

The 2016 Gongfarmer's Almanac:

A Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG Zine

Written, Illustrated, Edited and Produced by
the DCC RPG G+ Community



MONSTERS & TREASURE

VOLUME 3 OF EIGHT BOOKLETS

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Order of the Quill Presents
Roll Your Own Encounter
A DCC Solo-Encounter for 3rd-10th Level Readers

THE GIANT'S GULLET

WARNING!

Do not read this encounter straight through from beginning to end. During the encounter you will be asked to make choices and dice checks. Some of the decisions you may make will have fatal consequence! Weigh each choice carefully and make sure your lucky d20 is nearby!

Before reading, roll up stats for each of the six DCC RPG ability scores (Strength, Agility, Stamina, Personality, Intelligence, Luck) as per the character creation rules on page 18 of the DCC RPG Core Rulebook.

THE GIANT'S GULLET

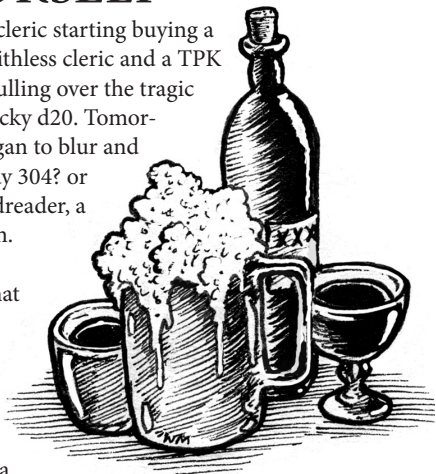
BY CLINT BOHATY

YOU PROMISED YOURSELF

ONLY ONE LAST DRINK. But when the cleric starting buying a round after each disfavor, you couldn't resist! One faithless cleric and a TPK later, you stumbled back toward your hotel room, mulling over the tragic death of your warrior Zinthia and cursing your unlucky d20. Tomorrow you'd finally throw it away! Soon your vision began to blur and the room numbers became harder to read. Does it say 304? or 809? As you tried to align your keycard with the cardreader, a wave of dizziness hit you and the world began to spin.

Is this how Zinthia felt when she was beheaded by that goat-crab Mongondu?

You wake up on a hard warm floor. Your back aches and your face is puddled in drool. You slowly sit up and wait for the world to stop spinning. But it never does! You realize that you are suspended 70' high in a cage like a canary.



A warbled, high pitched voice squeals from behind, "Finally awake I see. Quick! We haven't much time before he's finished his stew!"

Stew? Your stomach grumbles. You haven't eaten since that cheap breakfast burrito. The cage continues to turn slowly upon its chain, and soon you are face to face with a grizzled warty dog-man. Like you, the creature is locked in a cage suspended from the ceiling. Beyond him, you see the back of a gigantic lumpy humanoid, at least 60' tall, tending to a boiling cauldron.

"My man-name is Narafoo, but my pack call me Gruff-gerrr-snuff-bark-thack*!", snorts the dog-man. "The giant is almost ready to boil us alive. But I have a plan for escape!"

You get the feeling that this creature is hiding something, but the situation seems dire. Perhaps instead you could tattle on this dog-man and earn the giant's favor?

If you warn the giant that Narafoo plans to escape, turn to page 8.

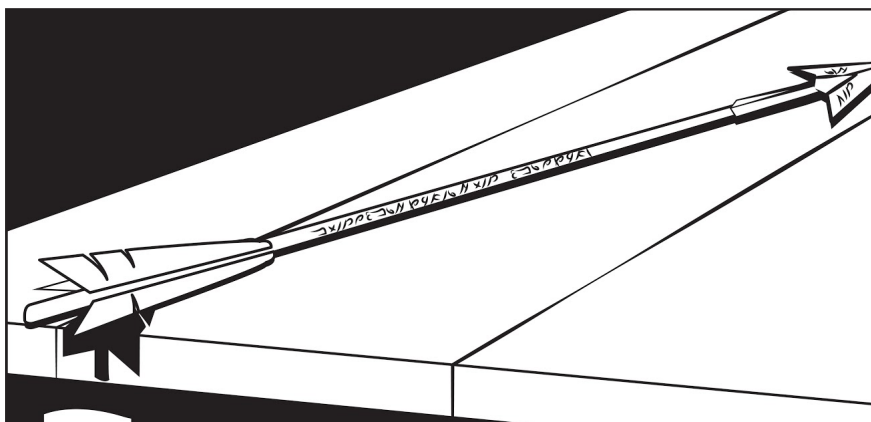
If you lean in close and listen to Narafoo's plan, turn to page 18.

THE ARROWS OF ANRA

BY JAMES A. POZENEL, JR.
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CAMERON

*Arrows of Anra are an open-ended collection of unique, magical arrows.
The one detailed below is a conversion of the AD&D classic arrow of slaying.
The judge can alter this arrow by rolling on Appendix L: Languages of the
DCC RPG rulebook and substituting ogre with the new creature.
Other arrows can be created and attributed to Anra if you so choose,
or maybe this one is the only one left!*

Anra was an elven Bow-Mage and a hero of long ago times. She is still remembered in song and story and is sometimes just referred to as The Fletchermancer. Anra was renowned for crafting her own enchanted arrows which she used to deadly effect against evil creatures. They are acknowledged to be some of the finest ever made by mortal hands, able to fly straight and true and so well-constructed that they often survive numerous uses. Each arrow head is inscribed with mystical symbols and a piece of poetry or prose is written in delicate, minute, Elven script on the shaft. The fletching on the arrows is a rich golden red and no one has ever seen such plumage, leaving sages to ponder their origin. When she was slain in the Battle of Highbarrow by a horde of serpentmen, many of her arrows were lost and scattered. A cache of three of these arrows were said to make their way into the hands of the warrior Anslem the Archer. Another of her great masterwork arrows said to be able to slay a demon is purported to be in the possession of Gaedelwyne the Bold.



If a sage is found with sufficient knowledge in hero, elf or magical artifact lore, they can confirm that the markings on this projectile correspond to what are known as Anra's Arrow Versus Ogres. Such a sage would also know that the arrow is especially ensorcelled to kill ogres. A master sage would know that Anra called this arrow "Na Hongwir Namárië" or "Poem Against Ogres," and that speaking the poem before use unleashes certain death on an ogre.

Notes: Under normal circumstances, this arrow functions as a +1 magical weapon. In addition to its magical characteristics, it provides an additional 50% range to the weapon firing it and is unusually strong -- hardy enough to avoid breakage after normal use. It can break and forever be useless if the user rolls a natural '1' on attack followed by a '4' on the Fumble Table. No other effect should befall the character if this should transpire.

When used against ogres this projectile provides the attacker with an additional +1 attack and +3 damage. If the poem on the shaft is spoken aloud before firing at an ogre, the arrow's full magicks are released. After recitation of the incantation, the target ogre is automatically hit and must make a DC 25 Fort save or die instantly. If by some miracle the creature survives, it suffers double damage (2d6+8). Whether the creature saves or not, the arrow is consumed in the deadly strike.

THE GIANT'S GULLET

Make a DC 14 Personality check.

If you failed...

You rattle the iron bars of your cage and shout “Scuse’m s’serr. Dis’ *HICK* dog-man tryin’ ‘scape”, punctuated by a loud *BURP*! Still sloshed, you squint to better look at the giant as he marches toward your cage. For some reason, you never imagined a giant could have such a bountiful... figure.

The giantess presses her large nose against the bars of your cage and gives a powerful sniff. Your shirt is pulled up over your head, blinding you.

“Been add’da bottle ‘ave we?”, she screeches. “Well, a drop-a-ale’s just what dis’ recipe needs!”

Before you can fix your shirt, the giantess opens the cage and pulls you out. Like a wet rag she holds your body by arms and legs over the boiling cauldron. Reading off a poorly written recipe page, the giantess recites, “And one kettlespoon of ale!”

