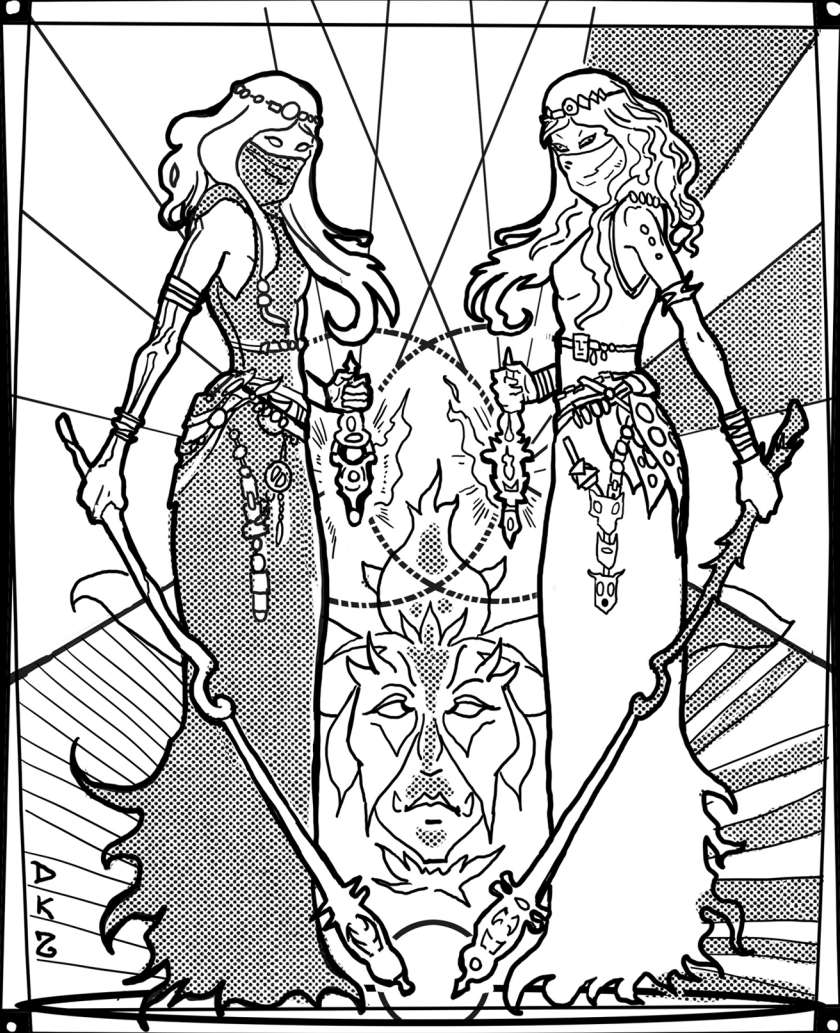


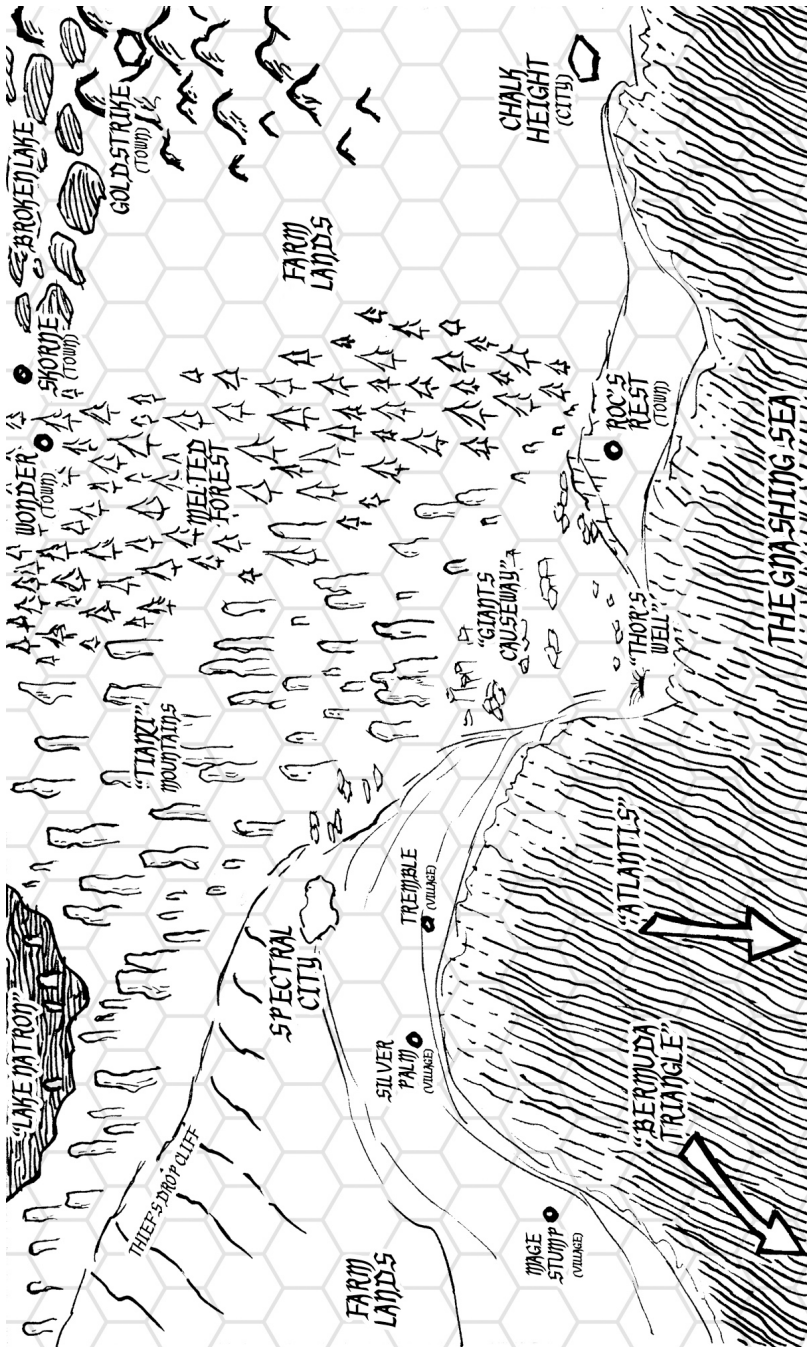
QUARANTINE ZINE



**VISIONS & VISTAS
BEYOND FOUR WALLS**

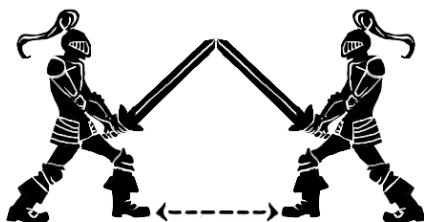
The Social Distance Collective

COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**



Here's a handy map to set your adventures upon! Locations in quotes are "real world" crazy/cool places you should look up. Other names are there to fire your imagination by answering why they are named that way... There are no wrong answers here. Have fun!

QUARANTINE ZINE



The Social Distance Collective

COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

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Old School RPG players are a strange breed — generally introverted, but in need of actual human contact to (*GASP!*) enjoy *The Hobby*. When COVID-19 struck in early 2020 and shut down, well, most of the world, it threw a wrench into many a well-thought-out campaign plan and cancelled many cons, events, and home games.

Much of the RPG world was stuck at home without much to do. Some found solace in online games, but there were other avenues, and one of them was writing! It was for this purpose that I, Judge Yossarian, sought out fellow creators from the **Dungeon Crawl Classics** community to make a homemade zine celebrating the game that we've been prevented from playing in person for now, and maybe raising a bit of money for a good cause in the process. I was absolutely blown away by the effort and quality of material that contributors offered to this project, and we were able to create something that greatly exceeded what I thought was possible for it. I think it will stand as proof of how the DCC nation stepped up to support one another through art and community in a difficult time.

The following content is pulled directly from our home games, creative projects, and isolation-addled minds, and we hope it helps entertain you through this insane timeline we're currently stuck in. We offer it for free or at cost, and if you enjoy the material, we recommend a donation to a charity assisting those affected by COVID-19. Any proceeds (if there are any) from pay-what-you-want sales of this product will go to GiveDirectly, a highly-rated charity that sends the money directly to families in need of assistance to pay basic living expenses through a special COVID-19 fund (visit <https://www.givedirectly.org/covid-19/> for details or to donate).

Thanks for reading, stay safe, and please **STAY AT HOME** until its safe to adventure once more!

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Vignette: Greed is Good

The merchant Hightower returned to his home in the village and tried his best to return to his routine, but he could no longer seem to focus on the day to day operations of his small shop. The woodsmen coming in to exchange herbs and pelts for supplies... the women seeking thread to mend clothes... all of it seemed so mundane, so unimportant. And at night, the dreams.

It was always the same. He was back in the strange, glowing pool, prying up the crystals with his tools. He could tell by his practiced eye they were of great value. He thought of the business he had fought so hard to build, how it was failing, despite his honest work. Other merchants resorted to cheating their customers in desperate times; doctoring weights and measures, watering down ale, fencing stolen items; but not Hightower. He had always believed that if he worked hard enough and sold quality goods at reasonable prices, he would survive. But competition was stiff, and he knew he'd have trouble making it through the winter without finding something of value in the strange place. And these crystals! Easily worth enough to keep his shop running another year.

He barely heard the others yelling at him — something about clay soldiers and holes in the floor. Too late he noticed the fractures in the stone beneath him. Too late he felt the shifting of ancient mortar. The floor slipped away beneath him, and he saw the laughing faces of his competitors as he fell into darkness... then woke up, safely in his own bed, drenched in cold sweat.

But tonight... tonight it was different. As he fell through the darkness he became aware that he was... no longer falling. All around him was still pitch black, but he could feel himself hanging by the straps of his boots, as if it were grasped by an invisible hand. He felt himself being pulled upward, upward into light, and heard a voice...



THE INVISIBLE HAND

Lawful Deity of Wealth, Utility, and
Rational Self Interest

by Judge Yossarian



“The proud and unfeeling landlord views his extensive fields, and without a thought for the wants of his brethren, in imagination consumes himself the whole harvest ... [Yet] the capacity of his stomach bears no proportion to the immensity of his desires ... the rest he will be obliged to distribute among those, who prepare, in the nicest manner, that little which he

*himself makes use of... all of whom thus derive from his luxury and caprice, that share of the necessaries of life, which they would in vain have expected from his humanity or his justice...**The rich...are led by an invisible hand to make nearly the same distribution of the necessaries of life, which would have been made, had the earth been divided into equal portions among all its inhabitants,** and thus without intending it, without knowing it, advance the interest of the society, and afford means to the multiplication of the species. When Providence divided the earth among a few lordly masters, it neither forgot nor abandoned those who seemed to have been left out in the partition."*

—M. S. Maditha, First Chief Executor of the Hand

DESCRIPTION

The Invisible Hand, also known as the Hand of Providence, is a divine consciousness dedicated to the distribution of rewards (and punishment) to those who earn them by lawful means. For millennia, the Hand operated solely through subtle manipulation of incentives and human nature, molding society into an economic system so complex and intricate that mortals did not even realize a divine force had set it in motion. This Age of Equilibrium, as it is called by adherents, was a time of progress and prosperity without poverty or vice.

