

Weird Magic Items

Grindhouse Edition Magic Item Contest

The following spells were submitted as part of a contest to present a sample magic item for the Weird Fantasy Role-Playing Grindhouse Edition. Happy reading, and I hope you find something that turns your own campaign just a little bit Weirder.

- James Edward Raggi IV

Belasius' Scopus

(by Eoin Keith Boyle)

One of a set of crystal wine glasses from King Usk-glass' wedding, Belasius enchanted the glasses to produce entertaining lighting effects when the light from the table candles struck the wine. Currently, the main use of these glasses by adventurers is as an enchantment detection system. When filled with a liquid and illuminated, the light that passes through the glass shimmers and shifts to illuminate anything magical within the light source range. The person using the Scopus must hold both the light and the glass and all other light sources must be extinguished for this to work. Different liquids and different light sources will alter these effects - using the steeped brew of Coffea Arabica doesn't detect magic, but will act instead as *Read Languages & Read Magic*. Using lower quality light sources (cheap candles, improvised torches, etc) can sometimes produce false positive results as well as very distracting effects that have been known to attract wandering monsters and other forms of unwanted attention. Magical light sources also produce interesting variant effects as well - using the Scopus with a Hand of Glory produces visions of death in the immediate vicinity, as well as amplifying the effect of the Hand. The full set of possibilities (light & liquid) hasn't been explored yet - that's for the players to do.

Blade of Betrayal

(by Anthony Simeone)

This item appears to be a well-made but otherwise unspectacular throwing dagger. The blade seems to be competently forged, has a comfortable hilt made of dark wood, and is well-balanced for throwing. Anyone who throws the dagger will find that it is a practical and reliable weapon—until the time that it reverses its

course in mid-flight and streaks back toward the thrower with deadly accuracy.

The curse on the dagger is only activated if the thrower's to-hit roll (including all applicable modifiers) is sufficient to strike the thrower's own armor class. Unless the thrower knows the specifics of the dagger's enchantment, the effect is a surprise and always hits. Anyone who does know about the enchantment can throw the dagger prepared for the potential that it may reverse its course. In this case, they can be ready to avoid harm by interposing something (an object, another person) between themselves and the dagger. Otherwise, they will be struck by the blade. Someone using the blade in this way must first throw the dagger as their attack for that round, and then use their movement for the round to get behind an obstruction.

Anyone who seeks out the blade's history will discover tales of a master thief known as Paedrik Cayhale. The stories say that he paid a hefty sum to have an evil wizard create the dagger for him. Paedrik most often used it to trick unsuspecting souls into killing themselves. One of his favorite methods was to invite a victim to engage in a friendly knife-throwing competition, and then offer the hapless fool the cursed blade in the spirit of "playing fair." But one fateful day, the plainness of the blade was his downfall. During a fight, he mistook the cursed dagger for one of his unenchanted blades, and thus did Paedrik fall to his own treachery.

Bloodroot

(by Wayne Renaud)

The Bloodroot appears as a knee-high, flowering bundle of sweet-smelling vines that prefer shady and humid fissures to grow their roots. Overgrown ruins and surface caves are the most likely places for it to appear, especially if there is an immediately adjacent spring or stream. If the area containing the Bloodroot is searched, then the Bloodroot itself becomes mobile and (with a 4 in 6 chance if the searcher attempts to avoid it) burrows itself into the target's hand and forearm, forming a tight bundle around and through

any existing armor and diverting blood vessels through itself. The Bloodroot becomes an edged weapon that resembles a sickle with which the wearer is always proficient, delivering +2 to hit and +2 to damage on a d8. This comes at the expense of 2 points of Constitution and decreases the AC of the wearer by 1, as the wearer's weapon is now a functional organ of his or her own body and may bleed if struck with enough force.

After spending one night with the Bloodroot, in which exceptionally vivid and uncomfortable dreams are experienced, the wearer begins to hear whispers from living plants.

When passing through areas favorable to the Bloodroot, such as cave entrances and shaded stone structures, it disperses dust-like seeds. This is a pleasant sensation for the wearer. There is a 30% chance (+15% if there is an immediate source of water) that a new Bloodroot will appear and flower within 2d4 days. A worn Bloodroot may be removed with a *Remove Curse* spell, however without a new host it will die within the hour.

Boots of Stomping

(by Ben Aldrich)

These boots were made by an evil dwarf who hated fey creatures. The boots are crafted of fine black leather with cold iron studs and spikes. The boots allow the wearer to charge at an individual or group of creatures who are less than half as tall as the wearer, and get an attack against all creatures who fail a save vs petrification. The boots do double damage vs fey creatures. The boots will also magically re-size to fit any humanoid creature larger than a dwarf. Owners of the boots develop a hatred for fey creatures over time, and fey creatures will always react negatively to the wearer of the boots.

