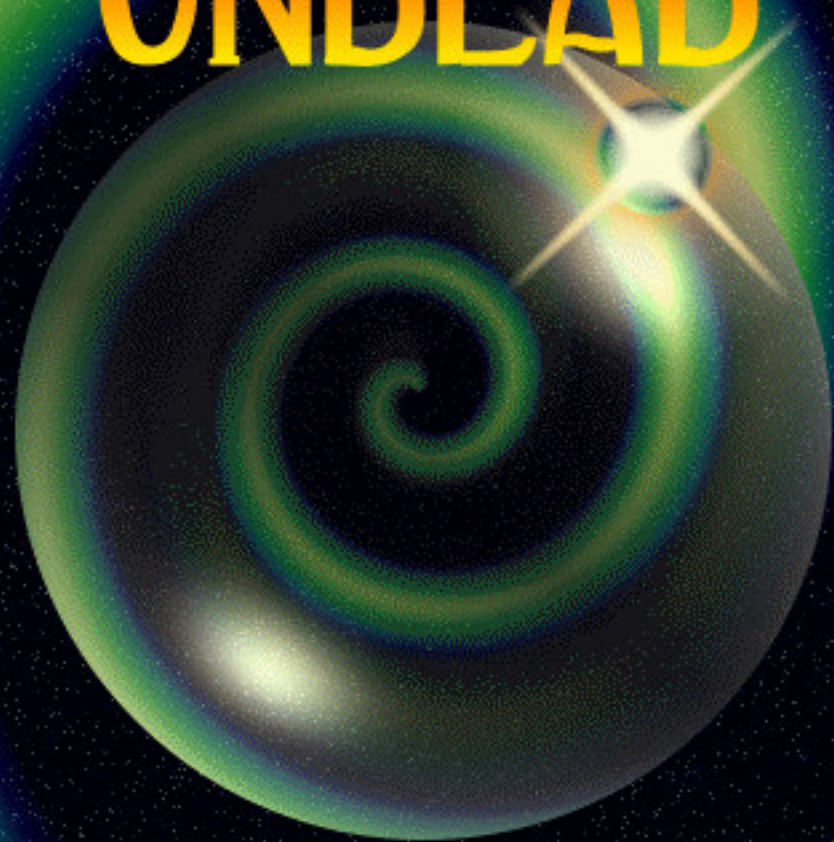


GENERAL FANTASY SERIES

PERSONA  
OF THE  
UNDEAD



VOLUME 1

Top Fashion  games

## ADDING A BIT OF HUMANITY TO THE UNDEAD:

While undead creatures make exciting additions to fantasy adventures it is rather common to find the personalities or backgrounds of such monsters overlooked. In this edition of Persona Of The Undead one will find the background information for four different undead encounters. Use this information as a springboard for adventure hook ideas or merely tack the details on to a pre-existing undead in an adventure for a sense of added depth.

## BLOODY HANDS

**Type:** Wight (Human Adult Male)

**Life Name:** Garne Gluttongoate

**Manner Of Passing:** Murdered (Brawl)

**Disposition:** Evil

**Location:** Lonely Countryside Villages And Hills

**Existence Cycle:** 20 Years

**Description:** Garne Gluttongoate lived a life of a drunken, stubborn brawler and rapist. His view on life was that as long as there was no one around to stop his immediate desires than any impulsive behavior or wish was deemed fair and proper. As such Garne did as he wished, whether it consisted of smashing in a door to fetch a few treasures for himself, rape a helpless passing maiden for a bit of barbaric, grunting passion, or beat a fellow man to a pulpy, bloody death during one of Garne's drunken, violent rages.

Standing nearly seven feet tall and consisting of over three hundred and fifty lbs. of pure might and muscle there seemed to be few individuals around to stop Garne. Soldiers had claimed to witness this uncivil goon of a man pluck arrows from his body as one would remove out a cactus needle from their thumb. Though several bounties were placed on his head Garne somehow managed to remain free long enough to ravage terror in the countryside villages, wandering off to wherever his wicked pleasures could be obtained or satisfied.

Then on one rainy night after consuming a large quantity of stolen ale, Garne Gluttongoate came across a lonely tavern. Deciding to make his entry all right and proper Garne proceeded to smash in the front door. Such actions, however, were greeted from the other side by a patron warrior having a size and strength that was comparable to Garne's own brawn and build.