However, as over the years, the deities of chaos and older unfeeling powers began to influence mortal acts, the mortal races began to behave in irrational ways. Rogues began to cheat their way out of contracts; Druids preferred an ascetic and communal life in the wild serving nature spirits to the more rational order of exchanging goods for services, and- worst of all- demons and chaos lords corrupted men with false contracts into servitude and worship without just reward. The order began to unravel, and graft, tyranny and monopoly flourished.

It was at this time that the Hand chose its first Executors. It chose them from all ranks of society; honest but impoverished nobles, powerful merchants, honorable mercenaries, and even thieves who lived by strict professional codes. They were contacted in secret and sworn to serve the principles of compensation for labor, honor of contracts, and honest dealings with all.

Furthermore, they were empowered to seek out those who would subvert the Equilibrium and force them to distribute their ill-gotten wealth and power to those more worthy.

The powers of the Hand, exercised by a chosen Executor in the lawful administration of economic rationality, are nearly unlimited... but the Hand frowns upon acts against rational self-interest. This includes acts of charity as much as it does acts of corruption. An Executor never can perform miraculous work for free, and cannot hold wealth without investing it in a worthy endeavor.

They seek to optimize themselves in service of Equilibrium and avoid wasting time or opportunity at all costs; for the market never sleeps, and neither does the Hand.

ALIGNED DEITIES

- Lawful deities, especially those that prefer non-intervention
- Chaotic/neutral deities of decay, hunger, death and want (they must exist as incentives for the system to function)

OPPOSED DEITIES

- Chaotic deities that seek to exploit people and resources
- Neutral or Lawful deities that lure mortals away from participation in economic systems, or deny mortals' dominion and stewardship over the environment

TEMPLE SERVICES

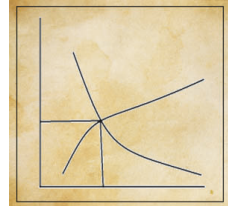
The Temple of The Hand has more the appearance of a busy office of some government bureaucracy or stock exchange than of a church. As priests of The Hand are trained in economics and law, the temple is often contracted by local reeves or lords to hear local disputes, oversee the signing and execution of contracts, and negotiate agreements with other settlements.

For adventurers, the Temple can provide blessings, healing, and other services for a fee, but those who have recently cheated others or acted unselfishly risk being refused admission, or worse. They may also serve as a place for adventurers to find paying work, as locals may post requests for services at the Temple. Busy markets often form in the vicinity of these temples to serve the needs of the crowd and more quickly adjust to the most recent going prices of goods, which are posted on a board in front of the temple.



CLERIC DESCRIPTION

Symbol: The symbol of the invisible hand is a pair of right angles with two inter-secting curves. It is inscribed on amulets, usually worn around the wrists of believers. Those of higher-ranking members are made of more expensive materials.



Weapon proficiencies:

Clerics of the Hand may use only the weapon that is most optimal for themselves, matching their statistics and background; the Hand may disapprove if another party member refuses to part with a weapon that would be better used by the Cleric of the Hand.

Special: Clerics of the Hand are trained in contract law and economics. They gain a +5 bonus in checks to detect deception in the form of fraud or cheating, including detecting forged documents. They also gain a +5 bonus to checks to appraise the value of objects.

Turn unholy: Creatures and entities associated with Chaos, and any sentient being that does not participate in an economy, or manipulates it. This includes corrupt officials, beggars, or nature-dwelling hermits, all of whom will be terrified by an invisible malevolence and the feeling of hands constricting their throats. Some undead are also turned, as they violate the law of unlimited want; exceptions are creatures like vampires that do have a demand for something.



Sacrifices: The Hand hates inefficiency even more than it hates charity. Instead of donating money to the Temple, the Hand demands its followers invest funds in a business venture. A cleric of the Hand is expected to invest all of their money, other than basic living expenses. Each 50GP invested removes one disapproval. Profits from investment ventures can be collected at any Temple of the Hand. The weekly rate of return is rolled at the time of collection as

$(d30 + \text{luck bonus}) / 10$ percent, reduced by 1D for each point of deity disapproval at the time of collection. Items sold on consignment at the temple raise $1 + (d30 + \text{luck bonus}) / 10$ times their value, reduced by 1D for each point of deity disapproval at the time of collection.

Disapproval Table: Clerics of The Hand use this table for disapproval.

Roll Disapproval

- 1 The Hand decries the cleric's lack of understanding of economic principles. The cleric must do nothing but trace supply and demand curves in the dust or some other medium for 10 minutes, as soon as is safely possible to do so.
- 2 The Hand demands his disciples have a clear understanding of the status quo. The cleric must spend at least an hour calculating the exact utility of all of his property. Failure to complete this within 120 minutes adds a -1 penalty to spell checks until complete. When complete the cleric gains +1 to all rolls for 48 hours because of his confidence in his economic situation.
- 3 The cleric must further the cause of equilibrium by hiring a new follower. If he does not hire one new follower in his service by the next sunrise, he takes a -1 penalty to all checks for the following 24 hours. The recruit must be someone who does not act economically rationally or participate in the economy, and he must convince them to do so.



- 4 You've been thinking altruistic thoughts, and the Hand feels all. The cleric immediately incurs an additional -1 penalty to all spell checks that lasts until the next day.
- 5 The cleric must demonstrate his faith in the market, and loses all spellcasting ability until he can engage in a rational economic transaction; the exchange can be goods or services, but the utility on both sides must be the same and must incur no more than a "normal profit" for either party.
- 6 The cleric incurs an immediate -1 penalty to all attempts to lay on hands until he engages in a proselytizing activity... in this case, educating others about rational economics. He must hold a seminar or lecture for at least 3xCL people (or at least semi-sentient beings).
- 7 The cleric must endure a test of increasing wants. He gains an illness that costs him 1 point each of Strength, Agility, and Stamina. The ability score loss heals at the normal rate of 1 point per day. The cleric may not use magic to heal the loss. If the cleric endures the test to the satisfaction of the deity, he retains his magical abilities, and gains a +1 to all checks for 3 days. If not (judge's discretion), his disapproval range immediately increases by another point.



- 8 The hand does not believe your methods are efficient enough. The cleric immediately incurs a -4 penalty to spell checks on the specific spell that resulted in disapproval (including laying on hands and turning unholy, if those were the acts that produced disapproval). This lasts until the next day.
- 9 You've been unexpectedly effective, and the Hand needs to adjust your incentives. The cleric immediately incurs an additional -2 penalty to all spell checks that lasts until the next day.
- 10 Your inefficient methods require direct adjustment. The cleric loses access to one randomly determined level 1 spell. This spell cannot be cast until the next day.
- 11 The cleric must show his faith in the market by auctioning off a piece of his equipment. At least two sentient beings (they may be party members) must bid on the item without collusion, and he must accept the highest bid. Until the auction is complete, he has a -3 penalty to spell check.
- 12 The cleric has received an abnormal profit for his behavior and must pay the difference in opportunity cost. For the rest of the day, the cleric cannot accumulate XP and may not gain class levels as a cleric. After the time period expires, the cleric begins to accumulate XP again as normal but does not accrue "back pay" for XP missed while he was disowned.
- 13 The cleric needs to improve his comparative advantage in certain types of magic. The cleric loses access to two randomly determined level 1 spells. These spells cannot be cast until the next day.
- 14 The Hand needs to prove a point to the cleric about relative value, by transforming all the money he is currently carrying temporarily into widgets. Widgets are items which cannot be clearly described and which have no clear function. Any attempt to describe their form or function comes out as contradictory nonsense. They remain this way for 1d12 hours, +1D for each time this result is rolled.
- 15 As above, but all of the cleric items and equipment become widgets. This change does not affect AC or damage of armor and weapons, nor any magical or spell effects, but the cleric cannot swap out or change any equipment while they are widgets. They remain this way for 1d12 hours, +1D for each time this result is rolled.

- 16 The cleric is cursed to transmogrify objects into widgets by touch of hand. Widgets last 1d12 hours, +D each time the result is rolled. Cleric rolls a D20 to determine what he transmogrifies: 12-20 only money, 7-12 all metal objects, 4-7 all inorganic objects, 2-3 all non-living objects, 1 literally anything.
- 17 As in #14, but the whole party's money is affected.
- 18 As in #15, but the whole party's equipment is affected.
- 19 The cleric (or his Lay On Hands target) is stained with the mark of the monopolist. This physical mark appears like a brand, tattoo, or birthmark — usually in the form of a permanent monocle-like marking over an eye. The symbol is automatically visible to all worshippers of the cleric's faith, even through clothing, but may be invisible to others.
- 20+ The cleric has failed to act efficiently or has gravely upset the Equilibrium, and must regain the Hand's trust. The cleric must pledge all of his earthly wealth to the advancement of a commercial enterprise of the Hand (the judge)'s choosing, the exact details of which will be revealed to him in a dream. He cannot hold any wealth not used in the pursuit of this enterprise, or engage in other pursuits until the Hand's goal is achieved.

The Champion

A DCC Class

by Judge Yossarian



You are an oathbound guardian of your house, an ardent defender of your faith, a tireless slayer empowered by dark rites, a long-suffering freedman sworn to vengeance, a madman who only finds peace in the din of battle.

Of all the classes, Champions have the highest AC, the greatest ability to survive extended combat, and the highest chance of achieving devastating results in combat (to their enemies, or themselves). Their battle trance helps them shrug off damage and achieve critical hits, but fighting with passion rather than technique leaves them open to more fumbles.

Hit points: A champion gains 1d12 hit points at each level.

Weapon training: A champion is trained in the use of these weapons: battleaxe, club, dagger, flail, handaxe, javelin, lance, longsword, mace, polearm, short sword, spear, staff, two-handed sword, and warhammer. Champions disdain ranged weapons except for thrown spears, javelins, and axes.

Armor: Champions may wear flexible light armor such as leather or hide, but their true armor is their lust for combat. A champion adds his level and stamina bonus to his AC when not wearing heavy armor.

Alignment: Champions typically carry the alignment of the cause they serve. Lawful champions serve authorities like kings, tribal elders, or lawful deities and represent them in combat or physical disputes. Chaotic champions may be leaders of bands of outlaws, the warped creations of chaos cults, or the tools of dark gods. Neutral champions may serve nature or neutral philosophies, or be dedicated worshippers of combat itself, only feeling alive when fighting.

Attack modifier: Champions fight with their hearts and lungs rather than their minds or muscles, and win by pushing their bodies beyond the limits of most humans; in addition to the bonus in the chart, they add their stamina bonus to attack and damage rolls.