Censer of The Silent Observer

(by Jonas Mustonen)

This small silver container used for burning incense is covered in strange indecipherable glyphs, it is suspended on three chains with small delicately crafted bells attached to them. When certain concentrated (blessed) incense of rarest and most expensive kind (500gp) is burned in it and holder swings it gently back and forth without himself uttering a word he becomes slightly out of phase with rest of the world, time and reality. He seems to have just disappeared in to thin air with tingle of bells. Holder of the censer as long as he does not utter a word can move and observe everything with perfect clarity, almost totally unnoticable and silent, but can not interact with any object or creature or cast spells to effect anything, he can not pass through walls or even open doors when holding the

censer. He is by all means invisible but notable exception are creatures of infernal hierarchy who see and hear him just fine though can not interact with him, Magic-Users and other dabblers in to occult get a saving throw versus magical device, if they succeed they hear barely audible tingle of bells and smell a whiff of burning incense but nothing more. The incense will burn out in 1d4+1 turns.

Crown of the Underking, The

(by Richard Rittenhouse)

This powerful magical artifact looks like a crude, battered, tin toy crown, straight from a poor child's dress-up box. A grown adult would look ridiculous wearing it.

The wearer of the crown can, once per month, call forth a mob of (Charisma + 1d10) beggars, drunks, prostitutes, lepers, street crazies, urchins, hustlers, addicts, and losers. The crown will only work in or near an urban area with a population of at least 1,000, and it takes an hour for the mob to arrive and assemble. This motley rabble will treat the wearer of the crown as their king (or queen) for the next three days. They will hang around the wearer, address him or her as "Your Majesty" (and become enraged when others don't) and do anything that he or she asks, possibly even to the point of dying for him or her. They will serve the wearer faithfully and will not attempt to pervert his or her orders (except possibly accidentally through stupidity), but they are all illiterate and may have trouble with complex instructions. After three days the summoned mob will disperse and slink back to the streets with only fuzzy memories of their service to their Monarch. In a weird magical "Coincidence", the mob's tattered rags will match the colors of the crown-wearer's armor, shield device, or symbol.

The members of the mob are 0-level humans with 3 HP, Morale 10, and no armor. None of them will have any ability scores above 10. They are armed with rocks, sticks, and possibly a few crude shanks (damage 1d4).

Dead Man's Bones

(by Simon Forster)

A square box, two feet to a side, made of ancient oak and engraved with runes both arcane and divine. The lid is hinged with cold-forged iron, the interior lined with cracked and softened leather. It easily fits the bones of a fully grown human.

By placing bones inside the box, the depositor can call forth the spirit of the deceased as per the 3rd level Cleric spell *Speak with Dead*. A disembodied voice comes out of the box, slightly muffled. At a minimum the skull needs to be placed inside, which allows one question to be answered, and the more bones placed

within, the more questions can be asked, up to a maximum of five (as a rough guide, two questions for skull and ribcage, three questions for skull, ribcage and spine, four with arms included, and five with the legs to complete the set).

This functions perfectly once per day, but it can be used more often, although doing so incurs a risk: for each additional attempt, there is a 25% chance of something going wrong (50% for three attempts, 75% for four, and 100% for five or more attempts). If such a risk occurs, roll on the table below to see what goes wrong:

1d6 roll Result

1. The spirit refuses to return, and the refusal creates a temporary blockage between the box and the afterlife, causing the box to stop functioning for 1d4 days;
2. The spirit that is dragged back is not the right one. It is instead a malevolent spirit that will lie, sow discord, and generally cause trouble until the questions are used up, at which point the spirit returns with a spew of curses and angry retorts;
3. The spirit becomes trapped in the box and cannot leave for 1d4 days. In that time it will be forced to answer one and only one question each day, but will also engage in general conversation if anyone talks to it;
4. The spirit cries out in agony, a wailing cacophony that has the same effect of a *Cause Fear* spell, affecting all who can hear the voice within a 30' radius (save versus magic to resist);
5. The magic backfires and animates the bones of the dead, which rises as a Skeleton that will attack as soon as it is let out of the box;
6. The spirit of the deceased is dragged back from whatever afterlife it was in, becoming a Wraith that manifests itself over the box and attacks the user of the magical box.

Endymion's Crotchless Pantaloons

(by Keith Hackwood)

+1 Chaos trousers that, being the cast-offs of the legendary tumbler and clown, Endymion Starsky, confer a bonus to the dexterity of the wearer (at the Referee's discretion, but suggested +2 Dex bonus). However, the trousers are bright, garish and emit a yellowish glow, demanding attention and disdaining any camouflage, even showing up via infravision (hell, they demand to be noticed!). They also exert a compulsive need in the wearer to move, jig, dance, and generally foot-it like a fool in regular pulses of activity (twice per day at least). Their crotchless nature is both

fascinating and obscene, whether the wearer has undergarments or not, and may well evoke the ire of more puritanical folks. Chaotic types will experience the trousers as impossibly desirable and marvellous.

Enitha's Ravenous Spinner

(by John Laviolette)

A brass spider-automaton with the head of a ram which can be fed plant matter once a week, after which it will produce enough silk to be turned into several balls of twine, a rope, or a tunic or pair of hose. If fed the equivalent of 20 coins of iron or precious metal, it will spin extremely durable metal thread instead; metallic tunic and hose are the equivalent of +1 but non-magical leather armor (AC 15). If fed metal more than once a week, each feeding has a 1 in 6 chance of enraging the Ravenous Spinner, causing it to attack as a 4 HD creature with armor equivalent to chain (AC 16.) If it kills its owner, it goes feral and carnivorous, turning corpses of its victims into meat-thread. A slain Spinner will no longer function.

