

Flame Princess's Cult

an unauthorized weird fantasy role-playing zine



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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the fourth issue of **Flame Princess Cult**, a fanzine devoted to James Edward Raggi IV's *Lamentations of the Flame Princess Weird Fantasy Role-Playing!* Although not an official LotFP product, the online home for this zine is the official Lamentations facebook group. If you're reading this and aren't already a member, please join us! It's a friendly bunch of people who will be happy for you come add to the fun.

October has arrived, my friends. The month of Weirdo Christmas, a.k.a. Halloween. This issue isn't particularly Halloweeny in flavor, as doing a special Halloween-themed version of *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* strikes me as like trying to make the ocean wetter. However, the official month of publicly sanctioned spookiness strikes me as a good opportunity for recruitment.

What I mean is that this is the month for finally trying to recruit some new players for that one shot you've been meaning to run. Any gore and witchery in the game then becomes part of the Halloween festivities, you see. In fact, you should probably put this issue down and go start organizing that session! Don't worry, we'll be waiting for you until then.

Stay weird!

Jeff Rients
Last seen somewhere in Pennsylvania

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Article	Author	Page
Location Tension	Stefan "The Moth"	2
The Inquisition Party	Mark Hess	6
Trosteg Mæltromal	Matthew J. Griffin	8
The Sin-Eater	Tim "Samwise7" Harper	10
A Hack for Threefold Saving Throws	Ignacio Fernandez Ivern	12
Valac Fooltrap	John Anthony	14
Havenrift	Craig "Lord Mhor" Dixon	17
A Copy of A Letter	Tuomas Salo	20
Early Modern Random Magic-User	Jeff Rients	22
New Spells for LotFP	Lasandros the Wandrous	25
New Skill: Spell-Craft	Matt Austin	27

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RANDOM TABLE: LOCATION TENSION

by Stefan “The Moth”

Summary: A random table featuring various unnerving things happening to your players whilst exploring a dungeon or forested area. Who needs wandering monster tables? Killing your players is so passé, just freak them out.

d20	Dungeon/Underground	Forest
1.	A piece of the ceiling unexpectedly cracks and falls right next to one of the characters.	The sound of snapping twigs is heard somewhere behind the party.
2.	A floor tile starts sinking into the ground with a grinding sound, as if it is moved by a mechanism triggered by a nearby character. A deadly trap? A hidden door? Nothing happens.	A random character feels tingling on their back for some time, then a sensation as if something is moving. If they look, they don't see anything. Eventually a big spider crawls over their shoulder.
3.	An animal, native to the dungeon, accidentally triggers an unseen trap that the characters passed only moments ago. It dies a gruesome death.	Horrible smell of organic origin is suddenly omnipresent, yet the source is unknown.
4.	A random object moves and falls, making a loud noise.	An unexpected breeze surges through the trees, carrying with itself a whisper. One party member hears the name of another.

5.	Strong gust of wind makes the torchlight dance vigorously, as if it will die any moment.	The party stumbles upon a small, long extinguished campfire, dozens of teeth found among the ashes.
6.	When a party member goes to do anything alone, play out the scene as if they would die a sudden, horrific death. When the next character comes looking for the dead one, they find them just laying on the ground, unconscious.	Rabid barking sounds of some big canine are heard, followed by a yelp and a whine. Dead silence ensues.
7.	A door closes behind the characters with a sudden bang.	The shine of pale moonlight pierces through the branches, for a second revealing numerous faces staring at the party from the trees. A horrific trick of the light.
8.	The ceiling of the room has been clawed by some giant unknown creature long ago.	A distant bone-chilling wail echoes through the woods.
9.	A bone-chilling sound of a screaming child asking for help echoes through the dungeon.	The voices of giggling children are heard all around the party.
10.	Sickly green slime oozes from the ceiling onto a characters shoulder. It colors their armor, looking like the armor is damaged or rendered useless (plate armor gets a rusted color, etc.). It is only an aesthetic effect, yet no need to convey this to the PC.	A tree completely covered in carved symbols and blood stains. It looks like the tree is bleeding.

11.	As soon as anyone makes any kind of noise, the room comes alive as swarms of cockroaches scuttle about and run away.	A butchered corpse of an animal is strewn across the ground, the head spiked on a nearby branch.
12.	A random character walks through a spider's web, face first.	A nearby tree branch unexpectedly touches one character's shoulder. It's just the wind.
13.	The ground rumbles and shakes, dust dancing in the room, as if caused by a powerful, but brief, earthquake.	The party finds itself in the middle of numerous footprints on the ground. Too many to count and vastly overwhelming.
14.	The whole room is covered with bloody imprints of small hands.	Small dolls made out of twigs adorn an entire grove of trees.
15.	This room is eerily quiet, except for the single drop of some liquid echoing throughout.	A lifeless body of a humanoid hangs upside down from a nearby tree, their eyes gouged out.
16.	A swarm of bats rushes above the heads of the characters, save or suffer minor damage.	For a couple of moments, complete darkness engulfs the characters, swallowing even their torches. The effect is over as soon as panic kicks in.
17.	A monster from the wandering table rushes past the players, completely disregarding their presence as it flees in absolute fright from some unknown threat looming ahead.	A monster from your wandering table rushes past the players, completely disregarding their presence as it flees in absolute fright from some unknown threat looming ahead.

