ornaments to clammy peeps with bad taste. The roving caravan city of Scab, basically a few dozen tents and dwellings made of hair from the Follicular Maze, travels the domain, harvest-



ing scabs and scales. The entire town is carried about on the backs of three ridiculously titanic enormoslogs named Cleatus, Featus, and Rep-tilicus. The slogs are all connected by flexible bridges and walkways made of monster hair. I wish there was room to include a picture of it, because it's really cool, but there's not so you'll have to use your imagination. Sorry.

The mayor of Scab is an enterprising worm named Boltho Boltho. He is said to be a former slave from Ewg, but never speaks of his past.

THE SEA OF PUSTULANCE: What you've got here is your basic festering wound but on a massive scale. The Sea of Pustulance is an immense lake of disgusting, vile pus, the musty remains of an ancient wound that never healed and continues to churn long after the Incredibly Huge Monster™ ceased to breathe (maybe, but probably not).

Deep and choking, the Sea of Pustulance is no place to take a casual swim. The "water" is vile and poisonous. Transport to the scabrous islands that dot the surface like pimples on a giant ass is accomplished atop the floating, raft-like scabs that crust the beachhead.

I don't know why anyone would want to visit this place. It's more disgusting than The Phes-terance and stinkier than the Keister of Gawd.

KEISTER ISLAND THE RUMPCHEEKS OF GAWD

GEOGRAPHY: Jagged mountains, mossy boon-docks, sprawling fungles, deep forests, expansive swamps, Oith's biggest hole, and other stuff.

DENIZENS: Several million (most of them in the burgs of Floom, Torkle, Goss, and Borf).

JAZZ: Smellements, what passes for corn and other foodstuffs, all sorts of stuff, really.

GOVERNANCE: Keistermeister Hugormo XIII rules Floom, other burgs and villages have their own bosses.

BURGS: Borf, Floom, Torkle, Goss, Awesome, Circuspi, Wermburg, Quality Grimace, Some-what Unusual, many others.

RELATIONS: Most of the peeps of Keister Island get along fine with just about everyone except the horcs of Aggogg.

The geographic center of the world, or so say the wisenheimers, Keister Island is a wonder of nature and a testament to the insanity of the



creators. For the most part it's just a big island, temperate in climate and quite pleasantly appointed considering the usual real estate to be found on Oith. A very light, stinky mist clings to just about everything, not enough to impair vision or actually get anything wet, but just enough to remind you where you are. You see, Keister Island houses one of Oith's greatest marvels, the Keister of Gawd. This incredibly, amazingly, fantastically huge hole in the ground, impossibly deep and mind-bogglingly wide, belches vapors and stench like a pile on a chili binge. Where it came from nobody knows. Why it's here, who can say? What does it want from us? What does it mean? More on this later.

Strange statues and other relics of ancient times can be found scattered all about Keister Island. Discussions about what these ubiquitous and mysterious effigies actually depict are almost as common in the sud-slurperies and grub-middens of Keister Island as arguments about the Keister itself. Nobody knows for sure.

Toucanacondor Flaminguez recently published an entire volume of *The Whole Hole* describing the denizens, domains, kooks, customs, and lowdowns of this place. Nab yourself some copies with which to arm yourself when you visit.



FLOOM, THE BITCHIN' CITY OF

As the city at the center of the world, Floom is a powerful hub of trade and commerce. The hereditary monarch of Floom is known as the Keistermeister. The current Keistermeister, Hugormo XIII, is a kind and just ruler, at least ostensibly, and his subjects adore him (in public, anyway).

Floom's architects must have been wonking the spronge. The place is a confusing jumble of buildings, sculptures, canals, and fountains all sort of thrown together in an apparently haphazard and tumultuous rumble of civil incongruity. Many of the buildings are shaped like gigantic faces or huge butts in tribute to the Keister of Gawd, because of course they are. There's very little reason to the winding streets, bridges, and pathways, which often overlap each other or turn about in strange ways, made even more untraversable by the burg's lack of named thoroughfares. The indigenous residents seem to have gotten used to it, but it can be very disconcerting to visitors. Not surprisingly, porters and tour guides (known as sherples) earn a cuddly clam shuffling tourists and travelers about the city.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE CHOPPING BLOCK: This grub-slinging suds midden is famous for its disgustingly addictive chili, which tastes like a pile wiped his buns with your tongue while kicking you in the hot sauce with a gem encrusted strumple pump and saying rude things about your mother, but is somehow absurdly delicious nonetheless. I could go for a bowl about now, come to think of it...

CHUNKS OF STUFF: This small shop, run by a mysterious bodul named Porsimer the Partially Invisible, stocks its copious shelves with all manner of fungus, vegetation, small critters, bizarre herbs, and the like. It's the place to go for advice about all things zazzular, herbalic, weird, or cryptic. Porsimer talks funny, but a peep can tell he's one of the smart ones.

THE GREY MATTER BOOZATERIUM: This schmancy feeding hole is run by the local chapter of the Dementional Discotesticus, a glob-spanning social club for dementalist and other oofos. Drinks are served telekinetically and the waitresses always know what you want before you order it. It's kind of unsettling, but worth a visit. Try the plorp spleen fondue. It's to die for, as they say.

THE FROTH: This magnificent fountain in Floom's Mongerblocks constantly spews forth an endless cascade of root beer. A former keistermeister, Hugormo IX, had the Froth installed as a gift to the peeps of Floom. Since then, the glorious monument and its surrounding plaza has become one of Floom's busiest gathering places, with peeps from all over the burg hanging about day and night, spouting the gab, shooting the stuff, and shopping at the various mongerstalls and grub stands.

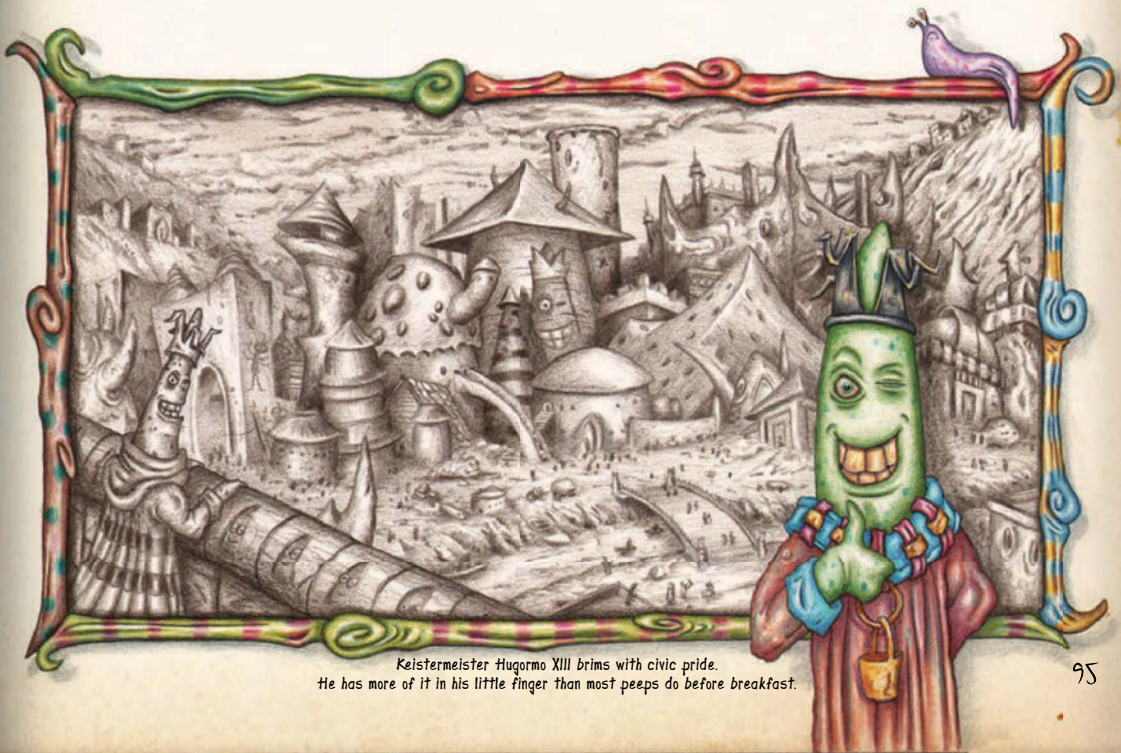
An enterprising cremefillian, one Saio Shim Loach from the Dingdom of the Dong, has set up a profitable business renting mugs to those who come to drink from the wonderful font. I think he might be a spy, but don't tell anyone I said that.

THE PLACE OF PONDERING: A huge plaza made from a single massive block of mysterious silver stone, the Place of Pondering is a gathering spot for philosophers, poets, zealots, thunks, wisenheimers, and others who like to have their voices heard. The strange minerals of the place seem to help people focus their thoughts for some inexplicable reason.

THE REEKBOTTLE: This beautiful indoor theater, constructed in the likeness of a humungous ornate bottle, puts on many of the finest plays and spectacles in the city.

THE SCRAPPIN' HOLE: This huge arena is a place of gladiatorial combat and public spectacle. Since slavery is illegal in Floom, most gladiators are convicted criminals who fight and kill to gain their release from the Can, although some are just bad asses who like to get their scrap on.

YORPOZZ THE SLEEM'S RIDE-THRU PET STORE AND BARBER SHOP: Aside from providing a damn fine haircut, this pet store, operated by an ooho named Yorpozz the Sleem, can hook a peep up with just about any kind of critter imaginable.



*Keistermeister Hugormo XIII brims with civic pride.
He has more of it in his little finger than most peeps do before breakfast.*

THE KEISTER OF GAWD

Holy sufferin' dew rag of Jemima! This is one freakin' huge hole in the ground. It has to be at least a gazillion yorts across, probably even more than that. And it's really goosin' deep too. I'm talking so deep that you can't even see the bottom, just a big roiling cloud of mist and steam that billows up from the depths of the Oith. On one side you've got these massive cascades of water spilling in from the surrounding sea, and on the other side you've got a bunch of cracks, fissures and mountains. It's an incredibly dangerous place to be, but also one of the most amazing sights a peep's likely to see in its lifetime.



The origins of the Keister are a topic of great debate among wisenheimers and smart-asses everywhere. Some think it was caused by the impact of some cosmic body, like a star or a chunk of moon cheese. Others contend that the Keister is the literal buns hole of the planet, the place where Mutha Oith vents her gasses. I don't know about that, but the place does stink pretty bad most of the time and it seems to be a haven for containimants and other nasty critters.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE GARDEN OF SMELLENTAL GLEE: This fascinating monastery is positioned on a rocky promontory that juts out over the Keister of Gawd. Here grow magical fungi enchanted with the scents of all things. Need a mushroom that smells like feet? How about a toadstool that whiffs of freshly baked pretzels? The monks that run this weird place make sure no scent goes unappreciated.

Oh yeah, and this is also the place to go to learn about all sorts of smellements wonders. The monks have all kinds of dandy apparatuses and stuff that has to do with reeks and stenches and whiffs and such. Visitors are welcome, for a small donation.

THE WEIRD STATUE THINGEES

Scattered all across Keister Island are hundreds of ridiculous and ancient stone statues. These crazy looking effigies all appear pretty much the same, but range in height from itty bitty (about the size of a jar of pickles) to goosin' huge (bigger than your mother-in-law). They're made out of all sorts of different stones, including several types found nowhere else on the island.

Nobody knows exactly what they mean, what they are meant to depict, or who made them, but the Place of Pondering and the various taverns and conversation pits of Keister Island are veritably infested with opinions and theories. Some wisenheimers are convinced that the statues depict giant rumps facing sky-

ward and were left here by ancient oofos as a means to moon their homeworlds. This is unlikely, since oofos don't have butts. Others argue that the statues depict the true appearance of the ancient and extinct Hoomanrace, placed so eloquently to remind us of their place in history. Further speculators insist that the statues themselves are insignificant and it is their placement on the island, in precise formation that will reveal a powerful and enigmatic secret of the universe. A minority of thinkers assert that the statues are merely decorative and have no higher meaning, while still others contend that they are religious idols worshipped by an underground sect of cannibalistic Boorglezarians.

Who knows the truth? Certainly not this lowly gadabout...

THE MOONULAR CHEESE FIELDS

GEOGRAPHY: Mountains, plains, craters, and plateaus of fallen Moonular cheese riddled with burrows, tunnels, and caves.

DENIZENS: Fewer than one might imagine, but still pretty many (mostly residents of Maankaas, Cheeseburg, and Curd).

JAZZ: Cheese, cheese, cheese, and cheese.

GOVERNANCE: Asparagobster Fromage is the Big Cheese of Maankaas. Lumoo the Stench rules Curd. Cheeseburg's mayor is dead and presumed missing.

BURGS: Cheeseburg, Curd, Maankaas, Poom, Snord Fjord, traveling hordes of cheese miners.

RELATIONS: The peeps here will trade with just about anyone.

Vast and stinky, the Moonular Cheese Fields stretch from horizon to horizon and beyond in a massive plateau of thick, curdled dairy



goodness. Pervaded with holes and tunnels, they're a wonderland of edible cosmic joy.

The Moonular Cheese Fields are of supreme interest to explorers and gourmands everywhere. Not only is the cheese, sent to Oith gazillions of centuries ago when the Moon collided with some sort of something or something, delicious and wholesome, it's also rumored to hide within its form the complete and intact ruins of an ancient city of the Hoomanrace, delicately preserved by the gentle embrace of the encompassing cheese. Whether these rumors are true or not, dozens of gadabouts go missing every year in search of the fabled burg.

Various grades, flavors, colors, and varieties of Moonular cheese can be found here, with the rarer and more delectable types fetching a clammy bounty in many of Oith's discerning markets and grub middens.

MAANKAAS

Carved of stale cheese, the sculptured towers and edifices of Maankaas are truly wondrous to behold. Stretching into the golden sky, their carven tips mingling with wispy clouds of orange and palest green, the looming pinnacles are home to all manner of denizens. Here studious hocus pokers research astounding marvels. Over there wealthy cheese merchants gather caravans and count their wares. Alive with activity and noise, Maankaas is the city that cheese built and the city built of cheese.

There is great wealth in Maankaas, Moonular cheese being the precious and delectable commodity that it is. Lording over all is Asparagobster Fromage, a tain't, waremonger, and one of the clammiest peeps this side of the Keistermeister. He's big cheese of the Cheesemongers Guild and consequently the most powerful fellow in town.

The real seat of power in Maankaas is a fraternity of merchants, cheese barons, and like minded sorts known as the Cheesemongers Guild. More of an organized crime syndicate than a social club, the Guild controls the trade of Moonular cheese throughout the world. Intrigue and extortion are commonplace, as the world of cheese commerce wears a dirtier diaper than most peeps realize. In fact, the Guild operates its own (supposedly secret) network of spies, goons, and assassins known as the Curdled ilk.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE CHEESIEST LEECH: If you only taste one exotic beverage in your pitiful lifetime, make sure it is the delicious cheese grog brewed and served at this fascinating tavern. The building itself is unremarkably made of cheese, not unlike just about every other structure in Maankaas, and the service is terrible. Still, the grog is among the finest blends of funk and mirth to be found anywhere on Oith.

THE CHEESENASIUM: This strange tower houses a most bizarre museum. Displayed and contained beyond these vaulted doors are all manner of things created of cheese, *all* manner of things. The upper levels house the offices and guildhalls of the Cheesemongers Guild, as well as the penthouse suite of Asparagobster Fromage. They plan to add a new level, but that's another story (hah!). The lower floors are inhabited by display cases and exhibits of all types. Huge dioramas depict the discovery and history of the Cheese Fields. Artifacts and maps examine the various expeditions and quests launched in search of the fabled lost cities of the Hoomanrace. It's a grand place, well guarded, richly appointed, and employer of some of the finest docents on Oith.

FEET: There's this smelf in Maankaas who peddles reeks in the alley between The Cheesiest Leech and Hurple the Blasphemer's Hat's Out the Wozz. His name is Feet and he owes me thirty clams. If you meet him, punch him in the nose.

MANK'S MIDDEN: This expansive spa caters to peeps who always wondered what it might be like to soak for a few hours in a cauldron of warm sloppy curds and funk. Personally, I don't see the appeal, but it's quite popular among a certain crowd (and, more commonly, a number of uncertain crowds).

THODOK THE APOPHASIST AND HIS MECHANICAL LEECH: I won't mention this croach's unpleasant body odor nor his penchant for illicitly groping his clientele, but I will blast you the lowdown about the sweet spring-driven toys and mabobs he cobbles. Despite his bombastic demeanor and questionable personal hygiene, which we won't discuss, Thodok is respected among the populace. He cruises the streets of Maankaas in an enormous mechanical cheese leech from which he peddles his clammy wares and within whose belly he plops his digs. The thing is a magnificent creation and a testament to croachular ingenuity, even if its maker chews with his





mouth open and indelicately scratches himself amongst inappropriate company, which you didn't read here. Peeps dig his jazz, which is why I won't mention how excessively clammy and occasionally fragile his creations tend to be.

SNORD FJORD

Another fabulous wonder of nature (or the gawds or whatever), Snord Fjord is an immense chasm of sundered cheeseflesh. Its cracked and holy (filled with holes, not religious) faces are riddled with uncountable tunnels and cascades of molten cheese that plummet and tumble hundreds of yorts to a lake of bubbling curds below. Centuries ago, the Fjord was the site of a monumental battle between the armies of Snord, then King of Maankaas (yep, Maankaas used to have a king), and the minions and charmed cheese leeches of the cont animator Jocus Pinch. The minions of Pinch were victorious, smiting the armies of Snord with great alacrity, but they were themselves destroyed when the charmed leeches broke free of the spells that controlled them and hurled them screaming into the liquid cheese below. Jocus Pinch escaped with his life and founded the Cheesemongers Guild in Maankaas.

This battle marked the end of the reign of the kings of Maankaas and opened a new era of commerce and avarice throughout the Cheese Fields.

JAZZ OF NOTE

SNORD'S TOMB: Snord's tomb, supposedly erected by the few survivors of his devastated army, is rumored to be hidden among the winding tunnels and frightening precipices of Snord Fjord. Further rumors assure us Snord's magic armor and greater secrets still are entombed with him.

THE INDEPENDENT BOSSDOMS OF ORDURE

AT LEAST MY FAMILY DON'T LIVE IN A SPLEEN!

GEOGRAPHY: Crumbling mountains, broken boulder strewn, vast fields of mold and moss, murky swampland, various other stuff (it's a big place).

DENIZENS: Gazillions (New Oorlquar is a populous burg).

There's a totally rad statue of Jocus Pinch in Maankaas.

It depicts the hero astride a rancid cheese leech mooning King Snord as that guy sobs into his bib. Epic.

JAZZ: All kinds of junk.

GOVERNANCE: Bernizedd the Enplumpinated is the boss of New Oorlquar. Other bosses are the bosses of other bossdoms.

BURGS: Dregg, Gargle Twice, Ghupe, Koozle, Muckland, New Oorlquar, Old Oorlquar, Yapple, Yorf, buttoads of lesser towns, villages, strongholds, and settlements.

RELATIONS: The bosses often squabble amongst themselves, sometimes going to war with each other and sometimes getting along, depending on the whim of the day.

More a collection of loosely connected lordships, baronies, and free cities than a nation unto itself, Ordure is the name given to the vast region of lands that stretch across most of the continent of Horgle holeward of Ewg and the Moonular Cheese Fields. Diverse in geography and denizen, the lands of Ordure share a commonality in their feudal culture and relatively cosmopolitan nature.

Political intrigue and open warfare are commonplace among the courts and castles of Ordure. Bosses war over lands and loves, while peedons scrap about market prices and grazing spots. Alliances shift quickly, as do borders and holdings. There is great adventure and great wealth to be found in Ordure, if one wields a stout enough heart and a stouter enough spork.

GARGLE TWICE

Situated atop a ginormous mound of rock and refuse in the center of a great plain of moss and mold, the castle holdfast of Gargle Twice is a bastion of defense and hospitality midway along the trade route from Yapple to Yorf. Boss of the keep is Sir Vernix Lanugo, a loyal retainer of Bernizedd the Enplumpinated. Sir Vernix, a croach, has been cursed to retain a neotenous larval form even as he approaches a venerable age. This stops him not from commanding a well

organized citadel of flops, middens, barracks, and strumpletoria (although he still needs help changing his diaper).

The spiked walls of Gargle Twice (crafted of petrified thorn trees) are said to be unscalable, and its catapults hurl the deadliest flaming poop balls, yet this impenetrable fortress illuminated in song and story still maintains a reputation as a travelers' rest without equal. One need only sample the offerings of its grog slingers and strumples to know the truth of it.

JAZZ OF NOTE

ABBER'S BLABBERY: A bodul named Abber runs this obnoxious conversation pit sort of thing where all sorts of wordwiggles and other gabular peeps wag their tongues incessantly.

THE SPAWNDEROSA: Gargle Twice's largest and most infamous strumpletorium, The Spawnderosa, run by the celebrated Madam Aftskin Fluttercooch, is said to churn out more mongrel offspring of bosses and barons than the rest of the world's bordellos combined. Madame Fluttercooch makes a business of hiding the illicit lineages of her fruits, most of whom end up working for her in one manner or another.

SQUEEZE THIS: Nutsmasher, a mysteriously two-nosed horc, is the proprietor of this schmancy juice bar. The whole place is carved from the hollowed carcass of an enormous melon imported at great expense from the subterranean orchards of Glowhio.

THE TERRACE OF TERROR: Ooh, this place is really scary (not really, though). It's a lot like any other suds midden, but it's staffed (haunted) by numerous ...of the Danged. They're not so bad, but occasionally a finger or nose or something falls off and ends up in someone's mug, which is just gross. The boss of the digs is a danged wrangler named Procto the Poached. He's a smelf with a bitchin' tattoo on his schnoz depicting Snord of the Danged getting his goose on with a bunch of scarcely clad flaming skeletal smelfettes.



NEW OORLQUAR

As the largest and most populous city in all of Oith, New Oorlquar is a veritable buzzing hive of activity, commerce, and culture. Immigrants and refugees from all corners of Oith have been making their homes here for centuries. The city has a historical reputation for tolerance and acceptance of all peeps from all lands. It's not unusual for a cremefillian from the Dingdom of the Dong to run a gambling parlor across the street from the barber shop of a horc from Aggogg next to a reek emporium owned by a smelf from Wermburg to the left of a dry goods shop run by Doopish worms a block away from the digs of a croachular pimp from Maankaas who's in business with a couple of thuggish piles from Yorf who take out his trash, so to speak, on the third Wensday of every month. Across the avenue, perhaps, one might likely find a cartography studio operated by a married horc and smelf and their adopted cremefillian daughter in a building owned by a tizn't landlord from Curd down the lane a bit from a carven sin-o-gogue of Stan next to an armed holdfast of militant Boorglezarians connected by a bridge to the confectionary of a portly bodul whose immigrant parents came over from Floom on a barge owned by Bernizzed the Enplumpinated, Boss of New Oorlquar and many of the surrounding principalities. That's just an example, not the way it actually is.

New Oorlquar is big. It's way bigger than Old Oorlquar and at least thrice the size of Floom. It would take a day and a half just to walk from one side to the other, and that's without stopping for refreshments or souvenirs. There's so much to see that an entire tome eighteen times the size of this one would be needed just to list them all by name. I'll recommend a few of my favorites:

JAZZ OF NOTE

A FINE GIG: Peeps from all over the place traipse to this absurdly spiraling tower to meet with Yarg the Erratic, New Oorlquar's most famous

giggity gigger. For a reasonable handful of clams she's been known to lay a solid on a peep in the form of a giggity giggling transference ceremony thing, during which she plops a trait yointed from a caged giggity onto (or into) the customer. The results are unpredictable, but at least a peep has a story to tell when someone asks him why he has a scary ass mutha butt growing out of his forehead.

THE MOTHER OF ALL MARKETS: The largest open air market in the known world, this incredible bazaar is a labyrinthine clutter of vendors, hawkers, stalls, and shops. Just about anything can be found here (even that). Day and night, the Mother of All Markets thrives with haggling, bartering, trade, and commerce. It's also a great place to find pickpockets, gangstas, and other ill sorts. Overseeing the operation, collecting fees and enforcing regulations, is a flea-headed tizn't known as Griftmeister Slumm.

THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AND OBSCURITIES: Sakes alive, this place has more relics, artifacts, dead things, and weirdnesses than my aunt Klikki's handbag. Wanna see a mummified worm carcass from Clorb's Wang? This place has them coming out its ears (metaphorically). How about old pottery from the original inhabitants of Aggogg? You can't swing a mummified worm in here without hitting some. Ever seen a stuffed borlo? How about a pipe made from the eyestalks of an esophagator? Petrified toenail clippings from Ewg? An unidentifiable gob of something vaguely unpleasant? A genuine unbuttoned sweater? A life-sized sculpture of Bernizzed the Enplumpinated made entirely of monsterwax? How about one of Asparagobster Fromage crafted of cheese? A sacrificial poo-flinger from the fungus jungles of Gloop? I didn't think so.

Of course the pride of the museum is its collection of ancient relics of the Hoomanrace. Here is assembled, and closely guarded, the most valuable ensemble of such artifacts ever amassed (with the arguable exception of Floom's Museum

of Really Nifty Stuff). Oldsters and wisenheimers pour over these dusty things for years on end, trying to ascertain their purpose and to give some sort of meaning to their efforts. Oofu artifacts abound as well, but these are even more closely guarded and even less understood.

The curator of the place is the eminent Yimminee the Souse. Yes, the guy with the calendar. The Souse has only recently been appointed to his post, following the untimely demise of the former curator under suspicious circumcisions.

NOSULAR DECADENCE: This perfumery, owned and operated by a wrinkly smelf inexplicably named Bungo Bungo, produces some of the finest scents to be smelled anywhere. Pick up a bottle of Bungo's Bungjuice, it's just about the strongest aphrodisiac known.



OOP MUNGEMUCKER'S HOUSE: Some guy named Oop Mungemucker lives here. I think he's a marriage counselor or something, although I could be thinking of someone else.

THE SIN-O-GOGUE OF STAN: This horrifying building, carved from a single huge boulder into the likeness of a horned, scowling face, is a center of worship for Stanismists and other devotees of evil and vice. The structure itself, located next to the workshop of contanimator Clovus Red-spleen, is merely a façade and entrance chamber. The real guts of the place, including the various narfects, rectories, sanctuaries, altars, and orgy chambers, are located beneath the city in a massively winding system of catacombs and tunnels. It's whispered that foul things haunt the lower reaches and fouler things clog the various drains and sacrificial cisterns.

A worm named Othothoth Blech is the prime sinister. He's a nice enough fellow once you get to know him, but his evil ways and propensity for cannibalistic blood orgies are off-putting to some.

There are sin-o-gogues in most major burgs and in secret wilderness lairs across the Oith, but the one in New Oorlquar is the most blatantly prodigious.

THE UNCERTUMMY: One of the most potent and memorable mugs of suds I've ever quaffed was at this skanky dive in New Oorlquar's Stab District. The boss of the place, a one-eyed worm known as Mellifluous Buns, brews a fermented mix made from the pressed guts of an uncter and some sort of unrecognizable fungus that sits in a barrel for a decade or more before saucing the nogs of the burg's clammier peeps. The stuff is profound. It moves the mind as well as the bowels.

UNDER THE SINK: In all my travels no suds mid-den has done more to make me feel at home than Under the Sink. This adorable little eat-and-drinkery caters to the croach in all of us. Non-croach guests are welcome, but croach hats and bibs are provided to help them fit in. The head



chef, whose name I can't remember, makes the most delicious poo flambé, and the Reese's Feces is the finest in the whole city. Yeah, croaches eat some nasty stuff.

OLD OORLQUAR, THE RUINS OF

It's tough to believe that this gigantic pile of refuse and blight was once the most vibrant city on Oith. It's not tough to believe, however, looking at the shattered edifices and tumbled walls, that it was also the site of one of the most cataclysmic battles of the modern age. Yes indeed, friends and neighbors, Old Oorlquar was the New Oorlquar of its day. It was the shining center of commerce and culture on this continent, ruled wisely and justly by the benevolent cremefillian Lord Vermun Skank.

All that changed a few centuries ago when Skank's archrival, his demented brother Felonious Skank, contested his claim to the throne. What followed was a two year bloodfest in which the entire city was pretty much destroyed and both brothers lost their lives. What remain today are the broken shells of once glorious buildings

scattered among the decayed bones and carapaces of fallen soldiers.

Of course no ruin is complete without associated legends of hidden treasures and ancient dangers. Old Oorlquar has its share. Not the least of which is the rumor that Vermun Skank's unclaimed corpse now rules an army ...of the Danged in the catacombs beneath the city.

JAZZ OF NOTE

THE DORKHOLD: One of the few relatively intact buildings of any considerable size is this former tenement along the city's holeward trench. That same trench contains at least three known entrances into the Underwhere, which is why the place is infested by a sizable clan of dorks and their monstrous pals. They ruthlessly defend their digs from interlopers and use it as a base from which to raid and scavenge among the ruins. The fabled gadabout Toot Boogbiter wrote of the Dorkhold in his partially finished memoir *A Spork Among the Dorks*, published posthumously after his undigested remains were recovered from a dung heap near the edifice's drawbridge.

GREELCH: A squiggly mass named Greelch lords over a significant portion of Old Oorlquar's wholeward expanse. If you go there bring him a present.

THE POX AROMA

GEOGRAPHY: Dingy floodplains, marshes and swamps, chunky hills, gnarled forests, volcanic crags, sandy beaches.

DENIZENS: A whole bunch (Primarily residents of Grease, Urkle, and Glopfossus's Naval).

JAZZ: All kinds of junk.

GOVERNANCE: Emperor Offle polishes the throne of Grease (with his butt). He's the boss of everywhere, but not everyone recognizes him as such. Uprisings, coups, and assassinations happen all the time.

BURGS: Angry Fist, Botch, Flooded Crust, Glopfossus's Naval, Grease, Sissypants, Urk, lots of small villages.

RELATIONS: The Pox is a relatively insular place. The residents are usually too busy fighting amongst themselves to pay much attention to what happens beyond their borders. Nevertheless, quite a bit of trade happens by slog caravan and tub.

There's a lot happening in the Pox Aroma. The peeps here are a warlike bunch. It's not that they're particularly cranky or brutal, they just seem to always be waging some battle or another. Although the whole place is technically a sovereign dominion ruled by Emperor Offle, the assortment of buffs, bosses, clubbers, and drubs who command the various burgs, towns, and mercenary hordes are constantly fighting with each other, each hoping to squat on the throne once Offle kicks the bucket.

Of course there's more to the Pox Aroma

than ceaseless discord. Despite the extensive and bountiful multitude of gawds worshipped by these fellows (the Aromatic Pantheon), peeps are encouraged to think deep thoughts. The deeper the better, in fact. As a consequence, some of Oith's greatest thunks and wisenheimers hale from these parts. Zizuxikus the Egg, acclaimed originator of the *Fundamental Postulation Conjecture*, which identified the Fundaments as the metaphysical governors of all things everywhere, got his start in the forums and thinkatoriums of Grease, for example. Similarly, celebrated wordwiggler and gadabout Unctificus the Hysterical penned his famous treatise *I'm Absolutely Certain I'm About to Die, No Wait, It's Just a Minor Flesh Wound* while recuperating from a stubbed toe in Glopfussus's Naval.

ANGRY FIST

This boulder-strewn scarp is the cliffside holdfast of Generic Badguy and his swarm of mercenary scrappers. Fearsome and rough, Generic and his warriors swing their sporks for whoever plops them the biggest clamsack. When they aren't rampaging the countryside in search of enemies to trample or laying siege to one burg or another, these bullies hole up here, in their nigh-impenetrable castle amid the stones, guarding their hoard and girding their horde. It's really hard to get to, all decked out with moats and traps and drawbridges and stuff, but Generic's treasure trove is supposed to be pretty sweet so sneaky peeps regularly try to slither their way inside. The digs are decorated with the preserved remains of all the potential nabmasters and assassins who've dared to infiltrate.

JAZZ OF NOTE

GENERIC BADGUY: Nobody really knows very much about this dangerous peep. He's always decked noggin to nubs in his signature black and white armor, so even his species is unclear. I've heard rumors that he's not a he at all, but a particularly burly she. Others say he hides his ap-



pearance because he's really a containmatronic minion or perhaps some sort of Fundamental entity. The truth of the matter is probably far more mundane, like he's covered in acne or just really digs the sweltering dampness one enjoys when wholly encased in metal.

THE UNIDENTIFIABLE SMEAR: Nobody's quite sure what this stain is, but Generic and his horde plop it some righteous wonk as the center of various sacrifices and oblations in their occasional tributes to The One with the Flaming Spork.

GLOPFOSSUS'S NAVAL

High walls and treacherous ash fields surround this bustling burg, which lurks within the occasionally fuming caldera of the dormant (mostly) Mount Yermama. As one of the Pox Aroma's most cosmopolitan and industrious burgs Glopfussus's Naval is a hub of culture and civility among the tumultuous battlefields and endless carnage that plagues the rest of the Pox (most of it, anyway). Sure there's plenty of unrest and violence here too. One only need plop peepers on the burg's many scrapping pits or visit any suds midden on the holeward side of town to know that for a certainty.

The Boss of Glopfussus's Naval is Droolius the Squeezer, a peculiarly intellectual odre. He's one of Emporer Offle's most prized underlings and a favorite to nab his spot when he's done with it. Droolius commands an impressive army, which is why the burg's never been openly besieged since Droolius conquered it from Caterporculope the Unbesiegable over a decade ago.

Statues and monuments in Glopfussus's Naval are as common as those little slug things that keep showing up in all the pictures. Most of them depict either Emperor Offle or Droolius Squeezer doing something that's not very interesting, like the sixteen yort high effigy of Droolius wiping some crumbs from his chin that stands beside the Asinine Fountain or the icon of Emperor Offle scraping a lump of slog poop from his sandal that graces one of the many atria outside Droolius's palace.

JAZZ OF NOTE

GLOPFUSSUS'S NAVAL: One of the burg's most prominent features is this enormous sinkhole and its attendant springs (the waters of which alternate between deliciously clear and flesh-meltingly acidic according to the whims of some unfathomable schedule). The place (and the



Tongue-on-a-stick vendors are a thing in Grease.

city) is named after the legendary Gloppfussus, a monstrosity of undetermined character who dwelled here before the burg was founded. That guy was slain by the fashionably heroic Prodidymus Gloppstomper several centuries ago, which is something readers might find interesting.

Anyway, there are a bunch of caves and lava tubes beneath the Naval, the upper reaches of which are inhabited by various denizens of the place while several of the deeper tunnels eventually wend their way into the Underwhere.

PROCTOCLES' PERCH: Proctocles, a one-eyed oofo with some sort of strange throat condition that makes him talk like he's gargling toenails, dwells in this unusual tower, which lofts itself over Glopfussus's Naval (the thing, not the city) like something best redacted from polite conversation. He's a dementalist of deserved reputation, but that's not why we're discussing him here. As the burg's most prominent lashmaster, Proctocles rules over a revolving stable of hundreds of enslaved peeps. He holds auctions every Wensday along the rim of the Naval (again, the thing not the city), where he trades his stock and rakes in the clams. Most of the slaves he peddles end up in the quarries or the battlefields, but some have special talents that might be worth exploiting (if one were of the inclination to do so, which I'm not).

SQUEEZER'S PALACE: This place, (like its resident's sobriquet) is named for the tremendous stone corridors that lead to the absurdly ornate central audience chamber. Droolius often sits here, casually stretched out on the sofa with a glass of something sudsy, while supplicants attempt to appeal to his generous nature (or grovel for their lives if he's in a bad mood). Anyway, the stone walls of the corridor are rigged in such a way that a peep trespassing their sprawl might find himself crushed by the hundreds of sculpted warriors that line the walls and are rigged to topple should an unwelcome interloper entice their wrath (or step on the hidden plate or whatever mechanism rouses their ire).

GREASE

Grease is the capitol of the Pox Aroma and the realm's largest stomping ground. As such, it rivals the likes of New Oorlquar, Toast, Floom, and Babajuana in scope and complexity. Here sits the majestic palace where Emperor Offle plops his tootsies and issues his various edicts, decrees, and mandates. Here too are Oith's overflowingest slave pits and its most rambunctious arenas. Extravagance and detritus wrestle for attention as haughty snoots and uppity bureaucrats clog the clammier hoods while the filthier reaches teem with the destitute, the subjugated, and the enslaved.

To the Greasy mind art rules all (actually, the emperor rules all, but art is really important). There are more monuments, murals, mosaics, and other masterworks here than there are hairs in the Follicular Maze. Few walls, even in the lowliest turfs and most wretched hovels, stand unadorned by some manner of graffiti or illuminating flourish. Every edifice, from the extravagant masterpieces of the Hoity Toit to the cluttered hews of the Wretch Wallow, is a work of art. Statues are erected not to the general who won the battle but to the lowly scrapper with the gumption to croak in just the right pose (as the grisly monument to Nojmollop Thrice-Slaughtered reminds every gadabout who traipses the cobbled paths of the remarkably crusty, strumple infested, Togatear Tug).

JAZZ OF NOTE

ACRID PHLEGMON: This brilliant gourmancer provides a variety of zazzular viands to the clammiest peeps of Grease. His vittles are beyond reproach, having enchanted the palettes of snoots and food critics across the Pox with such delights as skin crusted brickle wombs in croach molting demi-glaze and toasted unidentifiable vaguely fruit-like blobs braised in pickled slog dredgings. It's a tongue-sizzling ambrosial sex-travagasm (in a good way).

Acrid travels from party to party, giving Grease's clammier snoots a new way to flaunt their preen to the rest of the populace. He's also known to spork over a dose of something special to particularly heroic scrappers and adventuring types who slap his name on their shields or use his recipe for bunioned stomp gizzards as a battle cry.

THE EMPEROR'S DIGS: As is the case with boss bosses everywhere, Emperor Offle squats in a pretty fly nest. His palace in Grease is bigger than some burgers and it's probably the most lavishly decorated structure on Oith. Arteests from every plop of the glob come here hoping to attract one of Offle's eyes and land themselves a clammy patron. Nobody throws more clams at brush wagglers and chisel hitters than the Emperor of the Pox Aroma. I'm Tath Shardborn and you have my word on it.

Imagine if an entire populace of stone statues had an orgy within and amidst a sprawling forest of columns, arches, fountains, and assorted architectural monstrosities. It's brilliant, intimidating, and a little bit disturbing in its excesses. The one time I visited I didn't know whether to wet myself, grovel my obeisance, or stand maw-agape in wonderment (I did all three). I've said it before and I'm sure to say it again, there just isn't room in this book to do justice to any attempt to describe a place as immense and intricate as Emperor Offle's palace. I'm not willing to spend any more time trying.

FEEBLE MANK: Mank's this guy who hangs out in the alley between Fribbble Lollop's and the Trumbling Lonion (which serves some pretty bad ass foamy orange stuff). He has something grotesquely contagious and charges peeps a clam not to touch them.

THE GLAB: Enormously naked, this hulking sculptural behemoth mounts the city's holeward gates like a gawd passing excremental judgment upon the populace. He's not actual pooping, but from a certain angle it looks that way, so peeps get a good chuckle the first time they

slap peepers on him. Anyway, it's a really, really big statue of one of the Aromatic gawds (I'm not sure which one). He's hideous, ginormous, and it looks like he really disapproves of whatever it is you're doing down there.

THE ONE WITH THE HAMMER'S CYCLOPEAN MUCK DUCK: This grog midden resides in the hollowed husk of an enormously engorged cute little ducky corpse, supposedly skewered in epic battle by non other than The One with the Hammer himself. Whether that's true or not is irrelevant to the proprietor, a holy rolling croach who calls himself Anvil Hammerhammer and serves warm booze in mugs shaped like little hammers. It's cute and a little bit disturbing at the same time. Also, just for fun or maybe for some other mysterious reason, the place keeps getting struck by lightning.

THE TUSH: The twin domes of this public bath house (and private strumpletorium) are the most prodigious landmarks of Grease's Togatear Tug (the sleazier side of town). It's known for its opulent pools and fountains, lavish orgies, and all-you-can-snarf stomp steak buffet. Your host is a croachular pimp known as Erkumemnocles Half-Staff. His purple togas and furry hats are as resplendent as his employees are accommodating. Keep your head up and your pants down.

VARIOUS TEMPLES: Oh yeah, and temples. Grease has temples out the wazoo. The Aromatic Pantheon has more gawds and heroes than Aggogg has horcs. There's a gawd for everything, from red muffin mold to mustaches, and Grease has a temple (or at least a shrine) to each of them. Some are opulent and grandiose, like the epic Temple of The One with the Beard and the Lightning Bolts with its rhyming canticles and impossibly convoluted arches. Others are less so, like the shrine to The One with the Fork that lies submerged beneath the aurulent murk of Grease's holewhence cistern. Peeps here love to get their worship on and the burg provides opportunities aplenty.

THAT ONE PLACE WITH ALL THE SAND

GEOGRAPHY: A shload of sand, sand, and more sand. Sandy hills; sandy plains; sandy mountains; sandy jungles...

DENIZENS: Several hundred thousand or so (About half are residents of Babajuana and half are nomadic tribespeeps).

JAZZ: Sand and shiny things.

GOVERNANCE: Dozens of cheeks govern under the banner of Sultan Pepper.

BURGS: Babajuana.

RELATIONS: As long as local customs and taboos are respected, the cheeks will deal with just about anyone.

That One Place with All the Sand is an incredibly vast expanse of ash and windblown sand interspersed with the occasional cactus, stagnant oasis, or venomous biting thing. It's like Mutha Oith's litter box. The peeps, for the most part, live in traveling tent cities and wander constantly on the backs of sand stomps, sand slogs, and other critters with sand in their name. All denizens pay homage to Sultan Pepper, an elegant croach with over a hundred wives and more offspring than a peep would imagine possible. The Sultan dwells in an opulent palace at the heart of Babajuana, an edifice that rivals the palaces of Offle of Grease and the Ding of the Dong in size and magnificence.

That One Place with All the Sand is a realm steeped in tradition and honor. Very strict codes of hospitality and taboo are widely enforced. It is a land where heresy and apostasy (the state religion is Boorglezarianism) are capital crimes, a land where a rude word or a failure to hold a door for a lady, can earn a fellow a spear through the heart or worse.



BABAJUANA

Although That One Place with All the Sand has only one city, it's a doozy. Immense and opulent by any standard, Babajuana is a thriving center of culture and trade. Its turreted towers and domed temples cast their shadows on bustling markets, glorious statues, shimmering oases, and fabulously beclothed denizens. Even the



poor of the city beg with jewel encrusted bowls and finely polished wooden legs.

The laws of hospitality and taboo are sternly enforced here, although not quite as sternly as they are among the nomadic tribes. Public executions are common, as are generous displays of wealth and charity by the Sultan and his governing cheeks; the aforementioned bowls and prostheses being gifts of the Sultan.

JAZZ OF NOTE

ACHOO GOONZALEZ'S FUNTIME GROOMING EMPORIUM AND EXECUTIONARIUM: Achoo Goonzalez is Babajuana's premier barber and holy executioner. Customers can stop by his pavilion for a quick shave, a perm or dye job, or to have the heads chopped off of a few heretics. Achoo is the man to beat with a razor or headsman's scissor, and his mustache waxings are the silkiest around. He's also a pretty fly giggity gigger, imbuing his minions with mad mani-pedi skills.

CRUDWALLOW'S SWALLOWS: Crudwallow is one of the stinkiest dudes I know. This sun-bleached smelf is a contaminator, to the surprise of nobody within noseshot, but he's also a sud-slinger of deserved reputation. Chug a few mugs of that

fizzy grey sludge in the black goblet and you won't give a slog's booger what the dude smells like (because you'll be dead).

POOPOOS AND BEER: This restaurant, a branch of which is on just about every street corner in town, sells delicious tacos and salty beer. I hear the super-size stomp burrito is delicious.

THE SPOON THAT STIRS: A tiny little teahouse in the shadow of the Sultan's palace, The Spoon That Stirs would be a relatively mediocre establishment if it weren't for two factors: the circuspi nut tarts are almost edible and the purveyor, a gal by the name of Spinster Dollup, is an actual living spoon, a six foot metal ladle given life by the zazz of a traveling hocus poker who fell in love with her delicate filigree and just had to have her as his wife. Dollup's weird husband has long since passed on, but she remains and is currently proprietating the digs for the sixth decade running. There are a lot of strange dudes on Oith, but a giant talking spoon that serves dung tea and circuspi nut tarts is someone to meet.

THE VESTIGES: Consecrated in the name of Boorglezar and watched over by a glowering danged wrangler known as Scowl Jowl the Deceaso-

phile, this necropolis houses most of the dead peeps hereabouts. From the sprawling polyan-drium where rest the bones and carapaces of countless unnamed slaves and peed-ons to the glistening mausoleums of Babajuana's clammiest snoots, the Vestiges are a sprawling campus of labyrinthine catacombs, towering sepulchers, and age-worn monuments.

It's Scowl Jowl's job to protect the grounds from unwelcome interlopers and to make sure the peeps entombed within don't gather the gumption to walk away (also to stop them if they do). He's aided in these endeavors by a gang of particularly robust warriors ...of the Danged. These guys, known as dim grimacers, are former bodyguards of Sultans past and present. They're supremely bad ass, but they can't leave the grounds of the necropolis (except sometimes they can; I'm not sure what the rules are).

THE SULTAN'S MENAGERIE: This private zoo, owned by Sultan Pepper but open to the public, houses critters and monstrosities from all corners of the world. It also doubles as a gladiatorial arena. When gate sales are low they sometimes take the two most ferocious beasts in the menagerie and put them in a big cage together to see what will happen.

WE BE SAND: This ramshackle hut sells nothing but sand. It does very little business, since sand is the most plentiful substance around and is free for the taking just about anywhere. The cremefillian who runs the place wears an eye patch and has a lovely cloud and rainbow tattooed on his belly. Unfortunately, he never talks and only communicates in pantomime. It's dreadfully annoying.

THE UNDERWHERE

This place gets a special mention. It's far too expansive to explore here, but I'll drop a bit of knowledge for the edification of the inquisitive. The Underwhere is what we call that immense network of interconnected caves and caverns that lies beneath the surface of the Oith. It's a deadly realm, infested with all sorts of horribly predatory things (but so are most of Oith's wildernesses, I guess) and also some things that aren't quite so bad.

Entrances to the Underwhere can be found all throughout the Oith. Most of the more accessible ones are inhabited by things a peep would probably prefer lived elsewhere, but whatever.



APPENDIX 01: CHARACTER CREATION

First, a few definitions to help you trudge the murky marsh of the thing:

BOSS: The Boss is what we call the game master in *Low Life*.

HEAP: A heap is a group of peeps. Other games sometimes call it a party, but we don't really want to imply anything festive is happening, so we call it a heap. Heap is both plural and singular, so it's perfectly acceptable (and acceptably perfect) to say "the heap is" or "the heap are" depending on the context.

PEEP: This is just a fancy word for character. Sometimes we even use the word character, but usually we just say peep.

Designing a *Low Life* peep is a ridiculously simple undertaking. For your convenience we'll break it down into a few easy steps followed by a handy flow chart, because flow charts are cool.

STEP 1: SPECIES

There are nine species introduced and described at the beginning of this book. Other *Low Life* books offer some more choices. Each species has certain perks and foibles. Read them all and select one as the basis of your character.

STEP 2: ATTRIBUTES

Now it's time to select your peep's various attributes. Unless your species description says otherwise, begin with a d4 in each of its five main attributes: Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, and Vigor. The gawds have then gifted you with an additional 5 points to distribute among them as you see fit. Raising an attribute one die type costs one point, and no attribute may be raised above d12 (although certain Edges may belie that claim). Some species have free Edges that alter their starting attributes, so keep that in mind. We'll discuss Edges soon, be patient.

STEP 3: SKILLS

Oith's bounty just keeps on providing. This time it's in the form of 15 points with which you may purchase or raise your skills. To raise a skill by a die type costs 1 point, as long as it's no higher than its linked attribute. It costs 2 points to raise a skill past its linked attribute.

The following skills are available in *Low Life*: Boating, Contanimating, Crafting, Climbing, Danged Wrangling, Dementalism, Driving, Fighting, Gambling, Giggity Giggling, Healing, Hocus Poking, Holy Rolling, Intimidation, Investigation, Knowledge, Lockpicking, Notice, Performing, Persuasion, Piloting, Repair, Riding, Shooting, Smellcasting, Stealth, Streetwise, Survival, Swimming, Taunt, Throwing, Tracking, and Weirding.

STEP 4: HINDRANCES & EDGES

You may nab up to 4 points of Hindrances, which you may then spend on Attributes, Edges, Skills, and clams. Hindrances in *Low Life* fall into three categories (minor, major, and doozie). You may take more than 4 points worth of Hindrances if you want, but you don't get any more points for them (unless you're a bodul).

MINOR: 1 point

MAJOR: 2 points

DOOZIE: 4 points

For 1 Hindrance Point you may (choose one):

Raise a Skill one die type

Double your initial allotment of clams

For 2 Hindrance Points you may (choose one):

Raise an Attribute one die type

(Racial maximums still apply)

Choose an Edge

In addition to Edges nabbed by spending Hindrance Points and the free Edge everybody gets (in *Low Life* everybody gets one complimentary Professional Edge), each species begins with a selection of Edges, as described presently.

BODUL

Boduls begin with one extra free Edge and may take as many Background Edges as they want when creating a character, provided they pay for them with the requisite number of Hindrances.

They also receive the following Edges:

CLEVER (PAGE 121)

PROUD HERITAGE (PAGE 124)

CREMEFILLIAN

SPONGY FLESH (PAGE 125)

TWEENKING (PAGE 126)

CROACH

ANTENNAE (PAGE 120)

CRUNCHY SHELL (PAGE 122)

GULLET OF STEEL (PAGE 122)

MULTIPLE LIMBS (PAGE 123)

HORC

BUTTKICKER (PAGE 126)

GURGITATION (PAGE 122)

SLIMY OR STICKY (PAGE 125)

TOUGH ASS MoFo (PAGE 126)

OOFo

Oofos may choose three of these Edges:

AB (DEMENTALISM) (PAGE 120)

BIG ASS EYES (PAGE 121)

GLOWY FINGER OF LOVE (PAGE 122)

OBSESSULON (PAGE 124)

SLIMY (PAGE 125)

STARRY WISDOM (PAGE 125)

PILE

GOO FLINGING (PAGE 126)

MALLEABLE (PAGE 123)

Piles may take the **REALLY BIG GUY** Edge (PAGE 124) for free, but they don't have to.

