

Gregorius' Notes:

On the Weird OSR Fantasy

Year 2016-17



LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
WEIRD FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING
COMPATIBLE PRODUCT

by Kai Pütz © 2018
Version 2.0

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On the Weird OSR Fantasy #Year 2016-17 was my first release of a selection of LotFP-compatible articles from my blog. Back then, I was not sure if anyone would really be interested and decided for a very simple black-and-white release. I was also far away from knowing anything about how to format a text and had, in general, a lot to learn.

Now, in 2020, I decided to give this release an overhaul. What you have here is "Version 2.0". As it is really small in comparison to its successor (and the #2019 issue that I am going to release in the coming weeks), I decided to reduce the price to pay-what-you-want a while ago. Please see it as a sample. You will find much more of my articles on my blog (the links is written above). Stop by and see if you can find something interesting.

Enjoy!

The Lair of the Witch-Spider

Deep in the woods there is a large clearing where only pale grass grows. In the middle of it, hidden by the high grass, a hole can be found that leads straight down into the ground. It is not big, a man may climb down by putting his hands and feet or elbows and knees firmly against the rough earth that forms the walls, and use the roots there as foot- and handholds. It leads about dozen meters down into the earth, where the surrounding ground becomes rocky. At the end, it opens into a pitch black cavern.

This cavern is only five feet high, about six yards wide at its narrowest point and nine yards at its widest, with the hole roughly in the middle of its ceiling. The cave is covered in shallow, stagnant water and a moist smell fills the air. To climb back up, one may get into the natural shaft above with a pull-up. There is another tunnel at the far end of the cave, about three steps wide. As impossible as it seems in this depth, worm-like roots hang from the ceiling, halfway down to the floor.

Anybody who remains in the cave for longer than a few heartbeats will hear a hoarse voice, like that of an old hag: "...why... did you come?" The voice is not coming from the tunnel but forms inside one's head. It speaks directly into the mind while the worm-like roots start to writhe faintly. Those who came to ask for something, be it a curse cast for them, a spell being broken or a foretelling of any kind, will be told to bring a "gift". The heart of a stag, the womb of a swine or a newborn... always something alive or taken from a fresh kill not older than a few hours. When the "gift" is thrown among the writhing roots, those very roots will grab it and pass it along, further into the darkness. What was asked for will be provided a few moments later, moments during which wet, ugly sounds will be heard from behind the curtain of roots. But those who came "to find and kill the witch" will be met with cruel laughter instead that rings in the head. "Come...! Come then...! COOOME!!!" The laughter will continue and cause a headache so strong that the vision blurs.

Anybody who enters the tunnel will become entangled in the moving roots while the dweller of the place comes forth: a giant spider with the head of an old woman, with a mouth full of needle-like teeth. A demon-thing that wields magic powers.

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Alignment: | Chaotic |
| Movement: | 60' |
| Armor Class: | 14 (As Leather Armor) |
| Hit Dice: | 4 |
| Attacks: | 2* (Slashing limbs and poison bite) |
| Damage: | 1d6; Poison |
| Saves: | as 6 th level Magic-User |
| Moral: | 9 |

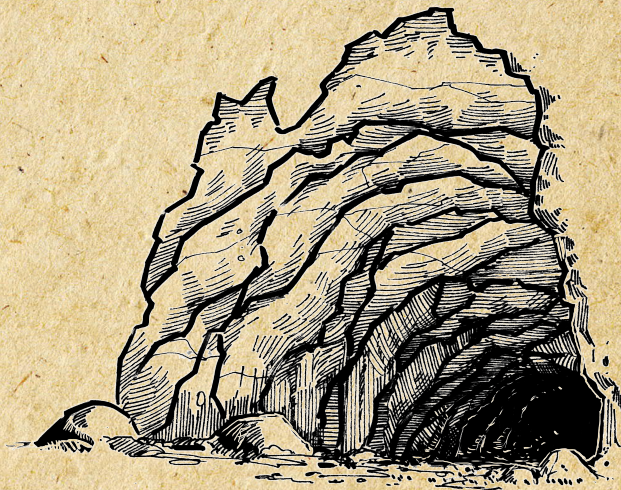
Spells: In combat, the Witch-Spider will be able to *Curse* opponents; *Cause Serious Wounds* as well as cast *Hold Person*. For Spell-Casting, it is considered to be a 5th level Magic-User.