Suddenly you feel your body twist. Your skin tightens. Your bones crack. And the last thing you hear is the splash from every ounce of your own body-fluid raining into the stew below.

THE END

If you succeed...

You begin to rattle the iron bars of your cage and shout “Giant! This dog-man is trying to escape!”

“Scape!?! Nobody’s ‘scaping to nowhere!” thunders the giant as he stomps toward Narafoo. You watch as he pulls a large iron key off a nearby hook.

Taken by surprise, Narafoo stammers “No-no! It was the man who talked of reaching the scroll and escaping, not me!” You notice Narafoo’s eyes dart past you to a nearby cupboard, atop of which sits a tattered scroll.

“Recipe’says dog-man first. Man-man secon” the giant declares as he seizes Narafoo in his huge seven-fingered hand.

“Damn you hairless demon!” Narafoo whimpers before being plopped into the giant’s stew. If you swing your cage, you could easily reach the scroll on top of the cupboard. But if you really swing your cage, you could probably reach the key!

If you swing your cage toward the scroll, turn to page 31.

If you swing your cage toward the key, turn to page 26.

TWO ROACHES FOR YOUR ADVENTURES

BY DANIEL BISHOP
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BENJAMIN MARRA

IRONROACH SWARM

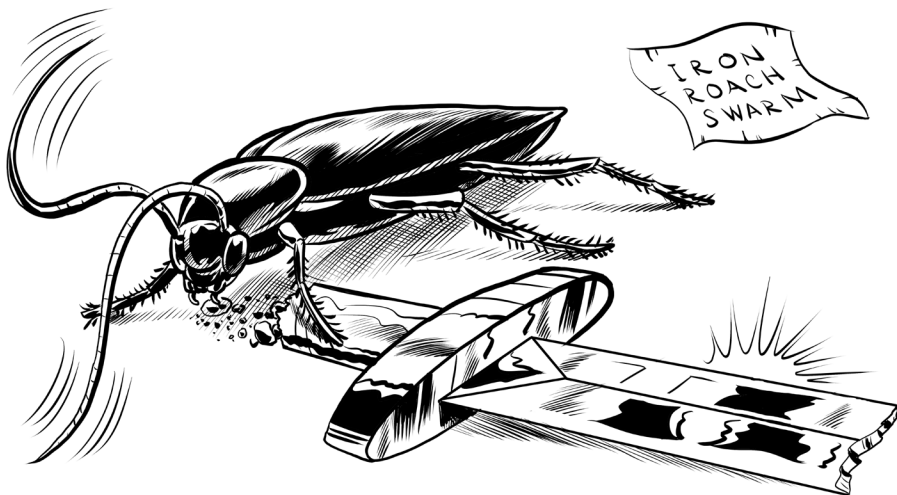
An individual ironroach is about an inch long, with a hard carapace made of rust-flaked iron. They feed on flesh and plant matter, as well as on iron and steel, which they use to build up their armoured carapaces. When they attack as a swarm, ironroaches are dangerous foes.

An ironroach swarm is a conglomerate of crawling ironroaches (they are too heavy to fly) that covers a roughly 5-foot diameter space. Multiple swarms may be encountered together to cover more space. Like all swarms, ironroaches are only vulnerable to area affecting attacks and magic. Ironroaches, however, are immune to magic missiles, which dissolve when they come into contact with the swarm, giving the swarm bonus hit

points equal to the damage which the magic missiles would otherwise have done.

An ironroach swarm always attacks the most heavily armoured creature, seeking to devour its armour as well as its flesh. The swarm reduces the AC bonus of metal armour by 1 for every 1d4 weeks spent devouring it, so there is a chance to recover lost armour if a party does not wait too long. A body is devoured much more quickly, and is reduced to bones in a matter of 1d6 days.

Ironroach swarm: Init +0; Atk bites +0 melee (1d6); AC 20; HD 3d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP swarm traits, gains bonus hp from magic missiles; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +0; AL N.



CARPROACHES

An unpleasant admixture of insect and fish, even the smallest carproach is a foot long, with sharp mandibles. The creatures have six legs, swimming fins, and fishlike tails. They can survive on land or in fresh water with equal ease, and can climb walls (although not sheer surfaces) and ceilings, so long as there is anything for their pincer-like claws to grip. Giant carproaches grow to a length of 5 feet, but cannot climb as well as their smaller kin.

Carproach: Init +5; Atk bite +0 melee (1d3); AC 12; HD 2d6; MV 20' or swim 30' or climb 10'; Act 1d16; SP infravision 30'; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +0; AL C.

Carproach Swarm: Init +3; Atk swarming bite +4 melee (2d3); AC 8; HD 10d6; MV 20' or swim 30' or climb 10'; Act special; SP swarm traits, infravision 30'; SV Fort +10, Ref +0, Will +0; AL C.

Giant Carproach: Init +3; Atk bite +5 melee (3d3); AC 18; HD 5d6; MV 30' or swim 30' or climb 5'; Act 1d20; SP infravision 60'; SV Fort +9, Ref +1, Will +0; AL C.



THE GIANT'S GULLET

For a second your eyes lock with the cockeyed glare of the giant. You pray that somehow you'll be able to survive 7d6 falling damage!

CRASH!

Make a Luck check!

If you succeed...

Again the world begins to spin around you as the cage rolls across the floor and smashes to a halt against the baseboard of the wall.

The bars of the cage are twisted wide enough for escape, and there is a large crack in the baseboard nearby. You hear the giant roar in anger behind you as he scrambles on all fours toward the cage. Without a second to spare, you rush through the crack of the baseboard!

Go on to page 27.

If you failed...

You frantically search your pockets for seven six-sided dice. Just as you roll them for damage, the cage slams into the stone floor. Your skull rattles with searing pain and your vision bursts into a kaleidoscope of stars...

You momentarily regain consciousness at the bottom of the hotel stairs. You try to sit up, but your body aches in disagreement. Before falling back into a pained slumber, you pray to Sezrekan for a better Luck check when the hotel maid rolls your body over in the morning!

THE END

GAZETTE-FEAR!

MONSTER STATS based on the *Creature in the Corner* feature from the **Goodman Games Gazette**

SILLETHEENE (June 2015, 2nd Issue, circa The Monster Alphabet)
Init +1d14; Melee staff +6 (1d12); Ranged staff energy +8 (1d10, +slowing, 20/40/60); AC 18; HD 6d8+12; MV 40; Act 1d20; SP of-the-night; Fort +6; Ref +8; Will +6; AL N

Silletheene was an assassin in life. Failing in an important assassination for a sorcerer warlord, she was cursed to become the night, only existing in darkness and only effective against others afflicted similarly to herself. She can know no pleasure, not even warmth. She stalks the world, seeking the descendants of the target she missed all those decades ago. She bears a small urn of magical oil. Pouring this oil over a target, they become as much a part of the night as she herself. She can then attempt to kill them; in ending the bloodline, she returns herself to life.

Of-The-Night: Silletheene is normally intangible and silent. She is repelled and kept at bay by bright lights, though much less so by smaller lights, such as candles and small or dying torches. She can hide-in-shadows at night with almost 100% efficacy (only failing on a 1-in-30).

The energy from her staff causes targets effected to slow. Failing a DC 12 Fort Save causes a target's Speed to drop by 10, and Action Dice to drop one step each down the dice chain. These effects are cumulative and last for 1d24 minutes.



HOLBOG

(January 2015, 1st Issue, circa The Purple Planet)

Init +0; Melee claw +3 (1d8); Ranged *The Call* +5 (special, 100' 60° cone); AC 10; HD 2d6; MV 20; Act 1d20; SP Infravision 40', water-breathing (as well as air), magic immunity; Fort +1; Ref +4; Will +8; AL N



Awash in strange energies, the holbog are tenacious and irrational. Once they may have been Humankind or perhaps Dwarfkind, but they have long since moved beyond such a heritage. They exist in a particular set of crumbling sea caves, dotted with luminescent crystals. Their limbs are bleached chitin, while their torsos and heads are a bloated, puffy, jaundiced, milky, wobbling flesh. They dress in salvaged tatters.