Eye Cage, The

(by J. Brian Murphy)

The Eye Cage is a small, spherical cage of antiqued gold. The interior is covered in hundreds of tiny, hooked spikes. If the Eye Cage is held up to a person's eye, the cage sucks out the eyeball, leaving an empty socket where the eye was. (This user may suffer a -2 attack roll penalty due to the loss of depth perception.) The Eye Cage can then roll under its own power, as directed by the thoughts and desires of the person whose eye was snatched. That person can see whatever the eye sees. The eye can travel at 120' per turn, or 100' per round in combat, by rolling along on the ground.

The cage is a very sneaky device. Even those looking for it will have a hard time spotting the Eye Cage; it's as difficult to find as a secret door. Being no bigger than an actual eyeball, it can squeeze under most doors, hide in dark corners, roll under cabinets and chairs and tables and even vanish into large cracks or mouse holes.

The cage is also very fragile. Its small size gives it an AC of 17, but if it takes even a single point of damage, the eye inside is destroyed, the cage goes inert, and the person whose eye was destroyed suffers 1d6 points of damage.

The Eye Cage is said to be the creation of the sorceress Razelle Coleen. She could, reportedly, know when the Eye Cage was being used, and see through whatever eye was in it. She used it to spy on the spies of the nobility who employed her. Supposedly, she was killed when inquisitors burned down her home over 200 years ago.

Flask of Smells

(by Jorge Alonso)

This crystal flask can be used to magically collect any smell. Once it is full, the smell can be poured on another thing (or person), replacing its own smell.

The smell inside the flask seems to be a colorful vapor. If it is washed, the smell is erased, and the flask turns transparent.

When it is first encountered, it can be (1d6):

1. Empty.
2. Cyan: The smell of a cleaned and perfumed person.
3. Red: The smell of a delicious roasted meat.
4. Purple: It has the smell of a sexually active bitch.
5. Brown: The smell of shit.
6. Black: The smell of the undead.

Fly Butter

(by Keith Hackwood)

A sort of grim and stench-addled greyish paste, churned from the harvested milk of a whole hive of flies and combined with alchemical surfactants (work usually carried out by necromantic researchers); this repellent stuff can be used in a variety of ways :

Applied to the skin, it provides protection against all forms of insect bites and stings (though lowers charisma due to the foul stink)

If rubbed onto a bladed weapon it has the effect of promoting infectious and septic wounds to any wounded thereafter

If ingested in the right quantity, it produces an enhanced sense of visual awareness (eyes in the back of the head), a vastly improved sense of smell and the ability to climb sheer surfaces, much as a fly would

If ingested in too great a quantity it causes a sort of distracted quality in the affected being (as though they are hearing the drone and buzz of a million flies, constantly, wake or sleep) – leading if untreated (*Remove Curse* cast at a level exceeding that of the butter's creator might work), to a particularly unpleasant form of insanity.

Goblet of Maidenhood

(by Jorge Alonso)

When the light of the Sun reaches this crystal goblet, no colorful spark appears on it.

If any woman uses it to drink water just before she goes to sleep, when she awakes the next morning, she will find that her maidenhood has been restored: She is again a virgin, no matter her age.

Goldenblossom's Comb

(by Ben Aldrich)

This finely crafted comb made of gold emits a slight hum. It was made for a famous elf stage actress-- Mistress Elexus Goldenblossom and its magical property is to remove static from ones hair.

Gut Stone

(by Adam Thornton)

The Gut Stone appears to be a gray stone torus, about an inch in diameter, with the hole in the middle about half an inch in diameter.

The intended use is that the user swallows it before an anticipated poisoning, or before an anticipated bout of gluttony. The shape is so that a string can be attached to it, and the end of the string kept within, or dangling from, the user's mouth (depending on whether or not subtlety is required).

While the Gut Stone remains in the user's stomach, all normal food, up to a maximum of 500 lbs, is magically compressed into a microscopically-thin layer on the stone's surface, and its weight does not actually increase (that is, the swallower is not walking around with a quarter-ton rock in his stomach). All saves against ingested poison are at +6.

However, no ingested item has any nutritive effect: alcohol will neither make the consumer drunk nor sick; emetics will not work, etc. The Gut Stone will not pass from the stomach to the intestine. Consumption of substances such as ground glass or molten lead will still harm the ingester's mouth and throat, but not his stomach.

However: if a save versus poison is failed, or if the Gut Stone receives more than five hundred pounds of food and drink, or the equivalent of more than 30 hit points worth of damage (e.g. from molten lead), everything it has caused to vanish returns, all at once. This is why users tie it to a string and try very hard not to lose the end of that string. This is why it is also used as a means of execution in some circles. Often the victim is forced to swallow it and then given the choice of slowly starving--five hundred pounds of food can last quite a long time, after all--or of quickly exploding. Since it will not pass, and since emetics have no effect on someone who's swallowed one, the only way to remove one that no longer has its string attached is surgically. Oddly, the Gut Stone *does* have its full weight of ingested items if magical means, such as *Telekinesis*, are used to move it.

Gut Stones, used as intended, are typically purged between uses by taking them to a slaughterhouse and pouring blood and offal onto them until they disgorge. After a Gut Stone has disgorged its contents, it is inert

for six hours; this typically gives plenty of time to clean and restring it.

