

Cannibals

Four of these anthropophagi are loosely adapted from the works of Clark Ashton Smith, a contemporary of Lovecraft. One is from ancient legend, and another is completely original. With luck, the referee can find them all a home...

Avatar of Mordiggiel

Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 16 Move: 36 (floating / flying)
Attacks: Suffocate (2d6) HDE/XP: 17/3,400

The god Mordiggiel demands that every dead person become his food. Demands is maybe too strong a word, as no definite personal attributes are ascribed to him. He's mostly impersonal, consuming and cleansing, like fire.

Mostly, while he prefers to allow his clergy to defend his prizes, *in extremis* he will send a piece of his essence to defend what is his. His avatar is a bulk of darkness, black and opaque, cloaked in the chill of the void. Its form is huge as a dragon, but changing from moment to moment, swirling and spinning. Briefly, it may take the semblance of a giant with eyeshead and limbless body. Any dead flesh the avatar touches is instantly devoured.

While Mordiggiel is eternal, his avatar can be harmed by magic weapons, gold-coated blades, or any magic that does not involve heal, cold, air, wood, stone, or the mind.

Clergy of Mordiggiel

Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: Two attacks
Hit Dice: 2 Move: 13
Attacks: Claw & Bite HDE/XP: 3/60

Where the Cult of Mordiggiel (see above) holds sway, once someone is dead, his clergy, which can be of any gender, appear to silently bear the corpse. Anyone can join the cult, but once they do, they never appear as an individual to the outside world ever again.

Instead, they are heavily garbed in funeral purple, wearing huge masks of silver given in the likeness of skulls. Nearly all skin is covered, only the tips of their fingers visible, peeking out of fingerless gloves. It is said that before a corpse is fed to Mordiggiel, he shares his provender with his shrouded ministers... and this is true.

What most do not know, except those who've tried to steal from a Temple of Mordiggiel, is that these nightly repasts have changed his clergy. The masks come off, revealing heads and faces half human, half canine, cheeks rosy and robust, with spiky teeth, longer than coffin nails, and curving claws gleam like the hooks of darkly tarnished metal... Most thieves do not survive the revelation.

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Graedigg

Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 9 Move: 12/18 (when flying)
Attacks: Claw HDE/XP: 11/1700

When someone born of the mortal world is seduced by an immortal daemon, sometimes a graedigg is born, or one can become a graedigg through a forbidden ritual that includes the consumption of the flesh of one's own child.

Graedigg are immortal. They must eat the flesh of a thinking creature once every century or so, or become terribly weak, though they will not die. Weakened or not, they can be killed, albeit with some difficulty.

The creature appears as a pale-skinned humanoid of any gender with the pink flush of health. The strongest indications of the graedigg's nature are yellow, curving, three-inch talons on their hands and feet, though they look more like overgrown fingernails on first sight.

Graedigg have the ability to create extensive but stationary and non-damaging illusions at will, affecting all the senses. They use this ability to make their ruined lairs appear intact and usable, where they take on the persona of a kindly monk, nun, farmer, or innkeeper. They will try to enhance their ruse with the use of wraithful emanations (see below), offering drugged food and wine. Some of the victims will be eaten almost immediately, and others will be seduced, if possible, before ending up in the stewpot as well. For a graedigg, the consumption of forbidden flesh brings about the greatest ecstasy, more powerful and addictive than any narcotic.

A graedigg can only be damaged by magic weapons or spells, and this is the surest way to kill one. They can fly, and will try to escape this way if things go poorly for them.

Human, Akephalos

Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: None
Hit Dice: 2 Move: 12
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: 2/30

An akephalos does not look like most humans. The akephaloi attempted to usurp the gods, and as punishment, their heads were removed, and a mark put upon them so all would know their shame. They now have a face in their chest instead of a head, and natural swirling blue patterns on their bleached skin.

Most of the akephaloi live in humble, peaceful villages. However, there is a still a peculiar strain of madmen in them. When an akephalos goes mad, they develop a craving for human flesh and join with roving bands of like-minded lunatics.

These nomadic cannibal akephaloi are called androphagi, and are greatly feared. They prefer to eat unsecured humans rather than fellow akephalos, as they prize drinking out of human skulls and pin scalps atop their headless torsos. They will, however, eat what human flesh they can get, and it is not uncommon to see an androphage wielding a weapon made from the bones of a sane akephaloi.