A holbog collects. They collect whatever man-made items they can find, but only one of each thing, unless the second example is of a

radically different design. They make of their sea caves nightmare manor houses, with a mismatched array of random items carefully placed in a madman's semblance of order, restoring things after each high tide. This extends to 'guests', as well, living or not...

The Call: The holbog have the power to control the signals in sentient minds. They may command targets with their tremulous voices to Halt (Will DC 14 to resist) or to Die (Will DC 14 or suffer 1d6 damage per round). One Attack roll is compared to all targets. The effect lasts until the commanding holbog is killed or actively releases the subject. A holbog may command up to six targets within the cone of effect, though many holbog may combine their efforts within the same cone to command more targets.

Magic Immunity: Holbogs have great resistance to arcane forces. Treat all spell checks against them as if they are 10 points lower (this cannot push a result into corruption). Judges will have to make a ruling on just how this affects items of a magical nature. Clerical magic being derived from the gods is always at full-effect, however.

VENNEC The WIZARD

(July 2015, 3rd issue)

Init +0; Melee bite +0 (1d6), kick +1 (1d4); AC 13; HD 3d10; MV 40;
Act 4d14; SP great leap; Fort +5; Ref +4; Will +4; AL N

Vennec wants your memories.

As a human wizard, Vennec raged and stormed and took what he wanted. He was a terror to the lands around his mighty tower, until his Patron, Gol-Galta of the Iron Harp, grew tired of his distractions and molded him into a new form. Now Vennec wanders the deepest forests in search of the only prey that will sustain him: the newborn of the bandersnatch.

His former personality is slipping away from him, along with his vast knowledge of history and arcane lore. He can share what knowledge remains but at the cost of a memory from the seeker. Stealing the memory acts as a bulwark in Vennec's mind and let's him keep what is left to him a bit longer. The deeper and more important the memory is to the person giving it up, the more use it is to the pitiful former wizard.

He can leap great distances, such as chasms or great heights, up or down. Giving up an Action Die, he can leap 40' horizontally or downward, or 20' upwards. He can use this when falling to avoid damage. Multiple Action Dice can be used to extend the distance.



Additionally, each time he is struck, he can make a leap so awesome and acrobatic that he can charm the easily impressed; failing a Will Save (DC 11) leaves them in a stupor for 1d24 Turns.



TIGERFLY

(April 2016, 4th Issue)

Init +6; Melee bite +0-to-5 (1 to 1d10), AC 12 +special; HD 3d8+4; MV 10, fly 20; Act 1d20; SP size control; Fort +2; Ref +5; Will +1; AL N

From the realm of Faerie, Tigerflies are pests within that realm – and a terrible threat when in the mortal world. They're typically encountered in the Faerie Realm in swarms of all your funky dice rolled at once. In the mortal world, they tend to number merely 3d8 at a time.

They can change size at will (once per round), from mite-sized up to 9 feet in length (nose to tail), or any size in-between. The attack bonus and damage for their bite should be selected from within the range given, based on their current size when making the bite. When striking from mite-size into full size, they gain +1d8 on the attack roll, unless the target makes a DC 16 Reflex Save (or can easily see miniscule things).

They can also shrink to avoid being struck. They must make a Reflex Save vs. the attack roll, and afterward they cannot adjust size again on the next round.

FROZZAX

(March 2016, 5th Issue)

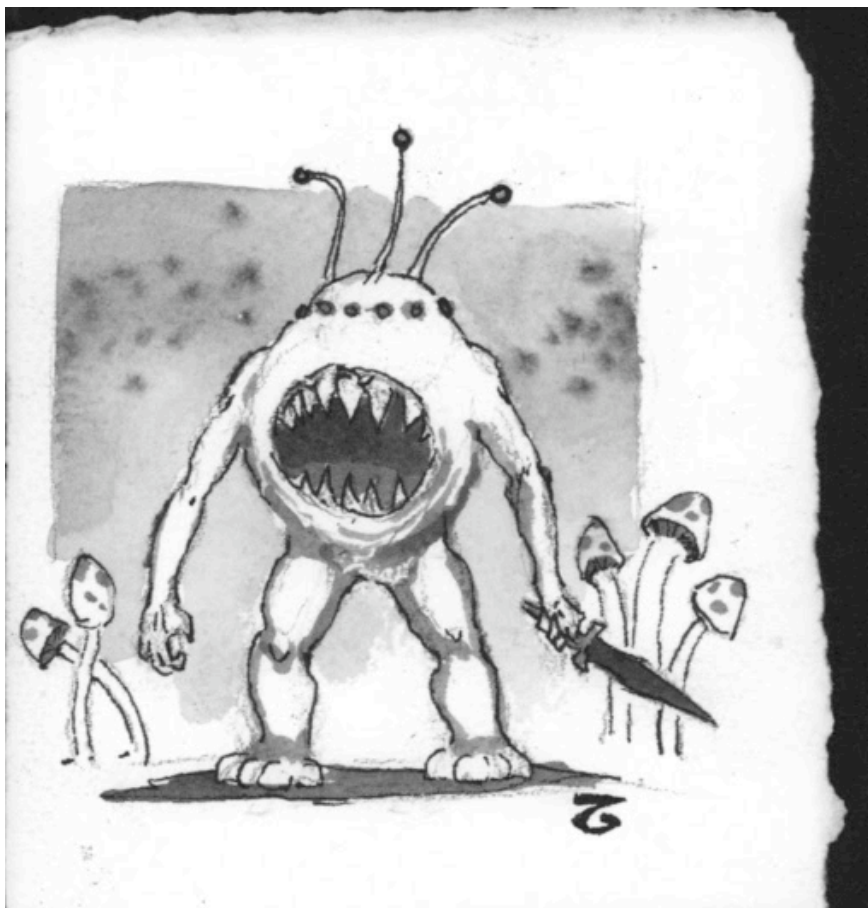
Init +4; Melee beryllium short sword +1d6 (1d5+2); bite +1d8 (1d7+2); Ranged by weapon +0 (as normal); AC 14; HD 6d6; MV 40; Act 1d20+1d16; SP circlevision, strange senses, mighty deed of jaws; Fort +4; Ref +3; Will +2; AL L

Upon the Purple Planet, Frozzax is the last of his kind. Traveling the star-ways, his vessel crashed and his compatriots were killed thereby, leaving him alone on a strange world. He strides the strange soil, fighting his way into and out of trouble, rescuing maidens and foiling men of evil intent as he goes.

When attacking in melee, he can attempt a Mighty Deed of Jaws. If there is any maneuver he could attempt to pull off by biting, nipping or otherwise using his enormous mouth, along with an attack, he may attempt it. When making the attack roll, if his attack bonus die (Dental Die) should come up a natural '4' or higher AND his attack lands, his Deed is successful. This Dental Die number cannot be modified by Luck, such as by a friendly Halfling (though the overall total of the attack may be altered to create a success).

Roxifalloppitorivoolhoovians, such as Frozzax, stand around 5 feet high, with a circumference of nearly 100 inches. Their circlevision allows them to see around themselves in all directions along a horizontal plane at once, so they are surprised only on a 1-in-6.

The 'fronds' on their heads are sensory organs that are difficult for other races to understand, and for the Roxifalloppitorivoolhoovians to explain, having no suitable frame of reference. The mysteriousness of these organs are best preserved by never having them work the same way twice. Sometimes, Frozzax may be able to describe the contents of a locked box, and other times not. He may be able to divine where water is 50 miles away on alternate Thursdays. He may see through disguises and illusions as if they weren't there, but only at mid-day. All of this is down the Judge's whim, and should be as unpredictable as possible. If quizzed about abilities that did work but now don't, or why he couldn't have detected something in the past that he can detect now, Frozzax stares blankly at the questioner, regarding them as if they asked why the stars shine or why water is wet.



