



# THE PEGANA MYTHOS

KENT  
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KELLY

# CASTLE OLDSKULL

FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING SUPPLEMENT

PM1

## THE PEGANA MYTHOS

BY

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(DARKSERAPHIM)

WITH AND INSPIRED BY

BARON

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LORD DUNSANY

FEATURING GLIMPSES  
OF THE WORKS OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLEDRIDGE, FULKE GREVILLE,  
HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT, EDGAR ALLAN POE,  
& ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

WONDERLAND IMPRINTS  
2017

ONLY THE FINEST  
WORKS OF FANTASY

~

O S R

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*Please feel welcome to contact the author at [shadowed\\_sky@hotmail.com](mailto:shadowed_sky@hotmail.com) with comments, questions, requests, recommendations and greetings. And thank you for reading!*

*“Only the Finest Works of Fantasy”*

# HIC SVNT DRACONES

## HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

**CASTLE OLDSKULL ("Old School") is a well-regarded, system neutral line of supplements designed for use in Fantasy Role-Playing Games (FRPGs). Available formats include PDF, paperback, and Kindle e-book.**

**Ideas are presented in such a way that they can be used or customized for any edition game, from the 1970s to the present day. These volumes exemplify the iconic "sandbox," do-it-yourself, and free-form ideals established by the original Lake Geneva campaigns, c. 1972-1979. Respected sources of inspiration include Arneson, Barker, Bledsaw, Burroughs, Dunsany, Gygax, Holmes, Howard, Kask, Kuntz, Leiber, Lovecraft, Merritt, Moldvay, Moorcock, Sutherland, Tolkien, Trampier, Vance and Ward.**

**You can contact the author, Kent David Kelly, at shadowed (underscore) sky (at) hotmail (dot) com.**

# DEDICATION

*This work is dedicated to the memory of the great classic dungeon and fantasy milieu designers  
who are no longer with us:*



*David Lance Arneson,  
M.A.R. Barker,  
Bob Bledsaw,  
E. Gary Gygax,  
Dr. John Eric Holmes,  
Tom Moldvay,  
and David Trampier.*



*It is also dedicated to the great fantasists who inspired them, some of whom are fortunately still  
with us today:*



*Poul William Anderson,  
Edgar Rice Burroughs,  
L. Sprague de Camp,*

*Robert E. Howard,  
Fritz Leiber,  
Howard Phillips Lovecraft,  
Michael Moorcock,  
J.R.R. Tolkien,  
and Jack Vance.*



*In the spirit of creating wonders with which to inspire others to write their own unique works of  
enchantment, the author salutes you.*

# EMPOWERING YOUR IMAGINATION: WHAT THIS BOOK IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT

*Attention e-reader, video and computer gamers!*

This book is *not* a game in and of itself. If you bought this book thinking it was a complete game you could read and play, you should probably return this book now.

This is a book to help you create your own adventures for Fantasy Role-Playing Games. This is a fantasy adventure toolbox, an imagination engine.

If you enjoy creating stories with your friends, envisioning netherworlds filled with dragons and treasure and designing fantasy worlds all your own, then you will find that this book is an ideal Game Master (GM) tool. This book will help you to create and improve dungeon adventures, featuring more intriguing locales, more mysterious histories, and more surprising twists and turns than ever before.

*This is not a complete game.* Your dedication and creativity are required.



# DESCRIPTION

*Maidens weaving a spell of clouds*

*Over a ruined city of the spice*

*Sunken beneath the venom sea,*

*Blood-painted cultists*

*Chanting beneath the storm moon,*

*Sacrificing innocents to Mung*

*In the name of immortality ...*

*The world of a thousand wonders which inspired*

*H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands, and the Cthulhu Mythos*

*Comes to vivid life once more*

*In this Swords and Sorcery supplement*

*For any Fantasy Role-Playing Game.*

From the peerless works of Lord Dunsany, from my surreptitious campaign notes they come at last: the secret Gods, Monsters, and Heroes who inspired the very foundation of the World of Castle Oldskull.

How was the world created? Who created it? Who were the first gods? Where did Odin and Zeus and Ra and all of the other sacred children come from? What is the meaning of mortal life? What is the lost mystery of the progeny of Yog-Sothoth? Who are the invading minions of Azathoth and Nyarlathotep and Great Cthulhu, and how will the irrevocable Apocalypse end the world?

Learn all of that and more herein, in my years-long expansion of the phantasmagorian dream tome which inspired Borges, Del Toro, Gaiman, Gyax, Howard, Lovecraft,

Moorcock, Smith, Tolkien, Vance and many more: Lord's Dunsany's fabled world of wonder, re-sculpted by me as the firmament for your epic Swords and Sorcery campaign: the PEGANA MYTHOS.

This is a massive compendium of monsters, gods, magic items, treasures, lands, mega-dungeon locations, and glimpses of the World of Oldskull. Herein you will find 55 detailed entries detailing the gods, heroes, antiheroes, prophets, and the most ancient monsters and undead who populate the World of Oldskull. You will also find cryptic notes pertaining to hundreds of lands and locales, forbidden artifacts, new magic items, lost cities and underworlds, and the priesthoods of Pegana. How does the Pegana Mythos tie into the Cthulhu Mythos? What is the true past of the world? What terrible secrets and fabulous treasures await the most reckless heroes who dare to plunder the strongholds of Saigoth, or to swim in the poisonous vampire-infested seas above the Doggerland?

Come learn and know!

Another unique old school fantasy gaming supplement from Kent David Kelly and Wonderland Imprints, *Only the Finest Works of Fantasy*. (49,400 words, 248 pages.)

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# CHAPTER I:

## REVEALING PEGANA



[I - 1]

# INTRODUCTION: THE BEGINNING AND THE END

This book was an exhausting and epic journey, taken over years. I have traveled through unreal worlds to bring you back the tempting and teasing fragments which lie within. What should have been the very first Castle Oldskull release is finally complete.

Ugh! Thank the Gods.

Don't get me wrong, this book was a joy to write. It forced me to a perfect moment, a time to finally crystallize my thousands of conflicting campaign notes and to weave them into something far more coherent, meaningful and share-worthy. And — completely unexpectedly — it was a chance for me to combine my poetry, fiction writing, gaming, and appreciation of past masters of the imagination all in a single volume.

The curse of it all, however, is this: Now that it's finally done, I have no idea how to describe this book.

Is it a tribute to Lord Dunsany, E. Gary Gygax, and H. P. Lovecraft? Yes, sincerely and from the heart. Is it a copy of Dunsany's *The Gods of Pegana*? No, that is the treasure trove but I've taken things so far in a hundred different directions that it's really quite beyond anything that Dunsany — trapped in his own time, before so many other masters, as he is — ever envisioned. Is it a story? Absolutely, kinda sorta. Is it a book of game stats and random tables? Well, no, although there's a bit of that; and I want to apologize to you if you're expecting hundreds of random tables like you'd find in the *GAME WORLD GENERATOR* or the *CLASSIC DUNGEON DESIGN GUIDE*, because that's not exactly what you're getting here.

It's not a book like that.

So what is it?

It's an overwhelming inspiration engine. It's my celebration of the imagination, given over to you. I've been proud of my novels and gaming books in the past, and I think I've written 40 or 50 books by now and edited dozens more; but I truly believe this is one of the best things I've ever written. I couldn't have done it without Dunsany (whom I quote at shameless length), Lovecraft, Howard, or Gygas. But I did my best to make them proud. So for a Game Master, I can say this: However long you've played, however many thousands of supplements you've flipped through looking for something — anything — to stir you, to make you feel like you did when you picked up a Frazetta poster, a Weird Tales magazine, or an RPG book for the very first time ... I think this book is going to totally change the way you look at Fantasy Role-Playing Game campaigns. Forever.



In simple terms, THE PEGANA MYTHOS is my personal interpretation of the first book of Lord Dunsany, *The Gods of Pegana*. I take his stories, change them, add to them, twist them, drop a bit from them in the name of open-endedness, and retell them. But most of all, I stitch them all together with coherent FRPG hooks for locations, monsters, heroes, villains, treasures, gods, spells, campaign secrets, lore, and more. Every element of Pegana as it was released to the world in 1905 has been reconfigured and reimagined for use in a collective foundation mythos for a mystery-filled realm of Swords and Sorcery: *The World of Oldskull*. You can use my world, or you can fit all of these ideas into your own.

Here you will find deities and prophets whose names you might have known, but whose cosmic implications in a world of heroes you might not have ever considered before. I've tried to making things emotionally moving, or strange, or "connecting," or broken, or intriguing, or that will make you want to design a dungeon labyrinth beneath a forbidden temple right this moment. I've tried to write passages that will make you demand, "Wait, what else is down there? You can't start a new section right there!" without forcing all of the answers upon you. And I've also struggled to provide lore for classic FRPG monsters which have very little lore to their name, and variations on predictable monsters which now will have much deeper meaning in your own campaign.

You will not find too much that is terrifying, gory, or salacious here, however. Those are not the aspects of pulp fantasy I wanted to celebrate in this very Irish tome. The key word here is not Horror, but rather Wonder. I'm not interested in the game stats of the sword, but rather in telling you why the sword is worth having. In modern terms, you will find this book to be very light on unimaginative "crunch," and very heavy on the high-octane "fluff." I provide some information to ease Paganan deities (by way of clerics and cultists) into your game, and some hints on where the monsters should go, and how many, and clues as to where you might dig up some more game stats and information if you need to. But this is not an adventure, and it is not a bestiary. This is a book of lore, mystery, and possibilities.

In that vein, you will find that there are absolutely no game stats for the gods herein. If you want to fight the gods, you'd be better off with a book that lists their armor classes, hit points, number of attacks, and all of that other good stuff. (If it has stats, you can kill, it right?) This book is rather for those adventurers who do not want to try to slay the gods, but who want to worship them, fear them, love and hate them, explore their ruined sanctuaries, steal their treasures, make sacrifices of that treasure to other gods for more power, and to combat the accursed guardians of the netherworld all the while. I wrote this book to be eccentric, oblique, and incomplete.

Why?

Because I want you to feel the way that I did, when I wandered friendless into a 1980 bookstore and saw David C. Sutherland III's great red dragon staring back at me from the Holmes Basic Set.

Isn't that enough reason?

Come with me. Please. There are some scattered fragments of stories I want to tell you. I promise to amaze you, to challenge you, and to frustrate you to. How do all of these stories end? Only Trogool knows, or perhaps not even him. You're the Game Master. You and your players, you're going to write the ends. I'm just here to show you where the grimoires lie.

Down we go ...

[I - 2]

OLMSUUL AND UNREALITY:

COMPREHENSION

OF THE COSMOS

*Before there stood gods upon Olympus ...*

*Had wrought and rested*

*Mana-Yood-Sushai.*

— Lord Dunsany

In the Oldskull cosmology, the infinite helix-web of universes — known to prophets as the Weave of the Endless — consists of untold millions of suns, planets, moons and gateways to both higher and lower realms of existence. Each of these vast sphere-filled universes is known as a Strand, or a “Material Plane.”

The denizens of a Strand refer to their own and “only” universe as the Primality, or the Prime. Creatures of sentience all believe — as a matter of sane necessity — that their own Strand represents the one true reality, and that all other Strands are merely alternate reflections, ripples along the surface of Being which shimmers upon the depths of Time.

One particular Strand encompasses our own shard of the real, with a tiny Earth orbiting Sol and gallivanting about in the Milky Way, and all of that existential goodness which we fondly know as “everything.” Another separate, parallel Strand exists for each of the Fantasy Role-Playing Game systems that you may have heard of in your life. Here is one from c. 1974 featuring a cold black marsh and a grey free city; over there is an earlier example with halflings, a confused toad-looking creature suffering from a throat

problem, and much fuss over a golden ring. Meanwhile back here on Earth, we regard all of those FRPG Strands as amusing simulations of imaginative adventure, or “fantasy.”

But too, there is a darker Strand which lies in direct reflection of our own, touching upon it with shared reverberations of faith, disbelief, folklore, legends, literature, song, dream and mythology. This Strand is called Olmsuul, and it is the universe encompassing Castle Oldskull. It is a place where heroes rise and fall, where dragons battle for dominance in the netherworld, and where demons and the Great Old Ones vie endlessly for a resurgence of the primal reign of Chaos, that elder entropy once holding mad dominion over all.



Olmsuul, through eons of interpretive corruption, is now known as “Oldskull” to those who live within it. Many believe that this crude portmanteau of “Elder Skull” is the remnant of an ancient chant, referring to the umbral cranium of the slumbering creator god. (The World of Oldskull is regarded as the skull’s surface, and the netherworld is where the living dreams and nightmares of the Great Creator God war forever with one another, dying in the name of Law or Chaos.)

But beyond that singular shared belief of the Elder Skull, there are thousands of faiths and cults who do not agree on any other point of cosmology. Good and Evil are regarded as cosmic forces which mortals fall prey to, used as implements of destiny until destruction (which we call “death,” or at the very least “reincarnation”).

Are we the fools of fate, living only for a century, lost in an endless war without any eternal victory? What is the meaning of it all? Where did this all begin? The truth has remained buried for so many thousands of years that even the eldest dragons do not proclaim to know the truth.

But there are whispers ...



The oldest known “Mythos” — a worshipped collection of divine and infernal beliefs tied to a family of deities — within the World of Oldskull is the Pegana Mythos. Pegana is the name of a lost island chain (formerly mountains and lowlands) which was overwhelmed and submerged during the Elder Cataclysm, one of many which sunk the Dread City of R’lyeh beneath the waves. (R’lyeh has risen and sunk many times, as Great Cthulhu struggles in slumber to be released; but when precisely the City last fell, and when it will rise again, none now knoweth.)

The deities of Pegana now largely reside among the Outer Strands, or Outer Planes, far beyond Olmsuul in the absolute eternal realms of Law and Chaos, Good and Evil. They rarely listen any longer to the prayers of the Olmsuul mortals because their religions were wiped out when the Elder Cataclysm wiped away the nigh-immortal priests.

The full history of Pegana is long, and it began as a pastoral realm untouched by most other less civilized explorers from the major continents. In later ages — largely due to the pressures of overpopulation, mass starvation, and plagues of madness — it became an imperialistic tyranny, seeking to colonize the continents beyond its shores in the names of Peganan glory, manifest destiny, and mere survival. Some of these glorious colony cities and temples were established deep in “Afrik,” while others were raised as far as “Euros” and the isles beyond.

These migratory peoples of Pegana’s last age have been wiped out and largely forgotten for thousands of years. However, there are underworld cities, lost ruins, ancient temples, and even dimensional nexus which bear the unmistakable stamp of Pegana’s eldritch legacy. It is even said that the Beastmen — monsters known far and wide for their foul barbarity — are the pathetic remnants of ape-Pegani hybrids, the last generation of Elder Pegana’s accursed glory.

Treasure hunters dream of the day that they might find a lost and untouched Peganan ruin, because such sites are filled with enough treasures, artifacts, lost spells, ancient secrets and planar gate seeding crystals to make the most voracious crimson dragon blush with envy.

There are very few peoples remaining alive who worship the deities of Pegana any longer. The majority of them are denizens of lost cities, the last holy men of dying races, netherworld tribesmen, ancient undead (such as Liches), and madmen (typically touched by the dreams of either Cthulhu or the King in Yellow). Every nation is occasionally

plagued by a Pegani prophet, who tends to stir up trouble and to create cults of belief and religious frenzy for a time. Most non-good kingdoms slaughter these doom prophets — or “rogue arch-priests,” or “Idolaters” as they are sometimes called — whenever they arise. But martyrdom is a powerful and terrible thing, and wiser rulers have learned that these startling prophets do not gain nearly so many followers if they are simply ignored as fanciful lunatics obsessed with the machinations of the underworld.

Through such fearful negligence, the Pegana Mythos has been rising from the underworld for seven centuries now. Fully 0.1% of humans, and a scattering of demi-humans, worship a Pegani power. Some of these influential or secret worshippers might even be the Player Characters and / or the villains in your campaign.

It is therefore wise for the Game Master to understand what the Pegana Mythos is all about. We can thank Lord Dunsany — the first modern Earth prophet, later overshadowed by his own more widely renowned disciple, H. P. Lovecraft — for providing us with the secret lore of this one and true forgotten faith.

[I - 3]

THE FINAL

ILL-OMENED JUDGMENT  
OF MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI:  
A CHRONICLE

The principle deity of the Pegana Mythos is a primordial and anthropomorphic being of wisdom and light, a flickering anomaly from out of the wanderings of Yog-Sothoth, known as Sushai.

There are many Younger Mythoi in the World of Oldskull — such as the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Finnish, the Greek, the Norse, and so on — and each of them has its own creation tale pertaining to the origin of Olmsuul. But only the Pegana Mythos, coupled with the even more ancient Cthulhu Mythos, comes close to the truth.

Sushai is not the creator of the universes, or Strands. However, he is the creator of the gods and goddesses which populate every Younger Mythos in existence. He is therefore the distant father of all the gods; while their mother, the nameless Creatrix, remains unknown. These deity-children born of Mana-Yood-Sushai and the Creatrix, in turn, collectively engender new Strands in their own image. Thus are born younger worlds, younger civilizations, and Younger Mythoi.