A Gut Stone goes for somewhere around 2,000gp, if you can find someone who sells such things; most nobles have one in their treasuries for formal dinners; they are common enough that most experienced magic-users or viziers would recognize one. It takes a 15th-level Magic-User to create one, mostly because of the Permanency; one that only functioned for a few hours could be cobbled together by an 11th-level mage, but might have a lesser capacity or give less of a bonus against poison.

In some depraved circles, a form of Russian Roulette involving passing a Gut Stone around while performing feats of gluttony is a popular pastime. There is no truth at all to the rumors that Gut stones degrade with use and may disgorge well before reaching their nominal capacity.

Incomparable Blade of Discord, The

(by Matej Saric)

Y Short sword (d6 damage)

Y A simple pointed blade of dull gray iron, with a short curved (§) guard, a grip wrapped in black leather and an octagonal pommel.

Y Detects as magical, and Identify reveals that the blade holds tendrils of immense dormant power, which needs to be gradually unlocked by performing the correct rituals.

Enchantment Level 0 (Dormant)

Y initial state of the blade for a new owner

Powers

Y Ultra-Acute Hearing

Ultra-Acute Hearing: While in possession of this item, the character is unable to hear perfectly harmonious sounds. Even when listening to master musicians who impress everybody else present, the character will always perceive a minute level of disharmony - as if every sound in the world was slightly off, and only the character can notice it.

Further unlocked powers of the blade only apply while the person who performed the rituals is wielding it. If anybody else takes it, the blade only functions at the Dormant level for them. Multiple persons can independently perform the rituals and reach different stages of power (the blade feeds of the personal sacrifice involved). In fact, a good way to introduce the item is by giving it to an NPC the characters are likely to clash with, who has it unlocked to the 1st or 2nd level of power.

Each ritual:

Y is a Chaotic act (with appropriate consequences for Lawful or Neutral characters).

Y must first be researched/found (Referee's choice; the character must basically first solve a quest to find the details). This only tells them where they need to go and what they need to do, as well as promising great power. The character shouldn't be told what happens as a consequence of each individual ritual, as it would spoil half the fun.

Y involves travelling to a location where the forces of Chaos are strong.

Y involves ritual self-mutilation, inflicting damage but also permanently reducing the wielder's maximum hit points.

Y results in the next X experience points (each ritual has a different cost specified below) the wielder would have gained being awarded to the blade instead; once this quota is achieved, a portion of the blade's power is awakened and the wielder resumes gaining experience normally.

Enchantment Level 1 (Initial) requires the Ritual of Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation

Y The wielder must travel to a secluded location notorious for inexplicable ghost sounds and spend a whole day alone listening to them. At midnight, a voice will tell them the steps necessary to unlock the first level of the blade's power.

Y d6 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 1 HP.

Y 250 trailing XP cost.

Powers

Y Ultra-Acute Hearing

Y +1 enchantment bonus to hit and damage

Y Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation 1/day

Y Spell Effects (duration, saving throw difficulty) as Magic User Level 3 with 14 Intelligence

Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation: By bringing the blade close to their lips and whispering a certain secret mantra for 1 round, the wielder can produce an *Audible Glamer* (as per spell).

Enchantment Level 2 (Upgraded) requires the Shadow of the Eclipse Ritual

Y The wielder must travel to the ancient ruins of a nameless city high in the mountains on a day of total solar eclipse. If they are alone and make the right preparations, when the eclipse begins they

will be struck with insanity, lasting only until the eclipse ends. During this period of darkness, they will gain intuitive knowledge of the second level of the blade's power.

Ÿ d6+1 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 2 HP.

Ÿ 1.000 trailing XP cost.

Powers

Ÿ +2 enchantment bonus to hit and damage

Ÿ Ultra-Acute Hearing

Ÿ Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation 2/day

Ÿ Shadow of the Eclipse 1/day

Ÿ Spell Effects (duration, saving throw difficulty) as Magic User Level 6 with 16 Intelligence

Shadow of the Eclipse: Upon speaking the command word the blade darkens slightly, as if covered by a sourceless shadow. The target of the first successful melee hit with the blade during the next round is touched by a bizarre darkening of the mind (as if affected with the *Hideous Laughter* spell).

Enchantment Level 3 (Superior) requires the Ritual of Primal Cacophony

Ÿ The wielder must travel to a deserted island off of normal trade routes. Among the time-worn circle of featureless giant statues, they must perform a particular ritual which will invoke an unnatural storm. They must then endure a full hour of strong wind, rain and hail, which will end in a single roaring thunder strike. The echo of this overpowering sound will ring in their ears during the next 3 days (leaving them temporarily deaf and unable to sleep), at moments seemingly telling them secrets of the third level of the blade's power.

Ÿ d6+2 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 3 HP.

Ÿ 4.000 trailing XP cost.

Powers

Ÿ +3 enchantment bonus to hit and damage

Ÿ Ultra-Acute Hearing

Ÿ Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation 3/day

Ÿ Shadow of the Eclipse 2/day

Ÿ Primal Cacophony 1/day

Ÿ Spell Effects (duration, saving throw difficulty) as Magic User Level 9 with 18 Intelligence

Primal Cacophony: For 1 round, the wielder viciously slashes the empty air in front of them with the blade, as if cutting down an invisible membrane. Shortly

after, a cacophony of indescribable primal sounds emerges from this invisible gap, sparking unbearably deep insight in the minds of anyone hearing them (as per the *Confusion* spell).