- Monsters given stats by bygrinstow
- Monsters designed by Doug Kovacs.
Thank you, Doug!

THE GIANT'S GULLET

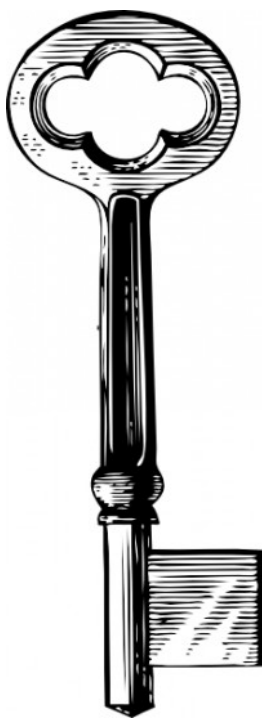
You lean in close and Narafoo whispers in haste, "Up there, atop the cupboard is a spell of shatter." You look up to the top of a nearby cupboard and see the corner of a tattered scroll.

"If you swing your cage you may be able to reach it, and with it I'll set us both free!"

As you eye-up the cupboard, you notice a large iron key hanging upon the wall. If you swing out far enough, you could probably reach the key instead. Do you swing toward the scroll as Narafoo suggested, or swing toward the key?

If you swing your cage toward the scroll, turn to page 31.

If you swing your cage toward the key, turn to page 26.



THE COWWITCH

BY ROBERT RUNYON

Years ago, a seductive and vain enchantress was defeated by a cleric of Ildavir, and for her crimes against nature, the cleric cursed her with the most degrading punishment possible: she would live the remainder of her life as a common dairy cow. Yes, some aspect of her would remain behind those glassy eyes, watching and impotent within her prison of beef and leather.

The cow would pass hands again and again until its provenance became muddled by a series of handshake deals and quid pro cows. Over the years, cow became quite impressive, producing milk, butter, and cheese with a delectable sweetness. It was with her final owner that her milk reached its apex. Upon her owner drinking a glass of her sweet and refreshing milk, the sorceress felt something new: she could not only sense the thoughts of her owner - she could control them through a lactopathic link. By the end of the day, she had not only the farmer under her control, but the rest of his family, and the whole of the dairy as well.

The Cowwitch preys upon weary travelers looking for aid, enlisting them into her horrific army. A single sip of her milk is enough for her to overwhelm their senses and control their bodies. She often sends her enslaved milklings along major pathways to provide cheese and butter to weary travelers in order to swell her ranks. However, the further away from the Cowwitch a drinker is, the longer it takes for the link to be established. Often, traveling groups whose members sample her wares wake up to find party members gone, with only a trail of steps through the long grass toward the dairy as evidence.

If an enchanted traveler's friends attempt to retrieve him, the Cowwitch is quick to defend herself by forcing her enchanted minions on their former allies. The enchantment is evident, as there are wet spots from lactation on the enchanted person's chest, and dried milk dribbling down the sides of his mouth. When in a combat situation, she will have followers place chainmail and leather blankets over her body in order to serve as armor. Often, to begin an encounter, she will buff her enchanted servants by having them drink of her milk directly from the udder, which reinforces the link and has a side effect of enlarging them as per the spell (d30 spell check, and ignore misfires or corruption results).

Her handler will often play her Charming Bell, which allows her followers to cast charm person on one enemy per encounter.

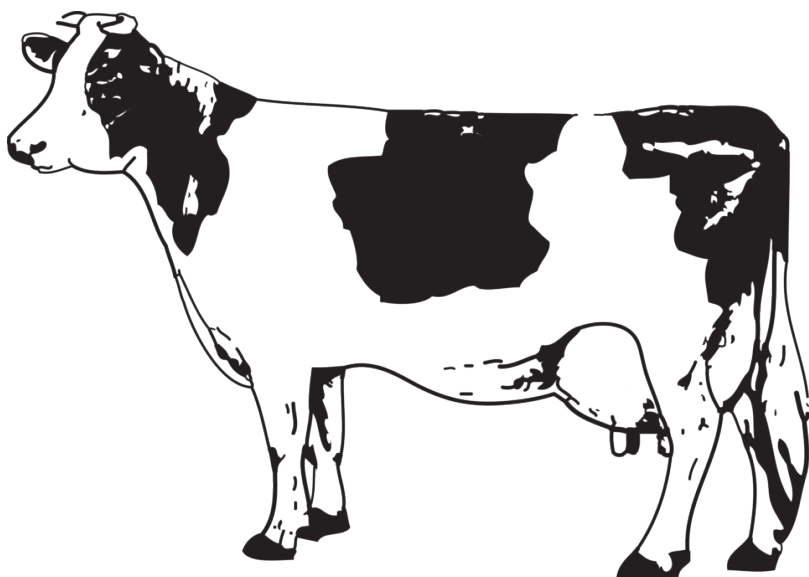
Despite her impressive magical power, the sorceress is doomed to her bovine prison. Though she can control anyone who drinks of her milk, Ildavir's taint remains strong and the sorceress is still unable to control the cow's body. If her retinue of afflicted followers is felled, she is no more dangerous than a common cow.

Cowwitch: Init -2, Atk SP; AC 16; HD 3d12; hp 25; MV 20'; Act 1d2; SP bell song (casts Charm Person once per encounter), mother's milk (followers may drink from udders for the effect of Enlarge), unable to control own body; SV +2 Fort, -5 Ref, +5 Will, AL C.

Loot: Charming Bell - casts Charm Person on one target once per day. Requires a milking to ring.

As stated earlier, the strength of the Cowwitch's lactopathic bond diminishes as the distance to the Cowwitch increases. Those who consume her milk within her sight immediately fall under her control. Others may be able to resist. When the Cowwitch is out of sight, lactopathic link can take anywhere from 15 minutes to 6 hours to be established. Roll 1d24 x 15 for the number of minutes to establish the lactopathic link.

DISTANCE FROM COWWITCH	WILL SAVE
In sight	None, automatic control
1-5 miles	DC 20
5-10 miles	DC 17
10-15 miles	DC 13
15-20 miles	DC 11
20+ miles	DC 5



THE GIANT'S GULLET

Make a DC 10 Stamina check.

If you succeed...

Acting fast, you leap from the cage and land atop a colossal sack of flour. Momentarily blinded by a white puff, you hear the giant angrily shout "Not man-bread. Man-stew!" Suddenly a monstrous seven-fingered hand passes through the flour-cloud, narrowly missing you. To the left is a large hole in the wall's baseboard. You know that if you run now you'll have the endurance to make it!

Go on to page 27.

If you failed...

As you jump from your cage, the giant catches you in midair, letting only your head pop-out from his clenched fist. You worm around desperate for escape, but that only causes the giant's fist to tighten.

"A wiggly-man are ya? Good stew needs wiggly-man noodles!", declares the giant.

He plunges you into the boiling water. But you manage to climb atop a heap of floating corpses. You hang on for dear life, keeping your legs high above the swirling water as the giant stirs his stew. Eventually, he reaches down and lifts you out. Too faint to fight, you let your arms and legs dangle loosely.

"If da' noodle sticks like glue, 'den we're ready for da' stew", the giant stammers, dropping his arm back like a baseball pitcher. Suddenly the world around you becomes a blur as you cartwheel through the air. Your body smashes with a crack against the wall and your scrambled organs and bones hold fast to the rough stone. The last thing you hear is the giant yell "Soup's up!"