For this reason, there is a Strand called Al'Khemet where the Egyptian Mythos reigns supreme; a Strand of Niu Heimar where the Norse Mythos has forged the nine worlds (Asgard, Midgard, and all the rest); and so on and so forth. In the Earth Strand (our own), all of these Younger Mythoi share power. However, they are so diluted by the inert physical laws and non-magical nature of our own Strand that many people do not even believe that these gods and goddesses and all their monstrous progeny exist. A plague of apathy has corrupted the Earth Strand, and it is not known if we will ever recover.



Fortunately, the Olmsuul is forever the dark reflection of the Earth Strand, and so in Olmsuul all of these faiths remain very strong indeed. This makes Olmsuul uniquely powerful, and of unique interest to the ever-conflicting deities of the multiverse. Law, Chaos, Good and Evil all draw contested matrices of raw power from the sentient creatures of Olmsuul. And now you know why there are so many heroes, villains, angels, demons and devils in this “fantasy” world! It really is unfortunate that the next rise of Cthulhu is going to wipe Olmsuul completely off the metaversal map, but I digress.

We may as well chronicle this wondrous place before it is eternally annihilated. To that end, the glorious history of Olmsuul goes something like this:



Before any of the Younger Mythoi existed, the ever-rebellious Sushai dwelt in an elemental confluence poised between Law and Chaos, far beyond the reach of Azathoth and its horrific disciples. This artificial confluence, named for the cosmic powers of elemental manipulation and potential, was known simply as the Mana.

In the Mana, Sushai created a kingdom of his own. This was the very first Strand, the core of his own sentient reality, which he had named the Yood, or All-Mind. In doing so he became Mana-Yood-Sushai, the One in Three, and so he disrupted the eternal forces which coil about the core of Azathoth. He was soon accosted by two newly-formed and primal entities, which rose as disparate reflections of his own schismatic psyche. One was his conscience: the anthropomorphic manifestation of inexorable and controlling Law, now known as Fate. The other was his desire: the monstrous incarnation of untamed and sensuous Chaos, which we mortals have christened Chance. (Its truer name is Entropy.)

Fate and Chance were existential parasites, each set to devour their creator in the name of eternal supremacy. They waged war upon the soul of Sushai, and to survive he was sadly forced to compel these newborn entities to engage in a cosmic game. Only one could be declared the victor, and the victor would be gifted by nonesuch trinket-dreams from the soul of Sushai. These many prizes would be compelled to become the incarnate servants to either Fate or Chance, and collectively they would be christened as the “Gods.”

Lord Dunsany in his fabled scrolls tells us the tale in this way:

In the mists before The Beginning,  
Fate and Chance  
Cast lots to decide whose the Game should be;  
And he that won strode through the mists  
To Mana-Yood-Sushai and said:  
“Now make Gods for Me, for I have won the cast  
And the Game is to be Mine.”  
Who it was that won the cast,  
And whether it was Fate or whether Chance  
That went through the mists before The Beginning  
To Mana-Yood-Sushai —  
None knoweth.

For whichever power was victorious, Mana-Yood-Sushai created two new Strands so that the warring entities would each have kingdoms of their own ... and so that hopefully, they would not battle with Mana-Yood-Sushai for eons to come. One Strand would fall to the defeated entity, while the other would become the kingdom of the victor. One of these strands was our own reality, and the other its intertwining shadow, Olmsuul.

The victor cared little for our frail Strand, because of the weak shimmer of its belief. But its dim and diverse power served to contrast and to amplify the vibrant majesty held within Olmsuul, and it is within Olmsuul that the victor retreated with its many game-pieces — the Gods and Goddesses — in order to prepare for the further games to come.

To create the uniquely reflective Strand of Olmsuul, Mana-Yood-Sushai had extracted much of his own life force and psyche. He lingered on, yet he would soon be forced into an eons-long torpor of psychic hibernation, which the Pegani prophets call “the Slumber.”

The victor of the game (Fate or Chance), finding himself lost without the vibrant fire of meaningful conflict to further spark his wrath and will, awakened the treasure-trinket Gods and Goddesses within the coiled darkness of Olmsuul. These game pieces sprang into being full-formed, ingenious and righteous, never having been young. They themselves would one day be the creators of the game pieces of the Younger Mythoi, of Abzu, and Coyote, and Kronos, and Enki, and Odin and Ptah and all the rest.

They first chanted their own mantra to define themselves, speaking in the language of thoughts and hands:

“We are the Gods. We are the little games of Mana-Yood-Sushai, that he hath played and forgotten.”

And without great father Mana-Yood-Sushai, nor any memory, nor any knowledge of one another as sister to brother, the Goddesses and the Gods were each alone.

The victor entity (Fate or Chance), tragically, could not compel these grieving pieces to move and to define themselves for his own entertainment. And Mana-Yood-Sushai refused to play with such dangerous trinkets any further. But there was one game piece which held more power than any other, because it was crafted with the purest hope of Mana-Yood-Sushai, imprisoned ere he fell to Slumber. This golden piece — when the victor instilled it with the resurgent breath of life — was known as Skarl. It possessed a wild flowing mane, glittering gems for eyes, and his first act was to craft a magical drum which played the most mesmerizing echoes of Eternity which any god or mortal has ever heard.

The playthings made a dance circle in radius around the vigil of Skarl, and this circle — each game piece yet an island unto himself — they named Pegana. Pegana, it is said, means something quite like “Circle of Shared Delusion.”

This was a naming of ill omen. As the sage Lord Dunsany tells us:

“... Skarl made a drum,  
And began to beat upon it  
That he might drum forever.  
Then because he was weary  
After the making of the Gods,

And because of the drumming of Skarl,  
Did Mana-Yood-Sushai  
Grow drowsy and fall asleep.”

This sudden solitude — the loss of the Father, and the Mother Creatrix forever unknown — caused the victor and the playthings to fear for their own existence:

“And there fell a hush upon the Gods  
When they saw that Mana rested,  
And there was silence in Pegana  
Save for the drumming of Skarl.”

Olmsuul at this time was a fiery void, filled with savage newborn stars and tenuous haloes filled with burning phlogiston and planetary matter. The resonances of Skarl somehow gave rhythm and potential meaning to the whirling vortices of ice and fire, and inspired the playthings to imitate their maker.

For the first time, Gods and Goddesses joined hands.

The victor of the game — perhaps it was the immortal maiden Chance after all — refused to intervene in this newly dawning entertainment. As Skarl played a more frenzied measure, the Gods and Goddesses began to dance, and they sang with thoughts and hand motions to one another:

“Let us make worlds  
To amuse ourselves while Mana rests.  
Let us make worlds  
And Life and Death,  
And colors in the sky.  
Only let us not break

The silence upon Pegana.”

And so they created one after the other many worlds, glittering jewels threaded into the black fabric of Olmsuul. Their masterpiece, the glass-blown World of Oldskull — in honor of the birthing dreams of Mana — was fated before Time to be the youngest and foremost among the worlds of all.

The chronicle unfolds. The scrolls of Lord Dunsany read here in full:

Then raising their hands,  
Each God according to his sign,  
They made the worlds and the suns,  
And put a light in the houses of the sky.

Then said the Gods:  
“Let us make one to seek,  
To seek and never to find out  
Concerning the wherefore  
Of the making of the Gods.”

And they made  
By the lifting of their hands,  
Each God according to his sign,

The Bright One [*the Nemesis comet, which beckoned Cthulhu*] with the flaring tail

To seek from the end of the worlds  
To the end of them again,  
To return again after a hundred years.  
Man, when thou seest the comet, know  
That another seeketh besides thee,  
Nor ever findeth out.

Then said the Gods,  
Still speaking with their hands:  
“Let there be now a Watcher to regard.”  
And they made the Moon, with his face wrinkled  
With many mountains and worn  
With a thousand valleys, to regard  
With pale eyes the games of the small Gods,  
And to watch throughout the resting time  
Of Mana-Yood-Sushai:  
To watch, to regard all things,  
And be silent.  
Then said the Gods:  
“Let us make one to rest.  
One not to move among the moving.  
One not to seek like the comet,  
Nor to go round like the worlds;  
To rest while Mana rests.”  
And they made the Star of the Abiding  
And set it in the North.  
Man, when thou seest the Star of the Abiding  
To the North, know that one resteth  
As doth Mana-Yood-Sushai,  
And know that somewhere  
Among the worlds is rest.  
Lastly the Gods said:  
“We have made worlds and suns,

And one to seek and another to regard.

Let us now make one to wonder."

And they made [*the Elder Skull*] to wonder,

each God by the uplifting of his hand

According to his sign.

And [*the World of the Elder Skull*] was.

After all of the lovely worlds were created and spun and cooled, however, despite the drumming of Skarl the light of inspiration had nigh gone out from the mind-fires of the Goddesses and Gods. The game of creation, played in imitation of their father, was over before it had truly begun. Therefore the thought-song of the Gods began to turn as one toward lament, and from lament to elegy.

But not all would sing in such a way to the insistent beat of Skarl. The youngest and most impatient of the Gods was known as Kib. Kib had sculpted much of the World of the Elder Skull himself, and was angry to see his creation unplayed with by his brothers and his sisters. So in blasphemy he acted farther and alone, and created a deeper circle of the game beyond the utmost wishes of Mana-Yood-Sushai:

"Kib grew weary of the First Game of the Gods," the prophet Dunsany tells us, "and raised his hand in Pegana, making the sign of Kib, and [*the World of the Elder Skull*] became covered with Beasts [*and Monsters*] for Kib to play with. And Kib played with Beasts."

The other Gods were curious, yet horrified. This was a grand blasphemy, an act of dark wonder which fascinated the Gods and beckoned them to play the deeper game. But to act so directly in the image of Mana-Yood-Sushai might lead to the creation of tiny Godlings, highly destructive and quickly multiplying dreams which did not yet exist except in the fantasies of the Gods themselves. They called these forbidden dreams of smaller slaves and disciples and lunatics by a strange new name, "Men."

Kib cared not for such concerns. But the other Gods feared, despite their desire to play.

The game of Kib was deathly. If Beasts and Monsters could be created, then the complexity of the game would escalate in elaborate ways. The temptation to create Men would surely follow. And Men, granted the gifts of sentience and wonder as ever-more-

empowered playthings in the Game of Gods, would surely worship one God over another and thus glorify the holy ones to ecstatic satisfaction. But too, the curiosity and ambition of Men would threaten the Secret of the Gods: the meaning and the destiny of Mana-Yood-Sushai. If Men ever stole the Secret, they would become Gods themselves, and the elder Gods would be annihilated. Even Mana-Yood-Sushai himself might well be then imperiled in his Slumber.

But if the Gods did not play, the elegy would take hold once again, and hopelessness would reign. The Gods would begin to fade without play and struggle, treasure and deprivation to give them meaning. What was to be done?



The most reverent and Mana-fearing of the Gods was a dark piece known as Mung. As Kib indulged in the reckless gift of Life, so did Mung indulge in the tempering gift of Death. And he was very busy, playing against Kib as the Beasts played against the Monsters. Mung grandly and decisively took up the cause of the Monsters against Beasts, in the hope that the Beasts would meet oblivion and end the game. Then, the Monsters themselves could be annihilated so that the Secret of the Gods would remain safe forevermore. Through such gambits, the Game of Gods intensified. In the words of Dunsany: "Mung was jealous of the work of Kib, and sent down Death among the Beasts, but could not stamp them out."

There was chaos, and there was war.

The Beasts of Kib were suffering terribly upon the Elder Skull, as the Monsters and Mung sought them in the farthest corners of the world. Even hiding in caves and fissures came to naught as the Monsters spawned newly horrific versions of themselves and cornered the Beasts in desolate corners and labyrinths of the nether. Weary at last to have his game defiled by the interloper Mung, brother Kib fought back with the forbidden coup de grace: he "raised his hand in the Middle of All, making the sign of Kib, and made Men. Out of Beasts he made them, and [*the World of the Elder Skull*] was covered with Men."

Mung was horrified, and even the other observing Gods could no longer fully sympathize with the forbidden wonders wrought by Kib upon the glassy world. Mung



fought all the harder, smiting Men as well as Beasts with the sweet and sorrowful power of Death. But the Men (and too, the Women) multiplied beyond all conception of Time — for the fleeting passing of Time, the scurry of Men, is a very crude and baffling thing to the immortal Gods — and even the powers of Mung were gradually overcome by their teeming multitudes. The Monsters, enemies of Man in the name of Mung, were driven into the wastelands and the netherworld.

At this time, “the [other] Gods feared greatly for the Secret of the Gods, and set a veil between Man and his ignorance that he might not understand.” The Gods invoked and forcibly shared their darkling powers of self-obsession, vanity, envy and greed, slowing the advance of Man toward the Secret to a crawl. Civilizations were thrown down, and only the untouched spire-tops named after the sacred circle of “The Pegana” remained completely unscathed.

But the game with endless Death went too far. Annihilation threatened, and the dimensions and fiery plates which comprised the Elder Skull crackled, blurred and shimmered. From far beyond Olmsuul, the shadows of the distant Great Old Ones quavered with anticipation.

As the balance of power swung too far and too quickly toward Death and Mung, many of the Gods switched their allegiance to brother Kib so that the game could go on eternally. To this, Kib spoke a great thought: “Is it not holy, nor wondrous,” he asked his immortal brethren, “to behold the Beasts and the Monsters and Man all venturing forth in their petty and virtuous fray forever? To behold Heroes graced and Behemoths hunted, and the Horrors of the underworld lashing out amongst their riches in the very name of nightmare?”

And the Gods were vexed with their youngest kith Kib in that moment, for Kib had not spoken with his hands, or with his mind. For the very first time, he — a God who was not Mana-Yood-Sushai — had spoken with his mouth.

And below the clouds of the Elder Skull, the Men heard, and so they began to build the ziggurats into the sky, and to make the sacrifices of blood and gold, and to pray for immortality. The Age of Silence had come at last to an end, and the Elder Age of Heroes — the Age of Gold — had begun.

[I - 4]

# CURIOSITIES OF PEGANA

## **Note on Suggested Numbers of Monsters Appearing**

In a 20th-Century game, rules were often written assuming groups of 5 to 10 player characters. In the 21st Century, gaming groups tend to be smaller; perhaps 3 to 6 players being average. Recommended numbers appearing assume a smaller play group, with few henchmen, and skilled (but not immensely so) players. If your group is very strong, and/or well equipped, or highly skilled, you may need to increase the number of monsters appearing to challenge your group. My recommendation in doing this is to increase the number appearing by 1 tier, meaning that you read the table row which is one category more dangerous than what is written. If that is still not enough challenge, read the row two categories more dangerous. It is difficult to provide firmer guidelines in a universal supplement, when there are so many variables, but this recommendation should serve you well.

## **On the Nature of Peganan Magic Items**

A few exemplary magical items from the Age of Pegana, and the monsters which have Peganan lore, have been included in this volume as inspirations for further development by an enterprising Game Master. You will find that Peganan magic items share the following thematic qualities: [1] they are ancient, [2] they are slightly disturbing and atmospheric, [3] they tie directly into Peganan lore and themes, [4] they are fairly powerful, [5] they are rare and [6] they are cursed in some particular fashion.

That latter point is perhaps the most important for the GM and the players to understand. Peganan magic items are not of the “I have the Ultimate Sword, therefore I

win every battle” variety. Dunsany’s Pegana lore was all about the fallibility of man, and the dangerous of power in mortal hands.

Therefore, many of these Peganan treasures are strange to use, or scary to use, or even dangerous to use. The point of such design is to challenge the player, to decide when the risk is worth taking and when it is not. Further, this point falls directly upon the responsibility of the Game Master, because many of these items will first be introduced to the game through being used by intelligent villains. That means that the items will be used against the PCs first, and only owned by the PCs if they survive and triumph.

You will find some additional information on monster-themed and harvestable magic items, which have been designed to infuse some interesting Peganan lore into monsters which need a bit more detail in the game. This is another aspect of my “connectivity” approach, which creates surprising connections between monsters and magic items, locales and monsters, gods and NPCs, and so forth. I encourage you to continue this work in unique and surprising ways, as this is one of the best and easiest ways to add depth to your campaign!

If there is sufficient interest, I will also release a further Peganan supplement which details dozens more of these strange treasures from the Elder Age.

CHAPTER 1:

THE LIFTING VEIL:

ENTITIES SACRED

TO THE PEGANA MYTHOS

Ah, human, here we are:  
The deciphered yet unsorted pile  
Of the further scrolls of Dunsany.  
Is that why you have come to Celaeno?  
What chaos awaits you!  
Who knows the ordering of the scrolls  
Which shall reveal all,  
Or the ordering more likely  
Which shall destroy your mind?  
Let me tell you the stories and the secrets  
Of the powers that are here.  
Please, have many questions.  
I will not answer them.  
Turn the leaves ...

[II - 1]

THE ENTITIES

OF THE PEGANA MYTHOS

The following is an Ethos-dependent summary of the monsters, entities, prophets, arch-villains, and gods that are featured in this supplement.