<p>18.</p>	<p>You went too far into the clutches of darkness. Save or suffer uncontrollable nyctophobia. Your torchlight must not die, otherwise it will be the end of you.</p>	<p>Random player is bitten by some kind of insect, supposed to be carrying a deadly poison. In reality, it is harmless.</p>
<p>19.</p>	<p>There's no air and no way of getting out of this hellhole. Save or start hyperventilating, until you eventually pass out.</p>	<p>These woods are dark and full of horrors. Save or suffer uncontrollable nyctophobia, grasping any kind of nearby source of light. If the light perishes, it will be the death of you.</p>
<p>20.</p>	<p>You are deep underground, in a cramped space with no sunlight. This place might as well be your tomb. Save or suffer a crippling wave of claustrophobia, manifested by a horrible headache and extreme disorientation. You need to rest.</p>	<p>You've been wandering the woods for hours, seemingly without signs of an exit. Save or suffer sudden agoraphobia, manifested by a relentless urge to flee the scene, running back whence you came.</p>



THE INQUISITION PARTY

by Mark Hess

Deuteronomy 18:10–12: "No one shall be found among you who makes a son or daughter pass through fire, who practices divination, or is a soothsayer, or an augur, or a sorcerer, or one that casts spells, or who consults ghosts or spirits, or who seeks oracles from the dead. For whoever does these things is abhorrent to the Lord".

Exodus 22:18: "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live".

1 Samuel 28: Saul "hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land".

Does your party have Magic-Users? Elves? Clerics of other heathen religions performing miracles? Then you might cross paths with the Inquisition Party, a group of devout witchfinders, investigators for the Church, trained to cut out the cancer of witchcraft no matter how deeply rooted. All in the name of the Lord, of course.



Padre Niccolo Giuliani: Armor 14, Move 120, Level 3 Cleric, 12hp, attack +4, Shortsword 1d6, Flintlock 1d8, Morale 10.
Leather armor, robes, crucifix, witchfinder kit.
Spells: Bless, Command, Cure Light Wounds.

Capitano Tiziano Ricci: Armor 15, Move 120, Level 3 Fighter, 20hp, attack +5, Shortsword 1d6, Flintlock 1d8, Morale 10.
Pikeman's armor, morion helmet.

Private Tomaso Borgia: Armor 15, Move 120, Level 2 Fighter, 16hp, attack +4, Shortsword 1d6, Flintlock 1d8, Morale 8.
Pikeman's armor, morion helmet.

When encountered, these worthies will often (75%) be accompanied by 2d8 soldiers. If not immediately available, such a force can be easily raised in any Catholic area in a few hours or a day or two at most.

Arquebusier: Armor 15, Move 120, 0-Level Fighter, 5hp, Shortsword 1d6, Arquebus 1d8, Morale 8. Pikeman's armor, morion helmet.

Whether serving the Crown or the Church, sometimes a specialist is called for, a specialist in Pain! Trained in the methods of torture and skilled in the use of various instruments of pain, from scalpels and razors to elaborate torture devices, each more diabolical than the last, the torturer uses his knowledge of human anatomy to better inflict pain on his subjects.

Medieval Torturer: Armor 12, Move 120, Level 3 Specialist, 10hp, Scalpel 1d4, Morale 8.
Skills: Physik* 5/6, Tinkering 5/6.
Torturer's tools.

*see *Flame Princess Cult* issue #01

TROSTEG MÆLSTROMAL {DWARVEN ‘STORM HAMMER’}

by Matthew J. Griffin

Four-times-Forged on request by the Last and Twelfth Bridge-warden Graynalž o’ the Tower, this DWARVEN relic was used in the failed defense of the black stone bridge-fortress of Bannon Alwyck. The fortress presently lingers half-buried beneath earth and magicks, spanning a collapsed canyon and a river reduced to an occluded, tepid trickle. The weapon dwells somewhere beneath the sealed halls of the fortress.

Some DWARVEN factions bemoan its finding, wishing that both the weapon and it’s lineage lapse into the lore and legend of their fading race. Others desire it to be found; a provincial instrument necessary for remembrance and rebirth. SPECIALISTS desire it, for the tales of its {obvious} formative power, and its re-sell value {approx. 70-105,000sp}

Trosteg Mælstromal causes 2d6 damage. A STRENGTH of 17 is required to wield it. Players with a STRENGTH less than 17 suffer a -1 to hit per point below 17 {i.e. 16: -1, 15: -2, 14: -3, etc.}

The Four Wardens complicit in the making of **Trosteg Mælstromal** have their name assigned to the weapon’s additional enhancements. Each enhancement may be used once per day, are instantaneous, and last one round, unless otherwise indicated.

The Dwarven Tremor of Old Grobbellor’s Greatmace: Second Warden Grobbellor Goč was known for his slender build and above-average DWARVEN height. His Wardenship lasted longer than all who followed him. He excelled as a warrior, even in the very late years of his life. He refused to wear metal armor, adorning himself with leathers and Earthen stone colours. By request upon his death his body was burned, and added to the mortar required in the repair of the bridge.

When the top of the head of the hammer is struck downward to the earth, the wielder causes a tremor 5’ wide by 50’ long in a straight line. All opponents under level 8 fall prone and suffer 1d6 points of

damage. All opponents level 8 and above are allowed a saving throw versus Magical Device. Success means any effect is avoided.