The **ENSLAVED** (PAGE 119) Hindrance is a doozie (4 points) when taken by a pile. Such piles are bound (rather than sovereign) and are compelled by zazz to do the bidding of their master (unlike regularly Enslaved peeps, whose obligations are based on oppression or social contract).



SMELF

NOSEBLOATING (PAGE 123) becomes active when the smelf's Vigor reaches d8.

SCHNOZ WITH WHICH TO BE RECKONED (PAGE 125)

Smelves may take the **REALLY SMALL GUY** Edge (PAGE 124) for free, but they don't have to.

TIZN'T

Tizn'ts may choose 3 points of Tizn't Edges for free. They may take up to four more, as long as they pay for them with Tizn't Hindrances. Check out the Tizn't Edges section on page 137 for more details.

WERM

BURROWING (PAGE 121)

COILED SPRING (PAGE 121)

PALLESTHESIA (PAGE 125)

RUBBERY (PAGE 125) OR **REGENERATION** (PAGE 125)

STEP 5: SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES

CHARISMA

This describes how likeable your peep is. It's added to Performing, Persuasion, and Street-wise rolls. Your Charisma is +0 unless modified by Edges or Hindrances.

PACE

Pace is 6" for most peeps, but can be altered by Edges or Hindrances.

PARRY

Parry is equal to 2 plus half your Fighting skill.

TOUGHNESS

Toughness is equal to 2 plus half your Vigor.

STEP 6: LANGUAGES

Oith, being the huge place that it is, is home to a vast array of languages, dialects, and vernaculars. By far the most widespread language is the so-called *ordinary tongue*, an almost universal trade language spoken since before the Flush. All characters are considered to have a d6 in Knowledge (Ordinary Tongue) unless they have the Illiterate Hindrance. A character gains a d4 in a new Knowledge (Language) skill for each die of Smarts above d6 he has at character creation.

Check out page 68 for information about many of Oith's languages.

STEP 7: STUFF

We're not going to send you out into the world naked and unarmed (unless you're into that sort of thing). Characters begin with 500 clams with which to nab some jazz. This amount can be altered by various Hindrances and Edges. Visit Gorbo's Crapwagon and the associated mongerstalls elsewhere in this book to select your stuff (Appendix 04 has a spiffy list of jazz you can nab).

STEP 8: BACKGROUND

Here's the part where you get to think up a creative and interesting back story for your peep. Where does she come from? What are her motivations? Why does she do what she does? Who loves her and who does she love? What, so to speak, makes her tick?

Maybe draw a picture or something...

APPENDIX 02: SKILLS, EDGES, AND HINDRANCES

SKILLS

The following skills are available to peeps in the Low Life game, in addition to those listed in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook.

CONTANIMATING (VIGOR)

This skill, used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Contanimator) Edge allows a contanimator to harness and manipulate the Fundamental energies of filth and decay.

CRAFTING (AGILITY OR SMARTS)

A peep with this skill uses it to create or build various items, objects, or works of art. A roll is made after the creation process is finished, as decided by the Boss. Failure means the item is of crappy quality, success makes an item of decent quality, and a raise means the item is of good quality (with each additional raise increasing the quality and value accordingly).

Each purchase of this skill corresponds to a specific focus, such as Craft (weapons), Craft (Traps), or Craft (stuffed animals).

DANGED WRANGLING (SPIRIT)

A danged wrangler uses this skill (and the Arcane Background (Danged Wrangler) Edge) to enact his undeadular zazz.

DEMENTALISM (SMARTS)

This is the skill with which brainy oofos



perform feats of amazement using the power of their minds. It's used with the Arcane Background (Dementalism) Edge.

GIGGITY GIGGING (AGILITY)

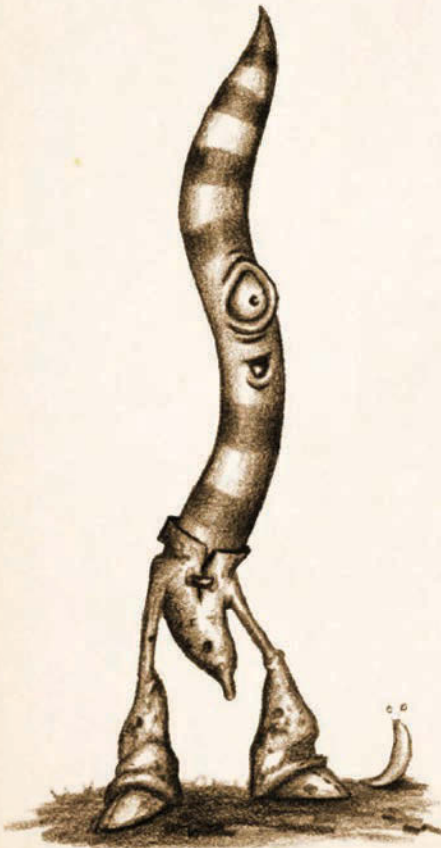
Giggity giggers use this skill, along with the Arcane Background (Giggity Gigger) Edge, to gig giggities and nab their snazz, zazz, or jazz.

HOCUS POKING (SMARTS)

Used in conjunction with the Arcane Background (Hocus Poking) Edge, this is how hocus pokers enact their wondrous zazz.

HOLY ROLLING (SPIRIT)

Holy rollers wed this skill with the Arcane Background (Holy Roller) Edge to channel gawdly zazz into miracles, abominations, and other numinous workings.



PERFORMING (AGILITY OR SPIRIT)

This skill is used when a peep performs (duh). It's one of those skills with various foci, and may be nabbed multiple times for multiple foci. Performing (Dancing), Performing (Singing), Performing (*wink wink*), or Performing (Juggling) for example. The Boss may decide to have you apply your Charisma to Performing rolls if the situation warrants such a thing.

SMELLCASTING (SMARTS)

This is the skill smellcasters use to decipher the smellements of the universe and coalesce them into reeks. It's used with the Arcane Background (Smellcaster) Edge.

WEIRDING (SMARTS)

With this skill and the Arcane Background (Weirdo) Edge a weirdo can enchant all sorts of crazy whatchamajigs, mabobs, wingles, whosamawhatsits, and doohickies.

HINDRANCES

In addition to those catalogued in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook by Pinnacle Entertainment Group and other *Low Life* books and sources, a character may choose from the following list of Hindrances.

ARMLESS (MAJOR)

Suffering socks, dude! You ain't got no arms. Unless you have some mad zazz or another body part that can compensate you get a -4 penalty to any task that requires arms (such as Fighting and Climbing). Worms with this Hindrance may take the Prehensile Body Edge for free.

COLORBLIND (MINOR)

Colors are a mystery to you. You see everything in shades of grey.

CYCLOPEAN (MINOR)

You were born with only one eye. Your lack of depth perception gives you a -1 penalty to Notice, Throwing and Shooting rolls. This is not the

same as the One Eye Hindrance described in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook. That guy lost an eye you never had to begin with.

ENSLAVED (MAJOR)

You are somebody's slave. It could be another member of the Heap or it could be someone else entirely. Either way, if you don't do what you're told you're in for it, buddy. You only start with 20 clams, because life sucks.

FUNNY LOOKING (MINOR)

There's just something about the way you look that makes peeps laugh. Maybe your antennae curl in a certain way or your cr me filling is an odd shade of purple. For whatever reason, you are constantly giggled at and spoken about behind your back. It's hard for peeps to take you seriously, so you suffer a -1 penalty to all Charisma rolls.

HOARDOSAURUS (MINOR)

You are obsessed with collecting things. Your pockets are always overflowing with useless crap, but you just can't seem to let anything go. Once something is in your possession you must make a Spirit roll in order to relinquish it.

INNUMERATE (MAJOR)

You have absolutely no concept of numbers. You can't do math of any kind because your noggin just doesn't work that way. Sorry.

JUNKIE (MINOR OR MAJOR)

You are totally addicted to something. It could be just about anything, from booze to lovin' to Chopping Block chili, but if you don't get your fix at least once a day you suffer a cumulative -1 penalty to all rolls for each day until you do. This penalty tops out at -2 for a minor Hindrance and -4 for a major Hindrance.

MOUTHLESS (DOOZIE)

You have no mouth. Well, maybe you have a mouth, but it's not made for talking, that's for sure. I don't know, maybe it's a beak or a random



hole or something. Anyway, you can't talk or do anything else that requires a voice or any utterance of intelligible sound whatsoever.

LEGLESS (MAJOR)

Legs are something you just don't have. You either never had any or they got chopped off or otherwise destroyed. You suffer a -4 penalty to all rolls that require Agility and your Pace is halved. On the plus side, you gain a +2 bonus to Persuasion rolls made while begging, so there's that. Worms with this Hindrance may take the Prehensile Body Edge for free.

LIMBLESS (DOOZIE)

You have no limbs or appendages of any sort (maybe you can still have a head, I guess, or a non-prehensile tail). You have a -8 penalty to all physical actions (anything requiring Agility or Strength) and your Pace is 1. The Prehensile Body Edge is free for worms with this Hindrance.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY (MINOR OR MAJOR)

Peeps are always saying you look like somebody else. In this case, it's somebody bad. Maybe it's a notorious price-o-corn, a wanted gangsta, or somebody who owes clams to a bunch of peeps. Whoever he is, you look like him, and peeps think you're him. This Hindrance can be minor or major depending on who peeps think you are and how closely you resemble him.

EDGES

The following Edges from the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook are **not** available in *Low Life*, having been replaced or superseded by others: Adept, all Arcane Backgrounds, Champion, Gadgeteer, Holy/Unholy Warrior, Jack-of-All-Trades, Leader of Men, McGyver, Mentalist, Mr. Fix It, Noble, Rich, Filthy Rich, Rock and Roll, Thief, Wizard.

In all instances, Faith is replaced by Holy Rolling, Spellcasting is replaced by either Hocus Poking, Danged Wrangling, Contanimating, Giggity Giggling, or Smellcasting, Weird Science is replaced by Weirding, and Psionics is replaced by Dementalism.

BACKGROUND EDGES

Although they can be nabbed during advancement if the Boss decides circumstances warrant such a thing, most Background Edges are chosen when a character is first created.

ANOSMIC

Requirements: Novice

You have no sense of smell. You might not even have a nose. This makes you immune to any inhaled reeks or smell based effects. Reeks that don't need to be inhaled (depending on the Trappings) might still affect you. Smelves with this Edge have a -2 Charisma penalty when dealing with other smelves. Peeps with this Edge may not take the Smellcaster Edge, because duh.

ANTENNAE

Requirements: Novice - Croach or Tizn't

Your extra long feelers help you get around in the dark. All penalties for darkness, low light, blindness, or impaired visibility are halved.

ARCANE BACKGROUND (AB)

Requirements: Special

There are eight Arcane Backgrounds available in *Low Life* (so far). A character chooses a single one with this Edge, although the Edge



SIGHTLESS (DOOZIE)

You either don't have any eyes or they're completely useless. You can't see at all. You suffer a -6 penalty to all physical tasks that require vision and a -2 to most social tasks. Edges such as Antennae and Pallesthesia may improve this penalty.

This Hindrance is used instead of the Blind Hindrance listed in the *Savage Worlds* rulebook.

SORT OF CLUELESS (MINOR)

Huh? Although you're not completely out to brunch, you're still not very bright. You have a -1 penalty to all Common Knowledge rolls. Peeps think you're kind of dim, regardless of your actual Smarts die, which could lead to certain social frustrations.

STANKY (MINOR)

Dang, baby, you stank! Your horrendous body odor gives you a -2 to Charisma when interacting with anybody who has a sense of smell (except smellcasters, they dig all aromas). You also have a -2 penalty to Stealth when within 3' of someone who can smell.

could potentially be purchased multiple times. Each arcane background has its own requirements.

CONTANIMATOR: Novice, Vigor d6+

DANGED WRANGLER: Novice, Spirit d6+

DEMENTALIST: Novice, Smarts d6+, Oofo

GIGGITY GIGGER: Novice, Agility d6+

HOCUS POKER: Novice, Smarts d6+

HOLY ROLLER: Novice, Spirit d6+

SMELLCASTER: Novice, Smarts d6+

WEIRDO: Novice, Crafting d6+

For more information about Arcane Backgrounds feast your peepers on page 140.

BIG ASS ASS

Requirements: Novice - Bodul

Your massive rump absorbs damage from falls and lets you bounce around like a rubber ball. Your vertical and horizontal jumping distances are increased by 1" and, if you make a successful Agility check, you only take half damage from falls.



BIG ASS EYES

Requirements: Novice - Bodul, Croach, Oofo, or Tizn't

You gain +2 to Notice rolls due to your huge peepers.

BIG ASS FEET

Requirements: Novice - Bodul or Tizn't

You can stomp out small fires with your huge, floppy feet. You add 1" to your vertical and horizontal jumping distance and +1 to damage when kicking.

BURROWING

Requirements: Novice - Tizn't or Werm

Peeps with this Edge can burrow through loose dirt at half their normal Pace, with or without a shovel.



CLAMMY

Requirements: Novice

You are one posh peep. You start with 1500 clams instead of 500, you also have some sort of business, inheritance, or treasure hoard that can nab you 100-1000 (1d10x100) clams on a day's notice, as long as you're near your stash.

CLEVER

Requirements: Novice - Bodul

Boduls gain a +2 bonus to any one Knowledge skill. Cuz smert.

COILED SPRING

Requirements: Novice - Werm

Worms are either nimble and bendy or dense and tough. They start with a d6 in either Strength or Agility.



COMPENSATING FOR SOMETHING

Requirements: Novice

For some reason, whenever you are holding a large weapon (something with a weight of 5 or higher) you gain a +2 bonus to Spirit rolls and a +1 Charisma bonus.

CRUNCHY SHELL

Requirements: Novice - Croach

A croach's thick exoskeleton gives her a +1 Armor bonus, which can be combined with any other armor she wears. They melt in your mouth, not in your hand.

ENHANCED SENSES

Requirements: Novice - Bodul or Tizn't

Your super keen sense of hearing, smell, taste, or vision gives you a +2 bonus to Notice rolls in which that sense is useful. These bonuses stack with those for the Alertness Edge.

EXTRA LIMB

Requirements: Novice - Bodul, Oofo, or Tizn't

You nab one extra arm, leg, or tentacle for each purchase of this Edge. Each extra arm or tentacle allows you to perform one additional physical activity per round (multi-action penalties apply) and are considered to be off-hands unless you also have the Multidextrous Edge. Each extra leg increases your Pace by 1" and gives you a +1 bonus to Strength rolls when involved in a Push.

FILTHILY CLAMMY

Requirements: Novice - Clammy or Snoot

You're even posher than that last guy. You start with 2500 clams and can access 100-2000 (1d20x100) extra clams a day when you're near your treasure vaults or some other clammy peep who owes you.

GLOWY FINGER OF LOVE

Requirements: Novice - Oofo

An oofo with this Edge can use his glowing finger to heal anyone he touches (including himself). He can heal two wounds per day for each die of Spirit he possesses.

GULLET OF STEEL

Requirements: Novice - Croach

Croaches can digest and derive sustenance from just about any nonpoisonous organic matter. Yes, even poop.

GURGITATION

Requirements: Novice - Horc

A horc can store up to 2 yorts (pounds) of jazz in his gullet for each die of Vigor he possesses (12 yorts at d6, 16 yorts at d8, etc...) and regurgitate the material at will. Only half the weight of swallowed objects counts toward his

encumbrance. Sharp objects must be sheathed or otherwise bundled to prevent injury to the horc. Living creatures can survive inside a horc's gullet as long as they can hold their breath.

MALLEABLE

Requirements: Novice - Pile

The feculent coating that surrounds a pile's frame is thick and pliable. In addition to affording him a +1 bonus to Toughness, it can be formed into various shapes, such as spikes, hairdos, and storage cavities. A pile can form one such excrescence for each die of Vigor he possesses. Spikes created thusly add +1 damage to the pile's unarmed attacks (+2 if the pile or the peep doing the shaping has the Arteest Edge). Cavities can hold up to 5 yorts (pounds) each, the contents of which do not count toward the pile's encumbrance. In fact, piles can just sort of jab small weapons and objects into their slop, negating the need for scabbards, sheaths, and similar jazz. All sorts of structures and projections can be shaped, from shovels and extra big fists, to sweet mustaches and decorative embellishments.

The actual effects of such snazz are up to the Boss, but a few guidelines generally apply. First, the pile has to use his hands or have assistance from another peep in order to shape his goop. He can't alter areas he can't reach. Second, a pile's goop doesn't move on its own. It's not an amorphous pseudopod with its own motility. It's more like dense clay or mud. Third, structures created in such a manner are temporary. They only last until they are reshaped or destroyed. If a pile rolls a 1 on either his Fighting roll or Wild Die the spike or whatever becomes useless.

MULTIDEXTROUS

Requirements: Novice - Agility d8+, 3 or more arms or appendages

You ignore the standard -2 penalties for using any of your off-hands, since all your hands are equally adept and you don't actually have any off-hands.



MULTIPLE LIMBS

Requirements: Novice - Croach

Most croaches have four arms and can attack with a weapon in each one (although standard multi-action penalties apply). A croach typically has one regular hand and three off-hands, although the Multidextrous Edge can fix that.

Some croaches are born with only two arms. These guys get one free Edge.

NOSEBLOATING

Requirements: Novice - Vigor d8+, Smelf

A smelf with this Edge is able, by inhaling deeply, to inflate her nose to such gigantic proportions that she can actually float above the surface of the Oith. Nosebloating can only lift her vertically, however. Once she's airborne she's at the mercy of the wind and her momentum, although tethers, rudders, and various implements might be able to assist her in this regard. Since she can still breathe through her mouth, a smelf can nosebloat for as long as she can keep her nostrils plugged, rising 3 vertical yorts (3") per die of Vigor above d6. Obviously, her sense of smell is useless while nosebloating.



OBSOESSULON

Requirements: Novice - Oofo

Obsessulons are oofoes preoccupied with the miraculous artifacts left behind by their ancient ancestors. By spending an action in concentration, an obsessulon may make a Notice check to faintly detect the presence of such relics within 1000 yorts (1000"). He can tell if the device is nearby, and in what general direction, but not its precise location. If he gets a raise on his Notice check he can discern its distance and direction to within 100 yorts (100"). Obsessulons also gain a +2 bonus to Knowledge rolls made to determine the function and proper usage of such artifacts.

ODDIVISION

Requirements: Novice - Oofo

Some oofoes have wonky vision. They see in ways other peeps just can't. Such oofoes ignore penalties for darkness and insufficient light. They can also see through fog, mist, and similar obstructions.

PALLESTHESIA

Requirements: Novice - Worm

Worms can sense vibrations in the ground, allowing them to ignore penalties for darkness, low light, fog, mist, and analogous jazz in a 2" radius.

PREHENSILE BODY

Requirements: Novice - Bodul, Tizn't or Worm

Your twisty, bendy body gives you a +4 bonus to Climbing rolls and a +2 bonus to Agility checks made to escape bonds, wiggle through small openings, or avoid falling. You can also use your body as an extra limb, negating penalties for being Armless or Legless and halving penalties associated with the Limbless Hindrance.

PROUD HERITAGE

Requirements: Bodul - Novice

Boduls begin with a d6 Spirit instead of a d4, due to their smug Hoomanracian ancestry.

REALLY BIG GUY

Requirements: Novice - not a Smelf

Due to your large size, you begin with a d6 Strength instead of a d4. You may advance your Strength up to d12+2. Edges might raise this as high as d12+4. On the downside, you are considered Large and creatures smaller than you gain a +2 bonus when attacking you.

Piles may take this Edge for free, but they don't have to.

REALLY SMALL GUY

Requirements: Novice

Your diminutive stature means your Strength may never go above a d8. There's good news, however. You begin with a d6 Agility instead of a d4 and your Agility could potentially raise as high as d12+4 (with advancement and Edges). You are Small, so creatures larger than you attack you with a -2 penalty.

Smelves may take this Edge for free, but they don't have to.



REGENERATION

Requirements: Novice - Worm

Many worms roll for natural healing once a day, rather than once every five days like regular peeps. Severed limbs can be reattached or regrown. It takes a number of days equal to 20 minus the worm's Vigor die to regrow a lost limb. Reattached limbs heal normally and are good to go once the worm is completely healed.

RUBBERY

Requirements: Novice - Worm or Tizn't

Some peeps take half damage (round down) from falls and attacks by blunt weapons, due to their rubbery flesh.

SAY, AREN'T YOU THAT ONE GUY?

Requirements: Novice

You resemble somebody cool. Wherever you go peeps point it out and treat you like they would him. Sometimes you get free stuff, like socks, lap dances, and tasty grub. Exactly how this plays out is up to the Boss.

SCHNOZ WITH WHICH TO BE RECKONED

Requirements: Novice - Smelf

A smelf's nose is huge, bulbous, and rubbery, providing a +1 Toughness bonus against attacks to the head (roll d6 for each attack that hits the smelf, 5-6 hits the smelf's head). Smelves also gain a +2 bonus to Notice and Tracking rolls in which the sense of smell is an issue and a +1 bonus to Shooting, Smellcasting, and Throwing rolls, since their schnoz helps with targeting and such.

SLIMY

Requirements: Novice - Horc, Oofo, Tizn't, or Worm

You are one slick mutha! Your body, or at least a significant portion of it, is covered in a glistening coat of mucus, ooze, or some other slippery goo, giving you a +4 bonus to Strength rolls when opposing a grapple, and a +2 bonus to Agility rolls made to escape bonds or fit through small openings.

SPONGY FLESH

Requirements: Novice - Cremefillian

The various toxins and pollutants constantly absorbed by a cremefillian's spongy flesh make him particularly unpalatable. A critter that bites a cremefillian must make a Vigor roll to avoid being Shaken. A penalty equal to the number of wounds inflicted by the bite is applied to the roll.

Cremefillians are immune to poisons and toxins except for those that specifically affect cremefillians and their ilk. They also gain a +1 Toughness bonus due to their muffy brawn.

STARRY WISDOM

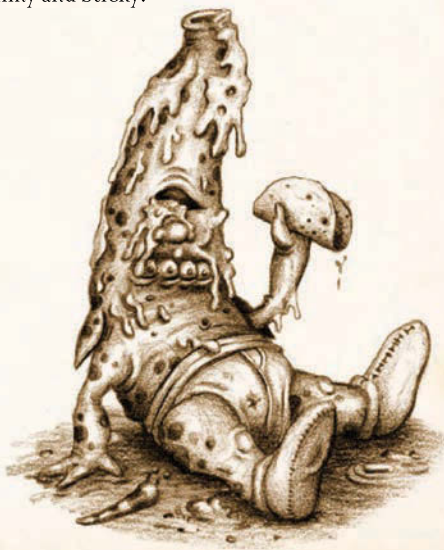
Requirements: Novice - Oofo

This oofo is uncannily wise. He speaks cryptically and with a garbled sentence structure. He begins with a d6 Smarts instead of a d4 and his Smarts could potentially rise as high as d12+4.

STICKY

Requirements: Novice - Horc, Pile, Tizn't, or Worm

Gross! Some sort of slime or mucus makes you especially sticky. Small objects that touch you, such as weapons, fists, and falling leaves will stick to you unless the wielder makes a successful Strength roll. It's possible to be both Slimy and Sticky.





TENTACULAR

Requirements: Novice - Bodul, Oofo, Werm, or Tizn't

You have mighty tentacles instead of arms (or legs, if that's your thing). These bitchin' prehensile limbs give you a +2 bonus to climbing and grappling, and a +4 bonus when trying to resist a disarm or similar maneuver.

TONGUE FU

Requirements: Novice - Bodul

Your tongue is really long and flexible. So long, in fact, that you can use it just like an arm. Of course you can't talk while using it this way, but you can fight with it, wield weapons, scratch your own back, and do various other things we aren't old enough to talk about. A tongue is considered an off-hand (unless you are Armless) and can be affected by the Ambidextrous and Multi-dextrous Edges.

TOUGH ASS MoFo

Requirements: Novice - Horc

Because horcs are often big bullies and tough guys, they begin with a d6 Vigor instead of a d4, which could potentially be raised as high as d12+4 through advancement and Edges. Wanna fight about it?

TWEENKING

Requirements: Novice - Cremefillian

Cremefillians, through some fluke of physics, are able to carry a great deal more gear and supplies than their Strength would suggest. Tweenks ignore minimum Strength requirements for all handheld weapons and may carry three times as much weight as their Strength would normally suggest.

TWO-FACED

Requirements: Novice - Bodul or Tizn't

Since you have two faces (possibly even two heads), you can carry on two simultaneous conversations, blast two zazzes (as long as at least one of them is strictly verbal), or even eat two meals at the same time. You lucky goose.

COMBAT EDGES

As the name suggests, these Edges are useful when scrapping. They either help keep your peep alive or they help her hurt or otherwise inconvenience her foes.

BUTTKICKER

Requirement: Novice - Horc

Horcs with this Edge add a +1 to all Fighting, Shooting, or Throwing rolls made with a particular individual weapon (one with which they have a special relationship). This works just like the Trademark Weapon Edge, but without the skill requirements.

GOO FLINGING

Requirements: Novice - Pile

Piles can rip chunks of goo from their bodies and hurl them at foes. The pile uses his

Throwing skill and can hurl a blob up to three yorts (3") per die of Strength (no range penalties). A target hit by the goo must make a Vigor roll or be hindered (-2 to all physical actions, -1 Pace) for one round plus one round for each raise on the pile's Throwing roll. If the foe rolls a 1 on his Vigor roll (or Wild Die) he is blinded as well (-6 to physical actions). Multiple hits are cumulative and the pile may use this Edge twice a day per die of Vigor.

If the pile rolls a 1 on both his Wild Die and his Throwing die he has accidentally ripped off too much goo and takes one wound.

LOOGEY HAWKER

Requirements: Seasoned - Spit

Spitting no longer counts as an action for you. You also gain a +2 bonus to your Shooting roll when spitting.

PIMP SLAP

Requirements: Seasoned - Agility d8+

You like to pick on peeps smaller than you. You gain a +2 bonus to attack rolls when fighting Small creatures. This effectively negates the normal -2 penalty for attacking Small peeps, unless you are Small, in which case it's just a bonus. If you have the Pimp Edge too, you also get a +1 attack bonus against females, even if you are female. I'm telling your mom.

SPIT

Requirements: Novice - Agility d6+, Bodul or Horc

You're especially good at expectorating. With one well placed gob you can temporarily blind or incapacitate a foe. Spitting has a range equal to your Vigor in yorts (d6 = 6", etc...). Spitting causes no damage, counts as an action, lasts for one round, and uses your Shooting skill. If you hit your opponent he must make a Vigor roll (at -2 if you got a raise). If he fails, you get the drop on him in the next round. If he rolls a 1 (on his ability die or his Wild Die) you get the drop on him and he is blinded for one round (-6 to physical actions).



LEADERSHIP EDGES

LEADER OF PEEPS

Requirements: Veteran - Command

Allies (including summoned containimants, ...of the danged, slaves, strumples, and containimatronics) under your command roll a d10 Wild Die instead of a d6.

POWER EDGES

Peeps with Arcane Backgrounds might find these edges useful.

BOORGLEZARIAN

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+, AB (Holy Roller)

As a devout worshipper of the cosmic dung beetle, you gain a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling rolls while you are wearing a ball of poop prominently displayed about your person.

BRAIN DRAINER

Requirements: Seasoned - Smarts d8+, AB (Dementalist)

That squishy stuff in your noggin is working overtime. You gain a +2 bonus on any opposed Dementalism rolls.

CONTANIMASTER

Requirements: Novice - AB (Contanimator)

You may make a Persuasion roll to influence the reactions of contanimants as if they were regular NPCs. When dealing with contanimants, modifiers for Charisma work in reverse (-2 Charisma gives you +2 Persuasion).

CONTANIMANIAC

Requirements: Veteran - Vigor d10+, AB (Contanimator)

You may share your bennies with any contanimatronic minions of your own creation. Also, your Power Point expenditure is halved (round up) when creating minions using the Contanimatronic power.



CORPSE JOCKEY

Requirements: Heroic - Spirit d10+, Danged Wrangling d10+

You have mastered the arts of danged wrangling to such a degree that ...of the Danged you create using the dang power stick around permanently if you get a raise on your Danged Wrangling roll (or 2d4 hours with a normal success).

DRUDGE

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+, AB (Danged Wrangler)

You have managed to bind a lesser ...of the Danged to yourself. He's not all that great at fighting, and he's terrible at conversation, but he does a fine job carrying your jazz, cleaning up after you, serving you meals, and whatnot. He's like a butler, I guess.

Your drudge is an extra under your control. He communicates in grunts and groans and will do anything you ask (Even that, although he's probably not very good at it).

A drudge has the following stats:

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Claws: Str

...of the Danged: +2 to recover from Shaken, +2 Toughness, no additional damage from called shots, immune to disease and poison.

If your drudge croaks you can animate a new one with a corpse and a successful Danged Wrangling roll (after a suitable mourning period of 1d4 days). Animating a drudge does not use Power Points, but a danged wrangler may only have one drudge at a time unless he buys this Edge multiple times.

GIGFINITY

Requirements: Seasoned - Gigmaster

You may select one trait absorbed from a giggity (through use of the gig power) and make

it a permanent part of you. It can be any trait, but you must have already purchased this Edge at the time of the Giggity in order to make it permanent. You may nab this Edge multiple times.

GIGMASTER

Requirements: Novice - AB (Giggity Gigger)

Because you're awesome, you have a +1 bonus to Giggity Giggling skill checks and any traits purloined from a giggity stick around for twice as long as usual (even bad ones). You also gain a +2 bonus to Crafting rolls made when creating traps.

GIG WIG

Requirements: Seasoned - AB (Giggity Gigger)

A giggity has become permanently fused to your body (usually on top of your head). You may not yolk traits from this particular giggity, but you may transfer undesirable traits nabbed through use of the gig power to it instead of absorbing them yourself, provided you make a successful Giggity Giggling roll in the process (in addition to the one needed to activate the original gig). This can have any number of unpredictable consequences, as determined by the Boss.

HOOMANITARIAN

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+,
AB (Holy Roller)

Boldly displaying any prominent Hoomanra-cian symbol gives you a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling.

JEEZLE FREAK

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+,
AB (Holy Roller)

While conspicuously displaying the symbol of your faith (a lower case "t") you earn a +2 bonus to Holy rolling skill checks.

JEMIMAH'S WITNESS

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+,
AB (Holy Roller)

Destroying an effigy of the Hoomanrace (usually in the form of a plush idol or glass bottle) nabs you a +2 Holy Rolling bonus for the rest of the day.



POWER POKER

Requirements: Seasoned - Smarts d10+,
AB (Hocus Poker)

When you poke a hocus it knows it's been poked! You gain a +2 bonus to Hocus Poking rolls during any round in which you are dealt a red card for initiative. Furthermore, each raise on a Hocus Poking roll reduces the Power Point cost of that power by 1 (minimum of 1).

REEK REPOSITORY

Requirements: Seasoned - AB (Smellcaster)

You are able to indefinitely store reeks somewhere about your person instead of the usual bottles and jars. Such reeks can lurk just about anywhere, but dank, stanky places such as your armpit, navel, and other bodily orifices work best. You may store a number of reeks in this manner based on your Vigor die (d4=1 reek, d6=2 reeks, etc...). Once a reek is released it performs its function and dissipates normally.

SMELLBENDER

Requirements: Veteran - Smellementalist, Smellcasting d10+

All Power Points you spend on reeks are regained at the normal rate (1 per hour).

SMELLENTALIST

Requirements: Novice - AB (Smellcaster), Smellcasting d8+

Half of the Power Points you spend on reek coalescing are regained at the normal rate (one per hour, round up). The other half are regained when the reek is released, as usual.

STANISMIST

Requirements: Seasoned - Spirit d8+, AB (Holy Roller)

By wearing a scary mask, mooning someone, or flipping peeps your middle finger you get a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling.

WEIRDER

Requirements: Seasoned - Smarts d8+, AB (Weirdo)

Because you are weirder than weird, you may create two devices for every power you have. All those other weird chumps can only make one.

WEIRDERER

Requirements: Veteran - Smarts d10+, Weirder

The number of weird devices you can create per power is based on your Crafting skill, as explained by this handy chart:

CRAFTING DIE	DEVICES PER POWER
d4	2
d6	2
d8	3
d10	4
d12	5

WEIRDEST

Requirements: Heroic - Crafting d10+, Weirderer

You may now create permanent weird devices. Such devices are tied to a particular power. Although they are crafted and enchanted just like any other device, they do not need to be activated and do not expend Power Points other than those spent to make them in the first place. Each device, usually a weapon or a piece of armor, clothing, or jewelry, has a permanent bonus associated with it, which is determined by the weirdo based on the power imbued within and enjoyed by the wearer simply by putting it on.

POWER	EFFECT
Armor	+1 Toughness
Boost Trait	+1 to a single attribute
Smite	+1 damage or parry

The effect is increased by +1 for every raise the weirdo gets on her Weirdness roll. For example, if Yoob enchants a spork with the Smite power, it affords the wielder +1 to damage and parry (+2 if Yoob got a Weirdness raise when zazzing it up, +3 if she got two raises, etc...).

Permanent devices still count toward the total number of devices per power a weirdo may enchant. It's not possible to add additional bonuses to an existing weird device. Once a thing is zazzed it's zazzed.



PROFESSIONAL EDGES

Everybody starts with a free professional Edge (because I like you). This is your peep's job, or at least the job she used to have before she started doing whatever she does now. If you want, you may take a free +1 in a single skill instead of a professional Edge. It's your call.

ARTEEST

Requirements: Novice - Crafting d6+

You can readily create assorted works of art with a variety of tools and media. Your skills are known among those who care about such things. You gain a +2 bonus to any Crafting skills and a +1 Charisma bonus when interacting with clammy peeps and art fans.

BEAST PUNCHER

Requirements: Novice - Spirit d6+, Persuasion d6+

Your lifetime of experience in the handling of critters gives you a +2 bonus to Riding rolls. Furthermore, as an action, you may attempt a Persuasion roll to alter the reactions and moods of hostile animals (anything with an (A) after its Smarts), convincing them to relax or retreat.

BOOGIE KNIGHT

Requirements: Seasoned - Fighting d8+, Horc

Boogie Knights are elite horc warriors dedicated to spreading horcish ideals across the Oith. They gain a +2 Charisma bonus when interacting with other horcs (Boogie Knights get all the groupies). They also receive a +2 bonus to Fighting attacks made against smelves and related peeps (dorks, scentipedes, f'reeks, etc...).

BOOTY HUNTER

Requirements: Novice - Streetwise d6+, Tracking d6+

You gain a +2 bonus to Tracking and Streetwise rolls made while in the pursuit of a booty. Once a day, you may make an unmodified Streetwise roll in any sizable town or burg to gain a contract on a wanted peep in the area (at the Boss's discretion).



CRAFTSPEEP

Requirements: Novice - Crafting d6+

You gain a +2 bonus to all Crafting rolls made in your personal workshop, which this Edge gives you (you're welcome). Yep, you have a personal workspace, complete with the tools and materials needed to create 2d8 of whatever it is you make (or more, according to the Boss). Additional raw materials for more can be nabbed for half the normal selling price.

GADABOUT

Requirements: Novice - Investigation or Streetwise d6+, Survival d6+

As an experienced wanderer, you gain a +2 bonus to Survival rolls and a +2 Charisma bonus when interacting with peeps from foreign cultures. You also gain a free rank in Knowledge (Languages).

GANGSTA

Requirements: Novice - Streetwise d8+

You didn't simply choose the thug life, you clobbered it over the head with a blunt object, dragged it into an alley, and made it your wife. You nab a +2 bonus to any Fighting, Gambling, Shooting, Throwing, Investigation, Streetwise,



and Persuasion rolls made during the commission of a crime or illicit activity.

On the downside, peeps tend to recognize you as a gangsta, so you're stuck with a -2 Charisma penalty when dealing with normal law abiding peeps.

HAM

Requirements: Novice - Performing d6+, Persuasion d6+

You are a master of stagecraft, performance, and disguise. With a successful Performing roll and suitable materials you can convincingly pass yourself off as somebody else. Peeps who know the guy you're impersonating get a Notice roll to uncover the farce (modified by up to +4 depending on how well they know him and by -2 for each raise on your Performing roll). Periodic Notice rolls may be made at the discretion of the Boss.

HOINK

Requirements: Novice - Spirit d6+, Fighting d6+, Investigation d6+

You carry an official badge of some sort that entitles you to make arrests, interrogate suspects, assemble posses, and otherwise uphold the law of whatever jurisdiction you represent. Every town, burg, and bossdom has its own laws and regulations, many of which are (or will be) described in various volumes of *The Whole Hole*.

LASHMASTER

Requirements: Novice - Spirit d8+, Fighting d6+

You've found creative ways to encourage the slaves, prisoners, and minions under your command to work harder. They each get a +1 bonus to any skill rolls made in your presence or while carrying out your direct orders.

NABMASTER

Requirements: Novice - Agility d8+, Climbing d6+, Lockpicking d6+, Stealth d6+

You are all about the yoinking! Stealing jazz is what you do and you're so good at it you even managed to nab a +2 bonus to all Climbing, Lockpicking, and Stealth rolls, as well as to Notice and Repair rolls that relate to traps, vaults and similar devices.

OLDSTER

Requirements: Novice - Smarts d6+, Knowledge (History) d6+

As a self-proclaimed expert on stuff that happened a long time ago, you gain a +2 bonus to any relevant Smarts or Knowledge rolls made during the excavation, exploration, or unoothing of ancient relics, ruins, and civilizations, or to determine the purpose of ancient artifacts (including those of the Hoomanrace but not those of oofogin).

PEED-ON

Requirements: Novice

You poor shlub. You just sort of blend into the background, unnoticed and ignored. You get a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls and enemies (in-

cluding monsters and animals) will usually attack the peeps with you before they attack you (unless you pose an obvious threat).

PIMP

Requirements: Novice - Intimidation d6+, Persuasion d6+

Your life as a pimp begins with one strumple in your stable. She's an extra of whatever species you choose and has talents commensurate with her profession (with the Strumple Edge and any other Edges and abilities a starting peep of her species has). She's not much of a fighter, but she'll do just about anything else you ask (*especially* that), although you might need to make a Persuasion roll every now and then to keep her in line (at the Boss's discretion). If she croaks, you suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls for 1d4 days.

Whenever your rank increases you may recruit more strumples by poaching them from other pimps or enticing them with a Persuasion roll.

RANK	STABLE SIZE
Novice	1 strumple
Seasoned	2 strumples
Veteran	4 strumples
Heroic	8 strumples
Legendary	16 strumples

PRICE-O-CORN

Requirements: Novice - Vigor d6+, Boating d6+, Climbing d4+, Intimidation d6+

As one of the many scourges of the Big Drink you may roll a d8 for your Wild Die instead of a d6 while onboard a boat of any type. You also have a +2 bonus to any Vigor rolls made to resist seasickness or drunkenness.

SCRAPPER

Requirements: Novice - Fighting d8+, Performing d6+

You've learned to fight in front of crowds and feed off their energy (not literally). Anytime spectators are present while you are fighting you may use a d8 for your Wild Die instead of a d6 (for your Fighting skill rolls).



SMOOVESTER

Requirements: Novice - Smarts d6+, Spirit d6+, Persuasion d6+

You are so slick you could sell diapers to an oof. Your seductive, fast talking ways gain you a +2 bonus to Gambling, Intimidation, and Persuasion rolls, but only in situations where you are trying to con, cheat, or seduce someone.

SNOOT

Requirements: Novice - Clammy

You're a clammy, uppity peep. You wear the finest duds and sip suds at the doodliest mid-dens. Your reputation for swank opens doors all over the place. You gain a +2 bonus to Persuasion rolls made to gain audience with leaders and other important peeps, get into exclusive restaurants, and interact with other posh snoots.

STRUMPLE

Requirements: Novice - Performing or Persuasion d6+

You have a whole host of skills we aren't going to discuss. You're also really good at seducing and distracting peeps, so you get a +2 bonus to Persuasion and Performing rolls made while things are getting (or are about to get) freaky. Peeps of any gender can be strumples.



TUBPUDDLER

Requirements: Novice - Boating d6+

Your seafaring lifestyle earns you a +2 to any Boating, Climbing, Knowledge, or Survival rolls made while on a boat. You're also familiar with various ports and coastal towns, earning you a +1 bonus to Streetwise rolls made in such places.

WAREMONGER

Requirements: Novice - Persuasion d6+

You're good at selling stuff, bartering, and trading. With a successful Persuasion roll you can nab goods with a 25% discount or sell them for 125% of their normal value (round up).

WISENHEIMER

Requirements: Novice - Investigation d6+, Knowledge (any) d8+, Smarts d6+

You're a pretty thinkular peep. Your lifetime of learning has bolstered your noodle to such heights that you may roll a d4 without penalty when making an unskilled roll for any Smarts based skill.

WORDWIGGLER

Requirements: Novice - Performing or Craft d6+

Storytelling's your bag, whether by art of tongue or quill. Peeps tend to do things for you if they think it will make them famous. As such, you get free and discounted jazz from various peeps, at the Boss's discretion, and you gain a +2 bonus to all Persuasion rolls.

WEIRD EDGES

Oith is a weird place and can interact with peeps in some pretty odd ways. Here are a few.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

Requirements: Novice

For unknown reasons animals are really stuck on you. Literally, they are actually stuck to your body. Once per day, by singing sweetly, making little whistling noises, or just sort of laying there, you can summon a swarm of assorted small critters who will climb all over you like a an oversized sweater. This effectively gives you a +2 Toughness bonus while they stick around (1d4 hours). Additionally, animals (anything with an (A) after its Smarts) must make a Spirit roll before they can bring themselves to harm you (unless you harm or threaten them first).

EVIL TWIN

Requirements: Novice - Wild Card, not evil, beardless

If you ever die (at least the first time you die, anyway), your corpse is instantly replaced by your evil twin from some alternate elsewhere. He's exactly like you in every way, he even has identical duds and jazz, except he's uninjured

and has a beard for some reason (even if you're a girl). Essentially, you instantaneously grow a beard and become evil instead of dying.

FISH BREATH

Requirements: Novice - Vigor d8+

I'm not sure how, but you somehow developed the ability to breath underwater just as easily as you can on land. You don't have gills, necessarily, but you can do it anyway. Maybe some gawds are involved somehow. Perhaps it's something you ate. Unfortunately, it makes your breath smell like dead fish, so you have a -1 Charisma penalty when talking to peeps close enough to smell you.

FREAK OCCURRENCE MAGNET

Requirements: Novice

It's very strange. Weird stuff just seems to happen to you all the time. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad. It's always inexplicable. Something peculiar occurs whenever you roll the same number on both your Wild Die and whatever other die you are rolling (except snake eyes; if rolling multiple dice they must all have the same result). When this happens, ignore the actual result, roll a d20 and consult the following chart, then reroll the original dice.

D20	FREAK OCCURRENCE
1-2	+1 bonus to your reroll
3-4	-1 penalty to your reroll
5-6	+1 bonus to opponent's next roll
7-8	-1 penalty to opponent's next roll
9-10	+2 bonus to your reroll
11-12	-2 penalty to your reroll
13-14	+2 bonus to opponent's next roll
15	-2 penalty to opponent's next roll
16	+3 bonus to your reroll
17	-3 penalty to your reroll
18	You are Shaken (or suffer a wound if already Shaken)
19	Your opponent is Shaken (or suffers a wound if already Shaken)
20	+1 bonus to all your rolls for the rest of the day



The Boss decides what the freak occurrence actually is (a bug gets in your eye, a passing oily boid takes a dump on your foe's head, lightning strikes nearby, etc...) but the chart result is applied regardless of whatever silly nonsense the Boss thinks up. If the chart result doesn't make sense, such as when it affects a nonexistent opponent, the Boss should just make up something fun and flavorful.

GOOD TWIN

Requirements: Novice - evil, bearded

This works just like Evil Twin but for good guys. Instead of dying your beard disappears and you cease your evil ways.

NUKULAR

Requirements: Novice

Due to prolonged exposure to something to which you probably should not have been exposed, you now glow in the dark. Enemies get a +2 bonus when attacking you in low light condi-

tions, but on the plus side you gain a +2 bonus to Contanimating rolls. You provide light in a 4" radius, which your peeps might find useful or annoying, depending on the situation.

LEGENDARY EDGES

CULT FOLLOWING

Requirements: Legendary - Spirit d10+, Performing d10

Word of your snazziness has reached the hearts and minds of the populace (at least part of it, anyway). A small cult has formed with you as its central figure. A group of 4d20 beings now hangs on your every word. They will do just about anything you ask. You're not a gawd yet, but you're almost there.

GAWDLINESS

Requirements: Legendary - Spirit d12, Cult Following

Your cult is now an actual religion. Up to 1000 peeps now think you are a gawd (1d10x10). They erect temples and idols in your image, recruit converts, persecute sinners, and otherwise spout the gospel of you (whatever you decide that is). A sect of holy rollers forms, devoted to your teachings.

The size of your flock increases or decreases over time as more peeps are drawn to (or away from) your ways. How this plays out might be the source of grand adventures to come, as decided by the Boss.

SUPREME BAD ASS

Requirements: Legendary - Fighting d12+, Shooting d12+, Throwing d12+

As a master of weaponry of all sorts you kick all kinds of buns. This edge gives you a further +1 bonus to all Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls.

TOTAL AWESOMENESS

Requirements: Legendary - Agility d12+, Smarts d12+, Spirit d12+, Strength d12+, Vigor d12+, Supreme Bad Ass

Epic achievement! You are the paragon of your species. I bow to you and acknowledge your supremacy. Congratulations. You won the game.



TIZN'T EDGES & HINDRANCES

As explained earlier, Tizn'ts begin play with 3 free points to spend on Tizn't Edges. They may collect more by selecting Hindrances as well, as long as it all balances out. Be creative, you can probably come up with a bunch of stuff I overlooked. Make sure to give your tizn't the necessary anatomical bits to justify your choices (gills, horns, wings, plumage, osteoderms, claws, stingers, tusks, etc...). A particular feature might cancel its own cost if you apply things inventively. For example, a turtle shell might count as a Tough Hide, which costs 2 points, but might also make the character Very Slow, which gives him 2 points. Feel free to adapt the previously described Hindrances and Edges to suit your tizn't's anatomy (clear it with the Boss first).

TIZN'T EDGES

ADAPTABLE (1): +4 to resist either heat or cold.

AMPHIBIOUS (2): Can effectively breathe under water, move at full Swimming Skill.

BIG (2): +1 Toughness.

BIGGER (3): +2 Toughness, -2 Parry vs. smaller creatures, +1 Reach.

ECHOLOCATION (1): Works like low light vision.

EXTREMELY POISONOUS (3): Creatures that bite you must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be Paralyzed for 2d6 rounds. If the Vigor roll is a natural 1, the creature dies.

KEEN EYES (1): +1 to Notice, Shooting, and Throwing.

KEENER EYES (2): +2 to Notice, Shooting, and Throwing.

LONG LIMBS (1): +1 Reach.

MULTIPLE LIMBS (2 PER LIMB): One extra non-movement action per round. No multi-action penalty.

POINTY BITS (1): Natural attack causes Str+d4 damage.

POINTIER BITS (2): Natural attack causes Str+d6 damage.

POISONOUS (1): Creatures that bite you must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken.

PREHENSILE TAIL (2): Tail acts as a limb and offers one extra non-movement action with no multi-action penalty).

PRETTY (1): +1 Charisma.

PRETTIER (2): +2 Charisma.

SENSITIVE NOSE (1): +2 to Notice and Tracking when smell is a factor.

TOUGH HIDE (2): +1 Toughness or +2 Armor (negated by AP weapons).

TOUGHER HIDE (3): +2 Toughness or +3 Armor (negated by AP weapons).

VERY ADAPTABLE (2): +4 to resist all environmental effects (heat, cold, etc...).

VERY POISONOUS (2): Creatures that bite you must make a Vigor roll or be Paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.

VENOMOUS (2): Opponents Shaken by your natural weapons must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.

WINGS (3): Flight monstrous ability at Pace.



TIZN'T HINDRANCES

DEHYDRATION (-2): Must immerse in water for an hour every day or become Fatigued each day until Incapacitated. Will croak the next day.

HIDEOUS (-1): -1 Charisma.

LARGE (-1): Smaller foes get +2 to hit.

MORE HIDEOUS (-2): -2 Charisma.

NO THUMBS (-2): Can only hold things using two hands.

SLOW (-1): Pace 4.

SMALL (-2): -1 Toughness.

THIN SKIN (-2): -1 Toughness or -2 Armor.

THINNER SKIN (-3): -2 Toughness or -3 Armor.

TINY (-1): -2 Toughness, +2 Parry.

UNADAPTABLE (-1): -4 to resist either heat or cold.

VERY SLOW (-2): Pace 3 (d4 running die).

VERY UNADAPTABLE (-2): -4 to resist all environmental effects (heat, cold, etc...).

WEAK (-2): One Attribute can never advance beyond a d6.

APPENDIX TWO AND A HALF: SPECIAL ABILITY SUMMARIES

Here, for the enrichment of all, is a big ass list of all the Edges and Hindrances introduced earlier in this book. Players may choose from these, as well as most of those described in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* core rulebook and other *Low Life* products, at the Boss's discretion.