## THE ENTITIES

### OF EVIL

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN LAW &amp; EVIL</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ MUNG</li> <li>❖ Liches (Individual), Mosahn &amp; Various Petty Godlings</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN NEUTRALITY &amp; EVIL</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ Alhireth-Hotep, Dimensional Beasts, Emerald Hags, Hish, Juggernauts &amp; Kabok, Liches &amp; Various Petty Godlings</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN CHAOS &amp; EVIL</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ Brine Hags, Corrupted Dream Eaters, Eyes of Azathoth, Eyes of Cthulhu, Ghuls (Bestial), Knights of Sagoth, Liches (Individual), Living Shadows (Lost Children), Nether Hags, Shadow Hags, Trogool, Trolghuls, Trolls, Umbool, The Uxat- uchratil, Various Petty Godlings &amp; Wohoon</li> </ul>
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## THE ENTITIES

### OF GOOD

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>LAW &amp; GOOD</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ SKARL</li> <li>❖ Dimensional Hounds, Hobith, Jabim, &amp; Various Petty Godlings</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>NEUTRALITY</u> <u>&amp; GOOD</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ Arb-Rin-Hadith, Eimes, Kilooloogung, Various Petty Godlings &amp; Zodrak</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>CHAOS</u> <u>&amp; GOOD</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ KIB</li> <li>❖ LIMPANG-TUNG</li> <li>❖ Pitsu, Various Petty Godlings, Wind Treaders (of Limpang-Tung) &amp; Yoharneth-Lahai</li> </ul>
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## THE ENTITIES

### OF NEUTRALITY

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>LAW</u> <u>&amp; NEUTRALITY</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ HOODRAZAI</li> <li>❖ SISH</li> <li>❖ Eyes of Nyarlahotep, Gribaun, Imbaun, Ood, Time, Uncorrupted Dream Eaters, Various Petty Godlings &amp; Zanes</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>TRUE</u> <u>NEUTRALITY</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ DOROZHAND</li> <li>❖ MANA-YOOD- SUSHAI</li> <li>❖ Acid Mantises, Brain Eaters, Brollachans, Burrowing Behemoths, Great Nether Worms, Mind Moles, Psychic Parasites, Rusting Beasts, Segastrion, Various Petty Godlings, Wind Treaders (Free Spirits), Yonath &amp; Yun-Ilara</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><u>PEGANAN</u> <u>CHAOS</u> <u>&amp; NEUTRALITY</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>❖ ROON</li> <li>❖ SIRAMI</li> <li>❖ SLID</li> <li>❖ Bound Living Shadows, Enlightened Ghuls, Habaniah, Tribogey, Various Petty Godlings, Wind Treaders (of Slid), Yug &amp; Zumbiboo</li> </ul>
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[II - 2]

SCROLL I

OF THE ACID MANTISES

**(the Bile Spitters, the Waves upon the Earth)**

Race Monster Race

In the desert known as the Grinding Ash, there were strange mephitic vapors, goutts of gassy flame, and the foul exhalations of the Great Ash Worms ... immense beasts of Kib twisted by Mung, which later became — in the netherworld of the Dreamlands — the sires of the Dholes. The parasites which fed upon the living and ever-corroding carapaces of the Great Ash Worms were known as Acid Mantises.

The deserts beyond Bodrahan were filled with burrowing creatures, for few things either pure or corrupted could endure the full heat of the day. These creatures included not only the Great Ash Worms themselves, but also the Burrowing Beasts, the trapdoor spiders, the Ghuls who hid beneath the sands until the hunting moon or storms had come, the great ant lions, and the parasitic Acid Mantis as well.

In the elder times, the centipede-like Acid Mantis was akin to a very large camel spider: a terrifying creature with a nasty bite, but nothing of monstrous size. But they were favored by assassins for their stealth, who empowered their stinging venom with alchemical infusions. Too, they became a favorite of chaotic summoners, who grew them to great sizes and used them as guardian beasts and even caravan beasts of burden. Their many legs, burrowing power (while favoring shallow sands, instead of deep tunnels into the earth) and susceptibility to magical control made them well favored.

Their popular and growing use far beyond Bodrahan led to the species being introduced to more fertile lands, where they developed a taste for lush organic soils, moisture, and even the occasional morsel of fresh meat. Centuries later, long after the

flooding of their homeland, the Acid Mantises are an enormous menace in the lands beyond.

Acid Mantises of the modern age of Oldskull are burrowing hunters who prey on humans, demi-humans, and humanoids alike. They can sense vibrations through earth and stone, and often gain surprise as they burst out of the ground or a dungeon floor. They molt and grow larger throughout their lives, and the largest (ironically) can threaten pack animals, riding beasts, and even warhorses. They do not fear acid or fire, due to their origin, but cold magics can afflict their celerity greatly. When wounded, they are capable of spitting digestive acid at their foes as well. They will likely be eradicated in another century or so, but Mung himself regards them as a worthy object lesson demonstrated by and for the follies of Mankind.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 2 to 6 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 3D8 to 8D8 (depending on size and length), Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 13.5 to 36, or between three and nine sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>ACID MANTISES</b> <b>(Lethality Level 3 to 8)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1, Larval (Blood Dice 3D8)

➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 or 2, Larval (1D2) (Blood Dice 3D8) or 1, Small (Blood Dice 4D8)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 to 3, Larval (1D3) (Blood Dice 3D8) or 1 or 2, Small (1D2) (Blood Dice 4D8) or 1, Average-Sized (Blood Dice 5D8)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	2 to 4, Larval (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 3D8) or 1 to 3, Small (1D3) (Blood Dice 4D8) or 1 to 2, Average-Sized (1D2) (Blood Dice 5D8) or 1, Large (Blood Dice 6D8)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	3 to 6, Larval (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 3D8) or 2 to 4, Small (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 4D8) or 1 to 3, Average-Sized (1D3) (Blood Dice 5D8) or 1 to 2, Large (1D2) (Blood Dice 6D8) or 1, Huge (Blood Dice 7D8)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	3 to 6, Small (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 4D8) or 2 to 4, Average-Sized (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 5D8) or 1 to 3, Large (1D3) (Blood Dice 6D8) or 1 or 2, Huge (1D2) (Blood Dice 7D8) or 1, Giant (Blood Dice 8D8)

➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	3 to 6, Average-Sized (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 5D8) or 2 to 4, Large (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 6D8) or 1 to 3, Huge (1D3) (Blood Dice 7D8) or 1 or 2, Giant (1D2) (Blood Dice 8D8)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	3 to 6, Large (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 6D8) or 2 to 4, Huge (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 7D8) or 1 to 3, Giant (1D3) (Blood Dice 8D8)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	3 to 6, Huge (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 7D8) or 2 to 4, Giant (1D3+1) (Blood Dice 8D8)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	3 to 6, Giant (1D4+2) (Blood Dice 8D8)

[II - 3]

SCROLL II

OF ALHIRETH-HOTEP

**(The Accursed Prophet, The Inscriber)**

Anti-Hero, Archmage (Level 24), Ancient Lich; of the Ethos of Neutrality and Evil

Unique Personage

During the Age of Silver, when the Prophet known as Yug the Fool was slain by the terrible and viperous beauty that is Mung, Lord of All Deaths, a new Prophet arose to lead the Men among the wastelands to their glory. His name was Alhireth-Hotep — meaning He Who is at Peace — and he dwelled in the black and fertile river-lands of Afrik that would one day come to be known as Stygia, or Khom.

And the people said to Alhireth-Hotep, “Before Yug was a fool, choked by his ambition, he was younger and a man of valor and of wisdom. We pray, O Alhireth-Hotep, that you will be as Yug the Younger rather than the Elder.”

And Alhireth-Hotep vowed, “As wise as Yug the Younger I will be.” And the people raised a great ziggurat to the glory of Alhireth-Hotep, so that they might pray closer to the sun. The slayers, priests, and champions avowed to Alhireth-Hotep were great, and they destroyed the enemies of wisdom, and the minions of the Deshret wastelands fell away in bloody tides to either side.

Alhireth-Hotep beheld the ziggurat which shadowed his greater glory, and said that it was good. He said further, “I am the Prophet of our Lives, and too of the secrets of Death. I alone have spoken with Mung in my dreams, and soon I will share his wisdom with you ... if only, pray, you will grant me but one tenth of every sacrifice to the Gods. Slay the Monsters, bring forth their treasures and the trophies of their blood, and one

tenth of the spoil, if not the wergild, shall be mine. So shall the wisdom of Mung, and the secrets of Death delayed, be housed in gold and blood and so belong to you all."

He was obeyed.



Many Monsters perished. Many a trove was heaped upon the ziggurat, day and night.

After a year and a day, Alhireth-Hotep was plagued by the mind disease known as the White Worm of Hubris. Afflicted, he dared to write in an arcane grimoire, "Alhireth-Hotep knoweth all things, for he alone hath spoken love with Mung." Writing this, he closed the book, and a succulent fleshly creature manifested behind him and kissed him sweetly upon the neck.

The kissing one was the carnal incarnation of Mung Himself. Alhireth-Hotep could not scream, and in the silence did he hear at last the true whisper of Mung: "Knowest thou all things, then, Alhireth-Hotep? Ah, my beloved. Know ye this?" And there was another sweeter kiss, and Alhireth-Hotep's life was stolen away.

He became one with the Things That Were, and so too became the first Lich which terrified and cursed the greatest heroes of Man.

[II - 4]

SCROLL III

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
THE LOST WORK OF ALHIRETH

**The Accursed Arcane Grimoire of Alhireth-Hotep**

(Unique)

This is a tome bound in rotting human flesh, which fully never fully rots despite being many thousands of years old. It smells horrific and even the crawling things will neither nest nor feast upon it.

The tome possesses the powers of a Book of Nigh Endless Spells, with 27 pages still empowered. However, anyone who reads even a single page in the book will have a terrible nightmare the following night, where Mung comes to them and promises that they will rise as one of the undead once they are slain, and when slain they can never be resurrected or saved from this irrevocable fate. (Possibilities include as a Ghul, Specter, Vampire, Wraith, and so forth.) And Mung does not lie.

**Value:** 40,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 15+



[II - 5]

SCROLL IV

OF ARB-RIN-HADITH

**(A High Prophet, He of the Bloodied Clay)**

Hero, Archpriest (Level 16), Ascendant Martyr; of the Ethos of Neutrality and Good

Unique Personage

The greatest isle of Pegana was once a great volcano, a plume of fire and liquid stone made when the world and its Beasts were known only by name to Kib and to no other. This she-peak sculpted by his adorations was named as Sidith, and she had a greater brother fire-island even higher and more vast than herself, whose name was Aghrinaun. Sidith and Aghrinaun stood locked in an eternal chaste embrace, their bodies one.

But in the following age Ahgrinaun was fated to sleep, and Sidith was fated to die without her brother's love.

Ahgrinaun died and was mourned by sister Sidith for an age. In her grief, Sidith began to weary. In soon-time her quenchless fire slept, and then it died, and the house of her fiery heart collapsed in upon itself. Thus was born a great crater, which with rains and ages eroded into a valley. From this hollow of despair there flourished a riot of greenery, vines and creepers and endless grasses filled with rainbows. When Man came into the world, awed by the sinister beauty of this holy place, they named this the Valley of Sidith. Over this slept the dead bulk of Ahgrinaun, forever a-slumber and waiting for nothing.

It is a sacred place.

The Gods themselves dwelt in a sky-maned palace in the cloud atop the slain and mighty Ahgrinaun, for he was still the greatest height of all the world. The heights of

Ahgrinaun were forbidden to Men, who dwelt below in the Valley led by Women, in the verdant heart of Sidith. For an age, there was great prosperity.

Yet there came a time when half of the Men insisted that rulership should come as an honor to Men of Blood and Slaughter, not to Women of Wisdom and Healing. Half the Valley of Sidith belonged then to the Blood Ones, the other half to the Wise Ones. Between the two factions was built the Temple of All Gods Save One. (This it was called, because although all of the lesser Gods covet adoration, it is forbidden for Men to worship the God of Gods, Mana-Yood-Sushai. Worshipping him might awaken him, thus exposing the forbidden game and bringing about the end of all.)

In tense neutrality, the Blood Ones and the Wise Ones shared the precincts of the Temple. There was a High Prophetess, who prayed to the Gods on behalf of all the people. When the Prophetess died, she was replaced by a Prophet; and when the Prophet perished, he was replaced by a young Prophetess. For centuries, the truce persisted.

But from the netherworld of Monsters, there came a great pestilence. The pestilence fell more greatly upon the Blood Ones, who began to blame the Wise Ones for the temerity of their healing. The Gods — faithfully prayed to for centuries — did not seem to hear the many prayers from both sides to lift the pestilence. And so the Blood Ones cried out to the High Prophet, who at that time was a man named Arb-Rin-Hadith. The Blood Ones demanded that the High Prophet leave the Temple, to climb the cliff face of Aghrinaun and to deliver the prayers of despair to the callous gazes of the Gods directly.

Arb-Rin-Hadith refused, defended by the Wise Ones. But there came a night of thunder, and the chieftain of the Blood Ones had the highest of the Wise Ones slaughtered in their sleep. The Blood Ones then scourged the skin of Arb-Rin-Hadith and dragged him to the base of the cliffs of Aghrinaun, and demanded that he climb.

Arb-Rin-Hadith dared deliver the prayers to the Gods, whom he beheld in awe. But the Gods were as stone, their hearts unmoved. And so Arb-Rin-Hadith returned to the Blood Ones, who had enslaved all of the Wise Ones beneath them in his absence. And the High Prophet did say to the tyrants that the Gods were still unmoved by their entreaties.

The pestilence grew. Sharing spaces and hovels, the Wise Ones died in piles even higher than the bodies of the Blood Ones. Upon threat of death, Arb-Rin-Hadith climbed the cliff of Aghrinaun once more. The chieftain wrote in the man's own blood what the

High Prophet would say. Upon a tablet of sacred clay, Arb-Rin-Hadith carried this dire prayer to the mountain.

There before the Gods once more, he read aloud the curse-prayer: "O ye Gods who do not save us, ye are nothing. We mortals pray to you no more, but rather to one who is greater and more powerful. To save ourselves from your pestilence and cruelties, we pray alone to Mana-Yood-Sushai."

On that day did the High Prophet Arb-Rin-Hadith disappear forever into the sky. And on the day after, the pestilence turned to a wave of blood which swallowed the Blood Ones whole. And on the third day, the pestilence was lifted, and only the Wise Ones and their few manservants remained. So has it been forever, where the Wise Ones protect the sacred Temple of All Gods Save One. They enter it not, despite the accursed riches which lie beneath it as mountains of ivory and of gold.

Heroes who to this day may journey in boldness to Sidith — to know the prophecies and the healing of the Wise Ones — journey and are welcome. But none shall ever enter the Temple which still sacred stands, and none again shall ever scale the bloodied silent cliffs of mighty Aghrinaun.

[II - 6]

SCROLL V

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
THE REMNANTS  
OF ACCURSED AHGRINAUN

**Ichorous Sword of the Blood Ones**

(Rare)

These are intelligent bronze broad swords of +1 enchantment. Their INT rating is 12, and they communicate with semi-empathy (flickering imagery and impulses). They serve Chaos and Evil, and can detect traps that are nearby.

However, if the wielder ever falls in love with someone, they will afflict the person with an ancient poison that is transferred from the blade's energies into the wielder's essence. The touch will force the one touched to save vs. death magic at -6, or perish. Success results in paralysis for 24 hours. If the effect is survived, the sword will in that moment crumble into powdery crimson shards.

**Value:** 10,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 6+



### **Vine Withe of the Wise Ones**

(Very Rare)

This wand can only be used by female characters. It will only have 1D10+10 charges remaining when discovered. It has the powers of a Staff of the Wilderlands +1, and can be used by any character, including non-druids and of any alignment.

While carrying the wand and acting as the speaker for a party (or alone), the character suffers a -3 / -20% penalty to all reaction rolls involving human males. If the reaction roll is extremely negative, the person(s) involved will be afflicted by the ancient psychic curse which afflicted the Blood Ones, and will attack the wand bearer in a berserk frenzy for 1D3 rounds. Thereafter, the afflicted person(s) will have no memory of the attack, although they will clearly be shocked and dismayed by their inexplicable behavior.

The wand can be recharged by a druid of 15th or higher level ... but the person asked to do so for such an accursed item might well refuse.

**Value:** 1,000 Pieces of Gold per Charge Remaining (average 15,000 – 16,000)

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 11+

[II - 7]

SCROLL VI

OF THE BROLLACHANS

(The Mimici)

Rare Monster Race

But see, amid the mimic rout,  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! — it writhes! — with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

— Edgar Allan Poe

Not all of the Petty Home and Idle Gods are content with their apportioned lot in an immortal existence. Some of them are raised to higher power, as was Limpang-Tung; and some are un-worshipped and thereby forgotten out of existence, as surely occurred to many thousands who were too obscure for many generations of Men to know. The ones which refuse to fade into non-existence are compelled by self-preservation to take on a more tangible form which cannot be ignored. Such carnal Petty Gods, reborn to crudity, crave not worship. They hunger only for blood sacrifice.

