

TERROR OF THE STRATOSFIEND



CYCLE OF THE SNAKE-WOLF 2
RETURN TO THE
SHATTERED WOODS

GRANULAR OBSTINATE BATTERING LASER INCENDIARY NODES (G.O.B.L.I.N)

INIT +2
ATK laser blast +2 missile fire
(1d8, 30')
AC 12
HD 2d6

MV hover*(45')
ACT 1d20
SV Fort +4
REF +2
WILL +2
AL C or L

A cyber homunculus fashioned after the works of a long dead fantasy author. Someone got it wrong, though, and made it a floating geodesic dome.

creatures i pray you never find

DINER, Patron

INIT +1	HD 2d8
ATK hunting knife +2	MV 30'
melee (1d4) or taser	ACT 1d20
+2 melee (DC 16 Fort	SV Fort +1, Ref +1,
or stunned 3 rounds)	Will +1
AC denim (12)	AL Any

The average person you find in a Diner, clad in denim, ready for a good meal and to forget their worries.

DINER, Cook

INIT +4	MV 30'
ATK cleaver +6	ACT 2d20
melee (1d6+4)	SV Fort +6,
AC 15	Ref +6, Will +2
HD 5d8	AL Any

Don't mess with the cooks.

“WHERE’S MY SKULL?”
—BLOOD ON THE SAND (2009)

terror of the strato- sfiend: cycle of the snake-wolf 2:

**RETURN TO THE
credits SHATTERED WOODS**

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references

TOTS1: terror of the stratosfiend 1

TOTS2: terror of the stratosfiend 2

COSW1: terror of the stratosfiend:
cycle of the snake-wolf

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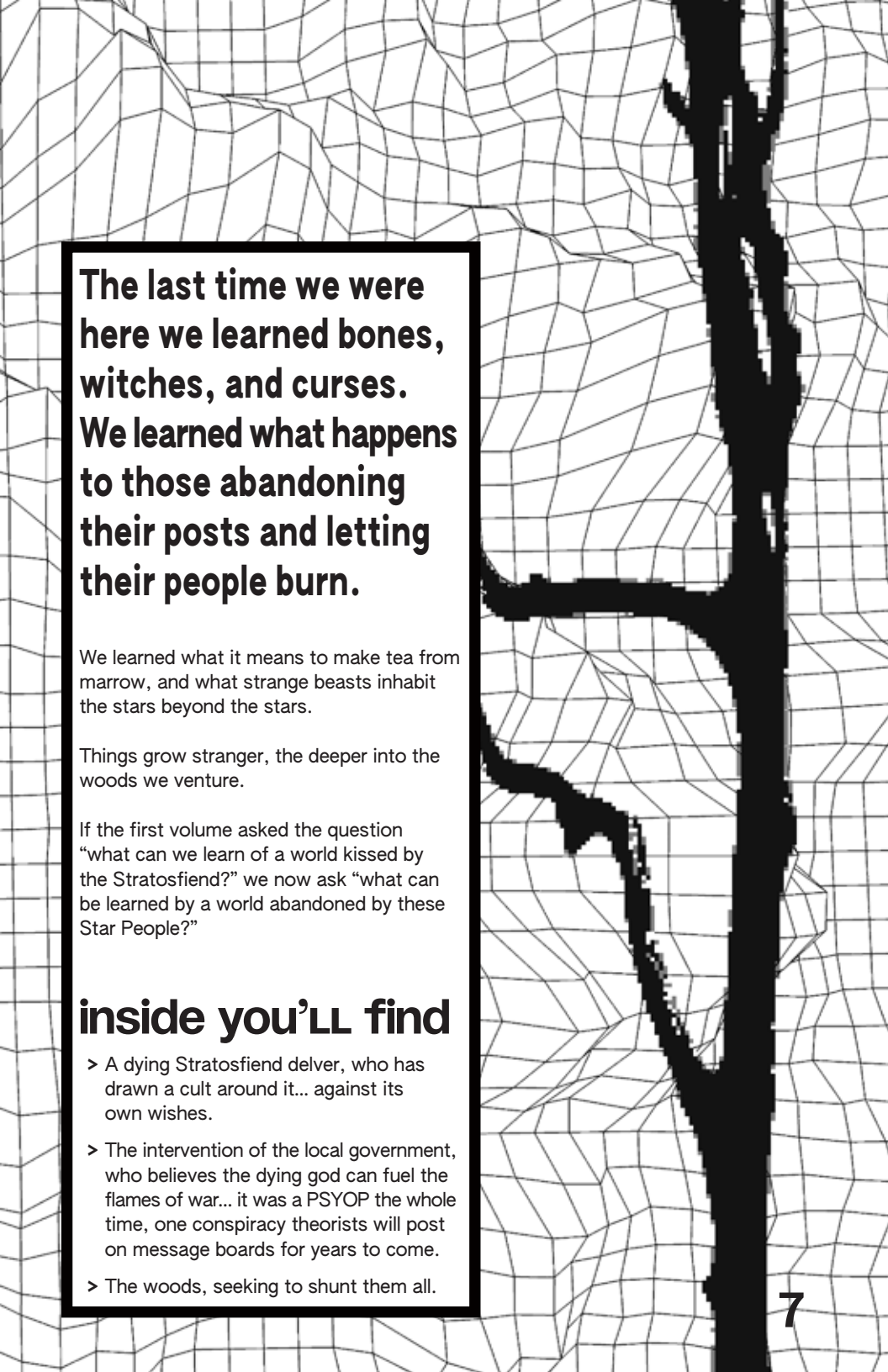
Terror of the Stratosfiend : Cycle of the Snake-Wolf 2: Return the Shattered Woods is a production of Orbital Intelligence, LLC © 2022. All rights reserved.

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6 RETURN TO THE SHATTERED WOODS



**The last time we were
here we learned bones,
witches, and curses.
We learned what happens
to those abandoning
their posts and letting
their people burn.**

We learned what it means to make tea from marrow, and what strange beasts inhabit the stars beyond the stars.

Things grow stranger, the deeper into the woods we venture.

If the first volume asked the question “what can we learn of a world kissed by the Stratosfiend?” we now ask “what can be learned by a world abandoned by these Star People?”

inside you’LL find

- > A dying Stratosfiend delver, who has drawn a cult around it... against its own wishes.
- > The intervention of the local government, who believes the dying god can fuel the flames of war... it was a PSYOP the whole time, one conspiracy theorists will post on message boards for years to come.
- > The woods, seeking to shunt them all.



the diner at the shaw woods



NO SMOKING
PRIVATE LAKE

AT THE edge attered

Built on the edge of civilization and madness there is a Diner, gathering place, and lodge for the lost and weary; those flirting with damnation venture to it in hopes they can peek inside the Shattered Woods.

The food and company are good, even if the talk is strange and the fellowship even more so.

Beyond it, though, all howl on all fours and cry for the moon.

Enter not the woods, for it is only doom.

THE dining area

At the counter sit patrons, eyes glazed over, who have seen the depths of hell itself. Most are catatonic, the others too engrossed in their food to speak up. The air is silent with anticipation:

d6	WHAT pcs notice
every 1d3 turns spent in the dining room, the unluckiest party member notices something.	
1.	Glass jars filled with turtle bones. Every time you look there are more jars filling every surface. Curious.
2.	The clay mugs patrons drink from gaze around the bar with dead eyes. Is there something alive inside?
3.	The Bear Hunter (pp. 26) has arrived, traps bleeding and reeking of sulfur, a side of an animal draped on his back, and fresh pelts. The bar manager is ecstatic.
4.	A skittish man demands mug after mug of black coffee and cherry pie. He keeps shouting into his phone about Washington and how he'll just "get it done." He is the Crab King (pp. 34), but no one knows or cares.
5.	A figure dressed in ragged moldy clothing rushes in through an open window. They claim a star has landed deep in the Shattered Woods, and can take you there for a small fee (30 gp).
6.	A server spills their plate of beans and forest meat. She shouts about how the migraines have set in and haven't stopped. that all she can hear is a dull whining in her head, and it's been happening for weeks.

**“who or what will cause
the first disturbance?”**

d6 **rumours**

speaking with anyone for 1d5 turns begins fairly pleasantly about the diner, the food, the shattered woods... though out of the corner of your ear you notice it descend into something else.

1.

A villager is talking about Star People, how they have been here the whole time, how another star has landed.

2.

People start to compare stories about how their distant family members were healed after talking to the Enigmatic One.

3.

In a hut deep within the Shattered Woods lies a dying sage who can explain all schools of mystery.

4.

An argument breaks out over the existence of extraterrestrials. “That’s outlandish” they say. “You’ve spent too much time drinking your own forest wine.”

5.

A scholar, expert on a hedge-belief called “The Drop,” speaks of drop-burns scarring the treeline, that something made it through.

6.

A cyclops has been ensnared by a community higher up in the hills. Their mystics are attempting to commune with it.

THE KITCHEN

d6 JOBS BOARD

Irinia ignores failure as long as 1d3 bottles of forest wine are returned, determined at time of admitting defeat.