### PERSONA OF THE UNDEAD, VOLUME 1:

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The logo for Top Fashion Games features the words "Top Fashion Games" in a stylized, colorful font. "Top" is in blue, "Fashion" is in green, and "Games" is in red. A small star is positioned above the letter 'i' in "Fashion".

Unlike the brutal Garne, however, this warrior was a man of honor and gentle manners, and did not take to kindly to the vandalizing behavior of the drunken thug. A fight broke out, and after every table and chair within the establishment had been smashed to splinters and toothpicks the bleeding, bruised body of Garne Gluttongoate lay quivering on the floor. With a loud choke Garne gave up his last worldly breath as his once mighty body turned gray with the cold touch of death.

With his body now ready to pass on to the grave the spirit of Garne Gluttongoate was quickly lifted up to be judged by the council of the gods. Much to crude and coarse was Garne that even the most evil and diabolical of deities became detested by the thought of having to entertain a spiritual damnation for the company of Garne's soul. Instead the brutal spirit of Garne Gluttongoate was caste back down into Garne's

deceased body, causing this once brute of a man to rise from the grave in the form of a wight. From this rise from the foulness of his temporary death and damnation it is said Garne passes by the time of his unlife by continuing his wandering through the countryside areas in search of the bold warrior who bested him in life. It is said that should Bloody Hands (as Garne is now called in his wight form) encounter a group of battle worthy explorers or adventurers then the wight will be reminded of his hunted enemy and fly into a murderous rage.

## GORE GRIN

**Type:** Ghoul (Human Adult Male)

**Life Name:** Jorrus Briar

**Manner Of Passing:** Disease

**Disposition:** Evil

**Location:** Old Salt Cave And Surrounding Hillside Areas

**Existence Cycle:** 20 Years

**Description:** Recent legends tell of an ever hungry ghoul that haunts the old salt caves and their surrounding hills. This gruesome creature, better known as ol' Gore Grin, lived a life as foul as the monster's ravenous state of undeath. According to resources it seems that Gore Grin was originally Jorrus Briar, a curious old hermit who lived alone in the mountains. This area is just above the hilly caves where crude salt is often mined out. Though highly regarded as a skillful hunter and trapper, it is said that Jorrus had a particular taste that no game of the wild could quell. That taste, in fact, was for the raw flesh of a slaughtered man. In order to satisfy such cravings it is now known that Jorrus was responsible for many of the supposed accidental deaths in the salt mines. When the workers had returned home to their families in the evenings, Jorrus would enter the mines and devise rather cunning, cave in style traps. These cave ins would wound, kill, and/or isolate victims from the other workers. Then, as the other members of the mining group would go and send for additional help, Jorrus would use secret tunnels to retrieve the dead or dying bodies of his victims and drag them back to his crude home. There Jorrus would gorge himself to the point of vomiting on the blood, raw meat, and glistening entrails of his "catch".

Eventually the miners found the secret tunnels and thus caught on to the tricks of Jorrus. Approaching the dwelling of Jorrus the miners prepared their selves for a savage, dirty battle.

Inside they merely found a gaunt and pale Jorrus hunched over the half eaten carcass of a recent victim, heaving and drooling. It seems that the most recent kill of Jorrus Briar was in fact a gentleman who was gravely suffering from a fast acting, horrible disease. Too weak to fight, Jorrus was an easy capture and quickly slaughtered by the miners. Though the body of Jorrus was originally intended to be burnt, the miners decided instead to throw it in the deepest, darkest part of the salt cave. Little did they realize, however, that Jorrus had once hollowed out tunnels into this area as well. Damned through his wicked acts of murder and cannibalism the body of Jorrus Briar rose from its makeshift grave as a ghoul.

Since his foul and wicked return, ol' Jorrus Briar, who is now known as Gore Grin, continues to haunt the salt caves. Such activities drive all but the most courageous of miners and explorers away.

## MOLLY GOLDFINGERS

**Type:** Ghost (Human Child)

**Life Name:** Molly Wreathe

**Manner Of Passing:** Froze To Death

**Disposition:** Neutral

**Location:** Barns And Rural Paths

**Existence Cycle:** 50 Years

**Description:** Better known as Molly Coldfingers, this ghost of a human, female child represents the agony brought upon through the suffering of slow starvation and freezing in the cold of winter. According to legend a young orphan by the name of Molly Wreathe was left to wander the countryside in search of food and shelter. Being unfortunate enough to have been orphaned to a poor and uncaring area, the best that Molly could hope for was the kindness of a few farmers. These individuals occasionally provided the child with a wee bit of food and a stay in their simple but cozy dwellings at night. Though thin and sickly Molly carried on until one night when the wintry winds brought in the wrath of a blizzard. Trekking through the snow Molly searched desperately for a sense of shelter. Just as the tired, weary child eyed the sight of an old, abandoned barn up ahead the child's neglected body gave out, causing Molly to pass out face forward in the snow as Molly gasped her last breath of life.