There are those who seek to manifest themselves in fleshly forms, becoming either as Men, or Beasts, or Monsters depending upon their eventual aim. These are the Mimics, or Mimicking Ones. (The word “mimic” comes from the Greek “mimikos,” meaning “belonging to the mummers or the mimes,” which implies the realm of acting, pretense and impersonation. It comes more recently from the Latin “mimus,” imitator; and “mimicus.”)

The most apt example in our world’s folklore — and the true name which many sages favor for these creatures — is the Brollachan. This obscure shape-shifter is recorded in Volume II of Joseph Francis Campbell’s *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, published in the 1800s. We learn there that it has intelligence, and limited speech, and “eyes and a mouth” (meaning that it senses and it feeds), but “alas no shape” to call its own. It is regarded as a son of the Fuath, meaning a dangerous monster of fabulous mien.

In the World of Oldskull, Peganan mimics are the self-replicating and self-corrupted Petty Gods — Fuath-kindred — who are chained to their manifested and enchanted flesh, but not to a single form. They can change their shape at will; however, they are cunning and have learned that their imitations of living creatures are typically alarming and horrific (and therefore unconvincing to likely prey.) They have learned too that humans and humanoids are especially attracted to certain types of inanimate objects, such as altars, reliquaries, statues and treasure chests. They will lie in wait in one of these enticing forms and then strike when the prey is crouching down and vulnerable. They form a maw and appendages while biting, pummeling, and crushing their astonished prey.

Brollachans for a time will strive to take on the shape of those they kill, but in failing to do so perfectly they will be driven into a patient and calculated rage. And so, they will be ready once more when another and more promising victim comes along.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 7D8 to 10D8 (depending on size and length), Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 38.25, or nine sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality, but may vary in accordance with the beliefs of the Petty God which the mimicus degenerated into.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>BROLLACHANS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 7)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)



[II - 8]

SCROLL VII

OF THE BURROWING  
BEHEMOTHS

**(The Earth Sharks, the Feasters upon Glass)**

Very Rare Monster Race

Behemoths, as a general class of creature, are enormous animal-beings which were crudely created by Kib. (The “False Dragons,” which some sages term the “Dinosaurs” or “Terrible Beasts,” were among the very first of Kib’s grand experiments long ago.) There are many different subspecies. Many have gone extinct, save for within the Lost Worlds; while other bloodlines have fractured with the aid of arcana into several aspects of being. Complicating the matter, there are also Monstrous Behemoths, which are animals that were corrupted by Mung with infusions of monster blood and essence. These unnatural creatures include the War Beasts, as well as the Burrowing Behemoths.

In the waste realm of the Doggerland, there were once seven deserts ere the Deluge. The second of these deserts — quite near to the city of Bodrahan — was known as the Grimlond. The Grimlond was plagued by sandstorms, as well as by dust devils and roving packs of Ghuls. Only the bravest caravans dared brave the Grimlond, and only when the oases of the first desert were poisoned or dry, or when the sandstorms grew ever larger and flowed outward, forcing the caravans to travel uncertain ground.

The wars between Man and the Ghuls, vying for supremacy in the wastelands of the Grimlond, are legendary. But Mung was not satisfied with the ravages of the Ghuls, which were mere unpredictable vessels of undeath born of his slumbering plague beast, Umbool. The Ghuls were difficult to control, and having once been Men could not be

always relied upon to slaughter the playthings of Kib in the ongoing Game of the Gods. In a fit of displeasure following a season of particular gentleness in the Grimlond, when the caravans raped the desert of gold and spice and even drove the Ghuls back south as far as the realm of Afrik, Mung corrupted the Oasis Behemoths of Kib and turned them into burrowing horrors, known by some as Earth Sharks.

Even after the drowning of the deserts in the Cataclysm, the Burrowing Behemoths live on. Many of them burrowed into the netherworld, and thrived there; while others were dragged out and subdued by mighty caravans and taken to far-off cities, where they were purchased by foolish alchemists and powerful evil archmagi for further experimentation. (Few of the purchasers, it must be said, survived. The laughter of Kib was long.)

The Burrowing Behemoths are responsible — with the instincts instilled in them by Mung — for the creation of many of the tunnels which lead between the surface and the Underearth. There are many ancient labyrinths in the netherworld, and in the netherworld of the Dreamlands, that were created almost solely by swarms of Dholes and the Burrowing Behemoths.

Burrowing Behemoths are terrible opponents in battle. They are heavily armored, and can leap into the air to hammer down foes with all four of their mighty taloned feet. Their back plates are prized by shield makers, and their organs and blood by alchemists; but there are very few heroes who dare to hunt these horrors willingly.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 9D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 40.5, or nine sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.



<p><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></p> <p><b>BURROWING BEASTS</b></p> <p>(Lethality Level 7)</p>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2

[II - 9]

SCROLL VIII

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
BURROW RELICS  
OF THE GRIMLOND

**Fused Sand-Glass of the Grimlond**

(Uncommon)

These odd, opalescent crystals were created when static vortices would bring lightning in the most savage of sandstorms. When the lightning would strike sand, it would create a precious glass jewel. Some of these were found by nomads days or years after the storm, while others are in the possession of later treasure seekers, or found in the hoards of the Uxat.

If the crystal is placed over the holder's eye, it will serve as a lens. The observer can detect invisible creatures, spell casters and monsters through the lens, up to and including Wind Treaders and Lovecraftian Entities.

Unfortunately, the lens operates both ways, and the observer shines like a violet beacon in the observed creature's senses regardless of distance. Evil creatures observed such will surely hunt the crystal-bearer down. Such hunters gain no magical bonuses or powers, but will be fixated on the bearer for at least a week. The bearer will know that he is being hunted, and normal and magical forms of evasion can be used as normal.

These crystals are highly coveted, but their bearers tend to fall out of love with the powerful effect rather quickly. They are thus relatively common.

**Value:** 3,500 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 3+



### **Gold of the Grimlond**

(Uncommon)

The gold nodes and deposits which once (literally) littered the surface of the Grimlond were legendary in their time. The gold from these sources is strangely beautiful, with a unique blue “eye-like” sheen (much like a tiger eye gem) which appears when any object crafted of the metal reflects either starlight or moonlight.

Anyone wearing a minor trinket made of the gold — an amulet, ring, brooch, or something similar — will enjoy the effects of fire resistance as if a Resist Fire spell were in permanent effect.

However, the wearer also favors warm and hot temperatures, is easily chilled, and suffers when afflicted by magical cold effects (-3 to appropriate saving throws, +1 to every die of damage suffered).

Whenever a saving throw vs. a magical cold effect is first failed, the item fashioned from Grimlond gold will be permanently destroyed.

**Value:** 4,500 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 4+

[II - 10]

SCROLL IX

OF THE DIMENSIONAL BEASTS

**(The Twisted and the Unworthy, the Side-Leapers)**

Rare Monster Race

Dimensional Beasts are six-legged hounds, with jet-black hides and gleaming eyes of hateful emerald. They despise living creatures of any kind. It is said that they are wretched whelps born of the Great Hound of Time. They are the accursed ones, those of the pack of Hound-young running beside Time and Sish who long ago cowered from the needs of absolute destruction.

There are two forms of Time-whelp found haunting the World of Oldskull, the Dimensional Beast (abiding only neutrality and evil) and the Dimensional Hound (abiding with law and good). These opposed creatures of Sish despise one another, and will shred each other into oblivion if given the chance. And why?

It is said more clearly in riddles that when the pack of the whelps of Time was split by the urging of Sish, they were split into two swarming and snapping factions. To Sish's right hand were the blessed ones, who when commanded did leap forward with their progenitor Time to strike and slay. These are the Dimensional Hounds. But to Sish's left hand there cowered the accursed ones, who when commanded did not leap forward with the jaws of Time, but which rather leapt sideways and sought to avoid the terrible burden of destruction. These are the Dimensional Beasts. They are cursed by their former master to forever roam the Underearth.

Dimensional Beasts strike with scourging limbs, and flicker in space from side to side so that those heroes who dare strike out at them are likely to find them blurring away unscathed. This flickering is known as "displacement." Dimensional Beasts are vicious

and starving and slaughter many men; but pure men will often find that when the Beasts strike the faithful, Sish and Time itself will send a pack of the ever-loyal Dimensional Hounds to leap forward and to slaughter the pack of Beasts, and to send their remnants howling.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 5 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 or 2, Blood Dice 6D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 27, or six sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Neutrality and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>DIMENSIONAL BEASTS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 5)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	4 to 10 (2D4+2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	5 to 12 (1D8+4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	6 to 16 (2D6+4)

[II - 11]

SCROLL X

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
SPOILS OF  
THE DIMENSIONAL BEASTS

**Black Chain Leash of Time**

(Very Rare)

The leash can be used as a weapon; it is equivalent to a whip of +2 enchantment in most circumstances. When used against a Dimensional Beast, it inflicts 1D6+6 points of subdual (not killing) damage per strike. A Dimensional Beast subdued by the wielder will become a permanent loyal guardian beast of the wielder and his or her companions; gradually changing its Ethos over a period of 3 months to be aligned with that of its subduer.

Only one Dimensional Beast can be controlled at any time; if a second Dimensional Beast is subdued while one is already controlled, the second Beast will vanish with a mournful howl (its essence being subsumed by the eternal spirit of the Great Hound).

Further, if a guardian Dimensional Beast is ever slain, the subduer suffers a permanent, non-healable loss of 1 hit point.

**Value:** 30,000 Pieces of Gold



**Recommended Discovery Level: 13+**



### **Flayed Hide of the Dimensional Beast**

(Rare)

This item has powers similar to a Cloak of the Displacer, but it is a magically-preserved and treated hide including the jawless head (which fits as a hood upon the wearer's head; the size adjusts for a new wearer of less than ogre size). It is graven with the crimson sigil of Sish between the eyes.

The wearer will always have a favorable reaction from Dimensional Hounds and their allies, so long as violence is not threatened. But Dimensional Beasts, their minions, and their keepers will attack the wearer on sight and fight to the death, focusing their attacks on the wearer alone whenever possible.

**Value:** 17,500 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level: 8+**

[II - 12]

SCROLL XI

OF THE DIMENSIONAL HOUNDS

(The Hunt Imperious, The Reverent Pack of Time)

Rare Monster Race

Please refer to the entry on Dimensional Beasts for the lore of the Dimensional Hounds who hunt alongside Sish in the name of righteous inevitability.

Dimensional Hounds are four-legged predators who surge forward with magical attacks, striking with such blurred speed that they seem to change position from moment to moment without moving. They are the Surgers of Time, and their blood-sworn nemeses are the treacherous Dimensional Hounds.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 4 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 2 to 5, Blood Dice 4D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 18, or four sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Law and Good.



<p><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></p> <p><b>DIMENSIONAL HOUNDS</b></p> <p>(Lethality Level 4)</p>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	3 to 8 (1D6+2)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	3 to 12 (3D4)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	6 to 24 (6D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	7 to 28 (7D4)

[II - 13]

SCROLL XII

OF DOROZHAND

(God of Destiny, Regarder of the End)

Greater God; of the Ethos of True Neutrality

The only God who remained silent during the Game of the Gods, whilst all others sided with either Mung or Kib, was Dorozhand, the Dim-Mantle. His sorrowful eyes are an eternal starry grey, for he alone can see beyond the worlds to the reflected distant light radiating from the Slumber-throne of Mana-Yood-Sushai.

Dorozhand in utter solemnity casts within his arcs of twilight the sands of Time. With such motes he chooses from among the Men, and those chosen are known to him (and to no one else, at times) as the Destined. There are nine great orders of the Destined chosen, drawn from the five endless prophetic celestial mansions of Law (L), Chaos (C), Good (G), Evil (E), and Neutrality (N). These reluctant champions are known as the Arrows (N-G), the Bolts (L-G), the Darts (C-G), the Fangs (C-E), the Quarrels (C-N), the Quills (T-N), the Spines (L-E), the Talons (N-E) and the Thorns (L-N) of mighty Dorozhand.

As the prophet Dunsany tells us, the one who is so chosen “goeth forward to an end that naught may stay. He becometh the arrow from the Bow of Dorozhand, hurled forward at a mark he may not see ... he hath chosen his slaves. And them doth the destiny God drive onward where he will, knowing not whither nor even knowing why. [*They, the Destined*] feel only his scourge behind them or hear his cry before.”



Dorozhand sees the destinies of not only the mortals, but also of the other Gods. It is a curse that he may never speak of such, or the destiny will be subverted to a cataclysmic corruption. Thus mortals of every Ethos pray to Dorozhand, but only the chosen receive an answer to their sacrifice. And those that hear, often wish that they had not.



<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Priesthood of</u>  <b>D O R O Z H A N D</b>  Greater God of the Pegana Mythos</p>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ True Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ True Neutrality (Common)</li> <li>➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Rare)</li> <li>➤ Law and Neutrality (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ Neutrality and Evil (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ Neutrality and Good (Uncommon)</li> </ul>
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A clutch of nine arrows or darts, in clusters of three, each cluster pointing in a different direction
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Concordia (Realm of All Equivalent Opposition)
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Destiny, Fate, Quests and Geases
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Owl
<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Male or Female</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female</li> </ul>

<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Dart</li> <li>➤ Light Crossbow</li> <li>➤ Short Bow</li> <li>➤ Whip</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Gray or twilight-hued skullcap</li> <li>➤ Body: Twilight-hued vestments or robe</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Abjuration &amp; Protection (The Guardians of Dorozhand)</li> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Harvesters of Dorozhand)</li> <li>➤ Divination (The Eyes of Dorozhand)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Quarterly (at the equinoxes and solstices)</li> <li>➤ In the form of written wishes, attached to the talons of owls, the flights of missiles, or burned and thrown to the wind</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temple</li> <li>➤ Mountain Aeries</li> <li>➤ Reflecting Pools</li> </ul>

[II - 14]

SCROLL XIII

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
THE ARSENAL OF DOROZHAND

**Destiny Scourge of Dorozhand**

(Very Rare)

This terrible item is doubly cursed. It is a +4 scourge, which can be used as a whip which always causes maximum damage with a successful strike. On a natural roll of 20, it inflicts 1D6+8 damage. Any human or demi-human first wounded by the whip must (once) make a saving throw vs. death magic, or be afflicted by a Geas spell. This effect can only occur on a first strike, and if the victim makes the saving throw, the whip will never cause a Geas to take effect on that individual. Further, this effect can only take place on a creature of an Ethos opposed to the wielder, as follows:

- ❖ **If the wielder is of an Evil Ethos:** The scourge can only curse Good targets.
- ❖ **If the wielder is of a Good Ethos:** The scourge can only curse Evil targets.
- ❖ **If the wielder is of a Neutral Ethos:** The scourge can only curse Good and Evil targets, and all targets save vs. the effect at +3.

Only the first 3 targets struck in any given day can be afflicted in such a matter. The effect cannot be “saved” to afflict additional or other targets beyond these initial 3.

The effect of a failed saving throw is immediate. If the victim who failed the saving throw is not further wounded or assailed, he will immediately cease hostilities and wander off to fulfil the Geas, leaving even a frenetic melee to do so (unless forcibly restrained by allies, who may be attacked in turn).

Once a year — the Game Master may want to roll 1D12 to determine the random month of occurrence, and a 1D30 to determine the random day — the wielder will experience a waking vision of Dorozhand, in which a Geas (no saving throw) is placed upon the wielder of the scourge. The Geas will always pertain to Dorozhand. It might involve slaying a powerful enemy of the god, cleansing a ruined temple, recovering a lost treasure, or healing a mad priest of the god who is lost in the netherworld. This will be a prime source of adventure hooks, as well as player frustration, throughout the campaign.

If the GM rolls a random month and day for this vision in the first game year, which is a date that has already passed, the Geas-vision will instead take effect 1D20+20 days after the scourge is first discovered and carried.

The only way to be free of the effect is to permanently destroy the scourge. Even selling, trading, or giving away the scourge will have no effect; and if the item is dropped or left behind, it will surreptitiously appear in the person's belongings the next day. A Remove Curse will have no effect either, although a Wish might, depending upon the circumstances.

**Value:** 65,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 15+





## Irrevocable Missiles of Destiny

(Rare)

These are the fated munitions of Dorozhand. There are nine different varieties, and they are found in batches depending upon their size. They are +1 weapons for to hit and damage purposes. When they strike an opponent of the listed Ethos (below), they will force a Geas saving throw, per the Destiny Scourge description above. Each wound suffered by a missile forces a saving throw; a target can be forced to have multiple saving throw checks in a single battle or day as new wounds are suffered.

Munitions that miss a target shatter 25% of the time, due to their age and frailty. Otherwise, they can be recovered and reused. A missile that causes a failed saving throw for a victim releases its power into the victim's soul, and the missile is thereby destroyed.