Battle Trance: Champions go into a state of rage or zen-like focus in battle, depending on alignment and background, that allows them to exceed the limits of their physical bodies. Each Champion has a Trance Die (see the chart below). That die begins every dangerous encounter set at 1 and the number on the die increases by 1 each time the Champion takes damage in combat or kills something. This Trance Die value cannot go beyond the highest number on the die (for example, past 3 on a d3).

During the encounter, all incoming hp damage to the Champion is reduced by the value on the Trance Die and all incoming attribute damage is reduced by $\frac{1}{3}$ the value of the trance die, rounded up. The Champion also adds the current value of their Trance Die to any saves against status effects in combat.

The Trance Die resets to 1 at the end of combat, usually when the party leaves initiative. The Trance Die does not increase outside of combat.

Critical Hits and Fumbles: The Champion's Battle Trance gives them a narrow focus on the foes they pursue that makes critical strikes easier, but can also make them more prone to accidents in combat. A Champion's critical hit range is expanded by the value of their Trance Die for example, a Champion with a trance die at 1 has a critical threat range of 19-20, and a Champion at Trance die 3 has a critical threat

range of 17-20. As with a warrior, however, only a natural roll of 20 is an automatic hit.

However, a Champion's fumble range is increased by their Trance Die minus their class level. For example, a level 1 champion at Trance Die 2 would fumble on an attack roll of 1 or 2, and a level 3 Champion at Trance Die 5 would fumble on a 1, 2, or 3. The fumble threat range cannot be reduced below 1 in this way, and only a roll of a natural 1 is an automatic miss; at higher rolls, if the roll is above target AC but within the fumble threat range, the Champion both hits and fumbles.

Initiative: A Champion adds his class level to his Initiative rolls. At Trance Die 10 or higher, the Champion gets an extra turn at the end of the round, considered last in initiative order. If there are multiple Champions with this effect in the same round, the one with the highest stamina acts first.

Luck: At First level, a Champion's Luck Modifier applies to their Fort save. The modifier is fixed at its starting value and does not change over the course of the Champion's career.

Action dice: A Champion may use his action die for an attack. At 5th level, a Champion also gains a second attack each round with his second action die.





Oaths and Masters:

Champions conquer their enemies through passionate faith, and often are strengthened by dedication to a cause or service to a master, whether mundane or otherworldly. A Champion can only have one such master at a time, and may switch alignment to that of the master.

A champion adds +5 to any spell checks for Patron Bond cast on them by a wizard, can pledge themselves to a deity at any temple or in the presence of a cleric of the deity, and can swear a binding oath to a worldly lord as a master in their presence. The acceptance

of such oaths is at the discretion of the judge. Such an oath or dedication increases the Champion's Trance Die by +1d above normal when fighting in the cause or service of their master, but reduces it by -1d below normal when fighting against the cause or service of their master.

| Level | Attack | Trance Die | Crit Die /Table | Action Die | Ref | Fort | Will |
|-------|--------|------------|-----------------|----------------|-----|------|------|
| 1 | +1 | d3 | 1d10/III | 1d20 | +1 | +2* | +1 |
| 2 | +2 | d4 | 1d12/III | 1d20 | +1 | +3 | +2 |
| 3 | +3 | d5 | 1d14/III | 1d20 | +1 | +3 | +2 |
| 4 | +4 | d7 | 1d16/IV | 1d20 | +2 | +4 | +2 |
| 5 | +5 | d8 | 1d20/IV | 1d20+1d14 | +2 | +4 | +3 |
| 6 | +6 | d10 | 1d24/V | 1d20+1d16 | +2 | +5 | +3 |
| 7 | +7 | d12 | 1d30/V | 1d20+1d20 | +3 | +5 | +4 |
| 8 | +8 | d14 | 1d30/V | 1d20+1d20 | +3 | +6 | +4 |
| 9 | +9 | d16 | 2d20/V | 1d20+1d20 | +3 | +7 | +4 |
| 10 | +10 | d20 | 2d20/V | 1d20+1d20+1d14 | +4 | +8 | +5 |

* The character's Luck Modifier is factored in at 1st Level, and does not change as the Champion's Luck score changes.

The Penitence Shroud

A Magical Item for DCC RPG

by Stefan Surratt

This old and tattered gray shroud once belonged to Saint Arda, a dutiful priestess of Justicia. Saint Arda was once a killer and thief of secrets who served under The Hidden Lord, but renounced her ways to live under the truth and light of Justicia. Arda gave confession and was told to seek out all those she had ever hurt and to hear their sorrows. On Arda's travels of confession and forgiveness she dressed in a humble religious habit. Though Arda's bones turned to dust long ago, her shroud strangely remains and is sometimes used by the Servants of Justicia who seek to take confession from an unwilling servant of chaos.

The Penitence Shroud has the following characteristics in-game:

Its goal is to have agents of chaos confess their sins and renounce their ways.

Any human or humanoid that dons this shroud must make a DC 14 Will save or feel sorrow for unjust actions that they have committed. On a failed saving throw the individual becomes unwilling to act except in the name of justice for 24 hours.

If a magical item powered by the forces of chaos is enshrouded then it must succeed on a DC 14 Will save or any chaotic goals or intelligence within that item is subdued for 24 hours.

The shroud's ability to subdue individuals or items may only be used once per day.

Parchment Poiesis

A Wizard's Spell for DCC RPG

by Stefan Surratt

Level: 1 Range: Touch Duration: Varies Casting Time: 1 round
Save: None

General: The caster produces a piece of parchment paper and writes an arcane symbol on it that commands it to do the caster's bidding. The paper can be used to create tools, servants, and prophecies.

Manifestation: Roll 1d5: (1) parchment glows magenta and assumes its new form; (2) paper folds into itself and erupts outward into its new form; (3) paper disintegrates and reassembles itself; (4) paper transforms into green leaves; (5) ink leaps off the page and forces the paper into its new form.

Corruption: Roll 1d5: (1) the caster's skin becomes papyraceous; (2) the caster's fingernails and toenails become wooden; (3) the caster's whole body is instantly covered in scars from a thousand paper cuts; (4) the caster's sweat becomes an inky black substance; (5) the caster's lips and tongue become black as ink.

Misfire: Roll 1d5: (1) caster begins coughing confetti; (2) paper catches on fire; (3) caster's clothes turn into cardboard; (4) the binding of any books carried by the caster comes apart; (5) any ink containers carried by the caster shatter.

- 1 Lost, failure, and misfire. Roll 1d5 modified by Luck: (0 or less) corruption + misfire; (1-2) corruption; (3+) misfire
- 2-11 Lost. Failure.
- 12-13 The caster can command a piece of parchment to take the form of a simple item. For example: a small weapon, a steel tong, or a flute. The object remains in existence for 1 minute.



- 14-17 As above, but the caster can command the object to move up to 15' away from the caster. If the caster uses the parchmentwork to perform an action, such as picking a lock or making an attack, then the caster will need to perform the check with their usual bonuses.
- 18-19 As above, but the caster also can write a single descriptive word on the parchment to mystically change the nature of it. For example: the caster can write "bouncy" to make the paper bounce like rubber, or to write "flaming" to make it produce arcane flames.
- 20-23 The caster can command $1d4+CL$ pieces of parchment as described above, but can only operate them using the caster's normal amount of Action Dice. The caster can choose to increase the complexity beyond that of a simple item, such as a tiny origami servant or a tool with paper hinges or other moving parts. It will take $1d4$ rounds for the pieces of parchment to arrange themselves into a complex form. The caster will only be able to write up to 6 words in a single round.
- 24-27 As above, but the caster can simultaneously command each piece of parchment at $-1d$ below their primary Action Die.
- 28-29 As above, but now the caster can control $1d10+CL$ pieces of parchment and command each at the caster's primary Action Die. The caster can concentrate on the spell for up to 1 Turn.
- 30-31 As above, but now the caster can write two descriptive words on each parchment of paper.
- 32+ The caster can choose any above result or forego them to write a single sentence of six words or less on a piece of parchment. The sentence written *will* come to pass, but is at the interpretation of the Fates.



S C
C R

The Dryad King

A Mad, Bark-Laden Patron God

by Sean Richer

“In the light of early mornings’ dew- as the dusk incinerates wave after wave of caustic moss.-The Dryad King spreads its fertile madness. All turn to moss in its wake, and all pray to its calloused bark. They say the Dryad King isn’t even a King, let alone a Dryad... all it wants is to turn the world to moss and spread its saplings in the process. All who worship the Dryad King become as leaves in the wind. All who oppose become as twigs underfoot.”

- Scrimshawed into a piece of flesh-addled bark

Hail the laughing tree.

PATRON TAINT: THE DRYAD KING

When Patron Taint is indicated for The Dryad King, roll 1d6 on the table below. When a caster has acquired all six Patron Taints, it becomes a Seedling. (Effects stack from subsequent rolls)

Roll Result

- 1 Mark of Bark: +d3 AC. -d6 HP permanently. Become a Seedling if killed. Coffins made from this bark have a 1 in 20 chance of reanimating those placed inside.
- 2 Mark of Moss: moves silently. +3 to stealth. +2d damage from birds and insects.
- 3 Mark of Ash: can ride the wind and glide; MV 20’. Suffers 10’ knockback from all attacks.
- 4 Mark of Sap: +3 to climb sheer surfaces. -2 to escape constricting attacks. Must make luck check to drop or let go of items.
- 5 Mark of Dew: smells sweet. Recover d3 hp (1/day). All enemies gain a free “bite +6 melee attack (d6)” against caster.
- 6 Mark of Moonlight: Glows brightly in moonlight; illuminates 50’. -3 stealth at night.



SPELLBURN: THE DRYAD KING

All life is nitrous fuel for the old growth; followers of the Dryad King may not spellburn less than 10 points at a time (*they must burn at least 10 points, or nothing happens*). When a caster utilizes spellburn, roll 1d4 on the table below to find out how the Dryad King fertilizes itself.

Roll Result

- 1 Caster screams as their bodily fluids turn into sap. Lose 2 points of an attribute for every point burned. Ignore damage from the next hit, as the sap absorbs the impact.
- 2 Creeping moss bursts forth from below and pins the caster to the ground for d3 turns.
- 3 Caster's bones turn to brittle wood. Lose no attributes due to spellburn, but add +2d to the next damage you receive as the wood splinters and the Dryad King Laughs.
- 4 Normal attribute loss but all products you own made from trees turn to ash and are lost to the wind. Make a DC 16 Fortitude save or fall ill and -d6 to agility for the next d3 days.

Invoke Patron Check Results

Yes, all of these are permanent transformations. All tree forms can grow in any soil or substrate. When it says it takes years, it really takes years. Better make a new character while you wait to become a Dryad King!

- 12-13 You are now a Seedling of the King; your bark is young and green: AC 10; HD 1d8; SP become a Sapling in d3 years.
- 14-17 You are now a Sapling of the King; your leaves catch the morning dew: AC 12; HD 2d8; SP become a Mature in d5 years.
- 18-19 You are now a Mature Tree of the King; people take shade under your supple foliage: AC 15; HD 5d8; SP become an Elder in d8 years.
- 20-23 You are now an Elder Tree of the King; people bury the dead and mourn lovers at your feet: AC 12; HD 7d8; SP become a grove in d10 years.
- 24-27 You are now a Grove of the King; communities hold festivals in your heart: AC 20; HD 12d10; SP plant 5d10 Seedlings and die , or become a Dryad King, Type IV in d12 years.