1. Seek an antler of a shapeshifter. When ground it serves as an exquisite seasoning; tasting of a time long-since lost.
2. Water scooped from an abandoned well, under the light of a full moon. Used for dough: supposedly it's the water that makes these fritters they love so much.
3. A boar.
4. Tears of a cyclops. Not for cooking, Irinia just thinks it will be ridiculous to sell.
5. Ash of a fire burned during a ritual sacrifice. Supposedly it's used for processing corn for the fritters.
6. The petals of a flower that only blooms at twilight, found deep within the woods.

A row of 1d3 people with meat cleavers turn to greet PCs, alongside the aroma of whatever is slowly stewing and frying. PCs shouldn't be here. A tall, lanky woman with strange glyphs inked in her arms wanders in from her smoke break. Irinia says she has no room for more help in the kitchen, and won't give food for free.... but she has some other work for the daring who seek room and board.

The seekers rarely return.

There's 1-in-3 chance a shouting argument breaks out in the kitchen on any given night, drawing the attention of all inside the establishment.



d6	strange happenings forcing Lockdown
1.	A fine bottle of forest wine has been brought in from the deep villages. People are hallucinating, may as well drink it in the basement to be safe.
2.	Howls are heard beyond the walls; a silhouette of a wolf with antlers against the moonlight shines through the windows. Get down below.
3.	A pickup truck bursts through the wall of the establishment. 1d5 cultists with shotguns and sharpened sticks descend, looking for someone who speaks of a cyclops.
4.	One of the patrons starts screaming about Star People, and from their back erupt tentacles. A half-Stratosfiend has made it inside—the Empire must be close by. Closer inspection shows their bomber jacket has the insignia IX-777.
5.	The Crab King (pp. 34), throws on a strange visor with three green eyes, whips out a pistol and starts shooting through the windows. Something about Washington and a God bent on destruction of freedom...
6.	Someone passes out as their eyes glow. Constellations outside shine and reconfigure. They then spontaneously combust. Apparently it happens frequently enough... just need to hire some new help if they don't make it to the bunker in time.

Beneath the dining room are a trap door and a staircase to a bomb shelter built for a war long-since forgotten.

Irinia¹ puts the bar into lock-down if the Shattered Woods vomit problems into her space, and lead the patrons she cares about into the shelter.

Generally speaking, it's a fun place if you ignore the fact that demons probe the retaining walls, occasion-ally forcing their way inside.

Pull up a magazine and a fine drink, you'll be down here for a while.

¹Irinia has seen the Star People, but would rather forget it ever happened.



the alley

A place for smoke breaks, pontification on stars that seem to appear from nowhere, and a general trading of sauce tips.

There's also a small shack in the alley (Irinia has the keys). Supposedly you can get two days of rest out of it, if you can last a single night. Strange things inhabit these woods, though.

d6 BIZARRE OBSERVATIONS

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1. | A forest person descends from the sky, landing on the roof with lightness of foot. They shimmy down the side, dust themselves off, and enter. |
| 2. | Out of the corner of your eye you hear a hissing. Sleek scales, bouncing moonlight—must have been a 30 foot snake! In its place stands a woman, gazing back at you. |
| 3. | The air ripples and bursts; a distortion like that of blown glass refracts time and space. From it descends a Titan with a single eye, who glances at you, turns, and wanders off into the Shattered Woods. |
| 4. | An argument about who the sage's favorite is between a couple in an off-roading vehicle; they seek the one branded by the stars. They emerge and throw on balaclavas and arm their pistols before walking into the bar. |
| 5. | 6 people carrying a gurney, with a bandaged patient, pause in the alley. They seek an audience with "a magic cyclops" (their words). |
| 6. | A phalanx of black helicopters hovers idly, searching for something in the Shattered Woods. When noticed, they dart erratically, moving as though not of this earth. The sound of bees is heard. |



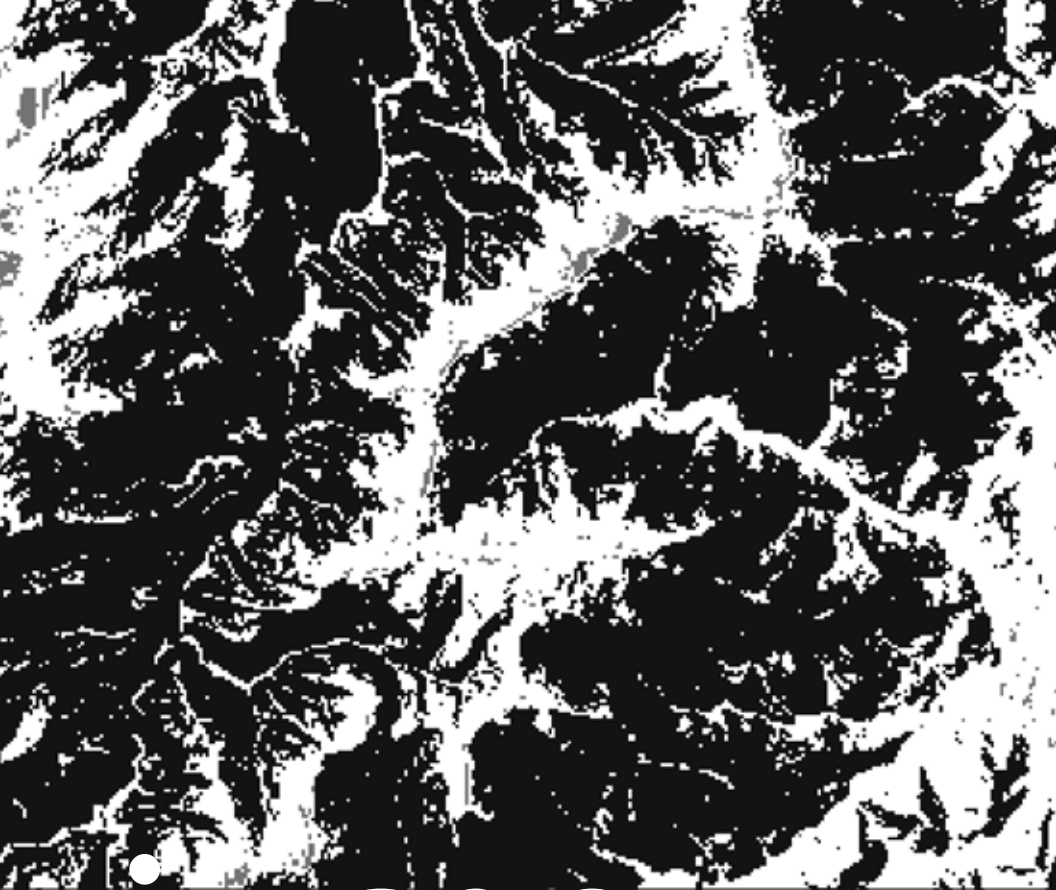
finding the

The Shattered Woods are hostile, home to human and beast alike. In here, all crawl on fours and devour flesh from bone.

It's not uncommon to get lost and never return. There's a village, it's... just over there. Keep walking and you'll get there.

Where are we again?

Why is it the closer we get, we simply forget where we were going... or how we got here?



village

This is the effect of the wandering mind of a dying god: as it loses its bearings, so do all in its cosmic wake.

Upon entering the Shattered Woods, set aside a Cosmic Interference Die (1d3).

For every day spent wandering the woods, Cosmic Interference +1d.

Roll for effects whenever PCs complete a rest of any kind. You may add the navigator's Luck modifier to the result.



THE beginning

THE PATH THROUGH THE WOOD IS TUMULTUOUS, BUT IT HAS TO START SOMEWHERE. dc 12 navigation to move to "part way there (pp. 20)" or LOST for 1d3 days.

1.

A strange hollow knocking echoes from the trunk of trees in the distance.

2.

A gust of wind blasts through, knocking anything not secured away.

3.

Giant tusk marks are visible at the base of nearby trees.

4.

To the side an expansive mud pit, large cloven hooves are all about.

5.

A Boar (pp. 40) kneels in some shrubs, eating at berries.

6.

In the sky above, a star streaks past. How fortuitous. Where is it going?

7.

An animal skull of some kind, meat still attached.

8.

Armus, one of Irinia's lost cooks, out searching for berries. Her bucket is full of blood.

9.

Strange updrafts pour out of the earth. Everything is lightly hovering.

10.

A 4x4 off-road vehicle winched to a tree, engine still running, keys in the ignition. Roll again.

11.

2d3 pilgrims heading toward the Diner. Joy is in their eyes: they've seen God.

12.

Flowers burst from dead earth, and brooks spring to life, overflowing. Rejoice, for a Goliath Dryad (CoSW1) of Spring is restarting the circle of life.

13.

Loud hollow ringing emanates in a call and response pattern across the woods.

14.

A cascade of branches fall in strange circular patterns, binding demonic entities.

15.

Haddock, a cook, rambling about a hut he's convinced he saw in the woods, and complaining his head is spinning.