The bronze munitions are as follows. The +1 bonuses are in effect for all targets, but the Geas effect can only affect specific targets:

- ❖ **Arrows of Dorozhand:** Affect only targets of the Ethos of Neutrality and Good. 1D6 arrows will be discovered.
- ❖ **Bolts of Dorozhand:** For a light crossbow. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Law and Good. 1D6 bolts will be discovered.
- ❖ **Darts of Dorozhand:** *Plumbata* throwing darts (small javelins). Affect only targets of the Ethos of Chaos and Good. 1D4+1 darts will be discovered.
- ❖ **Fangs of Dorozhand:** Throwing knives. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Chaos and Evil. 1D4 knives will be discovered. If used as melee weapons, the Geas effect cannot take place.
- ❖ **Quarrels of Dorozhand:** For a heavy crossbow. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Chaos and Neutrality. 1D4 quarrels will be discovered.
- ❖ **Quills of Dorozhand:** For a hand crossbow. Affect only targets of the Ethos of True Neutrality. 1D4+1 needle-bolts will be discovered.
- ❖ **Spines of Dorozhand:** Throwing spears. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Law and Evil. 1D2 spears will be discovered. If used as melee weapons, the Geas effect cannot take place.

- ❖ **Talons of Dorozhand:** Throwing axes. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Neutrality and Evil. 1D3 axes will be discovered. If used as melee weapons, the Geas effect cannot take place.
- ❖ **Thorns of Dorozhand:** Javelins. Affect only targets of the Ethos of Law and Neutrality. 1D3 javelins will be discovered.

Each weapon has tiny runes engraved on the metal, which can magically interpreted by anyone. They tell precisely who the intended targets are, along with the words “Go Seek.”

**Value:**

- **Arrows, Bolts:** 1,500 Pieces of Gold each
- **Darts, Quills:** 2,500 Pieces of Gold each
- **Knives, Quarrels:** 3,500 Pieces of Gold each
- **Javelins:** 5,000 Pieces of Gold each
- **Axes:** 7,500 Pieces of Gold each
- **Spears:** 10,000 Pieces of Gold each

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 6+

[II - 15]

SCROLL XIV

OF THE DREAM EATERS

**(The Brood of Yoharneth-Lahai, Fell Guardians of the Secret)**

Very Rare Monster Race

The terrible quadrupedal predators from beyond who are known as Dream Eaters, or the Devourers of Minds, are the shadowy nightmare spawn from out of the unstable soul of Yoharneth-Lahai. Yoharneth is known mostly for laughter, but there was a time where he was beseeched by Yonath — First Among All Prophets — who begged him for release from the chains of his own wisdom, true comprehension, and memory. The most holy words of Yonath to his disciples just before this time were recorded as, “Seek not to know the Secret of the Gods.”

Yonath poisoned himself with herbs of psychic oblivion and the honey lotus of nepenthe, to no avail. In the desperation of his prayer, and in honor of his purity, Yoharneth created the Dream Eaters to release Yonath at last from the terrible burden of his too-perceptive mind.

To lesser prey than Yonath, the Dream Eaters take many forms. Some appear as pawed spheres of utter shadow, while other mortals at times behold them as enormous brains, with massive talons, faceless guises and curling layers of squamous, pallid flesh. It has even been reported that others behold them as pale, mouthless children, softly following their prey through city streets as waifs and strays.

Since the time of the release of Yonath, the Dream Eaters have spread. They are known to be summoned by the nightmares and violence suffered by explorers of the Dreamlands. Some people who are grieving or in horror willingly pray for them to come, while evil elves and the Thralls of Cthulhu corrupt the Eaters to become aggressive

instruments of nightmarish destruction. The beasts of Yoharneth are highly cunning, deadly when corrupted, and horrifying, capable of emitting waves of crushing psychic intensity which horrify and overwhelm their prey.

It is said that the “gentle” Dream Eaters feast only when they are begged, but that the “corrupted” ones of the deeper nether are in constant agony from the twistings of their corruption, and these can only be assuaged by feeding upon terror and madness, as those traumas are experienced by sentient and suffering creatures.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 6D8+6, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 33, or seven sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with either Law and Neutrality (if uncorrupted) or Chaos and Evil (if corrupted).



<u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u> <b>DREAM EATERS</b> (Lethality Level 7)	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1

➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)

[II - 16]

SCROLL XVTHE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
ESSENCES OF  
THE DREAM EATERS**Ichorous Essence of the Eaten**

(Frequency of Appearance: Special; technically Very Rare)

This is not a magic item per se, but rather an alchemical essence which can be extracted from the body of a slain Dream Eater. Any spell caster character can extract essence if a clean set of flasks is available (a hastily dumped oil flask is not clean!), but non-spell casters will botch the job 90% of the time. Each Dream Eater gives 1 flask worth of essence to an extractor of experience level 1-6; 2 flasks if the extractor is level 7-12; and 3 flasks if the extractor is level 13+.

The contents of the flask cannot be magically preserved, and will be instantly corrupted by contact with sunlight. The contents will remain fresh for 3D20+20 hours after extraction, and will then spoil; but can be used in alchemical experimentation before the (randomly determined) time expires. Note that unless multiple alchemists are working on a batch, it is almost certain that additional flasks beyond the first will spoil unused. (Such flasks can quickly and carefully be sold to eager NPCs, typically for about 350-600 Pieces of Gold each).

One flask provides enough ingredients for an alchemist, or an alchemy-capable mage, to create a potion at a cost of 3 uninterrupted days of work and 100 Pieces of Gold (rare dissolved materials). The potion type will be completely random, and unknown to the maker, as decided by a 1D100 roll: [01-15] Clairaudience, [16-30] Clairvoyance, [31-35] Delusion, [36-45] Etherealness, [46-60] Extra Healing, [61-80] Healing, [81-85] Madness, [86-90] Poison, [91-00] Vitality. Identification of the resulting potion can be a bit tricky. But you can always chug if that's the way you roll!

**Value:**

- **Clairaudience:** 400 Pieces of Gold
- **Clairvoyance:** 500 Pieces of Gold
- **Delusion:** 150 Pieces of Gold
- **Etherealness:** 1,500 Pieces of Gold
- **Extra Healing:** 800 Pieces of Gold
- **Healing:** 400 Pieces of Gold
- **Madness:** 150 Pieces of Gold
- **Poison:** Value dependent upon the (random) type of poison created, which may be difficult for a non-assassin to discern
- **Vitality:** 2,500 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** Technically level 6+, which is when Dream Eaters can be discovered as recommended deadly encounters.

[II - 17]

SCROLL XVI

OF THE EIDOLONS

**(The Tripartite Motes of Un-Being)**

Rare (Brain Eater, Psychic Parasite) and Very Rare (Mind Mole) Monster Races

As is known only to mad sages, Mana-Yood-Sushai began existence as a self-realized decaying sphere from out of the coruscations of 'Umr at-Tawil, the Most Ancient and Prolonged of Life, Yog-Sothoth. He freed and indeed created himself in many ways, but even one so powerful as Mana could never fully extract himself from the true and quintessential nature of his being.

As he Slumbers, Mana-Yood-Sushai's thoughts and dreams create coruscating and fleshly spheres of their own. (Some even say that the Gods themselves were born in this way, and that the light of Mana wrongly given flesh is a terrible form of un-birth suffered by Gods deemed unworthy before they ever come to be.)

These lesser, corrupted spheres from Mana which become wedded to the flesh are known as Eidolons. Most of them wither and die as they are created, shattered by the mighty reverberations of the drumming of Skarl; but some few which happen to manifest between the beatings of the drum fade away into the ether or the Astral Plane.

These "Lost Eidolons" are of three known varieties, tentatively classified by psions and the archmages. These are the Psychic Parasites, the Brain Eaters, and the Mind Moles. Each subspecies is slightly different, and few can agree upon their size, coloration, or appearance; but all are terrible and tend to feast upon the dreams of dreamers, the premonitions of psychics, and the nightmares of the mad.





**Approximated game statistics, Brain Eater:** Monster Lethality Level 5 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 3D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 13.5, or three sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.

**Approximated game statistics, Mind Mole:** Monster Lethality Level 2 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 1D8 / 8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 1, or one sword thrust. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.

**Approximated game statistics, Psychic Parasite:** Monster Lethality Level 2 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 3 to 12, Blood Dice 1D8 / 8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 1, or one sword thrust. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.



<u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u> <b>BRAIN EATERS</b> (Lethality Level 5)	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)

➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	3 to 8 (1D6+2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	4 to 10 (2D4+2)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	4 to 13 (1D10+3)



<u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u> <b>MIND MOLES</b> (Lethality Level 2)	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2) (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3) (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 9 (1D8+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 12 (2D6)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	3 to 14 (1D12+2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	6 to 24 (6D4)



<p><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></p> <p><b>PSYCHIC PARASITES</b></p> <p>(Lethality Level 2)</p>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	3 to 12 (3D4)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	4 to 14 (2D6+4)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	6 to 24 (6D4)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	8 to 27 (1D20+7)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	10 to 30 (1D10+1D12+8)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	11 to 33 (2D12+9)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	12 to 37 (2D4+1D20+9)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	12 to 48 (12D4)

[II - 18]

SCROLL XVII

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
COVETED REFLECTIONS  
OF THE EIDOLONS

**Putrefied Essences of the Eidolons**

(Rare when harvested through violence; Very Rare when found in an alchemist's or mage's treasure)

When an Eidolon is slain — regardless of its encountered “location,” for example in the World of Oldskull — its life essence is typically extinguished with the majority of its soul-fire and organic structures situated in the Ethereal or Astral Plane. Should this occur, there is to be found a small crystallized mass of petrified tendrils which coil and perish in the material world as well.

(This situation assumes that the monster(s) were partly in the Ethereal or Astral Plane, with their fleshly bodies in the Material Plane, which is where they encountered their slayers. Essences can only be harvested from the Material Plane due to the exacting conditions required for crystalline decay.)

These Eidolon tendrils smell terribly vile for a moment, and then smoke and steam as the crystallization process takes place over a span of several seconds as the life essence dissipates. These tendrils are then sharp as glass, and may be found “floating” in the air from the perspective of a material observer. Running into such a structure without

impedance would cause the runner to suffer 1D4+1 damage; walking into them would cause 1 point of damage to someone unprotected, or no damage to a person in metal armor. In any such case, the tendrils would turn to unusable dust upon impact and be destroyed.

The crystals can be carefully gathered, fractured and powdered by the wise. Left alone, they will turn into a floating mass of salts 1D6 days after the Eidolon was slain, and then will linger 1D20 further days until they are harvested by someone (or some Thing) or they simply fall and disintegrate.

Each slain Brain Eater or Mind Mole will generate a single crystalline structure, which is called a Tendril Mass. These are of limited use to adventurers, because the magic items which they can be used to create require significant expenditures of time and gold by an expert specialist (such as an elven arcane forger of champions' arms). But such crystals can easily be gathered into a container (such as a flask or even a coffer or clean pouch), and sold for a tidy sum in most emporiums of the world.

The specific known varieties are:

- **Brain Eater Tendril Mass:** These masses are an ingredient in the creation of Armor of Etherealness, Rings of Human and Demi-Human Influence, Scarabs of Madness (when intentionally crafted, and not the result of a failed attempt to craft a beneficial Scarab). Technically, the salts can also be used to create potions with powers of mind control as well (affecting demi-humans, dragons, giants, and so forth), but this recipe is far from being cost effective (double the costs of all potions created in this manner).
- **Mind Mole Tendril Mass:** These masses are a reagent in the fabrication of Medallions of Extra-Sensory Perception, Rings of Mammal Command, Rods of Fear, and Skullcaps of Telepathy, as well as the shaft-and-flight adhesives for Missiles of Slaying. The salts are also used, along with giant squid sepia, to create one of the several varieties of magical scroll ink.
- **Psychic Parasite Tendril Mass:** Due to the small size of these creatures, only a single mass will be created when they are slain, and only if 10 or more parasites are slain at one time. This is the "burrow hollow" which the parasites create between the planes to assault their prey and build their nests afar. These masses are ingredients used in the construction and enchantment of Crystal

Lenses of Minute Seeing, Dusts of Phantasm, Rings of Ensorcelled (X-Ray) Vision, Rods of Swarming Insects, and the fittings and joints of magical size-changing weapons of many kinds.

**Value:**

- **Brain Eater Tendril Mass:** 2,000 Pieces of Gold if fresh and crystalline; 1,000 Pieces of Gold if powdered salts.
- **Mind Mole Tendril Mass:** 2,500 Pieces of Gold if fresh and crystalline; 1,250 Pieces of Gold if powdered salts.
- **Psychic Parasite Tendril Mass:** 9,000 Pieces of Gold if fresh and crystalline; 4,500 Pieces of Gold if powdered salts.
- Once in the possession of a professional alchemist or archmage, the usable lifespan of the salts will be extended from weeks to years.

**Recommended Discovery Level:** Technically dependent on the experience levels when Eidolons appear in recommended random encounters. The monsters will need to be slain and the tendrils carefully harvested, of course. Or, salts can be found in potion flasks (very rarely).

- **Brain Eater Tendril Mass:** Level 2+ is when Brain Eaters are encountered; powdered salts found as a treasure at Level 3+.
- **Mind Mole Tendril Mass:** Level 1+ is when Mind Moles are encountered; powdered salts found as a treasure at Level 4+.
- **Psychic Parasite Tendril Mass:** Level 1+ is when Psychic Parasites are encountered, but Level 2+ is when enough are encountered (10+) to make tendril harvesting a possibility; this becomes more likely (>50%) at Level 5+. Powdered salts found as a treasure at Level 8+.

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SCROLL XVIII

OF THE EVIL EYES

(The Gatekeepers, The Banes of Dorozhand and The Sorrows of Hoodrazai)

Very Rare Monster Races

**The Lore of the Evil Eye**

In the Pegana Mythos, the holy God Dorozhand is the Lord of Destiny, Fate, and the observer of mortals' lives on the path toward their ultimate (predestined?) end. His younger brother is Hoodrazai, The Silent Beholder, whose eye was once locked within the wasteland at Ranorada. Hoodrazai alone knows why the Gods were created, and Dorozhand knows why Men will each meet their final ends. Between them, despite their coldness and untouchable convictions, they are the guardians of the holy and ordained path of Man, from first genesis to extinction.

But there is a darker fate than Fate, a blasphemous corruption of destiny caused by the entropic and sentient chaos of the elder universe ...

The universe is also beset by the Great Old Ones, which are unique cosmic Horrors of immense power. These near-immortal beings leap from star to star, turning other sentient minds to worship of themselves and extinguishing adverse life wherever it dares to rise up in defiance. The Great Old Ones — although expert occultists tend to squabble over precise classification — include Great Cthulhu, Chaugnar Faugn, Hastur, Shub-Niggurath, Tsathoggua and the King in Yellow. There are also beyond the spheres several higher beings of terror, which by name include Azathoth, Nyarlathotep and Yog-Sothoth.

Virtually every star system in existence is being hunted, or devoured, or exploited in worship by one or more of the Great Old Ones. The World of Oldskull represents a rare instance of a world which is still partially shielded by the Gods who protect it and its denizens ... the most ancient of these Gods being the children of Mana-Yood-Sushai. The Great Old Ones exist in higher dimensions than our own, and must use unnatural temporal twistings and dimensional gates — the “realigning” of the stars — to push through and invade the crude and elementary other worlds where lower life is still to be found thriving.

In the World of Oldskull, the Great Old One Cthulhu has already broken through into this sphere within his foul city of R’lyeh. And there are assuredly others awakening in Olmsuul. But Cthulhu’s war against the Elder Things and other entities long ago led to the sinking of R’lyeh, and the entombment of his body (but not his dreaming mind). Due to the combined efforts of Gods and heroes, the other Great Old Ones have made inroads into the World of Oldskull only with utmost difficulty.

The most dangerous “new” dimensional gate emerging in the world — it is believed to have been torn and molded by the King in Yellow — was found by Dorozhand and Hoodrazai, and it stood at Ranoradas. The great skull in the desert there was built as an eldritch temple and nexus of godly power, designed to keep the gate from widening any further. (Some say that the Deluge which destroyed Doggerland was an intentional cataclysm caused by Slid at the behest of Dorozhand, and to the dismay of Hoodrazai; but the truth of this is unknown.)



### **The Known Subspecies of Evil Eye**

Some of the Great Old Ones and other entities — when extending their “feelers” to hunt and feed — use fleshly manifestations and extensions of their will which are eye-like in form, and these serve as early scouts, servitors and vanguards whenever a world is near to being invaded. These Gatekeepers are known by Men as the Evil Eyes. Evil Eyes abhor living creatures and seek to enslave or annihilate anyone they find. They are some of the most dangerous denizens of the underworld.



A grim example is the dreaded Eye of Azathoth. These Eyes appear as flickering, partially corporeal spheres of coruscating vapor, surrounded by tentacles of mephitic and glowing fumes. These ten branching tentacles of vapor-flesh are each surmounted by a fanged maw, each maw being capable of speaking blasphemous incantations and casting its own sorcerous powers. The Eye of Azathoth is known to behold, toy with, charm, enslave, and disintegrate its prey.

Another example is the Eye of Cthulhu, which is an aquatic Eye with two striking tentacular appendages. They are dwellers of the deep, rising to feed and to send the dreams of Cthulhu into the minds of the sensitive dreamers and magi among Men. Whenever they have the chance they drown Men and sentient monsters alike, and feed upon the nightmares. The Eyes of Cthulhu attack not only with their spiny tentacles, but also with mesmerizing visions of hypnotic rapture.