While Molly's body was indeed found several days later and buried in the ground it is said that the spirit of Molly has never finished her quest to find shelter from the cold of night. The ghost of

Molly Wreathe is now known better as Molly Coldfingers for its wavering image is a horrid sight of frozen agony. Though very much sharing the general shape of Molly's simple, tattered form in her time of life, the ghost is pale bluish white and appears to be covered with a thin layer of frost and ice. One can often see this ghostly form entering barns at night or traveling along rural paths in search of a bit of shelter, especially during the chill of autumn and winter months. Though throwing the occasional glance towards the investigator or passerby, Molly Coldfingers pays no attention to living creatures otherwise, for her quest is to simply make it to the shelter that her body so desperately needed on the night of Molly's death.

## THE CRIMSON BARBER

**Type:** Ghost (Human Adult Male)

**Life Name:** Cornellius Snatchblade

**Manner Of Passing:** Murdered (Self Defense)

**Disposition:** Evil

**Location:** Dark Urban Streets And Alleyways

**Existence Cycle:** 10 Years

**Description:** Ten years ago there existed a rather dainty barber who catered to the rich and proper in the city. This barber, none other than Cornellius Snatchblade, would have been quite a catch for any woman of the community had it not been for his rather frail body and melodramatic, almost feminine ways. As such, despite the comfortable living that Cornellius had amassed for himself, he was still living alone at the age of 43 years.

While most folk figured that poor ol' Cornellius was doomed to a life of pure isolation from the touch of a woman this dapper barber had actually been entertained the whole time by the evening presence of the prostitutes that walked the dark alleyways and sweat drenched, bustling streets. Unlike the gentlemen that gather towards the company of such girls in the evening, however, passion was not on the mind of dear Cornellius. Having difficulty with the basic arts of relations towards women the heart of Cornellius began to burn with hatred towards the opposite sex. In a state of madness the barber began to sense a craving desire to administer pain, torture, and death upon womankind. Seeing the lowly prostitutes of the city as being unwanted and overlooked Cornellius decided that such targets would be perfect channels for his desired crimes. Slipping through the night this barber would sneak up upon such women, slice their throats

with his razor, and then violate and consume the carcasses of his victims. As Cornellius grew more and more bold in his crimes he began to knock his victims unconscious instead of quickly killing them. This allowed Cornellius the opportunity to haul the still breathing bodies back to his quarters for a bit of nasty fun and games before the eventual acts of slaughter and cannibalism.

Word was starting to get around, however, that a dainty individual was spotted lugging around the presumably passed out bodies of prostitutes through the city streets. Then, one night while making an attempt to slip up upon a veteran working girl, Cornellius found his self on the receiving end of a rather deadly surprise. Having already sensed his presence the intended prostitute victim was good and ready with poisoned dagger in hand. As Cornellius snuck in for the final attack he suddenly found his victim turning to face him, armed with a sharp blade that dripped with a foul, purple substance. Before Cornellius could back up the dagger found its target, which just happened to be the heart of Cornellius. Gasping as blood began to hemorrhage from his mouth, Cornellius staggered backwards staggered backwards before falling into a flooded gutter.

The body of Cornellius was allowed to drift off into the sewers where it floated for a few days before a gruesome state of unlife took over the carcass, allowing Cornellius to rise from his watery grave in the form of a ghost. Staggering back to his spot of death, the ghost form of Cornellius was able to recover his razor from the alleyway debris. Ironically, at this moment the murderess of Cornellius just happened to round the corner on her way to drum up some nightly business. To much her shock and surprise this seasoned prostitute once again found herself a target of Cornellius. This time, however, the ghost form of the barber tasted the blood drenched victory of the encounter.

Since that fateful evening the attacks have continued to keep the prostitutes of the city in fear. Unknown to most as being the risen carcass of Cornellius Snatchblade, most individuals have come to call the razor wielding ghost as the Crimson Barber.