HINDRANCES

- ARMLESS (MAJOR)[-5]:** -4 to actions requiring arms.
COLORBLIND (MINOR): Can't see color.
CYCLOPEAN (MINOR)[-3]: -1 to Notice, Throwing, Shooting.
ENSLAVED (MAJOR): Somebody's slave.
FUNNY LOOKING (MINOR): -1 Charisma.
HOARDOSAURUS (MINOR): Obsessive collector.
INNUMERATE (MAJOR): No concept of math or numbers.
JUNKIE (MINOR OR MAJOR): -1 to all rolls without daily fix.
MONTHLESS (DOOZIE): Can't speak or make intelligible sounds.
LEGLESS (MAJOR)[-10]: Pace halved, -4 to all rolls requiring Agility.
LIMBLESS (DOOZIE)[-20]: Pace 1, -8 to physical actions.
MISTAKEN IDENTITY (MINOR OR MAJOR): Often mistaken for someone bad.
SIGHTLESS (DOOZIE)[-20]: -6 to all physical tasks, -2 to social tasks.
SORT OF CLUELESS (MINOR): -1 to common knowledge.
STANKY (MINOR): -2 Charisma, -2 Stealth.

EDGES (Alphabetically Listed)

- ANIMAL MAGNETISM (N)[5]:** Conditional +2 Toughness, safe from animals.
ANOSMIC (N)[2]: No sense of smell. Immune to reeks.
ANTENNAE (N, CROACH OR TIZN'T)[2]: Halve penalties for impaired vision.
ARCANE BACKGROUND (N, VARIOUS)[10]: Zazz waggling.
ARTEEST (N, CRAFTING D6+): +2 Crafting, conditional +1 Charisma.
BEAST PUNCHER (N, SPIRIT D6+)[2]: +2 Riding, calm animals.
BIG ASS ASS (N, BODUL)[2]: +1" jumping, falling damage halved.
BIG ASS EYES (N, BODUL, CROACH, OOF, OR TIZN'T)[3]: +2 Notice.
BIG ASS FEET (N, BODUL OR TIZN'T)[2]: +1 kicking damage, +1" jumping.
BOOGIE KNIGHT (S, FIGHTING D8+, HORC)[3]: + Fighting vs. smelves, +2 Charisma with horcs.
BOORGLEZARIAN (S, SPIRIT D8+, AB HOLY ROLLER)[5]: +2 Holy Rolling.
BOOTY HUNTER (N, STREETWISE D6+, TRACKING D6+): +2 Tracking and Streetwise.
BRAIN DRAINER (S, SMARTS D8+, AB DEMENTALIST)[5]: +2 to opposed Dementalism rolls.
BURROWING (N, TIZN'T OR WERM)[5]: Half Pace through dirt.
BUTTKICKER (N, HORC)[5]: +1 Fighting, Shooting, Throwing with particular weapon.
CLAMMY (N): Begin with 1500 clams.
CLEVER (N, BODUL): +2 to one Knowledge skill.

HINDRANCES AND EDGES ARE LISTED THUSLY:

HINDRANCE (TYPE)[LOWDOWN UNIT COST]:

Summary

EDGE (REQUIREMENTS)[LOWDOWN UNIT COST]:

Summary

If an Edge or Hindrance does not have a LOWDOWN Unit Cost listed, that ability has no appreciable effect within the LOWDOWN game (see page 272).

COILED SPRING (N, WERM): d6 Strength or Agility.

COMPENSATING FOR SOMETHING (N)[2]: +2 Spirit, +1 Charisma when holding large weapon.

CONTANIMASTER (N, AB CONTANIMATOR): Influence containimants.

CONTANIMANIAC (V, VIGOR d10+, AB CONTANIMATOR)[5]: Share bennies with containimantonic minion, half PP when creating minions.

CORPSE JOCKEY (H, SPIRIT d10+, DANGED

WRANGLING d10+): Create permanent ...of the danged.

CRAFTSPEEP (N, CRAFTING d6+): Workspace and materials, +2 Crafting.

CRUNCHY SHELL (N, CROACH)[3]: +1 Armor.

CULT FOLLOWING (L, SPIRIT d10+, PERFORMING d10): 4d20 followers.

DRUDGE (S, SPIRIT d8+, AB DANGED WRANGLER): Bind servant ...of the danged.

ENHANCED SENSES (N, BODUL OR TIZN'T)[3]: +2 Notice.

EXTRA LIMBS: ARM (N, BODUL, OOF, OR TIZN'T)[10 EACH]: Extra physical action.

EXTRA LIMBS: LEG (N, BODUL, OOF, OR TIZN'T)[2 EACH]: Pace +2".

EVIL TWIN (N, WILD CARD, NOT EVIL, BEARLESS): Replaced by twin upon death.

FILTHILY CLAMMY (N, CLAMMY OR SNOOT): Start with 2500 clams.

FISH BREATH (N, VIGOR d8+): -1 Charisma, breathe water.

FREAK OCCURRENCE MAGNET (N)[10]: Strange stuff happens randomly.

GADABOUT (N, INVESTIGATION OR STREETWISE d6+): Free Knowledge (Languages) rank, +2 Survival, Conditional +2 Charisma.

GANGSTA (N, STREETWISE d8+)[10]: +2 to skills while committing a crime.

GAWDLINESS (L, SPIRIT d12+, CULT FOLLOWING): 1d10x10 followers.

GIGFINITY (S, GIGMASTER): Nab permanent giggity trait.

GIGMASTER (N, AB GIGGITY GIGGER)[5]: +2 Giggity Giggity, +2 Crafting traps.

GIG WIG (S, AB GIGGITY GIGGER): Transfer traits to fused giggity.

GLOWY FINGER OF LOVE (N, OOF)[20]: Heal 2 wounds per die of Spirit.

GOO FLINGING (N, PILE)[5]: Throw goo, blind foes.

GOOD TWIN (N, EVIL, BEARDED): Replaced by twin upon death.



GULLET OF STEEL (N, CROACH): Digest any non-poisonous organic matter.

GURGITATION (N, HORC): Store 2 yorts in gullet per die of Vigor.

HAM (N, PERFORMING d6+, PERSUASION d6+): Disguise.

HOINK (N, SPIRIT d6+, FIGHTING d6+, INVESTIGATION d6+): Officer of the law.

HOOMANITARIAN (S, SPIRIT d8+, AB HOLY ROLLING): +2 Holy Rolling.

JEEZLE FREAK (S, SPIRIT d8+, AB HOLY ROLLING)[5]: +2 Holy Rolling.

JEMIMAH'S WITNESS (S, SPIRIT d8+, AB HOLY ROLLING)[5]: +2 Holy Rolling.

LASHMASTER (N, SPIRIT d8+, FIGHTING d6+): Slaves and underlings +1 Skill rolls.

LEADER OF PEEPS (V, COMMAND)[20]: Allies roll d10 Wild Die.

LOOGEY HAWKER (S, SPIT)[2]: +2 Spitting, Spit as free action.

- MALLEABLE (N, PILE)[10]:** Shape flesh into jazz.
- MULTIDEXTROUS (N, AGILITY d8+, 3 OR MORE APPENDAGES)[10]:** Ignore off-hand penalties.
- MULTIPLE LIMBS (N, CROACH)[20]:** Four arms.
- NABMASTER (N, AGILITY d8+, CLIMBING d6+, LOCKPICKING d6+, STEALTH d6+):** Conditional +2 Climbing, Lockpicking, Stealth, Notice, Repair.
- NOSEBLOATING (N, VIGOR d8+, SMELF)[10]:** Limited vertical flight.
- NUKULAR (N)[6]:** +2 Contanimating, enemies attack at +2 in low light.
- OBSESSULON (N, OOF0):** Detect Hoomanrace relics, +2 Knowledge.
- ODDIVISION (N, OOF0)[5]:** Ignore darkness, fog, etc...
- OLDSTER (N, SMARTS d6+, KNOWLEDGE (HISTORY) d6+):** Conditional +2 Smarts and Knowledge.
- PALLESTHESIA (N, WERM)[5]:** Ignore darkness, fog, etc...
- PEED-ON (N)[2]:** +2 Stealth, apathetic foes.
- PIMP (N, INTIMIDATION d6+, PERSUASION d6+):** Strumples!
- PIMP SLAP (S, AGILITY d8+)[5]:** +2 Fighting against smaller foes.
- POWER POKER (S, SMARTS d10+, AB HOCUS POKER)[5]:** +2 Hocus Poking, reduced PP cost.
- PREHENSILE BODY (N, BODUL, TIZN'T, OR WERM)[10]:** +4 Climbing, limited +2 Agility, body acts as limb.
- PRICE-O-CORN (N, VIGOR d6+, BOATING d6+, CLIMBING d4+, INTIMIDATION d6+):** d8 Wild Die on boats, +2 Vigor against seasickness or drunkenness.
- PROUD HERITAGE (N, BODUL):** Begin with d6 Spirit.
- REALLY BIG GUY (N, NOT A SMELF)[-10]:** Start with d6 Strength, size Large.
- REALLY SMALL GUY (N)[6]:** Begin with d6 Agility, Strength never d8+, size Small.
- REEK REPOSITORY (S, AB SMELLCASTER):** Store reeks on person.
- REGENERATION (N, WERM)[20]:** Heal once a day, regrow limbs.
- RUBBERY (N, WERM)[10]:** Half damage from falls and blunt weapons.
- SAY, AREN'T YOU THAT ONE GUY? (N):** Mistaken for someone cool.
- SCHNOZ TO BE RECKONED WITH (N, SMELF)[5]:** +1 Toughness on head, +2 Notice and Tracking, +1 Shooting, Smellcasting, Throwing.
- SCRAPPER (N, FIGHTING d8+, PERFORMING d6+)[10]:** Conditional d8 Wild Die.
- SLIMY (N, HORC, OOF0, TIZN'T, OR WERM):** +4 Strength to escape grapple, +2 Agility to escape bonds.
- SMELLBENDER (V, SMELLEMENTALIST, SMELLCASTING d10+)[5]:** Quickly regain PP.
- SMELLEMENTALIST (N, AB SMELLCASTER, SMELLCASTING d8+)[2]:** Quickly regain ½ PP.
- SMOOVESTER (N, SMARTS d6+, SPIRIT d6+, PERSUASION d6+):** Conditional +2 Gambling, Intimidation, Persuasion.
- SNOOT (N, CLAMMY):** Conditional +2 Persuasion.
- SPIT (N, AGILITY d6+, BODUL OR HORC)[5]:** Get drop on enemy.
- SPONGY FLESH (N, CREMEFILLIAN) [5]:** Foul taste, +1 Toughness.
- STANISMIST (S, SPIRIT d8+, AB HOLY ROLLING)[5]:** +2 Holy Rolling.
- STARRY WISDOM(N, OOF0):** Begin with d6 Smarts.
- STICKY (N, HORC, PILE, TIZN'T, OR WERM):** Stuff sticks to you.
- STRUMPLE (N, PERFORMING OR PERSUASION d6+):** Conditional +2 Persuasion and Performing.
- SUPREME BAD ASS (L, FIGHTING d12+, SHOOTING d12+, THROWING d12+)[5]:** +1 Fighting, Shooting, Throwing.
- TENTACULAR (N, BODUL, OOF0, TIZN'T, OR WERM)[5]:** +2 Climbing and grappling, +4 to resist Disarm.
- TONGUE FU (N, BODUL):** Tongue counts as a limb.
- TOUGH ASS MoFo (N, HORC):** Begin with d6 Vigor.
- TOTAL AWESOMENESS (L, AGILITY d12+, SMARTS d12+, SPIRIT d12+, STRENGTH d12+, VIGOR d12+, SUPREME BAD ASS):** You win the game.
- TUBPUDDLER (N, BOATING d8+)[5]:** Conditional +1 Streetwise and +2 Boating, Climbing, Knowledge, Survival.



TWEENKING (N, CREMEFILLIAN)[2]: x3 weight carried, no penalty for two-handed weapon in one hand.

TWO-FACED (N, BODUL OR TIZN'T): Two faces.

WAREMONGER (N, PERSUASION d6+): Upsales and discounts.

WEIRDER (S, SMARTS d8+, AB WEIRDO)[5]: Create more weird devices.

WEIRDERER (V, SMARTS d10+, WEIRDER): Create even more weird devices.

WEIRDEST (H, CRAFTING d10+, WEIRDERER): Create permanent weird devices.

WISENHEIMER (N, INVESTIGATION d6+, KNOWLEDGE (ANY) d8+, SMARTS d8+): d4 in all Smarts skills.

WORDWIGGLER (N, PERFORMING OR CRAFT d6+): Discounts and conditional +2 Persuasion.

APPENDIX 03: ZAZZ & ZAZZ WAGGLERS

ARCANE CHARACTERS (ZAZZ WAGGLERS)

There are eight Arcane Backgrounds introduced in this book, although others may be presented in future *Low Life* products. Each one requires a peep to purchase the relevant Arcane Background Edge. They all use the same basic mechanics, as described in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook, although each has its own unique variations, processes, and options. In *Low Life*, magic and other eldritch working are sometimes referred to as zazz.

We've discussed each of these zazz waggles in great detail earlier in this book. They are, or will be, expanded even further in various volumes of *The Whole Hole* and elsewhere. Here's the gist as it pertains to the actual playing of the game.

ARCANE SKILLS

Practitioners of each Arcane Background utilize a particular skill to enact their zazz. This skill must be taken and advanced just like any other skill and has a linked attribute listed in parentheses next to its description in the previous appendix. We'll list them all again when we get to the gist of each Arcane Background a few paragraphs from now.

POWER POINTS

Power Points (PP) are the fuel that makes zazz work. They represent the amount of Fundamental energy a peep is able to channel into his arcane workings. Each Arcane Background starts with a certain number of Power Points, to which the results of a single die roll based on the listed skill is added. For example, a containimator with a d8 Vigor begins with 10+d8 Power Points. He rolls a d8 and gets a result of 5, so he has 15 PP. Peeps may nab more with the Power Points Edge, if they're thusly inclined.

Using a power utilizes a certain number of Power Points as listed in its description. Peeps

regain Power Points at the rate of 1 PP per hour, unless otherwise indicated in the description of the Arcane Background or power.

AVAILABLE POWERS

Each Arcane Background starts with the number of individual powers listed in its description. More can be nabbed with the New Power Edge. Depending on what type of zazz she waggles, a peep may choose from a different selection of powers. These are listed in each Arcane Background's description.

USING POWERS

In general, enacting a power (wagging zazz) requires the peep to, as an action, spend the required number of Power Points and make the relevant skill roll. If the skill roll fails, the zazz fizzles without effect (unless the peep rolls a 1 on his skill die, which has a special effect as described along with each Arcane Background). If it's successful, check out the power's description to see what happens.

If a power has varying effects dependant on how many Power Points are spent on them, the peep must declare how many PP are being spent before making the skill roll.

MULTIPLE TARGETS

A peep may choose to waggle some zazz designed for a single target at multiple targets instead. All targets must be within the range of the Power. He pays the PP cost for each target and rolls one skill die for each of the targets and a single Wild Die. A penalty equal to the number of targets -1 is applied to each die (including the Wild Die) for each target. For example, simultaneously zazzing four friends with healing would apply a -3 penalty to each die. Since each target has its own skill die it's possible for the zazz to work on some of them but not the others. The Wild Die may be applied to any one of them (but only one of them). Some powers already have rules for multiple targets included in their description. In such cases use those guidelines instead of the ones we just discussed.



CONTANIMATOR

SKILL: Contanimating (Vigor)

STARTING PP: 10+Vigor

STARTING POWERS: 3

THE GIST: Contanimators conjure, control, and manipulate containimants, the Fundamental spirits of filth, decay, disease, and feculence. They can summon containimants, bind them into constructs, enslave them, command them, and use their vulgar zazz to perform a variety of disgusting wonders.

SICKNESS: Whenever a contanimator rolls a 1 on his Contanimating die (regardless of his Wild Die) he is immediately Shaken by a fit of painful coughs and vomiting. If his Wild Die is also a 1,

the contanimator must make a Vigor roll or take one wound and a permanent -1 Charisma penalty, in addition to being Shaken. Cremefillians are immune to such sickness.

TRAPPINGS: Powers enacted by contanimators are uniformly vile. Mud, muck, feculence, and disease are the hallmarks of the trade. There's nothing pretty about what they do.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Barrier, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Conjure Contanimants, Damage Field, Darksight, Defile, Deflection, Dispel, Divination, Drain Power Points, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Slumber, Smite, Stun, Transmogrifize, Wall Walker



DANGED WRANGLER

SKILL: Danged Wrangling (Spirit)

STARTING PP: 10+Spirit

STARTING POWERS: 3

THE GIST: Danged Wranglers, sometimes called danglers, wrangle creatures ...of the Danged. They use their tenebrous influence to summon, create, and control such nonliving-but-not-quite-dead creatures. They can also manipulate the Fundamental forces that keep such peeps moving, brandishing various mumbo's of murky jumbo.

REVERSAL OF MISFORTUNE: If a dangler rolls a 1 on his Danged Wrangling die the zazz ends up being all happy and flowery and stuff. Its effect is

the opposite of that intended (summoned ...of the Danged attack him instead of obeying him, harmful zazz heals instead, a barrier of bones becomes a window of lollipops, etc...). If the Wild Die is also a 1, the Danged Wrangler is Shaken by the sudden change of plans.

TRAPPINGS: The trappings of a danged wrangler are totally goth. Their zazz usually has something to do with darkness, skulls, bones, blood, black eyeliner, or gloomy poetry.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Blind, Cadavergab, Corpse Command, Dang, Damage Field, Darksight, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Dispel, Divination, Drain Power Points, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Slumber, Smite, Summon Ally



DEMENTALIST

SKILL: Dementalism (Smarts)

STARTING PP: 10+Smarts

STARTING POWERS: 3

THE GIST: Dementalists waggle their zazs just by thinking about it. They don't need any special incantations, artifices, or creatures from elsewhere. It's all in their mind.

BRAIN FART: A dementalist who rolls a 1 on his Dementalism die (regardless of his Wild Die) is instantly Shaken as mental flatulence sends him into a paroxysm of distracted giggling. If his Wild Die is also 1 any adjacent allies must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken as well.

TRAPPINGS: A lot of dementalism, since it takes place in the noggin, is invisible. Other stuff manifests according the oof's self image (Light made of glowing brains, Confusion in the form of irresistible long division, a Burst of tiny planets, etc...).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Boggle, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burst, Confusion, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Environmental Protection, Farsight, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Mind Reading, New Perspective, Probe, Pummel, Puppet, Quickness, Rapport, Slumber, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Telekinesis, Teleport, Warrior's Gift



GIGGITY GIGGER

SKILL: Giggity Giggling (Agility + Charisma)

STARTING PP: 12+Charisma

STARTING POWERS: 3 (Special)

THE GIST: Giggity giggers are peeps who've hipped themselves to the arcane methods used to extract various purloined traits from mysterious and enigmatic creatures known as giggities. Giggers are able to summon giggities, bind them into servitude, and transfer various characteristics from giggities to themselves (and possibly others).

BLOOPER: If a giggity gigger rolls a 1 on his Giggity Giggling roll he did something inappropriate, offending the giggity and causing it to shun him.

Any further attempts to gig that giggity have a -4 penalty. If his Wild Die is also a 1 the giggity is so offended that it spontaneously explodes, inflicting 2d6 damage in a small burst template.

TRAPPINGS: Giggity giggers gig giggities using numerous complex techniques and rituals, usually involving an assortment of exploratory rummagings, probing tickles, sensual massage, interpretive dance, and other rather intimate hijinks. In the case that a Power is nabbed from a giggity, the trappings are those of the original zazz waggler from whom the giggity yonked the power in the first place.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Crony, Gather Giggities, Gig, The Hookup





HOCUS POKER

SKILL: Hocus Poking (Smarts)

STARTING PP: 10+Smarts

STARTING POWERS: 3

THE GIST: Hocus pokers are the quintessential wagglers of zaz. Their wonders are enacted by the manipulation of hoci, the Fundamental spirits of magic, so there's not much they can't do. Of course, poking a hocus is no easy task, usually involving an assortment of incantations, rude hand gestures, and expendable materials. If a hocus poker's hands or mouth are impeded he suffers a -2 penalty to all Hocus Poking rolls (-4 if hands and mouth are both impeded).

FIZZLE: If a Hocus Poker rolls a 1 on his Hocus Poking die he goes up and the spell fizzles, causing him to be Shaken in the process. If his Wild Die is also a 1 he temporarily forgets the power he was using and can't use it again for 1d4 hours.

TRAPPINGS: Hocus Poking is a purely individual art. Zazz can take on just about any form, at the behest of the poker. Many hocus pokers, however, choose to specialize in a particular flavor of zaz, often giving themselves a clever moniker to go along with it. For example, X'Rizz'Krubb the Mycomancer flashes fungal trappings when he pokes and Incendiary Belch is all about the fire.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise,

Dispel, Drain Power Points, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Fly, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Teleport, Wall Walker, Warrior's Gift



HOLY ROLLER

SKILL: Holy Rolling (Spirit)

STARTING PP: 10+Spirit

STARTING POWERS: 3

THE GIST: Holy rollers are gifted with zazz by the gawds or other Fundamental forces they worship. Even religions without a central gawd (such as Jemimah's Witnessism) still nab power. Some gawd somewhere must be interested, delivering miracles on the sly, or the rollers wouldn't have zazz to waggle. *The Whole Hole -A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith- Volume 02: Holy Crap* is literally bursting with more information about holy

rollers and holy rolling, including exciting new rules about sins, sacrifices, solids, and snubs. You should totally buy twelve copies.

SHUNNED: If a holy roller rolls a 1 on his Holy Rolling die he has somehow offended his gawd and receives a cumulative -1 penalty to all Holy Rolling rolls for the rest of the day. If he also rolls a 1 on his Wild Die he can't use Holy Rolling at all for the rest of the day.

TRAPPINGS: The trappings of holy rolling are primarily dependant on the religion of the holy roller. They usually involve some sort of blessing or prayer, often accompanied by various paraphernalia of the faith. Jeezle Freaks are fond of hip thrusts and lightning, for some reason. Stanisnists dig lewdness and noise.

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

SMELLCASTER

SKILL: Smellcasting (Smarts)

STARTING PP: 12+Smarts

STARTING POWERS: 4

THE GIST: Smellements, as the primordial embodiments of stench and aroma, are capable of some snazzy zazz if properly amalgamated. Smellicasters are hip to the recipes. They conjure such volatile essences and store them for later use, in the form of *reeks*.

REEKS: Reeks are usually contained within air-tight bottles or flasks. They can be released

and inhaled by anybody with a sense of smell. This versatility makes them quite useful. Reeks can either be directly inhaled by the holder or smashed upon the ground to release their contents in the area of a small burst template (affecting everyone within the area). Unless the power contained within them has a duration, reeks dissipate pretty much instantaneously after being released.

Although it takes only 2d4 rounds to coalesce and bottle a reek, it must steep for at least one hour per Power Rank before achieving full potency (a Novice power takes one hour, a Veteran power takes three, etc...). Power Points are paid and a Smellcasting roll is made at the time of bottling. Failure indicates the reek failed to coalesce, but the smellcaster may try again as long as he has Power Points to spend. Power Points spent on reeks are not regained until the reek is released (unless the peep has the Smellementsalist or Smellbender Edges), although they return immediately once that happens. Power Points spent on failed reeks are regained at the usual rate (1 per hour).

A reek's effect is identical to that of the power imbued into it, including any bonus effects or extended durations for raises or extra Power Points spent at the time of coalescence. Bottled reeks can be given or sold to others, who may use them normally. A smellcaster may make a maximum number of reeks per day equal to his Smarts die (d8 Smarts = maximum of eight reeks per day).

SNUFF: If a smellcaster rolls a 1 on his Smellcasting die he has upset the smellementsals. They gift him with a peculiar smell for the rest of the day. It could be a good smell, like freshly baked muffins, or a bad smell, like freshly digested muffins, but whatever it is, it's strong and persistent. If the Wild Die is also a 1 the smellementsals rob the smellcaster of his sense of smell for the rest of the day, giving him a -4 to all Smellcasting rolls.

TRAPPINGS: Reeks usually manifest as variously colored gasses and vapors, sometimes taking on vaguely bestial forms. Each reek has a particular



aroma, which tends to match the imbued power in some way (a scorching Blast may be incandescently orange and smell like burnt hair, for example). Nab yourself eight copies of *The Whole Hole -A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith- Volume 01: Keister Island* for a wealth of information about smellcasters, smellementsals, smellementsals, whiffs, and other fascinating jazz.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Dispel, Divination, Drain Power Points, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Farsight, Fear, Fly, 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, Wall Walker, Warrior's Gift

WEIRDO

SKILL: Weirding (Smarts)

STARTING PP: 10+Crafting Skill

STARTING POWERS: 4

THE GIST: As inventors and artificers of the arcane, weirdos craft and employ devices and apparatuses imbued with eldritch zazz.

WEIRD DEVICES: A weirdo can create one specific weird device for each power in his repertoire, although the Weirder and Weirderer Edges can increase this. Each device has Power Points equal to those of the Weirdo at the time it is created. A weird device spends and regains Power Points just as a peep would (1 per hour), including costs for maintaining powers, although a weirdo doesn't suffer any maintenance penalties himself.

Creating a weird device requires at least one hour per Power Rank of the zazz being imbued, plus however long it takes to craft the item in the first place. If a weirdo enacts his weirdness on an object created by somebody else he suffers a -1 penalty to his Weirding roll. In any case, a penalty or bonus is applied to his Weirding roll based on the quality of the item in question:

QUALITY	MODIFIER
Crappy	-2
Decent	-1
Good	0
Snazzy	+1
Pimpin'	+2

A modified Weirding roll is made after the zazz wagging is over (1 hour per Power Rank). Success means the device works as intended. If the roll fails, the enchantment fizzles and he must start all over again. If he gets a raise, however, the device has double the intended number of Power Points and somebody feels inclined to buy him a mug of suds to celebrate.

A Weirdo may use more than one power in a single device. The PP cost for activation is equal to the PP cost of all the powers together.

A weird device is activated using the weirdo's Weirding skill at the time of creation, regardless of who is actually wielding it. Sometimes it makes more sense to use a different skill, such as Fighting or Shooting, in which case use the wielder's relevant skill die to activate the power.

In order for a weirdo to create a new device he must either purchase another power (or the same power again) or nab the Weirder Edge. However, if a device is destroyed or spends a significant amount of time (as determined by the Boss) a considerable distance from the weirdo he may attempt to recreate it. In semi-related news, weirdos may not have the Soul Drain Edge.

SHODDY: If the Weirding roll used to create a weird device is a 1, the materials used to create it are destroyed and must be rebuilt from scratch. If the Wild Die is also a 1, the device explodes in a medium burst template, inflicting 2d6 damage to everyone in the area.

If a roll made to activate a device is a 1, the device malfunctions in some way. Roll a d4 and consult the following table to determine how:

D4 MALFUNCTION

- Catastrophe:** The device explodes, randomly mutating the wielder (see Appendix 08 on page 233).
- Defect:** The device stops working, although the weirdo can fix it with 2d6 hours of work and a Repair roll.
- Flub:** The device stops working but can be repaired as an action with a Repair roll at -2.
- Glitch:** The device activates, but the effect is the exact opposite of its intent (powers that cause damage heal instead, Invisibility glows brightly, a Barrier opens a door, etc...).

TRAPPINGS: Weird devices can be very different from each other. They don't have to directly duplicate the power used to create them, as long



as they're close. The Boss has the final say, but weirdos are creative peeps, so keep that in mind. Weird devices are usually listed with a number of statistics in parentheses after the name.

ACTIVATE: This is the die used to activate the device. It is usually the Weirding skill of the weirdo at the time of creation.

CHARGE: This is the number of Power Points the device has when fully charged.

PP: This is the PP cost to activate the device's zazz. It's usually the same as the power infused within.

RANGE: This is the distance to which the device's zazz can reach.

DURATION: This is how long the zazz sticks around, sometimes followed by its maintenance cost (in parentheses).

The power(s) used in the device's creation is (are) listed in *italics*.

Here are a few examples:

BLOOMING BLOOMERS (Activate: d10, Charge: 12, PP: 5, Range: Worn, Duration: 3 (1/round), *Telekinesis*): These underpants automatically inflate if their wearer falls a distance greater than his own height, slowing his descent enough to allow him to land unharmed. 500 clams.

CIRCUMSPECTACLES (Activate: d8, Charge: 12, PP: 3, Range: Worn, Duration: 3 (1/round), *Farsight*): This enchanted monocle allows the wearer, upon activation, to see in every direction at once. He gains a +2 bonus to Notice rolls and cannot be flanked. 300 clams.

OILY NAD'S RECTIFICATORY DELINEATOR (Activate: Shooting, Charge: 16, PP: 4, Range: 12/24/48, Duration: Instant, *Bolt, Light*): This eldritch crayon squirts a stream of boiling, luminous wax at an opponent, inflicting 3d6 damage and causing the target to glow for 30

minutes. Peeps receive a +2 bonus when attacking a glowing target in dim or dark lighting conditions. 400 clams.

SCARE CROACH: (Activate: d10, Charge: 12, PP: 2, Range: Smarts, Duration: 3 (2/round), *Growth*): A scare croach is a small replica of an actual croach. It is mildly enchanted by a weirdo and is especially useful as a decoy. When the item is placed on the ground, and a command word is uttered, it will enlarge itself and draw the attention of enemies and pursuing monsters. Any aggressive creature with animal intelligence faced with a scare croach must make a successful Smarts roll or confuse the scare croach for the real thing, attacking it instead. 200 clams.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Dispel, Divination, Drain Power Points, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Farsight, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Puppet, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Teleport, Wall Walker, Warrior's Gift

NEW POWERS

BOGGLE

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 3
RANGE: Smarts
DURATION: instant

With this power a dementalist is able to plant seeds of confusion within the minds of others, making them believe things that aren't true, no matter how ridiculous. For each use of the Power a dementalist may tell one big fat lie and the power's target will believe it without question, assuming he's smart enough to under-



stand what the dementalist is saying. A Test of Wills, using the dementalist's Dementalism skill against the target's Smarts, is allowed only if the lie would force the affected peep to cause direct harm to himself or his allies.

A boggled peep will believe the lie for one hour, after which time he may make a Smarts roll every hour to recognize it for what it is. Believing a lie does not necessarily force a peep into any particular course of action. A few sample lies: "You owe me 500 clams," "You can easily survive a fall from this height," "Your boss sent me," "That guy said something about your mama," and "No, I assure you I don't have any communicable diseases."

CADAVER GAB

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 3
RANGE: Spirit
DURATION: 1 minute (1/minute)

This power allows a danged wrangler to communicate with the dead. He may speak to any single corpse or ...of the Danged within range, compelling it to answer him as truthfully as possible (regardless of the language it spoke in life). Such peeps tend to speak very slowly, so 1 minute is about as long as it takes to get a single

question answered (formalities, such as "Hello, how are you?" don't count). Corpses can only answer questions they knew the answers to when they were alive or since they've been members ...of the Danged.



The intentions and motives of creatures spoken to with this power are unaffected. That thing from the grave might be trying to kill you as it conversates, but that's how danged wranglers roll. Also, while it doesn't actually animate dead corpses, it does give them enough zazz to at least get a few words out (even if they have no mouths).

CONJURE CONTANIMANTS

RANK: Novice (Special)

POWER POINTS: Special

RANGE: Vigor

DURATION: 1 day (1/day)

A contanimator uses this power to summon forth contanimants, the Fundamental embodiments of yuck, muck, and ickiness. Contanimants arise from the nearest deposit of grunge,

mud, or filth (which on Oith could be just about anywhere) and do the contanimator's bidding for the duration of the power, after which time they are reabsorbed into the feculence. If the contanimator does not speak the foul gutter-mouth language of contanimants, he must make a Smarts roll in order to properly convey his wishes to the summoned contanimants. Failure means they do whatever they want (which usually involves obscene violations of the contanimator's person).

Various types of contanimant are described in Appendix 06. The contanimants summonable by this power are determined by the contanimator's Rank, as explained by the following low-down:

RANK	COST	CONTANIMANT
Novice	1	Wuss or Feck
Seasoned	2	Dross or Sfind
Veteran	3	Mensch or Kanker
Heroic	4	Bruiser or Wanker
Legendary	5	Bad Ass or Raunch



The containimator may choose to summon containimants weaker than his Rank allows, or summon multiple containimants simultaneously (so, for 5 PP a Legendary containimator could either summon one bad ass or a mensch and a dross or five wusses or any combination thereof that adds up to 5). He must choose the type(s) of containimants he is summoning before invoking the power.

Each raise on the Contanimating roll summons twice as many containimants as intended. If the Contanimating die and the Wild Die show the same number (other than 1), the containimants stick around permanently, although they are under no compulsion to do the bidding of the containimator once the spell's duration has expired. If the Contanimating roll is a 1 the summoned containimants are pissed off and will attack the containimator (who is still sickened and Shaken as usual), although the Contanimaster Edge might help him regain control.

CORPSE COMMAND

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: 3

RANGE: Spirit

DURATION: 3 (1/round)

A danged wrangler waggling this zazz can compel ...of the Danged to do his bidding. An opposed roll is made using his Danged Wrangling skill versus the target's Spirit. If the roll is successful and higher than that of the target, he is in control. The creature is his to toy with and will do anything within its power to obey his commands.

If the danged wrangler gets a raise on the opposed roll (and still wins), the duration is measured in days instead of rounds. Wild Cards of the danged add +4 to their Spirit rolls when resisting this power.

CRONY

RANK: Seasoned

POWER POINTS: 3

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: 1 hour (1/hour)

A giggity giggiter may use this power to send a giggity out on a mission (usually to nab a particular trait or bit of knowledge from somebody). The giggity will follow a single command to the best of its abilities, although that order can be simple ("I want spines like a brickle") or complex ("Sneak into the Chopping Block, nab Doorq Snozzleweiner's secret chili recipe, and bring it back to me"). The giggity's chances of success are dependent on way too many factors to iterate succinctly, so let's just leave them up to the Boss to decide.

Once a giggity returns, the giggity giggiter must use the gig power to retrieve whatever trait was nabbed during the excursion (subject to the normal rules of that power).





DANG

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: 3/corpse

RANGE: Spirit

DURATION: Special

Danged wranglers use this power to create servants ...of the Danged from deceased corpses. The thusly created ...of the Danged aren't very bright, but they'll follow the danged wrangler's simple orders, fighting to the death (or whatever) if need be.

The ...of the Danged remain animated for about an hour. If the danged wrangler gets a raise on his Danged Wrangling roll, they'll stick around for 2d4 hours. If she gets two raises they'll last an entire day. They're permanent (until destroyed) if the Wild Die and Danged Wrangling Die succeed and are the same number.

A danged wrangler can raise one shambling carcass for every three PP spent, provided the requisite corpses are handy. The actual attributes of the ...of the Danged are those of the Lowest Forms of Unlife, as described on page 206 of this book.





DEFILE

RANK: Novice (Special)

POWER POINTS: Special

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: Permanent

This power allows a contanimator to create contanimatronic minions, breathing a semblance of life into a constructed shell of trash and filth, infusing it with contanimatorial essence, and binding it to his will. The process is a lengthy one, fraught with potential danger and possibly cataclysmic failure. Many contanimators are driven insane by the twisted energies and Fundamental forces involved in this disgusting and oft-forbidden act. Here's the gist, but remember, once you read it it can't be unread.

First, the contanimator must create a suitable body for her minion, usually a rusted husk of rot, smut, and debris. This chassis can be made from just about any type of trash or refuse, but the filthier the better. Biological and nukular materials are particularly potent. This

process takes at least one day for every 2 Power Points used in the creation of the minion and must be performed by the contanimator herself, although a successful Crafting roll halves this time (a raise adds 2 Attribute points to the resultant minion).

Once an appropriate form is crafted, the contanimator is ready to impregnate her creation with contanimatronic energies. She makes a Contanimating roll. If it's successful, the minion is brought to life, infused with contanimants and forever at her command. Each raise on the Contanimating roll gives the minion one extra Skill point. Half of the Power Points spent in the creation of a minion are regained normally, the other half are only regained if the minion is destroyed.

Contanimatronic minions are among the most versatile and potentially powerful arcanelly animated servants on Oith. Sure, weaker contanimators can't make really powerful minions, but once they get their poop together (literally) they have the potential to create some devastating rump kickers. The relative might of a contanimatronic minion is a function of the creator's Rank as illustrated by this:

RANK	PP	ATTRIBUTE POINTS	SKILL POINTS	EDGES OR ABILITIES
Novice	4	3	8	1
Seasoned	6	5	10	2
Veteran	8	8	12	4
Heroic	10	12	15	6
Legendary	12	17	20	8

So a Novice contanimator could spend 4 Power Points to create a minion with three points with which to raise its attributes (all attributes start at d4), eight points to spend on Skills, and one Edge or Monstrous Ability. Pretty simple, yes?

There's a catch, though. See, a contanimator can't imbue a minion with an attribute, Skill, Edge, or Monstrous Ability she herself does not possess unless bodily filth from somebody (or some critter) who did have that aspect of character was used in the creation of the minion. The

filth could be anything, from excrement to decaying organs, but if it's not there the minion is out of luck. For example, a contanimator with a d8 Smarts wants to give her minion a d10 Smarts. In order to do so she must obtain some fritter of bodily dross from a peep smarter than she is. If she wants her minion's awesome claws of jagged rust to function properly she better slap on some goop from somebody who knew how to fight, and if she wants it to Spit like a horc she might want to squirt the contraption with effluence from a horc with that Edge. Edge requirements still apply (If a contanimator splashed the rotting guts of somebody with the Supreme Bad Ass Edge into her creation, for example, it wouldn't gain the benefits until its Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing all reached d12+).

Added features, such as built in weapons and armor do not increase the Power Point cost, they just add clams to the material cost (determined by the Boss). All contanimatronic minions have the Construct Monstrous Ability for free. A contanimator may install Hindrances into her creation in order to gain more points for attributes, Skills, and Edges, just as if she was creating a character. Contanimatronic minions

are extras, but they can be made Wild Cards for double the Power Point cost.

Here's a sample minion for your edification:

JOSTLED RIGGINGS

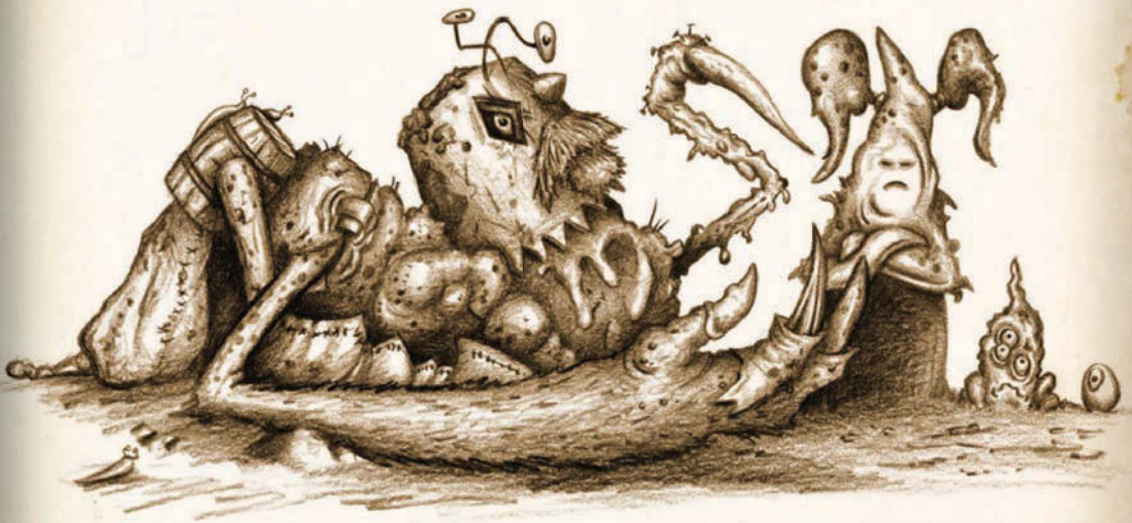
Minion of Madamess Main't

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Shooting d8, Climbing d6

Edges: Block, Construct, Natural Weapon

Jostled is a crapulent mess of rusted metal and unidentifiable muck. His head is a dented bucket with googly eyes and a douchey goatee, his right arm a hulking monstrosity of fur, filth, and 'fro (Natural Weapon: Str +3). The rotting barrels that make up his knees offer a modicum of protection (Block Edge). Madamess added the following ingredients to the mix: the shaving scum of Rumples the Uncouth (a scrapper with Strength d10 and the Block Edge), brocodile dung (to get the Natural Weapon), navel fuzz from Cullio the Yoink (Climbing Skill), and some stuff expelled from the schnoz of Peculiar Beans (a smelf with Shooting d8).



EVICION

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: 2 (Special)

RANGE: Spirit

DURATION: Instant

Eviction allows a danged wrangler or holy roller to repulse various creatures ...of the Danged. Targeted ...of the Danged within range are forced to make a Spirit roll. If they fail, they are compelled to move away from the caster for 2d4 rounds. If they can't move away, due to obstructions or impediments, they are Shaken instead. If the Spirit roll is a 1, the ...of the Danged is destroyed (unless it's a Wild Card, in which case it suffers one Wound instead).

The caster may choose to spend more Power Points in order to increase the potency of the power. For every 2 additional PP (beyond the initial 2) the ...of the Danged have a -1 penalty to the Spirit roll.



GATHER GIGGITIES

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: 2

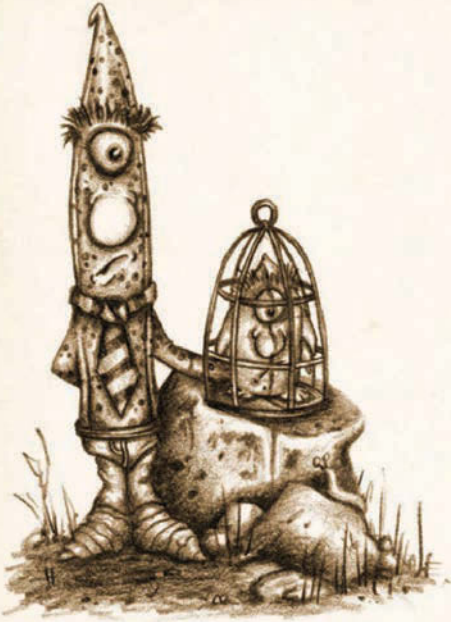
RANGE: 1 mile radius

DURATION: 1 day

This one's pretty straightforward. By blasting this zazz a giggity gigger sends out a call to all giggities within range. The call is inaudible to anyone who's not a giggity, but giggities really dig it. Any giggities within range are compelled to travel to the spot of the zazz wagging to check it out. The number of giggities thusly beckoned, and the amount of time it takes for them to arrive, are up to the Boss, but typically 2d4-2 giggities can be expected to answer the call within an hour or so. Giggities under the thrall of another giggity gigger or otherwise impeded probably won't bother to show up.

Once the giggities arrive they are under no compulsion to obey the giggity gigger or do anything in particular, nor can they be expected to do anything they couldn't normally do in order to get there.





GIG

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 3
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Instant

This is sort of what being a giggity gigger is all about. Normally, a giggity nabs traits from a peep, but with this power the opposite happens. A giggity gigger simply touches a giggity while waggling this zaz, usually after catching it in a net or a trap of some sort. Instead of the giggity copying a random aspect of the giggity gigger, the giggity gigger yunks one from the giggity. The trait disappears from the giggity and appears on (or in, or whatever) the giggity gigger. That's it. Simple, yet hideously complex.

Usually, a random trait is garnered, but if the giggity gigger has a particular one in mind (perhaps some knowledge the giggity nabbed or a particular physical attribute) he may make a Smarts roll. If it succeeds he has nabbed the requested aspect. If he fails, he nabs a random one as usual. If the Gig roll or Wild Die are Aces the trait becomes a permanent part of the giggity gigger, rather than dissipating after 1d4 hours as

it otherwise would. If snake eyes are rolled no traits are collected and the giggity explodes, inflicting 2d6 damage in a medium burst template.

Consult Appendix 07 for a huge list of yonkable traits.

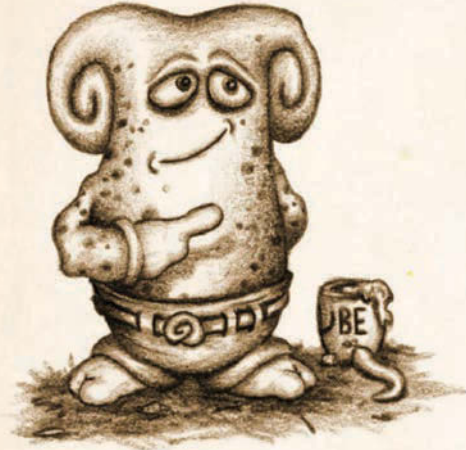
NEW PERSPECTIVE

RANK: Seasoned
POWER POINTS: 3
RANGE: Smarts
DURATION: 1 hour

A dementalist can use this power to hijack the senses of another creature. The affected creature is unaware of the dementalist's presence in his noggin, but the dementalist can see through its eyes, hear through its ears, taste with its tongue, smell through its schnoz, and feel with its skin (or whatever). The dementalist has no control over what the subject does, he's just along for the ride.

While a subject is waggled by this zaz, the dementalist can switch back and forth between his own senses and those of the subject. Of course, when he's using the other guy's perceptions he is basically oblivious to his own surroundings and can't move around or perform any other action.





PROBE

RANK: Veteran
POWER POINTS: 5
RANGE: Touch

Sometimes a dementalist wants to really dig in and nab something buried deeply in a subject's noodle. While the Mind Reading power (described in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook) allows a dementalist to pluck an unburied answer, Probe is much more invasive. Anything the subject has ever witnessed, heard, learned, or known, since the time of its birth can be perused, even stuff the subject has forgotten. The dementalist forces the peep to mentally relive an experience, observing it through the subject's own eyes (or ears or whatever). If the subject is unwilling to accept the Probe, a Test of Wills using the dementalist's Dementalism roll against the opponent's Smarts is initiated, to which the dementalist receives a +2 bonus if the target is restrained and actually probed physically (the deeper the better). If it's successful, the dementalist gains the answer to one significant question from the subject's past. Each raise answers another question.

A probed target knows he's been probed, which can make things a bit awkward. A dementalist must concentrate and remain in contact with the subject for 2d4 rounds in order to waggle this zazz.

RAPPORT

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 2
RANGE: Smarts

A dementalist using this power is able to determine the general mood, motives, and desires of a subject. Waitresses at the Grey Matter Boozaterium often waggle this zazz to figure out what their customers want to eat and drink before they even order. Against unwilling targets a Test of Wills is initiated, using the dementalist's Dementalism Skill versus the target's Smarts. Success means the dementalist gleans the gist of the target's surface emotions, cravings, and general proclivities. Failure means he doesn't. No Test of Wills is needed if the opponent is either unaware of, or indifferent to, the dementalist's scrutiny.

This power does not reveal deeply held secrets and can't be used to answer specific questions. It could, for example, let the dementalist know that bodul over there is in the mood for some Chopping Block chili and a warm mug of bluefoam brew, enjoys gambling on fights at the Scrappin' Hole, and prefers the services of Luscious Laplicker to those of Amanuensis the Sep-tapod (he also has to pee and he just farted but he doesn't think anybody noticed).



THE HOOKUP

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 1
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Instant

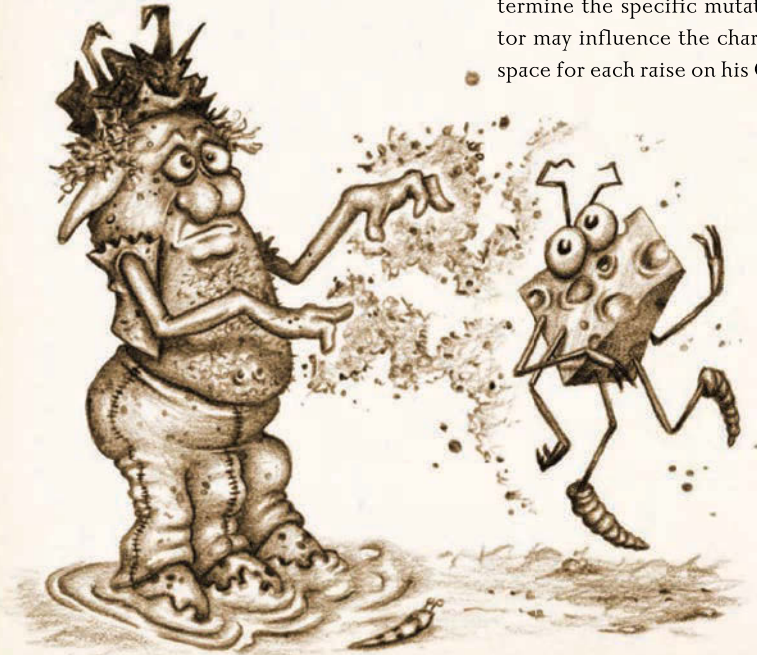
This zazz, when used in conjunction with the gig power, allows a giggity gigger to transfer traits from a giggity to another peep (or from another peep to a giggity). It's pretty sweet, really. The giggity gigger just touches the giggity and the target at the same time, activates the Gig power and then activates The Hookup. Doing so counts as two actions and each power requires its own Giggity Giggling roll. Any traits nabbed from the giggity are given to the other peep instead of the giggity gigger. If the Giggity Giggling roll for The Hookup is a raise, both the target and the gigger nab the trait.



TRANSMOGRIFIZE

RANK: Veteran
POWER POINTS: 2
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Instant

A victim blasted with this zazz must make a Vigor roll or be mutated in a randomly bizarre and/or interesting way. The change is permanent, although a further application of this power could potentially reverse it (or make it worse). Consult Appendix 08 (page 233) to determine the specific mutation. The containimator may influence the chart (and subchart) one space for each raise on his Contanimating roll.



Gruff Chuffler, a hocus poker from Scab, accidentally transmogrified his own foot into a tongue while at the same time zazzing his tongue into a foot. Now he walks with a limp and speaks with a pronounced limp.

APPENDIX 04: GOODS & GEAR
STUFF AND JAZZ AND THINGS

THE CRAPWAGON
OF GORBO THE GLAND

The enormous and eclectic crapwagon of peddlemeister Gorbo the Gland is typical of its breed. Such wandering caravans, overflowing with all kinds of interesting stuff, are a common sight along the more heavily traveled roads and slog trails of the civilized world. Traders like Gorbo travel from town to town, swapping, bartering, and acquiring new stuff with which to swap and barter.