Of lesser power — but perhaps of grimmer implication — is the Eye of Nyarlathotep, a rare and relatively benign vanguard which is summoned by those archmages who worship the Dark Man. The Eyes of Nyarlathotep are made by the magi to serve as guardians over their grimoires and treasure hoards.

All of these entities are born from beyond and into the World of Oldskull as crude dimensional seeds, hollow and volatile fungal versions of themselves which are known as Eye Spores. Eye Spores are eliminated as a plague wherever Men might find them, lest they grow to become one of the three known vanguard species. However, due to their extra-dimensional and volatile nature, Eye Spores are known to explode with dangerous waves of venom and force in a detonation which can easily prove fatal. For that reason, archers, arbalesters and evokers are favored as destructors of the Eye Spores during expeditions into dungeons and the netherworld.



### **The Ever-Corrupted Destiny of the Eye**

The Evil Eye, as a symbol, is a sign of the coming of the Great Old Ones. Many evil cults and factions regard the Eye as a powerful unholy symbol, and it can be found

scrawled throughout the netherworld, in vile temples, and even in the alleys of assassin-ridden city states.

Due to its ancientness and power the symbol of the Eye is by no means foreign outside of the Pegana and Cthulhu Mythoi. Other specific forms and names of the Evil Eye, in the languages of the Younger Mythoi, include the Ayn al-Hasud (Arabian), Ayn Ha-r'a (Jewish), Boser Blick (German), Char Atchk (Armenian), Deochi (Romanian), Drishti Dosha (Sanskrit), Durnoy Glaz (Russian), Gonosz Szem (Hungarian), Jashi (Japanese), Mal de Ojo (Spanish), Malocchio (Italian), Matiasma (Greek), Nazar Boncugu (Turkish), Syni Keq (Albanian), Urokljivo Olo (Serbian), and Vaskania (Greek).

The superstitions of the true and immense power of this symbol are sadly real. They presage a future doom which might well befall mankind: Once Evil Eyes gain a significant hold within a world, they are able to create and widen dimensional gates. It is said that 666 Eyes of the same subspecies are required in proximity, chanting and sacrificing, to fulfill such an abominable act. Adventurers might say that the numbers of the Eyes are far too few for this future threat to ever be a danger to the World of Oldskull, but that is what heroes have said on a thousand million worlds which have already been enslaved in the name of the Great Old Ones ...



**Approximated game statistics, Eye of Azathoth:** Monster Lethality Level 10 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice ranging from 10D8 to 16D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 45 to 75, or between ten and seventeen sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Eye of Cthulhu:** Monster Lethality Level 8 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice ranging from 10D8 to 12D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 45 to 54, or between ten and twelve sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Eye of Nyarlathotep:** Monster Lethality Level 5 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 or 2, Blood Dice 4D8+4, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 22, or five sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Law and Neutrality.

**Approximated game statistics, Eye Spore:** Monster Lethality Level 2 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 or 2, Blood Dice 1D8 / 8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 1, or one sword thrust. In Ethos, as they remain non-sentient as the flesh congeals about the extra-dimensional essence, they are aligned with True Neutrality.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>EYES OF AZATHOTH</b> <b>(Lethality Level 10)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Very Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>EYES OF CTHULHU</b> <b>(Lethality Level 8)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>EYES OF NYARLATHOTEP</b> <b>(Lethality Level 5)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1

➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	3 to 8 (1D6+2)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	4 to 10 (2D4+2)



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>EYE SPORES</b> <b>(Lethality Level 2)</b>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2) (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3) (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 9 (1D8+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 12 (2D6)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	4 to 14 (2D6+2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)

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SCROLL XIX

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
THE FOCI  
OF THE EVIL EYES

**General Note on the Essences and Organs of Evil Eyes**

Eyes of Cthulhu and Eyes of Nyarlathotep have several harvest-ready aspects of the flesh, such as their eyes, brains, blood and Perethorn (the organ through which a Great Old One “sees” through the dimensions using the monster as a lens); but the value of these materials is not extreme; perhaps 10 Pieces of Gold of harvestable material per hit point of the monster, and very difficult to keep fresh. Eyes of Azathoth have these many materials as well, but their Dracontias are much more coveted.



## **Dracontia Iris of Azathoth**

**(Very Rare)**

The powers of an Eye of Azathoth are not fully understood, but it appears that the creatures' spell-like effects do not originate in the fanged maws atop its head. Rather, the abilities are cast by a Servitor of Azathoth, who is using the Eye of Azathoth's great cyclopean eye as a dimensional "lens."

When the Eye of Azathoth is slain, it will have been preparing to cast one more of these magics before it was extinguished. Each of these powers leave a specially-hued and -structured imprint upon the Eye's Dracontia Iris, which is the hard gem-like organ at the root of the eye itself. Extracting a Dracontia is a thoroughly disgusting process, but a very rewarding one as well.

When the Eye of Azathoth is slain and the Dracontia is harvested, the Game Master can either decide which power was going to be used by the Servitor next, or can roll randomly. For example, if the Charm Monster effect was about to be used, then the harvested Dracontia will retain Charm Monster properties after the Eye is slain.

The possibilities of a Dracontia Iris are as follows. A Dracontia has 3 charges when extracted, and allows any person (spell caster or not) to cast a spell, similar to using a Scroll of Protection. The spell effects are controllable (the user can select targets as appropriate etc., and the effects are equivalent to spells by a 16<sup>th</sup>-level caster. However, each spell cast drains 1 charge, and the Dracontia can only be used once a month. Further, each use causes 2D6+2 psychic trauma damage (no saving throw) to the user.

The forces and effects are:

**[01-09] Imprisoned Force of Anti-Magic Negation:** Allows the casting of a Dispel and Counter Magic spell (C3).

**[10-18] Imprisoned Force of Causing Serious Wounds:** Allows the casting of an Inflict Serious Wounds spell (C4).

**[19-27] Imprisoned Force of Charming Monsters:** Allows the casting of a Beguile Monster spell (M4).

**[28-36] Imprisoned Force of Charming Persons:** Allows the casting of a Beguile Person spell (M1).

**[37-45] Imprisoned Force of Enchanted Sleep:** Allows the casting of a Slumber spell (M1).

**[46-54] Imprisoned Force of Enchanted Slowing:** Allows the casting of a Slowing spell (M3).

**[55-63] Imprisoned Force of Flesh Disintegration:** Allows the casting of a Corporeal Disintegration spell (M6).

**[64-72] Imprisoned Force of Flesh to Stone:** Allows the casting of a Petrification spell (M6).

**[73-81] Imprisoned Force of Psychic Fear:** Allows the casting of an Induce Psychic Fear spell (M4).

**[82-90] Imprisoned Force of Telekinesis:** Allows the casting of a Telekinetic Control spell (M5).

**[91-00] Imprisoned Force of the Deathly Ray:** Allows the casting of a Deathly Spell (M6).

If a Dracontia with 1 or 2 charges remaining is kept in darkness and not used for 66 consecutive days, it will regain 1 charge. If its charges are ever reduced to zero, it will be destroyed.

Dracontias are highly coveted, and almost never sold (but can of course be sold by PCs to willing NPC buyers). They are never found as random treasure; unless the GM creates an NPC who has one, and that NPC is attacked and slain, the PCs will need to harvest them on their own.

Dracontia powers have no effect on other living Eyes of Azathoth, but the attempt to use one in such a way will send the living Eye into a berserker rage against the target and it will fight to the death.



**Value:**

- **Dracontia Iris of Anti-Magic Negation:** 9,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Causing Serious Wounds:** 12,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Enchanted Sleep:** 4,500 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Enchanted Slowing:** 9,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Flesh Disintegration:** 18,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Monster Charming:** 12,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Person Charming:** 3,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Petrification:** 18,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Psychic Fear:** 12,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of Telekinesis:** 15,000 Pieces of Gold
- **Dracontia Iris of the Deathly Ray:** 18,000 Pieces of Gold
- (These values can be modified by the GM, depending upon the level of magic use and the relative power of PCs in any given campaign.)

**Recommended Discovery Level:** Technically level 8+, which is when Eyes of Azathoth first appear in suggested random encounters; but the party may well be of level 11+ before an Eye of Azathoth is actually slain and harvested.

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SCROLL XX

OF THE GHULS

**(The Sheddings of Umbool)**

Uncommon Monster Race

Ghuls are ravenous undead who feast on corpses and the living. In the Pegana Mythos, they are sometimes called the Sheddings of Umbool. Umbool is the Beast of Mung, a foul creature which brings pestilence and death from out of the lost wastelands of primordial Afrik. Beings slain by Umbool were raised into undeath by the horrible blessing of Mung, then to serve as foul pawns in the Game of the Gods against the living.

Through feasting upon mortal flesh, and corrupting the bodies of those they devour, Ghuls are able to self-replicate. They spread into the deserts of the Doggerland long ago, until the drowning Cataclysm; and they are also found deep in the Underearth, and in other wastelands of the realms (such as in Khom, Arabia, and the stony deserts of Cathay).

The most disturbing thing about the Ghuls is that unlike other minor forms of undead, they retain their human desires, hatred, and memories in the un-life. Many Ghuls seek the necromantic powers of nepenthe, or mental oblivion, to wash these past selves away. Others, however, long to remain alongside the people they knew in life. Even more curiously, it is known that Ghuls are found in considerable numbers in the netherworld of the Dreamlands. The dark gift of Umbool and the resurrection of Mung holds terrible power there as well, it seems.

Friends of the Ghuls in our own world have included Abd al'Azrad, Richard Upton Pickman and Randolph Carter.

Game Masters who wish to learn much more of the secret lore and history of the Ghuls are welcome to read my well-reviewed novel *Necronomicon: The Cthulhu Revelations*, also from Wonderland Imprints.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 3 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 to 4, Blood Dice 2D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 9, or two sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Neutrality (if in contact with humans) or Chaos and Evil (if bereft of human contact).



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>GHULS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 3)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2) (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3) (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 to 4
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	2 to 8 (2D4)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	3 to 11 (1D4+1D6+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	4 to 14 (2D6+2)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	6 to 24 (6D4)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	8 to 30 (2D12+6)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	14 to 33 (1D20+13)

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SCROLL XXI

OF THE GREAT  
NETHER WORMS

(or Dhole, Bhole)

Rare Monster Race (Very Rare outside of dungeons and the Netherworld)

Out — out are the lights — out all!  
And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”  
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

— Edgar Allan Poe

The first Great Worms in the World of Oldskull and the Mythos of Pegana were the Great Ash Worms, the desert guardians of Kib. These creatures were grandiose and solemn forces of nature, responsible for the creation of sandstorms and even the crystal-motes which were the purest desert sands (for the whitest sands of the desert were the

ground-apart carapaces of fallen worms, turned into ash and spice). These living desert forces destroyed many of the Monsters which attempted to invade the deserts and to besiege the first and greatest wasteland stronghold of Man, which was Bodrahan.

But in the Game of the Gods Mung then brought forth the deathly parasites, the twisted Acid Mantises, and even corrupted many of the worms to become draconian behemoths which were as accursed devils to the nomads and the dervishes of the Seven Encircling Deserts. Over seven generations Man grew to worship the Great Ash Worms not out of reverence, but rather out of fear.

When the sea of Cataclysm came, it was the Great Ash Worms which felt the tremors when all others did not. Many had already burrowed into the netherworld, seeking release from the corruptions of Mung; and some few more escaped before the Cataclysm drowned the deserts and much of the netherworld was sealed against the waters by the eld dimensional barriers of Hoodrazai.

The Great Ash Worms are now extinct, and the worms which were imprisoned in the netherworld and the Dreamlands by the sundering Cataclysm became the degenerate yet still-immense bone-gnashing monstrosities known as Dholes. (Dholes are called Bholes in some dialects; but neither appellation is a true name honoring the Great Ash Worms of old.)

The Dhole-Worms of the dungeons and the nether are pale, translucent white, with veiny purple markings striated across their blubbery and stone-encrusted hides. They tunnel endlessly, creating massive passageways even while they collapse others. Their most famous breeding ground in the Dreamlands is the Vale of Pnath, filled with bones of dead Ghuls and Ghosts and the prey of Ghuls and Ghosts, bone mountains crushed ever to powder by the passage of the Dholes. It is said that they never stop hungering, or growing. (The specimens which have game stats listed here are the “normal adult” ones, found in the upper reaches of the nether.)

Dholes — unlike their noble, pseudo-sentient ancestors the Great Ash Worms, who were gifted with the awareness spark of Kib — are ravenous, mindless, violent and terrifying. They will eat anything, but are particularly wont to feast upon rare delicacies they hardly ever get to taste, such as dwarves, elves, humans, and so forth.

Even in the folklore of our own world, they (and their aquatic kith, the Mottled Dholes) are hinted at in rare allusion. Edgar Allan Poe spoke of the Conqueror Worm, meaning not only the maggot of decay but something far more deathly and terrible.

Consider too the ancient words of Ctesias, in the Indica (see summary from Photius, Myriobiblon 72). Also of note is the folkloric Burach Bhadi (of Scottish folklore) and the sacrifice-devouring White Worm, as told of in the lurid “fiction” of Bram Stoker.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 8 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 or 2, Blood Dice 15D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 67.5, or fifteen sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>GREAT NETHER WORMS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 8)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)

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## SCROLL XXII

# OF THE HAGS

**(The Wizened Daughters, the Cackling Purity)**

Uncommon (Brine Hag, underwater seas), Rare (Brine Hag, other waters) and Very Rare (Emerald Hag, Nether Hag, Shadow Hag) Monster Races

As told earlier in this tome in the fable of Arb-Rin-Hadith, there was once a terrible blood feud between Women and Men as a result of the years-long pestilence which ravaged the holy temple vale of Sidith. During this dark time, many blasphemies upon the near-blameless Matriarchy were committed. Many of the women who were slain by the terrible “Blood Ones” during this time were priestesses and prophetesses of considerable power. Some of them magically cursed the men who murdered them, and vowed to rise in undeath to wreak vengeance upon the bloodlines of their slayers.

These included the risen Lich Maidens Hagath, Annis, Brinhilde, and Griselde, and perhaps the Vampiric Maidens Lilith and Lamia as well. Although all of the Lich Maidens were destroyed and their remains purified long ago, the blood curses of hatred were never truly lifted.

There rose from the blood-ichor of the defeated Lich Maidens four forms of female spirit. While not truly undead, these born-ancient crones are compelled by the curses to seek the corruption, annihilation, or the enslavement of blameless and guilty Men alike. These are the Hags. All are poisonous, hateful, immense (though gaunt and crouched), elderly and incredibly strong. It is whispered that evil giants sometimes take Hags as their brides.

The four main hierarchies of Hag include the Brine Hags of Brinhilde, the Emerald Hags of Griselde, the Nether Hags of Annis, and the Shadow Hags of Hagath.

Beyond the lore of Pegana, Hags are nearly universal figures in mythology. Famous ones are as follows:

**Brine Hag:** Grendel's Mother (Anglo-Saxon), Shellycoat (Scottish) and Topielec (Slavic). There is also considerable overlap with Emerald Hags.

**Emerald Hag:** Achlys (Greek), Glaistig (Scottish), Grindylow (Yorkshire), Jenny Greenteeth (English), Gwillion (Welsh), Makva (Bulgarian), Peg Powler (English), and Shellycoat (Scottish).

**Nether Hag:** Black Annis (Scottish), and Kutshedra (Albanian). Arguably, also including Baba Yaga (Russian).

**Shadow Hag:** Bercht (German), Cailleach Bheur (Scottish), Calill Eaca (Celtic), Deino (Greek), Enyo (Greek), the lore of the Graeae (Greek), Haetes (English), Hexe (German), Krisky (Russian), Maera (English), Nocnitsa (Russian), Pempfredo (Greek), Percht (German), Plaksy (Russian), Zelos (Greek), Zelus (Roman), and many more.



**Approximated game statistics, Brine Hag:** Monster Lethality Level 6 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 3D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 13.5, or three sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Emerald Hag:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 9D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 40.5, or nine sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Neutrality and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Nether Hag:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 7D8+8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 39.5, or nine sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Shadow Hag:** Monster Lethality Level 7 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 8D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 36, or eight sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.





<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>BRINE HAGS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 6)</b>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	3 to 10 (1D8+2)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	4 to 14 (2D6+2)



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>EMERALD HAGS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 7)</b>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended

➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)



<p><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u>  <b>NETHER HAGS OR SHADOW HAGS</b>  (Lethality Level 7)</p>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)

➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)

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SCROLL XXIII

OF THE HOME

AND IDLE GODLINGS

**(Petty Godlings of All the Various Alignments)**

Unique Entities; collectively Very Rare

Of all the pagan Mythoi, Pegana has the most legendary and chaotic panoply of Petty Godlings. These are immortal spirits of highly specific influence over one aspect of life, with limited and capricious yet terrible power. These are the Home and Idle Godlings. Many are forgotten, and many others are to this very day the subjects of nursery rhymes, songs, jokes, muttered oaths, and swear words. Few people know that these Godlings are real, as they can only rarely invoked by accident or even sincere prayer; but they remain in the wider world despite the sinking of Pegana itself beneath the sea. And every spoken epithet of the mortals — whether meant sincerely, or as a jest, whether spoken by one who is very wise, or is oblivious — is by some idly listening Petty Godling given the random power of a prayer. But the effects are so slight and apparently random that a supernatural cause-and-effect meaning to it all is never seriously considered.