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Human, Fögr

Armor Class: 6 [13] Special: Roll 2d6 for damage, keep highest
Hit Dice: 1+2 Move: 9 (12 without disguise)
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: 2/30

In the frozen North, where folk are the color of snow, there are clans who believe that eating human flesh is good luck. However, in order to be able to occasionally trade with other clans who do not hold such beliefs, these peoples have evolved a special form of warrior and "hunter," the Fögr.

Fögr means "beautiful," and is used ironically. Fögr warriors make themselves appear as giants or ogres through the use of stils, cunningly sewn animal skins, wooden fists worn over their hands, and elaborate masks of wood, leather, and ivory. They constantly practice fighting in these disguises, and ambush travelers in overwhelming numbers, so that any who escape death feels the scene. The deaths and cannibalism are blamed on ogres, giants, or other such monsters.

If a group of fögr achieves surprise, there is only a 1 in 20 chance to see through their time-worn disguises. Otherwise, there is a 1 in 6 chance of seeing the truth. However, dead or unconscious, a fögr warrior is revealed as a costumed human by any examination, no roll required.

Wrathful Emanation

Armor Class: 2 [17] Special: See below
Hit Dice: 1-1 Move: 12/18 (when flying)
Attacks: Weapon HDE/XP: See below

All graedigg (see above), plus a handful of dabblers in dark magics, are capable of producing multiple eidola, wraithful emanations which do not exist apart from the being that created them. At dusk, 2d6+6 of these things can be spawned by such a knowledgeable creature, though they turn to dust just before more are made the next day.

Wrathful emanations look like normal humanoids, but will greatly resemble the one that dreamed them into being. Their only other visibly unnatural feature is that they do not cast a shadow; there is at least 1 in 6 chance a given person will notice.

They are controlled utterly by their creator, who can see and hear through them. They do have some will of their own, being cut from negative emotions, and if left to their own devices, they will find and capture living creatures and flay them until nothing is left but ossified matter.

When an emanation takes all its hit points in damage, 1d3 rounds later it stands up again; re-roll hit points. If the emanation's creator chooses to absorb it, destroying it until it is once again dusk, said creator heals 1d6 hit points. Often the source creature will choose to do this when a wrathful emanation is struck, to maintain the illusion the things are mortal. The only way these shards can be permanently dispelled is by killing their creator, whereupon they disappear in an eyblink.

(This is why they have no XP value, per se, they just raise the HDE of the originating entity. This is already figured into the graedigg.)

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18	Devotee smells like rotten chess for 1d6 turns. Anyone within 60 feet with a sense of smell (including Devotee) is at a -2 to attack.
19	Shimmering creases and disturbing vibrations dance and play over a 4d12-by-30-ft. area centered on the Devotee. Creatures therein (including the Devotee) are blinded for 1d6 rounds, save negatives.
20	Streams of 616 overcast occults pour forth from the Devotee's eyes and the foul insects flutter around for 1d6 rounds (during combat) or 3d6 minutes (outside combat), blinding everyone (including Devotee) within 25 ft. Save negatives. Devotee cannot save.
21	Silence 15' radius centered on Devotee for 1d6 rounds (during combat) or turns (outside combat). Devotee cannot cast spells during that time and hallucinations being upheld by the gods.
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23	<i>Rhinocerosium</i> , as spell cast upon the Devotee's worst (deceased) enemy.
24	1d6+2 rounds (during combat) or turns (outside combat).
25	Devotee receives glimpses of their comms unimpeded. -2 to all saves for that 1d6+1 turns.
26	One of the Devotee's legs falls off. Movement is 1/4 of normal at best. 85% chance limb will grow back after 6d6 hours.
27	Devotee becomes allergic to gold for 2d6 days. Touching gold for more than a few seconds causes fainting or worse. Save roll, otherwise Devotee must rest for 6d6 hours.
28	Random person (possibly including Devotee) within 60 yards develops a strong craving in the form of desire to eat greens, gold, and other precious metals.
29	Devotee's flesh melts and stinks, transforming them into a living skeleton for 1d40 hours. During this time healing spells do not work on them; they can be turned like a member of the undead with a number of HD equal to Devotee's level.
30	Devotee's non-dominant hand falls off; it immediately grows mouth and attacks the nearest person. AC [13], HD 1, Bite, hard to hit (like Hellfire racial ability), blow 8, HDE/XP 1/15.
30	Roll 1d40. If result is higher than or equal to the character's level, hand grows back in 2d6 x 4 hours.