When an attack with the slashing limbs is successful, the Witch-Spider attacks a second time with her poison bite. If this second attack is successful as well, the victim will suffer a total of 3d6 damage at a rate of five points per round, beginning with the next round. The total damage is halved if the character passes a *Save vs. Poison*.

The low ceiling imposes a -1 or -3 attack penalty, depending on the height of the character and what weapons she is using.

The writhing roots will cause an (additional and cumulative) -1 penalty on everyone with a Strength of below 12 or lower.

The root tunnel winds on for about five yards, and at its end is the lair of the foul creature. It is filled with the remains of previous prey and collected "gifts". The walls and everything in there are covered in thick, sticky webbing under which dozens of tiny black spiders crawl along.



Spider-Wretches

“Spider-Wretches” are the results of the curse of an ancient, evil god-thing that was once worshiped by a large (and now forbidden) cult. Those who displeased or opposed it were turned into those beings.

These creatures look very much like pale humans, but their arms and legs are that of a giant, black arachnid that fuses with the human body at shoulders and hips. Spider-Wretches walk on all fours, with their chest facing the ground. Their necks are linked to the back of their heads, the heads are bald except for a few strains of wiry hair. Their mouth is large and filled with black, pointed teeth, and instead of eyes the sockets are overgrown with a spongy, gray-black flesh that allows them to sense the body heat of other beings as well as fresh “heat traces” in a cool environment.

They live in small packs and claim large underground areas as their domain. When there is one, more are not far away, and when they encounter prey or a danger, they call each other with hoarse, growling sounds. When they attack, they use their front limbs to slash and stab. If they manage to overpower their prey, they engage in close combat to deliver a poisonous bite. These creatures are not brave, and will disengage when an opponent cannot be overcome quickly, but will return for a second attack after they have gathered the support of some more of their brethren.

They use no tools but a web secretion they are able to produce from their mouth (but only in limited quantities). The webbing is not strong enough to hold themselves and they do not use it to build webs, but build “walls” to block sight or for heat insulation. The webbing is sticky and may trap insects or small animals, and it is used to cover chasms and holes to create pit traps.

Females of the species that conceive either give birth to a small Spider-Wretch or to dozens of spider-creatures of different size. In the later case, the female next to always dies during birth and serves as the spider-creatures first meal.



| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|
| No. Enc.: | 2d4 (3d6) |
| Alignment: | Chaotic |
| Movement: | 150'(50') |
| Armor Class: | 12 (Unarmored) |
| Hit Dice: | 3 |
| Attacks: | 3* (Slash / Slash / Bite) |
| Damage: | 1d6 / Poison* |
| Save: | as 3 rd level Specialist |
| Morale: | 5 |

Special: If the first “Slash” attack was successful, a second follows. If the second one was successful as well, a bite attack follows that will deliver a poison: the victim will fall unconscious for 1d6 turns unless a *Save vs Poison* is passed. In that case, the victim will only feel dizzy (-1 penalty on all rolls) for 1d6 rounds (cumulative effect).

Fungal Slugs

Some places are strange. This might be due to them being saturated with magic, or for them being a point where different planes of existence overlap and merge. At such places, strange things can happen. Things like spontaneous creation. Spontaneous creation means that a life form comes into existence without being born or hedged. It comes into being through the merge of other factors, sometimes without any actual life being involved (“abiogenesis”). The ancient Greeks believed in spontaneous creation and even had a complex system they then believed to be what we would call scientific today. This concept was widespread even in 17th Europe till Louis Pasteur debunked it with an experiment. But for our RPGs, with magic and merging planes, it might be oh-so-right...

Fungal Slugs are a product of spontaneous creation. They spawn out of large concentrations of giant mushrooms or large mold fields. They differ in size, and while the normally come into being as small as a grown man’s thumb, sometimes they are the size of a dog or a sheep. The smaller ones are usually preyed upon by other creatures, but the large slugs may become predators in their own right (instead of feeding of the fungi that spawned them). They are rather slow and attack by engulfing parts of their prey so that their secretions can liquefy the flesh, but if they stay in dense cover (like a field of giant mushrooms) they are able to overcome their prey by surprise. The pain and shock of the flesh melting away can completely overwhelm a victim and leave it defenseless against the attack.