Drunkard's Fill from the Maul of Grey Hallack: Sixth Warden Grey Hallack was penitent, a brewer, and a drunk. He dressed in grey, and the silver symmetry of his beard--and the silver he adorned it with--were unrivaled. His Wardenship was unwanted: the fourth and fifth Wardens were killed in successive battles, and the nomination unwillingly went to him. He was quiet and angry in his cups.

The point of the weapon's pommel transforms into a pull-tap that will pour twelve half-pints of a dark English porter: each will heal 1d3 points of damage. The healing ability per individual is limited to a full pint, i.e. recover 1d6 points of damage.

Retributive Shield from the Mallet of Oborosk the Cloud: Seventh Warden Oborosk, known famously for the strength and shine of his blue metal armour, was the last militaristic Warden of Bannon Alwyck, and led the last successful defense of the fortress: the Last Battle of the Bridge. His hair grew out in a white afro-circle and his curly beard formed a white half-circle below his face, as if he wore a snow-white sphere around his head.

On a mēlée hit versus the wielder, the opponent takes 3d6 damage. The wielder suffers one point of damage from the concussive force exuded from the weapon.

Faceted Furnace from the Mattock of Gingerbread Luz: Eleventh Warden Luzon Lúvomir--called Gingerbread Luz because of his hair, baking skills and obesity--was an exceptional jeweller, and known for his unlikely constitution in battle: dying only when he was beheaded after capture. He lost both legs early in the battle, but continued to fight, using his weapon as a crutch. He installed the distinctive fire opal jewel within the flanged head of the weapon.

When the proper command word is spoken the jewel ignites and--for 1 round per level of the wielder--the weapon will cause an additional 1d6 points of fire damage. The hammerflame is unaffected by

natural causes: i.e. the fire will burn underwater, and withstand the winds of a hurricane.

THE SIN-EATER CLASS

by Tim “Samwise7” Harper

THE DEAD ARE CORRUPT AND THE STOMACHS OF SIN-EATERS PURIFY THEIR ROTTING FLESH.

The ghastly life of the poor sods who end up devouring the dead is never chosen, rather it is often a form of punishment handed down by fate. Theologians have debated about the qualities of these unfortunate souls who seem to be holiness garbed in disgusting wretchedness. Are they malign beings warped by arcane chaos, do they belong to a cursed bloodline, or are they touched by some cruel god? Many believe that their souls are eternally damned as the cost for forgiving those they eat.

Lvl	XP	HP
0	-	1d6
1	0	1d8
2	2,200	+d8
3	4,400	+d8
4	8,800	+d8
5	17,600	+d8
6	35,200	+d8
7	70,400	+d8
8	140,800	+d8
9	281,600	+d8
10	422,400	+2
11	563,200	+2
12+	+140,800 / lvl	+2

If society has a caste system, sin-eaters are always considered to be the lowest of the low, but they are believed to be a spiritual necessity to cleanse those who's evil deeds weigh on them. From the lowliest peasant, to the grandest King, many call for their skills ere the final end so that they might peace in the hereafter.

Some cults and churches in backwoods areas elevate their dead upon lofty external biers to let the carrion birds eat

the holy meat and take it to paradise. The parts that are refused by them are considered to be sinful, and it is the grisly task of these "corpsegrinders" to finish the rest of the remains (including gristle, joints, and bones). It is believed that those who die with the taint of dark sin will rise eventually as the Undead.

Sometimes sin-eaters acquire memories and temporary abilities from those they devour (1-in-6 chance to start; results are left up to the referee). They often file and sharpen their ever-growing teeth which grant them a savage bite attack which increases in effectiveness at higher levels. Their bite is an extra attack that can be used in addition to other normal attacks, so a sin-eater could swing with a weapon and attempt to bite a foe in the same round.

Their skin is greasy, pockmarked, and sickly looking and their thick warped limbs are malformed. They require armor to be specially made or modified (150-200% of normal cost) to fit their unusual bodies. Due to their horrid appearance they have a -2 penalty for all interactions that use the Reaction Roll table.



Sin-eaters gain half as many skills as a specialist. Once per level per day they can appear to be a rancid corpse for as long as they remain completely motionless and prone. When they play dead they can surprise foes with a 3-in-6 chance. Unless they are attacked by the sin-eater Undead will attack other targets and completely ignore them.

Alchemists have bottled their highly caustic stomach acid and it seems to be quite efficacious against Undead. This typically costs 50 silver pieces and deals 1D8 damage but with a duration of 1D4 rounds.

Optional Ability Referees who want this class to be a bit more over-the-top could grant a ranged vomit attack that damages Undead within a 10' range (1D8 dmg for 1D4 rounds). This ability could also replace the bite attack and damage.

SIN-EATER ABILITIES & SAVING THROWS

Lvl	Bite dmg	Skills	Abilities Memories	Paralyze	Poison	Breath	Device	Magic
0	1d2	-	-	10	10	16	14	16
1	1d2	2	1-in-6	8	8	16	12	15
2	1d4	+1	1-in-6	8	6	16	12	15
3	1d4	+1	1-in-6	8	6	16	12	15
4	1d6	+1	1-in-6	6	4	16	10	15
5	1d6	+1	2-in-6	6	4	16	10	12
6	1d8	+1	2-in-6	6	2	14	10	12
7	1d8	+1	2-in-6	4	2	14	8	12
8	1d10	+1	3-in-6	4	2	14	8	12
9	1d10	+1	3-in-6	4	2	14	8	9
10	2d6	+1	4-in-6	2	2	12	6	9
11	2d6	+1	4-in-6	2	2	12	6	9
12+	2d8	+1	5-in-6	2	2	10	4	8

Thanks go to the following people who helped me tweak this class: Andrew Knapp, Gregorious21778, Ian Christiansen, Ignacio Bergkamp, Jeff Cape, Jeff Riets, John Scheib, and Ronnie Ortiz.