There are few priests of the Home Godlings, because their worshippers either do not comprehend where their powers are derived from, or find themselves frustrated by the limited might which the Godlings can bestow. (In game terms, this means that all priests of the Home and Idle Godlings are NPCs, and none of them ever rise higher than experience level 3.)

These are a few of the ones who are known to us, although the now-nameless ones are surely numbered as thousands more:

- **Eimes (of Neutrality and Good):** The Godling of the pleasure and the noise of contented herd animals in the fields.
- **Gribaun (of Law and Neutrality):** The Godling of burning, who eats the burning log and turns it into ash.
- **Habaniah (of Chaos and Neutrality):** The Godling of glowing embers, and the comfort of warmth on nights snow, but also the Godling of accidental fires.
- **Hish, the Creeper from the Forest, the Lord of Silence (of Neutral and Evil):** The Godling of stealth and silence, who exhales clouds of bats, who hushes away every whisper with his passing. He is the enemy of crickets.
- **Hobith (of Law and Good):** The Godling of stern silence, and the master's hand, and the voice of surety, and the calming of dogs and all tamed beasts who cry out.
- **Jabim (of Law and Good):** The Godling of all broken and sundered things, who laments the loss of sword, and sundered armor, and broken chair, and who sighs at those who hurl away objects most abused.
- **Kilooloogung (of Neutrality and Good):** The Godling of smoke, and burning incense and burnt offerings, and the sender of prayers to the Gods.
- **Pitsu (of Chaos and Good):** The Godling of stroking the cat, and feline dreams, and the sound of purring.
- **Segastrion (of True Neutrality):** The Godling of shepherd songs of longing, pastoral memory, and lost desire.
- **Tribogey, the Lord of Dusk (of Chaos and Neutrality):** The "nursery bogey" Godling of lost shadows, and the killing of light, and the silence which comes when the light is fading fast.
- **Umbool, the Beast of Mung (of Chaos and Evil):** The sleeping Godling — deep in the wastes of Afrik — of drought and pestilence and scorching desert heat, who can only be roused by Mung once every thousand years. A truly deadly example of a Petty God.
- **Wohoon (of Chaos and Evil):** The Godling and Lord of Noises in the Night, who brings the howl of wolf, the hoot of owl and the cry of the murdered man to trouble the sleep of innocents.
- **Zanes (of Law and Neutrality):** The Godling of well-harvested and carried lumber, blessing the buildings from which the timbers are made.

- **Zumbiboo (of Chaos and Neutrality):** The Godling of dust, and the difficulties of cleaning, and the spreading of objects within the home.

(For those GMs who want to know much more, beyond the imaginings of Dunsany, I recommend the non-affiliated book *Petty Gods*, which I admire. This is typically a free download, and is available from New Big Dragon Games Unlimited. ~K)



These irksome and unpredictable Godlings are the oft-time servitors of the great Gods, but they do capriciously play, revolt, and rebel from time to time. They rampage as well and although this is very rare, when there are thousands of such entities it is not as uncommon as one might reasonably believe. When they do such things, it is frequently a mad and divine impulse driven by a lust for greater power. Such Godlings can become dangerous for a succession of nights, or in a particular haunt, exhibiting wild powers and senseless wrath; and before their madness is reined in by higher beings, many mortals are typically slain.

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SCROLL XXIV

OF HOODRAZAI

(The Unknown, The Silent Beholder)

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Law and Neutrality

In the great flooded realm between Britannia and Midgard — a lost realm which now lieth sunken beneath the frigid sea — there was once long ago a circle of vast deserts, which all together were later known by a non-Pegani people as the Doggerland.

At the edge of the Doggerland loomed a great city of trade and spice, called Bodrahan. Doggerland itself was comprised of seven deserts which encircled one another:

[1] **The Tracked Waste**, nearest to Bodrahan, known as the desert of caravans, bandits, oases and fading footprints;

[2] **The Grimland**, known as the desert of ghuls, sandstorms, quicksand and burrowing behemoths;

[3] **The Gold Untouched**, a waterless desert where no men tread, filled only with beasts and nocturnes who drink and feast upon the only fluid to be had, which is blood;

[4] **The Grinding Ash**, the desert of ashes, gaseous fires and enormous worms akin to the terrible Dholes;

[5] **The Bone Dust**, the powdered bones of the world, a land filled with deathly and glorious mirages and illusions where the most ancient worms go to die, or else crawl as withered horrors into the netherworld of the Dreamlands;

[6] **The Singing Stones**, a furnace of bare rock filled with heated caves, howling winds, and poisoned oases guarded by monsters who war beneath the earth; and

[7] **The Desert of Deserts**, the utterly unreachable wasteland where standeth the skull-faced hill known only as Ranorada, "The Eye in the Waste."



Ranorada — although once, in its full glory, a colossal statue of the God as a meditating figure — was in later ages re-carved into the shape of a monstrous cyclopean skull. Engraved upon its brow, in sigils of the God-Tongue standing six men high, are the words "To the God Who Knows."

No one can say who hath written these words; they have waited there since the time before Men, seemingly forever. Some say Mung inscribed the words, others Kib; and others swear of darker names. The truth remains beyond the most elder wisdom of Men. But all sages — their divinations prove this to be true — insist that the God who is represented by the skull is Hoodrazai the Unknown, the Silent Beholder, who alone knows the deepest secret of his father Mana-Yood-Sushai.

Part of the legendary secret is perhaps this: Hoodrazai knows why the Gods were created, and how, and what their true purpose is in the greater scheme of Things which standeth as a beacon of hope beyond the oblivion to be wrought by the Great Old Ones. The other Gods do not know this deepest secret. As the prophet Dunsany tells us, "They say that Hoodrazai stands all alone ... and speaks to none, because he knows what is hidden from the Gods. Therefore, the Gods have made his image in a lonely land as one who thinks and is silent: the Eye in the Waste."

In the beginning, during the cosmic Game of the Gods the wizened Hoodrazai was known as the God of Mirth and Joy. But he was accursed, because he one day sought to whisper of mirth and joy in the ear of the Slumberer Mana-Yood-Sushai, so that his father might smile for the first and only time.

Mana-Yood-Sushai did smile at the sincere sendings of Hoodrazai. But too, he whispered in his troubled sleep: the secret which thus was darkly gifted only to the ear and mind of Hoodrazai.

From that day, Hoodrazai was no longer the God of Mirth and Joy, but rather the God of the Silence of the Netherworld. He anointed his prentice, the once-Petty God Limpang-



Tung, to become the laughing God of Mirth and Minstrels in his place. Limpang, ever loyal, arose and danced for the greater Gods much to their merriment.

And what of Hoodrazai? He crept into the netherworld, never to be seen again. Some say that he willed himself to sleep forever, begging for the release of *phantastes* and the unreal, and that the Dreamlands were born of his troubled mind.

The skull hill Ranorada was sculpted by the other Gods in his honor. And in the spice city of Bodrahan, Men rest their camels, spend their gold, drink their honey mead and marvel over the dancing women.

And to one another in their nightly revelry, toasting accursed Hoodrazai, they say:

“If Hoodrazai is so very wise and yet is sad, let us drink ... and banish wisdom to the wastes that lie beyond Bodrahan. For what good is wisdom, if only it brings such sorrow as to destroy the mind?”

The ruins of Bodrahan lie now beneath the sea.

And somewhere, down near to the shores of the nether's own Sunless Sea, Hoodrazai wakens and schemes and waits. He defies the corruption of the Great Old Ones and all the primordial Horrors. He is worshipped by Things he does not love, who do not love him. He destroys the Things which threaten him, and endlessly in the caves of the deepest nether alone, he wars and dreams. Perhaps one day, he will gaze upon the faces and the destinies of mortals once again.



<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Priesthood of</u>  <b>HOODRAZAI</b>  Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos</p>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Law and Neutrality (Common)</li> <li>➤ Law and Evil (Very Rare)</li> <li>➤ Law and Good (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ True Neutrality (Uncommon)</li> </ul>
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A jawless skull with a single eye socket
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Vimoksha
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Silence, Secrets, Redemption and the Netherworld
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Netherworld Raven
<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Male or Female</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female</li> <li>➤ Non-Human</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Chain</li> <li>➤ Flail</li> <li>➤ Lasso</li> <li>➤ Whip</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Black leather hood or mask</li> <li>➤ Body: White vestments, preferably of spider silk</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Netherworld Warders of Hoodrazai)</li> <li>➤ Darkness &amp; Earth (The Cave Journeyers of Hoodrazai)</li> <li>➤ Deception &amp; Sorcery (the Gate Guardians of Hoodrazai)</li> </ul>

<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Monthly</li><li>➤ Night of the new moon</li></ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Caverns</li><li>➤ Desert Sanctuaries</li><li>➤ Geyser Pools</li><li>➤ Labyrinths</li></ul>

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SCROLL XXV

OF IMBAUN

**(The Highest Prophet, The Know-Nothing of Aradec)**

Hero, Arch-Cleric / Archmage (Levels 18 / 18); of the Ethos of Law and Neutrality

Unique Personage

In an age long after the time of Yonath, there was raised a new Temple of All the Gods Save One, which was created as a beacon of purity and the reunification of Woman and Man. Where this temple stood, none now know; but it is believed there was a majestic island in the Central Ocean, a mountain with so many tiers and marble hallows then when carved it became the enormous temple itself. This island-ziggurat was known as Aradec.

In this lost age, the High Prophet was a dark-skinned man named Imbaun, the Ever-Graceful. When he was anointed to become the High, the lands of Ardra, Rhoodra, Afrik, Euros, and all the rest sent their own High Prophets to honor and welcome this greatest and wisest exaltation of all Men.

They performed the ritual of welcome and unification in the darkest and inmost sanctum of the New Temple, a ritual of starry night. This is when the Highest Prophet declares his most forbidden desire to the priests, so that he can either seek it — never to become Highest Prophet after all — or so that he can put his desire forever to rest in the name of serving his people and the Gods.

Imbaun confessed that his most forbidden desire was to know the Secret of Things, the meaning of Man, the meaning of Life, and the true answer to the question: Who is the greater, Man who empowers the Gods with worship and adulation, or the mentoring and protecting Gods who are the wayward children of Mana-Yood-Sushai?

The other Prophets told Imbaun that this Secret of Things was written in the highest stars: “Upon the summit of the dome of the Hall of Night, but faintly writ, and in an unknown tongue.”

Unable to read this revelation, Imbaun whispered only that he knew nothing at all. To this, the most ancient of the other Prophets — the Prophet of the Land of Eld — spoke words meant to comfort, telling Imbaun that all of the Prophets had seen the writing and never had it been deciphered; all Prophets, he said, knew nothing in the end.

Imbaun understood this. His desire left him. And so, he became the Highest Prophet of all.

Imbaun was a beloved Prophet. Despite the isolation of Aradec he journeyed far. He prayed, he beseeched the Gods in the name of the pains of his people, and he wrote his dearest thoughts within a book of translucent leaves which he entitled *The Nothingness of Imbaun*. The most curious entry in *The Nothingness* tells of a night when, in the New Temple of Aradec, Imbaun did slumber in dreaming meditation before the altar of Dorozhand, God of Destiny, Regarder of the End.

To Imbaun, Dorozhand in a vision revealed the Path of Sish, the Finite Years of Man. So did Imbaun behold the future, where Men slaughtered Men with great machines — the Beasts of Iron — in the name of nothing.

*The Nothingness* tells us too of how — beside the enchanted vertical-spiral river which flows through the heart of Aradec — Imbaun met Zodrak the Shepherd, the Fool of the Gods. Zodrak was the eldest Man who ever lived, having suffered for thousands of years. Zodrak was made as a plaything for the Gods, but in his cunning he had demanded that the gods grant him unique powers for his suffering.

In this way, did Zodrak gain the power to create gold from lead. He gave the gold to all of the other Men, yet in doing so he created thievery and poverty. He too did gain the power to beguile minds, and he turned Men’s minds to dreams of love. But in doing so, he equally brought Men sadness, disillusionment, and grief.

In vain, he used his greatest power to serve Men in their sorrow, the power of divination. In this way he sent Men wisdom, and taught them how to cast minor powers — “spells” — from their own minds. But the spells amplified the darker thoughts and ambitions of Men, and while granting power they took away happiness in equal measure.

Zodrak could not forgive himself, but he was a Godling now, and neither could he die. Instead, after many years had passed he journeyed to Aradec and sought the forgiveness of the Highest Prophet, who was Imbaun. Imbaun gave Zodrak the frail forgiveness that he could in the name of Men, and what happened then is unknown to us. Some say that Imbaun departed to live out his forever years; others that he slept in peace and never wakened. And others say that he ascended into the sky, either into the Gods' embrace ... or to serve once more as their favored Fool, forevermore.

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SCROLL XXVI

OF THE JUGGERNAUT

**(The Machines of Stone, the Wandering Sarcophagi)**

Very Rare Monster Race

In the elder days, the blessed Highest Prophet Imbaun once received a holy vision from the stern and loving gaze of Dorozhand. In his vision of the future age beyond the time of the World of Oldskull, Imbaun beheld a great battlefield, where Men slaughtered one another with great machines — which Imbaun regarded as Beasts of Iron — in the name of nothing.

Following this vision, Imbaun strove ever more to keep mankind on the fated path of the Gods, without seeking too far into secrets arcane, divine, or in the cursed dark magic “science” which led to seemingly grand advances in clockwork and technology. He even spoke against Nyarlathotep the Wonder-Bringer in this regard, and once preached that the Rusting Beasts of Sish — decayers of irons weapons and technology — were actually dark saviors of mankind.

In the days of his great aging, however, after he had forgiven the grieving ancient Shepherd known as Zadrok, he became more vehement in his views. He preached not only against technology, but spoke also against his vision which had manifested the Beasts of Iron.

Imbaun had powerful rivals in the shadows. As High Prophet, other men of spell-power oft envied him. One night, after he had been preaching the anathema of the Beasts of Iron for a year and a day, he was accosted in his slumber beneath the vertical-spiral river of Aradec. The foul under-priests assailed Imbaun’s mind with magics as he slept, and as he dreamed his mind released the vision of the Beasts of Iron to his enemies.

The treacherous under-priests were rightly accused by Imbaun upon his waking, and they were exiled from hallowed Aradec for a lifetime. They fled to the lands of Indra, and perhaps even as far as eld Sundari. There they built an unholy temple in the name of no God, and struggled to create the Beasts of Iron from the terrible dream vision of Imbaun.

The first machine was known as the as the Iron Dreadnought, but it failed and collapsed in upon itself. While powered by crude internal automatons behind its roller-wheels, the under-priests could not comprehend the forces of combustion, nor of gear-work, and the automatons tore themselves apart as they strove to hasten the Dreadnought's passage down a mountainside.

The under-priests then split into two ever-more-bitter and quarrelsome factions, each blaming the other for the disaster. In the netherworld gathered the Priests of Un-Flesh, who dared to create horrible abominations from plasm-masses of dead bodies. They believed that if automatons could not both repair and move a Dreadnought, perhaps the twisted souls of sacrifices could both regenerate and propel a "vehicle" made of necromantic flesh. Their terrible creation was a success ... but it devoured many of the priests who had created it, and thus grew larger and more terrible. The location of the endlessly rolling Flesh Dreadnought in the netherworld is thankfully unknown.

The second faction, remaining in the Temple of No God, created a Stone Dreadnought which they named the Jagannath. This was achieved by entombing still-living slaves in sarcophagi, and inserting the sarcophagi into a moving stone creation which drew its power from their life forces. The slaves imprisoned therein longed to die, but the device was cunning, and every victim crushed to bloody pulp under the wheels infused the machine with more power and more momentum.

Thus was proven and created the first of the horrific Juggernauts, the tomb-automatons now found throughout the dungeons deep. Woe be to the adventurers who dare to plunder a Lesser Temple of No God, lest the guardian of the sanctum there awaken!





**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 8 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 10D8 to 13D8 (depending on size and necromantic power), Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 51.75, or twelve sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Neutrality and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>JUGGERNAUTS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 8)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)

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SCROLL XXVII

OF KABOK THE PEERLESS

**(The Most Arrogant Prophet)**

Anti-Hero, Thief (Level 9); of the Ethos of Neutrality and Evil

Unique Personage

After the pompous Alhireth-Hotep was slain by Mung, and before he was resurrected as a Lich as an example to other men of hubris, the men raised a new prophet to serve the temple and to speak to the gods, and especially to Mung. And this man was called Kabok by the other men, and called The Peerless only by himself.

The men said to him, be wary of pride, and be as wise as Alhireth-Hotep. And to begin, Kabok found scrawlings on the dungeon walls of the unbelievers, where Alhireth-Hotep had imprisoned the infidels, the heretics, and the iconoclasts who did not accept him as their prophet. From these writings and his own imaginings, Kabok grew wise in strange ways.