THE END

RING OF GELATINOUS FORM

WRITTEN BY STEPHEN MURRISH & EDITED BY JAMES POZENEL
ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COPPOLETTI

*“One ring to gloop them all
One ring to blind them
One ring to glop them all
And in a jelly, slime them!”*

*— Xeegon the Odd, heard singing madly
down a street before his disappearance*

Though the origin of the unique Ring of Gelatinous Form remains unknown, it is speculated that it was the creation of the Wizard Xeegon the Odd, who had a peculiar obsession with jellies, slimes, oozes, molds, spores, and fungi and whose Patron was a faceless Chaos lord of slimes, jellies, and oozes. If he was the ring's creator, his

bizarre fetish and devotion to his lord must have impelled the ring's manufacture.

Perhaps he wished to know what it was like to be the object of his fixation?

Xeegon had secreted himself away before his disappearance, claiming that he had been inspired by his lord to enact a deed which would lead to a transcendent form of transformation. The pernicious nature of the ring suggests that upon creating and donning it, he lived out his remaining days as a sentient gelatin.

The ring is always found in the gelatinous (often desiccated) remains of its previous owner. Each wearer eventually becomes estranged from allies and completely addicted to the experience of life



as a transparent jelly. Ultimately he seeks out some set of damp tunnels in which to ooze around and feed on organic matter... inevitably meeting his doom.

Wizards or leaders of chaotic, demon-worshiping cults sometimes seek out the ring, after having had a vision or dream of its whereabouts. They might come to believe that the ring will transform them into a form more congruous with the powers of Chaos. So, at times, owning the ring carries with it additional risks.

From a distance, the Ring of Gelatinous Form appears to be a ring made of glass or of polished crystal. When held, however, it reveals itself to be very flexible, elastic, soft, slightly damp, and warm to the touch. It has a scent like a mix of camphor, citrus, and sweat.

Anyone possessing the ring must make a DC 13 Will save (or higher, see below) or acquire a compulsion to play with it when not occupied by another activity. Judges, make the roll secretly and inform the player that he finds himself playing with the ring. The player's character will take off gloves or any hand protection to do so, as the feeling of the ring is compelling and addictive. During this period, roll 1d6. On a roll of 1, the player will slip a finger into the ring while playing with it, and the ring will take its magical effect. Repeat this process for every moment of downtime for the character.

Once worn on bare flesh, its magical effect takes hold. The wearer will feel a warm, tingling sensation start on the finger and then the sensation will spread all over his body. After a few moments of wearing the ring, he will then begin to feel a rush of relaxing euphoria. Muscles will become relaxed and limber. He will look as if drunk. Skin will flush, the body will become relaxed, and the character will begin to break a sweat. He will not want to take off the ring and must make a DC 13 Will save (or greater, see below) to do so. The wearer will also fight off attempts by others to remove the ring while under the ring's mental compulsion.

The ring creates addictive sensations of bliss. Every use of the ring and hour spent in gelatinous form adds a +1 to the DC of the Will save against compulsive use and staying in the form, starting at 13. The DC of the Will save maxes at 19.

After five minutes of wearing the ring, the wearer's skin will become translucent and his clothes will become permeated with "sweat." This sweat is very thick, slick, gelatinous, and acidic. Various clothes and items worn by the character begin to take acid damage per the chart below. He will realize his belongings are being damaged and can act accordingly, but cannot remove the ring if he has failed the Will save. All parties touching the character at this point must make a DC 15 Fort save or take 1d4 acid damage for each round of physical contact.

After 10 minutes, he will become gelatinous, except for his bones. The character will maintain a humanoid appearance and can choose to keep distinct features. New senses will replace his usual ones. These senses are chemical, electrical, and tactile in nature. At this point, all of the items worn on his body become saturated with corrosive gel and take damage per round per the chart below. He will be unable to hold heavy items, as gravity will make them slowly slide through the gelatinous form.

The humanoid gelatinous form conveys the following advantages and disadvantages:

- ½ damage from blunt weapons, not applied to magic weapon damage bonus (only the + amount from magic bonus, not entire damage amount)
- ¼ damage from slashing weapons, not applied to magic weapon damage bonus
- ⅓ damage from piercing weapons, not applied to magic weapon damage bonus
- Crit diminution: takes max of weapon die from crits (1d8 sword can only do max of 8 hp damage on a crit), immune to crit effects involving organs/body parts, except for bones when in humanoid form
- May re-attach limbs which are hacked off; may control movement of severed parts
- Decapitation does not mean death, brain and senses are decentralized
- Immune to electricity, poison, paralysis, polymorph, disease, and stunning
- Does not need to sleep
- Does not need to breathe
- Fire/desiccation does double damage
- Speech is impaired in humanoid-gel form, spells requiring vocalization are cast at a -5 penalty
- AC is 10
- Movement speed is reduced to 15'
- New senses create effective infravision of 60', but wearer is unable to discern fine visual details or read lettering smaller than 1 inch in height and width
- +5 to detect hidden, sneaking, or invisible organic beings
- Fine manual dexterity is practically gone, requiring a DC 18 Ref save to accomplish
- Acid damage: whatever the wearer strikes or touches in this form causes acid damage per the chart below.
- Healing magic affects the wearer normally
- Addictive quality counts as a major curse and can be reduced with a remove curse spell, additional saves allowed by successful intervention occur at DC 13 (the addiction DC gets reset)

The acid of the gelatinous form is extremely corrosive to metals in general and only slightly less corrosive to organic materials, except bone.

Material	Damage from contact/round
Gold	Immune
Bone	Immune
Rocks/Minerals	Immune
Glass/Crystal	Immune
Silver	1d4
Other Metals	1d10
Organics, except Bone	1d8
All Other	1d6

Once the wearer has made it through an initial transformation, subsequent transformations from normal to gelatinous humanoid form take only 1 minute.

The wearer has an option to assume a completely gelatinous form (amorphous) in which the his bones melt and merge with the gelatinous form. This transformation takes a one round.

The fully gelatinous form is even more addictive. Each hour (round up) spent in the form adds a +2 to the difficulty of the Will save against the ring's allure (max 19). In order to move back to humanoid form, the wearer must make a Will save against this value (the ring does not have to be taken off to shift back to humanoid gelatinous form).

In order to take off the ring, the wearer must make a Will save against this value. If in fully gelatinous form, once the ring is removed, the character will begin a painful transformation back to normal which takes 10 minutes. During this time, the character is helpless.

If the character is in humanoid form, the transformation once the ring is removed takes only a minute and is not painful. However, movement is the only kind of action which may be taken during this duration.

The volume of the fully gelatinous form is roughly equivalent to the volume of the body of the wearer. The gelatinous form may move through cracks as small as $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, however, doing so will take time. The form can move through a 1" bottom door-frame crack within 5 minutes. For every fraction of that size, multiply 5 minutes by the numeral in the denominator. That is, a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch crack takes 10 minutes (5 minutes times 2) and a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch crack takes 20 minutes (5 minutes times 4).

In addition to the abilities and vulnerabilities of the humanoid gelatinous form, the fully gelatinous form conveys the following:

- Immune to mind altering effects (sleep, fear, control, etc)
- Agility and Intelligence at -3
- If Intelligence goes below 1, wearer becomes a mindless slime and will attack allies or try to escape. Remove Curse or similar magic can reverse this condition, causing the ring to become expelled
- Agility cannot be reduced below 3
- Can climb walls and move along ceilings
- Speech is impossible (spells requiring voice now impossible to cast)
- Movement rate reduced to 10'
- Engulf attack: on natural 20, wearer can engulf a victim, causing automatic corrosive damage per round. Treat as a grapple
- Almost invisible in water
- Cut off parts instinctively move to rejoin
- May separate into multiple smaller selves (at cost to HP and abilities per "self", divide by number of separate parts)

Eventually the wearer will wish nothing more than to seek out a nice, dark, and dank place which is rife with decaying organic matter, so he can gloop, glop, and ooze around to his "heart's" content, living the simple life. It is usually around this time that some tragedy strikes and the ring starts attracting itself a new owner.