16.	A blinking series of lights streaks erratically across the skies. They don't move like aircraft.
17.	Irinia's finest, Yaryx, was looking for a boar. She's not sure what happened, but she's been walking for days, and her mind is blank.
18.	Starcaller, looking for someone willing to meet her friend in the village within the woods. She knows the way (next roll is #30).
19.	A Goliath Dryad (CoSW1) attuned to the Summer months strolls past. Heat emanates and flowers grow radiant.
20.	A river of wind barrels through, grinding metal to dust.
21.	Vrastiak is wandering back toward the Diner. She believes she once lived in the woods, and keeps talking of strange lights.
22.	Two Boars (pp. 40) battle for dominance, a small crowd of villagers cheering; they seek to scavenge.
23.	Metal orbs streak through the sky, pausing to elongate and burst away in shimmering patterns.
24.	Uruk and Hester, walking about, knocking on random trees, asking if anyone is home. They've forgotten where they've been, and they're dressed in tattered ceremonial robes.
25.	The air smells of death and decay, as a Goliath Dryad (CoSW1) of Autumn introduces entropy into nature.
26.	Covered in neon indigo tiger stripes, Shengo, devotee to the Snake-Wolf Berserker religion, runs at the group and forbids all from venturing further.
27.	Shadows dance at the edge of your eyesight. When they pool they form a beast that hides behind the trees; it watches and speaks of a visitor from the stars... it knows nothing else and light dispels it.
28.	A loud ringing is heard inside everyone's skulls as water evaporates out of nearby trees, bursting into a blue shockwave and flattening trees (DC 16 Fort Save or knocked back 3d8 feet and take 1d4 damage).
29.	The climate grows colder, snow and ice abound. A Goliath Dryad (CoSW1) of the Winter prepares for hibernation, as its footsteps freeze.
30.	It was here all along... it was right here! This path leads straight to the Village (pp. 42).



part way there

it's either the trees or the latent psionic thrumming pulsing through our skulls, but we're closer than further away it seems. But where are we going? What was the village we sought? dc 14 navigation to move to "almost there (pp. 22)" or lost for 1d5 days.

1. The Crab King (pp. 34) stands 5d10' away, watching the group. If he believes the party can overpower him, he offers to join them, as he's hunting strange prey (a Star Person). Otherwise, he waits for nightfall and attacks.
2. Guttural howling is heard, followed by a series of barks coming from an ape-like throat.
3. Mirrors are affixed to 1d7 trees. DC 10 Will Save or transfixed by one's own image. But there's more... roll on The Ones Who Wander the Woods (pp. 24) to see who takes advantage.
4. Bundles of sticks, made to look like people, hang from 1d4 trees nearby. They are bound in bent iron nails.
5. Something is wrong with the moon. Staring at it is uncomfortable. DC 16 Will Save or the moon takes on your visage.
6. Something isn't right... before you is the diner at the edge of the woods... though instead of humans everyone is elves.
7. A burning talon of metal claws its way through the atmosphere—something is on re-entry.
8. Slash marks decorate 1d3 trees nearby. Something big came through here.
9. A fox runs by, spying upon the group, never breaking eye contact. There's nothing strange about this fox (ell the players this).
10. A column of fire burns in the distance, from ground to sky. All nearby are immolated. It is unmoving.
11. A wet crunching noise is heard, reverberating through bone. DC 16 Fort Save or Act -2d until after next rest.
12. Extended gouges in a claw-like pattern are found streaking across trees. The creature would have been at least 15' across.
13. Inside a hollow trunk of a tree is a series of 1d3 clay jugs fashioned with the faces of people. They look back, dead in their eyes, hoping to be free. Smashing them gives 1d3 Luck apiece.
14. Thick black smoke pours through, laughing is heard in the distance. A shrouded woman in a metal skull mask laughs as she dashes back and forth through the miasma. If confronted, she stabs (1d4) and runs. Following her leads to the village.

15.	Screaming is heard in the distance, as a flurry of gunfire bursts forth. DC 14 Ref Save or take 1d7 damage from the stray shots.
16.	A fireball sits in the sky, growing closer, but never arriving. It's unsettling.
17.	An abandoned camp lies before you. The embers burn brightly, and 1d3 tents stand empty. Each tent holds 1 day of provisions, a flashlight, and a collection of manic scribbles of the stars.
18.	A collection of dolls made of tree bark and hay, fashioned in the likeness of the party, are arranged in prayer beneath a tree. Their eyes bleed.
19.	"RELOAD!" is heard, along with the sounds of gears whirring and buzzing. Gunfire erupts through the area for 1d3 rounds. Each round without cover, PCs make a DC 16 Ref Save or take 1d5 damage from the hail of bullets.
20.	Across the clearing, a boiling cauldron hangs above a raging fire. The scent of fat, meat, and spices wafts through the air. The site is abandoned.
21.	A ring of black smoke extends from a burning object in the skies above. Something is entering the atmosphere.
22.	A family of 3d4 raccoons scurry past.
23.	A giant orb descends through the atmosphere. A murder of thousands of crows spiral about it, their squawks attempting to send it back to the firmament above.
24.	Metal ringing is heard. Compasses, navigation equipment, and dowsing rods all malfunction.
25.	The group blinks, then 1d3 hours pass, then blinks again and another 2d3 hours pass. The sky has reconfigured itself. The stars look wrong.
26.	The air boils as a meteoric object approaches the area. Screams are heard: "ALL IS FORFEIT!!!"
27.	2d12 skeletons, some bleached, others recently skinned, hang from 1d3 nearby trees. What happened here?
28.	A gargantuan orb presses toward the PCs from the sky. From where they stand it towers over 100' tall. It will be upon them unless they run.
29.	The distinctive whoosh and thrum of military aircraft fills the air as 1d3 choppers descend to the tree line. Each takes a shot (1d8 damage, DC 16 Ref Save for half damage) at the most visible member of the party.
30.	Thick black smoke pours from the sky. A 100' woman in a metal skull mask stomps past. The smoke clears in 1d3 days. Cosmic Interference -3d.



ALMOST THERE

the air screams and the sky is spinning. something is watching, something inside our heads. we know it's out there, beyond the tree line, but we cannot focus on "it." dc 17 navigation to move to "the village (pp. 42)" or lost for 1d7 days.

1. A harsh aria permeates the air, in the language least commonly known by the party. It comes from the air itself.
2. A conversation erupts between 1d3 trees: (1) an argument over changing colours too soon; (2) speaking of the day the sky burned, ominously; (3) incessant ranting of the roots of the God-Tree that will touch the stars and free mortals.
3. A kite is stuck in a tree. If observed, go back to Part Way There (pp. 20).
4. A cyclopean child, tentacles outstretched, hops from branch to branch in the canopy, tempting you to follow it or it's going to TELL ON YOU. If followed, go back to The Beginning (pp. 18).
5. With a shrapnel burst of splinters, a tree telling the story of who planted it explodes. From it emerges One Who Wanders the Woods (pp. 24). Roll again on this table.
6. A horrid scene of 2d8 charred corpses, crawling away from an impact of some kind. Trees are flattened. Singed fat permeates the air. The corpses crawl forever.
7. Footsteps form from an invisible stepper. They continue, one step at a time, for 1d3 miles. Then stop. Roll on One Who Wanders the Woods (pp. 24) as they materialize.
8. Geometric patterns scar the sky above. Glowing triangles, squares, and shapes with no name dart back and forth. No matter the time of day, the sky burns.
9. A crater 10d10' deep is found. Inside is a pool of blood. Ripples form whenever anyone speaks.
10. The tears in the air open up, hard light geometry spraying forth, glowing triangles spinning out and ricocheting off obstacles.
11. The picked bones of 1d3 cattle, arranged in a triangular formation. Fairly normal, except these cattle would have been 30' tall.
12. 1d3 piles of flesh and bones, missing organs of course, stacked 5d8' high. Recently, great care was taken to not let it rot.
13. 2d8 people in a roving mob, screaming and wailing about how the Star People will save them, and the Star People alone. They say their god is here, then hurl themselves into thorn bushes. Rinse, lather, repeat.
14. A shack with a door hangs open, inside shuffling is heard. The door shuts after the first person walks through. It must be magically unsealed.