A HACK FOR THREEFOLD SAVING THROWS

by Ignacio Fernandez Ivern

I am a big proponent of the following fan of possibilities:

- 1- a good thing happens
- 2- a bad thing happens
- 3- both the good and the bad thing happen

Because it presents an interesting risk/reward gamble or venus fly trap kind of situation to the players. Of course, for this to work, the good and bad thing must not cancel each other out or be mutually exclusive, because that makes possibility #3 a "nothing happens" situation, and in a game, you *never* want nothing to happen.

However, traditional Saving Throws as in D&D are binary: either something happens or it doesn't. This is very simple, but it can make for boring results. A saving throw with *threefold* results, however, can interact better with the above venus fly trap.

That's why I'm a fan of the Playtest saving throw mechanic from the last page of *James Edward Raggi IV's Eldritch Cock*, which uses pools of D6s, is super easy to learn and has threefold results:

Full Success (possibility #1: good thing)

Partial Success (possibility #3: both things)

Failure (possibility #2: bad thing)

However, old habits die hard, so here's a method for achieving the same results on a d20 roll without having to change anyone's throw numbers, which has the added benefit of easing conversion and backwards compatibility:

Roll is over the throw number: Full Success

Roll is equal to five under the throw number: Partial Success

Roll is lower than that, or totals 1: Failure

Example: Donglar, a level 1 Specialist, touches a magical painting. He must save vs Magic (target number 14). Dice rolls of 15-20 will be full successes, 9-14 partial successes and 1-8 failures.

This can also be used to interpret risky casting if using the Weird Magic System (see *Eldritch Cock* or *Vaginas are Magic*), etc:

Full Success: spell goes off

Partial Success: spell goes off + miscast

Failure: miscast

Happy Magical Catastrophes!



More than simply an overgrown carnivorous plant, the Valac Fooltrap is the soul of a demon bound into a vessel grown massive with black magic and set to the task of murdering treasure-hunters. Always hostile and mean-spirited, they will feign immobility, lie and give platitudes until the time is right to strike. While they will never honor a bargain, they have their own tastes and temptations that can cause temporary distraction from their assigned task.

Armor 15, Move 90', 6 Hit Dice, 27hp, bite 1d8 damage, Morale 10, attributes modified with a roll on the Form table (below).

Roll once each on the tables below to modify the Valac Fooltrap's stats, and to determine its disposition and character. Provide it with one item from the Enigmatic Valuable Item table (FOTH-0001) or choose something of your own to act as a lure.

Form

1. **Fangs** - bite is save vs. poison or die
2. **Fat / Bloated** - add 2d8 hitpoints
3. **Huge maw** - bite does 1d12 damage
4. **Plated** - armour is 18, move is 60'
5. **Spines** - extra attack secondary target each round for 1d3 damage
6. **Wiry** - armour is 16, +1 to attack rolls

Personality

1. Crass
2. Entertainer / Singer
3. Flippant
4. Sinister / Openly wicked
5. Slimy
6. Sultry

Persuasion Style

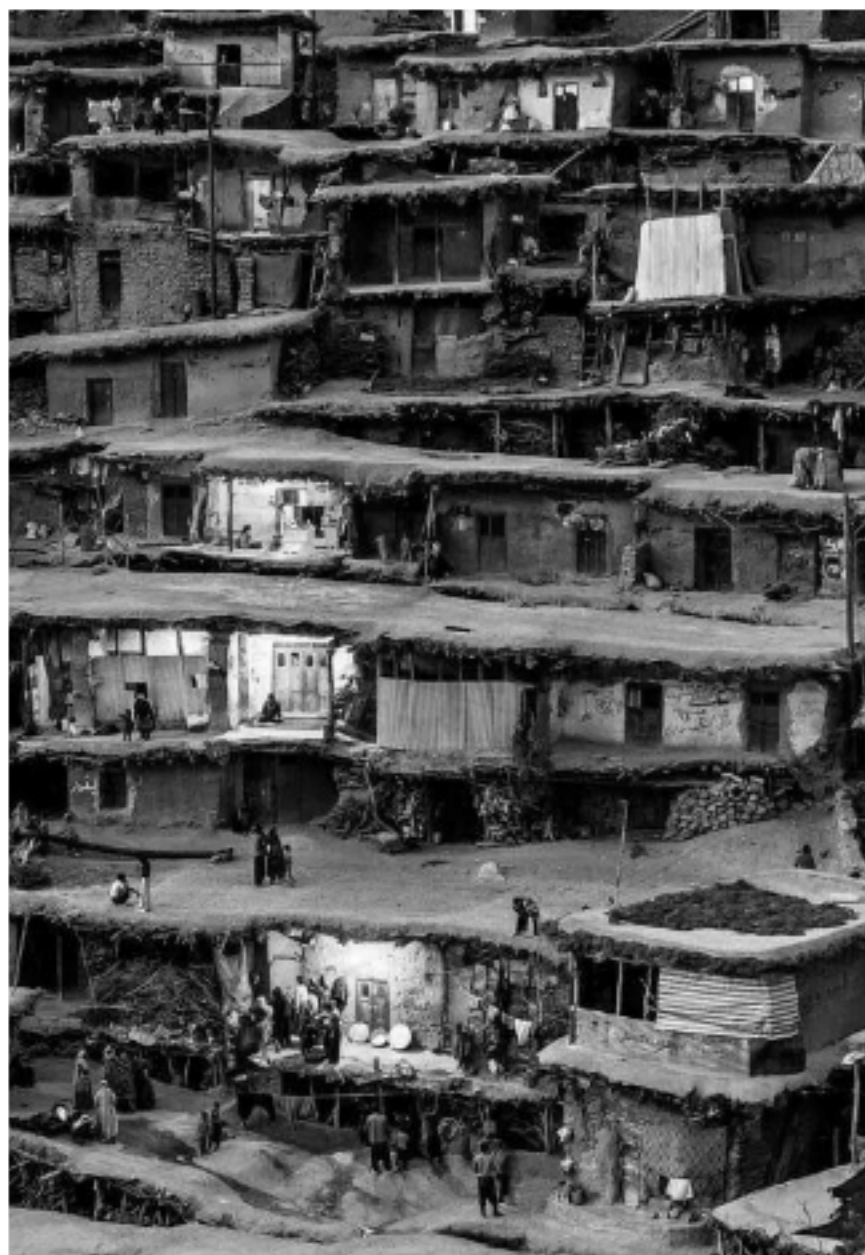
1. Bargainer
2. Befriender
3. Confabulator
4. Demander
5. Insulter
6. Tempter / Temptress

