

BLACK BOX BOOKS

TOME THREE: CANNIBALS

AND CONFUSION

SECTION A: CANNIBALS

Compatible with Swords and Wizardry WhiteBox



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Cannibals

Four of these anthropophagi are *loosely* adapted from the works of Clark Ashton Smith, a contemporary of Lovecraft. One is from ancient legend, and another is completely original. With luck, the referee can find them all a home...

Avatar of Mordiggiei

Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 16 Move: 36 (floating / flying)
Attacks: Suffocate (2d6) HDE/XP: 17/3,400

The god Mordiggiei demands that every dead person become his food. Demands is maybe too strong a word, as no definite personal attributes are ascribed to him. He's mostly impersonal, consuming and cleansing, like fire.

Mostly. While he prefers to allow his clergy to defend his prizes, *in extremis* he will send a piece of his essence to defend what is his. His avatar is a bulk of darkness, black and opaque, cloaked in the chill of the void. Its form is huge as a dragon, but changing from moment to moment, swirling and spinning. Briefly, it may take the semblance of a giant with eyeless head and limbless body. Any dead flesh the avatar touches is instantly devoured.

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While Mordiggiei is eternal, his avatar can be harmed by magic weapons, gold-coated blades, or any magic that does *not* involve heat, cold, air, wood, stone, or the mind.

Clergy of Mordiggiei

Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: Two attacks
Hit Dice: 2 Move: 13
Attacks: Claw & Bite HDE/XP: 3/60

Where the Cult of Mordiggiei (see above) holds sway, once someone is dead, his clergy, which can be of any gender, appear to silently bear away the corpse. Anyone can join the cult, but once they do, they never appear as an individual to the outside world ever again.

Instead, they are heavily garbed in funeral purple, wearing huge masks of silver graven in the likeness of skulls. Nearly all skin is covered, only the tips of their fingers visible, peeking out of fingerless gloves. It is said that before a corpse is fed to Mordiggiei, he shares his provender with his shrouded ministers... and this is true.

What most do not know, except those who've tried to steal from a Temple of Mordiggiei, is that these nightly repasts have changed his clergy. The masks come off, revealing heads and faces half human, half canine, cheeks rosy and robust, with spiky teeth, longer than coffin nails,

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and curving claws gleam like the hooks of darkly tarnished metal... Most thieves do not survive the revelation.

Graedigg

Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 9 Move: 12/18 (when flying)
Attacks: Claw HDE/XP: 11/1700

When someone born of the mortal world is seduced by an immortal daemon, sometimes a graedigg is born, or one can become a graedigg through a forbidden ritual that includes the consumption of the flesh of one's own child.

Graedigg are immortal. They must eat the flesh of a thinking creature once every century or so, or become terribly weak, though they will not die. Weakened or not, they can be killed, albeit with some difficulty.

The creature appears as a pale-skinned humanoid of any gender with the pink flush of health. The strongest indications of the graedigg's nature are yellow, curving, three-inch talons on their hands and feet, though they look more like overgrown fingernails on first sight.

Graedigg have the ability to create extensive but stationary and non-damaging illusions at will, affecting all the senses. They use this ability to make their ruined lairs appear intact and usable, where they take on the persona

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of a kindly monk, nun, farmer, or innkeeper. They will try to enhance their ruse with the use of wrathful emanations (see below), offering drugged food and wine. Some of the victims will be eaten almost immediately, and others will be seduced, if possible, before ending up in the stewpot as well. For a graedigg, the consumption of forbidden flesh brings about the greatest ecstasy, more powerful and addictive than any narcotic.

A graedigg can only be damaged by magic weapons or spells, and this is the surest way to kill one. They can fly, and will try to escape this way if things go poorly for them.

Human, Akephalos

Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: None
Hit Dice: 2 Move: 12
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: 2/30

An akephalos does not look like most humans. The akephaloi attempted to usurp the gods, and as punishment, their heads were removed, and a mark put upon them so all would know their shame. They now have a face in their chest instead of a head, and natural swirling blue patterns on their bleached skin.

Most of the akephaloi live in humble, peaceful villages. However, there is a still a peculiar strain of madness in

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being. Their only other visibly unnatural feature is that they do not cast a shadow; there is at least 1 in 6 chance a given person will notice.

They are controlled utterly by their creator, who can see and hear through them. They do have some will of their own devices, they will find and capture living creatures and flay them until nothing is left but osseous matter.

When an emanation takes all its hit points in damage, 1d3 rounds later it stands up again; re-roll hit points. If the emanation's creator chooses to absorb it, destroying it until it is once again dusk, said creator heals 1d6 hit points. Often the source creature will choose to do this when a wrathful emanation is struck, to maintain the illusion the things are mortal. The only way these shards can be permanently dispelled is by killing their creator, whereupon they disappear in an eyeblink.

(This is why they have no XP value, per se, they just raise the HDE of the originating entity. This is already figured into the graedigg.)

Wrathful Emanation
Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 1-1 Move: 12/18 (when flying)
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: See below

All graedigg (see above), plus a handful of dabblers in dark magics, are capable of producing multiple eidola, wrathful emanations which do not exist apart from the being that created them. At dusk, 2d6+6 of these things can be spawned by such a knowledgeable creature, though they turn to dust just before more are made the next day.

Wrathful emanations look like normal humanoids, but will greatly resemble the one that dreamed them into

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Human, Fog
Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: Damage 2d6 keep highest
Hit Dice: 1+2 Move: 9 (12 without disguise)
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: 2/30

In the frozen North, where folk are the color of snow, there are clans who believe that eating human flesh is good luck. However, in order to be able to occasionally trade with other clans who do not hold such beliefs, these peoples have evolved a special form of warrior and "hunter," the Fog.

"Fog" means "beautiful," and is used ironically. Fog warriors make themselves appear as giants or ogres through the use of stilt, cunningly sewn animal skins,

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wooden fists worn over their hands, and elaborate masks of wood, leather, and ivory. They constantly practice fighting in these disguises, and ambush travelers in overwhelming numbers, so that any who escape death flees the scene. The deaths and cannibalism are blamed on ogres, giants, or other such monsters.

If a group of fogr achieves surprise, there is only a 1 in 20 chance to see through their time-worn disguises. Otherwise, there is a 1 in 6 chance of seeing the truth. However, dead or unconscious, a fogr warrior is revealed as a costumed human by any examination, no roll required.

them. When an akephalos goes mad, they develop a craving for human flesh, and soon they join with roving bands of like-minded lunatics.

These nomadic cannibal akephaloi are called androphagi, rather than fellow akephaloi, as they prize drinking out of human skulls and pin scalp atop their headless torsos. They will, however, eat what human flesh they can get, and it is not uncommon to see an androphage wielding a weapon made from the bones of a sane akephaloi.