THE GIANT'S GULLET

Make a DC 15 Agility check!

If you failed...

You sway your hips back and forth, throwing your full weight behind each swing. The chain's links above pop and rattle as the cage nearly reaches the ceiling. Suddenly you hear a screeching metallic clang overhead, and your stomach drops as the cage plummets.

Go on to page 11.

If you succeed...

You sway your hips, swinging the cage so high that it nearly touches the ceiling. The chain above pops and rattles as you get closer and closer to the key. During one final swing, you reach out with both arms and clutch the shaft of the large iron key. The giant seems so occupied with his recipe that he gives no notice of your antics. Quickly, you unlock your cage.

If you tattled on Narafoo, turn to page 21. Otherwise continue reading...

"Pssst. Over here! Toss it over here!", Narafoo pleads. His eyes dart between you and the key with impatience and his muzzle foams with drool. You can't help but to think of Aunt Kathy's chihuahua Pinto when he begs for food. You know that dog-men can be treacherous, but perhaps a second escapee will give you better odds of survival?

*If you pass the key to Narafoo, turn to page 35.
If you leave Narafoo to his fate, turn to page 21.*

THE GIANT'S GULLET

You sprint into the crack, narrowly evading the giant's clamoring hands. As you wipe the sweat from your brow, a warm puff of rotten hair blows into your face. Your eyes adjust to the darkness within the wall, and you see a horse-sized rat hunched before you! Fresh blood drips from his whiskers as he finishes swallowing his last meaty morsel!

Make a DC 10 Strength check.

If you succeed...

The massive rat screeches and lunges toward you, barring its two broadsword-like incisors! You clutch at its fur and with all your might throw the beast past you. It squeals with pain as its body is driven deeply into an exposed nail.

Ahead you see the moonlight spilling in between two exterior stone bricks. You climb through to your freedom. As the moonlight washes over your eyes, you lose focus and your mind churns in confusion...

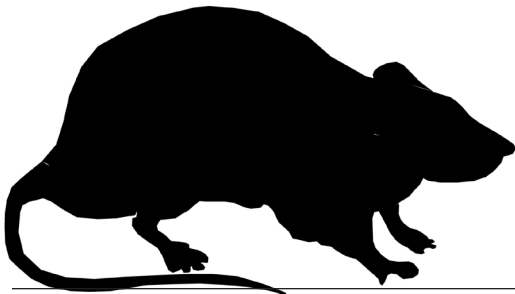
"Excuse me sir? Can I help you back to your room?", the hotel worker politely asks. With her assistance you stumble back to your bed and manage to get a few hours sleep before your morning game session.

Little did she know that you'd just narrowly survived "The Giant's Gullet!"

THE END

If you failed...

The massive rat lunges at you, sinking its broadswords-like incisors into your side. You feel your gut knot, as a burning liquid bubbles up your throat. You wrench and heave, temporarily losing consciousness. When consciousness returns, you find yourself face to face with the inside of a toilet bowl! It seems you were unable to survive "The Giants Gullet", so how can you possibly make it to the rest of the Con?



THE END

THIEVING HAND OF GLAMOX

BY MICHAEL BOLAM

ILLUSTRATION BY BENJAMIN MARRA

Inspired by the Lifthrasir's ring in DCC 85: Making of the Ghost Ring, I created this artifact when the party's thief lost his hand to a exploding trap. The adventures related to the hand have been quite popular, particularly the interactions with the Zenshire, the Halfling Mafia of Cave-In-Rock, a village located not far from the the party's homebase. Preparing for the worst, the party soon discovered the Zenshire to be a shadow of their former power. It was just a bunch of graying halflings, some of them missing a hand, who were much more interested in a good sandwich and a smoke than any sort of organized crime. I renamed the village of Thorum (from Crawl! 4) to Cave-in-Rock and placed the Hand of Glamox in the nearby dungeon, but obviously, the artifact can be placed anywhere in your campaign world.

Provenance:

Most wizard apprentices learn of Glamox the Great at some point in their tenure. The story's origins are unknown, but many believe them to be nothing more than a morality tale with the goal of teaching aspiring wizards of the benefits of being a good and obedient servant. The tale is quite long, and details each of the many menial tasks that made

Glamox a better man, and eventually a better wizard. The parts relevant to the Thieving Hand are as follows.



As the story goes, Glamox was apprentice to Krill the Crafty, an adventuring wizard. After many years of service and training (re-dacted here, for space), Glamox was disturbed when Krill failed to return from what was thought to be a routine trip out to the wilds with his adventuring buddies to “acquire” a few components. Glamox kept his master's place up and continued his studies for weeks with no word, always hoping his master would return soon. Eventually, Trymtor, one of Krill's companions (and great trapsmith/thief) showed up at his doorstep. Krill was struck down, but Trymtor was fortunate enough to hide, and eventually escape,

from the foul cave-dwelling, deformed humanoids. While they dragged one of the other corpses away, Trymtor checked the body of his old friend, but it was too late. Krill's final words were, "Deliver my spell tome, my greatest treasure, to Glamox." Trymtor grabbed the wizard's tome and exited the caves, only to find their horses slaughtered. He was clearly worse for wear from the grueling trip on foot, but managed to return to the tower and deliver the tome to Glamox. Glamox continued his studies, and eventually started traveling with Trymtor.

A few years later, Trymtor's luck ran short again, and he lost his right hand to a particularly nasty scything blade trap. Realizing that a one-handed thief wasn't much use to anyone, Trymtor resigned himself to a mundane life of sleight of hand and other parlor tricks in the local tavern. Glamox lost his adventuring companion, and slipped into a deep depression. Glamox retired from active adventuring, but continued his studies, and was determined to bring his old friend back. After recovering from the bout of depression, Glamox, with Trymtor's severed hand in tow, began studying the depths of necro-mechanical reanimation. He recruited Grimple Stonehands, a master dwarven tinker/engineer. The two toiled, experimented, spell-burned. Glamox made a few less than prudent arrangements with questionable patrons, but eventually, through mechanics and dark magic, they were able to bring the hand back to life, with some added features. The stories end there, with the assumption that through hard work, study, collaboration, and dedication, any hardships can be overcome.

Current Location:

Unfortunately, the reality of the situation was less triumphant. The loss of the hand, and living from performance to performance in the tavern, were too much for Trymtor. Too many days filled with rotgut and poor diet dulled the the rogue's mind, agility, and motivation. Out of respect for this second mentor, Glamox still gifted the hand to Trymtor. The defeated cutpurse never returned to his old ways, though, and eventually succumbed to the abuse placed on his body. The hand was returned to Glamox, who held onto it for a while, but the sight of it only made him long for his lost friends. He eventually gifted it to Grimple, and at Grimple's death, The hand was placed in The Great Temple of Daentharr in his native Picksburgh (a great Dwarven city northwest of Greensburg, known for it's three underground rivers!!), representing an exemplar of Dwarven/Human collaboration and design.

One night, the artifact was stolen from the temple by Katz the Sly, a well known, and not much favored cutthroat. Katz escaped on the Oohi River, heading west toward Cave-In Rock, the halfling-centric village and home to the Zenshire, also known as the Halfling Mafia. Katz used the hand to pay off a debt to the Zenshire, and it has remained with them until recently.

In criminal halfling circles, rumors abound about the veracity of any of this. Some hold that the artifact does exist, and was used by many of a member of the Zenshire. Those to be gifted with The hand had their loyalty to the Zenshire tested greatly, as they would be required to sever their perfectly functioning hand to use it. Other tomes, of varying provenance, state that parts are true, but the hand itself was lost in a dungeon, or never actually completed. Many more believe all of this is mere fiction, meant to force young apprentices into servitude.