Voice

1. Deep male
2. Male
3. Androgynous
4. Twinned male & female
5. Female
6. Shrill female

Desire

1. Entertainment
2. Eroticism
3. Flattery
4. Hunger for blood
5. Personal information / Blackmail material
6. Stroking / Physical titillation



HAVENRIFT

by Craig “Lord Mhor” Dixon

The city of Havenrift could be a worthwhile hub of activity for a *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* science fiction and fantasy horror campaign. It is one of the few bastions of civilization that is able to withstand occasional waves of rogue brain-harvesting robots remaining from the Doomsday War. The history of this war is lost, having completely destroyed civilization for thousands of years, and the little that is known is carefully hidden by those seeking to regain the lost technology of the Ancients for their own purposes.

Havenrift is built into the sides of a river gorge, with the king's castle on one side and an elaborate fortified bridge over the top that spans the gorge and connects the wealthier citizens near the top of the hive-like side depicted above. Even the wealthiest on this side are of less status than those across the gorge. The opposite side is greatly restricted to the noblest families, their live-in servants, and the extensive direct holdings of the king. People who go over the bridge during the day are compelled to cross back over each night unless they are being hosted by the king, noble families, or the military.

The shops and markets, as almost everything else, are located cliffside rather on the surface. A row of fortifications along the top edges of both sides of Havenrift have proven to be a reliable defense against rogue robots from the Doomsday War that occasionally wander in to harvest brains for reasons still unknown to the populace. That's certainly a secret that adventurers can go discover, if they can avoid having their brains harvested!

The extensive fields, mines, and other fortified resources on the plains beyond Havenrift are best accessed from the top of the city, which is one reason the wealthy prefer to be up there. The river far below is a convenient transportation hub between the city and other settlements, but it also has a nasty habit of occasionally flooding at unpredictable intervals. Many unfortunates in the lowest levels try to survive these unanticipated floods by sealing themselves into chambers equipped with large waterproofed stone doors. Some drown each year when these seals fail, others suffocate, and a few clever souls have devised personal breathing bladders that can allow them to survive if the air within is sufficient. The wealthy can afford to live above this danger and also avoid the reeking ruins that are

perpetually being rebuilt in the bottom levels after these occasional floods.

The river is the main mode of travel for the impoverished masses, raw materials received from upriver, trade goods being sent downriver, and adventurers attempting to escape the wrath of the wealthy that they have recently pillaged or outraged. The roads leading from the upper settlement across the plains are the main pathways for nobles, armies, merchant caravans with expensive goods traveling overland, and adventurers in good standing fated to die horribly in dungeons lurking under distant mountains or forests.

The society of Havenrift is fairly segregated, with the cliff face inhabited by the commoners mostly separated by wealth and the side with the royal castle segregated by hereditary noble family intrigue and long-standing treaties with the royal family. The main army barracks are under the castle.

Gravity being what it is, sewage flows predictably from the top to the bottom, which is inhabited by the cockroach people. They are only tolerated because they are vital to the economy. The cockroach people breed their giant cockroaches in large caves accessed through the lowest tunnels. These lower caves are generally avoided by all others, since the chance of being devoured is very high. These caves flood when the river rises, but not entirely, so giant cockroaches are often swimming around in them with cockroach people sheltering on their carapaces. With sudden floods, cockroach people caught away from their caves are compelled to scurry desperately up the side of the gorge or hop on their giant swimming cockroaches to quickly escape by evacuating downstream. Those who fail are simply drowned in the raging waters.

Sewage is cherished by the cockroach people. They process some into their own food, having mutated over generations to have an incredible resistance to poisons or disease, and feed the rest to the giant cockroaches that they drive along the shores of the river for a fee to propel the merchant barges upriver. They make a secondary income crafting and selling the shed carapaces of their giant cockroaches as excellent shields and armor that, once nicely decorated, adorn the town guard and other worthy fighters in the region.