Gorbo's crapwagon overflows with an abundance of strange and exotic things that he's collected over the years. Many have obvious utility, such as the rusty spearheads he salvaged from the Battle of Orrsbutt Crevice and the glass jar filled with tiny, wound-cleansing, pusbuncher grubs. Others have a more puzzling design, like the dangling majig and the mysterious squarish thingee, a cryptic relic of the Hoomanrace (and Gorbo's most prized possession). The point is, all sorts of crazy junk is out there, and everything has a purpose. It falls upon the resourceful and the clever to make proper use of it all.

Of course, crapwagons aren't Oith's only centers of commerce and trade. Burgs and boroughs across the glob are literally infested with mongerstalls, shops, stores, and markets. Just about anything can be greased if a peep has the clams to nab it and the scoop to find it.

QUALITY & COST

Most of the prices listed are for items of decent quality. Fancy embellishments, rare or unusually durable materials, and expert crafts-peepship increase prices accordingly. Crappy materials and poor quality decrease them. The Boss is the boss, but in general prices for crappy items are halved, while those for good quality are doubled.

MATERIALS

Here are some materials and conditions that affect the cost, quality, and attributes of various items.

CONTANIMATRONIC DEVICES

Contanimators, by virtue (or vice) of the defile power, can imbue all sorts of filthy, nasty jazz with a semblance of life. Not every contanimatronic minion is a hulking bodyguard or shumbering butler. Some are just chairs that walk or knives that chop your veggies while you take a nap. In general, although the final decision is always at the discretion of the Boss, contanimating a device adds at least 100 clams to the cost for each PP invested in its creation.

HOOMANRACIUM

This rare and mysterious substance is a rumored vestige of the ancient Hoomanrace (as the name implies). It's sometimes found in the shape of oddly interlocking blocks or molded into containers and other artifacts. Often brightly colored and strangely durable, hoomanracium is valued not simply for its function but for its historical significance as well. It's also extremely clammy. The least significant relic (a broken jug, for example) might fetch a hundred clams or more while something with some use (an unbroken jug, for example) might be worth ten times that amount. The grounds in Floom's Other Side of the Fence are carpeted in a turf of hoomanracium grass that's probably worth more clams than some burgs produce in a decade.

Some peeps have bumped their noggins on a way to melt hoomanracium and reshape it into more useful jazz. These secrets are closely guarded and the peeps with the knowledge nab more clams than Greasegizzrd Big-Gulp at an All-You-Can-Shovel Seafood Buffet.

MOLTINGS

The exoskeletons of croaches and other chitinous beings can be engraved and bedazzled to decorate all sorts of junk. Some creatures with particularly durable shells are useful to crafters of armor and suchlike.



Cremefillians can carry a lot of jazz, as demonstrated by this noble fellow whose arm was bitten off by a broccodile in a bizarre oh-crap-I-forgot-to-draw-my-left-arm incident.

MONSTER HAIR

Harvested by the denizens of Doop and the various villages of the Follicular Maze, these are the bristly locks of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. Enormous logs of the stuff are felled using various saws, hooks, and scissors. Many are then loaded onto huge slog-drawn sledges and taken to the port city of Scurf where they are plopped onto tubs and sent to assorted elsewhere to be used for various construction implementations. Because of the stuff's strong and flexible nature, structures made of monster hair have 2 more points of Toughness than those made of wood or similar materials.

MOONULAR CHEESE

Certain cheeses mined in the Moonular Cheese Fields are valued by stonemashers, arteests, and other sculptural peeps. Many varieties exist, each with a unique consistency, durability, and stench. Some are delicious, others unpalatable. Regardless, jazz made from cheese is more of a novelty than a functional alternative to traditional media, but when it's ensorcelled by a weirdo some pretty snazzy jazz can be combobulated.

MUCOSITE

This extremely clammy mineral is mined by the Danged in the Quarry of the Danged deep within the Monstrous Headland. It's malleable and soft when harvested but dries to stone-like hardness when kiln-fired. Of course, the same could be said of most muds and clays, but mucosite is much lighter, stronger, more durable, and far more intricately workable than such vulgar substances. Generally the value of anything is multiplied tenfold when it's made of mucosite.

MUSHROOM STALKS

Various fibrous mushroom stalks are prized by architects, furniture makers, and mabob builders across the gob. Such multifarious fungi as the celebrated two heads giant pop of Keister Island's Soul Patch and the Phesterance's lum-

berlog basids and voluminous plank truffles are highly prized. Such things are about as durable as wood but are lighter and slightly more resistant to damage from flame and water (+1 Toughness against such things).

SCABS

Disgusting! Dried scabs from the Incredibly Huge Monster™ have been used as decorative embellishments for centuries. Particularly large scabs sometimes find homes as doors, cart bottoms, shields and other things. They may be gross, but at least they're durable, adding +1 Toughness to any device from which they're made. Monster scabs are pretty clammy, though, usually tripling the cost of whatever jazz they embellish or embody.

URINIUM

This exceedingly rare mineral is prized by weirdos, contanimators, and anybody else who's into wonky hijinks and random bodily mutations. It's harvested in only one place on Oith, a secret mine somewhere on Clorb's Wang, although rumors say there are deposits deep within the Incredibly Huge Monster as well. It's an unpredictable substance, variously causing illness and/or arbitrary deformity to peeps who spend too much time in its presence. A rare few bypass the sickness part of the whole process and end up with super powers for some reason. The boss might decide a peep exposed to the stuff should roll on the mutations chart on page 233.

This stuff is also great fodder for contanimatronic minions and weird devices. Something about it just rubs such things the right way. A contanimator or weirdo crafting a weird device or contanimatronic minion that contains urini-um as a major component only needs to spend half the requisite PP.

WEIRD DEVICES

Weird devices of all sorts are out there. The cost for making such things is typically 100 clams per PP used in its creation, in addition to whatever the item costs in the first place.

APPENDIX 04: GOODS & GEAR

CONTAINERS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	CAPACITY (YORTS)
Backpack	10	4	50
Bag	4	-	20
Bladder	5	1	10
Bottle	3	1	5
Cage, small	20	5	5
Cage, med.	50	20	50
Cage, large	100	40	200
Cage, huge	200	80	500
Cauldron	50	20	50
Chest	20	10	50
Clamsack	2	-	10
Flask	3	1	2
Jar	3	1	2
Quiver	5	2	20 arrows
Pot	5	1	5
Pouch	1	-	5
Reekbottle	1	-	1

GLOWY THINGS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	ILLUMINATION
Candelabra	10	2	4"
Candle	1	-	2"
Lantern	20	3	4"
Oil	5	1	4"
Smolderstone	100	1	3"
Torch	1	1	4"

ASSORTED WHATNOT

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS
Blanket	10	4
Book	20	2
Bowl	5	1
Butt Rudder	20	2
Chalk	1	-
Crayon	1	-
Finagler	80	-
Fork	5	1
Goggles	10	-
Grappler	10	2
Hammer	10	2
Ink	3	-
Manacles	20	2
Monsterwax	20	1
Paper	1	-

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS
Pillow	2	1
Plate	5	1
Reek	50+	1
Relic	500+	varies
Rope (10")	10	10
Scare Croach	200	1
Schnoz Corks	10	-
Shovel	10	5
Soap	5	-
Spoon	5	-
Twine (60")	5	1
Weird Device	100+	varies



Scare croaches aren't the only decoy thingees available, of course, but they are the ones with the coolest name. They were supposedly invented by Frizzle of Clan Broccosmile, an old-timey weirdo, to discourage local broccodiles from eating him.



ARMOR

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	NOTES
Crappy	20	5	+1 Torso, arms, legs
Decent	100	10	+2 Torso, arms, legs
Good	200	15	+3 Torso, arms, legs

NOODLE KNOCKERS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	NOTES
Crappy Cap	20	1	+1 50% Head
Decent Cap	40	1	+2 50% Head
Good Cap	80	2	+3 50% Head
Crappy Helm	40	4	+1 Covers Head
Decent Helm	70	4	+2 Covers Head
Good Helm	150	8	+3 Covers Head

SHIELDS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	NOTES
Crappy	25	8	+1 Parry
Decent	50	12	+1 Parry, +2 Armor (Ranged)
Good	200	20	+2 Parry, +2 Armor (Ranged)

CLOTHING

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS
Crappy Duds	5	-
Decent Duds	20	-
Snazzy Duds	100	2
Pimpin' Duds	200+	5

SERVANTS & SERVICES

ITEM	CLAMS
Lovin'	5 (bad), 50+ (good)
Grooming	10+
Flop	5 (C)), 10 (D), 20+ (G)
Slave	500+

APPENDIX 04: GOODS & GEAR

GRUB & GROG

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS
Circuspi Nuts	2	-
Moonular Cheese	20	1
Meal (crappy)	2	-
Meal (decent)	10	-
Meal (good)	15	-
Meal (exquisite)	25+	-
Suds (crappy)	2	1
Suds (decent)	5	1
Suds (good)	10	1
Suds (superior)	20+	1

CRITTERS

BEAST	COST
Minion	1000+
Giggity	100
Goozera	50
Oily Boid	5
Pusmunchers	25
Slog (flying)	5000
Slog (giant)	2000
Slog (pygmy)	200
Stomp	500

HOOPTIES

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	ACC/TOP	TOUGH.	CREW	CAPACITY
Barrow	40	40	Pace	4(1)	1	500
Buggy	500	500	Pace	8(2)	1+4	1000
Carriage	800	1000	Pace	10(2)	1+8	2000
Cart	100	100	Pace	8(1)	1+4	1000
Chariot	500	200	Pace	8(1)	1+1	800
Housewagon	2000	2000	Pace	10/2	1+11	10000
Pushcart	100	100	Pace	8(1)	1	1000
Rickshaw	100	100	Pace	6(1)	1+1	600
Sledge	60	100	Pace	6(1)	1+3	2000
Sleigh	800	800	Pace	8(2)	1+4	1000
Slogschooner	20,000	4000	Pace	12(2)	1+20	10000
Slog Sled	200	200	Pace	8(2)	1+5	2000
Wagon	1000	1000+	Pace	10(2)	1+9	8000

TUBS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	ACC/TOP	TOUGH.	CREW	CAPACITY
Barge	5000	2000	1/3	10(2)	2+20	20000
Dinghy	200	400	1/2	6(2)	1+4	2000
Raft	50	200	1/2	6(2)	1+6	1200
Rowboat	200	150	1/2	8(2)	1+3	1000
Ship	90000+	too heavy	2/10	15(2)	20+60	a lot

MABOBS

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	ACC/TOP	TOUGH.	CREW	CAPACITY
Balloon	2000	500	1/1*	6(2)	1+5	500
Pit Bloaters	200	-	-	4	1	rider
Spring Shoes	100	2	Pace	4	1	rider
Footie Rollers	50	5	Pace x3	4(1)	1	rider

Words such as hoopties, tubs, and mabobs are pretty ambiguous and are not used in any sort of universal sense. Peeps in Floom might call a boat a tub, while dudes in Gargle Twice might use the same term to describe a wagon. That's what you get for being all cosmopolitan and such.

LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

WEAPONS (BASHY THINGS)

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	DAMAGE	NOTES
Clobberer	80	10	Str+d6	+2 weight
Drub	40	8	Str+d4	+2 weight
Flail	200	4	Str+d6	Ignore Shield & Parry
Mallet	135	8	Str+d6	AP 1, weight +1
Maul	150	10	Str+d8	AP 2, Parry -1, 2 hands, +1 weight
Rock	16	4	Str+2	+2 weight, crappy, melee or thrown (3/6/12)
Stick	90	10	Str+d4	Parry +1, Reach +1, weight +2, 2 hands
War Mitten	180	10	Str+d8	+1 weight

WEAPONS (POKY THINGS)

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	DAMAGE	NOTES
Dagger	50	2	Str+d4	melee or thrown (3/6/12)
Big Fork	250	8	Str+d8	AP 1
Knife	10	1	Str+1	
Pick	140	8	Str+d6	AP 2, +1 weight, 2 hands
Spear	160	5	Str+d6	Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands

WEAPONS (SLASHY THINGS)

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	DAMAGE	NOTES
Axe, small	100	4	Str+d6	
Axe, big	200	8	Str+d8	
Axe, huge	245	10	Str+d10	AP 1, Parry -1, 2 hands
Big Ass Cleaver	350	20	Str+d12	AP 2, Parry -1, 2 hands
Enormoslice	300	20	Str+d12	
Scizz	150	4	Str+d6	+1 Disarm
Sword, small	100	4	Str+d6	
Sword, big	250	8	Str+d8	Parry +1
Sword, huge	270	10	Str+d10	2 hands
Warspork	100	4	Str+d6	

WEAPONS (OTHER THINGS)

Gooser	150	4	Str+d6	+1 Disarm
Net				
Swatter	50	2	Str+d4	
Whip	74	3	Str+2	+1 Disarm, Reach +1, Nonlethal

WEAPONS (THROWY-SHOOTY THINGS)

ITEM	CLAMS	YORTS	DAMAGE	RANGE	NOTES
Bow	240	4	2d6	12/24/48	Range+2, 2 hands
Crossbow	270	4	2d6	15/30/60	AP+1, Range +3, Slow Reload, 2 hands
Flinger	230	3	3d4	6/12/24	Range +1
Throwing Axe	100	4	Str+d6	3/6/12	
Throwing Hat	150	4	Str+d6	3/6/12	Concealed
Throwing Knife	50	2	Str+d4	3/6/12	
Slingshot	80	2	Str+d4	6/12/24	Range +1, 2 hands

ITEM DESCRIPTIONS

CONTAINERS

BACKPACK: This is just a bag with straps that a peep can wear on her back.

BAG: Bags are big, hollow, sack-like things.

BLADDER: Bladders are watertight bags and pouches usually made from the dried organs of the same name (but sometimes made of things that are less disgusting).

BOTTLE: Usually made of glass or ceramic, these things are made to hold a variety of liquids, but a peep can put other things in them as well.

CAGES: A small cage can be used to keep little animals in, like oily boids and sober goozeras. Larger cages cost more and are heavier but can fit bigger critters. Fancier ones might even have locks on them or collapsing walls that make them easier to carry around.

CAULDRON: Big cooking pots like these can hold enough soup to feed a whole heap.

CHEST: A chest is a box with a hinged lid. Clammier ones usually have a lock and are built of more durable materials.

CLAMSACK: Pouches of this nature are made to hold a peep's clams. They usually have a fastener or drawstring to discourage nabblings.

FLASK: Similar to a bottle, but indefinably different.

JAR: Jars are wide mouthed bottles, which are narrow mouthed jars.

QUIVER: Peeps need a place to stash their arrows and throwing knives and such. This will do nicely.



POT: This refers to just about any small to middle sized cooking vessel.

POUCH: It's sort of a smallish bag. When these are built into some duds we call them pockets.

REEKBOTTLE: Smellcasters store reeks in various small bottles, flasks, gourds, and jars.

GLOWY THINGS

CANDELABRA: These snazzy fixtures typically hold up to four candles. Some clammier types can get quite fancy.

CANDLE: Generally made out of earwax or rendered fat, a typical candle can sputter on for about an hour.

LANTERN: One of these lasts about 3 hours per yort of oil. If a lantern is dropped it may break (50% chance) and has a 1 in 6 of setting fire to combustibles (see the rules for Fire in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook).

LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

OIL: Various greases, sludges, and mucks burn quite vociferously when set aflame.

SMOLDERSTONE: Imported from Glowhio, these rocks heatlessly shed their colorful light. They're clammy, and dimmer than a torch, but they're pretty and they never expire. It's a bargain at thrice the price.

TORCH: A typical torch sheds light for about an hour.

ASSORTED WHATNOT

BLANKET: It's a big rectangle made out of cloth or woven hairs. It helps keep you warm and provides a soft place to sleep. You can totally make a fort out of it.

BOOK: Books like this consist of roughly 50 pages of blank paper bound within a cover of some sort. Books with stuff written in them are usually much clammier.

BOWL: You can put food in it, wear it as a hat, or chop off your legs and use it to collect your beggings.

BUTT RUDDER: Nosebloating smelves use these stylish fins to help them steer (Agility roll to change direction left or right).

CHALK: This stuff is fun for drawing on rocks.

Crayon: Waxy sticks like these are great for drawing and writing. They come in a multitude of colors and are usually made from critter drippings mixed with various pigments.

FINAGLER: This package consists of various picks, probes, and prodders. Nabmasters use them to pick locks and disarm traps. Attempts to pick a lock without a finagler or similar device have a -2 penalty.

FORK: It's a fork.

GOGGLES: Usually made of glass, croach moltings, translucent mushroom caps, or fish eyes, these things protect a peep's peepers from smoke, swarms of bugs, and other harmful jazz.

GRAPPLER: A grappler is a twisted hunk of metal or wood that can be tied to a rope and used as an anchor or climbing aid.

HAMMER: You know what a hammer is.

INK: Liquid pigments such as these can be used to write, draw, dye clothes, tattoo flesh, color hair, and stain or embellish all sorts of jazz.

MANACLES: These are bitchin' metal handcuff thingees.

MONSTERWAX: This valuable commodity, harvested within the Auricular Wax Mines, makes a fine lamp fuel, waterproofer, leak fixer, cooking oil, crayon base, hair mousse, floor polish, and light snack. A yort burns for up to 4 hours.

PAPER: We're talking about any generally flat sheet made from vegetable fibers, animal skin, or just about anything else, used for writing, drawing, or wrapping dead fish.





PILLOW: Soft and cushy. You can sleep on it, dampen sounds with it, cushion falls, or use it to smother your enemies.

PLATE: These are flat slabs you put your grub on.

REEK: A reek is a magically ensnared odor bottled by a smelcaster. Each reek has a magical effect on the one who inhales it, determined by the smelcaster who conjured it. In general a reek is worth 50 clams for every Power Point invested in its coalescence.

RELIC: Strange and rare in the extreme, ancient relics of the Hoomanrace are extremely valuable. Most of them have no discernible purpose, but they are clammy anyway.

ROPE: Whether twisted from fibers, hair, dead worms, or caterpillar poo, a good rope can be used for climbing, tying things together, lassoing your enemies, hanging bad guys, tripping people, and a whole host of other fun and exciting activities.

SCHNOZ CORKS: A nosebloating smelf employs these nasal inserts so she can still use her hands while floating.

SHOVEL: A shovel is great for digging holes and clobbering people to put in the holes.

SOAP: This substance is foreign to most peeps, but it has its uses.

Spoon: These things are perfect for scooping out the eyeballs of your fallen enemies. You can also eat soup with them.

Twine: This is about 300 yorts of durable string wound up in a ball. You can unwind it and do stuff with the string.

WEIRD DEVICE: Weirdos are renowned for the bizarre and unusual constructions they create. Anything from automatic backscratchers and extendable arms to tri-pronged armpit mounts and giant carven idols that belch flame can be made by a skilled weirdo. Such a device is generally valued at 100-200 clams per Power Point invested in its creation.

ARMOR

Armor is sold by location (both legs, both arms, torso, head). The price listed is the cost for each location. For example, to buy crappy armor that covers both arms, both legs, and the torso would cost 60 clams. The torso is always the default hit location unless the attacker makes a called shot.

The weight of armor varies depending on what it is made of, but in general a weight of five yorts per location for crappy armor, ten yorts for decent armor, and fifteen yorts for good armor is about right.

Most armor is made for the average sized scrapper. If a character has the Really Big Guy Edge his armor generally costs twice as much. Conversely, a fellow with the Really Small Guy Edge only has to pay half.

CRAPPY ARMOR: Crappy armor can be made from just about anything from dried mud to esophagator hide. It affords a bonus of +1.

DECENT ARMOR: Armor of this nature is usually made out of some kind of metal links or chains or is made of strong hide reinforced with metal. Decent armor has a bonus of +2.

GOOD ARMOR: The good stuff. Bequeathing a bonus of +3, good armor is most likely made of metal plates or the scales of some huge monster. Good armor usually looks pretty cool too, with all sorts of nifty embossments, etchings, and other floofy things.

NOODLE KNOCKERS

CAP: Caps cover the top of a peep's noggin, affording their bonus against 50% of blows to the head.

HELM: A helm covers most or all of a peep's head. Their bonuses work against 100% of head hits.

SHIELDS

Shields can be made out of just about any tough or hardened material, like wood, mushroom caps, scabs, metal, or the lenses of a cheese leech's eyes. All shields only protect against attacks that come from the front or left side (assuming the shield is carried on a left arm).

CRAPPY SHIELD: Crappy shields, usually pretty small and made of wood, hide, or dried vomit, offer the wielder a +1 bonus to Parry.

DECENT SHIELD: A decent shield is often made of metal scales or reinforced wood and offers a +2 Armor bonus against ranged attackss that hit the wielder, as well as a +1 Parry bonus.

GOOD SHIELD: Good shields are constructed of metal or some other really tough material, like borlo ass blubber. They are pretty big and offer a +2 Parry bonus along with a +2 Armor bonus against ranged attacks.

CLOTHING

Unless a peep plans to run around naked all the time (and who are we to judge?), he's going to need some kind of attire to cover his tender bits and to keep him warm and fashionable. Peeps across the glob accouter themselves in all manner of duds in keeping with their individual styles, the taste of the day, and the bulge of their clamsacks.

CRAPPY DUDS: The average oithling wears simple clothing made from natural fibers or woven from the hair of one critter or another. A crappy ensemble might include some torn trousers, a stained shirt or vest, some wooden sandals, and a pair of underpants. Subtle, yet it makes a statement. It says, "I have no fashion sense."

DECENT DUDS: An outfit of this nature might include a pair of boots and a funny hat in addition to a slightly more fashionable skirt or pair of trousers. With this ensemble, a fashionable being of Oith often wears both a shirt and a vest, and perhaps a few accoutrements, like a leather belt and a few tassels. Not quite stylish, but almost. This is what your typical gadabout wears on his daily adventures.

SNAZZY DUDS: This is some stylin' garb. Today's modern gentlepeep or fly honey can often be found traipsing around town in cheese leech silk and rhinestones; perhaps a fancy cape and some big ass, curly-toed shoes. Maybe a gigantic hat and formal boxer shorts decorate his top and tail. Snazzy duds are always in fashion and portray an air of sophistication and elegance.

PIMPIN' DUDS: The snazziest of the snazzy, pimpin' gear takes fashion to the next level. Similar to snazzy duds, but the hat is bigger, the shoes are curlier, the codpiece is more extravagant, and the rhinestones are shinier. A peep in pimpin' clothes is the talk of the town and thusly gains a +1 bonus to Charisma as long as his clothes are clean and in good repair.



SERVANTS & SERVICES

LOVIN’: Bad lovin’ is the sort you likely to get from a random strumple on the street and often ends with tears of regret and various sores and curd-like odorous discharges. Good lovin’ is clammier but usually worth it.

GROOMING: This involves pretty much all of the ways in which a peep can be spruced up, including the traditional shave and a haircut, carapace polishing, manicure, pedicure, tattooing, piercing, bathing, cosmetic makeover, hair dyeing, etc...

FLOP: Some nests are better than others. A crappy flop-warren generally offers very little in the way of amenities, with one or two large rooms being shared by all of the guests. A decent one usually serves a meal or two and offers private rooms for the discerning gadabout. A house pimp might of-

fer a bit of lovin’ for an extra fee (bad and good) and the grub is edible and occasionally tasty.

SLAVES: Slaves are generally convicted criminals, prisoners of war, or just unlucky dudes who were inauspicious enough to be captured in a slave raid and forced into a life of servitude. A slave can be used for just about any purpose, from general housekeeping to mercenary soldiering. The cheapest slaves are typically manual laborers, while the more expensive ones often have a useful skill or two.

Slaves can be of any species or gender and can be found in many areas of the world, although only Glowhio, Aggogg, and the Pox Aroma officially endorse such things. Most cremefillians, due to the historical events that shaped their species, especially resent the institution of slavery and very rarely own slaves. A cremefillian slave will try to escape at every opportunity.



GRUB & GROG

CIRCUSPI NUTS: These are pretty much the nastiest and most vile tasting of all Oith's foodstuffs. Many peeps would rather savor a steaming bowel of borlo poop than munch on one of these horrid things. On the plus side, they are extremely nutritive and filling. Anybody who can choke one down and avoid vomiting (successful Vigor roll) does not need to eat for a full day.

MOONULAR CHEESE: Hunks of cheese from the Moonular Cheese Fields are difficult to come by outside of the fields themselves (the price listed is for imported Moonular cheese), but its delicate green or yellow hue and delicious flavor make it a valued comestible and a welcome addition to any table.

MEALS: Grub-warrens and restaurants in cities and villages worldwide serve a vast array of foodstuffs. It is pretty much impossible to quantify exactly what constitutes a crappy, decent, or good meal, but in general, a crappy meal is a single course of something unpleasant and dubious, a decent meal may have multiple courses

and be at least moderately palatable, and a good meal includes multiple courses, delicious food, and usually some sort of desert or aperitif.

Booze: Booze ranges in quality from watered down giggity swizz to exotic liquors and wines made from mysterious fruits and grains (or fish). The better classes of drink are often distinguished by a small paper umbrella or a tiny sword spitting a piece of fruit or two.

CRITTERS

Various critters and beasts are used as mounts, pests, foodstuffs, and status symbols by peeps across the glob. Check out Appendix 06 for details on a few of them.

VEHICLES

Peeps have to get their move on somehow. Here are some of those hows.

For our purposes, vehicles and conveyances are divided into three (rather arbitrary) categories. Hoopties are things with wheels. Tubs float. Mabobs either fly or attach directly to a peep in some way.

HOOPTIES

BARROW: This is basically a big bucket with handles and wheel. Clammy peeps sometimes hire lugs to haul them around in sweet barrows decked out with lawn chairs and drink holders and stuff. Other peeps use them for schlepping.

BUGGY: Buggies are relatively small carriages. They typically have four wheels and are pulled by at least one slog, stomp, or other beast of burden.

CARRIAGE: Carriages are large buggies. They're usually lugged around by 2-4 beasts of one sort or another (usually slogs, hamsters, or plorps).

CART: A cart is basically a barrow with more wheels. It's usually pulled by a critter.

CHARIOT: This is a wheeled platform that a peep stands on to get hefted around by a critter or two.

HOUSEWAGON: This big ass wagon has an actual house built into it!

PUSHCART: This is a cart a peep pushes by hand. Waremongers use these from which to monger their wares.

RICKSHAW: This is pretty much a backwards barrow. A peep sits in it and some other peep lugs him around.

SLEDGE: It's kind of like a chariot without wheels, I guess.

SLEIGH: A carriage or cart with sled rails instead of wheels, such things get dragged along over sand and snow by various critters.

SLOGSCHOONER: Massively gigantic, this is basically a ship that sits on the back of a giant slog rather than floating in the drink.

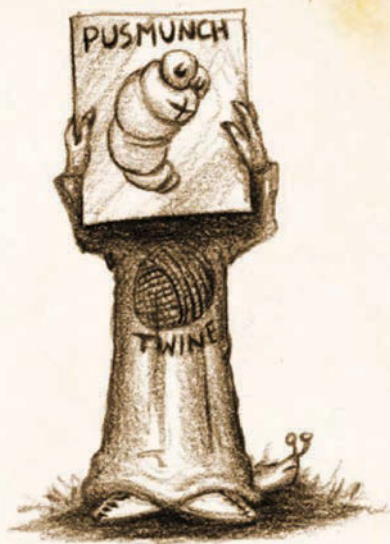
SLOG SLED: This unwheeled carriage glides about on a trail of slime from the slog that pulls it (usually a bog slog or sludge slog, the slimier sorts of slogs).

WAGON: A wagon is a big cart that is pulled by several critters. It's kind of like a carriage for jazz instead of peeps.

TUBS

BARGE: A barge is a big flat-bottomed tub used to haul lots of stuff. It might have sails or oars or maybe it gets towed by some big fish or something.

DINGHY: This is a fancier version of a rowboat. Dinghy hacks use them to traverse the various canals and rivers of the glob, usually ferrying passengers back and forth.



RAFT: This is an improvised tub usually made of lashed wood or mushroom stalks. It's pretty basic. Maybe it has a sail, maybe it doesn't.

ROWBOAT: These are smallish tubs made to be paddled with paddles (or oared with oars).

SHIP: All sorts of large vessels ply the waterways of the glob. There are way too many to describe here. These stats are for a basic large waremonger tub.

MABOBS

BALLOON: Basically just the huge bloated corpse of some dead animal, hollowed out and filled with buoyant gasses from the Keister of Gawd or through the conjuring of a smellcaster, a balloon is a fine mode of transport. The basket dangling below can hold several passengers. Steering, while notoriously difficult in high winds, is maintained by a series of ropes and valves.

Of course, unless you have a smellcaster handy, you're poop out of luck if you need to refill on the go. A smellcaster needs one hour of Smellcasting to refill an average sized balloon, which loses roughly 5% of its gas every time a



steering change is made (it also makes a rude and slightly embarrassing noise). Once the gas drops below 50% capacity the balloon will slowly sink to the ground unless refilled.

PIT BLOATERS: These things are typically just a couple of small balloons that attach by ropes to the wearer's armpits. They could attach to some other part of his body if you want (like a backpack or to ears, breasts, feet, etc...), but I thought armpits was funniest. Since they aren't real big they don't really allow the wearer to fly so much as to float in a whimsical manner. Sure, with a running pounce you can pretty much triple your normal jumping height or tenfoldulate (multiply by ten) your distance, but that's not the same as flying. Pit bloaters are inflated the same way as balloons, but they don't accidentally deflate unless punctured. It takes a smell-caster two minutes and a Smellcasting roll to fill a pair of pit bloaters.

SPRING SHOES: Shoes of this nature, and by "this nature" I mean with giant springs attached to the bottoms, let the wearer jump like a goosin' maniac. Indeed, a peep's vertical jumping distance is quadrupled, his horizontal is tripled, his diagonal is affected according to the Pythagorean theorem and his fourth dimensional jumping ability is unsurprisingly unchanged.

FOOTIE ROLLERS: Yup, just what they sound like—nothing more than a pair of shoes with some wheels attached. Footie rollers can make you go really fast (pace x3), but they also make it pretty hard to maneuver across uneven ground.

WEAPONS

Better peeps than I have croaked of congestive brain overload trying to make a comprehensive listing of all the various weapons available in this world. There are just too many of them. Some scrappers prefer the traditional sporks and spears. Others are into weird stuff, like gigantic scissors and barbeque tongs. Still others are fond of making up their own weird combinations of weapons, like a rubber linachithi with a bunch of nails in it or a slingshot with a dagger blade on the handle. Whatever your martial preference, Wacky Wongo's Wondrous Weapon Workshop, and dozens of others just like it, are happy to create for you a personalized armament of your choice, for a nominal fee, of course. Simply follow the ensuing chart to determine the cost and all will be well.

A few sample weapons are listed with the preceding jazz, but peeps are encouraged to be creative and come up with a weapon that really emphasizes their style and personality.



If ever a peep was mean it was Jenkum the Juggler, a sinister and unkempt bodul from the ugly side of Blist. His whimsical eponym bespeaks an unspeakable hobby. That's not him pictured above.

WACKY WONGO'S WONDROUS WEAPON WORKSHOP

MELEE OR THROWN

DAMAGE	CLAMS	YORTS	MIN. STR
Str+1	10	1	-
Str+2	20	1	-
Str+d4	50	2	-
Str+d6	100	4	-
Str+d8	200	8	d6
Str+10	300	10	d8
Str+d12	400	20	d10

RANGED

Damage	Clams	Yorts	Min. Str	Ammo*
D4	60	1	-	6
D6	80	2	-	8
D8	100	4	d6	10
D10	120	6	d8	12
D12	150	10	d10	15
D12+2	200	20	d12	20

*cost, in clams, per 10 bits of ammo.

PERKS

Additional Warheads (+base cost)

+1 AP (+50 clams)

+2 AP (+100 clams)

+3 AP (+200 clams)

Concealed (+50 clams)

+1 Disarm (+50 clams)

+2 Disarm (+100 clams)

+3 Disarm (+200 clams)

Ignore Shield & Parry (+100 clams)

Multiple Use (+50 clams per type)

+1 Parry (+50 clams)

+2 Parry (+100 clams)

+3 Parry (+200 clams)

+1 Range 6/12/24 (+50 clams)

+2 Range 12/24/48 (+100 clams)

+3 Range 15/30/60 (+200 clams)

+1 Reach (+50 clams)

+2 Reach (+100 clams)

Returning 1 (+100 clams)

Returning 2 (+200 clams)

Superior Quality (cost x2)

RESTRICTIONS

No weapon can be lowered below 20% of its base cost, regardless of restrictions.

Crappy Materials (-50%) – break on snake eyes
Heavy (+1 Min. Str Increment)(-10% per weight increment)

Non Lethal (-30%)

Parry -1 (-10%)

Parry -2 (-20%)

Slow Reload (-20%) – takes a full action to load

Two Handed (-20%)

HOW TO USE THE WEAPON WORKSHOP

First, find the damage that you want your weapon to do. This determines the base cost of the armament. Add or subtract from this price based on restrictions and perks, such as reduced weight and Minimum Strength, Armor Penetration, range, and others. The final number of clams is the actual price of the item.

The Minimum Strength listed beside the Weight is the minimum Strength required to wield that weapon without paying extra. Minimum Strength can be lowered by lowering the weight of a weapon to that of the next lowest Damage range. It costs 10 clams per yort to reduce a weapon's weight. Peeps attempting to fight with a weapon that is too heavy for them suffer a -2 penalty to Fighting, Shooting, or Throwing rolls for each die above their Strength (a peep with a Strength of d6 attempting to use a weapon with a minimum Strength of d10 would have a -4 penalty).

Ranged weapons begin with a range of 3/6/12 at no extra charge. No handheld ranged weapon can inflict more than a base of d12+2 damage (at least not one created using this system). The damage listed for projectile weapons indicates the typical maximum dice of damage that the ammo hurled by that weapon might inflict. The cost listed for each ranged weapon includes ten pieces of typical ammo.

APPENDIX 05: A LIGHT SNACK

YIMMINEE'S SOUSEBURGER SAMMICH

Hey, are you hungry? Here's the recipe for Yimminee the Souse's famous Souseburger Sandwich (or one interpretation of it, anyway).

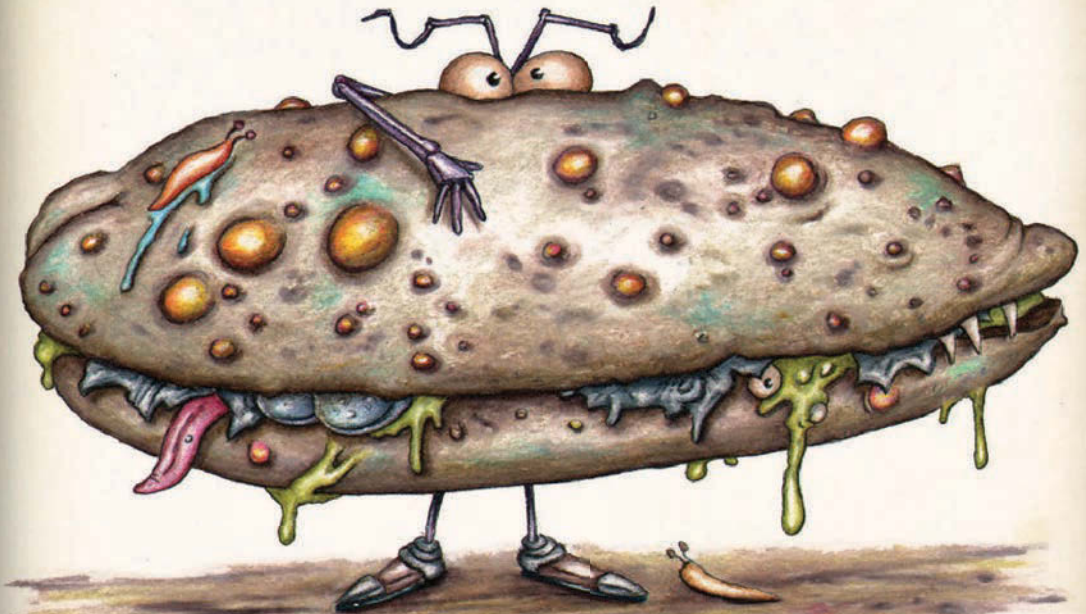
INGREDIENTS

- The tongues of two old shoes (or bread, if you're into that sort of thing)
- A slab of braised slog loin
- Three linachithi nuggets, pickled overnight in Grizzled Grume's Old Fashioned Booze & Batookie Sauce
- One filet of purple-faced buns-haver, creamed
- A carefully measured handful of rancid onions
- Two yorts of the grass of your choice
- A pinch of sand (for grit)
- A squirt of something unidentifiable
- Another squirt of something unidentifiable
- Absolutely no circuspi nuts



WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

Slap all the ingredients between the shoe tongues, put it on a plate, put the plate on a chair, and sit on it for as long as it takes to sing Kiss My Floomish Wazoo (with the refrains). Take a bite. Spit it out. Throw it in the gutter and make something that doesn't taste like poop threw up on your tongue.



APPENDIX 06: BESTIARY
MOSTLY THINGS THAT WANT TO EAT YOU

BORLO

Borlos are bizarre creatures (even by Oith standards) with massive blue rumps, drooping noses, and immense, toothed suckers instead of hands. They roam the various frontiers of the glob, from the parched deserts of That One Place with All the Sand to the subterranean depths of the Underwhere, bouncing about on their bubbly behinds and collecting shiny things to store in their hollow forearms.

These dim-witted creatures are quick to anger and take offense at the merest provocation. They communicate among themselves with grunts, squeaks, and flashes of their luminescent noses.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Various shiny objects

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bouncy Behind: Borlos have the Big Ass Ass Edge.

Claws: Borlos can attack with both claws each round with no penalty. Str +d6.

Glowy Schnoz: A borlo can control the intensity of its luminous nose, shedding light to a maximum radius of 6".

Horns: Instead of making two claw attacks, a borlo may make one attack with its horns. Str+d8.

Suckers: An opponent hit by both sucker claws is pinned and may perform no other physical action other than trying to escape, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll. A borlo will attempt to gore a pinned opponent with its horns.



In some cultures a hat made from a borlo's butt is a symbol of fertility. In others it's a symbol of tackiness.

BRICKLE

Assorted varieties of these spiny amphibious critters are common in many of Oith's coastal and riparian realms. Their venomous spines protect them from a number of predators (although broccodiles don't seem to mind), but that doesn't stop peeps from hunting them and tossing them in the occasional stewpot.

Brickles sometimes assemble in massive hoards, particularly during the spawning seasons (which are pretty much whenever they get horny, which is often). These frothy hordes of copulating brickles and their copious, gelatinous progeny are known to clog shallow streams and other waterways, resulting in floods and an air redolent with the stench of writhing brickle funk. Predators are all about times like these, and the waters and shorelines often become equally clogged with broccodiles and other beast who come to feed upon the distracted smorgashorde.

Although their venomous spines make petting brickles a bit challenging, peeps across the glob raise them for food and companionship. Their skins can be fashioned into durable, waterproof leather, and their spines often get jobs as knitting needles, weapons, really big toothpicks, and a variety of other things.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amphibious: Brickles have swimming Pace of 6 and can hold their breath for an hour.

Bite: Brickles can bite, which they do when catching food, but they prefer to defend themselves with their spines. Str+d4.

Spines: A brickle's spines give it Armor +2. Spines are also a brickle's primary means of attack and defense. Str+d6.

Venom: Anyone struck by a brickle's spines might get envenomated [Vigor -2; Success: No effect, Failure: -4 to all physical actions for 2d4 hours].



BROCCODILE

These aggressive predators hang out in marshes, rivers, and other soggy spots across the glob. Voracious and unpredictable, they prey upon anything they can catch.

A broccodile's scaly hide and bush-like afro blend in with its swampy habitat, affording it bad ass camouflage. Although they prefer to ambush their prey, they seldom shy away from a fight and will take on just about anything.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 10

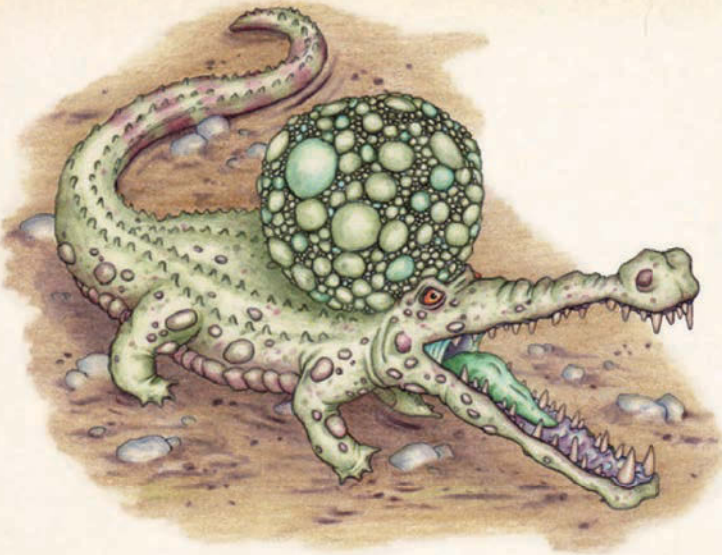
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ambush: An ambushing broccodile (Notice to avoid surprise) begins the fight on Hold.

Amphibious: Broccodiles are decent swimmers (Pace 6) and can hold their breath for up to an hour.

Bite: Once a broccodile bites a foe, it stays latched on, inflicting biting damage each round until the prey escapes or succumbs (opposed Str roll to escape). Str+d8.

Scaly Hide: Armor +2



BUDDUNKADUNK (WILD CARD)

Little is known about the strange and enigmatic beings known variously as Buddunkadunks, stenchcreamers, containimashers, and (in their native tongue) G'lorph Pung Pffffffffff. Wisenheimers disagree vehemently regarding every detail of their physiology, lifestyle, motives, and origins. What little is known is a cobbled cobulation of tall tales, legends, suds-midden ramblings, and drool-curdling nightmares. Are they native oithlings or do they come from some unknowable elsewhere? Speculation abounds, describing them inconsistently as erstwhile natives of the Underwhere, the Nether Regions, the Keister of Gawd, the Crack of Doom, and other dank and impenetrable stomping grounds.

Buddunkadunks, apparently and for reasons unknown, really despise containimants of all sorts. They wander the glob, usually alone but sometimes in small posses, hunting down such entities wherever they can be found. They aren't particular mean or aggressive toward most other peeps (although they aren't big fans of containimators), but anyone who stands between a Buddunkadunk and its containimant quarry would be wise to step aside. A Buddunkadunk is not a thing with which to be trifled. They are determinably well armed and often waggle serious zazz.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Hocus Poking d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Survival d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10 **PP:** 20

Powers: Barrier, Blast, Confusion, Invisibility

Gear: Various weapons (quee'flppt)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Containimasher: These guys get a +2 to all Fighting, Hocus Poking, Shooting, and Throwing rolls against containimants or containimators.

Durable: Buddunkadunks are immune to all known poisons and diseases. They take half damage from any physical or zazzular attacks made by containimants or containimators.

Quee'flppt: A favored weapon of many Buddunkadunks is a weird device known as a quee'flppt. Such a thing utilizes a plunger mechanism to hurl spiked balls over relatively remarkable distances. The balls explode upon impact, inflicting 2d6 damage (3d6 against containimants) in a medium burst template (Activate: Shooting, Charge: 30, PP: 3, Range: 15/30/60, Duration: instant, Blast).

Stench: The trail of stink-ridden vapors that extends from a Buddunkadunks undercarriage is a tangibly palpable extension of his body. It can encircle him, giving him +3 armor, and allows him to travel over any terrain at his regular Pace.



Don't ever call a buddunkadunk a butthead.
They don't take kindly to such things, as a certain Floomish croach (Limp the Limbless, formerly Limp the Lank) can surely attest.



BUTTHEMOTH

Butthemoths are immense burrowing critters that dwell in the Underwhere and other cavernous realms. In fact, their delvings over the ages have been responsible for greatly expanding the scope of Oith's subterranean lands.

Although they prey upon just about anything they can catch, butthemoths are particularly fond of worm flesh and will choose them over any other prey. Butthemoths are sometimes domesticated by dorks and other troglomorphic peeps, who use them as mounts and the occasional brunch.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+5, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Tracking d8
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 14

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Butthemoths have big mouths and enormous teeth. Str+d6.

Burrowing: Butthemoths can burrow through loose dirt at their full Pace and through dense or rocky soil at Pace 3. A favorite hunting tactic is to burrow just below the surface of the ground, causing a cave-in beneath a herd of

slogs or similar beasts, and then feasting on the critters as they fall to their collective doom.

Pallasthesia: Butthemoths can sense vibrations in the ground, allowing them to ignore penalties for darkness, low light, fog, mist, and analogous jazz in a 5" radius.

Prehensile Porboscis: The schnoz of a butthemoth is long and flexible. An opponent struck by it is captured and must make an opposed Strength roll to escape, before being automatically bitten on the next round.

Size +5: Butthemoths are big critters. Attacks against them have a +2 bonus.

Thick Skin: The tough hide of a butthemoth gives it Armor +2.

CHEESE LEECH (WILD CARD)

These humongous, almost unimaginably gargantuan, worm-like creatures are native to the Moonular Cheese Field. Much like the butthemoths we just talked about, cheese leeches are responsible for burrowing many of the tunnels, tubes, holes, and passages that cut their way through the terrain of that curdled land. Thankfully, these hulking monstrosities are not particularly aggressive. They are too big to be



preyed upon by any but the most horrendous of predators, and they have little interest in eating anything that's not cheese.

Adventurous peeps sometimes make a sport of riding the colossal cheese leech. Some, such as the celebrated gadabout Gorsilon Leechrider become famous for such exploits. Others suffer a particularly flattening demise, smushed to paste between cheese and cheese leech.

Cheese leeches figure prominently in many tales and legends among the denizens of the Moonular Cheese Fields. In fact, a cult of Cheese Heads in the city of Cheeseburg even venerates them as emissaries of their musty gawds.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 18

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Burrow: Cheese leeches can burrow through cheese and reappear anywhere within 20" on the following action.

Maw: Cheese leeches have incredibly large mouths. If a leech gets a raise on its Fighting roll the opponent is swallowed whole and takes 2d4 damage each round until it escapes or dies. To

escape, a swallowed peep must inflict a Wound on the cheese leech with an edged weapon.

Pallasthesia: Cheese leeches can sense vibrations in the ground, allowing them to ignore penalties for darkness, low light, fog, mist, and analogous jazz in a 5" radius.

Regeneration (slow): Cheese leeches roll for natural healing once per day.

Size +10: Cheese Leeches are huge. Attacks against them get a +4 bonus.

CONTANIMANT

Contanimants are the Fundamental embodiments of filth, disease, corruption, and decay. They exist just about everywhere, lurking beyond our perception in some sort of excremental dimension of their own yet somehow interacting, however tenuously, with ours. Although their exploits fuel the zazz of contanimators they seldom voluntarily cross overtly into our realm, preferring instead to tend their repulsive bailiwicks and exude their foul influences from afar. When they are encountered on Oith it's usually (but not always) at the behest of a contanimator or at the site of a particularly loathsome and disgusting occurrence.

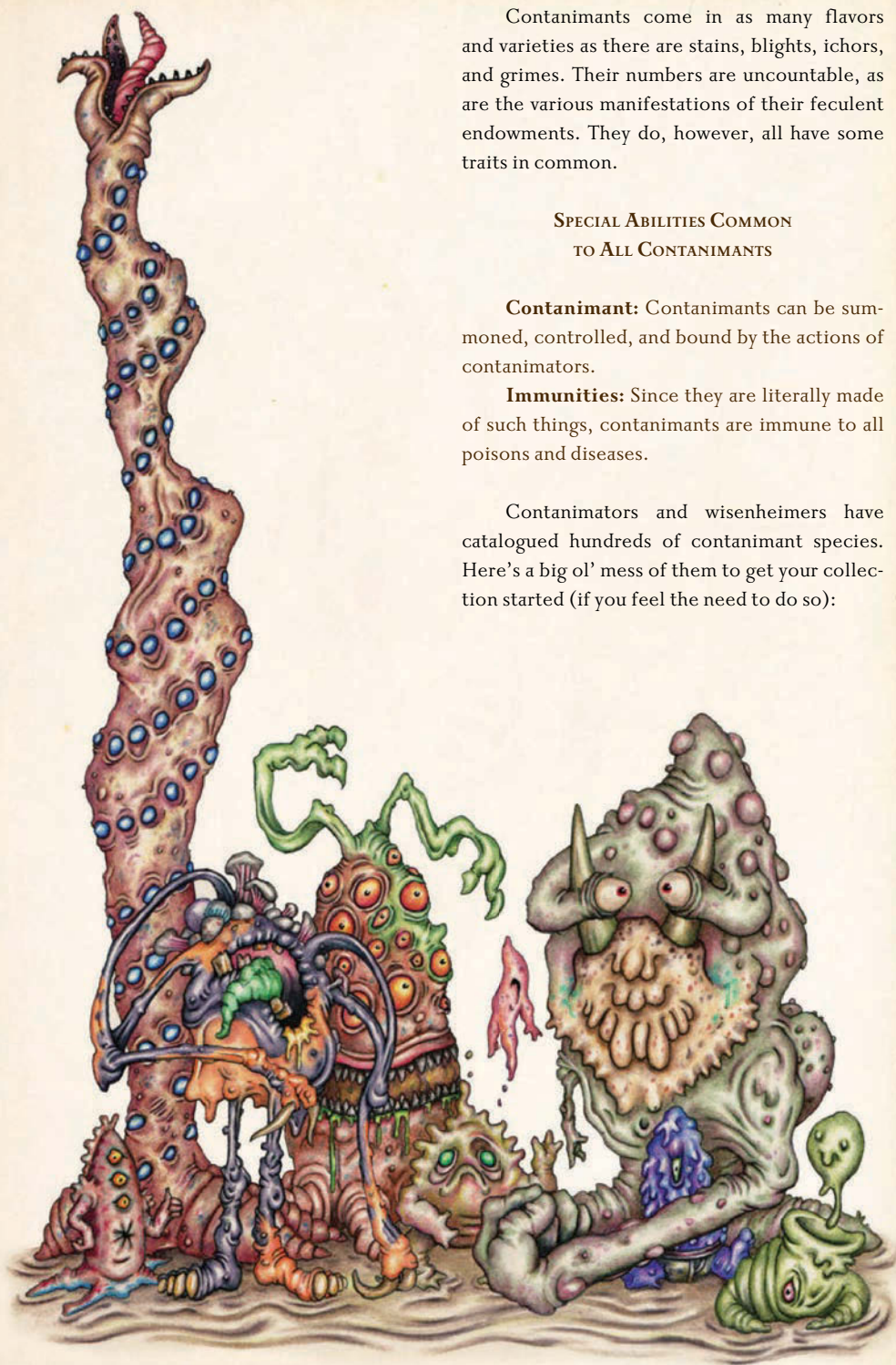
Contanimants come in as many flavors and varieties as there are stains, blights, ichors, and grimes. Their numbers are uncountable, as are the various manifestations of their feculent endowments. They do, however, all have some traits in common.