Appearance:

Greyish withered hand, smells of charcoal and lavender, with metal cuff and mechanical structure covering palm, back, and fingers. All metal components are carved with dwarven and human runes (successfully casting Read Magic will give clues as to what each finger will do, dependent on the spell check)

Features:

The hand is designed to replace a severed right hand. The wound can be fresh or must be reopened, as the user's own blood helps to power the device. Thieves with both hands must sacrifice their right hand in order to use the device. Thieves who have already experienced the misfortune of losing a hand will have to reopen the wound. When the hand is attached the runes will briefly glow a faint purple then fade. Other classes can wear the hand, but the benefits may not be as great.

The hand acts as dominant hand (for left handed thieves, adds ambidextrous trait, providing a +1 bonus to agility based thief skills when both hands can be used).

Each finger on the hand provides a different benefit:

- Index finger - Stores hidden picks. No more risk of being discovered with thieves tools!
- Middle finger - 1/day, cast Magic Missile (with spell check 18, pg 144).
- Ring Finger - 2/day, can cast the following (with spell check 18) - Knock (pg 175), Feather Fall (6 Rounds) (pg 140), Invisibility (pg 172) or Neutralize Poison (pg 277).
- Pinky - 1/day, replicates and increases ambient noise of local area. Provides thief +6 to move silently.
- Thumb - 1/day, can "crack" the knuckle to give +2 to the next Luck roll.

Weaknesses:

Any attack that crushes the hand has a 25% chance of destroying the artifact.

Dwarven followers of Daentharr may know of the stolen artifact and look to return it to its proper resting place in the primary temple of Daentharr in your campaign.

Due to the mechanical parts, the hand is clearly unnatural and difficult to hide. It will not fit into a standard glove, though creative thieves will find methods to hide it. The thief in my campaign has taken to wearing a sling any time the party isn't in adventuring mode.

Due to the temperament of the creator during the rituals, each day, the wearer has a cumulative 10% chance of experiencing grief with each use of "finger" abilities of the hand. The grief is unexplainable and lasts for 1d3 turns. While experiencing the Grief of Glamox, the wearer is -4 for all Personality based checks. It is impossible to move silently/quietly, due to the wearer openly sobbing and occasionally wailing. The sobbing/wailing may attract/alert nearby creatures (judge's discretion).

THE GIANT'S GULLET

Make a DC 5 Agility check.

If you failed...

You sway your hips back and forth, throwing your full weight behind each swing. Before you can make it halfway toward the scroll, a screeching metallic clang clashes overhead and the cage plummets!

Go on to page 11.

If you're successful...

You sway your hips back and forth, building up a swing large enough to put you within reach of the scroll. When the swing is at its highest point, you reach out and manage to pinch the scroll between your middle and pointer finger! The scroll feels dry and fragile. You've never cast a spell before, but you did play a wizard once!

If you tattled on Narafoo, turn to page 37. Otherwise continue reading...

"Excellent!", yelps Narafoo in glee. "Now quickly give it here so I may free us!"

You know that dog-men can be treacherous, but could this situation possibly be a bond between man and beast? Or, should you cast the spell yourself to guarantee your own freedom?

If you hand the scroll to Narafoo, turn to page 38.

If you read the scroll yourself, turn to page 37.

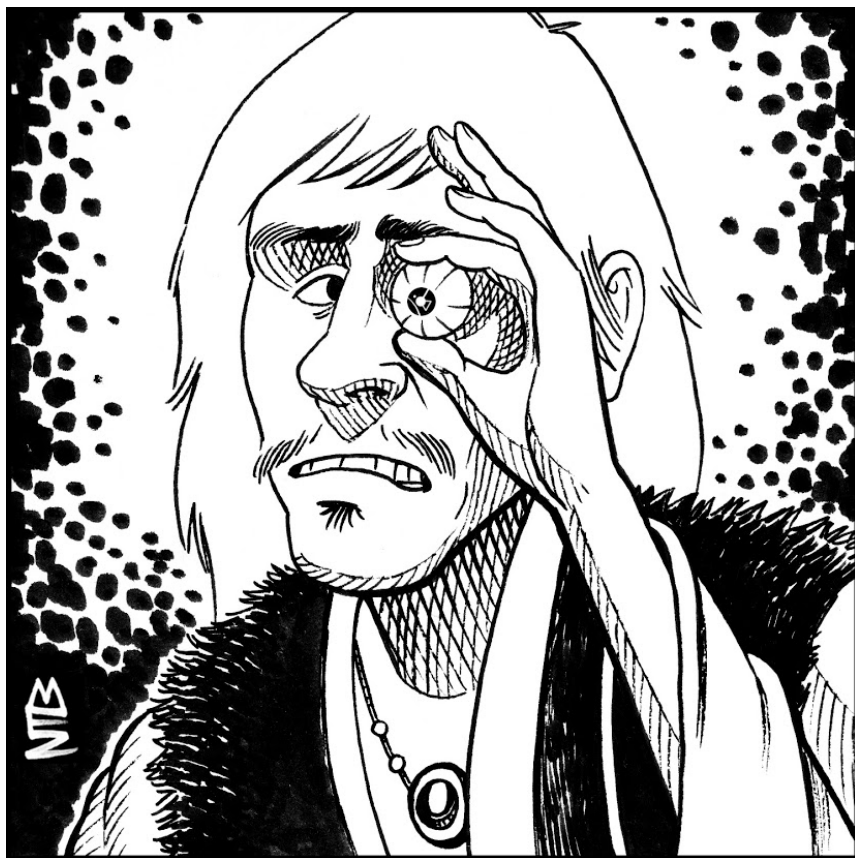
THE WANDERING EYE

WRITTEN BY STEPHEN MURRISH & EDITED BY JAMES POZENEL
ILLUSTRATION BY MEZ

The Wandering Eye is an artificial eye with cheap plastic, gaudy coloring that can replace a missing eye. Roll 1d8 for iris and again for pupil and/or sclera, as desired: 1) red, 2) orange, 3) yellow, 4) green, 5) blue, 6) indigo, 7) violet, 8) white.

Wandering Eyes are wondrous items created by the Patron Ronco, mysterious Lord of Inventions. They are given as gifts to worthy devotees who are wise enough to call now while supplies last.

The eye must be inserted into an empty socket to activate its powers and bond with the owner.



The gaze of the eye continually wanders--independently of the other eye(s) (if present) and will of the "wearer." Character is -2 to Personality while eye is in place and visible. On first use, the eye is stuck in (DC 15 Fort save to remove per day) and causes disorientation for 1d6 minus Luck modifier days (the eye will not fall out during this period, see below). During this period of time the character is at minus whatever day (count backwards, 6, 5, 4, etc.) it is to all rolls involving vision and coordination on that day.

If the eye is removed and then re-inserted, continue the count as per initial roll and require another Fort save to remove.

If two eyes are put in, the character is completely incapacitated until one of the eyes is removed. The wandering nature of both eyes overwhelms the brain with an incongruous flood of visual data.

Afterwards, the character gains +5 to all visual perception rolls and may pop out and send the eye up to 60' away, floating on its own, and see whatever it is the eye sees. While the owner directs the levitating movement of the eye, the eye's gaze wanders about and cannot be controlled. The owner cannot make the eye scrutinize things. During this ocular excursion, there is a 25% chance the eye will wander in a random direction, contrary to the owner's wishes. Roll d8, d9, or d10 depending on which directions are available: 1) North, 2) NE, 3) NW, 4) South, 5) SE, 6) SW, 7) East, 8) West, 9) Up, 10) Down.

If there is something visually interesting in a direction other than what the owner wishes (art, jewels, colorful birds, glowing runes, exotic plants, naked people, unusual trash, horrific things, etc.), the chance goes up to 75% that the eye will wander in the interesting direction instead. Judges may wish to take an inventory of various interesting looking things and scenes, list and number them, and then roll a die to determine where the eye goes.