Their third income stream comes from cremations which are considered vital for public health. These events are carefully staged, made to look quite genuine to everyone involved, while the

cockroach people secretly abscond with and devour the bodies in horrifying subterranean death cult rites, collect the skeletons, and occasionally feed toothsome scraps to their cockroaches as a treat for particularly fast upriver barge transport.

Unbeknownst to surface dwellers, except for a few silent potentates of the thief and assassin guilds, some of the most skilled necromancers in the world come from the cockroach people. They are slowly building an iron-clad undead skeleton army that they'll eventually unleash when it's time to become the new imperial masters and upend the existence of the established order of privileged nobles.

Perhaps this is a possible origin story for the dreaded Duvan'Ku and their unspeakable sorcerous empire? The "Dead Sign" might have first evolved in the dank subterranean caves within which the secret cannibalistic rituals and iron-clad undead skeletons of the cockroach people were developed.

The plebeians near the bottom of Havenrift can get to the top by climbing, but they are regularly challenged or harassed by the militia and private security forces of the wealthy if they can't quickly prove that they're on a mission for someone more important than their inferior status might indicate. Bribes work well, and are often used by agents of the cockroach people for pursuing their various schemes against the established hierarchy. Cockroach people are never directly permitted above the bottom levels. They must pay a toll to go to any levels above the maximum flood level of the river, and are simply not tolerated for any reason more than three levels above this point. Their hate for the "Uppers" is unbounded, but they carefully hide this to further their dreams of freedom in an upcoming rebellion and takeover.

The impoverished masses do the farming, mining, and ranching, laboring long hours to provide resources for their "betters". Many are kept in fortified encampments on remote worksites, and are permitted to return to Havenrift at various intervals depending on their contracts with the wealthy who own these facilities. Many are virtually slaves, and know that their families in the ravine will starve or be made to suffer if their work is not up to standards. Travel between these fortified locations and Havenrift can be perilous, since monsters and rogue robots can be encountered without warning. Armored caravans both for commerce and transport of laborers are fairly common on the few main roads maintained in this region.

There is some terraced farming and gardening in the ravine itself, where sufficient sunlight is available, but it is not enough to feed the population. Extensive mushroom farming occurs in tunnels dug into the back of the ravine. Tunnel collapses are unusual but far from non-existent, so there is always some sort of ongoing chaos in the darkness under the surface behind the facade of civilization.

An extensive underworld exists, generally hidden within the tunnel networks, and several guilds of thieves and assassins lurk in strongholds within. They can access many areas through secret doors built in all sorts of strange places. There are also rumors of secret tunnels that undercut the river and allow unauthorized access between the sides of the ravine, This is a source of great concern to both the wealthy citizens and the higher nobility.

Havenrift and other bastions of "civilization", when not engaged in active warfare, are slowly rising from the ashes of the Doomsday War.

Enjoy!

A copy of a letter from the Professor Theology in Wittenberg, Nicolaus Hunnius, to Johann Meyer, a minor clergyman in Potsdam, written in Latin. It briefly tackles the questions raised by rumors of divine magic.

In Wittenberg, on the feast of St. Clement of Rome, 1621 AD

Johannes, my dear brother in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,

I am pleased to find that you have been of good health and your longstanding financial difficulties have recently been alleviated. I will continue my prayers that your life may be further adorned by all the gifts that our Heavenly Father has for those who love his Son, Jesus Christ.

Regarding the matter of purported miracles that you have brought to my attention in your letter, I regrettably have time only to comment on it in a very cursory manner.

Firstly, there is the question of authenticity. You tell me of instances where grievous injuries were miraculously healed

and men walked through roaring flames unharmed. I respond: How do you know this? I also have heard of many awesome things which I have later come to doubt: Witches flying to convene with the Devil, children put under a spell and lured to be slaughtered, men vanishing from sight in clear daylight etc etc. You would do well to keep in mind the wild fantasies of idle women prone to gossip.

Secondly, even if any man may report these things as an eye witness, it is common knowledge the charlatans may easily fool the common folk with their craft. To my shame, I myself have been fooled many times by skilled jesters to see with my very eyes things that are not true, and can later be demonstrated so.

Thirdly, even if the supposed miracles have taken place as reported, you will be wise to heed the words of our Lord chastising the blasphemous false prophets in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter 7: "On that day many will say to me, 'Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name, and cast out demons in your name, and do many mighty works in your name?' And then will I declare to them, 'I never knew you; depart from me, you workers of lawlessness.'"

It follows that it is unwise to pay much heed to rumours of miracles and signs as if they could demonstrate a truly divine origin or authority. I urge you to instead pay more attention to your prayers and the study of Holy Scripture, as they alone will train your mind in the things of God.

I leave you in the gentle care of our Heavenly Father and the protection of His holy angels.

Your brother in Christ,

Nicolaus Hunnius

EARLY MODERN RANDOM ADVANCEMENT

CLASSES, PART III: THE MAGIC-USER

by Jeff Rients

This chart is based upon the random advancement system pioneered by Zak S., but modified to fit Early Modern play using the 3-class "Playtest Notes" from pages 52-53 of *James Raggi's Eldritch Cock*. To use this chart, build first level PCs as described in *Eldritch Cock*. Each time a Magic-User advances a level they receive class benefits in the form of two d100 rolls on the chart below and nothing else.

01 You gain nothing. Do not reroll. The gods hate you.

02-30 You gain an additional spell slot.