Enchantment Level 4 (Epic) requires the Ritual of Devouring Entropy

Ÿ The wielder must gain possession of a holy relic kept in the temple of a Lawful deity. This relic must then be defiled on a full moon night, using a ritual thought lost in time and involving the wielder's blood. An hour before daybreak, half of the resulting ashes must be back in the temple sanctum where the relic used to be. The other half can be mixed into a potion which will put the wielder in a coma for a week. When they awake, they will find themselves aged d3 years, but they will also remember a dream instructing them in the fourth level of the blade's power.

Ÿ d6+3 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 4 HP.

Ÿ 16.000 trailing XP cost.

Powers

Ÿ +4 enchantment bonus to hit and damage

Ÿ Ultra-Acute Hearing

Ÿ Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation 4/day

Ÿ Shadow of the Eclipse 3/day

Ÿ Primal Cacophony 2/day

Ÿ Devouring Entropy 1/day

Ÿ Spell Effects (duration, saving throw difficulty) as Magic User Level 12 with 20 Intelligence

Devouring Entropy: The wielder focuses on an eldritch rune barely visible on the blade under a certain angle of viewing for 1 round, and the blade starts humming quietly - drawing in raw entropic power from the immediate vicinity. The first creature or object touched by the tip of the blade during the next round is utterly devoured by the forces invoked (as per the *Disintegrate* spell).

Enchantment Level 5 (Artifact) requires the Ritual of Overwhelming Discord

Ÿ The wielder must have a Symbol of Conflict seared on their chest, infiltrate a gathering of at least 27 Lawful persons, get their attention on the Symbol - and survive. A week later, the seared flesh where the Symbol was placed will heal, but eight smaller (slightly fluorescent) runes will permanently appear on the edges of the affected skin area. Researching these runes in a hard-to-find forbidden book (currently jealously guarded by a powerful

Magic User) will yield the mysteries of the fifth level of the blade's power.

ÿ d6+4 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 5 HP.

ÿ 32.000 trailing XP cost.

Powers

ÿ +5 enchantment bonus to hit and damage

ÿ Ultra-Acute Hearing

ÿ Non-Euclidian Sound Propagation 5/day

ÿ Shadow of the Eclipse 4/day

ÿ Primal Cacophony 3/day

ÿ Devouring Entropy 2/day

ÿ Mark of Overwhelming Discord 1/day

ÿ Spell Effects (duration, saving throw difficulty) as Magic User Level 15 with 22 Intelligence

Mark of Overwhelming Discord: The wielder cuts the outline of one of the eight forbidden runes in their skin with the very tip of the blade (suffering d4 damage). The same rune may then immediately be re-cut on any surface (leaving a trail of their own blood), where it acts as the corresponding *Symbol* (as per spell).

Enchantment Level 6 (Avatar) requires the Ritual of Piercing Manifestation

ÿ The wielder must find the means to alter the course of a comet appearing every 10.000 years, directing it to hit a particular spot on the ocean bottom. The ice from the comet will evaporate when it enters the atmosphere, revealing a mysterious object contained within. When this object strikes the determined spot, part of the sunken plateau will rise above the ocean surface and reveal a cyclopean altar upon which the wielder must climb. If the right ritual is performed, a spectral twin of the blade will appear from hidden spaces and merge with the wielder's body, unlocking the final level of the blade's power.

ÿ d6+5 self-inflicted damage, permanently lose 6 HP.

ÿ The wielder's body becomes a conduit of raw cosmic power, bringing an unstoppable avatar of primal Chaos into material existence; this process is lethal to the frail confines of a human body, and (sadly?) irreversible.

Powers

ÿ Unknown

P.S. If tested, the blade proves to be extremely difficult to damage or disable - destroying it requires a direct intervention of a major Lawful deity.

Inversion Mirror

(by Frédéric Verdier)

Any character trying to look his own face through this apparatus will immediately be kept in an infinite loop of reflections, unless he succeeds a saving throw based on Wisdom or Intelligence

First effect: temporary paralysis (saving throw Wis or Int). Any other being can quickly disrupt the process by way of crushing the mirror. Second effect: permanent Int/Wis switch!

Malefic Eye of Putrescence

(by Johnathan Bingham)

Also called The Evil Eye, the Stink Eye, and Dead Eye and other more unsavory appellations. This magical device is the province of depraved magic users delving into the dark necromantic arts. The Malefic Eye of Putrescence is created from the left eye of a magic user who has practiced the dark arts and died as a result of meddling in such matters (often as a result of wielding this loathsome item). The Malefic Eye of Putrescence can only be used by a magic user that removes his or her own left eye and replaces it with this heinous artifact. Upon so doing, the magic user immediately suffers a permanent -2 penalty to their Charisma score as now they are unmistakably marked as being aligned with the malignant arts of necromancy. The Malefic Eye appears as an occluded and jaundiced eye as if from a diseased dead man. Further, once the eye is replaced, the magic user must make a save versus poison or suffer the effects of the evil eye himself. Once the eye is in place, the wielder possesses the ability to literally cast a withering gaze at his opponents. This gaze will require the victim to succeed at a save versus poison or die horribly by rotting away from the inside and ultimately ending as a putrid pool of reeking offal. All others within a 20' radius must save versus poison or be nauseated for 1d10 rounds (-1 penalty to attack and damage). Each daily use of the gaze forces the magic user to save versus poison at a progressively worse level or lose one point of constitution as the Malefic Eye slowly causes the wielder to putrefy. For example, an 11th level magic user would need to save at 9 on the first daily use or lose a point of Constitution. The second daily use would step them back and they must make an 11 to save. Upon the third (and successive) daily use, they would save at 13. In the event that the wielder is reduced to zero constitution, they are reduced to a noisome pile of rotting offal except of the malefic eye, which will remain unharmed and ready to be wielded by another caster.