28-29 *Become a Dryad King, Type IV:*

Init +0; Atk Bramble Strangle +11 melee (2d6); AC 0; HD 8d12; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP Vinestep, Parasitic Barbs, Living Crown, Demon Traits (see Rulebook); SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C.

Vinestep: 2x MV near vegetation

Parasitic Barbs: damaged targets make DC 21 Reflex save, or take an additional d6 damage as the barbs embed.

Living Crown: whenever damaged, gain +1 AC as a crown of sap forms over the wounds. Lasts until healed. If killed, you can make armor from its sap; this armor will absorb 1 attack then shatter.

30-31 *Become a Dryad King, Type V:*

Init +0; Atk Bramble Strangle +11 melee (2d6); AC 0; HD 8d12; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP Vinestep, Parasitic Barbs, Living Crown, Fertile Rebirth, Demon Traits (see Rulebook); SV Fort +12, Ref +5, Will +7; AL C.

Vinestep: 3x MV near vegetation

Parasitic Barbs: damaged targets make DC 25 Reflex save, or take an additional d6 damage as the barbs embed.

Living Crown: whenever damaged, gain +d3 AC as a crown of sap forms over the wounds. Lasts until healed. If killed, you can make armor from its sap; this armor will absorb 1 attack then shatter.

Fertile Rebirth: On death, plant 3d10 Seedlings.

32+ *Duplicity; become 2 Dryad Kings, Type V. Run through the hills and cause havoc.*

D20 Potentialis Tables

by David Koslow

*...Dost thou dream of screaming skies and portentous virescent sunsets?
Dost thou desire the elemental freedom to traverse the planes of
existence — to sunder the seas and pilfer the stars themselves...?*

The masters may have chained your physical form but your spirit persists, unimpeded. Roll on the *Potentialis Tables* below to find out what inter-planar curiosity will fascinate, intrigue, or otherwise confound your PCs next as they quest through the multiverse. The table results - potentialities - are themed according to a specific environment and can be readily placed in an adventure with a congruent setting. The result might be a simple landmark, rumor, or strangeness that adds color to your world - or it might be the seed of an entire adventure!

Corybantic Coasts

Roll 1d20

1. A stinking flock of lanky sea-stirges ambush the PCs - mostly to steal reflective or metallic items they can carry in their crooked beaks. Objects stolen in this way have a chance of being recovered from their foul dens located in a nearby sheltered seaside cave.
2. Double-winged cormorants put on a splendid exhibition of dive-fishing into a roiling shoal of fish; their handlers have mastered the art of sea-raven husbandry and laze in shoddy canoes as the darting birds plunge into and out of the sea with bellies full of the day's catch. Most of the handlers would be willing to contract a cormorant to the PCs at an exorbitant price to use for their own fishing or - more likely - treasure hunting.
3. Shouts and the sounds of weapons clashing are heard as a chitin elemental overwhelms a group of hapless local smugglers that intended to make off into the night with stolen alchemical booty. Dangerous and unstable reagents stolen from a local potion-maker slosh in their crate as the elemental wraps a steely vice-claw around the container to cleave it in half.

4. The gray sands of this section of coast are rich in a particular ash that is only found in the negative material plane. Likely summoned and harvested by a long dead wizard, the sands themselves form strange lattices of raised hexagonal mounds in places. There are rumors of phlogiston anomalies and spatial disturbances near these mounds that result in irregular physics, inescapable ditches, and pocket dimensions.
5. The surf suddenly begins to retract far into the ocean revealing the remains of what could only be a titan's shipwreck. A somehow unnoticed vessel the size of a village was torn apart and half-buried in the slime and brine of the sea by something; there are no rocks or reefs of adequate size in view that this vessel could have been dashed upon.
6. The right mix of humidity and prevailing winds in this area generate a spectacle of flashing heat-lightning. Travelers and locals alike can be found whiling away cloying summer nights watching entranced as 'gods wrestle on the horizon.'
7. The ubiquitous sea-spray in this area contains intense concentrations of corroding salts that give any metal object under duress a higher than normal chance to break. As a result the local craftspeople are deft wood and stone artisans.
8. A supercell of waterspouts has created a cascade of rotting diseased fish to rain down on coastal villages - spreading a particularly virulent form of red-reef madness.
9. A Benthic goddess intends to subvert Hecate's mastery of the coasts. The goddess was sentenced to the hypoxic depths for a transgression made across one of Hecate's primeval thresholds and has now found means of escape. A menagerie of terrifyingly fanged and glowing creatures are sent forth that corrupt the local catch and strange weaving lights are spotted in the obsidian crashing waves; Hecate's threshold will not hold for long.
10. Brilliantly dyed sails of a dozen catamarans can be seen cutting through the surf that surrounds a seaside abbey dedicated to Pelagia. The maritime monks regularly comb the beaches for mollusk shells and grind them into brilliant violet and carmine powders to dye their sailcloth.
11. Olive-colored sands mark the fabled Peridot Islands where it is rumored an explosive pallasite meteor long ago smote the atoll,

eventually infusing the local flora and fauna with exotic minerals and alloys. Irradiated conches glow beneath the clear waters as tortoises tour the reefs armored in palladium shells.

12. Volcanic elementals quarreling in the court of Hephaestus have triggered an eruption event in a chain of nearby islands, bringing toxic fumes and blessed vermilion sands to the coast. The former are incredibly deadly and the latter exceedingly precious; it is said the red sands are required for the smelting of mythical chthonic alloys.
13. A titanic pinion-quill is found spinning in a large tidal pond isolated by the receding tide. Shed by the legendary feathered whale, if left undisturbed this long cerulean feather will orient in any saltwater to indicate the current direction of its brobdingnagian cetacean.
14. The wild horses endemic to this stretch of coastline have been blessed by their god with incredible strength, limitless endurance, and an intellect far beyond most ungulates. Having lived in peaceful coexistence with the local human villages for generations, the Lord of Horses' favored mare has now disappeared - likely kidnapped by servants of The Hidden Lord for inimical schemes.
15. The PC that most recently bathed dreams of a black nacreous orb having an exact topology of the surface of the moon that grants the bearer the power to control the tides; this orb serves as the frontispiece to the Drowned Court, and can only be removed from its pedestal by those that are being asphyxiated at the time of removal.
16. Emissaries from the Material Plane of Pearl uncharacteristically lust for war, playing the local rulers and warlords against each other with unsubstantiated rumors of insult and intrigue. The emissaries require vast amounts of mortal blood to complete the ritual to create a sanguine pearl, and as far as they are concerned, "all mortal blood flows to the sea."
17. A colossal, vaguely humanoid stone formation serves as a breakwater to an estuary filled with a complex network of submerged ruins; the formation itself is the petrified and weathered remains of the six-armed orc god who was pinned in a cosmic wrestling match.

18. The visible part of an iceberg is spotted some distance out from the shore; it is a tremendous piece of prehistoric ice containing the complete frozen carcass of an extremely large extinct carcharodon, seemingly frozen mid-combat with a missing creature. The arrival of this iceberg is portended by villagers finding huge shark teeth that wash ashore.
19. The new moon brings a monthly phosphorescent algae bloom that gilds the nighttime surf with a brilliant yellow incandescence; the local villagers hold a ritual celebration to rejoice in this golden light and ply all visitors with food and song.
20. The local storied spear-fishermen guild makes great sport running their swordfishing marathons and have done so for generations. Grizzled humans and their lumbering reptilian counterparts cooperate in desperate sorties hoping to do maritime battle with the horned blue-finned hulks in hopes of lancing the yearly prized *nemesis fish*.

Foregone Forests

Roll 1d20

1. The humid whirring of cicadas accompanies a seldom seen spectacle in the forest: a dazzling polychromatic display in the nighttime canopy caused by a vast colony of fireflies. For a quarter mile in all directions, the wood is covered with a psychedelic cloud of these remarkable insects; jars of these fireflies fetch fortunes in the fey markets.
2. A stag trail cuts through low brambles, a-titter with the whispers of wee-folk. The triple-eyed gaze of an idle brownie searches the PCs to discern if they bear the triple knotted vine token that guarantees safe passage through their mystifying domain.
3. Placid visions of a consecrated copse deep within the wood appear to those PCs that are particularly in tune with woodland spirits. In these visions, standing heads above any known cervid, a sylvan stag deity chews cud and stares idly at the PC; its majestic network of antlers play host to flowering ivy lace, birds' nests, and sweet-smelling beehives.

4. A swirling lilac fog suffuses the air as the PCs are attacked by a swarm of ravenous ultramoths. These monstrous aberrations spread soporific spores by shedding a purplish haze from their wings that is inhaled by their prey, quickly paralyzing them. This alone is not fatal. Once immobile the moths must then locate the eyes of the immobilized creature and establish what can only be described as a stare: an intense psychic assault on the mind of their paralyzed victim. Legends say that to be subject to the ruinous stare of the ultramoth is “to have your soul burned alive.”



5. The Horned Goddess presides over the timber crags of the Shattered Forest; this mountainous area of temperate pine is marred by soaring spines of granite and basalt rich in precious exotic metals. Her berserkers comb the canopied peaks with celestial-bronze axes and the baying of double-irised changeling wolves, looking for those who would dare to plunder their goddess's domain.
6. The vacuum left in the wake of the King of Elfland's illicit grand tour across the planes is felt in the forest. Obsequious cicerones occupy the King's attention as the marshals of the Wild Hunt terrorize the prime material plane without pause. Reports speak of precious woodland beasts being poached with ghastly spears, and spectral hunting lights that precede their murderous hunting parties.
7. A portly badger father has misplaced his reckless kits and is found searching through hollows and fens to retrieve them. The kits are scattered among brush, log, and puddle. At least one can be found struggling, butt-end out, to extricate itself from a tree-knot; another can be found napping under a blueberry bush with a juice-stained muzzle. If reunited, the badger family assures the PCs they have the gratitude of the forest, and gives them the whereabouts of an especially prolific beehive.
8. The ruins of an antediluvian city lay shattered and broken in a silent, treeless clearing. The piles of alabaster remains hint at masonry unparalleled in antiquity; boulders of marble and gypsum quarried leagues away were transformed into cyclopean columned temples and structures laced with seashells and acanthus leaves. Most of the structures are now reduced to ruination. While the progenitors of the city are long dead, a race of heavy-footed horned mandrills have taken residence in the city and rely on their wicked aim and head-sized rocks to pelt intruders in their new home.
9. Grotan is dying; while the primordial arbor spirit will soon pass amongst its beloved siblings, Grotan's truest dying wish is to have its sole winged samara-seed planted in a distant land. If a PC demonstrates that they are a true friend of the wood, Grotan will benison them with this hefty seed along with instruction to plant it near a surging coast. Rather than a tree, this seed will grow into a mighty - and sentient - oaken sea-vessel.
10. A major celestial ley line runs through this part of the wilds. The progeny of the hunters and trappers that migrated here exhibit

extraordinary abilities: wood-walking, second sight, keen animal husbandry, and a proclivity for invoking extraordinary energies. Rumors of mixed elvish blood and secret assignations in the fey plane belie the true nature of these mutations: the changed humans have adapted to an environment suffused with unfathomable energies.