SPECIAL ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL CONTANIMANTS

Contanimant: Contanimants can be summoned, controlled, and bound by the actions of containimators.

Immunities: Since they are literally made of such things, contanimants are immune to all poisons and diseases.

Containimators and wisenheimers have catalogued hundreds of contanimant species. Here's a big ol' mess of them to get your collection started (if you feel the need to do so):



The Sea of Pustulance on The Incredibly Huge Monster™ is a veritable hotbed of contanimant activity.

BAD ASS (WILD CARD)

Dripping boils, pustulant zits, and oozing blisters are the hallmarks of these horrid manifestations of disease and infection. They really dig spreading plagues and afflictions. It's kind of their thing.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Affliction: Anyone Shaken or Wounded by a bad ass's clobber attack must make a Vigor roll at -2 or contract a horrid disease. The disease causes blisters and headache in those that make their Vigor roll (cumulative -1 to all die rolls for 1d4 days) and a horrible festering in those that fail. Such a victim is Exhausted for 1d4 hours, after which time he becomes Incapacitated for 1d4 days. He must then make another Vigor roll with a -1 penalty for each day he was Incapacitated. Failure means he croaks. Success means he slowly heals, being Incapacitated for a further 1d4 days.

Clobber: Bad asses enjoy smashing peeps with their single mighty fist. Str+d6.

Regeneration (fast): Bad asses roll for natural healing every two rounds.

Size +2: Smaller opponents gain a +2 bonus to attack bad asses, on account of how big they are.

BRUISER

Bruisers, embodiments of rot and putrefaction, are large gelatinous hunks of putrid meat and squirming maggots. Their long spindly arms constantly drip with filthy ichor and their squat toes are crawling with fungus and mold. A bruise's enormous maw is filled with rotting teeth and gingivitis. These hulks love nothing more than reducing living flesh to pulverized gobs of rot. Do NOT, under any circumstances, let one date your sister!

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Claws: Bruisers attack with their deadly claws. Str+d4.

Fear: Anyone who looks upon a bruise's hideous countenance must make a Spirit check or run fleeing and pissing for 1d4 rounds. Once a person succeeds the Spirit check he need not roll again.

Rotting Touch: Wounds caused by a bruise's claws cannot be fixed by natural healing. Only magic or a specially prepared antidote can spur the healing process. Any non-living organic material touched by a bruise immediately begins to rot, sustaining 1 point of structural damage for every round of contact.

DROSS

Drosses dig rubbish, mud, and grime. They typically appear as squat, vaguely spherical, blobs dripping with gristly muck.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Muck Hurling: Drosses attack by hurling chunks of muck from their bodies. Range 5", Str+d4.

Regeneration (fast): Drosses roll for natural healing every round.

FECK

Fecks are almost indefinably grotesque. Their small, blubbery bodies are ridged and rippled, bulging with unctuous vapors and undulating rolls of greasy sludge. They aren't particularly large or imposing, just gross, sort of like flatulent crescent rolls.



Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d12

Skills: Knowledge (dirty jokes) d12, Notice d8

Pace: 2 **Parry:** 2 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Jokes: Fecks are awesome joke tellers.

Unfortunately, they don't have mouths, so they "speak" by squirting out filthy bubbles of eruc-tant vapor. When the bubble bursts, the result-ing belch sounds like a joke or riddle. It would be cool if it wasn't so gross. Anyway, anyone who hears such a joke must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken by laughter. Contanimators often summon Fecks to entertain at parties.

KANKER

Kankers look like giant lumpy tumors with spindly, gnarled limbs, and broad, many-eyed noggins. Their every crease, fold, and orifice drips with greasy, faintly luminous, viridian pus.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Shooting d10

Pace: 5 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease: Anyone touched by a kanker must make a Vigor roll at -2 or immediately break out in boils and gooey scabs. This causes no actual damage, but lowers the victims Charisma by 1 for 2d6 days.

See-in-the-Dark-O-Vision: Kankers can see in the dark like it ain't no thang.

Smash: Kankers attack by ramming foes with their crusty bodies or punching with their dangly arms. Str+d6.

Squirt: Using its Shooting skill, A kanker is able to squirt glowing acidic goo at one target within 4". Anyone struck must make a Vigor roll at -2 or take 3d6 damage. Attacks against peeps struck by this attack gain a +2 bonus until it wears off (2d4 hours).

MENSCH

These blighted purveyors of rust and decay resemble gigantic pickles of crud and yuck. Two long, gnarled appendages sprout from their crusty noggins, slapping crapulence and age into anyone unlucky enough to touch them.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aging: Anyone Shaken or Wounded by the touch of a Mensch rapidly ages. A hit and each raise forces the opponent to make a Vigor roll at -2 or age 5 years, instead of inflicting the regular wounds. A victim loses 1 die of Strength, Agility, and Vigor for every ten years aged in this manner. If either attribute goes below d4 the victim is Incapacitated and must make a Vigor roll once per day to remain alive (if his Vigor is reduced below d4 he may still use his Wild Die). Aging of this nature can only be reversed by a two day ritual involving a successful Contanimating roll at -1 for every ten years of aging. Each consecutive success reduces the victim's age by 5 years as the corrupting energies are leached from his system.

Rust: Any (non-weird) metal object touched by a mensch, or used to directly attack a mensch, is immediately destroyed.

Slap: A Mensch attacks by slapping a victim with its flailing arms. Str+d4.

RAUNCH (WILD CARD)

Raunches are enormous lolling pillars of skin, eyes, and scuz. They love bathing in the guts and ichor of fallen enemies (fallen anybody, really).

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12 Fighting d10, Notice d12

Pace: 10 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Raunches love putting things in their mouths. Str+d8

Darkvision: Raunches can see in the dark and through fog and crud like that.

Rooted: Raunches cling tenaciously to just about any surface. They can't be knocked over, it's just not the way they roll (which is described below).

Size +2: Raunches are pretty big. Unfortunately, because they're so bendy, foes do not gain any bonuses to hit them.

Spinny: A favorite tactic of raunches is to anchor their foot on the ground and swing their elongated bodies in a huge arc, attacking everyone within 3" without penalty. Str+d6.

The Way They Roll: Raunches can triple their Pace when moving downhill by sticking their foot in their mouth and rolling like a wheel.

SFINK

These dudes are little sphincter-mouthed goosers with three eyes and an uncharacteristically positive attitude. They love any kind of spill or stain and are equipped with an array of sweet talents to make such things more common.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clumsiness: Anyone touched by a sfink must make a Vigor roll or lose a die of Agility for the next 2d4 hours. If Agility goes below d4 the victim becomes a total klutz, knocking into things, breaking stuff, and causing all sorts of delightful spills and stains.

WANKER

Lewdness, indecency, and humiliation are what wankers are all about. They're basically just oozing mounds of undefinable splooge with a couple of squat legs and a single leering eye.

They typically wear underpants just so they have something to rip off while exposing themselves to unsuspecting passersby. Wankers are vulgarity personified.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Excavation: Wankers always knock at the back door, if you know what I mean. They attack by burrowing into a victim in the most obscene manner imaginable, passing through clothing and armor as if such things were imaginary. Anyone penetrated by such an assault takes Str+d8 damage initially and 2d4 damage each round until the wanker is removed, which requires an opposed Strength roll. A victim of an active wanker Excavation has his Pace reduced by half and a -2 penalty to all physical actions. Oofos are immune to Excavation and peeps with the Strumble Edge take no damage from such assaults, although they still suffer the penalties.

Anyone subjected to a wanker's Excavation must make a Vigor roll with a penalty equal to the number of consecutive rounds of contact.

Failure means the victim has contracted a terrible rotting disease (-1 die of Agility, Strength, and Vigor every day until one goes below d4 and the victim croaks). The disease can be cured with a successful Contanimating roll and the distilled slime of a different wanker.

Slime: Any physical attack against a wanker has a 50% chance of sliding ineffectually from its gooey coat, leaving the wanker unharmed.

Splooge: A wanker can squirt a stream of vile, glistening slop from its eye. Such a stream may strike a single target as far away as 6" using the wanker's Shooting roll. Anyone hit must make an opposed Spirit roll (using the wanker's Spirit) or be overcome with ecstasy and Shaken. If the wanker wins and gets a raise, the victim has a -3 penalty when Parrying Excavation attacks by a wanker until his lust is sated (usually by surviving the wanker's excavation attack; normal lovin' won't do).

WUSS

The least mighty of all containimants, wusses are spirits of stink and flatulence. They appear as little wisps of gelatinous vapor with pudgy arms and eyeless faces.



Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4+2, Notice d6

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 4

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fly: Wusses fly with a Pace of 6.

Small: Being tiny little wusses, wusses are hard to hit. Larger opponents have a -2 penalty when attacking them.

Smell Manipulation: Wusses can alter the scent of anything within their range of vision. They can't create overpowering smells, but they can make one thing smell like something else.

Stink Smack: Wusses attack by flying into the noses of their opponents. Anyone thusly struck must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken.

CUTE LITTLE DUCKY

These tiny beasts are among the most bloodthirsty of all Oith's creatures. Small boids with big, dewy eyes and wicked teeth, these voracious monsters hunt in packs and rend the flesh from anything they encounter.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A),

Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Ouch! Str+d6.

Flock: For every three cute little duckies in a flock, each one gets a +1 to Fighting rolls.

Fly: Cute little duckies fly with a Pace of 8.

CYCLOPEAN MUCK DUCK (WILD CARD)

Neither cute nor little, this distant relative of the cute little ducky shares its cousin's terrifying appetites and violent disposition. Any peep or critter who enters the beast's turf is likely to find itself trembling in pants-quacking terror as the fearsome monstrosity considers how best to devour its various bits and pieces. Unpleasant...



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A),

Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Muck ducks love to bite things. Str+d6.

Quack Attack: Muck ducks may utter forth an incredibly loud and irritating quack once every three rounds. Anyone within 5" must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken. Additionally, anyone within 2" must make a Spirit roll at -2 or be Shaken and receive 1 wound.

Size +2: Because they're big, smaller opponents nab a +2 bonus on attacks against them.

Thick Skin: Muck ducks have a +1 Toughness bonus on account of their dense blubber.

Worms of the Pinksnot Tribe used to use the teeth of cute little duckies as currency. A dozen might buy you a baby swamp slog and a hundred or so might nab you a decent wife or maybe a new hat. Of course, the local economy crashed once the Pinksnots discovered duckies don't have teeth.



DORK

Dorks are a breed of evil smelves who haunt the depths of the Underwhere and other cavernous realms. They can't stand the frolicsome ways of their surface-dwelling brethren, preferring instead to comport themselves with raiding, torture, and the worship of dark and angry gawds.

Despite their animosity, dorks share many traits and features with regular smelves. In fact, the only real physical differences relate to skin color (dorks are blacker than a charbroiled smelf) and a dork's remarkable eyes, which are pretty bad ass.

Every dork is a unique peep. Some are better at certain things than others, but they all share the following traits:

Mighty Peepers: Dorks can see in the dark without any penalties. They can also, by concentrating for an action, peer through up to a yort (1") of solid matter. I don't know how.

Nosebloating: All dorks have the Nosebloating Edge.

Schnoz to be Reckoned With: They also have the Schnoz to be Reckoned With Edge.

Here, because I love you, are a few sample specimens:

DORK HOLY ROLLER

Dorks worship all sorts of tenebrous gawds, including Stan, Cornthulhu, the more nefarious aspects of Boorglezar, and some sort of pill bug thing. This particular guy is a follower of Stan.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Holy Rolling d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8 **PP:** 15

Edges: Block, Stanismist

Powers: Blast, Fear, Slumber, Smite

Gear: Butthemoth hide armor (+2), smiting stick (Str+d6), scary mask

DORK RAVAGER

Dorks are all about invading other peeps and taking their stuff. They even occasionally venture to the surface to do so. A typical dork

raiding heap consists of about 4-16 dorks, often led by a holy roller or smellcaster and accompanied by a an odre or two.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Holy Rolling d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 9

Edges: Frenzy, Sweep, Quick Draw

Gear: Butthemoth hide armor (+2), something pointy (Str+d6)

DORK SMELLCASTER

Dorks, like smelves, are often proficient smellcasters. They tend to harvest reeks that are destructive in nature, preferring to unleash them while nosebloating above an opponent or lurking in ambush.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbiing d6, Fighting d6, Smellcasting d10+1, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 8 PP: 17

Edges: Reek Repository, Smellementalist

Powers: Barrier, Blast, Fear, Growth, Pummel, Obscure

Gear: Butthemoth hide armor (+2), spork (Str+d4), various reeks

DROLL

Drolls are big, hulking jerks that like to hurt peeps. They think everything is funny and are constantly muttering and giggling to themselves, especially when somebody else is in pain. They have snazzy hairstyles and long noses to compliment their bumpy green hide.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Rather than attacking with claws, a droll may choose to bite. Str+d8

Bumpy Green Hide: A droll's hide gives it Armor +2.

Claw: Drolls can attack with both claws simultaneously without penalties. Str+d4. If both claws hit the same target, the droll gets a free Bite attack on that victim.

Guffaw: Whenever a droll inflicts a Wound on a foe it lets out a huge, ear-shattering chuckle. Anyone within 3" must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken.

Low Light Vision: Drolls do not suffer penalties in dim lighting conditions, although total darkness still impedes them.

Regeneration (super fast): Drolls heal one Wound every round, even if they are killed, except Wounds inflicted by acid, fire, zazz, or weird devices.

Size +2: Drolls are pretty big. Attacks against them have a +2 bonus.





DWEBB (WILD CARD)

Plump and nerdy, these eggheaded little guys love to show off their intelligence. Life, to them, is a constant game of practical jokes and witticisms. Weak fighters, dweebs use words, trickery, and weirdness to escape unpleasant situations.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Crafting d12, Fighting d4, Knowledge (everything) d12, Lockpicking d12, Notice d12, Performing d10, Repair d12, Weirdness d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5 **PP:** 40

Powers: Armor, Barrier, Blind, Burrow, Burst, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Growth/Shrink, Greater Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Quickness, Shape Change, Speed, Summon Ally

Gear: assorted weird devices

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ingenious: Dweebs are really smart. They can speak and understand any spoken language after hearing only a few words. They really dig riddles and word games. In fact, dweebs have been known to reward peeps who stump them with a particularly brilliant riddle by giving out free weird devices. It's very difficult to stump a dweeb.

Trickery: Once per round, as a free action, a dweeb may make an opposed Smarts roll against an opponent. If the dweeb wins it has somehow tricked the opponent and receives a +4 bonus to attack rolls made against him that round.

ESOPHAGATOR

Lurking in the lakes, rivers, and oceans of Oith are horrors best left undescribed. The esophagator is one such beast. Not because it is particularly horrific (it is!), but because it is hard to describe. I'll try anyway... It's mostly mouth, really, a toothy set of jaws connected to a plump and pickle-like body with a long, flat tail and a couple of flippers. Its eyes are on movable stalks and it swims along eating just about anything it can catch, which includes creatures bigger than itself thanks to its expanding stomach. That wasn't so difficult after all (plus there's a picture right over there in case you're still confused).

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d12

Pace: - **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 11

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aquatic: Esophagators swim with a Pace of 6.

Bite: Esophagators have massive teeth and can swallow creatures up to twice as big as themselves (due to their expanding stomachs). Str +d6.

Size+4: Esophagators are pretty sizable. Opponents get a +2 bonus to attack rolls against them.



GIGGITY

Giggities (usually) are little guys, vaguely conical in shape with extremely expressive faces and ears that double as wings. They each look different, depending on what traits they've nabbed along the way. Giggities absorb traits and characteristics from other organisms. Just about any aspect of a peep or critter can be absorbed (the being does not lose the trait, the giggity just copies it), from his giant afro or his taste for tacos, to his interest in Hoomanracian artifacts or his ability to launch flaming slog nuggets from his belly button.

These little fellows are not malicious, unless they've absorbed that trait from someone, just curious. They wander about copying things and learning about the world. A multitude of theories exist considering the motives and proclivities of these enigmatic critters. The predominant hypothesis plops them as minions of the mysterious Primordial Soup Kitchen, gathering traits for that entity's sporogenic larder.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d12

Pace: 3 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 3

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Acquisition: Whenever a giggity touches another creature it may absorb a trait from that creature. The giggity makes a Smarts roll. For a success and each raise it copies one trait into itself. The original creature is not harmed or altered. Just about any physical, mental, or spiritual trait can be captured in this manner, from a creature's toothy maw or its love of musical theater, to its Arcane Background (the giggity would gain Powers and Power Points as if he nabbed the AB Edge in this case).



The attributes and skills listed above are typical for a giggity and will change depending on the traits it has absorbed (typically 2d4 random Edges, Hindrances, Monstrous Abilities, and Othernesses). Check out Appendix 07 for a ridiculously comprehensive (and comprehensively ridiculous) list of potential acquisitions.

Fly: Most giggities can fly with a Pace of 6.

Extended Warranty: A giggity that is killed will be reborn in 3d10 hours. Its original carcass remains intact as it grows an identical new body somewhere nearby. Wisenheimers disagree as to whether this new giggity is actually the same guy, but even if it's not, they all think it's a pretty cool way to reproduce.

Self Destruct: A giggity may choose to blow itself up if gets too stressed out, killing the giggity and inflicting 2d6 points of damage in a medium burst template.

Size -2: Giggities aren't (usually) very big.

GOOZERA

These tiny little saurian things are common throughout The Dingdom of the Dong. They are mostly harmless, with mouths too small to bite anything bigger than a circuspi nut, and generally playful and fun-loving. Don't get them drunk, however, or ill tidings may befall you.

See, when a goozera tastes even the tiniest drop of booze it gets a really big head. Literally, its head expands to enormous proportions, inflated by whatever gasses of fermentation brew in its gullet, and it becomes exceptionally violent and ravenous, attacking anything in sight.

SOBER GOOZERA

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d8

Pace: 4 Parry: 4 Toughness: 5

DRUNK GOOZERA (WILD CARD)

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10

Pace: 4 Parry: 7 Toughness: 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bad Drunk: A drunk goozera's head inflates to huge proportions, growing from the size of a small nut to the size of a large melon in mere seconds. The creature becomes extremely aggressive, attacking anything in sight. Its attributes change according to the listing above and it bites for Str+d6. The affect wears off in 1d3 hours.

Fly: A drunk Goozera flies (clumsily) with a Pace of 8.

Wildcardularness: A drunk Goozera is a Wild Card, but a sober one isn't.

GRILLA

Lush, vibrant, plant-ridden ecosystems are rare on Oith. Still, they do exist, however disparately. Denizens of such infrequent domains, grillas live in small packs, munching the lushness, getting their respective freaks on with each other, and using their enormous chompers and flashy teal buns to discourage encroachment by interlopers.



An unfortunately popular "sport" in Toast plops two goozeras in a cage with a mug of suds. The first to taste the brew invariably devours the other. Peeps place bets on which will do so and how long it will take, because peeps suck.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10
Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d6, Throwing d8
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Green and Manky: Because grillas are tough to spot when lurking in lush or verdant habitats, peeps have a -2 penalty to Notice rolls made to spy them in such environs.

Nigh Unshakable: Grillas nab a +2 bonus when making a Spirit roll to recover when Shaken.

Noggin Knock: Although grillas can bash with their fists (Str), it unbalances them to do so (-1 Parry), so they prefer to attack with a devastating head butt when threatened (or threatening). Str+d4.

Size +2: Grills are not small.

Choppers: Grillas have huge teeth. Unfortunately, they can't open their mouths wide enough to bite very well with them. Still, they provide the Grilla with a sweet +2 Parry bonus.

GROOTHOO

Groothoo Boids, the primary denizens of the realm of Tail, are tall, elegant creatures with brilliant feathers and long, curving beaks. Their societies are as advanced and complex as any on Oith, with a rigid social structure and complicated system of laws, taboos, and etiquette. Intelligent and crafty, groothoos tend to be insular and xenophobic, taking umbrage at the slightest insult and rarely (although occasionally) mingling with other cultures.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5

Gear: A weapon of some sort (Str+d6)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beak: Groothoos tend to be decent scrappers, able to attack simultaneously with a weapon and their long, stabby beaks without penalty. Str+d4.

Fly: Pace 4.





GRUZZ

Fuzzy arachnoid predators, gruzzes prowl Oith's mossy realms, ambushing and devouring just about anything that ventures within reach of their grasping claw-like claw thingees (I'm not sure what they're called). Guzzes care nothing for their prey, nor anybody else, for that matter. They're just a bunch of big meanies.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d10, Notice d12, Stealth d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Guzzes have ridiculously oversized jaws and teeth. Str+d10.

Grabby: A gruzz uses its four claw-like claw thingees to nab prey and hold it still before delivering its deadly bite, making four such

attacks against a single target per round. Such attacks do Str+d4 damage and anyone hit must make an opposed Strength check to escape (for each claw thingee that hits). A Gruzz biting a thusly held victim receives a +1 bonus to its Fighting roll for each claw thingee holding the victim.

Mossy: Guzzes have an absurd level of camouflage. Peeps attempting to peep them in mossy conditions have a -3 to their Notice roll.

Murk Vision: Guzzes can see all sorts of jazz with their odd peepers. Fog, smoke, complete and utter darkness, and similar conditions are no impediment.

Venomous: Oh yeah, and they're venomous too. Anyone who suffers a Wound by being bitten or hit with a claw thingee must make a Vigor roll or fall deeply asleep in 3d4 rounds (and remaining asleep for 2d4 hours).

HAIR BARE

Roaming the Monstrous Headlands in large packs, these strange predators are a bane to hair harvesters and gadabouts. Essentially nothing more than a pair of squat legs, a shaggy rump, and a chomping maw, they attack en masse, kicking, biting, and farting their opponents into submission.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8(A),

Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

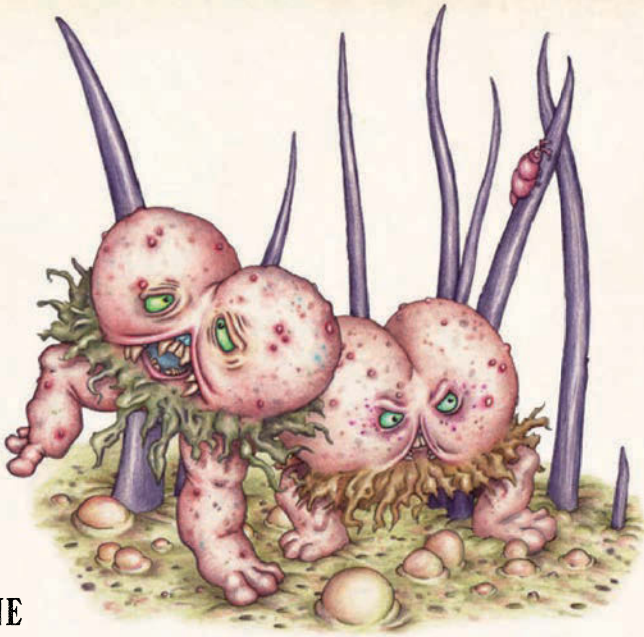
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Nasty mouths... Str+d4.

Flatulence: Once every three rounds a hair bare may issue forth a cloud of noxious gas. Everyone within a small burst template must make a Vigor roll or suffer a -2 penalty to all actions for 1d4 rounds. Smellcasters are immune.

Immunity: Hair bares are immune to most known poisons, including their own flatulence. Also, since they don't have noses (thankfully), they're unaffected by inhaled reeks.



HEADSTONE

These huge living statue-like things wander the wildernessical boondocks of Keister Island looking for peeps and critters to squash. Nobody knows where they came from nor why they exist (but the same could be said of most creatures, one imagines).

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace: 1 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 14

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Construct: Headstones are immune to damage from stabby weapons, diseases, and poisons. They don't suffer any additional damage from called shots and they add +2 when attempting to recover from being Shaken.

Smash: Headstones attack by falling over onto their victims. After it falls, a headstone must spend an action getting up before it can attack again. Str+2d4.

Stony: The petrous hide of a headstone gives it Armor +4.

Size +4: Headstones are some big dudes. Peeps attacking them have a +2 bonus to attack rolls.



Squiggins Neverlost was feared crushed when a headstone walloped him into a fine paste, but he somehow managed to show up in Floom a few days later. Could the Returners From Whence We Came be somehow involved. I hope so. That would be pretty cool.



MILF

Milfs are shape-changing goosers who lure peeps to an early grave (or at least an early trip through a milf's digestive system) by posing as attractive members of the victim's species and then choking the hapless gudgeon with their enormous prehensile tongues. Nobody knows what a milf's true form is, since they always look like someone else.

Milf's sometimes work as spies and infiltrators for various factions around the glob.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Performing d10, Persuasion d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Choke: When murdering a victim, a milf usually tries to lure it into a romantic situation and then choke it with her immense tongue (Fighting roll at +2). A choking victim will die in a number of rounds equal to half his Vigor unless he can escape with an opposed Strength roll at -2. A milf usually carries a weapon of some sort in case her choke doesn't work.

Impersonation: Although a milf can change her shape at will, she is restricted to imitating peeps of a certain species (although different milfs mimic different species). Changing shape does not count as an action and, if the milf has had time to properly research her role, the disguise is virtually perfect, including alterations in voice and mannerisms (-6 to Notice rolls made to discover the ruse).

A rare few milfs can mimic multiple species, but most can't. That would be too easy.

Prehensile Tongue: A milf's extraordinarily long tongue is usually hidden within her body (somehow). When extracted it can be used to wield weapons or perform other limbular functions without penalties, just like the Tongue Fu Edge.

Seductive: Milfs are very attractive, gaining a +2 Charisma bonus when interacting with members of the species she is impersonating.

MUTANT LAND FISH

Inhabiting the swamps and badlands of Ewg and other desolate places (and pretty much everywhere else), these strange creatures come in a variety of forms and sizes, from little tiny scrub guppies to enormous, bighemoth-like monstrosities. Regardless of size, they're all basically just fish with legs and have a few traits in common:

Mob Mentality: Mutant land fish are smarter when they travel in schools. The larger the school, the smarter each mutant land fish, according to the following chart:

# OF FISH	SMARTS
1-10	d4(A)
11-25	d6(A)
26-100	d4
101-200	d6
201-500	d8
501-1000	d10
1001-5000	d12
5001+	+1 per 5000

Mutant land fish usually travel alone or in small schools of 5-30 (5d6), but super-intelligent hordes of thousands have been known.

BIG MUTANT LAND FISH

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8
Pace: 8 Parry: 6 Toughness: 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Big mutant land fish can bite like a mutha gooser. Str+d6.

Mount: Big mutant land fish are sometimes trained as mounts or beasts of burden.

Stomp: Instead of biting, a big mutant land fish might choose to stomp an opponent. Str+d4 and the victim must make a Vigor roll or be Stunned for 1d4 rounds.

SMALL MUTANT LAND FISH

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

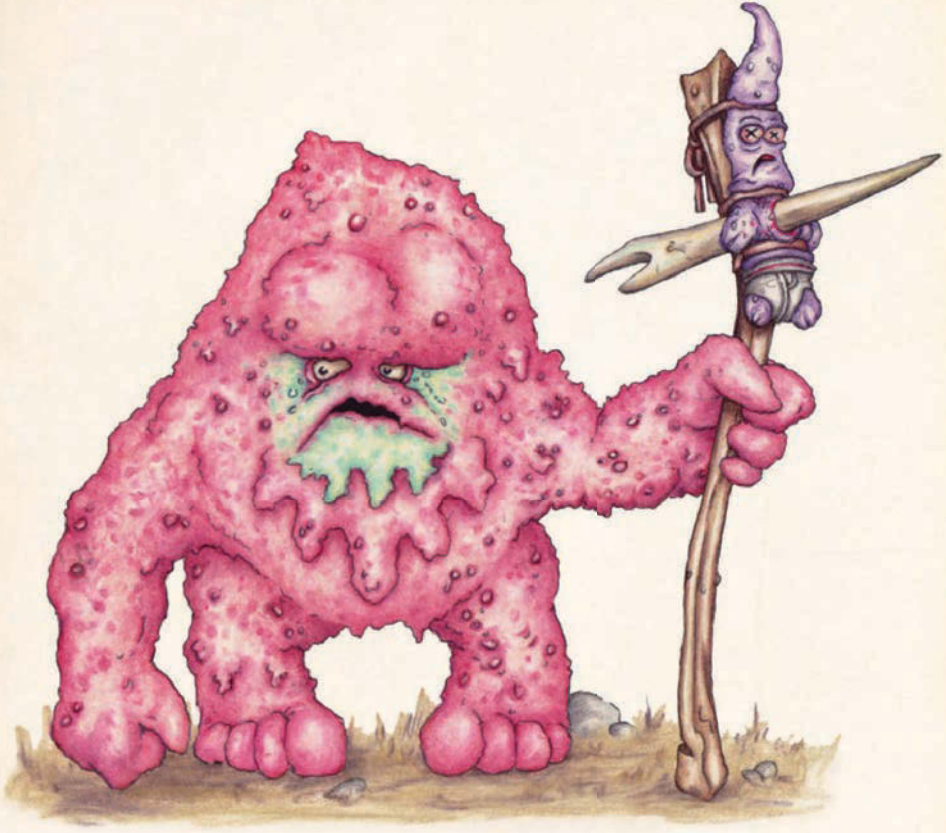
Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d8

Pace: 6 Parry: 4 Toughness: 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Small mutant land fish can't bite very hard, unless they can. Str-1 to Str+d4, depending on the fish.





ODRE

Big, savage, stinky brutes, odres are vaguely related to cremefillians, slogs, and other fluffy denizens of Oith. They form roving gangsta hordes and go raiding in their spare time. A typical odre is twice as big as a horc and thrice as mean. An atypical odre is about as big as a horc and about one and a half to three and a quarter times as mean.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 12

Gear: A clobberer or something stabby (Str+d8), furs and hides (Armor +1)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Expectoration: Odres have the Spit Edge.

If an odre successfully hawks a loogey on a foe the odre gains a +4 bonus to its next attack against him.

Mop the Floor: Odres have the Sweep Edge and may attack all adjacent foes simultaneously at -2.

Size +3: Dang, odres are some big peeps.

Spongy Flesh: Like cremefillians, odres have spongy flesh and are particularly unpalatable. A critter that bites an odre must make a Vigor roll to avoid being Shaken. A penalty equal to the number of wounds inflicted by the bite is applied to the roll.

Odres are immune to poisons and toxins except for those that specifically affect cremefillians and their ilk.

...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 unlife, 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.

CREME QAUFFER (WILD CARD)

One of Oith's more powerful denizens of the Danged, this former cremefillian haunts the night, seeking out other cremefillians and draining them of their vital partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d12, Throwing d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ain't Skeert: Immune to Fear and Intimidation.

Beget: Any cremefillian killed by a crème quaffer has a 50% chance of rising as a crème quaffer itself in 1d4 days. The new crème quaffer is under the thrall of its sire and will pretty much do whatever it's told.

Charming: Crème quaffers can use the Puppet power on cremefillians, using their Smarts as their arcane skill. They can wag and maintain the zazz indefinitely, but may only enthrall one cremefillian at a time.

Claws: A crème quaffer has sharp claws and may opt to scratch with them rather than bite. Str+d4.

Fangs: Crème quaffers are immune to the foul taste of cremefillians and usually choose to bite them and slurp out their precious crème. Str+d4.

Improved Frenzy: Twice per round, a crème quaffer may attack without penalty.

Invulnerability: Crème quaffers can only be harmed by their Weaknesses (described below). They can be Shaken by other attacks, but not Wounded.

Level Headed: Crème quaffers act on the best of two cards.

Slog Shape: As an action, and with a Smarts roll at -2, a crème quaffer can change into a pygmy slog, bug slog, or flying slog. Changing back to crème quaffer form requires a Smarts roll.

Summonings: Crème quaffers can summon and control slogs and their ilk. As an action, and with a Smarts roll at -2, 1d6 pygmy slogs, 1d6 bug slogs, 1 giant slog, or 1 sand slog come from the surrounding domain in 2d4 rounds (at the discretion of the Boss).

Weakness (Jelly): For some symbolic reason crème quaffers are unable to cross lines or circles made of jam or jelly.

Weakness (Rolling Pins): Again, probably for symbolic reasons, crème quaffers can be Wounded by zazzular rolling pins. This includes weird rolling pins and rolling pins upon which the Smite power has been waggled. Additionally, crème quaffers are repulsed by rolling pins of any type, if such devices are held aloft in a confident manner. The quaffer must win an opposed test of Spirit or be unable to attack the bearer of the rolling pin.

Weakness (Staleness): A crème quaffer must sleep in a sealed tomb by day or it will begin to grow stale, losing 1 die of Strength and Vigor every day until it hardens completely and becomes immobile.

Weakness (Sunlight): Crème quaffers spoil quickly in sunlight, suffering 2d10 damage per round of exposure until they rot away.

DIM GRIMACER

Made from the husks of former Sultanic bodyguards, these shadowy guardians police the grounds of Babajuana's Vestiges, an immense necropolis that houses most of the burg's croaked peeps. They never speak, but are generally placid unless their rage is invoked by a trespasser or they're ordered into action by Scowl Jowl or another minion of the Sultan.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d12+2, Strength d6, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d12, Stealth d12

Pace: 8 Parry: 8 Toughness: 8

Special Abilities

Cold Chillin': Dim grimacers radiate numbing cold in a 2" radius. They can extend this range to 4" as an action. Anyone touched by this jazz must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken.

Fear Nothing: These guys don't give any poops at all. They scoff (silently) at all Fear and Intimidation attempts.



Some peeps in Babajuana like to hang out in the Vestiges because the resident dim grimacers keep the place a bit cooler than most of the rest of the desert. It's like the opposite of sitting around a campfire to keep warm.

Fly: Since they don't have any legs, dim grimacers just sort of float a few yorts above the ground.

Relatively Invulnerable: Dim grimacers can only be harmed by zazzular attacks, reeks, and weird devices. Non-magical weapons (unless the Smite power has been cast upon them), regular fire, and all forms of cold are useless against them.

Smiley Face: Although they're otherwise all dark and spooky, these guys have the goofiest smiles on their faces. They can bite, though, so watch out. Str+d6.

Soul Slurp: Anyone bitten by a dim grimacer must make a Spirit roll or go blind. A second bite causes the victim to lose his hearing if he fails a Spirit roll at -1. A third forces him into a deep paralysis (Spirit roll at -2). The only way to cure such afflictions is to convince the grimacer (or another of his ilk) to revoke them.

Weakness (grounded): Dim grimacers are unable to leave the confines of the Vestiges except by special dispensation by Sultan Pepper himself. If forced outside the ossuary they will instantly disintegrate and reform within their home sarcophagi.



OOH SPOOKY

These intangible spirits of the Danged get off on making creepy sounds, rattling chains, and that sort of thing. They aren't always malicious, but they usually haunt some kind of digs or another, trapped there until freed. Many of them hate living peeps and do their best to scare the Jelvis out of them.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d12+2, Notice d10, Stealth d12+4, Taunt d10, Throwing d12

Pace: 6 Parry: 5 Toughness: 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Invisible: Ooh spookies are unable to be seen unless they want to be. This gives anyone attempting to Notice or attack one a -6 penalty.

Intangible: Ooh spookies are intangible and can only be harmed by zazz, reeks, and weird devices (although they can choose to manipulate material objects if they want).

Scary: Anyone who sees an ooh spooky must make a Fear check at -2.

Throw: When they choose to attack, ooh spookies usually do so by throwing random objects. Str+d4.

Weakness (Haunt): Ooh spookies are unable to leave the area they haunt unless some circumstance is met, usually involving the proper disposal of their remains or some sort of complicated revenge scheme or something.



OILY BOID

These tiny little fellows are pretty harmless when they are all alone. Peeps even keep them as pets, since their viscous drippings make wonderful lamp oil and their worm sniffing abilities are useful to hoinks and booty hunters.

When they flock together, however, oily boids become quite dangerous indeed. The collective oozings of a dozen or more of them can form a thick net of flammable slime that is extremely difficult to escape.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d6, Tracking d10 (by scent)

Pace: 3 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 4

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fly: Oily Boids fly with a Pace of 6.

Little: Oily boids are pretty small. Larger opponents attack them at -2.

Slime: When excited, an oily boid exudes a sticky, flammable slime from its skin. One boid does not exude enough slime to concern the average adventurer but when they flock and drip from above, the drops cling together into a sticky net that traps anyone caught in its area (10-40 boids use small burst template, more than 40 use large burst template). A trapped creature must

THE LOWEST FORM OF UNLIFE

These are your basic shambling husks. They just sort of lumber about craving brains and groaning a bit. The one presented here used to be a croach.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Claws: Str.

Crunchy Shell: +1 Toughness.

Ain't Skeert: He's immune to Fear and Intimidation.

Weakness: Hits to this guy's head inflict +2 damage.



Oily boid slime is an important fuel source for the lanterns and ovens of many burgs throughout Mutha Olth. In fact, oily boid ranching is a profitable (and potentially explosive) venture worldwide.



make a Strength roll at -4 to break free. The ooze cannot be cut, but it can be burned, inflicting 3d4 damage on anyone caught within. A netted peep is not able to perform any physical actions other than attempting to escape. Oily boids use this ability defensively, they never actively fight creatures bigger than themselves.

Worm Sniffing: Oily boids can smell worms from several yorts (miles) away. They are sometimes trained as trackers by hoinks and booty hunters.

PRIMORDIAL GOON (WILD CARD)

These huge protozoans are rumored to be the brute squad and bodyguards of the Primordial Soup Kitchen, but they might not be. They are often found in the company of giggities, whom they defend violently. These blubbers seem to enjoy violence for its own sake, often attacking without provocation.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor 12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d12, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clobber: Primordial goons fight with their powerful pseudopods. Str +d4.

Immunities: Goons are immune to spells that affect the mind, all blunt weapons, and disease. They take half damage from fire, cold, and electrical attacks.

Mutative Bite: Anyone Wounded or Shaken by a primordial goon's bite must make a Vigor roll or be instantly and permanently mutated in some weird way (roll on the Mutation Chart on page 233).

Regeneration (fast): Goons check for natural healing every three rounds.

Size +4: Primordial goons are big. Smaller peeps get a +2 bonus when attacking them.

Split: If a primordial goon takes exactly two wounds in the same round of combat, it will immediately split itself into two identical goons, each with one wound. The goons are perfect clones of the original.



PUDDLE OF YUCK

These gelatinous monsters hide among the dunes and scrub molds of That One Place with All the Sand, preying on caravans and desert nomads. They are large, amorphous blobs of translucent greenish muck, an almost perfect disguise among the filthy ponds and oases so dearly sought by travelers.

Oh yeah, some of them live in swamps and fungles and other wildernessical places too. In fact, they can be found just about anywhere. I don't know what I was thinking in that first paragraph.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 1 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 11

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disguise: A puddle of yuck usually hides its large bulk in a shallow depression, where its shining body resembles a small pond or oasis (Notice roll at -4 to tell the difference). They hunt from ambush, waiting until prey draws near and then attacking with a barrage of slaps.

Immunities: Fire, acid, electricity, and blunt weapons inflict no damage on puddles of yuck. They take no extra damage from called shots, and are immune to all poisons and most diseases.

Paralysis: Anyone Shaken or Wounded by a puddle's slap attack must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds. Cremefillians are immune.

Senses: Puddles can sense vibrations in the ground and suffer no penalties for darkness or low light.

Size +4: Puddles of yuck are relatively large. Opponents gain a +2 bonus when attacking them.

Slap: A puddle of yuck attacks by smacking simultaneously with three translucent tendrils without penalty against up to three foes. Str +d4.



QOOCHACHO

These strange triangular beasts roam the Moonular Cheese Fields, gorging themselves on delicious green cheese. They are generally harmless, but can be dangerous if irked.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Shooting d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Belch: When provoked or frightened, a qoochacho belches up a frothy mixture of partially digested cheese and strong gastric acid. It can spit this mixture up to several yorts (5") at a single target, or spray it in a burst that reaches several yorts (2") and can hit up to three targets adjacent to each other. The vomit inflicts 3d4 points of damage and uses the qoochacho's Shooting skill.

Bite: Qoochachos will bite if they have to. Str+1.

REMNANT OF HOOMANITY (WILD CARD)

Terrifying relics of ages past, these hulking monstrosities sometimes lurk in the ruins of ancient Hoomanracian settlements, protecting the digs from interlopers and the occasional curious gadabout who just wants to take a look around and certainly doesn't intend to steal anything. They are massive, mighty, intimidating, and undeniably insane, lashing out violently at anything within reach and hunting down lashable peeps that aren't in reach. They are undaunted and persistent, guarding their sacred turf with the tenacity of a thousand and twelve really tenacious guys.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 14



Hulking Monstrosity: Remnants of Hoomanity gain a +2 bonus to Toughness because they're such hulking monstrosities.

Intimidating: No critter (anything with an (A) after its Smarts) will voluntarily come within 5" of a remnant of Hoomanity. Anyone else must pass a Spirit roll to do so.

Lashing Out Violently: Attacking barehanded, remnants of Hoomanity may attack twice per round without any penalties (once with each hand). Reach +1. Str.

Massive and Mighty: Even though these things are really big (Size +4), smaller peeps only get a +1 bonus to attack them.

Protecting the Digs: Remnants of Hoomanity aren't very smart, but they are intrinsically aware of everything that happens within a yort (1000") of their domain. They are bound to a certain stretch of ruins, which they defend fanatically, and can't leave it of their own accord.

Relic of Ages Past: Remnants of



Hoomanity won't attack peeps with the Hoomanitarian Edge. It's against their religion. Harming a remnant is a major sin when a Hoomanitarian does it.

Undauntable: Unable to be daunted, remnants of Hoomanity heal one Wound every three rounds.

Undeniably Insane: Crazy! These things feel no pain (and ignore Wound modifiers) and they are extremely difficult to reason with. Their two heads are always at odds with each other, squabbling amongst themselves (often violently).

RORBLING ORB (WILD CARD)

These conniving subterranean creatures roll their way through the various tunnels and chasms of the underwhere, manipulating lesser peeps and committing assorted atrocities just

for the Nether Regions of it. The get off on the suffering of others, as they push themselves along with these weird squishy tentacle-like thingees.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Dementalism d10, Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Persuasion d8, Notice d6, Taunt d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 11 **PP:** 44

Powers: Armor, Blind, Boggle, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burst, Confusion, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Environmental Protection, Farsight, Fear, Fly, Greater Healing, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Mind Reading, New Perspective, Probe, Pummel, Puppet, Quickness, Rapport, Slumber, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Telekinesis, Teleport, Warrior's Gift

Rorbling orbs are some the most powerful bosses of the Underwhere. They sometimes set up entire kingdoms of slaves and subservient critters. Occasionally one will decide to lead a troop of dorks or umber cukes or scarier ass muthas or something, you know, just for kicks.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Rorbling orbs can bite the metaphorical shizzle out of a mutha. Str+d10.

Dementalism: Remember back when we said oofos are the only peeps that can waggle dementalism? Well, some monsters can do it too, rorbling orbs better than many.

Eye of Ill Intent: A rorbling orb can blast a beam of evil energy out of its humungous eye. Anyone caught in the area (cone template) must make a Spirit roll or turn against his friends, attempting to kill them as quickly as possible until the effect wears off (new Spirit roll at -2 every round).

Tough Skin: A rorbling orb's thick hide gives it Armor +2.

SCARY ASS MUTHA

Aptly named, these creepy beasts are indeed scary. They have little tiny bodies, but their vile faces are among the most horrific in all the world.



Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Throwing d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Scary ass muthas attack by biting (Str+d4) or by throwing stuff (Str+d4).

Size -2: They may be scary, but they aren't very big. Larger opponents attack at -2.

Tenacious: These little boogers just don't give up. They gain +2 Toughness and +2 to Spirit rolls made to recover from being Shaken.

Venom: The venomous bite of a scary ass mutha forces a victim to make a Vigor roll or be overcome by the creeping willies, immediately wetting himself and fleeing madly for 1d4 rounds. If the Vigor roll is a 1, the target faints and cannot be awakened for 2d4 rounds.

SHNOOBLE

These vicious monsters are all too common in the frontiers and wildernesses of the world. Immense quadrupeds of tooth and hair and claw, their whining voices can be heard from yorts away, dread harbingers of imminent demise.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: The mouth of a schnooble is toothy and vile. Str+d4.

Size +2: Schnoobles are pretty big.

Trainable: Peeps sometimes raise schnoobles as babies and train them to serve as mounts or beasts of burden. The schnoobles don't dig such treatment, but they put up with it if the trainer is good enough.

Tusks: Male schnoobles have bad ass tusks. They're all about goring peeps and predators. A tusked schnooble may make a sweeping attack (at -2) against up to three adjacent foes simultaneously. Str+d8.



Whine: A female schnooble's piercing whine causes paralysis for 1d4 rounds in all those within close proximity (5") who fail a Spirit roll. A schnooble cannot whine and bite in the same round.

SLOG

Take a big, fat, limbless worm and cross it with a cremefillian. The result is a slog (not really, it just kind of looks that way). These critters, at least the pygmy variety, have been used as beasts of burden since time immemorial. They crawl along, oozing on a trail of partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening that drips from large pores on their ventral surface. Pygmy slogs are easily domesticated, but many of the larger slogs are carnivorous and can be quite dangerous.

An abundant diversity of slogs exists. They inhabit just about every ecosystem Oith has to offer. Some are predators, some are prey. Most are both to one thing or another. They range in size from the nigh unseeable weensy slog to the inhabitable enormoslog, one of Oith's largest

critters. Despite their many variations and adaptations, all slogs share several characteristics (well, two characteristics, actually).

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.

Here's a small sampling of the all-you-can-chug buffet of slogs a peep might encounter.

BOG SLOG

The fluffy flesh of these swamp-dwelling critters is matted and tangled, allowing them to blend in with the weeds and muck amongst which they dwell. They swim lazily through the mire, dining on aquatic grasses and other vegetable matter.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Swimming d8
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Bog slogs are generally docile but they'll bite if you piss them off. Str +d4.

Swim: Bog slogs can swim with a Pace of 6.

BUG SLOG

These small slogs can be found just about anywhere. Some peeps consider them vermin, others consider them lunch.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d10
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Low Light Vision: Bug slogs do not suffer any penalties for dim light conditions, although total darkness still goesos with them.

Size -2: Bug slogs are small slogs.

Wall Walker: Bug slogs can climb just about any surface with ease, even vertical and upside-down ones.

ENORMOSLOG (WILD CARD)

These are the biggest slogs around. Really, with the exception of The Incredibly Huge Monster™ and its undiscovered ilk, they're just about the biggest critters there are. The roving city of Scab is built atop the backs of a pair of these titanic brutes, for Boorglezar's sake! Enormoslogs are exceedingly rare, inhabiting desolate reaches far from where most peeps live. They roam slowly, munching dirt and scrub as they amble.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+24, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d4, Stealth d4-4
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 27

SPECIAL ABILITIES

High-Impenetrable: An enormoslog's thick fluff is dense and tough. Armor +8.

Overbearing: Enormoslogs, thankfully, are very passive and docile. They seldom attack anything because few things are big enough to threaten them. Nonetheless, if one is incited to do so, or just isn't paying attention, it can smash a peep flat in no time, simply by moving forward a bit. Str.

Size +12: Enormoslogs are enormous. Hence the name. Peeps attacking them gain a +8 bonus.

FANCY SLOG

Among the smallest of slogs, these fancy little guys are often brightly colored and kept as pets and status symbols by clammy peeps. They are sometimes trained to do various tricks, because that what peeps do with floofy pets.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d10, Performing d8
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

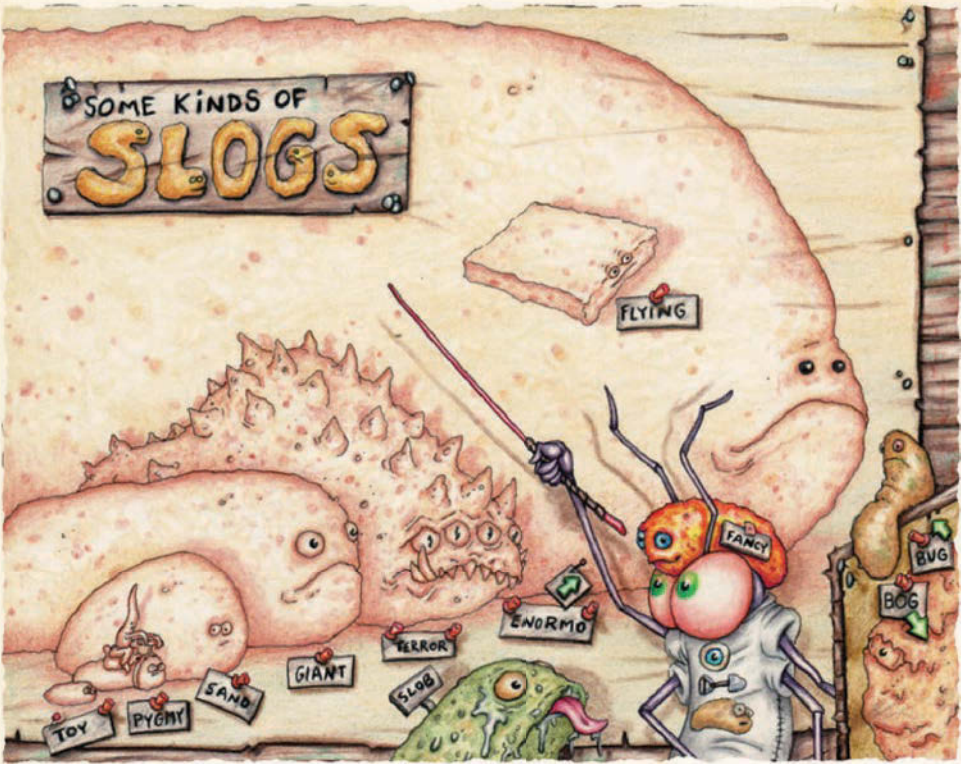
Size -2: Fancy slogs are not big.