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| No. Enc.: | 1 (1d3) |
| Alignment: | Neutral |
| Movement: | 40 / 10' |
| Armor Class: | 10 |
| Hit Dice: | 1 (10 hit points) |
| Attacks: | 1 (engulf & digest)* |
| Damage: | 1d6* |
| Save: | Fails automatically |
| Morale: | 9 |

Special: Giant Fungal Slugs move without a sound and share the color of the fungal field that spawned them. If they are able to attack from inside of their "mother field", their victim may be surprised and has to check with a d8 (instead of the regular d6).

A character that suffers damage from the attack of a Giant Fungal Slug must pass a *Save vs. Devices* or will be unable to act during the next round.

The Forgotten Cloakroom

All doors to this room are stuck (but not locked) and thereby call for an *Open Doors* check. Once one of them is opened the characters are greeted by a waft of moldy air and the smell of mothballs. The walls are lined with tatters and rags of what once were overcoats and jackets, and a number of small cabinets hold the remains of different hats and footwear. Among that, partially hidden behind a hall stand that is thick with cobwebs, the mummified remains of man with a powdered wig and a lackey uniform can be found. Just a few seconds after the first character has entered the room, the mummy will come to life and rasp „*May I have your coat?*“ while reaching out, staring at the nearest PC with empty eye sockets and a rictus grin.

The Mummy Lackey will not attack anybody unless the characters attack it first or try to take something that is not theirs (but it will protest first). It is a HD 0 Monster with 8 Hit Points. When it is hit, a cloud of dust rises from its dried-out body and every character in the same room must *Save vs. Poison* or will be unable to attack for the next 1d4 rounds as she coughs and retches.

Almost anything in this room is decayed to the point of uselessness, but a successful *Search* will reveal a silver brooch (4 sp), four fine copper buckles (1 sp each), a hatpin with the splinter of a blue gem (3 sp) and a set of broad brushes with ornamented silver handles (7 sp for the whole set).

Six Items from the Realms of the Elves

01# Water from an Everspring Fountain

Those fountains are not uncommon in the domains of the Elves, but hard to find anywhere else as everything but "near perfect harmony of nature" (or so the Elves say) robs them of their power. A cup full of water that was taken from an Everspring Fountain will heal most wounds immediately (2d6 hit points), but it loses its power over time (one less hit point is healed for each day that passed since the water has been taken from the fountain).

02# Elven Chainmail

The mail armor of the Elves is rare, and it is even more rare for them to give it to those not of their kind. It is so fine and thin that one could think that it is purely for decoration and ceremony, but although it does not encumber its wearer more than leather armor would, it is as durable as human chain mail.

03# Elven Long Knife

While many Elves do not wear swords, they often wear a sharp knife with a blade more than a foot in length and a slight curve to it. These weapons are surprisingly light in weight, and a skilled fighter can strike with them quickly to deal deep cuts or to deliver deadly thrusts. Against an opponent with mediocre or low Dexterity (10 or less), a character who fights with an Elven Long Knife gains a damage bonus equal to his or her own Agility bonus.

04# Elven Wine

The wine of the Elves is usually red and rich in taste, and while it does not seem to be strong at first it goes to the head rather quickly (unless one is a Dwarf, in which case the wine has no effect at all). Elven Wine never gives penalties to Wisdom and it never causes a hang-over, but has all of the other effects (good and ill) of alcohol.

05# Elven Rope

Also known as "Silverrope" among the Elves and those who are familiar with their culture, these ropes were not created from hemp, cotton or linen but out of the fibers of a plant named Moonbride. It is similar to hemp but different in color and for some reason next to impossible to cultivate (at least, by regular means). Silverrope is five times as strong and durable as a regular rope of its thickness, but rare (even for an elf).

06# Silver Forelock Talisman

A simple talisman in the form of a silvery tress that was taken from the forelock of an unicorn. For the talisman to work, the unicorn must have parted from this piece of its mane willingly. Few individuals are able to develop such a bond with these elusive creatures. To a wearer with a non-Lawful alignment the talisman provides a re-roll to all failed saving throws against Magic and Magical Devices.