11. I may the witch keeps a modest chimneyed chantey not far from the smallest of the Eight Sovereign Frontiers. Marked by the unmistakable scent of sassafras, her cabin has known few travelers, and even fewer confidants. While obtuse, she rarely intends harm, and will readily invite the PCs to take shelter in her modest cabin should they have the need. The lean witch typically accommodates her guests with whatever food her familiars can procure, and goes about her day without clothing, wreathing herself in solid smoke vestments drawn from her hearth when propriety is required. She travels the planes via hearth magic and will leave her twin pet martens to keep after her cabin when she's away.
12. The stench of sulfur and the sounds of merrymaking fill a nearby glade; Mistress Sorreminx's retinue has taken a diversion in their itinerary to bathe in the steaming waters of a rare sylvan hot spring. Fey dragoons doff their armor and perform their ritual ablutions as the mistress makes courtly chatter with her favored viziers, her servants ushering silvered platters bearing exotic fruits and potent wines between the bathing attendants.
13. Upon entering the Domain of the Raven, the PCs are sought by a messenger magpie in service of the devilishly handsome Raven-King. The messenger has an equal chance of gifting a magical item to a PC that will help them navigate the wood, fixating on a shiny object carried by a PC and neglecting to convey the message, or joining the PCs' party.
14. A druid of the forest informs the PCs that a spider demon has been slain by an inter-planar champion, and its trapdoor lair has long been plundered of its wealth - except for a single chest. The druid emphasizes that even the worms dare not crawl near it. The occasional obstinate traveler will attempt to open the chest and never return. The chest is actually enchanted with powerful portal magic; when opened, any curious plunderer (and anything else inside the lair) is instantly transported from the prime material plane to an identical lair on the fey plane.

15. Hyere the river trader shares the location of his favorite hunting lodge with the PCs to use as needed. The lodge is secreted in a thick stand of trees, cylindrical lengthwise and completely covered in moss. Thick hand-cut glass windows indicate the presence of a cozy, emerald-hued hearth burning within. Basic trekking supplies can be found throughout while the larder is stuffed with pickled sockeye and salted rutabaga. Hyere insists that whatever spirit inhabits the hearth must deter foul creatures who would otherwise plunder the abode.
16. The vision of a mournful feather-cloaked rider upon a white mare appears to one or more of the PCs. This figure is the inter-planar projection of the daughter of the King of Elfland's spirit; in her father's absence she has grown restless and solipsistic. Shirking her courtly duties she spends her time tending to dreams of journeys in exotic places - sands of fire and spice, unrivaled craggy sierras, mammoth-trodden tundras. In these dreams her spirit wanders the cosmos, sometimes appearing as a ghostly apparition to other beings.
17. A day's trek takes the PCs to a montane forest harboring a vaunted winery renowned for its sparkling vintages - and fiercely competitive attitudes. There are rumors that the vintner herself negotiated infernal patronage with a Dionysian entity to gain the knowledge required to brew her peerless wine. No one knows what she must owe her patron or what other supernatural intervention has been done for the sake of her gustatory reputation.
18. The fiery autumn foliage in this ancient vale of maple groves is a sight beyond description - and comprehension. The seasonal turning of the leaves births miles of encrimsoned canopies and a curious arcane negation: fires built beneath the carmine foliage hold no heat. The discovery of this enigma has finally reached the City of Brass where an enraged Sultan schemes to destroy this mysterious vale and the trees with it as an affront to his reputation as the chief-most Efreeti of Fire.
19. The PCs are informed that the god-beast Baraha, the spirit of a mythical roc that was bound by duty to protect an elven hamlet, has been missing for months. Confirmed to be imprisoned and enduring torture in a pocket dimension, Baraha is forced to relive its mortal death in an unending loop until the horrid spell is broken and the pocket dimension is collapsed.

20. A particularly snide wood-hag has creatively eliminated one of her most pressing problems: the nosey local “band” of altruistic rogues and smarmy highwaymen. The solution? She cursed their mortal forms to become that of dogs. Each one of them. Despairing, this “band” of dogs has sought out the PCs as serendipitous passersby. Still half-clothed in their human vestments the canine companions attempt to relay their story to the PCs to the best of their ability without the use of human speech. They will focus their efforts on getting the PCs to help restore their human forms, and likely fail to convey a warning to the PCs for the score of hissing basilisks the wood-hag keeps as guardians.

Spirited Cities

Roll 1d20

1. Each night, soaring augite pillars bearing behemoth-oil braziers are lighted by hopeful merchants to attract scores of viridian luna moths. The wing-powder shed from their clumsy flight is collected in great meshed baskets as an exotic dye agent and alchemical reagent.
2. A local bon-vivant and playboy intends his masque to be the sensation of the century. His lavish brass aviary is to be repurposed as a great domed ballroom in which emissaries and executives alike can dine on imported beasts and imbibe potent intoxicants. As with all good parties the evening is expected to degenerate into a tumult of play and perversion - all under the piercing eyes of his prized *Chamrosh*.
3. The moon intercedes the sun in an unexpected and total eclipse, attracting gasps of horror and fascinated gazes of most townsfolk present but, strangely, not all. Those PCs that resist the urge to view the celestial syzygy witness an even more disturbing reality: a handful of nobles in the crowd no longer appear human — their changeling nature now exposed by the twilight of the eclipse.
4. The ignominious minstrel-ship *Phantalos* makes its first port of call in the city’s harbor. Housing a complete three-story amphitheater on-ship, the crew of the *Phantalos* famously serve as both a repertory company and swashbuckling privateers. Productions often involve tightrope stiletto fights and bombastic canon blasts. Each city that hosts the ship’s productions finds itself inevitably littered with piles of chintzy playbills magically induced to rain from the sky.

5. Endless teams of masons and carpenters conscripted by moneyed aristocrats have at last completed a lofty network of glittering quartzite sky-walks. The despotic elites promenade above the rabble and dung of the unwashed cobblestones, completely oblivious to the furious revolution stewing in the hearts of those beneath them.
6. A grim resistance leader shrouds his production and dissemination of inflammatory literature under the guise of an orphanage. His network of impudent urchins and jackanapes distribute the spirit of revolution across the city. While an unshakeable supporter of the cause, his one and only soft spot is for the children themselves.
7. A throng of hunters, far-striders, swashbucklers, and other battle-scarred self-styled adventurers jockey around the newest mark-bill posted by the hunters' cloister. The spice shipments that bring great wealth to the sovereigns of the city have been stalled by consistent attacks from a thundering saurian addicted to the fulsome narcotics found in the dromedaries' spice barrels.
8. Countless swarms of vibrantly colored birds-of-paradise have become nigh uncontrollable in the city. Rooftops - gilded, tiled, or thatched with straw - all now give host to these strikingly-hued pests. It is rumored even the royal observatory is filled with cerulean tail feathers and passerine dung. Perceptive PCs will take note of the peculiar absence of prowling cats within the city walls.
9. Alchemical fumes have slowly accrued in the lower elevation boroughs of the city, finding their strongest concentration in the soot-smearred smithing quarter. The carbonized slag and sable effluvium belched out of the burning furnaces of these workshops combines with the potent alchemical gases and births a roaring smog elemental. Burning and choking its way through the borough, it searches for further sources of pollution to absorb.
10. The PCs witness a heated exchange between an aged and respected community mother and a city legionnaire concerning an oft-repeated rumor: the duke means to install pylon barricades on the exterior of the city gates effectively creating a way to seal the city shut from the outside. There is a small chance that these rumors can be substantiated by other credible sources in the community.

11. An aspiring senator announces a grandiose call for the next great public works project. A trusted confidant, or devious rival, soon recommends one or more of the PCs be appointed as managers to the city-spanning endeavor. The PCs have several options among managing the construction effort, submitting ideas and designs for the project itself, or sourcing and securing mundane and exotic materials from surrounding sites.
12. The astrologers' annex appears to have a quisling in their midst. Some envious colleague or apoplectic pupil has absconded with the tremendous *refracting optiscope* - a seeing device of large dimension and distinctive silhouette, its presence is a well-known part of the district's skyline. Actuated on a network of wrought iron racks and pinions, the chief astrologer is at a loss as to how the instrument could have possibly been pilfered.
13. In the PCs' peregrinations there is a small chance that one or more of the PCs stumble upon the well-hidden entrance to a small subterranean warehouse. Decked with tools, schematics, and apparatuses of nebulous purpose this warehouse is in fact a shuttered and forgotten royal hangar - containing a gallery of corroded and rotting prototype dirigibles.
14. A culinarian of regional renown has recently revitalized a decrepit block of town. Locals are seen flocking to his new establishment bringing whatever coin they possess in hopes of obtaining a single seat at the cook's illustrious table; some peasants even lead prized livestock through the streets in hopes of bartering for a meal. PCs who manage to consume a meal at this establishment enjoy a small temporary bonus to an ability score based on the ingredients as determined by the Judge.
15. A sneak thief has absconded with the precious ornamental incense lamp of an envoy from the Burning Sands - and surreptitiously planted it in one of the PCs sacks. It is no coincidence that the gendarmes have also been alerted to this "disappearance" of the lamp with spurious claims of the innocent PC having been seen hastily sketching a rough map of the sovereign gardens where it was taken.
16. Raucous shouts abound as a bladdered and blind-drunk judge of the imperial courts blithely mistakes one of the PCs as a long lost schoolmate. His attendant hands don't have much chance at preventing the besotted judge from offering his precious signet ring to the favored PC as a tipsy token of loyalty. Returning the

aquiline-faced ring grants the PCs privileged access to the judge's lavish urban chateau, or if kept it can be used to falsify ruinous court proclamations.

17. A peccadillo in the court of chaos has inadvertently superimposed the elemental planes of fire and water, causing whirling blankets of humid steam to spread through the cosmos. Cities' waterworks around the world suddenly generate oppressive layers of opaque inter-planar fog. Clandestine cults and wolfish reavers quickly come to see this as a sign from the gods that now is the time to seize the reins of civilization.
18. Following an encounter with a vigilante thieves guild operative, the PC having the highest Personality score finds a strange coin nailed to their door jamb. This token of appreciation, either for deeds done, or for a newly recognized rivalry, is an enchanted coin; each time the coin is flipped and revealed, it will become a different heads-up coin. The new version of the coin could be bullion from a local market or an exotic token of value from an alien world.
19. Unmapped and rarely wandered, a labyrinthine series of quarried viaducts and waterways exist beneath the known metropolis. The cartographers guild has recently ceased all further surveys into the cyclopean spillways without public comment. Rumors abound, a member of the guild approaches the PCs with a request; accompany her into the plunging sluices and help her confirm her theory: the chthonic sewer system contains a portal to the home plane of the progenitor race that created the foundation of the metropolis.
20. Searing blasts of energy rip holes in the soaring arabesque domes of the palace - the capital is under attack! An armada of warlocks and sorceresses from the northern kingdoms weave through the air, hurling javelins of flame and rays of destruction down on the city. The PCs have a decision to make: join the wildcat resistance or loot the palace and escape the walls before the city is occupied and martial law is declared.