Mask of 1000 Faces, The

(by John B. McCarthy)

The Mask of 1000 Faces appears as a plain, unadorned leather mask crafted from some unknown hide or skin. If a user places it over his face and utters the command, "Give me the face of x," (where x is the name of a specific individual) the mask will graft itself onto the wearer's face, and reshape itself into a faithful replica of the named individual. In order to use the Mask, the wearer must have either personally seen the individual he wishes to impersonate or have viewed an accurate painting or other representation of the person.

Using the Mask can be a very dangerous process. The Mask painfully grafts itself directly onto the wearer's face inflicting 1d6 points of damage. While wearing the Mask the user can change the person he wishes to impersonate, but each such change inflicts an additional 1d3 points of damage.

Removing the Mask is not as painful but is not always easily achieved. Each time the wearer wishes to remove the Mask – by uttering the command, "Give me my own face" – there is a 5% chance (+5% per hour beyond the first hour that the Mask is worn) that the Mask will remain grafted to his face, locked in the last identity used. In these cases only a *Remove Curse* spell will allow the Mask to be removed.

Nashmetal's Mirror

(by Ben Aldrich)

This silver mirror in a frame made teak give off a faint light. The light is very faint. The mirror was made by Brashmetal Gnomefriend for his child who was afraid of the dark. This mirror can also be used for scrying with the proper spells.

Norrell's Scopus

(by Eoin Keith Boyle)

A large tarnished, silver-plated basin to be filled with water and used as a scrying device (functions as *Scrying* spell). Filling the basin with different fluids will alter the effects: filling it with blood will produce a vision of the dead. Having an object belonging to a target improves the scrying function to include communication (blood will create communication with the creature who's blood it is). As with all scrying, low levels of light are necessary as well as relative calm - this isn't very useful in a dungeon environment. The most common application is necromantic, specifically as a tool for intelligence gathering from dead persons. The basin is filled with water, a piece of the deceased is laid in it, a binding/compelling invocation is said over it and communication is established. A stone from a foreign region could be used in place of the bone to create a connection to the stone's source. The full matrix of possibilities hasn't been explored yet - most

users of the Scopus have been satisfied with haranguing the dead...

Old Scales Armor

(by Matej Saric)

Rumors have recently started spreading in areas bordering with a large swamp. They speak of a reptilian monstrosity, of the kind that should have been long gone down the desolate corridors of extinction. A sorcerer is said to have summoned it out of dimensions unknown, only to be ripped apart by the uncontrollable wrath of the creature. If the beast is tracked down and slain (a task ill-advised to the unprepared), its scales can be used to fashion a suit of armor with supernatural properties as unique as the beast that currently wears them.

ÿ Armor as Plate (AC 18)

ÿ Older Than the Gods

ÿ Primordial Vision 1/day

Older Than the Gods: While wearing the armor, the character's aura is tainted by a touch of disfavored power older than the gods themselves, resulting in a -2 penalty to all saving throws made against effects channeling divine power (Cleric spells, acts of god, divine-powered traps, magic items etc.). Furthermore, beneficial effects of divine nature (such as healing spells) have a 1 in 6 chance of simply refusing to work on the character. However, the armor grants a +3 bonus to all other saving throws, as well as steadily nourishing the wearer's vitality (regenerating 1 HP every turn, fire and acid damage excluded). Any clerics donning the armor are likely to invoke the wrath of their deity.

Primordial Vision: By covering his eyes with the armor scales (by for example, bringing his armored forearm over them) for 1 round and whispering the command word, the character gains the ability to see in the dark (as per the *Dark Vision* spell). However, if the character looks at bright light while this effect is active (goes outside on a sunny day, looks at a torch or lantern or an incoming fireball etc.), he is immediately blinded for 1d6 rounds.

Receptacle of Eternity

(by Taneli Palmén)

This clay octahedron roughly the size of a clenched fist is decorated by jutting rows of small skeletal faces of various creatures and humanoid races on each side. The item contains within it a pocked dimension consisting of a barren and dark system of caverns stretching for miles in all directions, with seemingly no exits within. When the Receptacle is wielded and a command word spoken, all living creatures within a radius around the wielder (exact radius left up to Referee ruling) are instantly teleported to the pocket

dimension (Magical Device save to resist is allowed to all affected creatures), and the face of each creature captured is added to the rows on the surface of the item.