Tricks: Most fancy slogs can be trained to do simple tricks (fetch, play dead, steal that guy's hat, etc...).

FLYING SLOG

Flying slogs have flat, spatulate bodies, rather than the vaguely cylindrical sort present in most of the other types. They fly, hence the name, which is pretty snazzy considering the blocky gracelessness displayed by many of their land-bound kin.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Tracking d8
Pace: 3 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 9



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clobber: When protecting themselves, flying slogs lash out with their thick wings. Str.

Fly: Flying slogs fly with a Pace of 8.

Mountable: Flying slogs can carry one normal sized rider.

Size +2: Flying slogs are sort of big.

GIANT SLOG (WILD CARD)

Wild giant slogs are often aggressive and ornery. Thankfully, these huge beasts are relatively easy to domesticate once they get used to being around peeps.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 4 Parry: 5 Toughness: 17

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Bad slog! Str+d4.

Size +10: Giant slogs are rather sizable.

PYGMY SLOG

Pygmy slogs are the most common slogs on Oith. They have been used by peeps as mounts, beasts of burden, livestock, and entrees for centuries.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 4 Parry: 5 Toughness: 17

SAND SLOG (WILD CARD)

Sand slogs live in (guess where) sandy regions, such as The Open Range and That One Place with All the Sand. They are predatory, munching on just about anything they can catch.

Beneath the fuzz of a sand slog's back is a reservoir of gelatinous grease. The slog uses this to feed itself during times of austerity.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Tracking d8
Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Sand slogs are not shy about biting. Str+d4.

Marbles: As an action, a sand slog can spit an enormous hardened glob of phlegm and melted sand at one opponent with a range of 6/12/24, using the slog's Shooting skill, and inflicting 4d4 damage.

Size +4: Sand slogs are big. Peeps smaller than them get a +2 bonus when attacking.

SLOB

Slobs are awesome! They're like uglier versions of pygmy slogs except they're all drooly and slimy and stuff. They typically live in fungles and other fecund places, lurching on mushrooms and finking the place up with their gooey strands.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Tracking d8
Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Drool: Slobs, when threatened or excited, produce copious amount of drool, which drips from their mouths and bodies in muculent strands and gets all over the place. This effectively gives them both the Slimy and Sticky Edges. Anything that hits them (including natural weapons and appendages) can't be removed unless the holder makes a Str check at -2. They also gain a +4 bonus to escape from bonds or maneuver through small spaces.

See-in-the-Dark-O-Vision: Slobs can see perfectly well in absolute darkness.

Wall Walker: Slob's sticky slime gives them the ability to stick to just about any surface.

TERROR SLOG (WILD CARD)

Horribly vicious and viciously horrifying, terror slogs are the bane of the Underwhere and other dismal locales (one of several banes, actually). They are predatory in the extreme, often hunting peeps and critters just for the goose of it. Stay far away from these guys.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Shooting d10, Tracking d10
Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 18

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Deadly, Deadly Maw: Not only does a terror slog have choppers bigger than most peeps (Str+d6), its drool is potentially venomous as well. Anyone bitten must make a Vigor roll at -2. Failure forces him to roll on the Fright Table.

Poisonous Goo: The partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening of a terror slog is poisonous too (of course). Any creature who bites one must make a Vigor roll at -2 or roll on the Fright Table.

See-in-the-Dark-O-Vision: Terror slogs don't care if it's dark. They don't need light to see.

Size +10: Terror slogs are goosin' huge!

TOY SLOG

Another tiny variety of slog, toy slogs are like less colorful fancy slogs. They are often kept as pets, but they tend to find themselves between sandwich buns far more often than their fancy kin.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d10
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Size -2: Toy slogs are smaller than many other breeds.



WEENSY SLOG

The tiniest slogs of all, weensy slogs are smaller than a smelf's pinky toe.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Tracking d12

Pace: 3 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 3

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poisonous: Any creature who eats a weensy slog must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken and overcome with painful bouts of vomiting and diarrhea for 2d4 hours.

Size -4: Seriously, they're really small.

SQUIGGLY MASS (WILD CARD)

Horrid in the extreme, these ginormous blobs of wet noodles and toothy spines can be found in most of the wildernesses of the world. Intelligent and sinister, they often lead hordes of lesser monsters, collecting vast loot troves and armies of slaves.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Hocus Poking d10, Notice d12, Hocus Pokery d10

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 11 **PP:** 40

Powers: Barrier, Bolt, Blind, Burrow, Burst, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Growth/Shrink, Greater Healing, Havoc, Invisibility, Quickness, Shape Change, Speed, Summon Ally

Gear: Buttlods of treasure

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Immunities: Squiggly masses are immune to bludgeoning weapons, electricity, poison, and disease. They take half damage from piercing weapons and are 50% resistant to all zazzular attacks.

Low Light Vision: Squiggly masses ignore penalties for darkness and poor lighting conditions.

Minions: Squiggly masses are usually accompanied by a dozen or so lesser monsters, such as odres, scary ass muthas, or horcs.

Size +4: Although they are really big, peeps don't get any special attack bonuses due to a squiggly mass's size. They're just too squirmy.

Squiggle: A squiggly mass rends foes with its slimy coils and pointy spines. Masses may attack up to four separate foes per round without penalty and their tendrils can stretch quite far (Reach +2). Str +d8.

Telepathy: Squiggly masses speak using a form of telepathy that extends at least a yort (1000"). They understand all languages.

Wall Walker: A squiggly mass can crawl on walls or ceilings with ease. Ain't no thang.

STOMP

These creatures are just plain weird. Basically, they are nothing more than a big foot with a couple of squat arms and some eyes. Various types exist, adapted to different terrains and environments, but the desert stomp is the most common, often used as a mount or beast of burden in That One Place with All the Sand.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A),

Spirit d8, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fat: Stomps can go weeks without food or water thanks to the lumpy stores of fat that adorn their heads and ankles. These cushions of fat are wonderful natural saddles as well.

Hence the Name: Stomps attack by jumping into the air and smashing opponents. Str +d4.

Trainable: Stomps aren't all that hard to train, especially ones raised in captivity.

THING THAT MIGHT NOT BE

This little monster is probably the most frustrating of all Oith's creatures. The thing is, sometimes it exists and sometimes it doesn't. The nature of this bizarre phenomenon is difficult to comprehend; one minute it's there biting your head off and the next second it's gone, only to exist again a few seconds later, biting the head off your friend. Throw a spork at it and it's just as likely to not exist as it is to get impaled.



Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: TTTMNB attacks by biting. With a raise, it has attached itself to the victim's head (assuming it has one) and remains attached until killed or nonexistent, automatically hitting the opponent each round. Str +d6.

Existential Nonexistence: Whenever TTTMNB interacts with another creature roll a die (any die). If the result is even, TTTMNB does not exist for that split second and can't be affected, or affect others, in any way. An odd result means it exists. This roll is made every time an interaction occurs (an attack by TTTMNB, an opponent's attack, etc...).



TRIONAPARAPANTS

A trionaparapant is a bulky quadruped whose face is adorned with horns and venomous stingers. The beast is extremely aggressive and will eat just about anything (except that, that's just gross). They can be domesticated, apparently, but I wouldn't recommend it.



The eponymous mottling on a trionaparapant's hindquarters is usually green, although many other colors and patterns have been observed. The rarest of all are the elusive plaid trionaparapantses of the Phesterance and the fluorescent brown variety found in Glowhio.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12
Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d6, Tracking d10
Pace: 8 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Armor: The beast's tough hide offers a +2 Toughness bonus.

Club: A trionaparants has a sweet club thing at the end of its tail. It can lay a smack down on any creature behind it as a free attack. Str+d4.

Gore: A trionaparapants attacks by goring with its hideous horns. By swinging its head back and forth it can attack up to three adjacent opponents simultaneously. Str+d4.

Venom: Anyone hit by the gore attack must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds by the creature's toxic venom.

UNPRONOUNCABLE THING

These crazy things are mostly fuzz, eyeballs, and teeth. They skitter about, eating anything they can nab (including each other), crunching through bones and carapaces with ease while chuckling softly at the sobs and wailings of their still-suffering prey.



Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10
Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10
Pace: 6 **Parry:** 9 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Low Light Vision: Total darkness is still a problem, but dim light doesn't bug these things at all.

Nimble: Unpronounceable things can move their limbs pretty quickly, giving them a +2 bonus to Parry.

Stab: Instead of biting, things of this nature can attack with both of their stabby claw things at the same time without penalty. Str+d6.

Venom: Of course they're venomous. Extremely so, in fact. Anyone bitten (Str+d8) must make a Vigor roll or be immediately paralyzed and unable to move for 1d4 hours.

Web: They can also poop out big webby globs and hurl them (using their Throwing skill) at opponents. Anyone struck has a -2 to Pace and any skills related to Agility or Strength for 2d4 rounds. If the thing gets a raise, the victim is completely immobilized.

VEGETAL GOBSLOPPER

These odd plant/fungus/animal critters hide in rocky and overgrown areas, lurking amidst the scenery and ambushing any tasty morsels that happen by. They are opportunistic devourers of just about everything that moves, engulfing critters even bigger than themselves by means of an expandable mouth-like gullet thing.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d10
Pace: 2 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

Expandable Mouth-like Gullet Thing: Vegetal Gobslopers can swallow any creature of Size +2 or smaller with a successful bite attack. The initial bite does Str+d6 damage,

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THE YOINKED AND THE YOINKABLE



and if the victim is Shaken it is immediately swallowed whole. A swallowed victim takes 3d4 damage each round until freed or dead. A peep in a gobslopper's gullet may cut his way out by causing a Wound with a stabby weapon.

Opportunistic Devourer: Gobsloppers eat anything they can catch. They are unaffected by poisons and diseases, except those that specifically affect plants.

Lurking Amidst the Scenery: Peeps trying to spot a vegetal Gobslopper in overgrown areas have a -2 penalty to their Notice roll.



Here's a snazzy chart (more of an assemblage of related charts, actually) the Boss can use to establish the aspects of assorted giggities and also to determine traits yoinked from said giggities by giggity giggers (by use of the Gig power; see page 159). Check out www.thewholehole.info for an even snazzier automated version.

Oh yeah, if you don't like this chart feel free to make your own (or bypass the chart entirely and just use your imagination, if that's how you roll (or don't roll, I suppose)). There are, quite literally, gazillions of possible features, attributes, characteristics, quirks, and qualities a giggity can possess and we have neither the space nor the disposition to list them all here.

Here's the gist of the thing: first, roll on the chart then use your brain and figure out the rest. If a result doesn't make sense (such as acquiring the tail of a creature that doesn't have a tail) the Boss is encouraged to make something up that does (such as giving the giggity or gigger a tendril of yuck for a tail, rather than the tail of a puddle of yuck, which is normally bereft of such an extremity). The exact affects of such traits are up to the Boss (for example, the aforementioned puddle of yuck tail might give the giggity or gigger the puddle of yuck's Slap and/or Paralysis special abilities. Similarly, should she feel so inclined, the Boss is free to determine physical traits to go along with a mental or zazzular result (the addition of borlo buns to account for a Big Ass Ass Edge result, etc...).

In most cases a giggity stays roughly the same size, but occasionally one will yoink a trait that makes it grow or shrink.

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CHART 7.1 GIGGITY TRAITS

1d10

Trait

- | | |
|----|---|
| 01 | A(n) (Chart 7.2)(Chart 7.3). |
| 02 | The (Chart 7.3) of a(n) (Chart 7.4) |
| 03 | A(n) (Chart 7.5) of/for/to (Chart 7.6) |
| 04 | A(n) (Chart 7.5) of/for/to (Chart 7.4) |
| 05 | The (Chart 7.7) Hindrance |
| 06 | The (Chart 7.8) Edge |
| 07 | A (Chart 7.9) in the (Chart 7.10) Skill |
| 08 | Knowledge of/about (Chart 7.11) |
| 09 | An otherness from Chart 7.12 |
| 10 | A mutation from Appendix 08 |



CHART 7.2 DESCRIPTORS

2d20

Descriptor

- | | |
|----|-------------|
| 02 | Vestigial |
| 03 | Enormous |
| 04 | Upside-Down |
| 05 | Muculent |
| 06 | Nukular |
| 07 | Luminous |
| 08 | Big |
| 09 | Stinky |
| 10 | Furry |
| 11 | Bulbous |
| 12 | Transparent |
| 13 | Pointy |

14

Calloused

15

Hairy

16

Sticky

17

Diseased

18

Colorful

19

Obese

20

Tiny

21

Muscular

22

Armored

23

Dangling

24

Rubbery

25

Hideous

26

Beautiful

27

Fringed

28

Pierced

29

Swollen

30

Toothy

31

Chitinous

32

Emaciated

33

Musical

34

Vegetal

35

Fireproof

36

Independently Motivated

37

Extendable

38

Retractable

39

Inflatable

40

Small

CHART 7.3 PHYSICAL TRAITS

2d20

Body Part

02

Belly Button

03

Lips

04

Tongue

05

Left Leg

06

Right Leg

07

Left Eye

08

Right Eye

09

Nose

10

Primary Arm

11

Off Arm

12

Right Knee

13

Left Knee

14

Right Elbow

15

Left Elbow

16

Primary Thumb

17

Off Thumb

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18	Right Foot
19	Left Foot
20	Toe
21	Finger
22	Butt
23	Chest
24	Tummy
25	Mouth
26	Unmentionables
27	Back or Wings
28	Two Arms
29	All Eyes
30	Hair
31	Teeth
32	Facial Hair
33	Body Hair
34	Antennae
35	Tail
36	One Ear
37	All Ears
38	Top Half
39	Bottom Half
40	Whole Body



CHART 7.4 ORGANISMS

1d100 Organism

01-02	Plant	22	Cute Little Ducky
03	Yucksuckler*	23	Spitting Image*
04	Borlo	24	Cyclopean Muck Duck
05	Some Kind of Worm-like thing...*	25	Dork
06	Brickle	26	Droll
07	Broccodile	27	Dweeb
08	Sphincs*	28	Esophagator
09	Buddunkadunk	29	Goozera
10	Butthemoth	30	Grilla
11	Cheese Leech	31	Groothoo
12	Contanimant (Bad Ass)	32	Gruzz
13	Contanimant (Bruiser)	33	Hair Bare
14	Contanimant (Dross)	34	Headstone
15	Contanimant (Feck)	35	Milf
16	Contanimant (Kanker)	36	Mutant Land Fish (Big)
17	Contanimant (Mensch)	37	Mutant Land Fish (Small)
18	Contanimant (Raunch)	38	Odre
19	Contanimant (Sfink)	39	Umble-Grunk*
20	Contanimant (Wanker)	40	...of the Danged (Crème Quaffer)
21	Contanimant (Wuss)	41	...of the Danged (Dim Grimacer)
		42	...of the Danged (Ooh Spooky)
		43	...of the Danged (Lowest Form...)
		44	Time Flies*
		45	Oily Boid
		46	Umber Cuke
		47	Primordial Goon
		48	Puddle of Yuck
		49	Qoochacho
		50	Remnant of Hoomanity
		51	Rorbling Orb
		52	Scary Ass Mutha
		53	Uncter*
		54	Shnooble
		55	Slog (any)

56	Bighemoth*
57	Blor-purple*
58	Corpulent Sludge*
59	F'reek*
60	Glomp*
61	Glubble*
62	Wump*
63	Hamster*
64	Hot Dammit*
65	Lichenthrope
66	Linachithi*
67	Mosstrich*
68	Squiggly Mass
69	Stomp
70	The Thing That Might Not Be
71	Trionaparapants
72	Unpronounceable Thing
73	Vegetal Gobslopper
74-75	Bodul
76-77	Cremefillian
78-79	Croach
80-81	Horc
82	Oofo
83	Pile
84-85	Smelf
86	Tizn't
87-88	Werm
89	Funguy*
90	Flew*
91	Snell*
92	Munct*
93	Plorp*
94	Queen Mutha*
95	Sassquash*
96	Scarier Ass Mutha*
97	Shmurve*
98	Slogslurper*
99	Sloss Mogg*
100	Smelfstabber*



Stuff marked with an asterisk (*) appears in *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*. If you don't have it yet, what the goose is wrong with you? Just roll again, I guess. Stuff with two asterisks (**) is in the *Savage Worlds Deluxe* rulebook.

CHART 7.5 CONDITIONS

1d20	Condition
01	Persistent Craving
02	Hardcore Addiction
03	Serious Aversion
04	Apathetic Indifference
05	Dangerous Obsession
06	Inability to Recognize
07	Mild Loathing
08	Unnatural Lust
09	Expert Knowledge
10	Total Lack of Understanding
11	Dangerous Misconception
12	Severe Allergy
13	Worshipful Devotion
14	Maniacal Hatred
15	Bitchin' Tattoo
16	Debilitating Phobia
17	Passing Interest
18	Recurring Nightmare
19	Uncanny Resemblance
20	Valuable Secret

CHART 7.6 THINGS

1d100	Thing
01	That Guy Over There
02	What Passes For Corn
03	Acne
04	Cake
05	Keistermeister Hugormo XIII
06	Fungus
07	Swamps
08	Caves
09	Illness
10	Pain
11	Fire
12	Snow
13	Candles
14	Rope
15	Crayons
16	Containers
17	Wheels
18	Things with more than two eyes
19	Things with only one eye
20	Darkness
21	Bright Light
22	Water

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23	Mud
24	Filthiness
25	Contanimants
26	...of the Danged
27	Artwork
28	The Hoomanrace
29	Ancestral Oofos
30	Cleanliness
31	The Color Blue
32	Circuspi Nuts
33	Zazz Wagglers
34	Body Buddies*
35	Numbers
36	Poetry
37	Books
38	Tattoos
39	Mustaches
40	Beards
41	Ears
42	Really Sharp Teeth
43	Holy Rollers
44	Mold
45	Long Tongues
46	The Gubernator of Ewg
47	Lovin'
48	Sharp Edges
49	Buns
50	The Ding of the Dong
51	Helplessness
52	Torture
53	Sand
54	Pets
55	Waffles
56	Chili
57	Disguises
58	Images of Yourself
59	Power
60	Treasure
61	Heights
62	Storms
63	Crying
64	Larvae
65	Old Peeps
66	Emperor Offle of Grease
67	Wide Open Spaces
68	Confined Spaces
69	Pimps and Strumples



70	Weird Devices
71	Reeks
72	Poop
73	Sporks
74	Booze
75	Dishonesty
76	Cheese
77	The Moon
78	The Statues of Keister Island
79	The Keister of Gawd
80	The Incredibly Huge Monster™
81	The Moonular Cheese Fields
82	Feathers
83	Effigies of Boorglezar
84	Fruits and Vegetables
85	Pastries
86	Anger
87	Singing
88	Glowy Things
89	Things of Disproportionate Size
90	Giggities
91	Aimless Wandering
92	Dementalism
93	Puppets
94	Shoes
95	Disorganization
96	Bandages
97	Girls
98	Snoots and Other Clammy Peeps
99	Whispering
100	Random Bits of Trivia

Some of these may take a bit of creativity and imagination on the part of the Boss. How, for example, can a peep have an uncanny resemblance to whispering? I'm not sure, but I bet you can come up with something cool.

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CHART 7.7 HINDRANCES

3d20

Hindrance

03	Armless
04	Colorblind
05	Cyclopean
06	Enslaved
07	Funny Looking
08	Hoardosaurus
09	Innumerate
10	Junkie (minor)
11	Junkie (major)
12	Mouthless
13	Legless
14	Limbless
15	Mistaken Identity
16	Sightless
17	Sort of Clueless
18	Stanky
19	Righteous Indignation*
20	All Thumbs**
21	Anemic**
22	Arrogant**
23	Bad Eyes (minor)**
24	Bad Eyes (major)**
25	Bad Luck**
26	Big Mouth**
27	Blind**
28	Bloodthirsty**
29	Cautious**
30	Clueless**
31	Code of Honor**
32	Elderly**
33	Greedy (minor)**
34	Greedy (major)**
35	Habit (minor)**
36	Habit (major)**
37	Hard of Hearing (minor)**
38	Hard of Hearing (major)**
39	Heroic**
40	Illiterate**
41	Lame**
42	Loyal**
43	Mean**
44	Obese**
45	One Arm**
46	One Eye**



47	One Leg**
48	Overconfident**
49	Pacifist (minor)**
50	Pacifist (major)**
51	Phobia (minor)**
52	Phobia (major)**
53	Quirk**
54	Small**
55	Stubborn**
56	Ugly**
57	Vengeful (minor)**
58	Vengeful (major)**
59	Vow**
60	Yellow**

CHART 7.8 EDGES

Roll any die and then roll 1d100 on the appropriate chart determined by whether the result is even or odd.

EVEN

1d100

Edge

01	Anosmic
02	Antennae
03	Arcane Background (d8) 01: Contanimator 02: Danged Wrangler 03: Dementalist 04: Giggity Gigger 05: Hocus Poker 06: Holy Roller 07: Smellcaster 08: weirdo
04	Big Ass Ass
05	Big Ass Eyes
06	Big Ass Feet
07	Burrowing
08	Clever
09	Coiled Spring
10	Compensating for Something
11	Crunchy Shell
12	Enhanced Senses (d4) 01: Hearing 02: Smell 03: Taste 04: Vision

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13	Extra Limb (d4)	55	Gig Wig
	01: Arm	56	Hoomanitarian
	02: Leg	57	Power Poker
	03: Tentacle	58	Reek Repository
	04: Prehensile Tail (acts as arm)	59	Smellbender
14	Glowy Finger of Love	60	Smellementalist
15	Gullet of Steel	61	Stanismist
16	Gurgitation	62	Weirder
17	Malleable	63	Weirderer
18	Multidextrous	64	Weirdest
19	Multiple Limbs	65	Arteest
20	Nosebloating	66	Beast Puncher
21	Obsessulon	67	Boogie Knight
22	Oddvision	68	Booty Hunter
23	Pallesthesia	69	Pimp
24	Prehensile Body	70	Gadabout
25	Really Big Guy	71	Gangsta
26	Really Small Guy	72	Ham
27	Regeneration	73	Hoink
28	Rubbery	74	Lashmaster
29	Say, Aren't You that One Guy?	75	Nabmaster
30	Schnoz to Be Reckoned With	76	Oldster
31	Slimy	77	Peed-on
32	Spongy Flesh	78	Craftspeep
33	Starry Wisdom	79	Price-o-corn
34	Sticky	80	Scrapper
35	Tentacular	81	Smoovester
36	Tongue Fu	82	Snoot
37	Tough Ass MoFo	83	Strumple
38	Tweenking	84	Tubpuddler
39	Two-Faced	85	Waremonger
40	Buttkicker	86	Wiseneheimer
41	Goo Flinging	87	Wordwiggler
42	Loogey Hawker	88	Animal Magnetism
43	Pimp Slap	89	Fish Breath
44	Spit	90	Freak Occurrence Magnet
45	Leader of Peeps	91	Irradiated
46	Booglezarian	92	Bottomliner*
47	Brain Drainer	93	Crud Swimmer*
48	Contanimaster	94	Dammit Binder*
49	Contanimaniac	95	Fungish*
50	Corpse Jockey	96	Keisternaut*
51	Jeezle Freak	97	Keisterwareness*
52	Jemimah's Witness	98	Returner from Whence We Came*
53	Gigfinity	99	Suffering Sock*
54	Gigmaster	100	Super Sniffer*



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Odd		46	Improvisational Fighter**
1d100	Edge	47	Inspire**
01	Ace**	48	Investigator**
02	Acrobat**	49	Killer Instinct**
03	Alertness**	50	Level Headed**
04	Ambidextrous**	51	Improved Level Headed**
05	Arcane Resistance**	52	Linguist**
06	Improved Arcane Resistance**	53	Liquid Courage**
07	Assassin**	54	Luck**
08	Attractive**	55	Great Luck**
09	Very Attractive**	56	Marksman**
10	Beast Bond**	57	Martial Artist**
11	Beast Master**	58	Improved Martial Artist**
12	Berserk**	59	Martial Arts Master**
13	Block**	60	Mighty Blow**
14	Improved Block**	61	Natural Leader**
15	Brave**	62	Nerves of Steel**
16	Brawler**	63	Improved Nerves of Steel**
17	Bruiser**	64	New Power (3d20+1d8)**
18	Brawny**		04: Banish **
19	Charismatic**		05: Barrier **
20	Combat Reflexes**		06: Beast Friend **
21	Command**		07: Blast **
22	Command Presence**		08: Blind **
23	Common Bond**		09: Bolt **
24	Counterattack**		10: Boost/Lower Trait **
25	Improved Counterattack**		11: Burrow **
26	Danger Sense**		12: Burst **
27	Dead Shot**		13: Confusion **
28	Dodge**		14: Damage Field **
29	Improved Dodge**		15: Darksight **
30	Elan**		16: Deflection **
31	Extraction**		17: Detect/Conceal Arcana **
32	Improved Extraction**		18: Disguise **
33	Fast Healer**		19: Dispel **
34	Fervor**		20: Divination **
35	First Strike**		21: Drain Power Points **
36	Improved First Strike**		22: Elemental Manipulation **
37	Fleet-Footed**		23: Entangle **
38	Florentine**		24: Environmental Protection **
39	Frenzy**		25: Farsight **
40	Improved Frenzy**		26: Fear **
41	Giant Killer**		27: Fly **
42	Hard to Kill**		28: Greater Healing **
43	Harder to Kill**		29: Growth/Shrink **
44	Healer**		30: Havoc **
45	Hold the Line! **		31: Healing **



APPENDIX 07: GIGGITY TRAITS

32: Intangibility **		
33: Invisibility **		
34: Light/Obscure **		
35: Mind Reading **		
36: Pummel **		
37: Puppet **		
38: Quickness **		
39: Shape Change **		
40: Slow **		
41: Slumber **	75	Scavenger**
42: Smite **	76	Scholar**
43: Speak Language **	77	Soul Drain**
44: Speed **	78	Steady Hands**
45: Stun **	79	Sweep**
46: Succor **	80	Improved Sweep**
47: Summon Ally **	81	Strong Willed**
48: Telekinesis **	82	Tactician**
49: Teleport **	83	Tough as Nails**
50: Wall Walker **	84	Improved Tough as Nails**
51: Warrior's Gift**	85	Trademark Weapon**
52: Boggle	86	Two-Fisted**
53: Cadaver Gab	87	Weapon Master**
54: Conjure Contaminants	88	Master of Arms**
55: Corpse Command	89	Woodsman**
56: Crony	90	Construct (Monst. Ability) **
57: Dang	91	Elemental (Monst. Ability, d4) **
58: Defile		01: Fire
59: Eviction		02: Water
60: Gather Giggities		03: Earth
61: Gig		04: Air
62: New Perspective	92	Ethereal (Monst. Ability) **
63: Probe	93	Fearless (Monst. Ability) **
64: Rapport	94	Hardy (Monst. Ability) **
65: The Hookup	95	Immunity (Monst. Ability, d8) **
66: Transmogrifize	96	Low Light Vision (Monst. Ability) **
67: Armor**	97	Regeneration, Fast (Monst. Ability) **
68: Roll Again Twice	98	Regeneration, Slow (Monst. Ability) **
65: No Mercy**	99	Size (Monst. Ability, d20) **
66: Power Points**		01: -2 13: +6
67: Power Surge**		02-03: -1 14: +7
68: Professional**		04-05: 0 15: +8
69: Expert**		06-07: +1 16: +9
70: Master**		08-09: +2 17: +10
71: Quick**		10: +3 18: -1
72: Quick Draw**		11: +4 19: 0
73: Rapid Recharge**		12: +5 20: +1
74: Improved Rapid Recharge**	100	Wall Walker (Monst. Ability) **

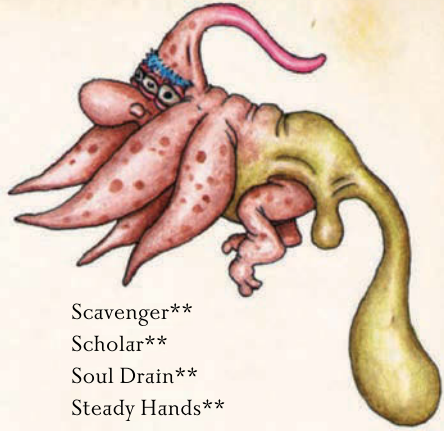




CHART 7.9 NUMBERS

1d10	Number
01	d4
02	d6
03	d8
04	d10
05	d12
06	-2
07	-1
08	+1
09	+2
10	+1 die type

CHART 7.10 SKILLS

3d12	Skill
03	Contanimating
01	Crafting
02	Danged Wrangling
03	Dementalism
04	Giggity Gigging
05	Hocus Poking
06	Holy Rolling
07	Performing
08	Smellcasting
09	Weirding
10	Boating**
11	Climbing**
12	Driving**
13	Fighting**
14	Gambling**
15	Healing**

16	Intimidation**
17	Investigation**
18	Knowledge**
19	Lockpicking**
20	Notice**
21	Persuasion**
22	Piloting**
23	Repair**
24	Riding**
25	Shooting**
26	Stealth**
27	Streetwise**
28	Survival**
29	Swimming**
30	Taunt**
31	Throwing**
32	Tracking**

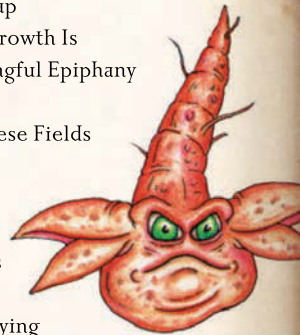
The results of this chart override a character's existing attributes. For example, if a giggity gigger with a d8 Tracking Skill rolls a result that gives him a d6 Tracking Skill, his Skill is d6 for the duration of the Gig.

CHART 7.11 INFORMATION

1d100	Info
01	An Unrelated Thing
02	A Delicious Cookie Recipe
03	Roll on Chart 7.4
04	Roll on Chart 7.6
05	Local Geography
06	Cooking
07	Local History
08	Genealogy
09	Local Wildlife
10	Poison
11	Annoying Trivia
12	Something Very Important
13	A Deeply Held Secret
14	The Answer
15	Farming
16	Socks
17	Weather
18	Something Scandalous
19	Hoomanracian Artifacts
20	Ancestral Oofo Relics

APPENDIX 07: GIGGITY TRAITS

21	An Embarrassing Secret	55	Marriage Counseling
22	A Catchy Tune	56	Where That Thing You Lost Is
23	Fashion	57	What's Edible and What's Not
24	Your Mom	58	That Guy's Middle Name
25	Math	59	Hats
26	Where That Guy Lives	60	Fungus
27	A Past Indiscretion	61	Roll on Chart 7.4
28	Something Sinister	62	Roll on Chart 7.6
29	That Thing You Wanted to Know	63	Mabobs
30	Something You Don't Want to Know	64	Hairstyling
31	Something You Can't Unknow	65	The Big Drink
32	Something That Drives You Insane	66	The History of Price-o-corns
33	A Song That Gets Stuck In Your Head	67	The Phesterance
34	Something You Immediately Forget	68	The Dingdom of the Dong
35	The Location of Something Valuable	69	Secret Lovin' Techniques
36	Boorglezarianism	70	How to Talk to Girls
37	Jeezle Freakism	71	Public Speaking
38	Hoomanitarianism	72	A Really Funny Joke
39	Stanism	73	Something Uncomfortable
40	Jemimah's Witnessism	74	Hocus Poking
41	The Incredibly Huge Monster™	75	Holy Rolling
42	A Secret Entrance	76	Dementalism
43	A Hidden Treasure	77	Contanimating
44	The Lair of Something Hideous	78	Danged Wrangling
45	Something Hidden Nearby	79	Weirdness
46	Something You Shouldn't Step In	80	Smellcasting
47	A Hidden Danger	81	The History of Clorb's Wang
48	A Language (d12)	82	...of the Danged
	01: Aggoggian	83	Contanimants
	02: Boorgbabble	84	How to Fight (Chart 7.4)
	03: Curdled	85	Roll on Chart 7.6
	04: Ding Lingo	86	A Hidden Lair
	05: Dribble	87	A Way In
	06: Ewgeze	88	How to Bypass a Trap
	07: Groothoo	89	What That Weird Growth Is
	08: Guttermouth	90	A Deep and Meaningful Epiphany
	09: Netherspeak	91	Glowhio
	10: The Ordinary Tongue	92	The Moonular Cheese Fields
	11: Poxyammer	93	Boats
	12: Scary Ass Words	94	The Law
49	Proof of Something	95	Art
50	Diseases	96	Your Momma Jokes
51	An Easy Way to Nab Some Clams	97	Jams and Jellies
52	The Answer to a Riddle	98	Why That Guy is Crying
53	Underpants	99	The Password
54	The Underwhere	100	The Safety Word



LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

CHART 7.12 ASSORTED OTHERNESSES

1d100 Otherness

01	Scales	45	Skin Like A Potato
02	Purple Splotches	46	Icky Secretions
03	A Strange Birthmark	47	Flammable Secretions
04	A Wacky Afro	48	A Constant Sniffle
05	Dangling Earlobes	49	Leathery Hide
06	A Bunch of Extra Eyes	50	Halitosis
07	Only One Eye	51	Flippers Instead of Hands
08	Really Sharp Teeth	52	Antennae
09	Two Tongues	53	Inability to Talk Without Shouting
10	An Incredibly Long Beard	54	Inability to Talk Without Whispering
11	A Prehensile Mustache	55	Inability to Talk Without Rhyming
12	Horrible Scars	56	Transparent Skin
13	A Spork Through the Head	57	Auricrap Teeth*
14	Freckles	58	Eyes on the Back of the Head
15	Fur	59	The Sneezes
16	Grass Instead of Hair	60	The Hiccups
17	Mushrooms instead of Hair	61	An Extensive Vocabulary
18	A Nose That Looks Like an Egg	62	Uncombable Dreads
19	Glowing Eyes	63	A Delicate Pink Hue
20	A Tattoo of a (Chart 7.4)	64	Dead Fish Stank
21	Lots of Body Hair	65	An Omnipresent Swarm of Bugs
22	Prehensile Eyebrows	66	Corrosive Saliva
23	Prehensile Armpit Hair	67	Anger
24	A Pickle	68	Giddiness
25	Chronic Diarrhea	69	Perpetual Luminescence
26	Chronic Vomiting	70	Sideburns
27	Uncontrollable Laughter	71	Talons
28	An Inability to Say the Word "The"	72	A Finger That Works Like a Crayon
29	An Eidetic Memory	73	Flaming Burps
30	Corduroy Skin	74	A Ruthless Diastema
31	A Snell Shell*	75	Really Short Arms
32	An Outie	76	Really Long Arms
33	Morbid Obesity	77	Really Short Legs
34	Urinary Incontinence	78	Really Long Legs
35	A Bad Ass Neck Beard	79	Stripes
36	Antlers	80	Polka Dots
37	Horns	81	Warts
38	Webbed Feet	82	A Venomous Stinger
39	Gills	83	A Bad Comb-Over
40	A Runny Nose	84	Shiny Baldness
41	Terrible Body Odor	85	Backwards Feet
42	A Lovely Fragrance	86	Gnarly Toenails
43	Uncontrollable Flatulence	87	Gelatinous flesh
44	Painful Rectal Itch	88	Emotional Problems
		89	Stony Skin
		90	Lint Instead of Hair

APPENDIX 08: MUTATIONS

91	Bark
92	Cremefillian Flesh
93	Chest Hair
94	Buck Teeth
95	Greasy Slabs of Fat
96	A Hump
97	A Pouch
98	Someone Else's Footprints
99	Someone Else's Shadow
100	Roll again on Chart 7.1 and the result is Permanent.

APPENDIX 08: MUTATIONS

Peeps on Oith might occasionally find themselves mutated in some unexpected way, either through contact with nukular or poisonous emissions, interaction with the Transmog-rifize power, the bite of some unnamable muta-genic monstrosity, or a panoply of other bizarre circumstances. When they do, the Boss may choose to roll on the following chart to determine the result of such happenings.

HOW TO USE THIS CHART

It's very simple. Just roll some dice and fill in the first blank in the following sentence with the result of Chart 8.1 and the second blank with the result of chart 8.2.

THE SENTENCE:

_____ become(s) _____!

If the mutation doesn't make sense for the peep or critter in question (such as a limbless worm losing an arm) nothing happens. The Boss gets to determine the precise implications, penalties, bonuses, and whatnot involved, but some guidelines are listed below.

Savvy peeps might, if they are thusly inclined, use the more detailed random mutation generator at www.muthaoithcreations.com instead.

CHART 8.1

2d20	Affected Part
02	Belly Button
03	Lips
04	Tongue
05	Left Leg
06	Right Leg
07	Left Eye
08	Right Eye
09	Nose
10	Primary Arm
11	Off Arm
12	Right Knee
13	Left Knee
14	Right Elbow
15	Left Elbow
16	Primary Thumb
17	Off Thumb
18	Right Foot
19	Left Foot
20	Toe
21	Finger
22	Butt
23	Chest
24	Tummy
25	Guts
26	Unmentionables
27	Back or Wings
28	Two Arms
29	All Eyes
30	Hair
31	Teeth
32	Facial Hair
33	Body Hair
34	Antennae
35	Tail
36	One Ear
37	All Ears
38	Top Half
39	Bottom Half
40	Whole Body

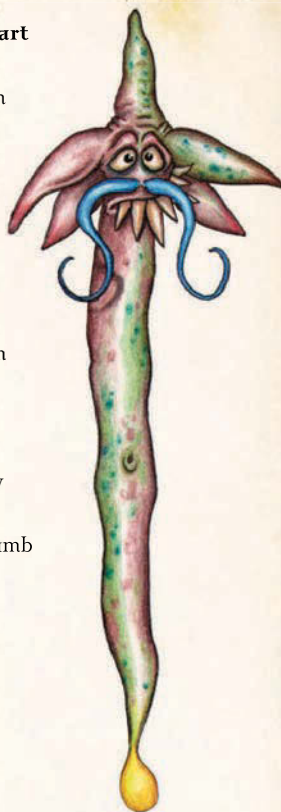




CHART 8.2

d100 Affect

01	Destroyed
02	Useless
03	Mostly useless
04	Reflective
05	Encrusted
06	Crippled
07	Impaired
08	Hindered
09	Cheese
10	Worsened
11	Snazzier
12	Fused to ____ (roll again on Chart 8.1)
13	Replaced with ____ (roll again on Chart 8.1)
14	Filthy
15	Abscessed
16	Occasionally luminescent
17	Itchy
18	Stinky
19	Slimy

20	Sticky
21	Unpredictable
22	Independent
23	Moderately enhanced
24	Duplicated
25	Existent
26	Able to speak on its own
27	Really cold
28	Really hot
29	Swollen
30	Greasy
31	Identical to somebody else's
32	Hairier
33	Tentacular
34	Prehensile
35	Scabby
36	Doubled
37	Tripled
38	Awesome
39	Bigger
40	Humungous
41	Covered in eyes
42	Covered in ears
43	Covered in mouths
44	Covered in noses
45	A bit stronger
46	Considerably stronger
47	Much stronger
48	Switched with ____ (Roll again on Chart 8.1)
49	A lot hairier
50	Delicious
51	Covered in tongues
52	Bumpy
53	Leaky
54	Painful
55	Obese
56	Emaciated
57	Mustardy
58	Perpetually luminescent
59	Valuable
60	Membranous
61	Moderately weakened
62	Severely weakened
63	Intimidating
64	Colorful

APPENDIX 08: MUTATIONS

- 65 Tough
- 66 Worshipped
- 67 Flat
- 68 Fused with a random object
- 69 Sexy
- 70 Vegetal
- 71 Translucent
- 72 Transparent
- 73 Invisible
- 74 Detachable
- 75 Motile
- 76 Freckled
- 77 Poisonous
- 78 Unpalatable
- 79 Velvety
- 80 Contanimatronic
- 81 Intangible
- 82 Stretchy
- 83 Nukular
- 84 Triangular
- 85 Clawed
- 86 Acidic
- 87 Cremefillian
- 88 Spiky
- 89 Thorny
- 90 Petrified
- 91 Two dimensional
- 92 Rectangular
- 93 Bony
- 94 Chitinous
- 95 Twice as long
- 96 Sharpened
- 97 Horned
- 98 Horny
- 99 Nonexistent
- 00 Roll d10
- 01: Super powered
- 02: On fire
- 03: Over there
- 04: Extendable
- 05: Imbued with a Power
- 06: Allergic to the rest of you
- 07: Malleable
- 08: Angry
- 09: Hilarious
- 10: Metallic

So, for example, if after wallowing in the runoff from a contanimator's workshop, Grunthulus Pox tongue rolls a 13 on Chart 8.1 and a 55 on Chart 8.2 his left elbow will become really fat. The exact effects of this are up to the Boss, but maybe a -1 penalty to actions with that arm might work. As a general guideline, bonuses or penalties of -2 to +2 are appropriate, as are certain Edges and Hindrances. Unless he's a jerk, the Boss should avoid the outright death of a peep unless it's the only viable option (such as a roll of 99 on Chart 8.2 combined with a 40 on Chart 8.1). This is supposed to be fun.

Bennies may be used to reroll the result of either chart (they're useful in that regard).



APPENDIX 09: ADVENTURE GENERATOR

Alrighty then, now you have some peeps created and the Boss has browsed some of the various critters and locales Mutha Oith has to offer. Now what? Now it's time to go on an ADVENTURE, that's what! "How do we do this?" I imagine you asking. Simple, dude, just have the Boss do one of the following things:

1. Get your randomness on with the Random Adventure Generator (Charts 9.1-9.5) and groove from there.
2. Use the adventure hooks (Appendix 10) to inspire a larger tale.
3. Play the more fleshed-out adventure *Insectile Dysfunction* (Appendix 11).
4. Nab yourself one of the upcoming pre-designed *Low Life* adventure products (coming soon from Mutha Oith Creations; or already here depending on when you read this).
5. Make something up yourself.

RANDOM ADVENTURE GENERATOR

HOW TO USE THIS CHART

Much like the Random Mutation Chart you just roll some dice and fill in some blanks. Use the Apparatus below for inspiration. It's kind of like that game where you fill in spaces with parts of speech (but not in any sort of copyright infringing way).

THE APPARATUS:

While in CHART 9.1 the peeps are CHART 9.2 by CHART 9.3 and compelled to CHART 9.4 CHART 9.5.

Obviously, this sort of jazz isn't going to make a cohesive story every time. It's meant to be more of a launching point for the Boss's

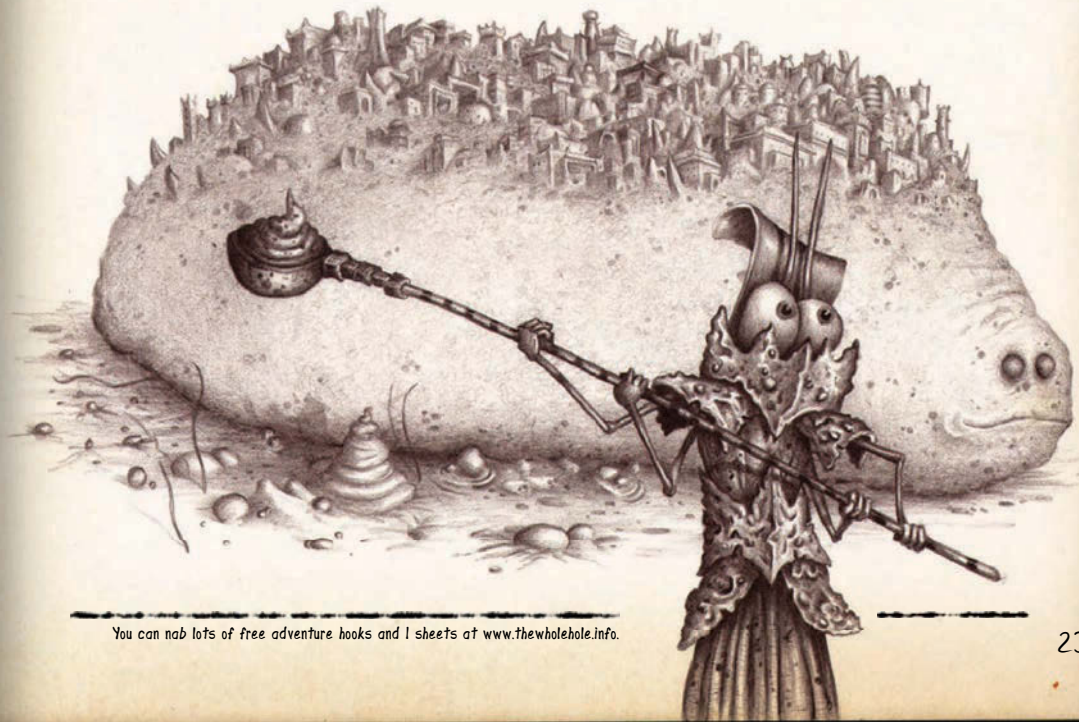
imagination than an actual complete story all by itself. Such is the random nature of randomness.

CHART 9.1

d100	Place / Situation
01	A desolate wasteland
02	A dismal swamp
03	A parched desert
04	Some sort of rock-like thing
05	The bathroom
06	The sewer
07	The Phesterance
08	The Moonular Cheese Fields
09	The Soul Patch
10	Stan's Rug
11	An upscale suds midden
12	A skeevy suds midden
13	A disreputable grub parlor
14	A skanky strumpletorium
15	Under the Sink
16	Somebody's closet
17	Jail
18	Some clammy peep's vault
19	A sin-o-gogue
20	A Dingdom Hall
21	A Boorgthedral
22	A contanimator's den
23	A weirdo's workshop
24	The Grey Matter Boozaterium
25	The Place of Pondering
26	The Underwhere
27	Someplace stinky
28	A cave
29	A Theater
30	The hold of a tub
31	A fish market
32	A pet store
33	A barber shop
34	A haberdashery
35	A field of what passes for corn
36	A lot of trouble
37	A great deal of danger
38	Control of their emotions
39	The presence of royalty
40	Front of a crowd
41	Your momma's bedroom (BURN!)