3 Wizard Spells

by Mat Biscan

Chromacast

Level: 2 Range: Varies Casting: 1 Action Duration: Varies
Save: Varies

General: The wielder of this spell becomes the master of light. To them, it is more than color, but rather a clue to the mystery of the universe. Casters of this spell gain heightened perception, noticing pieces of the universe hidden inside light waves that others cannot see, such as dark energy, fissile gluons, or threads of the planes themselves.

Manifestation: Roll 1d5: 1-2 hair suddenly changes color *1. Red, 2. Green, 3. Blue, 4. Yellow, 5. Black, 6. White*; 3-4 Skin changes tone for 1d3 hours - *1. Red, 2. Green, 3. Blue, 4. Yellow, 5. Black, 6. White*; 5 A low illumination manifests from the caster's orifices, mostly from the mouth, equivalent to the brightness of a firefly or weak candle. The more the spell is cast, the stronger the light becomes, but it will grow weaker each day the spell is not cast until it no longer shines.

Corruption: Roll 1d5: *1-2* Skin slightly changes tone and continues to change fully towards that color each time the result is rolled: *1. Red, 2. Green, 3. Blue, 4. Yellow, 5. Black*; *3-4* Colorblindness, one of the following colors gradually reverts to a gray tone, becoming less visible and more gray each time this result is rolled: *1. Red, 2. Green, 3. Blue, 4. Yellow*; *5* Caster shifts in and out of time, starting out slightly out-of phase, with the phasing growing more obvious each time the result is rolled. Caster takes -1 to personality checks as looking at them for a period of time gives others a headache, nausea, short attention spans, and so forth.

Misfire: Roll 1d3: 1 Caster shines like the sun for 1d3 rounds, all allies and enemies standing within 30', including the caster, are blinded and take -10 penalty on their next action; 2 caster moves into another dimension very, very briefly, and then comes back out up to 50ft away from their original location in a random direction. Roll 1d5 for 10ft per number (rolling a 1 would be 10ft and 5 would be 50ft), then roll 1d6: 1. up, 2. down, 3. left, 4. right, 5. forward, 6. backward; 3 caster splits into red, yellow, and blue colors for 1d5 minutes; caster cannot interact with anything physically and takes no physical damage; these color versions of the caster overlap each other, but are not exactly aligned.

- 1 Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6: 1-2) Corruption; 3-6) Misfire.
- 2-8 Lost, failure.
- 9-12 One of the caster's fingers glows like a firefly's backside. The first thing it touches illuminates for 1d4 hours, no brighter than a torch.
- 13-14 The caster's eyes glow a color of their choice. Everything that color within 100 ft of the caster turns to gray tones. When the caster's eyes fixate upon an enemy, that enemy stumbles as the caster's body flickers and phases to them. They must make a will save with DC equal to the spell check. Those that fail this save have a penalty to attack the caster equal to the caster's level for 1 round per caster level, plus intelligence bonus.
- 15-17 The caster ignores space and time, and may step out of the physical dimension briefly in order to go through or around anything that is normally solid for 1d4 + caster level rounds. If the caster were to return to their normal form within a solid material, such as a wall or a mountain, the caster is stuck there until they can get themselves out or are removed in some other reasonable way, applying drowning rules.
- 18-19 The caster's body splits into cyan, magenta, and yellow light color for 1d4 rounds + caster level. All physical damage taken and given is halved; caster's AC during the effect is equal to the spell check.
- 20-23 Same as 18-19, but physical damage taken and given is quartered. In addition, the caster can move twice their speed.

- 24-27 Same as 20-23, but no physical damage can be taken or given. In addition, the caster can move in any direction, ignoring gravity and phasing through solid objects.
- 28-29 The caster absorbs the energy around them and transforms it into laser beams that shoot from their eyes, with the color of their choosing, doing 4d10 damage to anything up to 1000 ft. If the damage is higher than the target's hp, the remaining damage goes to the next target behind the last victim. It cannot pass through 2 ft of stone or 6 inches of metal.
- 30-31 The caster absorbs all the energy around them, and releases it as a fission shockwave that can do either 2d12 damage up to 100ft, 4d8 damage up to 50ft, or 8d6 damage up to 20ft. All within blast range, except for the caster, who is immune, must make a reflex save with DC equal to 15 + caster level to avoid full blast damage if they can move out of range. On a success, they take half damage.
- 32+ The caster's physical body is replaced by three light color manifestations: cyan, magenta, and yellow. Each color may move independently for a number of hours equal to the caster level, plus intelligence bonus. Each color is not impeded by the laws of physics and is immune to physical attacks, however the caster may choose to interact with physical space and negate that immunity for 1 round. Each color has hp equal to $\frac{1}{3}$ the caster's max hp. If a color's hp drops to zero, the spell dissipates and the caster takes as much damage immediately as did each color, returning as one form into a spot equidistant between each of the colors' locations at the time; each manifestation's AC is equal to caster's, plus 33% (rounding up).

Devour

Level: 3 Range: Varies Casting: 1 Action Duration: Varies
Save: Varies

General: Casters of this dark magic absorb the life energy of others to use for their own unimaginable desires.

Manifestation: Roll 1d3. *1* The caster smells of lavender and pepper. *2* Any dirt or debris on the caster and their carried items become clean, as if freshly washed. *3* The caster temporarily gains 1 HP until the next time they lose health.

Corruption: Roll 1d6. *1-4* The caster's eyes become slightly sunken, almost sickly. The more times this result is rolled, the more sunken their eyes become until lost completely in shadow. *5* The caster permanently loses 1 point in the ability score or HP they intended to devour. *6* the caster permanently loses 1 HD.

Misfire: Roll 1d4. *1-2* The caster cannot muster the will to speak for 1d4 hours. *2-3* The caster loses their own hp, expelling 1d4 hp equally to all around them up to a 50' radius. *4* The caster temporarily loses 1d4 points from one random ability score and must regenerate them over time as if the loss was spellburned.

1 Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6: 1-2) Corruption; 3-5) Misfire; 6) Corruption and misfire.

2-11 Lost, failure.

12-14 The caster's fingers glow bright. Upon touching a target, the caster temporarily removes 1d3 points from one of the target's ability scores of the caster's choosing for 1 round per caster level. Should the target's ability score be reduced to 0, they are unable to move or speak until the duration ends.

15-17 Same as above, plus the caster absorbs all points removed for 1 round per caster level to the caster's own ability score for 1+CL rounds.

- 18-20 The glowing of the caster's fingers allows the caster to instead absorb any one mundane property of an item, such as AC from armor, or attack bonus from a weapon. In doing so, the item is destroyed. The caster may use the property bonus for 1 hour per caster level.
- 21-22 Same as above, but the caster may absorb any one magical property. In doing so, the item is temporarily mundane until the effect wears off.
- 23-25 A light shines out from the caster's mouth, eyes, and nose, absorbing from one target hp equal to caster level. The target becomes immobile, unable to take an action on their next turn, as light escapes from their mouth, eyes, and nose into the caster's.
- 26-27 Same as above, but the hp absorption is equal to a roll of the caster's full HD.
- 28-29 Same as above, but the caster may touch an ally to transfer the absorbed hp to.
- 30-31 A piercing wave of light emits out from the caster in all directions up to 100'. The caster must state which ability score they wish to temporarily gain points towards *or* heal hp from. Each target must roll a fortitude save against 10 + caster level. Those that fail lose 1d4 of the ability score or hp, those who succeed lose half that amount, minimum 1. Ability and hp damage may be healed as normal. If the caster chose an ability score to devour, the gain will wear off after 1 hour per caster level.
- 32+ A cold force emits from the caster, their touch searing and painful, as they insert their hands into the body of their intended target, pulling forth a glowing shard of their life-force. This life-force is represented by 1 HD, and permanently reduces the target's HD by 1. The HD must be bound to an object the caster owns. As long as this object remains in the caster's possession, should their hp be reduced to 0 in any manner, the caster will be resurrected on their next turn as the shard of the life force rejuvenates them. The object is destroyed, and the caster must re-roll HD for a new maximum hp and gain 100% hp back.

Plant Growth

Level: 2 Range: Varies Casting: 1 Action Duration: Varies
Save: Varies

General: With this spell, the caster calls on vernal forces to create a cornucopia of botanical impediments, metastasizing foliage, and flesh-eating vegetal growth.



Manifestation: Roll 1d3: 1 All plants within 1000ft instantly flower and bloom; 2 Bees and other pollinating insects instantly appear before the caster and briefly swirl around causing a mild gust of air before disappearing; 3 The air smells of sweetness, like honey or brown sugar.

Corruption: Roll 1d6. 1-3 The caster's skin begins to grow small patches of moss and grass grows within their hair; 4-5 Tiny green vines and colorful flowers grow out from the caster's ears, nose, and other orifices; 6 The caster's skin becomes hardened like bark, reducing their agility score by 1 and increasing their natural AC by 1.

Misfire: Roll 1d4. 1-2 Chunks of dead and dried plant debris erupts from the earth tens of feet up into the air, dropping down around those within 20' of the caster; any creature or person within the affected area must roll a DC 10 reflex save or lose their next turn as they become blinded and distracted by the material; 3 The air turns poisonous 20' around the caster; all within the area must make a DC 10 fortitude save or take 1d4 poison damage; 4 Up to 20' of ground around the caster briefly softens; all within the area must make a DC 10 reflex save to jump out before it hardens, immobilizing them. Anyone trapped this way can spend a turn breaking out of hardened earth.

- 1 Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6: 1-2) Corruption; 3-5) Misfire; 6) Corruption and misfire.
- 2-8 Lost, failure.
- 9-11 Small blooms (such as spray roses or daffodils), flowering vines (such as philodendron or pothos), or clumps of moss and lichen, spring out from the caster's hands, up to 1 handful per caster level. These plants will wither, turn brown, and eventually disintegrate within 1 hour per caster level.
- 12-14 A ring of earth, up to 5' per caster level around the caster fills with plant growth, such as grass or brush, up to 6ft high for 1 hour per caster level.
- 15-17 A swift burst of air filled with pollen travels towards up to one large target the caster points to. As the pollen falls into it, fine grass, small flowers, lichen, and moss sprout from its surfaces (such as skin, armor, or clothing), lasting up to 1 hour per caster level.