15.	Sparkles are seen collecting above the treeline, with a blinding flash they erupt and burst. Trees are immediately flattened within 1d3 miles.
16.	Everything is burnt to a crisp, metal melted and splattered over everything.
17.	Holes are open in mid-air as reality tears, strange things crawling through. Within 1d3 turns, 2d6 Granular Obstinate Battering Laser Incendiary Nodes (pp. 2) appear.
18.	Characteristic concentric ring-like cigarette burns are found all over the trees. This is a result of drop-gate activity.
19.	This cluster of trees are radiating shimmering light and are: (1) Neon Magenta; (2) Klein Blue; (3) Ultra-Black; (4) Chartreuse and black and white checkerboard gradient.
20.	Horrid screaming and wailing is heard. Listening closer, PCs realize it is also very strange: human vocals cords twisted to emit tones incapable.
21.	A glowing hot metal orb sits upon a pile of destroyed vehicles, a burning mass of machinery. It's very clear it just crashed down.
22.	The nearest trees' leaves undulate in the wind, stretching as green tentacles. Something is very wrong with these woods. Lasers emit holograms of screaming villagers "TRUST NOT THE STARS."
23.	2d3 villagers, fused together in a bundle of flesh and bone, bound forward on 2d7 legs. Rainbows of light pour out of their orifices.
24.	A fireball billows through the clouds, plummets from the sky and shatters on impact. The sky turns black with ash for 1d3 days.
25.	A group of poorly equipped hunters wander with rifles slung to their backs. They're looking for an ALIEN. AN ALIEN WITH A BIG SINGLE EYE AND ALOTTA TENTACLES THAT SPEAKS TO PEOPLE THROUGH THEIR SKULLS. They are enlightened and believe they can SELL IT.
26.	A metal orb the size of a large truck spirals above, like a bubble circling a drain, then slams into the ground, boring a molten hole 5d8' deep.
27.	2d4 corrugated metal huts lay burnt out and covered with scorch marks. The walls have blood stains reading "HELP US... HELP YOURSELVES." The ground is littered with shotgun casings carved with runes and sigils.
28.	A three-headed wolf stands atop a tree branch, looking down at the group, each head bearing a single cyclopean eye. It taunts them, saying they are not worthy of the blessings of the elder star god; it is really quite grating, even to the most sound of mental fortitude. If followed, return to the Diner (pp. 8).
29.	The sky blacks out as a gargantuan orb slams into the ground, causing an impact shockwave. DC 17 Fort Save or knocked prone and take 2d7 damage (1/2 if saved).
30.	A red-eyed giant, covered in black fur, walks slowly in the distance. Do not approach it or die.

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KEEP IN MIND: not all who wander are pleased to see you.² Entering the woods comes at a cost to mortals, often in the form of other mortals sworn to slay them.

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He es Ho er He ds

d10	What are they doing?
1.	They are 10' away, standing.
2.	Communing with 1d3 followers.
3.	They are 20' away, standing.
4.	Being ambushed by another group of 1d3 hunters.
5.	They are 40' away, standing.
6.	Being hunted by the Crab King (pp. 34) (yes, this means another could be here... how strange).
7.	They are 80' away, standing.
8.	Subject to arcane dousing rituals performed by 2d8 villagers.
9.	They are 120' away, standing.
10.	Devouring prey.

d5	How are you received?
1.	With hostility and brutality.
2.	Negatively.
3.	Uncertainly and ambivalently.
4.	Positively yet unyieldingly.
5.	Enthusiastically, yet warily.

2 I think a lot about Luke Gearing's SRD and how it relates to the wanderers in the woods <https://lukegearing.blog/im/srd>



1. THE BEAR HUNTER

He walks with a tormented gait, one wide step after the other. He has battled giants and waltzed with antediluvian elks.

There's no prey he hasn't caught, strung up, and mounted.

He's got an agreement with the elder gods, you see. He can hunt whatever and whosoever he wants in these woods, so long as he clears the woods of anyone else that would do it harm.

He'll spend the night cataloging the stars with you, and showing you which streams to fish and drink from.

Wrong anyone in the woods and he descends like a thousand bleeding vultures to pick the meat from your flesh. No one can kill in these woods but he.

The elder gods willed it.

The BEAR HUNTER

INIT +3

ATK hunting knife +4 melee (1d4+2) or bear trap +1 melee (2d4+2, 5') or rifle blast +5 missile fire (1d16+3, 100')

AC 13

HD 3d16

MV shuffle (15')

ACT 2d20

SP Reload, Ungodly Regeneration

SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4

AL N

RELOAD: takes 1 action to reload the rifle.

UNGODLY REGENERATION: heals 1d3 HP/round, if not dead.

Re-animates within 1d3 days if not dismembered.

2. THE TREE SIREN

Dragging into the green foliage and canopy above.
Singing. And stitching victims into the trees.

Leaping from treetop to treetop, her song waking
mortals from their slumbers.

She sings to the trees; they are her audience,
and she is their vessel.

The trees must eat.

Stitching them as prow ornaments, masts to the storm.

d3 HOW SHE AMBUSHES

1.

A cry of migrant birds, her assault is unheard.

2.

Descending from parasitic vines, she leaps on the head of the
Luckiest. She smelled it.

3.

With a burst of splinters, she erupts from the trunk of a tree,
fragments embedding in her target.

The TREE SIREN

INIT +1

ATK head-butt +2 melee (1d4+1) or
vine-whip +3 melee (1d3, 15')

AC 13

HD 2d8

MV walk (30') or climb (45')

ACT 1d30

SP Fire Vulnerability, Tree Stitching,
Wood Walker

SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +3

AL L

FIRE VULNERABILITY: 2x damage from fire sources.

TREE-STITCHING: targets struck by vine-whip make DC 15 Ref save or are
ensnared by tree and suffer 1d3 points of Agility damage. Those reduced to 3
or fewer Agi are fully sewn into the tree and encased in bark, a new ornament
to the leafy overlords.

WOOD WALKER: she ducks and weaves through the woods. MV+15' and
AC+3 when within 10' of a tree.

The trees must eat.



The trees must eat.

The trees must eat

3. THE demon in THE WELL

It's quite as simple as this:

if there's a well, there's a demon.

She sits in the water, waiting, watching.

Don't feed her.

She won't leave the well unless pulled out.
Mortals bore her.

d3	things seen on THE fall down THE WELL
1.	Memories: pleasant memories of your childhood blast through the walls. The demon feeds on this. Demon Act +1d.
2.	Futures: twisted visions of a cyclops, bandaged and laying in a broken cot. +1d3 Luck.
3.	Present: an instant reply of your fall and despicable situation. -1d3 Luck.

The DEMON IN THE WELL

INIT +1

ATK wet slap +1 melee (1d4+1) or hair
strangle (1d3)

AC 10

HD 1d8

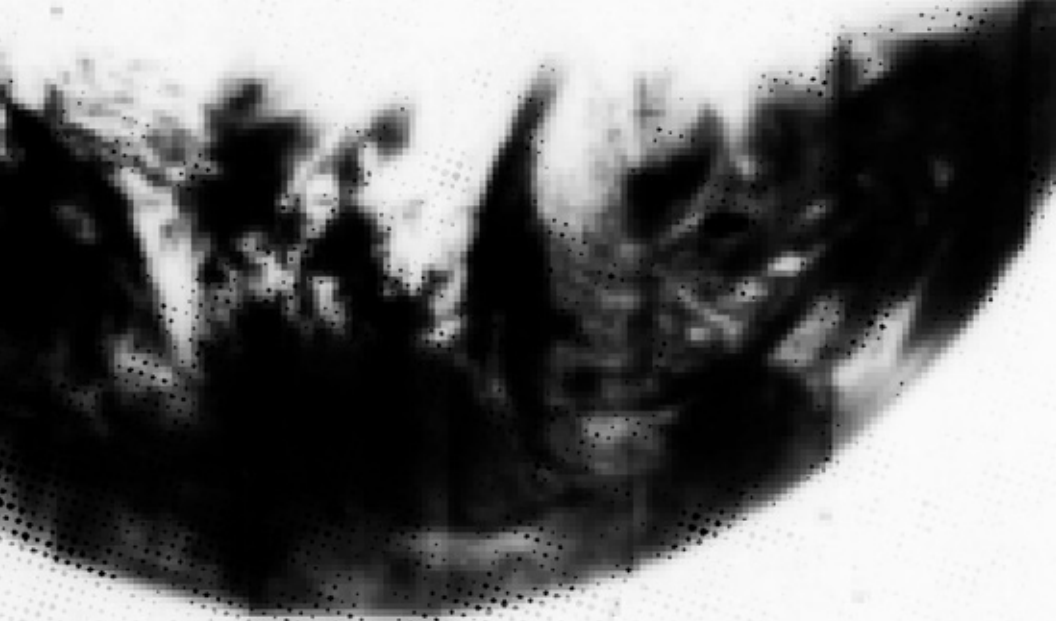
MV walk (30') or swim (50')

ACT 1d30

SP Fatal Curiosity, Radio Interference,
Strangle with Hair, Soaking Wet

SV Fort -3, Ref +8, Will +8

AL C



d3	radio interference (changes every round)
1.	Present: an instant reply of your fall and despicable situation. -1d3 Luck.
2.	Visuals Leak Oil: visuals, info-visors, video equipment leaks viscous black fluid. Unusable.
3.	Satellite and Cartographic Jamming: maps, digital and analog, appear blank, unusable.

FATAL CURIOSITY: DC 9 Will Save or must move toward her well.
If already adjacent to the well, DC 16 Will Save or fall 2d4x10' feet to the bottom of the well. (1d6 damage per 10'. DC 16 Ref Save for 1/2 damage.)

STRANGLE WITH HAIR: damage +1d each time struck by this attack; resets when she strangles someone else.

SOAKING WET: incoming melee attacks have Act -2d. Missile attacks miss altogether while she's in water.



4. THE eaters of the forbidden meat

A cluster of 2d6 individuals. Another 1d4 wait beyond the field of view; they arrive within 1d3 rounds.

They feast upon the strangest of bones: femurs measuring a cubit long. How curious they are, and how the meat smells of cooked pork. How the meat is so cleanly stripped from the bones.

A bonfire rages, shadows are cast and dance across the trunks of giants.

One of the group religiously grinds the bone and marrow to paste, spitting it out in a pile.

Were they once human? The Eaters or the Eaten?
You're asking the wrong questions.