APPENDIX 09: ADVENTURE GENERATOR

42	Their bathrobes	70	A public bath
43	Need of assistance	71	A hocus poker's tower
44	A mortuary	72	The lair of someone terrible
45	A shoe store	73	The lair of something predatory
46	A hamster farm	74	An absurdly trap-filled dungeon
47	Someplace snowy	75	A danged wrangler's house
48	Toast	76	Babajuana
49	Floom	77	A slog stable
50	Maankaas	78	The roving city of Scab
51	Doop	79	Explicably upside-down
52	The Monstrous Headland	80	A big vat of suds
53	The belly of a cheese leech	81	A bakery
54	Charge of a bunch of larva	82	Some sort of glowy tunnel
55	Convenienced (moderately)	83	Freefall off a really high cliff
56	Continent (severely)	84	Chains
57	Aggogg City	85	The presence of a really mean odre
58	Grease	86	Norph
59	New Oorlquar	87	Creasingly uncomfortable
60	Someplace very muddy	88	Terrogating a prisoner
61	Somewhere haunted	89	The Open Range
62	The Garden of Smellemental Glee	90	Glowhio
63	A reputable grub parlor	91	A nameless little town
64	A pillow maker's shop	92	Gargle Twice
65	A cemetary	93	A parade
66	Curably afflicted	94	A religious ceremony
67	Roze	95	A large cooking pot
68	The Boorglezarium	96	Someplace on fire
69	The throws of ecstasy	97-00	Let the players choose



LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

CHART 9.2

d20 Motivator

01	Convinced
02	Hired
03	Attacked
04	Seduced
05	Bamboozled
06	Confused
07	Left for dead
08	Enticed
09	Engaged in polite conversation
10	Zazz waggled
11	Impressed
12	Savagely beaten
13	Led astray
14	Given a map
15	Told a story
16	Robbed
17	Thrown up on
18	Ridiculed
19	Captured
20	Enslaved

CHART 9.3

d100 Agent

01	A croach on a flying slog
02	A worm riding a stomp
03	A price-o-corn
04	A horde of scary ass muthas
05	A tribe of odres
06	Some brutal horcs
07	A hairdresser
08	A shoemaker
09	An armless croach
10	Some hoinks
11	A Jemima's Witness
12	A Jeezle Freak
13	A Boorglezarian
14	A Hoomanitarian
15	A chef
16	A Stanismist
17	A pile with a big hat
18	Several angry worms
19	A dementalist
20	A hocus poker

21	A Weirdo
22	A smellcaster
23	A danged wrangler
24	A creme quaffer
25	A giggity gigger
26	A squiggly mass
27	A pimp
28	A smoovester
29	A rorbling orb
30	A contanimator
31	A guy on a slog's back
32	Some contanimants
33	A clammy peep
34	An oof in a vest
35	A bunch of smelves
36	An arteest
37	A slog rancher
38	The proprietor of a suds midden
39	A shifty waremonger
40	Some booty hunters
41	A beggar
42	An oof ham
43	Your momma
44	A former lover
45	Someone they wronged
46	Your nemesis
47	A milf
48	A group of borlos
49	An unseen entity
50	A buddunkadunk
51	Some dorks
52	A droll
53	A giggity
54	A dweeb
55	A flock of groothoos
56	A guy with ugly socks
57	A school of mutant land fish
58	A naked horc riding a shnooble
59	A price-o-corn
60	A beast puncher
61	A gadabout
62	A really old worm
63	A gangsta
64	An overly dramatic ham
65	A lashmaster
66	An oldster
67	An escaped prisoner



- 68 A bad ass contaminant
- 69 A gaggle of strumples
- 70 A snoot and her entourage
- 71 A gang of thugs
- 72 A bunch of tubpuddlers
- 73 A waremonger
- 74 A wisenheimer
- 75 A wordwiggler
- 76 A really bad liar
- 77 Three smelves in silly pants
- 78 Someone they used to know
- 79 An escaped slave
- 80 A primordial goon
- 81 A dieing oof
- 82 A bodul with his face on backwards
- 83 A really tall worm
- 84 A trusted ally
- 85 An old friend
- 86 A childhood bully
- 87 Something completely unexpected
- 88 I'm not quite sure what that thing is
- 89 Some sort of spirit ...of the danged.
- 90 Man, you don't *even* want to know
- 91 An intelligent pigmy slog
- 92 A groupie
- 93 Religious fanatics
- 94 Some guy who won't stop eating
- 95 Someone really stinky
- 96 A wanted criminal
- 97 An incontinent pile
- 98-00 Let the players choose

CHART 9.4

d20+d8 Action

- 02 Destroy
- 03 Capture
- 04 Steal
- 05 Rescue
- 06 Map
- 07 Zazz-waggle
- 08 Draw a picture of
- 09 Learn a secret from
- 10 Deliver a package to
- 11 Deliver a message to
- 12 Redecorate
- 13 Hide evidence on / in
- 14 Explore
- 15 Remove an infestation from
- 16 Throw rocks at
- 17 Solve a mystery about
- 18 Learn the location of
- 19 Put a weird device in
- 20 Learn the history of
- 21 Steal from
- 22 Investigate
- 23 Take a Hoomanracian relic from
- 24 Take an ancestral oof artifact from
- 25 Change the nature of
- 26 Infiltrate
- 27 Protect
- 28 Clean

LOW LIFE: THE RISE OF THE LOWLY

CHART 9.5

d00 Target

01 A haunted house
 02 A secret tunnel
 03 A pet store
 04 The Keistermeister's Palace
 05 A public bathing facility
 06 A strumpletorium
 07 A contanimator's lair
 08 A weirdo's workshop
 09 A hocus poker's tower
 10 A temple
 11 A sin-o-gogue
 12 A smellcaster's hovel
 13 A snoot's mansion
 14 A dementalist conclave
 15 A wisenheimer's study
 16 A gang of gangstas
 17 A squad of corrupt hoinks
 18 A price-o-corn tub
 19 A prominent holy roller
 20 A local politician
 21 A princess
 22 A baby
 23 Your momma's house
 24 A danged wrangler's cave
 25 A mysterious cave
 26 A distant landform
 27 A tower made of cheese
 28 A heavily guarded fortress
 29 A heavily guarded haunted fortress
 30 The Garden of Smellemental Glee
 31 A random stranger
 32 A horde of scary ass muthas
 33 A group of odres
 34 A gang of horcs
 35 Some very violent peeps
 36 A troupe of hams
 37 An elderly waremonger
 38 A trade guild
 39 A swamp
 40 A beach
 41 A field of what passes for corn
 42 A hamster ranch
 43 A slog ranch
 44 An insane maniac

45 The lair of a squiggly mass
 46 The lair of a rorbling orb
 47 A barber shop
 48 A fashion designer
 49 A grub midden
 50 A suds parlor
 51 A booty hunter
 52 A price-o-corn
 53 An enormoslog
 54 A cheese leech
 55 A monster-infested cave system
 56 The Quarry of the Danged
 57 Angry Fist
 58 A sewer infested with contanimants
 59 A pair of socks
 60 Pants
 61 A bakery ...of the danged
 62 A well-guarded vault
 63 A Hoomanrace artifact
 64 An ancestral oof relic
 65 The Ding of the Dong
 66 The Keistermeister
 67 Emperor Ofle
 68 A ginormous vegetable
 69 Bollz Deep
 70 Some clammy snoot's larva
 71 A waremonger caravan
 72 A mysterious box
 73 A work of art
 74 A statue
 75 A cake
 76 A shoe store
 77 Ancient ruins
 78 Really ancient ruins
 79 Recent ruins
 80 A ramshackle tenament
 81 A subterranean outpost
 82 The Santa's Slavepit
 83 The Garbargo
 84 I'll tell you later
 85 A farm
 86 A farm ...of the danged
 87 A really deep hole
 88 The Boorglezarium
 89 The Spawnderosa
 90 A guy who can't talk
 91 A witness to a crime



92 A museum
 93 A bridge
 94 A prison
 95 An abandoned mine
 96 A lashmaster
 97 A trap-filled dungeon

98 An absurdly trap-filled dungeon
 99 A ridiculously trap-filled dungeon
 00 A dungeon filled with just so many horrible traps and monsters that the guy who was originally writing this list croaked of fright and had to be replaced.

APPENDIX 10: ADVENTURE HOOKS

These adventure hooks are here to help you flesh out a story. I'll give you the bones, you provide the guts.

In most cases these stories can take place wherever you want them to. If you don't like the settings I've selected choose news ones. It's all good.

THE CHUNDERSTORM

THE GIST

Travelers on the road from Ghupe to Yapple have been overcome with a strange sickness lately. It begins with a feeling of queasiness and culminates in a bout of ferocious vomiting, after which the symptoms soon pass.

THE LOWDOWN

The sickness is being caused by a contaminator named Scurfulous Junk. He's fine-tuning a recipe for a seriously powerful ipecac and has been testing the formula by spiking a small pond from which travelers often fill their juice boxes. Scurfulous intends to use the completed serum to induce a coordinated explosion of simultaneous puking among the congregation of a Hoomanitarian temple in Yapple (by spiking the ceremonial booze just before the big toast at an upcoming wedding between the daughter of the Boss of Yapple and a local slog rancher). The resultant mess should be sufficient for Scurfulous to summon a horde of contaminants, with which he plans to attack the citadel of Gargle Twice because that's what villains do.

THE HAIR APPARENT

THE GIST

Mayor Hupu of Doop's tiny daughter Fleeg is missing. One moment she was out back play-

ing in the dandruff box and the next she was nowhere to be seen. Her nanny is gone too! Who is there among us who can solve this mystery and bring her back home?

THE LOWDOWN

The larva's nanny, a pile named Huggance Kidcuddler, is sick and tired of being bossed around! She's fed up with screaming brats and demanding bosses and she's not going to take it anymore. Actually, she is going to take it, but the it she's going to take is the baby, with which she has absconded and secretly fled deep into the Follicular Maze. There she handed the infant over to a bunch of disgruntled former hair harvesters. These peeps, now a rugged band of thugs and gangstas, plan to ransom Fleeg back to her daddy for a whole mess of clams.

Huggance will return to Doop claiming to have been attacked from behind and knocked unconscious while watching Fleeg play. When she awoke the larva was gone, but she saw a large horc with a bag over his shoulder fleeing the scene. She chased this (imaginary) horc out of town and lost him on the road to Scurf.

A ransom note and a key will be delivered by a giggity (one of the thugs is a giggity gigger) two days after Fleeg's abduction. The note instructs Hupu to deliver a large amount of clams to a specified secret location deep within the Auricular Wax Mines. Hupu hires the heap to deliver the clams, with instructions to rescue his daughter and capture or croakify as many of the villains as possible.

Once the heap reach the specified location they come to a door with a big lock on the front of it. The key from the ransom note opens the lock. Inside is a large room containing a bunch of hair bares, planted there by the thugs. Their plan is to have the hair bares kill the heap so they can come by later and collect the clams. Two such gangstas will show up about an hour after the fight, which the heap will presumably win. If these guys are defeated and questioned they will reveal that Fleeg was sold to a creepy little contaminator (Vile Drogg) who lives in a crag in the Follicular Maze.

If the heap find Drogg's lair, and defeat his grease and hair based containimatronic minion, they will find Fleeg sleeping soundly in a crib under his kitchen table. Drogg is having trouble deciding whether to feed the larva to his pet broccodiles or raise her as his apprentice.

When the heap return Fleeg to Hupu he is overjoyed and buys them all lunch.

OUT OF SPITE

THE GIST

Hater Boof, a Jemimah's Witness preacher in Floom, has recently changed his tune. No longer spouting hatred and angst against the ancient Hoomanrace, Boof (now calling himself Lover Boof) is calling for his followers to set down their mallets and embrace Oith's previous tenants as the wondrous gawds they obviously were. After several death threats from other Jemimah's Witnesses Boof hires the heap to protect him as he wanders the burg preaching his message of love and other floofy jazz.

THE LOWDOWN

Boof, once a vehement ranter of anti-Hoomanitarian rage, is now a peaceful and gentle preacher of love and acceptance. What gives? The thing that gives is this: Boof has been hornswaggled. His favorite desecratory idol recently went missing (because it was stolen). When he found it again, under the couch a few days later, he was very happy and decided to shove a sacred nail through its eye in celebration. Strangely, he couldn't bring himself to do so and has been a Hoomanrace-loving wuss ever since.

The idol was stolen by Cullio the Yoink, a nabmaster hired by a Hoomanitarian named Daddy Craggle. Craggle then took the idol to a weirdo named Glumbus the Rectangular who waggled some zazz on it, turning it into the attitude adjusting device it remains today. If Boof is separated from the idol for any significant amount of time he will revert to his old ways. The heap must protect him from angry Jemimah's Witnesses bent on assassination as they solve



the mystery and wrestle with the moral quandary of whether to return Boof's free will (by stealing his idol) or allow him to remain the gentle and perpetual target of attempted murder.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS

THE GIST

Strange disturbances have haunted the Reekbottle Theater of late, culminating when Eezle Gutgobbler, Floom's most celebrated ham, was recently depantsed by unseen hands on stage during a packed performance of *The Sound of Mucus*. It's unknown whether this embarrassment was caused by a hidden zazz waggler, Eezle's ever-expanding gut, jealousy-inspired sabotage, or some other mischief. Infuriated, Eezle hires the heap to solve the mystery.



THE LOWDOWN

The Reekbottle is indeed haunted. The culprit is the ghost of Embebelee Snorf, a wordwiggler and composer who was tragically killed in a recent ink-making accident (actually, he was murdered by a pile named Squunch, but nobody knows that). Before he joined the ranks ...of the

danged, Embebelee was working on two epic poems, the manuscripts for which are nowhere to be found. In order to send the wordwiggler on to his final whatever, the heap must recover the papers and allow Snorf ...of the Danged to complete his masterpieces.

One of the poems was stolen by Guy Goo-sevomit (Eezle Gutgobbler's understudy and rival), who hired Squunch to steal them in the first place. Guy fled Floom recently and is headed by tub to Cheeseburg, from where he intends to travel overland to Maankaas in order to sell the unfinished poem to agents of the Gubernator (who plan to use it for unknown, but surely sinister, aims).

The second poem is actually still under the bed in Snorf's former digs, which are now home to a family of particularly crude and distrustful horcs. The bed is in the windowless bedroom of one of the horc children. Sneaking in undetected will be difficult.

Throughout the tale, the heap are harassed by various creatures ...of the danged, sent after them by Bonekisser the Bleak, a danged wrangler who wants Embebelee Snorf for his own purposes.

If both poems are brought to Embebelee's former writing desk in the Reekbottle, the ghost will be able to assume physical form just long enough to finish them (up until that time he is only able to affect the material world in a very minor way). Once the poems are completed Snorf will fade away and the Reekbottle will be unhaunted (for the time being, anyway).

FOR THE TIME BEING

THE GIST

Weirdness abounds in Cheeseburg. Peeps keep getting a strange feeling that they've done this before. Chores completed suddenly and inexplicably become undone. Cause follows effect. Tummies are empty just after dinner. Thoughts just thought are forgotten. Sleepers awoken before falling asleep. Weirdness...

Peeps are wigged out and they're offering a pile of clams to whoever can solve the mystery.

THE LOWDOWN

The wackiness is actually being caused by Toothache, a wandering giggity gigger who recently moved to Cheeseburg from Koozle (by



way of Dregg). He g'zinked a giggity a while ago and nabbed a permanent ability to subtly influence the passage of time. He's been using his crazy powers to play practical jokes on the peeps in town. So far nobody has hipped themselves to the gist. Of course, practical jokes are just smalltime crimes. Toothache is hatching something big, a daring heist at the home of a clammy cheesemonger, once he builds up enough confidence.

Anytime a peep is within 20 yorts or so of Toothache (whether they are aware of him or not) the Boss should secretly roll a die. If the result is even, the last 1d4 rounds (or last 1d4 minutes in a non-combat situation) did not happen and everything goes back to how it was then. Peeps retain a very vague recollection of the lost time, but details and specific actions are hard to remember (Smarts -2 to recall details). Toothache has no such hindrance, he remembers everything.

All this mucking about with the flow of happenstance has attracted the attention of a powerful entity known as The Time Being, who is not very happy about the situation and keeps sending primordial goons to try to put an end to Toothache. The problem is the goons don't know what he looks like, so they just randomly attack various peeps and critters, wrecking up the place and causing quite a ruckus.

Ideally, the heap should try to put an end to Toothache's mischief while protecting him and the rest of Cheeseburg from the primordial goons. If they can convince him it's in his best interest to bereft himself of his time influencing zazz he can do so by transferring it to the giggity he originally nabbed it from using The Hookup power (He may need the heap's help finding that particular giggity).

IN THE DUMPS

THE GIST

The big Plorp Plop is almost underway in Koozle. As excitement builds among the populace, a desperate weirdo begs the heap's help in finding a lost weird device. If it isn't found soon, the thing's zazz could spell doom for the entire town.

THE LOWDOWN

The Plorp Plop is an annual festival that takes place in a huge field outside the burg of Koozle. Participants, mostly ranchers and beast-punchers, feed their plorps enormous amounts of food in an attempt to amass the largest pile of plorp poop. It's ridiculous and puerile, but the peeps dig it. Prizes and prestige are on the line here, so the participants take it all pretty seriously. Plorps are described in *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*.

So, anyway, there's this smelven weirdo named Middlefinger and he's lost something very important. It's a weird device known as *Middlefinger's Magnificent Motivator* and it has the power to animate any object with which it comes into direct contact. Middlefinger had it around here somewhere, levitating safely inside the *Middlefinger's Magnificent Man-purse* he carries on his shoulder. Middlefinger is desperate to get his Motivator back and begs the heap to help him find it. He'll promise to give them a weird device if they can retrieve it.

The device was nabbed by Gross, a wormish nabmaster who has been pilfering the pockets of

Plorp Plop participants, patrons, and passersby. Moments after stealing the Motivator, Gross's gloves started moving on their own, stealing random items from various peeps. If the heap gets close to catching them, the gloves will toss the Motivator into a pile of waffles which will quickly be devoured by a plorp. The gloves will lose their animation once they release the device.

Various clues (Gross's gloves, a witness who saw the gloves chuck something into a barrel of waffles, maybe they witnessed the whole thing personally, etc...) will hopefully lead the heap to the plorp in question. They can try to find some way to remove the device from the plorp before it poops (maybe someone can shrink down and go inside to get it, or maybe they just decide to kill the plorp, which will lead to all sorts of bad happenings involving the local hoinks and the plorp's extremely angry owner). If they don't manage to remove the device before the plorp poops it out unpleasant stuff goes down. The plorp has been saving up for this moment. The result is a legendary pile of plorp poop; one for the record books. Unfortunately, soon after it forms, the dung comes to life (or a semblance thereof, anyway), joining with other nearby mounds and just sort of going nuts. The result is a truly huge poop monster that just starts wrecking the place like it was born to do so.

Middlefinger's Magnificent Motivator (which looks like a small plush Boorglezar with a little clippy chain on it) is deep inside the thing's body. In order to retrieve it they must hack away at the creature in order to clear a path to the device, then remove it without touching it with an inanimate object. Any object that does touch it will gain its own motivation and behave according to its purpose (for example, a weapon will attack peeps, a rope will try to tie things up, a shovel will start digging random holes, etc...). The plorp poop pile can't really be killed since it's not actually alive. It's made of poop, so it has the same motivation as poop, which is to make a mess. It's not really interested in hurting anybody, but it can cause a lot of damage to buildings and peeps trapped inside. Have fun!

BAD MUTHAS

THE GIST

Scary ass muthas are overrunning the small village of Tongue Blister in the Pox Aroma. They appeared a few days after a minor oithquake shook the place up a bit and are causing all sorts of trouble. They've been attacking peeps, eating livestock (and peeps), and generally wrecking the place up before running off to hide somewhere then doing it all over again. The local tough guys are doing what they can, but most of the scrappiest of them are off fighting a war somewhere. Can the heap help? I hope so, because the locals are eager to hire them for the job.

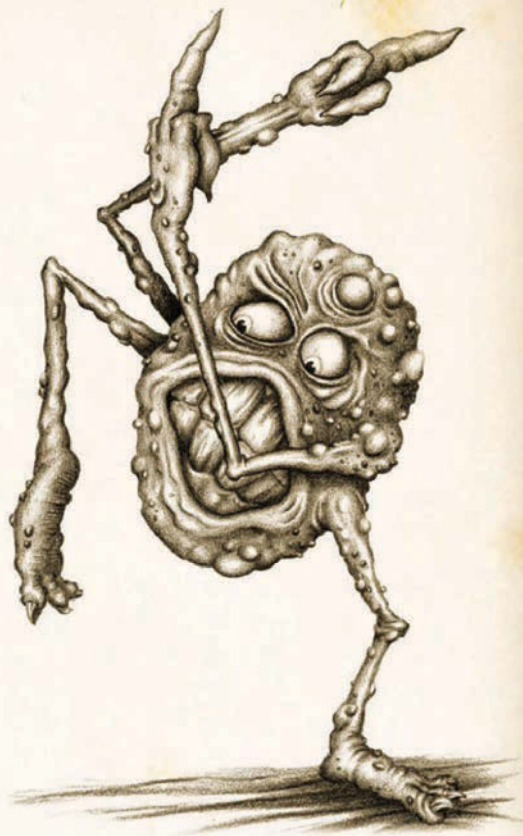
THE LOWDOWN

While the recent oithquake didn't do much damage to Tongue Blister, it did manage to cause a sinkhole in a nearby mountain to collapse, opening a path into the Underwhere and allowing the scary ass muthas who dwelled within to begin their rampage. There are hundreds of muthas infesting the tunnels around the sinkhole. Only their chaotic nature and disorganization have prevented them from attacking in overwhelmingly large groups so far.

That's about to change, however, if the claims of a local stomp rancher are to be believed. Recently, while his beasts were attacked and devoured by a horde of muthas he spotted a strange spherical creature watching from a craggy hillside nearby, flanked by a small group of well-armed odres. The rancher fled to Tongue Blister to warn the populace.

The creature is a rorbling orb. It has moved into the region of the Underwhere near the sinkhole and is beginning to assert its influence over the scary ass muthas. Already, the muthas' attacks are getting progressively more organized and deadly. Their targets are less random and their tactics more strategic. It won't be long before the orb forms them into a viable army and wipes Tongue Blister from the map.

Why Tongue Blister? Why does the orb care about such a small and ostensibly worthless



burg? About twenty years ago the orb's sister was killed by a band of scrappers from Tongue Blister and a rorbling orb never forgives (her preserved eyeball is now a chandelier in a local grub midden). It looks like the heap are going to have to delve deep into the Underwhere in order to slay the monster and put an end to the rampages.

INSOLENT GREENS

THE GIST

Bloog, a small village near Yorf has been suddenly and mysteriously overrun with all manner of fungal and vegetable fecundity. Buildings and pathways are choked with undergrowth and ravenous vegetal gobsloppers are abundant, gobbling up those villagers too slow or unaware to flee. The surviving residents have fled to

Yorf and Gargle Twice, where they attempt to hire the heap to solve the mystery and rid their homes of this herbaceous menace.

THE LOWDOWN

When they explore Bloog, the heap will find a central area of extremely dense vegetation. This former grub midden (*Cheegle's Chow Chapel*) appears to be the site of the original infestation. Further exploration will reveal a cluster of particularly large vegetal gobsloppers within. Inside their collective gullets are the remains of four gadabouts, recently returned from the Phesterance. If the heap have a danged wrangler in their midst they may be able to question the corpses. If not, they might find a revelatory journal in one of their partially digested knapsacks.

It seems one of the gadabouts found a particularly aromatic mushroom in the fungle and brought it home to Bloog, where he sold it to Cheegle (the restaurant's owner). Cheegle plopped it in some soup, which must have pissed the mushroom off, since the thing started spraying spores everywhere. These spores caused massive growth in any living vegetable matter they touched, which led to bad things for the burg. Also, I forgot to mention Cheegle is a tain't, so he also grew super huge. He's currently sleeping it off on a nearby beach, but he'll be back soon and the whole mess has driven him predictably insane.

In order to eradicate the uncontrollable vegetation, the heap must locate the mushroom (it's still in the stewpot, the lid of which has been wedged shut by some collapsed rafters) and dispose of it somewhere safe (or eat it). Cheegle will arrive just after they solve the mystery. He's angry, insane, and gigantic. They can try to talk him down, but he's not in a conversational mood.

I'm sure an antidote can be made to cure Cheegle's unfortunate condition, but it probably involves a bunch of exploration in the Phesterance and the advice of a wise old smellcaster or somesuch...

THE STENCH WENCH

THE GIST

A tain't by the name of Caulifrog Paracarrot is in some serious trouble. He's recently fled the village of Bloog, a small burg a bit wholewhence of Yorf, to the city of Poom in the Moonular Cheese Fields due to some bad jazz happening in his hometown (see the previous adventure hook). Caulifrog's become afflicted with some sort of spore-induced madness. It's causing him to spontaneously grow temporarily huge and violent. He hasn't quite figured out what's making him act this way or what's triggering his temporary reprieves from the condition, but he does have the presence of mind to stay away from other peeps. Currently he's voluntarily imprisoned himself in the dungeon beneath Poom's famous Curdwall Embankment. His butler, a frantically subdued horc named Clog, is running around Poom inviting adventuresome peeps to meet with his boss in the dungeon.

THE LOWDOWN

Caulifrog is a pretty clammy peep, and he's willing to pay buckets for a cure to his unfortunate condition. Not one to half-buns things, the desperate tain't hires several groups (including the heap) to seek a potential antidote, with the largest reward going to whoever first brings him the remedy.

Poking about, the heap learn of a particularly potent smellcaster who lives deep in the dank and deadly Phesterance. If anyone knows how to reverse Caulifrog's malady it would be her, the wisenheimers of Poom assure them. Soon after receiving this tidbit, they are ambushed by a burly odre and his horcish allies. The thugs are part of another group (The Fistpuncher Pack) hired by Caulifrog and they're intent on winning the loot for themselves. These guys are a constant source of harassment and will follow the heap wherever they go.

The Phesterance is a really big place. It wouldn't be very efficient for the heap to simply travel there and look around in hopes of finding



the sagacious smellcaster (known as the Stench Wench). Luckily, they meet a bedraggled worm named Elbow who claims to be an expert on that particular fungle. He offers to lead them to the Stench Wench if they help him recover his favorite recipe book from his former digs (currently inhabited by his ex-wife and her new boyfriend, a violently unstable oofa mentalist).

Eventually, whether through Elbow's guidance or some other happenstance, the heap reach the Phesterance, fight some monsters, get lost for a while, fight more monsters, get lost again, and manage to find the Stench Wench. When they spot her she is being stalked by a pair of gruzzes. Hopefully, the peeps will intervene and try to stop the gruzzes from nabbing her. She's a potent smellcaster, with a couple of reek repositories, but unfortunately the gigantic

purse she uses to carry her reeks was accidentally lost when she started running from the gruzzes. If the heap can recover it she'll help them out.

Predictably, the heap arrive at the purse's location just in time to witness it being swallowed whole by a cyclopean muck duck. They'll have to find a way to retrieve the purse without breaking the delicate reek-filled gourds within. Any hit to the muck duck's belly (called shot to avoid) will break open a reek, causing the duck to quack forth a random Power (medium burst template) in addition to its regular Quack Attack.

Once the Stench Wench has her purse back she'll happily help the heap. She can indeed create an antidote using several ingredients found in the Phesterance (the gathering of which are

the heap's responsibility). After the various constituents are assembled she'll take a day or so to brew a viscous, foul-smelling liquid cure for Caulifrog's affliction. The catch, and one that will surely drive the afflicted tain't into a transformative rage: it must be delivered by enema!

SOCKS TO BE YOU

THE GIST

Pecunious Gruxx, a clammy croach of Floom is on his death bed, victim of a cruel, carapace rotting disease afflicted upon him by a despicable and hate-filled containimator known as Garbert the Sludge. The affliction is apparently incurable, and Pecunious is coming to terms with his impending demise. To continue his legacy and pass on various secrets to his heirs, he hired the weirdo Glumbus the Rectangle to create a zazzular pair of socks that will store his knowledge and personality, affectively temporarily transforming the mind of anyone who wears them into that of Pecunious Grux.

Something went wrong.

THE LOWDOWN

The thing that went wrong is this: Garbert interrupted the whole sock-bonding process, siccing a bunch of containimants on Glumbus as he performed the weirding. Intending to use the imbued knowledge to plunder Pecunious's vaults, the evil containimator stole the socks and fled the scene. Of course, once he put them on he forgot he was Garbert and thought he was Pecunious. Hijinks and shenanigans ensued as Pecunious's family got very confused. Eventually the socks were removed from Garbert and thrown out of a window in anger by Pecunious's daughter. There, they were found by a young street orphan who put them on to keep warm. Now that little urchin, a cute and precocious little worm named Cuddles thinks she's Garbert and is plotting some sort of vile revenge. Can the heap stop her (and keep her safe) before things get ugly? I doubt it.

KANKS FOR NOTHING

THE GIST

While traversing the scraggled plains of Torsovania, the roving caravan burg of Scab has encountered something unpleasant. Some sort of stanky grey sludge has congealed around the enormoslogs that hold the city aloft, rendering them incapable of further movement. The residents can't figure out what the goop is or how to remove it. They've tried all sorts of stuff (burning it, peeing on it, scrubbing it with a mop, etc...) but nothing seems to work. Perhaps the heap can figure it out...

THE LOWDOWN

The sludge smells terrible and sticks to just about anything (including peeps). The same slime can be found oozing up through pores in the domain's crust. If anyone thinks to dig down below the surface of the calloused flesh of Torsovania they will encounter, about two yorts down, a thick layer of the stuff. Apparently, the weight of the slogs was sufficient to crush the skin and squish into the goo below, trapping them securely.

Close inspection of the muck reveals an assortment of artifacts encrusted within, including various bones, teeth, and horns, as well as a strange object a savvy peep might identify as a quee'flppt (the favored weapon of the containimant-hunting buddunkadunks).

What is this mystery sludge? Where did it come from? How can the heap get rid of it? Here's what's what: the sludge is residue from a battle that happened in this location a few decades ago between a horde of containimants and a gang of buddunkadunks. It was pretty epic, and both sides were mostly eradicated. The sole survivor, a mighty buddunkadunk called Pffft'chaw'squoooot, waggled some zazz to seal the battleground in Incredibly Huge Monster™ flesh then set up a squat in a nearby outcropping of pimples to keep an eye on the place.

Eventually, clues will lead the heap to Pffft'chaw'squoooot's digs in the acne. He's



not particularly interested in helping them, but eventually tells them only the luminous, acidic secretions of a kanker (a lot of kankers, actually) can dissolve the adhesive muck and free the enormoslogs. It would take the slime of a thousand kankers to dissolve that much sludge! It's a tall order, but the peeps of Scab promise to make it worth the heap's trouble if they can acquire such stuff.

How to gather such an abundance of kanker slime? One possible option is to travel to the island of Filth and somehow convince the Litter Bug to provide the stuff. He certainly has the juice, but getting him to cooperate (and provide the use of his celebrated Garbarge as a means of delivery) won't be easy.

Another option might be to gather a bunch of containimators to summon the necessary

kanker horde. A few decently potent containimators dwell in Scab, but the heap would probably have to recruit a few more from Doop or Scurf. Pffft'chaw'squoooot won't dig this plan or any plan that brings more containimators to the scene.

FAT SUSHI AIN'T NO CHUMP

THE GIST

War breaks out between rival street gangs in Toast.

THE LOWDOWN

The heap are hired as bodyguards and ordered to protect Fat Sushi from an assortment of colorful and thematically costumed assassins.

APPENDIX 11: INSECTILE DISFUNCTION

THE LOWDOWN

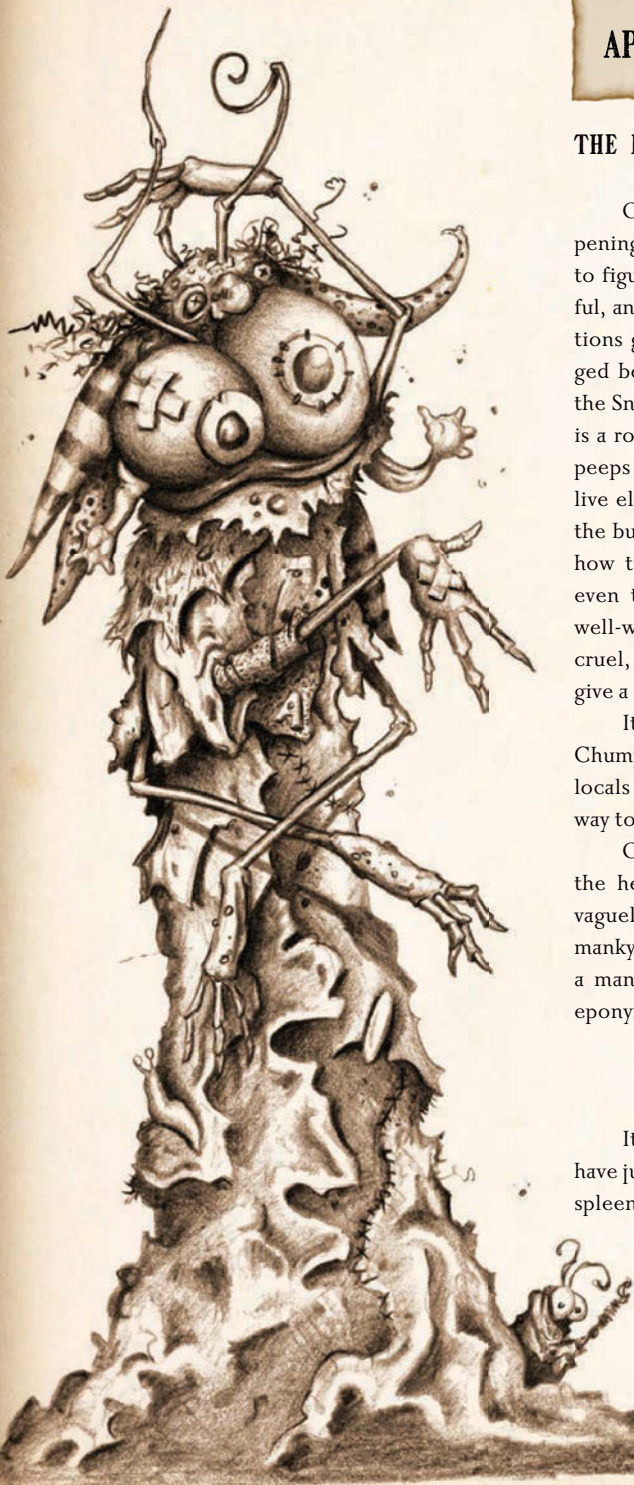
Odd(er than usual) happenings are happening and it's up to the heap, for some reason, to figure out what's up and why. This bold, lustful, and tragic yarn of broken dreams and ambitions gone awry occurs in and around the rugged boondocks of Chump, along the banks of the Snooz in the wilds of Keister Island. Chump is a rough and rickety splotch on the glob. The peeps who live here do so because they don't live elsewhere. They're as course and craggy as the burg itself, voluntarily exiled here to prove how tough they are, to hide from something even tougher, or through sheer doesn't-play-well-with-othersedness. Chump isn't overtly cruel, it just has its own problems and couldn't give a soggy slog poop about yours.

It's not important why the heap is in Chump, or how they got there. They might be locals or they could be passing through on their way to or from Borf or Stan's Rug or wherever.

Our tale begins, as such tales often do, as the heap are munching chunks of something vaguely digestible at Lungfondler's Grotto, a manky and feculent cavern / restaurant run by a manky and feculent horc / grubslinger (the eponymous Lungfondler). Let's begin, shall we?

LUNGFONDLER'S GROTTTO

It is early afternoon in Chump and the heap have just settled in for a bowl of brined shnooble spleens and a mug of suds at Lungfondler's Grotto. As one of Chump's few moderately palatable grub middens, this dank and musty cave features stained boulders and flat rocks in place of tables and chairs. As an added amenity, each "table" is illumi-



nated by a central gob of flaming wax, the greasy aroma of which does nothing to improve a peep's appetite. Various mounted trophies (mostly the limbs of sassquashes and an occasional eye of something unidentifiable) hang from the walls, giving the place a classy, sophisticated air of rustic barbarism. Lungfondler (page 265), the boss of the digs, is a phenomenally obese hork with a spork through his nose and a puffy, once-white, hat that scrapes the ceiling as he lumbers about. Aside from his flouncy headwear he wears a stained apron and little else, although the colossal spatula strapped across his back looks like it would be more at home hacking limbs on a battlefield than flipping pancakes in a kitchen.

The only other customers at the moment are a worm covered in thick blue warts who sips quietly from a steaming mug while her companion, a lop-nosed bodul wearing a skin-tight orange leotard and sporting a luxurious orange braid sprouting from each ear, tries to impress her by expertly balancing various tabletop implements on his forehead.

Anyway, just as the heap are finishing their meal and wondering if dessert is an option, this strange croach shuffles in through the wide horizontal crack that acts as a door to the place. He moves all weird, like he has something stuck in a part of his anatomy that gets insufficient sunlight. The croach, who wears a thick and stinky coat of rotten vegetable husks and has a filthy blue handkerchief tied around one arm, limps crookedly to a shadowy section of the digs adjacent to the other customers. It then walks purposefully up behind the bodul, grabs hold of one of the hapless fellow's ear braids and rips the thing out by its roots. It then shambles sluggishly toward the exit.

NOTICE: The croach is wearing a hat that looks like the head of some creature. **(RAISE):** The croach's handkerchief has the letter "A" monogrammed on it. The hat is probably a dead giggity.

The worm and the bodul are too shocked to react quickly, and Lungfondler seems more

amused than outraged. If the heap attempt to stop it, the croach will pick up one of the boulder chairs and throw it at them (it's incredibly strong; 2d8 damage) before lurching its way outside. It will then smooch the purloined braid onto its chin, sticking it in place with residual earwax and then, taking advantage of some sort of newfound agility, run off into the surrounding wilderness. The croach will fight if it has to, but it will keep trying to flee as it does (make sure it escapes).

If the heap question the other patrons they may discover the following:

- The bodul is Jorbo Gambade, a well-known acrobat from Borf. His companion is a Borfian fishwine monger named Bubola Squish. They are passing through Chump on their way to Foot's Wrist in order to participate in the Gajillion Faces Festival.

- Jorbo is pretty miffed about the attack and the loss of his treasured ear-braid.

- Bubola has a stash of expensive fishwines in a nearby slog stable. She'd be happy to give the heap a bottle if they can nab Jorbo's ear braid back from the croach.

- They will be in Chump for at least another day, probably two, because they are supposed to meet up with a friend (The Boss of Lunch) who is also traveling to Foot's Wrist. He's supposedly on the road from Goss to Chump and should arrive today or tomorrow.

- They are renting a room at The Ugly Onion.

Questioning Lungfondler might hip them to the following:

- He's kind of a jerk.

- Although he's very proud of the food he serves he acknowledges that it's not very good.

HERE IS WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON: the croach isn't a croach, it is Crunge Smudgemoppet (page 264), a contanimatronic minion made from a croach's molted husk and various other bits of trash. Its boss, an ambitious contanimator

named Junkwaddle Smudge (page 265), is himself a miniscule croach. In fact, he's so tiny that he lounges on a comfy sofa inside the hollowed noggin of his creation.

WHAT'S NEXT?

Assuming the peeps are curious (or thirsty) enough to pursue the croach they have a few options:

TRACKING: A successful Tracking roll will lead them into the nearby forest (mostly warped and bloated trees with bark too hard to chop, thorny scrubs, and illicit lumps of moss and mold). The scarce tracks head roughly parallel to the road that leads to Goss, but wend wholeward after several yorts and are lost. **(RAISE):** The tracks continue through an area of broken rocks and into a broad horizontal fissure in a craggy hillside.

STREETWISE OR INVESTIGATION: A few peeps in Chump have seen the croach recently, but nobody has spoken with it or interacted in any memorable way. **(RAISE):** Somebody recalls that a muscular smelf named Azzle Funge was recently accosted by such a creature. In fact, that persistent cracking noise that can be heard in the distance is probably Azzle breaking stuff with his forehead.

If the peeps follow the tracks move on to **INTO THE FISSURE**. If they try to find Azzle throw **SPLITTING HEADACHE** at them.

INTO THE FISSURE

The rocky ground surrounding the hillside fissure (let's just call it a cave from now on) is gravelly and scattered with dried leaves, which makes approaching it quietly very difficult (Stealth roll from each approaching peep to avoid awakening the slumbering droll within the cave). Various grotesque mushrooms and tentacular fern-like things bulge from the cracks between boulders. A perusal of the vicinity may prove auspicious.

NOTICE: The gnawed bones of assorted critters are scattered among the rocks and leaves, as are several sizable clumps of poop. Something is snoring softly just inside the cave. **(RAISE):** A few partial footprints suggest the presence of a large bipedal creature. **(TWO RAISES):** A tuft of orange hair indicates a droll is probably nearby. The severed and partially chewed hand of a black-skinned smelf is wedged between two rocks. It is clutching a serrated spork made of a dried scab-like material (a weird device known as a dork spork).

Dork Spork (Activate: Shooting, Charge: 16, PP: 2, Range: special, Duration: Instant, *Bolt*): This disgusting spork inflicts Str+d6 damage when used as a normal weapon. When activated it instantly stretches and retracts, adding Reach +8 and increasing damage to Str+2d6. 300 clams.

Sleeping just inside the cave is a large droll (page 193). Crunge snuck in here a little while ago and mopped up some of the droll's drool without awakening the creature. Adding the slobber to its collection imbued the minion with the droll's regeneration ability. Crunge then quietly continued farther into the cave and out the back entrance. If the peeps awaken the droll it will be angry and ready to fight, attacking them mercilessly and cackling hysterically.

Searching the droll's cave will reveal a narrower passage leading deeper underground. The ground in here is mushy and damp, which makes Crunge's footprints easy to spot as they follow this path. The footprints wind their way into darkness (some sort of light source will probably be needed) and up a steep, rocky jumble. A thin crack of light can be seen atop the rock pile, which looks like a dangerous climb (a failed Climbing roll indicates 1d6 damage).

A recently crushed cute little ducky lies atop the boulder stack and a narrow crack in the wall leads outside (it is just big enough for the largest peep to squeeze through on her belly). Once the peeps all exit the cave move on to the section labeled **A DUCK AMUCK**.

SPLITTING HEADACHE

Exhibit A

By following the distant persistent crackling noises the heap eventually end up in a dingy alley between two squat buildings (a place where some bodul makes shovels and an abandoned mitten foundry). Pacing rapidly back and forth in a frustrated manner is an extremely muscular smelf. Periodically he lifts a log from a pile of dense mushroom stalks and cracks it over his own forehead. He's obviously unhappy. This guy is Azzle, a local fungus harvester and one of the strongest peeps around. Also, he has a runny nose.

If the heap question him they might learn this:

- He is mad because somebody stole his favorite hanky earlier this morning. It was blue and had an "A" monogrammed on it.

- The hanky was a gift from his favorite aunt and has significant sentimental value, which is why he never washes it. He would be happy to give some rare fungi to anybody who returned it.

- He was in this alley taking a nap with the hanky draped over his nose. When he woke up it was gone.

- Earlier that day he was bumped into by a clumsy croach.

A search of the alley may reveal some things of interest.

NOTICE OR TRACKING: There are some very tiny shoeprints in the dirt near where Azzle was snoozing.

(RAISE): The shoeprints lead across the street and down another alley, then eventually into a small hole in the wall of a ramshackle stone building. If the peeps follow the tracks to the building move on to **KANKS BUT NO KANKS**.

A DUCK AMUCK

Whether by following Crunge's path through the droll's cave or stumbling upon it



some other way, the peeps find themselves near a small, marshy pond. Several cute little duckies announce their presence with angry quacks and hisses. Crunge's footprints are very obvious in the mud, stomping right up into the middle of the marsh. A scrap of something potentially interesting is visibly floating about halfway across.

There are two duckies for each peep in the heap (page 187). They will form a mob and attack anyone who comes near the water. As the fight begins, a feck (contaminant, page 183), previously conjured by Junkwaddle, will emerge from the muck and begin telling obnoxious jokes, which may cause the peeps to become Shaken with laughter. If more than two peeps are afflicted with laughter at the same time their noise will attract the attention of a cyclopean muck duck that dwells in a nearby pond (page 187). The muck duck will arrive in 2d4 rounds and commence to ruckusing. It won't use its quack attack while there are still cute little duckies alive in the area.

The potentially interesting thing is a stained scrap of parchment with a drawing scribbled on it (Exhibit A). The drawing depicts a bodul holding a large sandwich in each hand. This is The Boss of Lunch. Crunge dropped the paper while trudging through the muck.

NOTICE: Stains on the paper look like they could possibly have been made by horc slime. **(RAISE OR SURVIVAL):** Yep, definitely horc slime. A clump of 3d4 mushrooms sprouting from a nearby stump are l-ups. Eating one instantly heals a peep of 1d3 wounds (value 200 clams each).

Crunge's tracks continue wholewhence on the other side of the pond. If the heap follow them proceed to **BOSS MONSTER**.

KANKS BUT NO KANKS

Whether directed here after their encounter with The Boss of Lunch or by following the tiny footprints from Azzle's alley the peeps find themselves in front of a ramshackle and dilapidated windowless building. It's a rough oval dome constructed mostly of stone blocks, kind of like a tall igloo. A set of double doors made from mushroom stalks hang on rusty hinges at the front. The words "Go Away" are repeatedly gouged and scribbled across both doors, along with an assortment of undecipherable scrawlings and rudely gesturing doodles. Snooping may hip the peeps to several gists:

NOTICE: Although the building has no windows, there are several narrow chimneys and pipes sticking out at various angles. The doors appear to have been opened recently. The small hole into which the footprints meander is clogged with various bits of rubble. **(RAISE):** There is a second set of doors just beyond the first set.

STREETWISE OR INVESTIGATION: The building was once the workshop of Steep Glum, a worm who used the place to make pickles. It's supposedly been abandoned since Glum left Chump about a year ago. **(RAISE):** Nobody is certain, but Glum apparently moved to Floom after a heated argument with Lungfondler over the best way to brine shnooble spleens.

KNOWLEDGE (GUTTERMOUTH): The undecipherable scribblings are written in phonetic Guttermouth. They say some pretty awful things about your mother.

Unless they can shrink themselves small enough to fit into the pipes, which is unlikely, the most obvious way inside is through the doors. They could try knocking, but nobody will answer. The first set of doors opens easily enough, revealing a small vestibule and another set of double doors. These second doors are covered in various unidentifiable stains and are studded with ugly rusted nails.

NOTICE: The doors are barred from the other side. They could probably be bashed down without too much trouble. **(RAISE):** There is another tiny door set into the bottom corner of one of the doors. That door is unlocked, but unless a peep is extremely tiny (no larger than a typical potato) he won't fit through it. There is some sort of chain attached to the other side of the larger doors, indicating a trap of some sort.

LOCKPICKING: The trap can be disarmed by boring a hole in the doors and securing the chains.

The doors can indeed be bashed down (Toughness 4), although attempts to do so without tools of some sort will inflict 2d4 damage to whoever is doing the bashing (cuz nails). Bashing the door or otherwise opening it without disarming the trap (see below) will trigger a trap (see below). I'll describe that trap (see below) right now (see below).

THAT TRAP: Junkwaddle has rigged a big ceramic pot that hangs on a pendulum chain from the ceiling. It's studded with jagged spikes and is attached to the doors in such a way that if they are forced open the pot swings forward and crashes into whoever is in the doorway (up to four targets, damage 3d4). A successful Agility roll from each target halves the damage, while a raise negates it. Inside of the ceramic pot is an extremely irritated kanker (page 188). It will immediately attack the heap as soon as the pot breaks, fighting to the death.

Once they pass beyond the doors the heap find themselves in a broad, roughly circular room with a high, domed celing. Various pipes,



rafters, webs, and shadows obscure the upper reaches, while the floor is a jumbled mess of broken barrels, shattered furniture, and similar detritus. A noticeable stench of vinegar and mold permeates everything. Several haphazard globs of kanker slime dimly illuminate the digs.

NOTICE: Assorted items of potential interest can be found by peeps searching through the rubbish. 1: A wedge of cheese and a very tiny cheese knife and spoon. 2: A crumpled scroll (Exhibit B). 3: Some of the pickles in the barrels are still edible. 4: Several of the barrels and boxes have been arranged in such a way that they kind of resemble a fort or house. **(RAISE):** Inside the barrel fort are several rooms and pieces of tiny furniture. There are a bunch of crayon drawings on the interior walls, mostly showing various contaminants hanging out with a croach. **(TWO RAISES OR TRACKING):** Under a particularly heavy barrel of pickles is a trap door.

A small wuss (page 190) is hanging out in the fort and drawing on the walls with a big green crayon. If anyone messes with the barrels he'll hide under some furniture and make the place smell like burnt toast. He's not interested in fighting and will answer any questions the heap have, although he only speaks Guttermouth and doesn't know much (Two croaches (one big and one small) summoned him here and told him to decorate the fort. The big croach sometimes goes into a hole in the floor).

The trapdoor can be accessed by moving the barrel of pickles. It is not locked or trapped. Once the lid is removed the peeps see two rope ladders descending into darkness (one is regular sized and the other is very tiny). The ladders are easy to climb and lead into a rough-cut cellar. The remains of a rotting wooden staircase are jumbled below, along with more barrels and crap. Assuming they can provide a source of light, the peeps may notice some stuff.

NOTICE: One of the barrels contains a bunch of pickled giggities that have been hollowed out and fashioned into crude hats. An assortment of knives, spoons, sporks, spatulas and similar tools are on a nearby table. There is a wide crack where the floor meets the wall on one side of the room. **(RAISE):** Two pickled dead guys are in another barrel of brine. One is a worm (Steep Glum) and the other is a cremefilian with a bushy mustache, antlers on his head, and six eyes. Peeps from Borf may make a Smarts roll to identify him as Greegle the Mump, a well-known Borfian giggity gigger who disappeared a few months ago.

The crack on the wall is barely large enough for most peeps to crawl through. It winds for a few yorts before becoming big enough to stand in, before coming to an apparent dead end.

NOTICE: A loose rock can be rolled aside to reveal the opening to yet another tunnel. This one is extremely tiny and only the smallest of peeps can fit within (it's

about as tall as a mug of suds). **(RAISE):** The new tunnel is cylindrical and appears to have been bored into the rock by some sort of creature.

If the peeps manage to find a way to become small enough to fit in the passage they can follow it for several dozen yorts as it winds confusingly for a considerable distance. Eventually it comes to an end at another hole in the wall blocked by a rock. Pushing aside that rock will plop the peeps between two boulders in Lungfondler's Grotto. If the peeps have not yet followed Crunge's tracks into the wilderness encourage them to do so now. If they've already played **BOSS MONSTER** move on to **A HORC IN THE ROAD**.

BOSS MONSTER

Whether by following Crunge's trail through the wilderness or by travelling down the road between Chump and Goss the peeps find themselves at the site of a terrible ambush. A slog-drawn wagon has been flipped upside down. The slog itself was apparently ripped apart. One chunk of it hangs from a nearby tree and the rest peppers the landscape like horrible, gooey confetti. Several enormous sandwiches

litter the ground, apparently having spilled from the wagon.

Surveying the scene, the peeps may find:

NOTICE: Someone is cowering beneath the overturned wagon (it's the Boss of Lunch). The sandwiches appear to be made from some sort of greenish gelatinous substance (corpulent sludge flesh). **(RAISE OR TRACKING):** Crunge's tracks head down the road toward Chump before veering into the rocky hillside (from there another Tracking roll indicates they head toward Chump and eventually to the building described in *Kanks But No Kanks*).

The Boss of Lunch is hiding under the overturned wagon. He's miffed and terrified, but uninjured. The squat, spindly-armed bodul is very upset and readily answers the heap's questions. Here's what they might glean if they ask the proper questions:

- The Boss of Lunch is heading to Chump from Goss. He intends to meet up with a friend (Bubola Squish) so they can travel to Foot's Wrist together. Bubola was supposed to hire them a tub for the journey.

- He and his friend Minty Fresh Breath were moseying toward Chump when a disheveled croach jumped out of some rocks on the side of the road, grabbed his slog and ripped it to shreds. The croach then overturned the wagon (which he and Minty Fresh Breath were riding in), stole one of The Boss of Lunch's socks right off his foot, and ran away.

- Minty Fresh Breath, is a worm and a weirdo. He took off (slowly) in pursuit of the croach.

- The wagon was loaded with delicious sandwiches made from the braised flesh of corpulent sludges. He thinks perhaps some corpulent sludges may be responsible for the incident.

- The Boss of Lunch is very proud of his sandwiches and declares them the best on Keister Island.

- As far as he knows the stolen sock is insignificant.

- He asks the heap to stay with him until his friend gets back.



After a little while Minty Fresh Breath returns to the scene. He has the following low-downs:

- He walloped the croach in the head with his big ass tongue staff as it was running away. It hardly seemed to notice.

- The croach can run really fast and is ridiculously nimble.

- He followed it all the way to Chump, where it darted into an oddly-shaped windowless building (Steep Glum's place). He didn't feel qualified to press on, so he came back here.

While he's talking to the heap, Minty Fresh Breath is suddenly pelted from behind with a ball of goo hurled by some drosses (page 187) that followed him from Chump (they were conjured by Junkwaddle after he reached the building). There are four drosses hiding among the rocks on the side of the road about 5" from the heap (Armor +4 while covered). They will fight until destroyed. The Boss of Lunch will spend the fight hiding under the wagon but Minty Fresh Breath will do his best.