The Seven Candles

The Seven Candles have been blessed by a saint (or similar clerical figure of reverence) so that they may help the faithful in times of need. Each of them is equal to a mundane candle of good quality, and will burn up to 12 turns. But furthermore, each candle may provide one of the following seven benefits after being lit by a Cleric in a moment of devotion. The exact nature of the benefit is determined by the Referee.

As long as the candle burns, all characters of Lawful or Neutral alignment within the shine of its light...

1# ... gain a +2 bonus to all saving throws against non-clerical spells.

2# ... will be immune against the effects of thirst, hunger, exhaustion, fear and any strong emotional impulse.

3# ...will receive a +3 bonus on all Reaction rolls as long as their own behavior is kind.

4# ... gain a +1 bonus to all attack and damage rolls

5#... gain a +2 bonus on all Search rolls

6#... gain a 20% bonus on the XP gain of their current deeds.

7#... will gain an increased benefit from all benevolent cleric spells cast on them (the spell gains +2 levels).



Six Beneficial Encounters while Traveling

If every encounter is bad for the character, the players will begin to avoid every one of them. And rightly so. Having some beneficial encounters thereby helps to keep the players having their characters retreating from the world they are meant to interact with.

01# The characters have a chance encounter with a traveling 1st level Cleric of a benevolent deity. If they share their story with her and seem to be in need of help, the Cleric will either cast a *Cure Minor Wounds* or *Bless* spell for them.

02# In a village inn or a guest house along the road, the characters meet two merchants that travel together and just happen to head into the same direction as they do. While they already have hired guards to protect their wagons (one wagon per merchant, and a total of four guards) they will be happy to have a few more "honorable, capable folk" along and offer to supply the adventurers with provisions for each day they travel with them down the road.

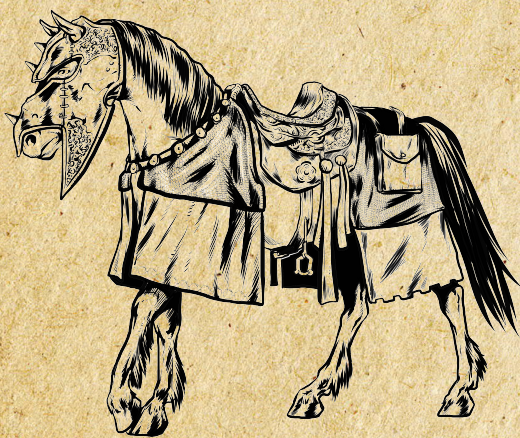
03# After a junction or crossroad the characters meet a Dwarf who drags two heavy sacks behind him, each about as large as he is himself. He sweats and curses while he pulls them along, foot by foot, and his face is already deep red from exertion. When approached, he will stop and raise a hand for a greeting, but will need a moment to catch his breath enough to introduce himself.

Larwin, a young smith, wanted to offer a load of his tools and weapons for sale in the next human settlement, but his mule broke itself a leg "in one of these bedamnable potholes on this shoddy, useless things YOU call a road!". He will be very reluctant to accept help to carry his wares (as he is afraid that "ye long-legs will just run away with it!") but will gladly sell some of it to the characters "for a special price". The bags (which are stuffed with hay for padding) contain an assortment of tools as well as a helmet, an ax, a mace, a warhammer, a short sword and a small shield, all of good quality. If the characters can somehow gain Larwin's trust so that he accepts their help he will offer them "one of my wares of your choice for hauling them with me to the settlement".

04# A village the characters pass through celebrates the marriage of their liege, who has sponsored a few barrels of beer for this occasion. The people are joyful and welcome the PC as guests at the celebration. Food, drink and lodging (in the hay of one of the barns) are free this night.

05# In the next tavern, the characters meet a traveling bard who approaches them politely. "You seem to be an adventurous lot, from the look of you all. Do you have good stories to share? I like interesting tales and your throats shall not dry why you tell them". While he will only order the cheapest beer the house has to offer, all those will be on him if the characters have some good stories to share. If they have performed something exceptional, they might even be mentioned in one of his songs in the future.