The creators of the Receptacle designed the cavern dungeon to be a nigh inescapable prison for their enemies, though they did leave a concealed exit within in case the Receptacle was ever used against them. As the pocket dimension has no sources of food or drink (excluding whatever trapped creatures have brought with them), all most trapped creatures can do is wait for death by starvation. Time moves at a different rate for living things in the Receptacle and days inside are mere seconds outside, this means that the wielder can watch the faces of newly captured "rot" and quickly become skeletal on the surface of the Receptacle.

Should any creature captured find the concealed exit of the pocket dimension and use it, or the Receptacle be smashed from the outside, the Receptacle would lose its magic and fall apart, instantly spilling out everything ever captured within.

Reims' Scopus

(by Eoin Keith Boyle)

May or may not still exist as an actual enchanted object. Reims recorded the abstract plans and structure for a "prophetic engine" in his Revelations of Thirty-Six Other Worlds, but no specific materials, invocations, or descriptions are in the text. In general, it is a book of gridded leaves engraved onto enchanted alloy (likely following a planetary system: lead, tin, iron, copper, silver, gold, quicksilver) recording the history of all time in an encrypted form, the key to which being revealed through "knowledge and conversation" with one's "holy guardian angel." Based on the rest of Reims' works, these phrases imply a level of intimacy with a spiritual being that borders on heresy in even the most libertine cults. The Scopus is recorded in Sutton-Grove (Letters & Miscellaneous Papers) as being sent by Reims to Sutton-Grove to be archived and copied, carried by Reims' servant Jeremy Johns. Johns never arrived - he stopped at home to attend to his wife, made a visit to the local inn complaining of Reims' non-payment of his wages, and was described as "eating a book" before stumbling home. Johns died in his sleep, but the Scopus was never found. Given the metallic nature of the Scopus, it is unlikely that the book-eating described by witnesses had anything to do with the disappearance. It is rumored that Johns' son was conceived that night, and born with a congenital series of birthmarks that look like the sigils of the angelic tongue arranged in a grid covering his entire body and was born speaking lyrically prophetic omens. However, no such son has ever been found - birthmarks or not.

Sedgwick's Provenance Monocle

(by Keith Hackwood)

A magical lens first crafted by the antiquarian Sedgwick, now rare but in circulation; the eldritch lens is held in a monocle fitting, and enables the experienced wearer (a sage perhaps, or a thief-turned-fence) to establish certain facts and possibilities concerning the provenance and value of found objects. Usually there will be a impressionistic sensings of the objects manufacture or significant history, perhaps intuitions as to its previous ownership, an up-to 75% accurate idea of its value. There are of course Cursed Provenance Monocles in existence too, that function in precisely the same way but provide only erroneous and often harmful information... some cause cataracts in the user.

Spectral Noose

(by Steve Albertson)

The Spectral Noose is fashioned out of a mundane black silk rope, but if one looks carefully it pulsates with intangibility.

The secured noose must be placed around the operator's neck and tightened. He then must plunge his body at such a rate that the fall breaks his neck. To any outside observer the operator is dead, but he is not dead. His spirit is simply no longer bound to his body. He may move around freely by walking through any solid matter, but he cannot interact with the physical world. Additionally, he is able to touch and communicate with other insubstantial spirits.

The operator may return to his body at anytime by physically reentering his own body. When the spirit and body have realigned the Spectral Noose will realign his broken neck and spit the operator out of its ropey mouth, leaving him with 1 Hit Point.

If the operator's spirit is killed while insubstantial he is permanently dead and may not be resurrected. Also, his spirit may not reenter his body if it is removed from the noose before his return. His spirit is cursed to wander this spectral domain for eternity.

Three Wolf Moon Surcoat, The

(by Todd Mitchell)

This fine black surcoat has an image on it of three wolves baying at a full moon. When worn over chain or plate armour, it will keep the wearer cool in the sun and the armour free of dirt and rust. The surcoat will not tear or become entangled during travel or combat. The wearer of the surcoat gains +1 Charisma and an additional +1 Charisma when dealing with members of the opposite sex. At night the wearer will be able to see much better than normal and be less likely to be surprised than normal. It is rumored that on a full

moon, the wearer might call upon the three wolves to aid them.

Torc of Agony

(by Anthony Simeone)

This golden torc, carved with intricate spiral patterns, was created by a long-dead archmage who used it to control his slaves. Rumor has it that he created numerous torcs, but this is one of the few that still remain extant to the present day. The device fits most medium-sized and smaller humanoids (it expands or contracts to fit). When placed around the neck of a victim, it can be activated using a command word. When activated, the torc causes continuous pain that both harms and debilitates the victim (i.e. the torc causes damage and bestows penalties to hit, armor class, etcetera as determined by the Referee). The pain stops when the command word is spoken again. Note that the command word only functions for the individual who actually places the torc on a victim.

The torc can only be removed by the one who placed it on the victim. A gamemaster may decide that it can also be removed using a spell that removes curses, dispels magic, grants wishes, etcetera. It is only detectable as a cursed item once it has been placed on a victim, but does show as a magical item if a detect magic spell is used.