- 18-21 Same as above, except the plant growth is large and heavy, impeding movement and speed if the target can move. If the target is attacking, they may only make 1 attack. If the target is moving, they can only move half the distance. Includes an initiative penalty of -5. If the target is an object that is breakable, the weight can break it.
- 22-23 Same as above, but there can be a number of additional targets equal to the caster's level, or the caster may apply the effect on one target a number of times equal to the caster's level.
- 24-27 A swift burst of air filled with pollen travels towards one living large or smaller target the caster points at. As the pollen is inhaled and ingested, the target must make a will save. On a fail, the living target takes 1d8 per caster level damage as plants grow from the inside-out, pouring out from orifices and ripping through flesh, skin, or chitin. On a failure and success, the living target cannot physically move for 1d4 rounds, impeded by intense physical pain.
- 28-29 Same as above, but increase living targets by 1 per caster level or the caster may choose one target as many times to multiply the effect by.
- 30-31 Summon 2d4 per caster level man-sized, flesh-eating plant growth with 3d8 HD, ATK + 6, AC 11, DMG 2d6, reach 10'. Upon successful attack, the target must roll a strength test against the growth's attack roll or be grappled. The target can use its turn to escape, rolling strength against the attack roll. Each turn a target is grappled, it takes 1d4 damage while being squeezed. If a target cannot escape in 3 rounds, the growth swallows it whole. If the growth is destroyed, all swallowed prey is ejected. Drowning rules apply. These plants emerge instantly through any earth that is available up to 6 feet below the surface, breaking through any solid structures blocking the surface and can be controlled by the caster. These plants last for 1 week per caster level, or until destroyed.

32+ In addition to the previous result, the caster may apply an additional effect to the plant growth from the list below:

- Dense Tendrils: +1d4 grapple damage.
- Venomous Spikes: When attacked, target must roll a fortitude save against the growth's attack roll, or be knocked out for 1d4 hours.
- Deep Roots: Growth can last for an additional week per caster level.
- Ravenous Appetite: When a target is grappled, it has 1 round to escape before being swallowed.

JUST DROPPED IN

A small collection of monsters to drop into your games when the party is traveling from here to there, over long distances, through strange, unknown vistas, or fully enmeshed in terra incognita...

by bygrinstow

The Horrid Thing

Somewhere in a remote corner of the world where few tread, the Horrid Thing lurks. The size of a small shack, it is an amorphous thing, composed almost entirely of the lifeless carcasses of the local fauna — and as many humans and humanoids as it can get ahold of...

The brain at the center of the beast is a bucket-sized, berry-shaped, malignant growth. Through some fell fey power, the Horrid Thing has its claimed prey clinging to it as they decay, making it a huge collection of cadavers, giving it numerous lifeless limbs and faces. It absorbs the intelligence of the dead creatures it surrounds itself with, and so its cognitive abilities fluctuate with its diet. It hungers for intelligence, seeking the richest source it can identify.

The Horrid Thing

Init +3, Atk mental dagger (1d6, Ref 17 to avoid, 40' cone), psychic drain +6 (2d6 hp + 1d4 INT, 60'), "bump" +7 (2d6, see below), HD 6d6, AC 21, MV 30, swim 15, Act 1d20+1d14, SP detect intelligence, chill touch, Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +3, AL C

The Horrid Thing can give up an Action Die to maintain an ongoing Chill Touch effect, similar to the spell at a result of 23 — for anyone making a melee attack against the creature, they must make a Reflex Save vs. DC 12 to avoid coming into contact with it, whether accidentally as it shambles around, or by getting touched by one of its many flopping, lifeless limbs. Contact while the chill touch effect is active means taking 2d6 damage. *[Re-read the "General" entry of the spell, to see how appropriate this is!]*

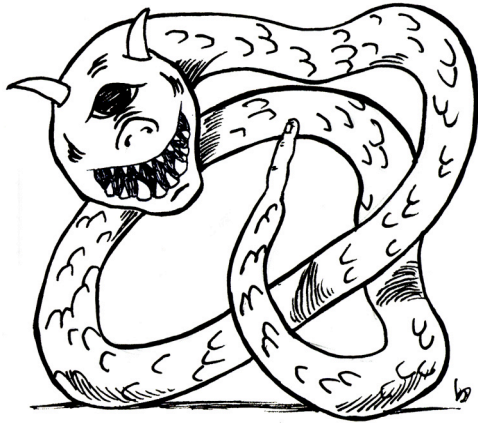


If the Horrid Thing uses that sacrificed Action Die for anything else, the Chill Touch effect ends.

It can also detect intelligent creatures or characters, similar to the spell Detect Evil at a result of 23. It is immediately aware of all intelligent creatures (INT score of 3 & up) within 180' of it. It can discern relative levels of Intelligence, and will generally target those of highest Intelligence first.

The Horrid Thing is accompanied by a small demonic creature...

Fricsid is a very minor demon from a lesser hall of Hell. He's come to the mortal realm to practice new ways of torturing lost souls, and the Horrid Thing is his first experiment. The torment of the minds of the creatures whose memories and intellect are being absorbed into the Horrid Thing gives Fricsid great insight into new methods of punishing mortals back in his demon domain.



The filthy demon prefers to lurk in the treetops or in other remote vantage points as available, from which he can observe his creation's destruction of life. If the Horrid Thing would seem to be failing or even being destroyed, Fricsid may or may not enter the fray himself. If he deems it best not to enter the battle to try to save his monster, he will surely mark who has destroyed the thing, and seek retribution later, once he can prepare to deal with them...

Fricsid

Init +3, Atk bite +2 (1d4, special), HD 3d3, AC 14, MV 30, fly 15, Act 1d20, SP telepathic with Horrid Thing, expanded critical hits (16+), escapes, damage reduction 9, Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3, ALC

Fricsid's slippery, smushable, snake-like body allows him to escape all but the most extreme attempts to capture or bind him. All strikes against him have their damage reduced by 9, including effects of multiple hits, such as from multiple missiles from a Magic Missile spell (each missile is reduced in it's effect separately).

He can score a critical hit with any attack roll of 16 or higher, even if he is using a different die on the Dice Chain for whatever reason. When he scores a critical hit with his bite, that target will continue to be bitten round by round independently of Fricsid, without the need for an attack roll. Fricsid can move on to another target or even flee the scene, but the victim of the critical bite, will continue to be bitten by an unseen force. Each round after the first "invisible" bite, they can make a Will Save vs. a DC 16 to stop further biting. This effect is in lieu of rolling on any critical hit chart.

The Bitter King of Ancients

When crossing any sparsely populated country, lands which once were rich and fertile, but which have become a shadow of themselves, a party may risk meeting with the ghostly Bitter King.

Of a normal appearance, he is corporeal, but certainly un-dead. Only when pressed does his strange, eerie nature reveal itself. His manner and his speech remains that of an ancient time.

Once, 500 or more years ago, there was a kingdom for this King, but it is long since lost, and the land divided so many times over the intervening centuries that no one alive knows it's original borders, nor it's name. But the Bitter King wanders the full scope of his long-dead realm, his royal finery in tatters, mud-caked, his voice ragged and harsh, always ready to lash out at travelers, wanders, and fools.

His complaints cover the apparent absence of his guards, the difficulty in finding any of his kindred lords or ladies, the bitter cold he feels, and the lack of food to be found anywhere. He knows not that he is dead, and cannot comprehend how much time has expired since his passing, taking every day to be merely the day after he was attacked, and on which he died...

He was killed by a thief, whom he himself surprised in the act of raiding the royal vaults. If ever he finds anyone he takes for a thief of any caliber whatsoever, whether he is right or he is wrong, his full fury is surely to be brought down upon them mercilessly.

The Bitter King of Ancients

Init +0, Atk paralyze +4 (1d5 rounds, 5'), brawl +4 (1d5), HD 3d10, AC 14, MV 50, Act 2d20+1d16, SP near invisible (-1d), regeneration, recurring, Fort n/a, Ref +11, Will n/a, AL N



He can paralyze with a wave of his hand in your direction, but is not beyond mixing things up in a straight-up brawl. His Action Dice being what they are, he can affect up to three targets with a single pass of his hand.

When he is fighting, he becomes nearly invisible, dropping anyone targeting him with weapon or spell down one step on the Dice Chain.

He regenerates 1d10 hp per round in a fight. This should be rolled just before his action.

If he is reduced to 0 hp, he is banished for 22 days, returning after that time to a random spot within his former kingdom to begin his wanderings again.

The Sky Crawler

A few way-stations have lately been destroyed along a lonely stretch of the world, between one remote population center and another. Any buildings and a swath of the terrain around them have been reduced to a few nearly-pulped fragments of timber, almost-powdered rock, churned earth, and nothing living whatsoever.

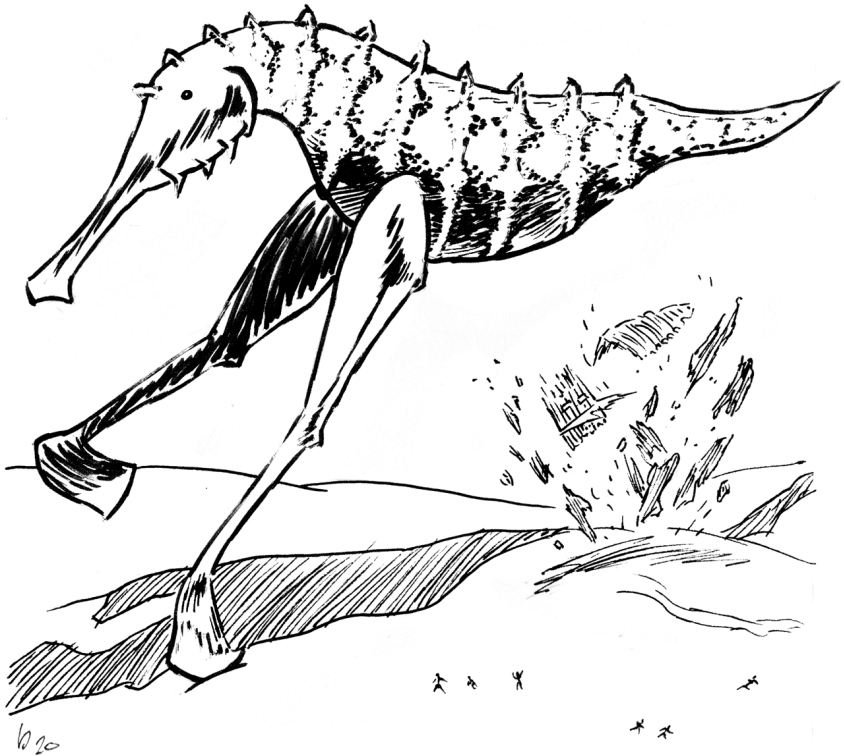
The Sky Crawler has awoken and begun feeding. Two legs of 60 feet length stretch up into the sky and are capped by a nightmare body which they could never support. The creature walks along, feeding at random, leaving a swath of destruction in its wake.

When it feeds, it does not eat with a mouth since it does not have one... Its long pale belly, still high in the air, begins coruscating with a multitude of colors. Any objects or creatures below the creature's belly as it does so are spontaneously torn apart and floated up to the creature. The rising fragments then merge into the sky crawler's belly flesh to sustain it.