EATER of the FORBIDDEN MEAT

INIT +1
ATK femur club +2
melee (1d5+1)
AC 11
HD 1d8
MV 20'

ACT 1d20
SP The Horror,
Ritualistic Feeding,
Shadow creature
SV Fort +1, Ref +3,
Will +1
AL C

THE HORROR: DC 16 Will Save when first seen or spend 1d3 rounds agast in horror, only movement actions are possible

RITUALISTIC FEEDING: spend action eating by the raging fire to heal 1d8 HP and gain Damage +2d.

SHADOW CREATURE: as long as the bonfire rages, a **Shadowy One** jumps from the cast light at the start of the encounter, for each Eater.

SHADOWY ONE

INIT +6
ATK trick of
light +6 (1d4+2)
AC 11
HD 1d8
MV 30'

ACT 1d20
SP non-corporeal,
shadow form
SV Fort +0, Ref
+12, Will +2
AL C

NON-CORPOREAL: only damaged by magic or by the fire going out.

d3 shadow form

POLL 1d3 TO SEE HOW THIS ONE MANIFESTS FROM THE THROWN LIGHT.

1.

Horned One: struck targets launch 1d3x10' into the air. 1d6 damage per 10' fallen. DC 14 Ref save for 1/2 damage.
2.

Winged Kin: flight.
3.

Forked-Tongue: targets make DC 16 Fort Save when hit or take 1 point of attribute damage from poison.



5. THE CRAB KING

At the edge of the woods shuffles a man with three glowing green eyes, walking with the shadows.

He works for the government, the locals say. His green eyes allow him to see in the dark.

He seeks a god, living, dead, or dying, to drag back to Washington.

They said he'd get a house with a 3 car garage, a pool, and a barbecue grill if he can pull this off.

The Crab King is a family man: how many families has he widowed and orphaned?

He believes he can turn the locals against the dying god, a rebuke of religion and mysticism. If he plans it right, the devoted will deliver him a god....

He can smell the lighter fluid and adoration of his family now.

The CRAB KING

INIT +6

ATK boot-knife +6 melee
(1d6+2) or twin laser-pistols
(2d4+2, 40')

AC 16

HD 5d8

MV 45'

ACT 3d20

SP Garrote, Walk with
Shadows, See in the Dark,
Triple Eye-Laser Strobe

SV Fort +3, Ref +7,

Will +4

AL L

GARROTE: whenever he hits with a critical, he puts the target into a chokehold. They pass out within 1d3 rounds. DC 16 Ref to escape.

WALK WITH SHADOWS: blends into shadows, teleports without moving, from one shadow to the next.

SEE IN THE DARK: no penalties from fighting in the dark. -2 Fort and Will Saves vs light attacks.

TRIPLE EYE-LASER STROBE: pulses a target with a blast of light. DC 16 Fort Save or take 1 Stamina damage and stunned for 1d3 rounds by the series of lights.

6. THE CHAINED one

Its cries ring out across the forest green. Muzzled and muffled howls rage throughout the night.

Chained to a tree, she watches over the foolish and the devoted alike.

They say the skychildren chained her, and muzzled her, so of course the villagers are unchaining her and loosening her muzzle.

She runs like a flash of lightning and a crack of the wind. She's impossible to pin down when she's moving; no predator can outrun her.

Her aria is like grinding concrete and sparks, blowing out the eardrums of those who dare listen as she sings.

Get too close and she will tear your throat out.

The dying god is in her head, you see, and she wants to remove him from everyone else.

The CHAINED ONE

INIT +12	ACT 2d24
ATK back-hand +10 melee (1d6+8) or skull-bash +6 melee (2d6+6)	SP Unchaining, Unmuzzled, Call The Shot, Grazed by the Wind, No More [Redacted]]
AC 18	SV Fort +7, Ref
HD 10d8	+15, Will +6
MV teleport (60')	AL C

UNMUZZLED: in 1 turn she is unmuzzled by the adoring crowd. Every round, all must make a DC 8 Fort Save or be deafened until the end of the round.

UNCHAINING: in 1d3+1 turns she is unchained by her fans.

CALL THE SHOT: target makes DC 12 Ref Save or is tackled by an adherent who came out of nowhere and vanished just as quickly.

GRAZED BY THE WIND: whenever she moves next to or away from a character they make a DC 14 Fort Save or take 1d3 damage and are knocked 10' away.

NO MORE [REDACTED]: activates when below 1/4 health. Spells misfire spectacularly, with showers of sparks and concrete ash within 50'.





7. THE SHAPESHIFTER

Under the light of the full moon, planets in equinox, dances a woman of both wolf and snake and elk, a bestial goddess imitating otherworldly scourges.

Rustling in the wind, her hair changes from a blackened mane into loose strands as she leaps from rock to rock.

She's curious about what the humans bring, and fears the strange, dying god, even if it animated her from a distant slumber.

She hasn't eaten this evening, but she'd like to.

The SHAPESHIFTER

INIT +3

ATK bite +5 melee (1d4+2) or claw +3
melee (1d5)

AC 13

HD 3d8

MV run on all fours (30')

ACT 4d20

SP Beast Drive, Call Worshiper

SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +6

AL N

BEAST DRIVE: spend an action to take on more bestial identity (they stack if rerolled) and heal 1d3 hp.

CALL WORSHIPPER: spend an action to call an adherent. They arrive in 1d3 rounds.

d6	bestial identity
1.	Elk: antlers attuned to god. Missed spells reflect back at the caster. AC +1.
2.	Snake: the belly of a snake. Swallow target on Criticals. +1 Will.
3.	Wolf: swift death. Bite Damage +1d. Act +1d.
4.	Bear: immense bulk. Claw Damage +2d. AC +3.
5.	Crow: blackened wings burst from her back. MV is now Flight and +1 Ref.
6.	Cougar: nerves quicken. Init +2 and MV +10".

BEAST WORSHIPPER

INIT +1

ATK tooth and claw +2
melee (1d4)

AC 11

HD 2d8

MV dash (30')

ACT 1d20

SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will
+1

AL C

d3	what makes them unique?
1.	Poison-Tipped Claws: wounded make DC 12 Fort Save or suffer 2 damage/round for 1d3 rounds.
2.	Call of the Moon: spend 1d3 HP and give it to the Shapeshifter.
3.	Death Shriek: all within earshot make DC 14 Will Save or take damage +2d next 1d3 rounds.

8. THE saw undying,

With a thunderous crash of cloven hooves bursts forth a 900 lb. beast of flesh and blood, untainted by the psionic energy of the dying god, defying heaven and earth in its display of unbridled brute force.

Before you is The Saw Undying, revered by some as a minor deity, a child of the stars above and the trees. Survive it and be worshiped by those who wander the wood. Kill it and be scorned by those who crawl on all fours.

THE giant BOAR



THE SAW UNDYING, the GIANT BOAR

INIT +3

ATK tusk bash +10 melee (1d3+3)

AC 18

HD 12d8

MV stampede (40')

ACT 3d20

SP Breaker of Wills

SV Fort +15, Ref +5, Will +6

AL C

BREAKER OF WILLS: those struck when it charges make a DC 16 Fort Save or take an additional 3d3 random attribute damage. Bones break in its audience.

THE village



A tow truck idles loudly at the edge of the village. Tied to its boom is a series of corpses, cause of death unknown.

There's not much to this village: a series of 15 metal shacks and braying masses. At its peak this settlement could hold 50 people? Right now it's swollen to house 100,³ with 1d8 more arriving daily. They've come to see the new guest. The God. The Elder. The Starchild.

They say it's the giant shack in the middle of town that houses the visitor. The shack with the torn up metal roof, with walls in shambles and claw marks from something much larger than a bear.

This has been seen before, though... in other dimensions.

³ The village has 10 **Ascended Delver Cultists**



d5 signs and affectations of a delver cult

ALL SETTLEMENTS HOUSING A DELVER SUCCUMB EVENTUALLY TO A THRASHING MOB VYING FOR TIME WITH THE SAGE FROM BEYOND THE STARS. ROLL WEEKLY FOR THE NEXT EFFECT.

1.

All housing is changed to metal shacks that amplify brain waves.

2.

People seem vacant, lost in thought.

3.

Individuals have wrapped bandages around their heads and covered a single eye.

4.

No one knows why they're here, but they must be, right, right? They are drawn here.

5.

A large shack draws a commotion by day and by night; they say the god is here and word spreads beyond the psionic aura.

delver cults

All Delvers emit a psionic aura that draws sapient beings near. The call is heard, sweetly at first, then degrades into clawing at the mind's walls. You wake in cold sweat and must find its source. You don't know why... but you must. Free will pervades... some go their whole lives wondering what the screeching is and if it will ever stop... but others follow it to the source.

In worlds the Stratosfiend are observing there's a 1-in-16 chance that anyone is under the effects of the Call. In worlds they've actively pursued, the chances to 1-in-6.

Those under the effects of the call are subject to the following; all eventually lead to a Delver.

1.

Hear songs calling their name on the wind. Whenever a door opens, they think they're being called inside.

2.

Traveling underground, inside buildings, or beneath layers of metal results in an intense scraping sensation inside the brain of the Called. They must get above ground.