06# In a guest house that is about a day's march away from the next city or settlement, the characters are approached by the owner after they have been served their drinks: "Excuse me, good sirs... you look like fine fighting men. May I ask if you would be interested in a fine weapon?" A luckless adventurer entered the guest house a week before, a heavily armored veteran mercenary. He downed the first tankard of double beer before the bar wench was even able to ask for the payment, and as she did he gave a sinister laugh, stood up and drew one of the weapons he wore (an ornamented short sword). "HERE!" he shouted and slammed it onto the table "that is enough to quench my thirst AND to pay for lodging, OR ISN'T IT?!" The way he looked at the owner as he bellowed this made it clear that this was not a question, especially as his hand had moved to the axe he still carried on person. Now, the owner tries to cut his losses on that "customer" and is eager to sell the short sword for 60% of the list price. The weapon has no special qualities, but may be sold for up to 120% of the list price if the characters find somebody that is interested in a fancy short sword.



Rowry McCallan & Hr'ak Karr

The rundown men-at-arms stopped chatting as they saw the young fellow coming down the middle of the road that ran through the village. „Hey! You there! Where do you think you ar'going with THAT thing?“ the first one shouted. „Perhaps he has a giant nail at home?“ another added. The three burst into dirty laughter while the figure in the worn overcoat slowly approached them, one step after the other. The thing the shabby swordsman had commented about, he dragged behind him; a warhammer, thrice the size of a regular one and with a handle so thick no man could ever keep a proper hold of it. A few yards away from them, he came to a stop and glared over from under the filthy strains of red hair that fell into his face. „Alright... stand there and show us your money... passing down this road is no longer free, you know? There is a toll now...“. The former soldiers and now-brigands spread out a bit as they came closer, and the young fellow with the huge hammer spat out to his right. Then, he hefted the hammer, raised it high and shouted something. Next, the brigands started to scream...

Rowry McCallan 3rd Level Fighter

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alignment: | Neutral |
| Notable Attributes: | Constitution: 14 / Strength: 14 |
| Hit Points: | 20 |
| AC: | 13 (Padded Vest and buffcoat) |
| Weapon: | Hr'ak-Karr (see below) |

The young Scot used to be a shepherd when he was a child, a member of the local militia a little later, and a pikeman in a noble's army not to long ago. The nobleman's war lead them away from Scotland, and in England the campaign ended on a muddy field where Rowry was left for dead. As the picking of a crow woke him a few hours before sundown, he picked himself up and wondered what had happened. He remembered that victory was at hand, but then a GIANT appeared that wreaked havoc in their ranks. At that point his memory left him. Whoever had finally won had left the battlefield already. Scrounging the site in hope to find something to barter for food, ale and a transport to the next city, Rowry stumbled over the hammer the giant had used, but the giant was nowhere to be seen. The weapon laid next to an enemy soldier, and as he looked at his face, Rowry began to remember what had happened. Now, he tugs the hammer along and makes use of it.

Hr'rak-Karr, the Giant Hammer

Impossible-to-Use, magical +1* Great Hammer
(1d12+1*+STB damage)

Hr'rak-Karr is not simply a Great Hammer, but a warhammer three times the size of a regular one. Its handle is so thick that no human or demi-human could ever wield it effectively in battle, and its weight and size make its cumbersome to carry, even with the broad leather sling attached to its knob (counts as two items). Anybody who lifts the hammer high and above the own head [a feat that calls for a (-1) *Force Door* tests] while shouting out its name (Hr'rak-Karr) will be turned into a fitting size to wield it: three times as large as before, for a total of five turns (as per the *Enlarge* spell, with a +200% increase in size). In addition, whoever wields or even carries Hr'rak-Karr may re-roll any failed *Save vs Magic*.

How to make use of Rowry McCallan and Hr'rk-Karr in your game:

The NPC with the magical hammer could be a side quest (or just a sideshow) in an ongoing adventure: the characters may hear rumors (or stories) about a giant roaming the area, and later meet Rowry in a tavern with this giant hammer next to him. Rowry will be less than chatty and will just want to drink his ale.

If the characters try to hire a fighting henchmen for a quest, Rowry might answer the call.

Last but not least, a local lord might have placed a bounty on "a Scottish marauder who wields an oversized warhammer". The prize on the Scott's head is 300sp (thrice the monthly wage of a common mercenary), and as proof of the deed the noble demands the warhammer. In that scenario, Rowry is currently in a small village that he "freed" from a couple of brigands (in fact, they just pissed him off and he squashed their heads for it). The villagers feel that they now owe something to Rowry, and thereby gave him provisions and ale, and showed him a good hiding place.

Do you like what you got? There is more!

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