The Sky Crawler

Init +0, Atk eat +10 (1d24, special), scream +10 (3d12 in 30' radius, 30/60/120, 2d12 in additional 30' radius), HD 20d20+15, AC 24, MV 40, Act 3d20, SP burrowing, Fort +28, Ref +2, Will +10, AL C

For anything under the Sky Crawler when it is eating, consider objects and people as rising by 1d20 feet per round, as they take the damage. Anything that gets moved away or is otherwise able to move out from



under the Sky Crawler's belly escapes the upward pull and begins to fall, unless there are other means of controlling its altitude.

The Sky Crawler's ability to burrow allows it to rapidly dig a hole in the ground, displacing tons of soil, rock, trees, etc., and disappear under the surface of the land. This process takes 2d5 rounds, modified up or down the Dice Chain by terrain (substrate of contiguous rock? Go up the Dice Chain a step or three; a deep, sandy beach? Go down). Calculating damage dealt by this digging and displacement would be far to fiddly; a bunch of stuff is destroyed, people are hurt or dying, carry on from there...

In a campaign context, the Sky Crawler could be the creation of or summoned by a malevolent sorcerer. It could be a naturally occurring creature which wakes from its 1000-year slumber to feed. It could have jumped down to 'earth' from one of the moons, ready to explore new feeding grounds. Make it serve whatever is coming up in your campaign.

Root Scholars

Within any remote forested mountainside or wooded glen, one just might find Root Scholars. Tree-kind themselves, they move by sliding with their roots embedded in the soil, leaving a furrow in their wake. They seek the eldest of the trees, communing with them for precious esoteric knowledge unknowable and meaningless to humanoid folk. They come from another world, keen to learn more about this one.

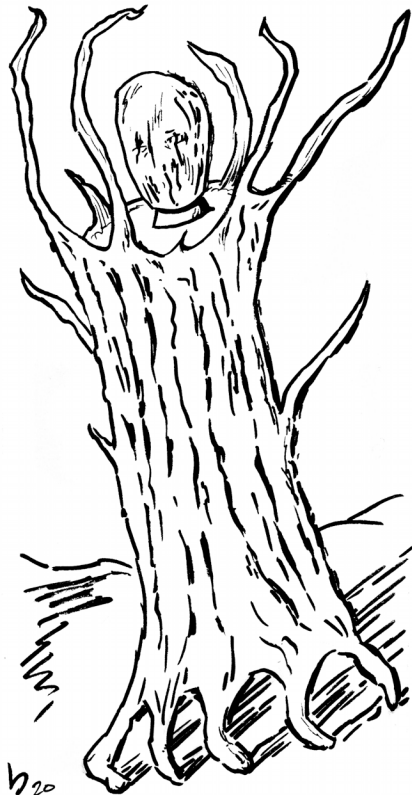
They do not tolerate the presence of animal-kind, such as the party (probably), and will become aggressive and bloodthirsty. Throwing volleys of thorns is always their first defense, and this generally serves to drive away deer, hares and such things, but they can also whip creatures with their many stout limbs.

Root Scholars (2-20 appearing)

Init +0, Atk thornlaunch +5 (1d6, 40/80/120), limbwhip +3 (2d4), HD 3d6, AC 12, MV 60, Act 1d20, SP strong (STR 16), non-verbal, multi-limb, emotionless, susceptible to bright light, Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3, AL N

Root Scholars have multiple limbs which they can articulate more-or-less as humanoids do. For any given Root Scholar, roll 2d4 to see how many usable limbs they have.

If anyone they encounter can demonstrate an affinity with trees or the natural world, they will pause in simple shock. They have never before encountered an animal with understanding of tree-kind that they consider worthy of their friendship or care. Such a person may get the Root Scholars to consider them an ally, but not without some very clear demonstrations of intent and sincerity.



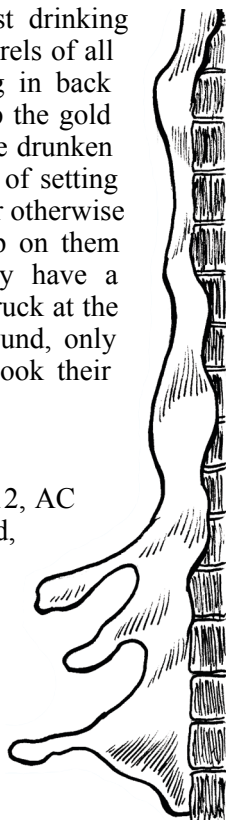
Opalescent Gel

Rumors occasionally rattle around in the dankest drinking halls, the sorts frequented by cutpurses and scoundrels of all stripes, that there is a ectoplasmic spook lurking in back alleys and dark corners of the city which will strip the gold right out of your purse. Once in a blue moon, some drunken sailor or doss-house maid comes forth with a tale of setting down to rest of an evening on the way homeward or otherwise and something they could hardly see sneaking up on them and filching coins from their pouch. They may have a strangely mangled coin to show for it, or if they struck at the thing, they may well have a vicious puncture wound, only half-healed over, to show how the thing nearly took their life.

The Opalescent Gel

Init +4, Atk spiked proboscis +7 (1d8+1), HD 4d12, AC 18, MV 75, Act 1d20, SP eats metal and wood, damage reduction, Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +3, AL C

In truth, the Opalescent Gel is a liquid creature that feeds occasionally on wood and primarily on metals, preferring gold and silver when it can get them. Its metabolism allows it to get by on very little sustenance, so it spends much time waiting for its preferred meals. It's volume is about equivalent to that of a large man.



When it goes for the gold (or silver), it gets within one foot of it and causes the metal to begin flowing in a liquid-like fashion, floating in a flowing line or in globules toward it from whatever open container the coins might be in (it can't do this through an airtight closure). If it is interrupted mid-feed, the unfinished coins may look partially melted or otherwise deformed, like candles bent by getting too near a heat source.

Even a couple of coins' worth is enough to appease its appetite, so it is more interested in remaining uninjured and unbothered, than in consuming an entire hoard of coins, and will move on, probably back to its dwelling, usually within a storm cistern or disused basement.

The stats given above would be for a rather elderly example of such a creature and could be reduced by the Judge to represent a smaller, younger version.



CON OF CHAMPIONS

TABLETOP dot EVENTS

Tabletop.Events is the software that runs hundreds of your favorite tabletop game conventions. It is in trouble, and needs you to be its champions!

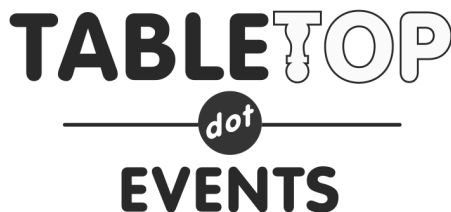
The pandemic has shut down all conventions for the past month and the near future, so that means all of their revenue has dried up. But what's worse is that all the canceled conventions meant that as they refunded our fees, their bank account was drained of all past profits as well. They had announced that they were going to shut down on May 1, but the community has stated loudly and clearly that they did not want them to shut down. So, Tabletop.Events launched CON OF CHAMPIONS, an online RPG convention happening May 23-25th, 2020, that will raise money to keep the site up and running, and ready for the day when we can all gather together again.

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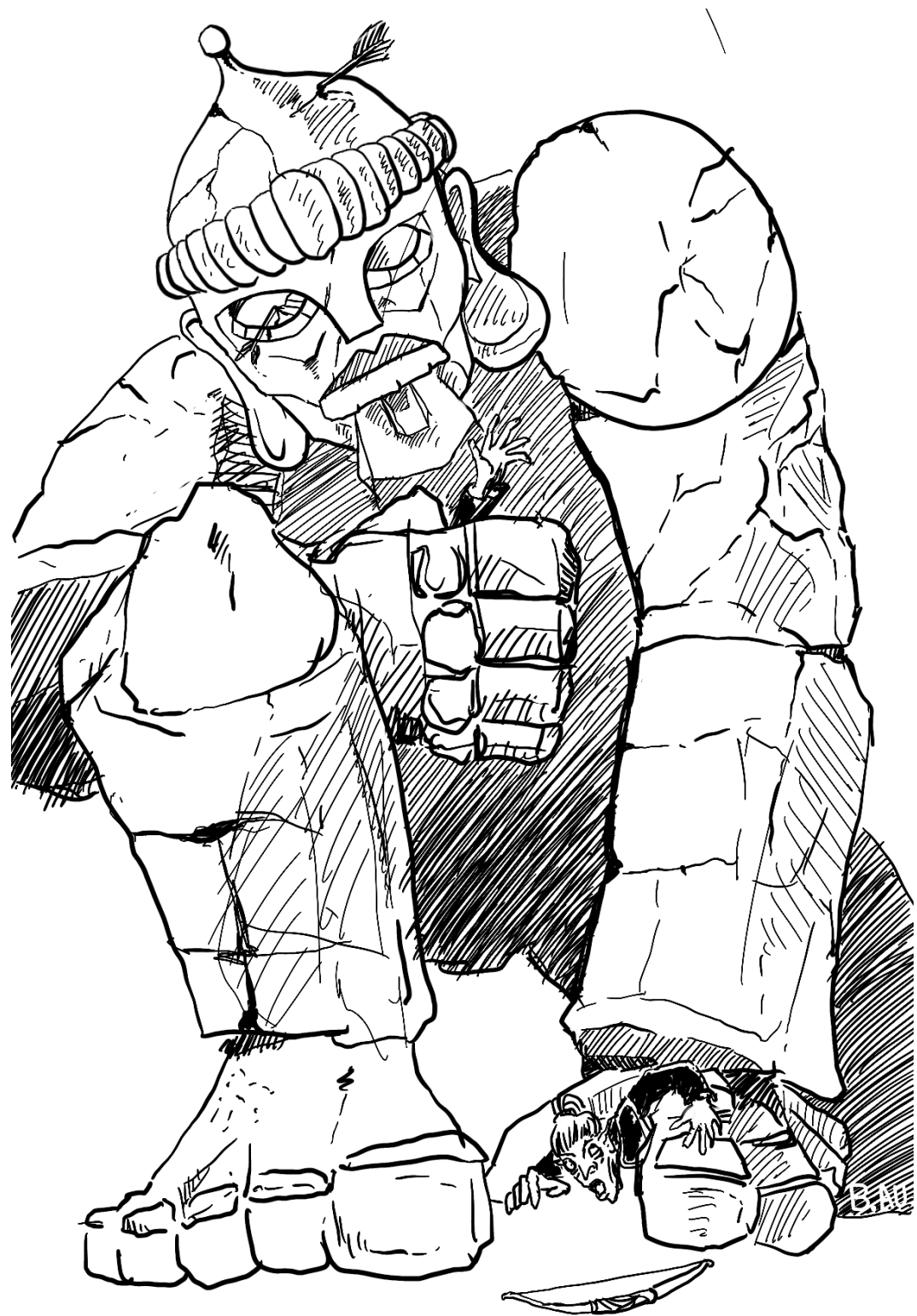
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QuaranZine No 1

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