After the fight, assuming they're still alive, Minty Fresh Breath and The Boss of Lunch will collectively offer the heap 100 clams, an awesome sandwich, and three righteous high fives if they'll go on ahead and make sure things in Chump are safe for them. They'll bargain up to 200 clams, four high fives, and Minty Fresh Breath will throw in his bad ass tongue staff if need be.

If the peeps follow the tracks all the way to Steep Glum's former workshop go to **KANKS BUT NO KANKS**. If they've previously investigated that location Junkwaddle and Crunge will have noticed the damage to the doors and their tracks lead on to Lungfondler's Grotto instead (go to **A HORC IN THE ROAD**).

A HORC IN THE ROAD

Lungfondler is standing in the middle of the path in front of his grotto loudly declaring his angst. He seems very upset and keeps spout-

ing rageful blatherings like "Bamboozling swindler!" and "Gravy-gulleted crud jockey!" while raising his clenched fists into the air. If the peeps question him, he'll reveal the following:

- That croach from earlier came back to his digs and stole a big bag of clams.

- He has no idea who the croach is or why his place was targeted.

- He was saving the clams so he could nab some new ingredients for his kitchen.

- The croach ran off down the road (presumably the same road the peeps were just traveling).

NOTICE OR PERFORMING: Lungfondler is nervous and may not be telling the truth. **(RAISE):** He's certainly lying about something.

PERSUASION OR INTIMIDATION (TEST OF WILLS): Lungfondler is not a very good liar. He'll reveal the following truths once he realizes he's caught or if he is defeated in a fight (assuming the peeps ask the right questions):

- He actually hired the croach, who is either a giggity gigger or a contanimator (he's not sure which) to steal The Boss of Lunch's sandwich recipe. They only met a few days ago and the whole scheme was the croach's idea.

- Something went wrong and the croach came back without the recipe, but still demanding payment. When Lungfondler refused the croach picked him up and threw him across the room then took the sack of clams anyway.

- He thinks the croach is named Smunge or Crudge or something like that.

- He doesn't know anything about the happenings at Steep Glum's place.

- The croach ran away, very quickly, out of Chump and toward the River Snooz.

- If the peeps catch the croach they can keep the clams.

- Lungfondler seems genuinely remorseful and didn't mean for anybody to get hurt.

If the heap decide to pursue the croach toward the river, move on to Snooz or Lose.

SNOOZ OR LOOSE

In order to reach the Snooz from Chump the peeps can either run through town and down a winding trail or take a short cut through a patch of bouldery wilderness. Regardless of which way they choose to go, Junkwaddle has anticipated their pursuit and has laid a trap for them. A kanker (page 188) is lurking atop a boulder that overlooks the heap's path. It will attempt to squirt goo at the first peep to pass beneath it (attacking with surprise if the peeps fail Notice rolls). The boulder is about 20 yorts high (4") and is covered in gravely dust that makes it difficult to climb (Climbing -2). Because of its angle, the kanker has medium cover (attacks from below have a -2 penalty). If the peeps attempt to run away the kanker will slide down the boulder and chase them.

Beyond the kanker the path is obstructed by fallen rocks and debris, further slowing the pursuit. Hiding behind one of these piles is a sfink (page 189). It will attempt to touch the first peep who climbs over (Notice -2 to avoid surprise), afflicting that guy and anyone else it can touch with clumsiness.

The area near the sfink is a bit marshy and is asprout with various types of fungus.

NOTICE: Some of the fungi may be useful. **(RAISE OR KNOWLEDGE (FUNGUS)):** Id10 minutes of foraging will net them Id4 I-ups (eat one to instantly heal Id3 wounds), a red headed step-chillun (eat to raise Agility and associated skills one die type for 3d6 rounds), and 2d4 Gobb's follies (secretions ease itches and stings). **(TWO RAISES):** A single Stan's glans sprouts from a rotten mat of vegetation (deadly poisonous [Vigor -3; Success: 1 wound and Exhaustion; Failure: Death in 2d6 rounds; Raise: Exhaustion]. The partial remains of a dead thing that might not be are nearby.

The peeps finally make it to the river just in time to see a ramshackle tub drift slowly downstream, away from the banks, and into the center of the broad, murky gush. The Snooz is a pretty huge river, about 500 yorts wide in this region (about 100"). It's relatively placid, espe-

cially when compared to the raging churn of the Untergush and the Runs farther holewhence, but still flows steadily toward the distant Blurp and points beyond. The riverbank has a couple of makeshift docks jutting from it, mostly cobbled from boulders and mushroom stalks. A few smaller tubs are lashed to pilings that haphazardly jut from the docks like errant thorns. If the peeps look around they may notice things:

- There are three small tubs in all. Two are no bigger than canoes and could probably fit up to four peeps each. The third is a bit larger. It looks like a fishing tub of some sort, adorned with an assortment of nets and harpoons. It could probably hold 8-10 peeps. All of the boats have oars and tattered sails.

- The canoes are laden with various bundles of supplies and whatnot.

NOTICE: There is a scary looking monster painted across the underside of the larger tub. There is somebody hiding under a blanket on one of the smaller boats. **(RAISE):** A broken harpoon juts from the mud alongside the docks.

The guy hiding under the blankets is Smimminy Gulp, a pile and captain of *The Thrusting Jut*. He is a bit rattled soon comes to his senses. He'll tell the heap his name and a few other tidbits:

- His name is Smimminy Gulp. He's captain of *The Thrusting Jut*, the larger boat with the harpoons and nets.

- He is an esophagator hunter.

- He just had a run-in with a bad ass croach. The croach broke his favorite harpoon like it was a twig then commandeered *The Unsinkable Plunge*, another esophagator hunting tub belonging to Frozz Uncdertwist (page 265), and took off downriver (partially true).

- If the peeps pay him 200 clams he'll help them chase the *The Thrusting Jut*.

- He threw a harpoon at the croach and hit it right in the forehead. The croach acted injured for a moment then shrugged it off.

NOTICE OR PERFORMING: Smimminy does not seem keen on following the croach. He may not be telling the whole truth.

INTIMIDATION OR PERSUASION: He admits *The Unsinkable Plunge* is a much faster tub than *The Thrusting Jut*, but it might still be possible to catch up. **(RAISE):** He admits the croach didn't actually get on *The Unsinkable Plunge*. Instead, the croach intimidated Frozz Uncertwist into sailing the tub downriver while the croach headed holewhence along the bank, presumably to lead his pursuers astray. The croach also ordered Smimminy to lie to the peeps when they arrived, threatening to come back and give him a horrible wedgie if he refused.

If the heap decide to follow *The Unsinkable Plunge*, either in the canoes or with Smimminy's help aboard *The Thrusting Jut*, it will take several hours to catch up. Eventually, Frozz (the guy piloting *The Unsinkable Plunge*) will weigh anchor and immediately begin throwing buckets of chum overboard and banging metal pans together, creating quite a racket. The chum and noise will draw the attention of a nearby esophagator (page 195), which will arrive just as the heap draw close enough to board. As they approach let them make Notice rolls:

NOTICE: A large creature is swimming in the water near *The Unsinkable Plunge*. The guy piloting the Plunge is a worm, not a croach. He is hunkered behind some barrels armed with several harpoons. **(RAISE):** The thing in the water is an esophagator.

If Smimminy is onboard he will shout out to Frozz, insisting the heap mean him no harm. Frozz is unconvinced. He and Smimminy are rivals and he remains suspicious. He doesn't want to fight, but he will if the peeps can't convince him they are only searching for the croach and don't have a beef with him (A successful Persuasion roll should reassure him). If the peeps are in the small canoe-like tubs they will be attacked by the esophagator. If they try to cross from any tub onto Frozz's tub the esophagator will try to leap out of the water and eat them.

Junkwaddle and Grunge are not onboard. They never were. Eventually the heap should figure this out and return to Chump. If they are still around, Frozz and Smimminy will insist on harpooning the esophagator and taking it with them. They'll demand help from the peeps. Sailing upriver is much slower and more difficult than the trip down. Neither Frozz nor Smimminy will sail at night (which is rapidly approaching) so the heap most likely won't make it back to Chump until around lunchtime the next day. They could travel overland, but that would take even longer. When they return to Chump, get your **FINAL CLIMACTIC BOSS BATTLE** on.

FINAL CLIMACTIC BOSS BATTLE

As the heap arrive back in Chump they are approached by a worried and breathless Minty Fresh Breath (if MFB was killed earlier have Bubola play this role). He is extremely upset because, while the peeps were away (whether they came back to Chump directly after going to the docks or if they actually traveled downriver). He lays down the following jive:

- The Boss of Lunch has been abducted!

- Minty Fresh Breath and the Boss of Lunch were staying overnight in separate rooms at The Ugly Onion and someone apparently snatched The Boss during the night. His room was trashed in the process. If the heap weren't gone overnight, MFB tells them The Boss was taking an afternoon nap when he was snatched.

- Earlier that day The Boss of Lunch mentioned how glad he was to be wearing his lucky underpants during the croach's attack. He was also worried that he was being targeted by corpulent sludges.

The heap might decide to check out the scene of the crime. The Ugly Onion is a strangely shaped building constructed from a bunch of enormous hollow boulders arranged in a vaguely bulbous aggregation and covered in fuzzy orange and yellow moss. The circular doors and window shutters are made from giant mushroom

Esophagators are pretty ferocious. Consider, for example, the case of the rare red esophagator that plagued the coast of Torkle last year. It was indeed pretty ferocious.



caps. It's sort of cozily intimidating. Minty Fresh Breath leads the peeps to The Boss of Lunch's room and lets them inside. The furniture is wrecked and the whole room is in shambles. They may observe the following:

NOTICE: Various slimes and ichors are smudged throughout the room. Among the items strewn about is a pair of orange and green spotted boxer shorts (The Boss of Lunch's Lucky Underpants). **(RAISE):** It appears the Boss was carried out the window. A small trail of fluid on the window shutter and on the outside wall smells like rotten pickles.

CONTANIMATING: The slime appears to have come from some sort of contaminant.

INVESTIGATION OR STREETWISE: Nobody in the Ugly Onion or nearby saw anything strange. **(RAISE):** A drunk croach in a nearby alley saw a croach climb out of the window carrying a large bag.

Hopefully the investigation will lead them back to Steep Glum's place, which is where Crunge is holding The Boss of Lunch. If it doesn't occur to them perhaps Minty Fresh Breath can offer a suggestion after smelling the rotten pickle brine in The Boss's room. Steep Glum's place is as they left it (if they broke any doors or triggered any traps they are still in that state – see Kanks But No Kanks), although Crunge has pushed a bunch of barrels and rubble into the vestibule between the two sets of doors, which will take a bit of struggle to maneuver through or push aside.

NOTICE: A strong smell of rotting vegetation emanates from within.

Beyond the rubble, inhabiting the main room, is a bruiser contaminant (page 187). The bruiser is hiding behind some rotting trash but will step out and use its fear inducing countenance to attempt to scare away the intruders. It will try to claw anyone who sticks around. Any non-living organic matter the bruiser touches in-

stantly begins to rot (including most of the junk inside the building). As a last ditch attack, if it is being defeated, the bruiser will try to touch the support beams of the room, causing the ceiling to collapse and inflicting 3d10 damage to everyone inside, including the bruiser (An Agility roll halves the damage, a raise avoids it altogether). The activities in the cellar are not affected by the ceiling collapse.

Crunge and Junkwaddle are in the cellar, which is still accessible through the trapdoor. Junkwaddle is inside Crunge's head and probably unknown to the peeps at this point. They have The Boss of Lunch stuffed in a barrel with just the top of his head exposed. Crunge is attempting to scrape some goop from the Boss of Lunch's nose with a filthy finger but the Boss is squirming too much to make it easy.

Hopefully the peeps will intervene. They'll have to find a way down, though, since the rope ladders have been removed (it's a 3" drop to the rubble below) and there isn't a direct line of sight to the action. At this point Crunge is at his full potential, having been imbued with the Agility of Jorbo, the Strength of Azzle, and the Regeneration of the droll. He's trying desperately to nab The Boss of Lunch's sandwich making expertise but is having a hard time.

If the peeps attack Crunge he will fight until destroyed. So far, they should have no reason to suspect Junkwaddle is lurking inside of Crunge's head. Junkwaddle will fight from within Crunge, sending out gobs of acidic good (Bolt power) through a small hole in the minion's mouth. If Crunge is defeated, Junkwaddle will hide inside and wait for an opportunity to escape into the narrow passage at the back of the room (The peeps may make a Notice roll each round (opposed by Junkwaddle's Stealth) to spot him). He will reach the crack in the wall within 1d4 rounds of escaping Crunge's husk.

If they manage to capture Crunge alive he will beg to be released, spouting the following gab in response to their interrogations (there's really no law in Chump, so it's up to the peeps how to proceed):



•He is responsible for abducting the giggity gigger Greegle the Mump (whose body is in one of the barrels) from Borf a few months ago. He forced Greegle to collaborate on a project (the Giggityscat Hat) which would combine their powers of giggity giggling and contanimation. His minion Crunge Smudgemoppet tragically killed Greegle the first time he donned the hat (after stepping on some poop from a particularly murderous one of those weird little slug-like things that keep showing up in all the pictures and absorbing its rampagical qualities), but it totally wasn't his fault.

•He had nothing to do with the death of Steep Glum. Dude was dead when he got here and Junkwaddle just had Crunge stuff his body in a barrel in case they needed it for later.

•He will give them the Giggity Scat Hat (and show them how to use it) and 2000 clams he has stashed nearby if they promise to let him go.

EPILOGUE

The peeps may decide to do a number of things at this point. If they agreed to let Junkwaddle go he will show them how to use the Giggity Scat Hat and give them 2000 clams as promised. If they're still alive, Minty Fresh Breath and the Boss of Lunch will give them what they offered in **KANKS BUT NO KANKS**. Bubola gives them a valuable bottle of fishwine (worth 500 clams). Azzle will give them four 1-ups, two luminous bluems, and a chunk of pottyspronge if they return his handkerchief (check out page 193 of *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island* for more info about fungus. If you don't have that book just give them more 1-ups and hang your head in shame). The Boss of Lunch promises a fantastic brunch in their honor. Further investigation of Steep Glum's corpse may reveal tell-tale spork wounds, indicating Lungfondler's involvement in his demise.

The other denizens of Chump really don't care what happens to Junkwaddle. It's none of their business. Leave them alone, jerk.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE BOSS OF LUNCH

BODUL (WC)

Hhimy the Unfrungable, the so-called Boss of Lunch, is one of Floom's most recognizable grub-slingers. He's passing through Chump on his way from Goss to Foot's Wrist.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d4, Crafting (sandwiches) d12+2, Notice d8, Persuasion d8

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 6

Edges & Hindrances: Clever, Proud Heritage, Craftspeep, Waremonger

GEAR: Decent duds, 857 clams, **The Boss of Lunch's Lucky Underpants** (Activate: worn, Duration: Instant): Always wary of perps who want to nab his delicious recipes, the Boss had these zazzular undies commissioned. They protect the wearer from all manner of mind reading and giggity giggling.

CRUNGE SMUDGEMOPPET

CONTANIMATRONIC MINION (WC)

Crunge is a contanimatronic minion created and controlled by Junkwaddle Smudge. He may be encountered several times throughout the adventure and he gains new attributes as he nabs filth from other peeps (as described under Special Abilities).

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Fighting d6

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 4 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 5

GEAR: Vegetable skin armor (+1)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Crunge's special abilities are the result of filth he acquires from other peeps (through the auspices of the Giggityscat Hat). If any of the items listed below are removed from him he loses the associated traits. He begins the story with Azzle's Snot and gains the others as the tale progresses.

AZZLE'S SNOT: Because he has a handkerchief containing Azzle's discarded snot, Crunge gains these stats: Strength d12+2, Throwing d10, Tracking d12

JORBO'S EARWAX: Once Crunge is in possession of Jorbo's braid his Agility becomes d12 and he gains the following skills and Edges: Fighting d10,

APPENDIX 11: INSECTILE DISFUNCTION (CAST OF CHARACTERS)

Stealth d10, Performing (dancing) d12, Parry 7, Improved Dodge

DROLL DROOL: Crunge nabs some drool from a sleeping droll, which gives him the droll's Regeneration (super fast) ability (page 193). The drool is gobbled onto one of his antennae.

THE GIGGITYSCAT HAT

(Activate: Contanimating, Charge: 16, PP: 2, Range: touch, Duration: Instant): The hollowed carcass of a zazzed-up giggity, this handsome noggin squatter represents the combined efforts of Junkwaddle Smudge and a giggity gigger named Greegle the Mump. If a contanimatronic minion wears the hat and befouls itself with detritus from a target organism it allows the minion to absorb 1d4 traits from that organism. The contanimator in control of the minion may make a contanimating roll (for each trait) to attempt to nab specific traits, otherwise a random assortment is gathered. 5000 clams.

FROZZ UNCTERTWIST

WERM (WC)

Frozz is an esophagator hunter and boss of the Unsinkable Plunge.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Boating d10, Fighting d10, Tracking d10, Streetwise d8, Notice d8

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 8

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Pallesthesia, Rubbery

GEAR: Decent duds, 86 clams, various harpoons (Str+d6), ropes, and boating gear.

JUNKWADDLE SMUDGE

CROACH (WC)

Junkwaddle is an itty bitty little croach. Really. Really. Small. He's also a potent contanimator and a megalomaniacal jerk. He spends most of his time lounging on a couch inside the head of his minion Crunge Smudgemoppet.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Contanimating d12, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Throwing d8

CHARISMA: -2 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 8(9)

PP: 30

POWERS: Barrier, Bolt, Blind, Conjure Contanimants, Defile, Deflection

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Antennae, Crunchy Shell, Multiple Limbs, Gullet of Steel, AB (Contanimator), Really Small Guy, Contanimaster, Contanimaniac

GEAR: Crappy robes, **crapstaff** (Activate: Shooting, Charge: 15, PP: 3, Range: 6/12/24, Duration: Instant, Bolt): This staff (which is a wand in normal-sized hand) launches gobs of acidic feculence, inflicting 3d6 damage to a single target. 1500 clams.

LUNGFONDLER

HORC (WC)

Lungfondler is the proprietor of Lungfondler's Grotto, one of Chump's few palatable eateries (although *palatable* may be a bit generous). He's loud and arrogant, but without the culinary skills to back up his boastful nature. Lungfondler conspires with Junkwaddle to nab the Boss of Lunch's famous sandwich recipe.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Knowledge (cooking) d6, Notice d8, Throwing d8

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Butticker (giant spatula), Gurgitation, Slimy, Tough Ass MoFo

GEAR: Apron, giant spatula (Str+d6)

MINTY FRESH BREATH

WERM (WC)

MFB is a pretty decent guy. He's a friend and companion of The Boss of Lunch.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Crafting d10, Investigation d10, Notice d8, Tracking d8, Weirdness d10

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 3 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7 **PP:** 16

POWERS: Armor, Boost Trait, Invisibility, Smite

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Pallesthesia, Rubbery, Legless, AB (weirdo), Weirder, Weirderer, Weirdest

GEAR: Decent duds, 437 clams, **Bad Ass Tongue**

Staff (permanent zazzular item, +2 damage (Str+d6+2), **Potato of Invisibility (x2)** (Activate: devour, Charge: 5, PP: 10, Range: personal, Duration: 8, Invisibility) 200 clams.



PLAYING DIRTY LIVE ACTION LOW LIFE ROLEPLAYING BY WILLIAM THRASHER

Playing Dirty is a lot like being a milf. You get to try on the skins of other peeps, live their lives, do their things, be what they are, choke them to death with your enormous tongue. Maybe not that last part.

-Crooshka of Stan's Rug

SPECIAL
BONUS SECTION
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU
(IN THAT WAY)

Are you prepared to take *Low Life* to a whole new extreme? Are you ready to hear, see, feel, and smell what it's like to live in the world of Mutha Oith? Are your friends as sick and twisted as we are? If so, you might be ready to start playing dirty!

THE LOWDOWN

Playing Dirty is the official live action roleplay (LARP) version of *Low Life*. *Low Life* is the book you're currently reading. For players, LARP means really inhabiting your character and bringing it to life like an actor on a stage. For a Boss, it means a lot of hard work, but it's worth it when you see Mutha Oith and her squelchy denizens brought to life. How do you play dirty? Before we scoop that scat, there are three righteous gists to dig.

THREE RIGHTEOUS GISTS TO DIG

There are three nigh unbreakable rules for players to follow and Bosses to enforce, cribbed from the greasy mind of Lloyd Kaufman:

RESPECT THE PEEPS: Playing Dirty is more physical than your typical game of *Low Life*, and in the heat of the moment it's easy to get carried away. This is usually a good thing, but nothing is going to ruin everyone's good time faster than the guy playing The Guy With the Killin' Stick actually whacking another player with his replica killin' stick, even if it was by accident. No matter how crazy Playing Dirty gets, don't do anything that might get you or another player hurt.

RESPECT THE DIGS: From squalid hovels to swanky mansions, no one likes seeing their

home trashed. Be respectful of the place where you play, be it your own home or a ball-room at a convention. LARP troupes that trash venues aren't invited back at best, and are banned or arrested at worst. Likewise, people put a lot of care into their costumes and (usually) don't want to see them ruined. Don't do anything that might damage, break, or soil someone else's stuff.

HAVE MUCH FUN: Playing Dirty is fun. Done right, it's the most fun you can have with your clothes on. Everyone involved wants to enjoy themselves to the full extent of the law and their imagination. Keeping these three rules in mind, you can do anything you want except ruin someone else's good time. Whenever you make a choice make sure you're increasing the fun for everyone involved.

HOW DO I PLAY DIRTY?

LARP ain't table-top, and I'll sock anyone who tells me otherwise! If you want to know what makes it different and how to turn that to your advantage as a player and Boss, keep reading.

WHEN IT'S ON, IT'S ON: Playing Dirty assumes everything everyone says or does from the moment play begins to when it ends is in-character. This eliminates the guesswork and hard feelings that arise when there's a question of what is or is not in character and keeps the game more immersive. If you must speak or interact out-of-character, make it obvious. The traditional method involves making little googly croach antennae with your fingers.

DON'T SAY IT, DO IT: Playing Dirty isn't a place for narration. If you want your character to do something, get up and do it. Don't say, "I turn on my heel and glare at you." Actually turn on your heel and glare. Want to scavenge for goodies? Actually rummage around somewhere. Want to intimidate someone? Puff yourself up and swagger like a playa. Just saying what you want to do and expecting everyone else to play off that is foisting your roleplaying responsibilities on other people. Give people real actions to play off. Save narrating your actions for things that cannot be represented purely through roleplay, like hocus pokery and combat actions.

CLOTHES MAKE THE MONSTER: Sometimes it's not enough to walk and talk like your character. Sometimes you want to look the part. When it comes to costuming in Playing Dirty, anything goes. You can make a kick-butt *Low Life* costume from just about anything. But don't stop there. Find creative ways to use costuming to indicate exactly what you're playing. Wear a fake animal nose and swimming flippers and you're a tizn't. Glue some foam balls to a headband and you're a croach. Tape a clamsack to your nose and you're a smelf. Use what you wear to show other players just what you're playing. Another snazzy idea, for when you don't have a costume, is to use a Denizen card from *Dementalism: An Ingenious Game of Ingenious Ingeniousness* to represent your character.

MAD PROPS: Sure, your character sheet says your priest of Boorglezar has a sacred dung ball. But imagine how much cooler it would be if you dug out an old tennis ball, covered it in hot glue and peanuts, slathered it in green and brown paint, and made one of your own? Bosses, if you want your players to really care about your MacGuffin, it needs to be something real and tangible that they can see, feel, and steal! Perhaps, more so than any other setting, Mutha Oith offers unlimited options when it comes to creating your own props, and its dredged-from-the-muck nature means whether it's a swagger stick you've





been working on all weekend or a hunk of mozzarella cheese you made in five minutes out of an old couch cushion, it's all good! Props can be anything, from the tools of your character's trade, to bargaining chips, to showy gewgaws that enhance your costume and make things that much more real.

Keeping in mind the first and second rules, make sure your props aren't too heavy or unwieldy, and avoid sharp edges. Likewise, make

sure your prop is done before bringing it into play. Wet paint and tacky glue can ruin a carpet and someone's day.

UNSETTLING THE SCENE: This varies from venue to venue, but if you want to be the boss of Bosses, create a stage for your game. As with costumes, pretty much anything goes. Are you playing dirty in *The Incredibly Huge Monster™*? Drape some flesh- & guts-colored sheets around. Planning a game of intrigue in *New Oorlquar*? Set up some fake street signs and play a recording of bustling city life to create the impression of a jostling metropolis. You don't have to create an environment your players can believe in that looks, smells, and tastes like the real thing. Just create a sense of space that gives the impression of your game's setting.

YES, AND?: Yes is a powerful word. It's the word that makes things happen. Yes is always more interesting than no. For players, this means keeping in mind the principal of "Yes, and." Whatever is said and done by you or anyone else, roll with it and build on it. A good game of *Playing Dirty* should build in complexity and absurdity as it progresses, and end when all these little agreements bring this critical, illogical mass to its logical conclusion.

For Bosses, this goes double. If a player asks you a question, answer yes, then go into as much or as little detail as you and the player need to make that yes work. Bosses, no is your atomic wedgie, your Hammer-O-The-Gawds. Use it rarely or not at all, so that when you do have to say no, it has the gravity of a collapsed star and the finality of death.

When a player comes to you with a question or idea you think might spoil the game or ruin someone else's fun, answer "Yes, if. . ." Give the player a requirement, a goal, a prerequisite before they can bring that Yes into the game. Make the player earn that Yes. It gives the player a feeling of accomplishment when they earn the right to derail the game and buys you time to really think about what you just agreed to and work it into the game in a way that's fun for everyone.

ALL THE OTHER RULES OF PLAYING DIRTY

With all that out of the way, here are the actual rules of play for Playing Dirty, from making your character to conflict resolution to scrappin', croakin', and luck.

CREATING & CONVERTING YOUR CHARACTER

Create the character of your choice using the normal rules found in the *Savage Worlds* core rulebook and *Low Life*, but make the following changes:

♦ ATTRIBUTES

Replace each attribute's die code with each die's average possible result, rounded down (d4 to 2, d6 to 3, d8 to 4, d10 to 5, d12 to 6).

♦ SKILLS

Convert the die code of each skill in the same manner used to convert attributes. If you are untrained in a skill, give it a rating of 1. If the character possesses an Edge that grants a bonus to a skill roll, add the bonus to the converted skill rating.

♦ DERIVED STATISTICS

All the peep's derived statistics are carried over, keeping any modifiers from Edges, Hindrances, and skills. The only exception is Charisma. All social interactions in Playing Dirty are handled through pure roleplay. Ignore the character's Charisma score. In Playing Dirty, characters gain a new derived statistic called Initiative, which is equal to the character's Agility attribute.

♦ EDGES & HINDRANCES

Converting Edges and Hindrances can be tricky, and in many cases will require the player and Boss to work together. Any Edge or Hindrance that applies a bonus or penalty to an attribute roll, skill roll, or derived statistic is applied to the attribute, skill, or derived attribute's converted value for Playing Dirty. Edges

and Hindrances that modify the character's use of action cards apply a +1 bonus to Initiative in the case of Edges and a -1 penalty to Initiative in the case of Hindrances. The same goes for Edges and Hindrances that modify a character's pace or running die. If you come across an Edge or Hindrance that does not easily convert between *Low Life* and Playing Dirty, the simplest solution is to remove it from your character's sheet and replace it with another that is easier to modify.

♦ STUFF

Gear and weapons require no modification except in the case of weapon damage. Simply convert each weapon's damage die code in the same manner as Attributes and skills.

♦ BENNIES

Peeps begin play with the same number of bennies as in *Low Life*.

CONFLICT RESOLUTION

Dice rolling is not a thing in Playing Dirty. Instead, whenever a situation arises that would normally call for a roll, players use basic multiplication. In short, if you ever want to know how effective your character is at something, determine the most appropriate attribute and skill used in the action and multiply the two together. In the case of character vs. character conflicts, whichever character can produce the highest product is the victor. In the case of characters attempting to overcome a challenge created by the Boss (e.g. picking a lock, smashing a gate, figuring out what in Jeezle Pete's name a hoomanrace relic actually does), the Boss will assign a difficulty number the character must equal or exceed.

EXAMPLE DIFFICULTIES

EASY SLEAZY	2
SIMPLE	4
AVERAGE	9
TRICKY	6
DIFFICULT	12
ABSURD	36



Under normal circumstances, if a character cannot equal or exceed the difficulty of an action, the attempt simply fails. However, if the peep's product is 0 or a negative number (which is possible due to certain Hindrances), they fail spectacularly, and the Boss is encouraged to invent an appropriately devastating consequence.

NOTE TO BOSSES: In *Playing Dirty*, roleplaying should always trump the rules as written. When you see a player really getting into roleplaying a particular action, feel free to reward that roleplay with bonuses, increasing their product by as much as +10 for grooving most righteously.

VIOLENCE!

Eventually, Peeps will want to beat each other up. When this happens, someone involved in the fight calls out "Scrappin'!", and the simulated violence begins. For the most part, combat in *Playing Dirty* follows the same general rules as *Low Life*, with characters attempting to hit their adversaries (overcoming their target's parry for melee attacks or a static difficulty of 4 for ranged attacks) and inflict enough damage to overcome their target's toughness. However, the following differences should be observed:

• WHO GOES WHEN?

Playing Dirty does not use action cards to determine turn order. Instead, when combat begins the Boss begins counting down from the highest initiative to zero. When a character's initiative is called, the player must declare and resolve their action. The countdown then continues to zero, at which point the Boss asks if there is any reason for violence to continue. If the answer is "yes", then the countdown is repeated and a new round of combat begins.

• AM I SHAKEN?

Combat in *Playing Dirty* is designed to be a little bit more lethal than a typical game of *Low Life*. As a result, characters are never shaken. If any attack would normally result in a character being shaken, the character takes a wound instead. On the plus side, no time is wasted attempting to recover from being shaken.

• HOW DO I MOVE?

When a character in *Playing Dirty* moves during combat, the player may take a number of steps equal to their character's pace. This distance is doubled if the character runs or charges.

• WHAT'S MY RANGE?

In the case of barehanded or melee attacks, a peep can attack anyone within arm's reach. Considering ranged attacks, as long as the player has a clear line of sight to their target, the attack can be made and there is no need to keep track of specific ranges.

• HOW BAD DOES IT HURT?

As a character suffers wounds, apply all wound penalties to their attributes only.

• AM I DEAD?

A peep who has lost all his or her wounds is not dead, but is too beaten up to do much more than writhe around in pain. Anything that would inflict another wound on causes that peep to go into shock and croak unless given immediate medical attention.

ABOUT BENNIES

Bennies work differently in *Playing Dirty*. First and foremost, any number of bennies can be spent by any number of players at any time. However, bennies can only be spent in the moment, never retroactively or preemptively. When multiple bennies are spent to influence the same action or conflict, only the last benny spent takes effect. However, the Boss should keep track of the total number of bennies spent, and exaggerate the outcome in proportion. But what can bennies do?

♦ YOU GO FIRST

Bennies can be spent to preempt actions both in and out of combat, allowing a player to determine who acts first in any situation.

♦ YOU GO LAST

Bennies can be spent in combat to delay another character, forcing them to act last in a round.

♦ SUCCESS!

You can spend a benny to make an action automatically succeed, regardless of difficulty.

♦ FAILURE!

You can spend a benny to make an action automatically fail, regardless of difficulty.

♦ SECOND WIND

You can spend a benny to immediately recover one wound or level of fatigue.

♦ RECHARGE

You can spend a benny to immediately recover all spent power points.

♦ OH NO YOU DIDN'T!

You can spend a benny to cancel out a benny spent by another player.

BENNIES AND THE BOSS

For *Playing Dirty* Bosses, bennies are an important tool. Reward players with bennies for

exceptional roleplaying, costuming, and brilliance. Use them to encourage the kind of behavior you want to see in your game. Also, pay attention to how your players spend their bennies. It's one of the best ways to gauge what your players feel is important within the game, and can indicate the kind of game they want to play. They're the currency between you and your players meant to enhance game play.

ARE WE DONE YET?

Yes. Yes, we are. Go play.



LOW LIFE MINIATURES

ADAPTING SAVAGE WORLDS SHOWDOWN! FOR YOUR LOW LIFE GAME

*With a great deal of bluster and noise
A gangsta and six of his boys
Harrassed a waremonger
To prove they were stronger
They nabbed all his marvelous toys*

The *Low Life* Miniatures line of 30mm scale metal and resin figures includes over 50 assorted peeps and monsters (with more on the way). Sculpted by Jason Wiebe, Sandra Garrity, Alessio Cisbani, Andy Hopp and other award-winning artists, they add an extra dimension of excitement to your *Low Life* experience.



In order to maintain domestic tranquility and form a more perfect union and such, the FREE *Savage Worlds Showdown* miniatures battle rules (available for download at www.peginc.com) are super easy to adapt to your *Low Life* game. Characters and units are created just as they are in the normal *Showdown* game, which is sort of to say, exactly as they are created in the normal *Low Life* game (dig the character sheet at the end of this book). In short, players are given a number of points with which to design their peeps or units (groups of peeps). There's a place on the *Low Life* character sheet that says "Unit Cost". That's where this number goes.



The list of Hindrances and Edges that begins on page 138 hips you to the LOWdown Unit Cost of each such thing. Also, in *Low Life* we changed the name of *Showdown* to *LOWdown*, because of course we did.

The *LOWdown* rules are useful for resolving large scale combat and as a stand alone tactical and strategic battle game. When resolving the typical scrappings that occur during a regular *Low Life* session it's usually best to use the standard *Savage Worlds* and *Low Life* combat rules.

You can find a buns load of pre-made peeps and units at www.thewholehole.info.





Included in the package for every Low Life Miniature is a special Peep or Beast card for the *Low Brawl* Low Life skirmish battle game. *Low Brawl* is a cooperative game of survival that pits the heap against horrifying things that want to hurt them. It's never the same game twice and it's more fun than I just made that sound.

*In response to the theft of his toys
The monger with clams, pleas, and ploys
Hired twelve horcs
Armed with knives, ropes, and sporks
To bereft the crude thug of his boys**



*If you know what I mean, wink wink.

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 upcoming *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to*

Mutha Oith – Volume 2: Holy Crap (by Credulous Shmeckle). 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.

HOOMAN BY BIRTH OITHLING BY THE GRACE OF BOORGLEZAR

Jumping Jelvis on a pygmy slog! Check out the HUGE list of peeps without whose contributions and support this book wouldn't have been possible:

Michael Ramsey, Matthew McFarland, Chris Engler, Ken Burns, Ospprod, Thom Shartle, Neal Tanner, Miles Matton, Karsten Kopplin, Natalia Kuhn, Greg, Judgedoug, Stephen Kilpatrick, Dave Rambo, Edward Linder, Ng Kai Teck, Andrew Byers, Owen Thompson, John Beattie, Joe Thater, John (Pole) Owen, Anthony, Rob Grealy, Brian Wilk, Elven McKnight, Steve Weaver, Jim Harris, Jeff Scifert, Jefepato, Clinton Terry, Edward Bonthron, Kurt Zdanio, Heather White Hopp, Norm Hensley, Steven Taylor, William (Bill) Reger, Andreas, Andrew Hayford (Raging Herald), John Dunn, Kyle, Juan A Baez III, Daniel, Jacob Carpenter, J Phillips, Jason Blalock, Becky Glenn, Ryk Stanton, Michael Sprague, AlistairC, Britne Meyer, Daniel Grota, BeZurKur, Jezabelle, Doug Carter, M Alexander Jurkat, Brian S. Holt, Simon Berman, Josh Riggins, Mark Worthy, Woren, Lionel M. Worman, Brian Simmons, George Lucas, Jacob Trewe, James I Stanley Jr., Jesse R Davis, DivNull Productions, Timothy Geary, Andrew Merritt, James Rohloff, James Schrecengost, Mason Zedaker, Zeke Sparkes, Drew Wendorf, Shane O'Dea, Nils Anker Tønner-Oldefar, Hannele Huigens, Gregory A Dunn, Cousin Artaud, Ben Watson, Dan Derby, Heath Medlin, Rodney, Glen Green, paydirt76, Felix Laurie von Massenbach, PsychoHazard, Petra Ann, ARBco, Brant Clabaugh, camoudragon, Dave Stoeckel, Brian Harriman, langmorris, Raf Ceuls, John Haines, Kor, Wollemi Pine, Alan Bundock, Timothy Mullen, Michael Border, Edvard Blumentanz, Steven Achenbach, Curtis Barnes, DocGrognaard, Josh Crowe, J. Glenn Snyder, David Payne, Brad McFee, Jason Painter, Charles Wheeler, Paul S-H, Jake Shyer, Jim Yoder, tauther, Jim Sweeney, Kevin Cooper, Aaron Brown, Jim Clunie, Otto T M Tormented Ninja of the O-Order, Cornan the BBQbarian, Lloyd Rasmussen, Terra Nystrom, Lester Smith, David Quinonez, Harsh Realities, Ariel Azia, Aaron P. Stuart Adam, Teppo Pennanen, G-Q, Erik Dahl, Jason Reynolds, Ehren Bradbury, Patrik Ström, David Lowther, Derek Guder, Mikael Brauer, Matthew Swetnam, Neal Dalton, Philippe Deville, Václav Bašniar, Heath Wheeler, Garrett Weinstein, Bryce Perry, Rob Schubert, Jesus, Pete McKenna, K, Jason Cotton, Justin S. Davis, Jim Searcy, Luke E., Robert Rihtar, TS Luikart, Tripleyew, John Belding, Mark Monaghan, Dan Woods, Frances Dale, Joshua "Cornbread" Harris, The Bearded Goose, Robert Gruver, Devan, Tim The Enchanterer, John Kadohph, Christopher M. Sniezak, Island Usurper, Capellan, Paul Smith, Samuel Jones, Tom Cook, Michael Jensen, Yuki Hyou, Pete Figtree, Neil Sorenson, Richard Reilly, Michael James Musumeci, Keith Fannin, Michael Beck, Luis A. Lopez Jr., waldo the banjo player, Emanuele Cancelli, Thaddeus Papke, Robin Armstrong, Kevin J. Maroney, Daniel M Choi, Jack Gulick, Pietro de Martino, Steve Howes, Jay Richards, Chris Gunning, Jason Allen, George Clayton Blanchard, Natalie Jaran, Guy Kapach, Adam Caverly, Damon Van Demark, David Allan Finch, Matt, Jim Burzelic, Manuel del Jesus, Rob Johns, Alan Bartholet, Sean Wolfe, Larry Elmore, Kurt H., Brendan Sheehan, Marcus, Donald Bell, R.S. Geiger, Brad, John Scheib, BTO, Tim Oliver, Michael Anthony Cotignola III, Mike Danger Donaghey, Rob Hammond, Nathan Reese Maher, Dennis Loftis, Eric McHenry, callithrix, Mithril Entertainment LLC, thespookydanger, Christopher J. 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An extra ENORMOUS dose of love goes out to
**GEORGE P. BURDELL, SHANE HENSLEY, THE SAVAGES, THOM, NEAL, SHENRON, FEET PIGTREE,
SEAN RIEDINGER, DAVE, STEVE, JASON, GREG, KRYSTAL, ALICIA, WILL,
AND ALL THE OITHLINGS**

for their invaluable assistance during the compilation of this tome and to

HEATHER, ILIANA, AND AURORA

for their infinite love and support.

DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY TO KENNY WHITE

WE ARE ALL OITHLINGS FREE LOW LIFE STUFF!

Oithlings? What the goose are Oithlings?

Thank you for asking, imaginary voice in my head. The Oithlings are the Mutha Oith Creations street team, promotional squad, and interactive happy-time fun club.

Members earn points (henceforth to be known as "clams"), badges, and accolades which they can collect and boldly display in order to impress other peeps, get discounts on jazz, nab sweet gifts and MOC merchandise, flaunt across the leaderboard, and generally improve the quality of life for all people everywhere.

Visit the official Mutha Oith Creations website (www.muthaoithcreations.com) for more information.



A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES... ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hello, I'm Andy. I made this mess, so I suppose I'm the one to blame. I hope you really dig it, but if Low Life doesn't sink your tub, no sweat, we can still be friends.

Here's some jazz about me and what I do and where I'm from and assorted othernesses, just in case that stuff is of interest to you.

Own-horn-footing's not really my thing, but here goes: I'm an award winning illustrator, writer, and game designer. Although my hands are in many cookie jars, my main bag is Low Life and related snazz, such as the G'Zoink and Dementalism card games, and Low Life Miniatures. I also host Con on the Cob (www.cononthecob.com) and Oddmall: Emporium of the Weird (www.oddmall.info), two of the most fun things in the history of fun.

By far the most awesome things in my life are my two amazing daughters, Iliana and Aurora. Seriously, these kids are the larvae Boorglezar wishes he could beget. Also involved in the begetting and tutelage of said tadpoles is my groovy wife Heather. She's the beans. She is, quite literally, the slog's pajamas. Also, sometimes she let's me touch her boobs.

We all live somewhere in Glowhio with way too many pets (or maybe not enough pets, I can't be trusted to make these decisions). Dig more jazz at www.muthaoithcreations.com and www.thewholehole.info.



SNAZZ



UNIT COST

PLAYER NAME	TEAM	POSITION	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EXP.	PRO. SAL.	AM. SAL.	CONTRACT	STATUS
John Smith	Los Angeles	QB	28	6'2"	215	5	\$12,000,000	\$1,500,000	4	Active
Tom Brady	New England	QB	33	6'4"	225	10	\$18,000,000	\$2,000,000	5	Active
Arian Foster	Houston	RB	27	5'10"	210	4	\$8,000,000	\$1,000,000	3	Active
DeMarco Murray	Dallas	RB	26	5'10"	215	3	\$6,000,000	\$800,000	2	Active
Demaryius Thomas	Denver	WR	28	6'2"	205	4	\$7,000,000	\$900,000	3	Active
Antonio Brown	Pittsburgh	WR	29	6'0"	205	5	\$9,000,000	\$1,100,000	4	Active
Odell Beckham Jr.	New York	WR	26	6'0"	190	3	\$10,000,000	\$1,200,000	2	Active
Julian Edelman	New England	WR	28	5'10"	185	4	\$5,000,000	\$700,000	3	Active
Stefon Diggs	Minnesota	WR	27	6'0"	200	3	\$8,000,000	\$1,000,000	2	Active
Mike Evans	Tampa Bay	WR	28	6'6"	215	4	\$11,000,000	\$1,300,000	3	Active
Drew Brees	New Orleans	QB	32	6'4"	230	7	\$15,000,000	\$1,800,000	4	Active
Lamar Jackson	Baltimore	QB	25	6'2"	210	2	\$9,000,000	\$1,100,000	1	Active
Dak Prescott	Dallas	QB	27	6'2"	230	3	\$13,000,000	\$1,600,000	2	Active
Patrick Mahomes	Kansas City	QB	26	6'2"	230	3	\$14,000,000	\$1,700,000	2	Active
Russell Wilson	Seattle	QB	31	6'2"	225	6	\$11,000,000	\$1,400,000	3	Active
Deshaun Watson	Houston	QB	26	6'2"	215	3	\$10,000,000	\$1,200,000	2	Active
Josh Allen	Buffalo	QB	25	6'3"	235	2	\$8,000,000	\$1,000,000	1	Active
Joshua Kirtley	San Francisco	TE	28	6'6"	265	4	\$4,000,000	\$500,000	3	Active
George Kittle	San Francisco	TE	29	6'4"	255	5	\$5,000,000	\$600,000	4	Active
Mark Andrews	Baltimore	TE	26	6'5"	255	3	\$4,000,000	\$500,000	2	Active
Rob Gronkowski	New England	TE	30	6'6"	265	6	\$6,000,000	\$700,000	5	Active
Travis Kelce	Kansas City	TE	31	6'5"	265	7	\$5,000,000	\$600,000	6	Active
Christian McCaffrey	San Francisco	RB	26	5'10"	205	3	\$12,000,000	\$1,500,000	2	Active
Josh Jacobs	Las Vegas	RB	26	5'10"	225	3	\$7,000,000	\$900,000	2	Active
Alvin Kamara	New Orleans	RB	27	5'10"	205	4	\$6,000,000	\$800,000	3	Active
David Johnson	Arizona	RB	28	5'10"	215	5	\$5,000,000	\$700,000	4	Active
Christian Watson	Minnesota	WR	23	6'3"	205	1	\$4,000,000	\$500,000	0	Active
Justin Jefferson	Minnesota	WR	24	6'0"	190	2	\$5,000,000	\$600,000	1	Active
Garrett Wilson	New York	WR	23	6'0"	190	1	\$3,000,000	\$400,000	0	Active
Tyler Lockett	Seattle	WR	28	6'0"	190	5	\$4,000,000	\$500,000	4	Active
Mike Williams	Los Angeles	WR	27	6'4"	215	4	\$3,000,000	\$400,000	3	Active
Allen Robinson	Baltimore	WR	28	6'2"	205	5	\$2,000,000	\$300,000	4	Active
Adam Thielen	Minnesota	WR	30	6'0"	190	7	\$2,000,000	\$300,000	6	Active
Brandon Aiyuk	San Francisco	WR	24	6'0"	190	2	\$3,000,000	\$400,000	1	Active
Deebo Samuel	San Francisco	WR	25	6'0"	190	3	\$2,000,000	\$300,000	2	Active
Justin Tucker	Baltimore	K	30	5'10"	180	6	\$3,000,000	\$400,000	5	Active
Harrison Butker	Las Vegas	K	29	6'0"	190	5	\$2,000,000	\$300,000	4	Active
Drew Brees	New Orleans	P	32	6'4"	23					

SPECIES / RACE

THE BOSS

HOMELAND / RESIDENCE

RELIGION

CHARACTERISTICS

MUTATIONS & INJURIES

LANGUAGES:

XP:

RANK:

ATTRIBUTES

d
d
d
d
d

Agility

Smarts

Spirit

Strength

Vigor

Charisma

Pace

Toughness

Parry

HINDRANCES & EDGES

SKILLS

[illegible]

ZAZZ



Arcane Background:

Power points:

POWER/TRAPPING

COST

RANGE

DAMAGE/EFFECT

DURATION

NOTES

LIVING LOW PLAYER NUMBER:

JAZZ



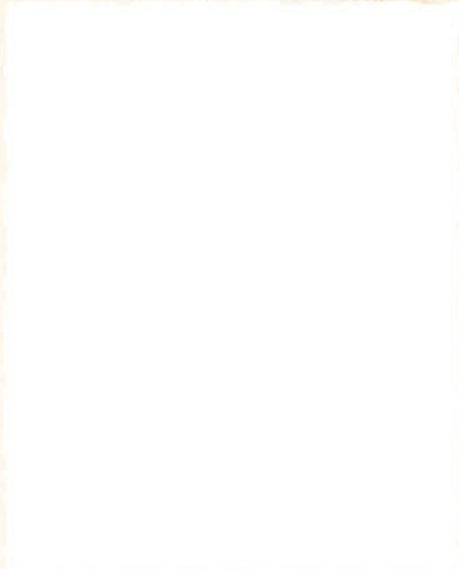
CLAMS

STUFF

WEIGHT LIMIT

WEIGHT CARRIED

ENCUMBRANCE PENALTY



SELF PORTRAIT



GRUB & GROG



ARMOR

HEAD	_____	+
TORSO	_____	+
ARMS	_____	+
LEGS	_____	+
OTHER	_____	+

SCRAPPIN'

WEAPON RANGE ROF DAMAGE AP WEIGHT NOTES

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PP 16 5 10 15 20 25 WOUNDS 0 -1 -2 -3 INC -2 -1 FATIGUE

NEED MORE LOW IN YOUR LIFE? ADDITIONAL LOW LIFE JAZZ

Depending upon when you are reading this, the following Low Life products are available from Mutha Oith Creations (or will be soon):

RPGS AND RELATED PRODUCTS

Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly RPG
Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly – ReDredged
The Whole Hole – Volume 01: Keister Island
The Low Life Boss Blocker (GM Screen)
The Whole Hole – Volume 02: Holy Crap
Low Brow High Adventure (Fiction Anthology)
Low Life MisAdventure Deck

CARD GAMES

Dementalism: An Ingenious Game of Ingenious...
Dementalism Expansion 01: The Garden of Smell...
Dementalism Expansion 02: Holy Crap
Dementalism Expansion 03: Flop, Slop, & Sop
G'Zoink – The Great Giggity Giggling Galavant
G'Zoink – Chunderstorm
G'Zoink – Expansion 01
G'Zoink – Expansion 02
Deck on Oith – Low Life Playing Cards

OTHER GAMES

Slogpile
Low Brawl
Holy Rolling; The Great Sects Change Operation

LOW LIFE MINIATURES

Angry Ubgunsker
Byulunculus the Vigilant
Corpulent Sludge
F'reek
Occifer Gleech
Pandalope the Panderer
Scarier Ass Mutha
Sunny Hindquarters
The Guy With the Killin' Stick
The Mysterious One-Eyed Croach

The Sockstrosity
Trozzgoxx the Lobe
Ubb Gubertinct
Umber Cuke
Unctious Pwoof
Walloping Krong
Tolzoxx'zz
Zzznz'hunz
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Greeshka
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X'rizz'krubb
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Linachithi
Giant Slog
Umber Cuke
Umber Cuke Fleece Hat
Those Weird Little Slug-Like Things That Keep Showing Up
in All the Pictures
Sack o' Slugs

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Low Life Collectible Buttons
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Low Life Clamsacks
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Dementalism Play Mat
Oithling Challenge Coin
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WWW.LOWTIQUE.COM



LOW LIFE AUDIO RECORDINGS ARE AVAILABLE AT

WWW.PATREON.COM/ANDYHOPP

READ BY THE AUTHOR!
HEAR HOW THINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE PRONOUNCED!
OVERFLOWING WITH ANNOTATIONS AND ANECDOTES!
HORDES OF OTHER FREE STUFF!



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