31-35 You gain +1 to all saves against magical effects.

36-37 You gain +1 to all saves against non-magical effects.

38-40 You gain an additional hit die. Reroll all hit dice. Keep the total as your new max hit points if it is higher than your previous max.

41-45 You learn how to use a new spell, determined randomly from the entirety of the campaign spell list.

46-48 You gain +1 Intelligence. If your Int is already 18, you get nothing.

49-51 Cheap Trickery: Once per session you can make your eyes glow, smoke come out your ears, or some other purely cosmetic nonsense. This may spook peasants and other domesticated animals. Rerolls grant additional uses per day.

52-54 You learn how to read and write a language of your choice, living or extinct. You must make an Int roll every time you attempt to speak the language in order to understand/be understood.

55-57 Astrologer: If you build an observatory costing at least 2,000sp and occupying at least 20' x 20' of space, you may cast Contact Outer Sphere (*Rules & Magic*, p96) once per game session. Reroll subsequent rolls of this item.



58-60 Apprentice: You gain a 0-level wannabe magic-user as a follower. They can cast one spell you teach them, once per day, but it is automatically risky (i.e. they must roll miscast every time). If they survive 3 adventures by your side they are advanced to first level.

61-63 Flesh Burner: You may cast one extra spell a day, but doing so inflicts 1d6 internal heat damage on yourself. Subsequent rolls of this item increase the number of times per day that you may hurt yourself for more raw power.

64-66 Spell Inverter: You know how some spells can be reversed? You can attempt that with any spell, but it is a risky proposition (i.e. you must roll miscast every time). Reroll subsequent rolls of this item.

67-69 Spell Mastery: Randomly select among the spells you know. That spell is now +2 on your save to cast it under risky circumstances. Subsequent rolls of this item must be applied to different spells.

70-72 Alchemical Breakthrough: You gain a new random spell, but it can only be used in potion form.

74-76 Mutation: Gain a random mutation rolled from a chart in Gamma World or Warhammer Fantasy or some damn thing. Work with your referee to degenerate and doom your PC.

77-79 Ritualistic Magic: You gain a randomly determined new spell, but to cast it takes 1d6 hours and requires a special ritual space 20' x 20' and at least 1,000sp in materials, of which 1d10 x 100sp is expended each time the ritual is performed.

80-82 Just Sign Here: You make a pact with some sort of Terrible Entity. You may make two additional rolls on this table immediately and every time you level up hereafter you get three rolls rather than two, so long as you keep your new master happy. Reroll subsequent rolls of this item.

83-85 Glyphs of Power: You gain a new random spell, but you can only cast it in the form of a scroll you make.

86-88 You gain +1 skill point, but no skill can be improved beyond level 4.

87-89 Lotus Powder Fiend: You gain a new random spell, but to cast it requires that you take a dose of an exotic mind-altering drug that costs 3d20sp per dose (reroll price each time you need to score some dope). Furthermore, there is a non-cumulative 1% chance it ruins your health per use (to the tune of a permanent one point loss from a random ability score) and a cumulative 1% chance you get addicted to a daily dose of the stuff. Once addicted, you can't cast any spells without your daily fix.

90-92 You discover the formula for creating some terrible magic item beyond the usual scrolls, wands, and potions MU's tend to dabble in. The referee will determine the item and its powers, as well as the 3 horrible/exotic ingredients you must acquire for its

construction. Cost and time of the final enchantment will be similar to making a wand or staff.

93-94 Brain Cannibal: If you eat the brain of a recently dead magic-user, you gain access to one of their known spells, selected randomly. Subsequent rolls of this item increase the total spells gained to d2, then d3, then d4, etc.

95-96 Familiar: You gain the service of a randomly created 0-hd demon (as per the *Summon* spell) who can take the form of a common small animal (e.g. cat, dog, raven, frog or snake).

97-98 Spell Blender: Once per day you can cast two spells simultaneously for a combined or hybrid effect. This a risky proposition (i.e. you must roll miscast every time). Reroll subsequent rolls of this item.

99 You gain +1 to your lowest ability score. If there is a tie, randomly determine which one is increased.

00 Spellsword: You can cast spells while holding a rapier, small or minor blade weapons in your hand. If rolled again, you can do the same with medium or great weapons. Reroll subsequent rolls of this item.

NEW SPELLS FOR LOTFP

by Lasandros the Wandrous

Malevolent Moppet

Magic-User Level 1

Duration: until destroyed

Range: 0

This spell allows you to create a magical doll of any humanoid. To create this doll you must have 100sp in materials plus blood, hair, flesh, etc. of the target, and a full uninterrupted day in a lab to connect the target with the doll. After you have created the doll you can use pins and needles to stab the doll which is inflicted on the target, each needle does 1d4 damage and a different effect for each location:

- Eyes: blinded for 1+1d4 rounds
- Arms: -4 penalty to attack rolls for 1+1d4 rounds
- Chest or Back: extra 1d4 damage
- Legs: move at half speed for 1+1d4 rounds The target gets a save versus Magic every time they are stabbed with a needle. On a success they avoid the effects and only take 1d4 damage.

If the doll is completely destroyed (chopped up, burned, etc.) all effects on the target end, otherwise the connection is permanent.

Demon Trap

Magic-User Level 2

Duration: See below

Range: 0

The *Demon Trap* is a sigil imbued with magical power meant to trap demons or entities from beyond. In order to create this sigil you need 1 liter of blood from a virgin, and 500sp worth of special herbs and ingredients, and spend 1d6 turns to draw it and imbue it with magical energy, the trap is a 5ft square.