3.

Feel intensely elated when in the company of others that have been Called. They want to follow them.



once followers, now Leaders

Following a Delver for long enough makes the pilgrims believe they are special, that they are chosen and have greater purpose. The one-eyed god has chosen them, and they must bring it joy.

In most cases, the followers stay that way silently joyful masses that fight to the death protecting their newfound messiah.

However, in the tragic case of this village, the Delver is dying, and its psionic call is splintering reality, reaching for miles. The woods are not what they seem, and chaos has been wrought forth.

The previously chosen few have Ascended and become Leaders of this Death Cult. They spread their interpretations of the Edicts of the Dying God and process the assembling masses.

They firmly believe the newly Called are less, because they were picked when their god started to die... that they were unintentional, and not special (unlike the Ascended).

Regardless, the Called are trained in the ways of the Delver, taught to navigate the Call, and sent to find more meat for the maw of the dying star. In short, they're put to wo





d7 devotions of the dying god

the sacraments of the hive, carried out by the called when they arrive in the vicinity of the delver. under normal circumstances they'd have to figure it out for themselves, but the ascended have built a structure around it... an assembly line of indulgences.

roll to determine what stage a given called is at. the ascended are at the stage of the final death.

- 1.** INITIATION, THE FIRST DEATH (2D3 WEEKS): wherein the Called are told of their true purpose: to serve the Delver, encouraged to settle nearby, and taught to navigate the urges. They are immune to fear effects related to the Stratosfiend.
- 2.** AWAKENING (1D3 WEEKS): the individual recognizes the Calling as a psionic pager. They learn lesser Stratosfiend and are able to communicate to fellow Called telepathically.
- 3.** COSMIC AUTO-ABSOLUTION (2D5 DAYS): tapping into the unknowns of the Fear Space, adherents learn to Lay on Hands.
- 4.** THE FIRST SIGHT (1D4 DAYS): those invited to gaze upon the Elder Space Kin are blessed and biologically changed. They now manifest the Divine Favors.
- 5.** WORD OF WANDER (2D3 WEEKS): while the psionic longing initially attracts, it eventually inverts, repelling the followers to go seek more like them. They now emit holograms from their pores, of the Dying God.
- 6.** CONTACT (1D3 DAYS): at this point the Called have been physically touched by the Stratosfiend. Their DNA has reverted to that of the proto-Stratosfiend (the common ancestor of man and alien alike). They have developed the Canticles.
- 7.** THE FINAL DEATH (INSTANT): finally considered an agent, or Knight, of the Hivemind, they are blessed with the gifts of the Hive mind. They are devoted to the will of the Stratosfiend, and act on behalf of the fleet. Roll on ANY Half-Stratosfiend Evolution Table (or Greater Corruption) and they have HD +1d.

the affected

DELVER CULTIST, The ASCENDED

INIT +3
ATK as Occupation
AC 13
HD 3d8

MV 30'
ACT 2d20
SP Serve the Hive
SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2
AL C

SERVE THE HIVE: augmented by the Call, their biology reconfigures in the presence of any Stratosfiend (friend or foe). Act +1d and Damage +1d, and immune to Morale in their presence.

d5 occupations

1.

Soul-shaper. Weapon (1d3). The Nails of the Butcher (DC 12 Will Save, or make immediate attack against closest).

2.

Hermetic Cultivator. Weapon (1d3). Drop-Ink Evaporator (DC 14 Fort Save, or blinded by visions of the stars beyond the stars for 1d3 rounds).

3.

Alien psycho-vangelist. Psycho-Megaphone (1d7, ranged). Berator Imperatus (DC 16 Will or stunned 1d3 rounds).

4.

Reaper. Scythe (1d10). Shadow-Silk Robe (Act +2d to Stealth).

5.

Harvester. Sickle (1d6). Eyes of the Butcher (incoming spells -2d).



DELVER CULTIST, The CALLED

INIT -5
ATK as Occupation
AC 9
HD 1d4

MV 30'
ACT 1d20
SP Meat for the Grinder
SV Fort -1, Ref -2, Will -1
AL L or C

MEAT FOR THE GRINDER: they die for the glory of the Hive Worlds.
Any damage dealt to a Stratosfiend may be redirected to the Called.

d5 occupations

1.

Farmer. Rake (1d4). Potatoes, 2d3 lbs.

2.

Butcher. Cleaver (1d6). 1d3 Dogs.

3.

Cable Guy. 10' Coaxial Cable (1d3). Satellite Tablet.

4.

Mechanic. Tire Iron (1d4). Battery-powered Air Pump.

5.

Door to Door Salesman. Binder (1d3-1). 1d3 Coupons.

THE delver

This is nothing more
than a lowly Stratosfiend
that has been Deified by
foolish mortals. It does
not matter if it once was
fierce or failing, it is
now weak and dying...
and treated like a newly
discovered god.

It lays bandaged up in
the back of a mountain
hut, covered in gauze.

It is hidden behind a
curtain, so only those
chosen by the Ascended
may gawk at its cyclopean
eye and be blessed.

Most don't recognize
it is not human,
even though it is
taller than a house.



THE mortal

Sat-Caster devoted to the Bat God. The cyber sorcerer was ripped limb from limb, but that doesn't matter now. Before you is a rotting sack of meat.

The Child God wants no problems, it simply wants to die in peace,⁴ knowing the fleet won't come for it. It hopes the fleet doesn't come for it.

Brute force is for the weak: if need be, the Dying God calls on the Ascended to protect it, with the Called serving as fodder.

It cares little for humans, even less for elves. God forbid any make it into the woods.

as for the fleet...

- > Fellow Stratosfiend are greeted with pleasantries and invited to wander the woods. It is requested they don't report it back to the Hivemind.
- > Magistrates are sublimely horrified by a Stratosfiend being paraded as a demi-god. This will come to blows: the Magistrates are the rulers and the aristocracy.
- > Half-Stratosfiend are offered the secrets of the Stratosfiend, Fear Space, and knowledge of Drop Science if they serve as bodyguards. They understand what it means to be frail.

⁴ It currently owns a Goliath Fractal-Engine a debt, in the form of a human nation. It owes an entire country. The Goliath arrives in 1d4 months.

DELVER, The Dying God (level 10)

INIT +4
ATK psionic slash +7 melee
(1d6) or tentacle slap +7
melee (1d5, 10')
AC 13
HD 10d7

MV 5' (crawling)
ACT 2d30
SP SPELLS Polyphemean
Rage, Cause Earthquake
SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +10
AL C

d5 edicts of the dying god

THE SACK OF FLESH BARKS commands, and expects them to be followed. Those listening gain 1d3 luck, those disobeying draw the ire of the ascended.

1. COVER THINE EYES WHEN LOOKING AT ME: those desiring an audience must temporarily revoke their eyesight, by any means.
2. LISTEN TO MY VOICE, WORM: an auto-surgery that opens the mind to telepathy. Will -1d3 in the presence of the Stratosfiend.
3. KNEEL: in the presence of the tentacled ones, you must kneel in honor.
4. PROVE YOUR LOVE: the Called must produce the skull of another Delver, slain in ritual combat.
5. ABANDON YOUR GODS: revoke patronage of any deity other than the dying alien.

d3 glimpses of the dying god

pilgrims wait for weeks in hopes of the ascended selecting them to meet the alien; it works out for very few. most are sent out to collect more followers, some are eaten, and the rest endlessly prepare the village for the stratosfiend's trip to the afterlife. what happens if you try to sneak a peek?

1. You catch a glimpse of its cyclopean eye. DC 18 Ref Save or struck by a searing eye laser for [Cosmic Interference Die] damage.
2. You see a tentacle pirouetting through the air. DC 14 Fort Save or knocked prone and unconscious for 1d3 turns by the tentacle you didn't notice.
3. A pilgrim is being fed to the alien. 1d3 Ascended draw knives and suggest you leave. DC 13 Will Save or see the scene disappear from your vision as the Calling takes hold.

what happens if you're invited in?

1. PSIONIC-GLIDE (MV 15'): by tracing your aura with its tentacles, the Delver gifts you with limited flight.
2. MAGGOT INFESTATION (2D3 DAYS): coughing and spitting up a grub, it offers it. If consumed, the host takes 1d3 Stamina damage per day, but heals 2 HP (or other attribute damage) per day without needing to rest.
3. DROP-TAGS (1D3): a sigil, when placed, opens drop-gates⁵ to all other placed sigils. The alien retains its own sigil, it sees whenever you open the gates.

⁵ Functionally it's a portal across space and time. **Terror of the Statosfiend 3** has a lot more information on The Drop.

death of the body

Should the god expire, its vassals and thralls, now freed from the psionic screaming, will stop at nothing to rend flesh from bone.

This is true transubstantiation.

They will become the god anew.

Whoever eats of the godflesh has a 3% chance of becoming a **Stratosfiend Delver**.

on Reliquary items

Scavenged god flesh may be inserted and archived inside of an item (DC 16 Jeweling Check, d10 is used unless a cleric is present).