Torc of Tongues

(by Griffin Pelton)

Nobody knows how many of these exist, most people who discover one hope the answer is 'not many'. Around the outside of the torc are 2d6 still living tongues of various species. The tongues are constantly moving and shifting when worn, writhing against the bare skin of the person wearing it. If the person wearing it has no tongue (cut it out most likely) he can take one of the tongues on the torc and put it in their mouth. It bonds to where they used to have a tongue and allows them to speak with the same creatures that the tongue came from. Depending on the tongue, they may also be able to speak in any languages they knew before as well. While wearing the necklace the tongues that come from it can be easily removed and put back onto the necklace and another one may be chosen. If the torc is removed the bonded tongue is permanently joined as the person's own tongue and is no longer part of the necklace. Also, there is a chance (10%) that each time a tongue is bonded the trapped spirit of the creature takes control and the tongue will say whatever the tormented soul wishes instead of the speaker.

Translator Blowgun

(by Jorge Alonso)

A decorated and useful blowgun, but it also can be used to blow one phrase to the head of another person,

so he can understand the message, even if the phrase is in a language that he does not know.

Vesper Candles

(by David Lai)

Appearance:

A pearlescent grey-white candle approximately 12 inches long with a square cross section 3/4 inch on each side. A thin red colored wick sticks out of one end of the candle, with a blue colored wick protruding from the other end.

Function:

1. When the blue wick is lit, any sound within a 15 ft radius of the candle can be recorded while the blue wick of the candle burns. The candle is of sufficient length to record up to a maximum of one hour of time. The recording can be halted by snuffing out the flame and restarted by igniting the blue wick.
2. When the red wick is lit, any sound recorded whilst the blue wick was burning can be heard at the same level of volume when recorded. The playback can only be heard once only. (It is entirely conceivable that copies of a recording could be made whilst burning even more vesper candles to store the first recording.)
3. The candles can be quite fragile – a break in the candle destroys the candle's recording and replay capability. Great care must be taken when storing and transporting these items.
4. If the blue wick is allowed to continue to burn into the red wick, the recorded sound begins to be heard – backwards!

Uses:

- A. They were originally are used in temples to record music by choirs. When the red wick is burnt the music is replayed back at a later date.
- B. Spies use the candles to eavesdrop and record private conversations. Vesper candles are used to light rooms in place of normal candles. The blue wick is burnt to record the conversation and then they are later replayed when the red wick is burnt.
- C. Used by diplomats to record voice messages that are delivered by couriers where the intended recipient requires a message from a specific individual.
- D. Magic-Users can cast a spell that uses verbal components in the presence of vesper candles to store them for later use. When burnt, the candle casts the spell. Note that the candle can either be

used to store a spell or sound, not both. Once the spell has been stored the blue wick end of the candle is entirely consumed. Likewise any spell cast by a candle consumes the remainder of the red wick end of the candle.

History:

The first vesper candles appeared as a result of an accident. A thoughtless apprentice of the noted magic user and gardener Lazarius Mulcifer threw out the water used to rinse out the alchemical apparatus used to create ink for the transcribing of spells onto scrolls and spell books, onto his seedbeds. The flowers that grew in these beds grew normally, exhibiting no unusual properties, but wax made from the bees in the apiaries in Mulcifer's gardens that pollinated those flowers were found to produce wax candles that could produce the sounds of birdsong whilst lit.

Mulcifer became rich on the proceeds of selling these wonderous "singing candles." Further research by Mulcifer allowed him to discover the wax made by his bees could be made into a medium into which sounds could be "...imprinted and stored for later release..." While only learned men know the secret of how vesper candles can be fashioned, Mulcifer himself tightly controls the supply of Mulcifer's wax, whose original holdings have now expanded into a huge citadel, but with at its heart is still a quiet garden with its beehives.

Walking Stick

(by Joshua James Gervais)

This simple staff will clumsily hop to its owner on command. In addition, the walking stick can also be used to create a colorful but harmless show of light once a day. This item is a favorite of novice Magic-Users who use its abilities to make themselves look more impressive and magical.

Warding Bookmark

(by Taneli Palmén)

A bookmark made of leather with a flower motif, all of the flowers featured on it are poisonous varieties though a casual observer would not recognize the flowers. When set inside a book and a command word spoken the Bookmark begins warding the text of the book, any individual attempting to read any of the protected contents or attempting to remove the bookmark must make a poison save or die each round that reading of the protected text is continued or the bookmark is held, until a command word is spoken for the effect to stop or the individual stops reading.

Merely removing the bookmark from a protected book will not dispel the effect, and saves have to still be made if the book is read.

Window of Reflection

(by Jorge Alonso)

It seems to be an ordinary window, but if anyone goes through it, he will emerge with no scratch, but (1d4):

1. His inside body is now the reflection of itself (i.e. his heart is in the other side);
2. and his outside body is now the reflection of itself (so if he had a scar on his right cheek, now it is on the left cheek);
3. and he is no longer right handed, now he is left handed (or right handed, if he was left handed);
4. and his equipment is also reflected (so his books and coins have now reflected letters).

Wood-Magnet, The

(by Keith Hackwood)

An enchanted pebble-like substance that sticks to (and adversely affects) wood and wooden items. Weak versions are useful for temporarily holding parchments against board (like a fridge magnet) or in stronger forms for, let's say, poisoning a treant, through its interference with the biorhythms of living wood (1d6 damage per round, can only be removed by a combined Strength of 60, for a really strong magnet, less according to Referee requirements). Wood-magnets are also useful missile weapons when facing down wooden-shield bearing foes since the magnet disrupts wooden forms (damages the shield structure to the tune of 1d4 per round it remains attached)

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