While in, the eye confers a +5 to saving throws against all gaze related attacks, Medusa's gaze, blindingly beautiful nymphs, and spells like Color Spray are included in this. In addition, the eye confers infravision for 60', can see through illusions, adds a +5 to perception rolls, and prevents sneak attacks from opponents in front of the character.

Every day there is a 10% minus Luck modifier chance the eye will pop out, fall, and roll in a random direction. If the character is hit on the head, the eye has a 30% chance of popping out. Every time eye pops out by accident, make a Luck check; on failure, the eye hits a hard surface and takes 1d6 damage. The eye has 10 hp. At 0 hp, eye shatters into thousands of small plastic shards and cannot be repaired at all.

Characters may not sleep while the Wandering Eye is in a socket. The eye remains open, looks about, and fills the character's brain with visual information, preventing the onset of sleep.

MINOR MAGIC ITEMS

BY MIKE MARKEY

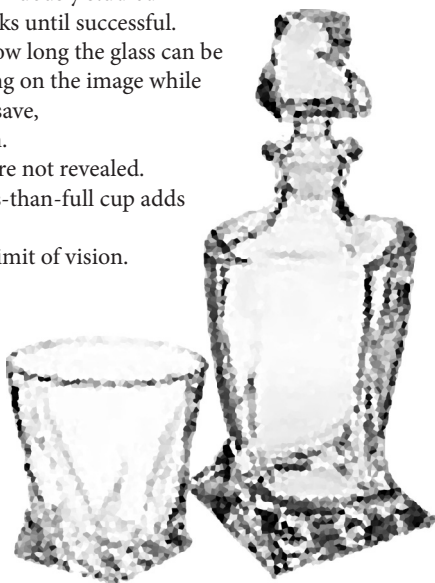
GOBLET OF SEEING

*Inspired by Jacques Belasis's Scopus,
from "Jonathan Strange & Mr Norrell", by Susanna Clarke*

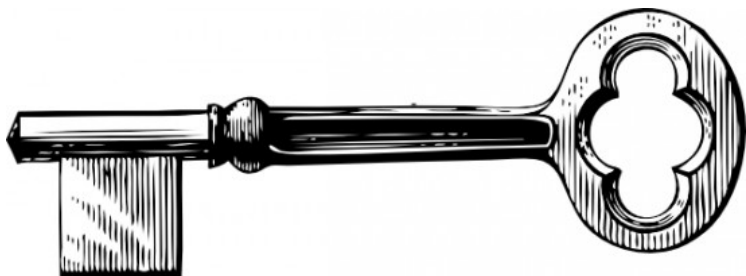
An elegant crystal tumbler sits beside a ewer of perfectly clear water.

Pouring water into the cup activates an effect similar to Detect Magic. Looking through one of the five flat sides of the glass shows an upside-down image of the surroundings. Close examination reveals that any magical or enchanted items in the field of view are right-side up.

- 1 round of examination reveals large magical items such as doors or chests.
- Each subsequent round, roll an Intelligence check with a DC set by the size and distance of the magical object. The image can be continuously studied to keep attempting these checks until successful.
- Duration is only limited by how long the glass can be kept filled with water. Focusing on the image while moving may call for a Reflex save, especially over uneven terrain.
- Invisible or concealed items are not revealed. Less-than-pure water or a less-than-full cup adds +5 to the DC to detect magic.
- The range of the effect is the limit of vision. However, the smallness of the image imposes practical limitations.



THE GIANT'S GULLET



You pass the key to Narafoo and begin planning your descent. At first the distance seems insurmountable, but you think you could jump to the crown of a nearby chair, scale down to the oversized table, and then safely climb to the floor. As you prepare to jump, you hear Narafoo yelp in surprise as his cage squeakily unlatches. You look up in time to see Narafoo hurl the key at your chest! Knocked back and pinned under the large key, you struggle for air and watch as Narafoo leaps on all fours from chair to table to floor.

“The man’s trying to escape!”, Narafoo howls before escaping through a crack in the wall’s baseboard. Suddenly the giant turns and glares at you!

“No ‘scape! Need man for man-stew!”, he bellows out as he charges your cage!

It seems Narafoo also thought his odds were better with two.

Go on to page 21.

MINOR MAGIC ITEMS

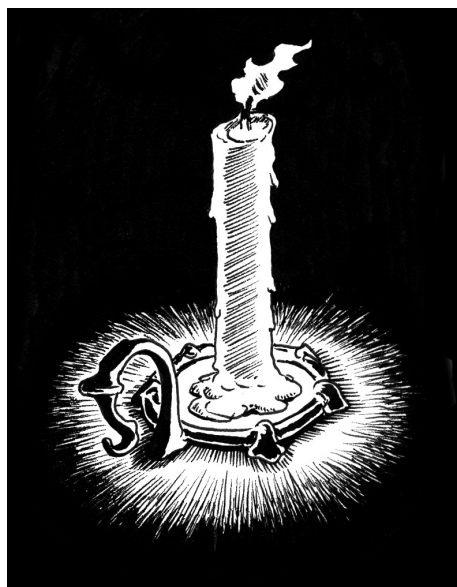
BY MIKE MARKEY

CANDLE OF FINDING

Inspired by "Shiver in the Pines", by Manly Wade Wellman

A pillar candle nearly one foot tall and three inches in diameter, made from a lumpy grayish tallow wax. The wick is a thick white twine.

Various sizes of these can be made, and they burn for up to 1 hour per inch of height. The candle cannot be lit without concentrating on and naming some item to be found. This can be any item, general or specific, as long as it is on the current plane of existence. Once lit, the flame will subtly point toward that item, even against the wind. It cannot be extinguished until it is within 10' of the named item, at which point it will go out of its own accord and refuse to be relit. Each candle therefore only functions once.



THE GIANT'S GULLET

You untie the scroll's leather binding and fix your eyes upon its strange letters and glyphs. As you mumble the words inked on the paper, an energy builds up around you, causing your feet and hands to go numb. It's unlike anything you've ever felt before.



Make a DC 17 Intelligence check.

If you're successful...

All at once your mind sharpens like a chisel, and you reach out mentally toward the iron locks of your cage. You feel deeply connected with the iron and flex your muscles, working into the metal the same way you'd wiggle into a tight fitting shirt. At the sound of a hammer striking steel, you snap back into your own body and see that the iron lock has indeed shattered.

Go on to page 21.

If you failed...

Misfire! Right as the spell leaves your tingling lips, your mind strays, unable to focus on the lock before you. Like the sound of a glass jar of pennies hitting the floor, all buttons, clasps and locks shatter. Your kickass DCC belt buckle unlatches causing your pants to fall around your ankles. The giant's cauldron falls from its stand, spilling boiling soup across the floor. The link holding your cage to the ceiling fractures, sending iron shards across the room and plunging you toward the floor!

Go on to page 11.

THE GIANT'S GULLET



You pass the scroll over to Narafoo, and watch as he eagerly unrolls the parchment. He begins to mumble and snarl to himself, before letting his eyes glaze over. You nervously look toward the giant, who continues to chop carrots into his stew. Suddenly, the metal of your cage begins to vibrate. At the sound of a hammer striking steel, the lock on your cage shatters. You look over at Narafoo to thank him, but find his cage empty.

“The man’s trying to escape!”, you hear Narafoo howl. You look down at the kitchen floor and mark Narafoo standing at a hole in the wall’s baseboard, lifting his burlap robe and wagging his flabby posterior.

“No ‘scape! Need man for man-stew!”, the giant bellows out as he charges your cage!

Go on to page 21.

NAME XP

BACKGROUND

Birth Augur

POSSSESSIONS

HP

WEAPONS

MELEE

DMG

RANGED

DMG

REF

FORT

WILL

SPEED

ARMOR

SP

GP

CP

EP

Credits

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