Such items provide Act +1d to Spell Checks, Laying On Hands, and Turning Unholy (this stacks).

on scavenging

Characters present may roll once each on this cascading table. A dead god is a finite commodity; people fight to the death to preserve its legacy.

1.	WAS IT FROM THE HEAD?	
1.1.	OR PERHAPS A TOOTH?	
1.1.1.	FROM ROW 1: Damage +1d. Take 1 damage whenever dealing damage.	
1.1.2.	FROM ROW 2: Damage +2d. Heal all within 50' for 1d3 hp, whenever damage is dealt.	
1.1.3.	FROM ROW 3:	
1.2.	ITS EYE: attacks never miss. Take double damage.	
1.3.	PERHAPS STOLEN FROM ITS ORNAMENTAL RINGS?	
1.3.1.	NOSE: immune to spell damage. Stamina -1d3 per day.	
1.3.2.	HALO: Personality +1d6. MV -15'.	
1.3.3.	EXTREMITIES: DC 12 Fear Check when approached. Always targeted first.	
1.3.4.	BANGLES: AC +2, can't escape magic damage.	
2.	OR UPON ITS HANDS?	
2.1.	THUMB: reduce HP to 0 to open a portal to a known location.	
2.2.	INDEX: all are drawn to who you target. You are always blamed for calamity.	
2.3.	MIDDLE: passively appreciated by anyone nearby. All speak ill in your absence.	
2.4.	RING: swap bodies with another with this digit. Either party can initiate.	
2.5.	SMALL: may spellburn HP and any attribute. Must spellburn 10 points per spell check.	
3.	ITS TENTACLES: Range +15' added to attacks and skills. This applies to opponents targeting you as well.	
4.	OR ITS SACRED WRAPPINGS?	
4.1.	BODY: add +1d3 fire damage to attacks. Take 1d3 damage per turn from being ignited.	
4.2.	FACE: immune to fear. Cannot see.	
4.3.	ARM: can hold 2-handed weapons and giant weapons in 1 hand. Taking damage causes you to drop held items.	
4.4.	LEG: MV +30'. Cannot be healed.	

THE deity

The ascended worship the god. Those foolish enough follow suit. It is only a followable deity so long as its heart still pumps and the adherents are on the same planet.

Worship may begin after seeing the entity for the first time or sleeping in the woods for 1d3 weeks, then being visited by dream.

The Weapons of those adherent to the ways of the dying god are the Scythe, the Rake, and the Laser Rifle.

Those deemed Unholy by this psionic titan are the Stratosfiend, the Goliath, and the Giants.

d5 TITLES

1.	Level 1 - Follower
2.	Level 2 - Adherent
3.	Level 3 - Devoted
4.	Level 4 - Bray-Fiend
5.	Level 5 - Over-Magus

d3 Lay on hands

WHEN HEALING IN THE NAME OF THE TENTACLED ONE, ROLL 1d3:

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1. | Caster's hair follicles fuse into tentacles and caress the healed. |
| 2. | The air around the healed sizzles and tears, as spherical holes tear forth inverting gravity. Something is trying to break through. |
| 3. | The touched's eyes fuse into a single cyclopean orb until fully healed. |

divine favors

PSI-TENTACLE: mental energy forms a tentacle that reaches up to 15', used for grabbing objects and skill checks at -1d.

REBUKE: a psionic entity lashes out and knocks back a damage source 50'. 1d3/day.

STRATOS-SPEAK: caster is fluent in Lesser and Greater Stratosfiend.



canticles

Level 1: psionic attraction

The Astral Beacon set forth by the dying god anchors itself in the cleric's body. All spells cast within the vicinity automatically target the cleric. DC 15 Will Save to bypass the beacon.

Level 3: psionic flight

Invisible tentacles raise the caster high into air. They glide as though flying on thermals unseen. They gain Flight (MV 20') and Act +1d vs those on the ground.

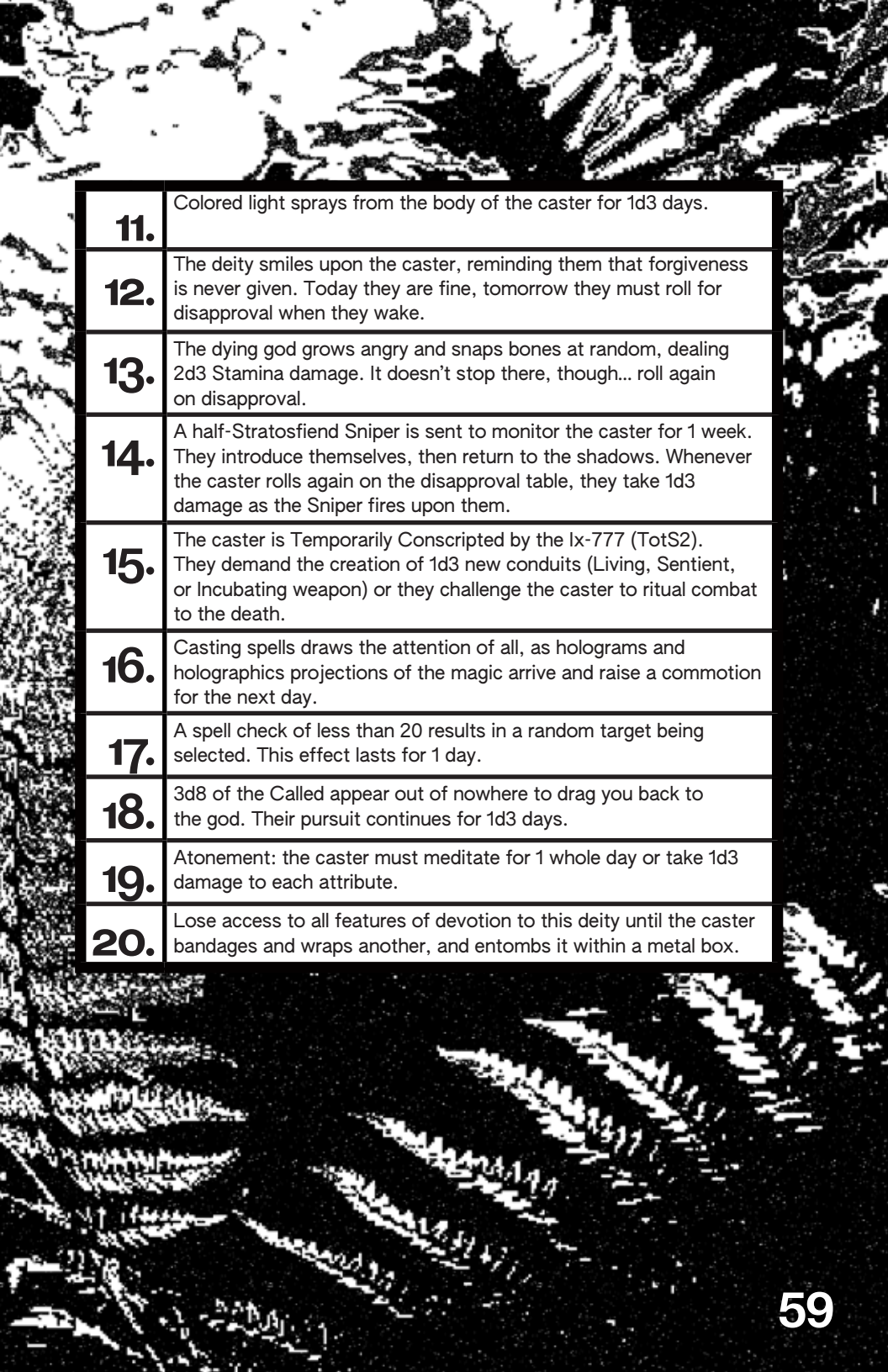
Level 5: polyphemean invocation

Using their body as a vessel in lieu of the Cyclopean Eye, the caster may cast Polyphemean Rage (TotS1). Caster Level is Character Level and uses Personality Modifier. They take 1d3 damage per casting, as their body incinerates.

dæ disapproval

1.	The god isn't angry, just disappointed. Disapproval accrues twice as fast for the next day.
2.	A coughing sickness strikes the believer. They're unable to sleep or finish a sentence for 1d3 days.
3.	A drop gate opens and the caster is brought to the dying god, who takes a bite from the caster for 2d4 damage, after which they are returned.
4.	The god feels the shame of the caster's insolence and psychically rewrites their neural pathways to disable spell casting for 1d3 days.
5.	A metal ringing permeates the shamed's skull. Skill checks -1d for the day.
6.	Laying of Hands renders the caster catatonic for 1d3 turns, and leaves their mind full of waking nightmares for 1d3 days.
7.	Attempts to Turn Unholy fail, and result in the intended banished becoming enraged and attacking the caster.
8.	Painful lesions form all over the shamed's body. 1d3 Personality damage.
9.	Must wrap self in bandages, covering one eye, to be able to use cleric abilities for the next day.
10.	Rampant vomiting strikes the caster. They're unable to eat for 1d5 days.

When shame is brought upon the Stratosfiend Deity, penance is required.