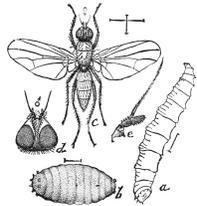
Chaos Magic

During character creation, with the permission of the referee and all the other players, a Magic-User or Cleric can be declared to be a Chaos Devotee. The character cannot be Lawful in alignment, and a Chaos Devotee Cleric must worship an appropriate god, like a trickster deity.

A Chaos Devotee is exactly the same as a normal Magic-User or Cleric in nearly all respects. The only difference is whenever a Chaos Devotee casts a spell, they roll on the special tables below to modify the effects of the spell. First, roll on this table.

1d6	Chaos Blessing (roll for this table first)
1	Double the range.
2	Double the area of effect.
3	Double the duration. Triple the duration if the spell involves rolling on a random table.
4	Roll twice as much dice for damage.
5	Roll 1d6. If roll is higher than the spell level, it remains prepared after casting; it is not "forgotten."
6	In addition to the normal results of cast spell, roll on the table for the <i>Confusion</i> spell. The closest hostile creature behaves as roll for 1d6+1 rounds.

If a Chaos Blessing doesn't make sense (e.g. increasing duration on a spell that happens instantly), or is of no benefit (e.g., increased range when the only target is already in range), the spell is cast normally. If the spell is cast normally, DO NOT roll for a Chaos Curse. Otherwise, roll on the Chaos Curse table on the next page.



House Rules: Re-Rolls. If you're a very nice referee, you might want to allow a re-roll the result of the Chaos Curse table if the character is willing to take half their hit dice in damage. That is, roll a number of d6s equal to half the character's hit dice, rounding up, and take that much damage from raw chaos. If you're especially nice, have them roll d3s instead of d6s.

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17	For the next 1d6 weeks, Devotee spoons leaves and produces 1d6 fruit a day. Fruit goes bad after 2d4 hours, but fruit serves as a nutritious meal for any person, including the Devotee. During this time, Devotee's movement speed is halved.
16	Devotee or target (50% chance either way, if no target, always Devotee) turns permanently blue, green, yellow, red, orange, or purple (no save).
15	Devotee is teleported 1d6 miles in a random direction on a spell that happens instantly, or is exactly as the <i>Teleport</i> spell. Re-roll on adjacent distance if no open space for teleport.
14	Maggot's come out of the Devotee's ears and mouth. 2d6 damage.
13	Someone is transformed into his body weight in kittens. 4 out of 6 times it is the Chaos Devotee, otherwise an ally. After 1d6 rounds, one kitten (determined randomly) turns back into the victim.
12	Someone is turned into a duck for 1d6 turns, 4 out of 6 times it is the Chaos Devotee, otherwise an ally.
11	Huge muscle mass increase. Increase Strength by 1, but reduce Dexterity by 2 due to decrease in flexibility. 10% chance it is permanent, otherwise lasts 1d6 hours.
10	Someone's body weight and mass increase. Reduce Dexterity and Charisma by 1 each. 10% chance it is permanent, otherwise lasts 1d6 days.
9	Someone's body weight and mass increase. Reduce Dexterity and Charisma by 2. Permanent increase Wisdom by 1, but reduce Charisma by 2.
8	Character grows a mystical third nostril, eye, mouth, whatever seems appropriate to referee. negating many forms of surprise or backstabbing. 10% chance it is permanent, otherwise lasts 1d20 turns.
7	Character grows an additional senses limb. Reduce Dexterity by one point. 10% chance it is permanent, otherwise lasts 1d6 turns and then falls off.
6	Devotee ratches and hallucinates for 1d6 turns, wacked by nightmares and/or paralyzed by 2.
4	All of the Chaos Devotee's allies are briefly covered in green flame, taking 1d6 damage each.
3	Chaos Devotee's outfit becomes The 1d6 damage.
2	+2 to all of 1, except Lightning Bolt instead of Fireball, affecting only the Devotee.
1	A Field of Blossoms as spell, centered on Devotee, as cast by mage equal to Chaos Devotee's level.
d30	Chaos Curse (roll ONLY if spell instantly blessed)

If you don't have a d30, roll a d31 for the "tens" digit and a d10 for the "ones" digit. A d3 is just a halved d6, but get a d3 when you can; they're pretty neat.

Written by Kirt A. Dankmyer
 Cover Art by Kotone Breibrecht
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