This trap will be able to hold and contain any demon summoned into or moving over or under it, if they have less HD than the caster's level, there is no save. While inside the trap the entity can't use any abilities or attack. The trap is permanent unless someone breaks the sigil from outside.

If the entity is equal to or higher than the caster's level, they get to make a save versus Magic. If the demon's save is successful, the trap is immediately broken and the entity attacks the caster in a fit of rage.

Magic Missile Storm

Magic-User Level 3

Duration: Instantaneous

Range: 60' +10'/level

A giant missile of magical energy shoots from the casters fingertips at a location you choose and erupts into a great storm of many magic missiles when it strikes the target area. Every creature within a 20 foot radius sphere must make a save versus Magic, on a failed

save the creature takes $1d4+1$ damage per level of the caster (so a 5th level caster deals $5d4+5$ damage) or half as much damage on a successful save. The *Magic Missile Storm* resembles the caster's normal magic missile appearance.

NEW SKILL: SPELL-CRAFT

by Matt Austin

"I got this, guys! I'm pretty sure this scroll will unleash a fireball.

Just give me a second to remember how to pronounce this word—"

-Kalvin Jacobson, self-proclaimed arcane explorer moments before he killed his entire party.

This is an optional skill for the Specialist class. Spell-craft assumes that the Specialist has had some informal training in the arcane, such that the Specialist can use this skill to understand a magical effect, trap, portal, creature, etc. Specialists who allot skill points into this skill are dabblers—they are not devout clerics who have spent thousands of hours in prayer and study, nor have they spent the time seeking out dark pacts with the forces of chaos to wield mystical power like the magic-user. Specialists are more likely to get it wrong than right, often with hilarious effect. But, with the right amount of time and patience, the Specialist who has taken time to study Spell-craft, can not only understand the arcane and the weird, but he can also use his limited understanding to decipher a spell scroll for later use.

As a premise to this alternative skill, it is assumed that magic-users and clerics have an understanding of Spell-craft, such that the classes do not need this skill. Rather, simple intelligence checks (or another suitable mechanic) will do just fine in determining whether a cleric or magic-user can understand the origins, type, effect, etc. of a weird magical effect encountered while adventuring.

How it works: On a successful check, the Specialist gains lore on a magical item, effect, creature, or place. The Specialist can also Spell-craft to operate a magic item that may require specific incantations and/or triggers to get it to work. The Referee will impose the appropriate modifier to the roll based on the particular

assumptions in the game world and/or story arc. For example, a magical effect created by the dominant religion, may not require a penalty. But knowing the curse laid upon an esoteric idol from a long forgotten demonic power, may incur a -3 penalty to the roll. A failure on the roll will result in the Specialist imparting incorrect information to his fellow adventurers. The Referee is encouraged to make the Spell-craft roll in secret.

When using Spell-craft to cast a spell from a scroll, a Specialist receives a penalty equal to the level of the spell contained on the scroll. For example, a Specialist with a 3 in Spell-craft will have to roll a 1-2 to be successful with a 1st level spell scroll. A roll of a 6 always triggers a mishap.

Roll 2d6 and keep the lower number.

1) The scroll bursts into flames due to a mispronunciation. The Specialist will take $d6+1$ points per spell level in damage. No save is allowed.

2) The Specialist is struck blind, deaf, and mute for 24 hours. Remove Curse will lift this effect.

3) One of the Specialist's attributes, randomly determined, is reduced by 50%. This effect is permanent until Remove Curse is cast upon the Specialist.

4) A random object becomes animated and attacks at random. The animate object has hit dice equal to the spell level of the scroll. It has AC 12. It will do $d6$ damage per successful attack. There is a 10% chance the animated object becomes self-aware. The animated object loathes its very existence and immediately attacks its creator to the exclusion of all others.

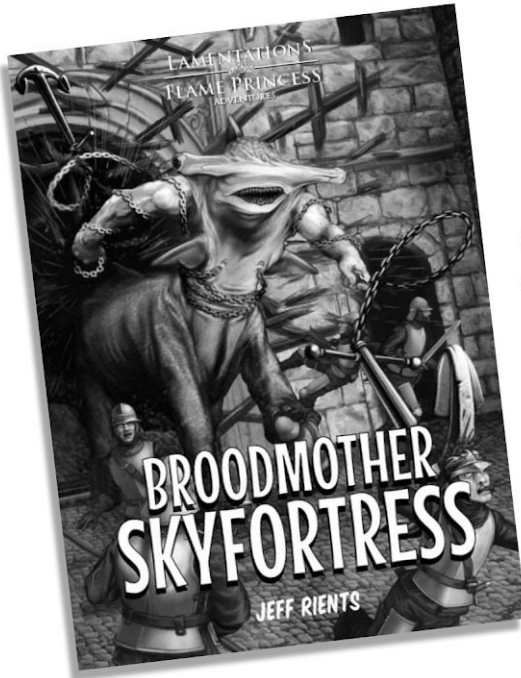
5) The Specialist ages $1d4 \times 10$ years.

6) The Specialist casts the *Summon* spell. The summoned creature will attack friend and foe alike. If the Specialist was attempting to cast *Summon*, the spell takes effect as normal, but he has no control over the entity summoned.

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HAPPY



HALLOWEEN!