11.	Colored light sprays from the body of the caster for 1d3 days.
12.	The deity smiles upon the caster, reminding them that forgiveness is never given. Today they are fine, tomorrow they must roll for disapproval when they wake.
13.	The dying god grows angry and snaps bones at random, dealing 2d3 Stamina damage. It doesn't stop there, though... roll again on disapproval.
14.	A half-Stratosfiend Sniper is sent to monitor the caster for 1 week. They introduce themselves, then return to the shadows. Whenever the caster rolls again on the disapproval table, they take 1d3 damage as the Sniper fires upon them.
15.	The caster is Temporarily Conscripted by the Ix-777 (TotS2). They demand the creation of 1d3 new conduits (Living, Sentient, or Incubating weapon) or they challenge the caster to ritual combat to the death.
16.	Casting spells draws the attention of all, as holograms and holographics projections of the magic arrive and raise a commotion for the next day.
17.	A spell check of less than 20 results in a random target being selected. This effect lasts for 1 day.
18.	3d8 of the Called appear out of nowhere to drag you back to the god. Their pursuit continues for 1d3 days.
19.	Atonement: the caster must meditate for 1 whole day or take 1d3 damage to each attribute.
20.	Lose access to all features of devotion to this deity until the caster bandages and wraps another, and entombs it within a metal box.

SING

SII



YOU

WINNERS

THE HAND OF THE BLACK HELICOPTER (a deity)

The Crab King worked for Washington. The Crab King is merely a man, outfitted by his government.

His true leader is a man in black who communes with black helicopters.

The Hand of the Black Helicopter accepts all foolish enough to devote themselves.

d5	TITLES
1.	Level 1: Conspiracist
2.	Level 2: Cold blooded
3.	Level 3: Orchestrator
4.	Level 4: Body-Snatched
5.	Level 5: Illuminatus

d3 Lay on hands

paranoid screams fill the air as clerics of the black helicopter try to heal others. roll 1d3 to find out what further strangeness entails.

1.

Visions of black helicopters fill the mind of the healed, they are headed "back home."

2.

The sounds of roaring engines fill the air, as the distinct thrumming of whirling blades grows closer and closer.

3.

The touched are filled with the sights of 1d3 local cattle abductions. There the "alien" can be found.

divine favors

CYBER-DOSSIER: info on target. Weak points. Last meal. Close contacts. Travel patterns.

SAT-NAV: by tapping into satellite network encircling the planet, the caster can get basic information about the nearest settlement (distance, direction, population, and 1d3 persons of interest). 1/day.

SHADOW STRIKE: blessed and ensorcelled by secrecy, the devotee gains Act +1d while bathing in shadows.

canticles

Level 1: comm sweep

A 1/4 mile area is swept by the satellites above. The positions of all living entities are transmitted to the caster. This reveals the location of cloaked, hidden, buried, or otherwise obscured targets. 1/day.

Level 3: missile strike

Calling upon a nearby Black Helicopter that circles overhead, the caster calls down 3d8 damage worth of missiles onto the target. DC 16 Ref to avoid. 1/day.

Level 5: abduction

With a pulse of strange lights and spot-lights, the air sizzles as the pressure increases. A circular craft hovers overhead and beams up a single target, then flies off, never to be seen again. DC 14 Will Save to resist. 1/week.

ðo disapproval

1.	The caster is deprived of their name by the Hand of the Black Helicopter. No one will respond to their name, and oddly no one can remember it. Lasts for 1 day.
2.	By bizarre means the sense of identity is stripped from the caster, as if they never existed. Their effects on the world have been forgotten. They use a d10 for skill and spell checks for 1 day.
3.	All the currency on the person of the caster vanishes (consumed by their Government). Any stored funds, banks, accounts, and secure holdings are locked from use for 1d3 days.
4.	The devotee must seek out 1d3 cattle and deliver them to an agent of the Hand of the Black Helicopter to be able to use any of their cleric abilities.
5.	The caster must spend the next 3 days photographing all “human alien hybrids” they come across.
6.	A spotlight shines on the cleric, and out of nowhere it tracks them for 1 day. Roll again on the disapproval table.
7.	The next attempt at organized travel (caravan, bus, train, shuttle, etc.) is detained by corporate red tape, and takes 2d3 days longer to depart.
8.	Out of the corner of their eye, the caster notices a smoking man always following them. never approaching. This continues for 1d3 weeks. If 3 or more accrue, they will detain the caster.
9.	A Black Helicopter appears above, following the caster. It never stops. Lasts for 1d3 days.
10.	The Hand has determined that the caster has sufficiently messed up. They extract the caster and replace them with a Level 0 character. When they hit level 1, the swap is returned and the original caster comes back.

11.	Statues are erected in the name of the caster, meaning that all recognize them, and they can never pass incognito again. The next 1d3 settlements you enter have icons of the caster.
12.	Wherever they go, people spread rumours about the caster. Vicious, vile, offensive rumours, for the next 1d5 settlements.
13.	Personal electronic devices do nothing but spew propaganda of Alien Human Hybrids for the next 1d3 days.
14.	Radio transmissions flood the comms of everyone nearby. They give a perfect account of everything the caster is up to for 1 day.
15.	Video transmissions of future actions of the cleric are broadcast to all in the region. Everyone is Act +2d vs the caster, for they've already seen how this ends. Lasts 1d3 days
16.	Any attempt to cast spells results in a 2-in-3 chance of just shouting government propaganda, while 1d3 black helicopters circle above. Lasts for 1 day.
17.	The cranial database in the mind of the Cleric fragments. They switch deities to another at random for 1d3 days.
18.	A government reassignment has come through. A dossier is sent to the caster, and they must travel 3d4 days away to collect the item and return it to an agent of the hand of the black helicopter.
19.	All electricity, fire, and otherwise mystical energy in the region is eliminated, with the cleric (who now has no cleric abilities at all) at the center of it. Lasts 1d3 days. All grow angry, most begin to notice.
20.	The Black Helicopter grows weary with the ways of the mortal (and human). They order an orbital thermonuclear strike on the area of the caster for 10d8 damage. DC 14 Ref Save for 1/2 damage.

appendix n

I saw Sick Girl (2006) on Masters of Horror (2005) and liked it a lot; thinking a lot about what transformation really means in regards to monotony of self. I saw Deer Woman (2005) easily 10 times, as well; it made me wonder what wandered the woods and preyed on men who walked within; It was really good and made me fall out of my chair but like also I saw Jenifer (2005) and made a lot of people watch it. What did it mean to feast upon the living? The hunter becomes the hunted, freed by their own exasperation.

The important part is that like Jugface (2013) had some of the same people as Sick Girl (2006) which doesn't really matter I guess; I wish I knew more about the jugs and what they meant. What matters is that all this came to mind when I was looking at the Chained Coffin and the Shudder Mountains (DCC), the region I based my own Shattered Woods on. It's important because a giant boar wanders the dense canopy much like the Ripper in Pighunt (2008). It breaks bones and that's scary.

It made me really think of those that wander the woods and stuff that went down prior to The Woman (2011), and I guess the woman herself and its eventual outcome. LET THOSE THAT WANDER THE WOODS WANDER IN PEACE, FOR THEY KNOW THE PATH BETTER THAN THEE, AND DESERVE YOUR RESPECT; THEY ARE ENDEMIC AND WILL OUTLAST ALL FOOLS WHO ENTER. This stuff was important in crafting this in my head. The words and imagery spiraled around, and honestly you should check the content advisories on all these before you view any.

It does bear mentioning that there are other adventures and settings that occupy adjacent woods:

- > **DCC**
- > **The Chained Coffin and Shudder Mountains** (Goodman Games)
- > **Secret Antiquities #1: Esoteric American Patrons** (Michael Curtis)
- > **Old School Essentials**
- > **Wild Blue Yonder** (Sivad's Sanctum)
- > **The Lumberlands: Wampus County Travel Guide** (Lost Pages)

I really wanted some weird PSYOP going on here too and thought why not draw on the greats like Assault on Precinct 13 (1976), The Void (2016), and Splinter Cell (2002).

In closing, I think of the nights in Muddy Waters (Vancouver, Washington 2013) spent with friends, trading food for tattoos, getting locked in the panic room in the basement, and getting to know the bear hunters that supplied them with meat.

The Shattered Woods are everywhere if you look close enough. Inspiration can come from anything... even the trees themselves as they call upon the wind.

Be careful where you tread, a dying god may call upon you; pray that you answer the call, lest you be doomed.

explore your woods

ogl

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Inside a Hurvies dying god, around it
a village attracted to its dying mind.

a sage

They worship it, ye how they worship it

Oh my god, they worship it, ye

a cyclops

All hail the starchildren,

Kissed by the sky itself.

la good

They won't abandon us if we tend to them.

no they will not

no they will not

no they will not

no they will not



ORBITAL
INTELLIGENCE

RETURN TO THE SHATTERED WOODS and

- > VISIT THE DINER AT ITS EDGE and its strange clientele. Why are there jars of bones everywhere?
- > EMBARK ON A DEPTH CRAWL through the woods escaping its denizens. Have a close encounter with the 900 lb boar and live to tell the tale!
- > DISCOVER A CULT devoted to a dying God. And why is everyone so weird about it?
- > SEEK CLERICAL ATONEMENT with an alien god and a government conspiracy. Ever worshipped a black helicopter? **You're about to.**

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