When he came from the darkness back to the people, Kabok announced that the reason Mung decided who among men would die — especially Alhireth-Hotep — was on the advice of Kabok alone. It would be unwise to anger Kabok, or to question his newfound wisdom. Kabok proclaimed himself the herald of men, and warned that men should never question Kabok, lest they too have the sign of Mung made as the death-mark upon their brows.

Some of the other priests were fearful, and others fell to Kabok's feet. Kabok told the fearful ones that they should provide sacrifices of gold to Kabok, or the sign of Mung would surely be placed upon them. To the worshipful ones, Kabok said that the sign of

Mung would be kept from their brows so long as Kabok remained pleased. Pleasures of the flesh and mind were fleeting; true devotion would be weighed in gold.

Kabok, the feared, grew very rich. He walked the deeper halls of the temple, storing his treasures and learning more from the screams and scrawlings in the dungeons far below.

It was some years later that Mung returned from the netherworld, having been busy with the newly-resurrected corpse of Alhireth-Hotep, and came to speak with Kabok at the last.

Mung came when Kabok was dreaming in his most lovely garden, the funerary garden formerly for the prayers of all the people. At first Kabok was indignant, and then at Mung's prolonged silence he grew afraid. He covered his head until dawn had come. When he uncovered his eyes, the sun was rising and Mung was in the garden no more.

Had Mung fled, unable to question Kabok or his ways?

Kabok then grew very bold, and took slaves from the strong men and the beautiful maidens of his people. One night, having slit throats for pleasure and having had his way with fresh maidens, Kabok looked out from the temple height into the deep of night. Far below, beneath the light of the full moon he beheld Mung once again.

Mung only watched Kabok in silence, all the night. Again Kabok hid in terror until the dawn. The sun washed away the memory of Mung for a time, but in his heart Kabok dreaded the third coming of Mung. What, in the end, would Mung the Silent deign to say to him?

When Mung came again, he made the mortal sign to Kabok, and he spoke the one word which he believed Kabok was worthy of: "Come."

And Kabok was compelled, and he came to receive the kiss of Mung in the garden after all. And so he died. He was not deemed worthy of resurrection as a Lich, and became only as ashes.

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SCROLL XXVIII

OF KIB

**(The Sender of Life)**

Greater God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Good (with Neutral tendencies)

Kib is the creator of Life, Beasts, “pure” Monsters and Men. He is sometimes fondly (or fearfully) called the God who loves Men the most, because it is true that he regards Men as the most powerful and worthy playthings in the eternal struggle known as the Game of the Gods.

When Kib created Beasts, the Monsters of Mung began to overwhelm them. In reply Kib played a forbidden gambit, creating new game pieces — the Men — in the image of the Gods. To this the other Gods reacted with horror, or fascination, and sided with either Kib or Mung in this grander and darker game which encompassed all the world and the netherworld beneath.

Kib is worshipped by many, particularly the young, mothers, the diseased, the dying, the lovers of animals, and the slayers of Monsters. But Kib is capricious and cruel in his good, because he cares not for any individual piece toiling or suffering in the Game of Gods. Rather, he is playing to win his ultimate gambit against Mung, and any sacrifice of Men and Beasts is regarded as being “for the greater good” should it serve the ultimate purpose of defeating Mung in the eons to come.

Kib is a laughing god, but he is jealous and vain and dangerous not only in his anger, but too in his adorations. His priests may be unwise, or mad, or fearless of death; or, they may believe that praying to Kib is less of a burden than is being devoured by Monsters. And who can say that such is not a curious species of wisdom in itself?

There is another rumor concerning Kib, and it is a dark one indeed. Some shadowy heretics insist that the wasted essence of Kib was drawn from cesspools deep within the earth, and there did the nigh omniscient beings known as the Elder Things create the living sentient flesh of endless generation, whose name is Shoggothai. From the Shoggothai are born the endless succession of Shoggoths and slimes which now plague the underworld. If this is true, I cannot say.

(Game Masters who are interested in this bit of lore might be interested in my DMsGuild offering, SPAWNING POOL OF THE ELDER THINGS, which tells of the many other corrupt beings and random fiends of chaos that were born of the essence of Gods. And if there is sufficient interest, in the future I will create a new DriveThruRPG OSR offering entitled CHAOS POOL OF SHOGGOTHAI, which will take the precepts of SPAWNING POOL and reinterpret them in a more “old school” way for use beyond the realm of the DMsGuild and Fifth Edition *Dungeons & Dragons*. ~K)



<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Priesthood of</u> <b>K I B</b> Greater God of the Pegana Mythos</p>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Chaos and Good</li> <li>➤ With Neutral tendencies</li> </ul>
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Chaos and Good (Common)</li> <li>➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ Neutrality and Good (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ True Neutrality (Very Rare)</li> </ul>
<b>Symbol:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ A clawed beast paw with a holy eye in the palm</li> </ul>
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Oros Olympos</li> </ul>
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Life, Change, Unpredictability and the Challenging of Taboos</li> </ul>

<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ White / Albino Animals with Spirit Markings
<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Female (Males are rare)</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Female (Males are rare)</li> <li>➤ Non-Human (Human-animal hybrids, centaurs, satyrs, etc.)</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Dagger</li> <li>➤ Knife</li> <li>➤ Short Sword</li> <li>➤ Tiger Claws</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: The mantle of a beast (bear's head, boar's head, antlered hood, etc.)</li> <li>➤ Body: Furs and painted leather hides</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Beasts &amp; Monsters (The Beast Masters of Kib)</li> <li>➤ Conjuraton &amp; Spirit Summoning (The Summoners of Kib)</li> <li>➤ Evocation &amp; Creation (The Wonder Makers of Kib)</li> <li>➤ Plants &amp; Nature (The Wild Ones of Kib)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Monthly</li> <li>➤ Night of the full moon</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temples</li> <li>➤ Arenas</li> <li>➤ Game Halls</li> <li>➤ Menageries</li> <li>➤ Spawning Pools</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XXIX

OF THE KNIGHTS  
OF SAIGOTH

**(The Speakers of Terror unto Mung)**

Very Rare Monster Race

There are conflicting beliefs among Men, in regards to the ultimate fate of the Gods and Time when The End is come. Most believe in “orthodox” fashion that when all Men are dead and gone, and the Worlds come to an end, that Mana-Yood-Sushai shall have no need for Gods or Men or Time itself. The Gods of Pegana will be exiled, or perhaps (according to heresy) even slain; their playthings Men will be no more; and the Great Hound of Time itself, as the last living thing, will collapse feasting upon itself in meaninglessness and die. Then, Mana-Yood-Sushai will journey into other realities, perhaps avoiding the spirits of Fate and Chance, and perhaps creating new Gods in his own image as he had always secretly desired.

A very different belief, however, was held by the heretics known as the Saigoths. The Saigoths believed that the Great Hound of Time will in The End finally be unleashed, and will battle with Mung the Lord of Death for two days and two nights. Mung’s cruel sword will finally fail him, and Time will tear his throat, thus proving that Time is the true immortal and is greater than all the Gods but one.



There was once a Priesthood of Saigoth (regarding the plural Saigoths, the people, as a singular entity and soul, one mind and one conviction), beneath the great mountain of Trehagobol. These priests not only believed in the Heresy of Immortal Time; they enslaved the peoples around them, falsely taking the name of Sish (who did not praise them, or ever answer their prayers), and creating their own kingdom in which bloody-jawed Time was worshipped as the Mightiest and Most Monstrous Beast. Sacrifices were made, severing the lives of the unworthy in order to bargain for far longer lives of the “pure.” And indeed, the priests who believed in this foul practice and who performed blood sacrifice in the name of Time did live for centuries. But this priesthood lasted barely an extended generation, for while the priests were powerful warriors and blood-princes they were not instilled with any of the true and divine magics from the Gods. For the Gods had turned from them, and they were regarded by all as an unholy and unworthy people.

Nevertheless, their martial and deceptive powers upon the earth were considerable.

Before they could all be hunted down and wiped out by holier Men, however, some few of the arch-priests fled into the nether. There — seeking arcane and necromantic powers where divine magic had failed them — they made allegiance with the last of the Lich Maidens. (Which Maiden it was, some sayeth Hagath, others Annis, is unknown.) They twisted even the arts of Mung, who sent his own minions and the Monsters against them. But twenty-three of these arcane warriors of undeath endured these trials and torments, and rose in the World of Oldskull as terrible princely powers of wrath and hate.

These twenty-three were the Knights of Saigoth. They are warrior Liches of dreadful might, and each is worshipped by a death cult, lost in a different corner of the world. In the intervening thousands of years, eleven of the Knights of Saigoth have been destroyed. Twelve remain.

While their powers have waned, their hatred has not. They resist spells, instill terror, create walls of ice, hurl fire, and summon abyssal demons to their cause. Worst of all, they dwell in strongholds well-protected by death cultists, undead, guardian beasts and demons. Only the most powerful of heroes will ever dare to defy them. But surely, in their wretched temples and cultic strongholds there are century-heaps of treasures to be had by the victorious!





**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 8 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 9D10, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 49.5, or eleven sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>KNIGHTS OF SAIGOTH</b> <b>(Lethality Level 8)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 (Very Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 with Lesser Minions
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 with Many Lesser Minions
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	1 with Greater Minions

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SCROLL XXX

OF THE LICHES

**(Sons of Alhireth-Hotep, Daughters of Yun-Ilara)**

Very Rare Monster Race (Rare in the Netherworld)

Liches are well known to lovers of classic fantasy, and they have even earlier origins than 20<sup>th</sup>-Century Role-Playing Games. They are the animated corpses of archmages and arch-priests, whose lives were prolonged by a combination of curses and the most cryptic and foul secrets of black magic. Their “immortality” results from their soul matter (and sentience) being trapped in a phylactery (a tiny and carefully-preserved leather box), or a similar magical relic. Such relics are called by sage the Black Trickeries of Mung.

In the real world, the Lich (and the sentient death spirit) is a representation of Death (from the Tarot), the Grim Reaper (European tales), and especially Koschei the Deathless (of Russian folklore). A brief mention and description of the Lich appears also in the early story *The Death of Halpin Frayser*, by Ambrose Bierce, dating back to 1891.

In the Pegana lore of the World of Oldskull, the very first known “intentional Lich” was created by Mung himself. (There are also the Lich Maidens, as a counter-example, who were born of a divine curse enacted upon themselves in the name of vengeance.)

This act of undead resurrection by Mung involved the accursed rise of Alhireth-Hotep, the prophet who declared that he knew all. This was a sin; but the graver blasphemy was that he wrote this in an arcane grimoire protected from the ages, so that Men in younger times might read his words and believe that mortals in the past had truly conquered the Lord of Death. How could such misguided mortals ever be trusted not to boldly strive for the overthrowing of the Gods?

For this, the grimoire was not destroyed, but Alhireth-Hotep was raised as an eternal and hateful servant of Mung himself. The book fell into many grasping hands throughout the ages, and many other Liches have ever risen in tombs, caverns, shattered strongholds and necropoli. Once the curse of Mung had been unleashed in the withered body of Alhireth, there were others too who embraced this power without truly understanding its meaning; foremost among these being the tragic Lich Queen, Yun-Ilara.

Sadly, because of the unquenchable desire for power, the nature of necromancy and the ungovernable hearts of Men, Liches are not uncommon even in the world today.



The Liches one may discover have variable amounts of power, depending upon the strength of their spells when they ended their lives in following the vile rituals inscribed by Alhireth-Hotep. The majority are of archmage experience levels 18, 19, or 20, but the far more ancient creatures among them continue to learn and to pray to unknown gods, making the elder Liches of the world considerably more powerful.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 10 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 11D8+7 (for a level 18 magic-user Lich) to 11D4+9D8+42 (for a level 25 / 25 magic-user / cleric Lich), Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 60.5, or thirteen sword thrusts. In Ethos, typically aligned with Neutrality and Evil, although individuals may vary in accordance with their beliefs.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>LICHES</b> <b>(Lethality Level 10)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1 (Very Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2) Liches or 1 Elder Lich

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SCROLL XXXI

OF LIMPANG-TUNG

(God of Mirth and Minstrels)

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Good

Limpang-Tung is the god of innocence, joy, simplicity and song. He revels not in wisdom, but in the celebration of life. Kib regards him as a jester, Mung sees him as an infuriating thorn, and the enigmatic Hoodrazai grieves for him as an eventual successor in his ultimate revelation.

The boreal winds of change, the Wind Treaders, and the air elementals are his idle servants. He is the accidental inspiration of bardic song, enchantment, illusion and even daydreams which lead unsuspecting mortals into the Dreamlands from time to time. All of his worshippers are chaotic, for good or ill.

As the prophet Dunsany tells us, Limpang-Tung sings:

“... the Gods play with a strange scheme.

I will send jests into the world

And a little mirth.

And while Death seems to thee

As far away as the purple rim of hills;

Or sorrow as far off as rain

In the blue days of summer,

Then pray to Limpang-Tung.

But when thou growest old,  
 Or ere thou diest,  
 Pray not of Limpang-Tung,  
 For thou becomest part of a scheme  
 That he doth not understand."



<b>The Priesthood of</b> <b>LIMPANG-TUNG</b> <b>Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos</b>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Good
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Good (Common) ➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Uncommon) ➤ Neutrality and Good (Uncommon) ➤ True Neutrality (Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A feathered spiral, primal sigil of the unpredictable wind
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Oros Olympos
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Mirth, Laughter, Minstrels and Naïveté
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Multi-colored cat
<b>Priests:</b>	➤ Human, Male or Female ➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	➤ Bola ➤ Boomerang ➤ Lasso ➤ Net ➤ Throwing Stick

<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Shaved and masked (for males) or veiled (for females)</li> <li>➤ Body: Exposed, painted, and / or tattooed</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Beguilers of Limpang-Tung)</li> <li>➤ Deception &amp; Sorcery (The Story Weavers of Limpang-Tung)</li> <li>➤ Healing &amp; Purification (The Mirth Makers of Limpang-Tung)</li> <li>➤ Light &amp; Air (The Folly Builders of Limpang-Tung)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Whenever the worshipper wills it</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temples (of other Gods)</li> <li>➤ Theaters</li> <li>➤ Wildly inappropriate places</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XXXII

OF THE LIVING SHADOWS

(Lost Children of Tribogey, and the Clawers of the Casters)

Rare Monster Race

“But after Habaniah hath gone to sleep and old Gribaun hath blinked a hundred times, until he forgetteth which be wood or ash, then doth Tribogey send his children [*Living Shadows*] to run about the room and dance upon the walls, but never disturb the silence.”

— Lord Dunsany

The Living Shadows are undead creatures made of umbral essence. They are the Lost Children of Tribogey, the Petty Godling of Twilight. Most Living Shadows — even those which are sentient, drawing their spiritual power from the dead men who once held torches aloft and cast their shadows in animation upon the walls — are reckless and toying haunts who enjoy spooking the living, but they are not overtly malicious.

The Lost Children, however, can be deadly. They are hateful beings, bereft of flesh and forsaken by Tribogey for their cruelty against the living. The Lost Children are the shadows and silhouettes of slain murderers, madmen, criminals, traitors, cowards and (perhaps worst of all) shape-shifting monsters, Brollachans, or lycanthropes who were slain while trapped in a human form. They hate every living thing, particularly Men, for Men possess shadows of their own and enslave them and are oblivious to the never-ending anguish of desire which defines the eternal existence of the Lost Children.



The Lost Children attack with strangling and strength-draining touches. They can only be wounded by spells, holy water, and / or magical weapons. Anyone slain by the Lost Children becomes a Living Shadow himself, cursed with hate and fated to haunt the spot where he hath fallen.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 5 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1 to 4, Blood Dice 3D8+3 (depending on size and length), Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 16.5, or four sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Neutrality (if bound to Tribogey), or Chaos and Evil (if one of the Lost Children, or slain by them).



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>LIVING SHADOWS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 5)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 (Dangerous Encounter)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	3 to 10 (1D8+2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	4 to 12 (1D4+1D6+2)

➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	5 to 16 (1D12+4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	6 to 20 (1D6+1D10+4)

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SCROLL XXXIII

OF MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI

(The Maker of Gods, the Slumberer)

Greater God; of the Ethos of True Neutrality

“None may pray  
To Mana-Yood-Sushai,  
But only the gods whom he hath made.”

— Lord Dunsany

(Please refer to the introduction for a summary of the true secrets of Mana-Yood-Sushai.)

This primal Ur-god — first self-christened as Sushai — was born as a random aberration which was shed from the rind of Yog-Sothoth, a coruscating and void-ensconcing sphere of light and idle consciousness engendered without meaning. Seeking from its suddenly-sourceless intelligence to know itself, the forsaken sphere took the shape of a carnal being outside of Time; and growing to comprehend the limitations and potential of its newly-adopted form, it walked the voids.

It sought not Azathoth, for Azathoth would destroy it. It never sought Yog-Sothoth, for Yog-Sothoth cared not for its inward-aiming realization. Rather it sought the dark, illumining the Everything and the Nothing as it strode in measured soarings between the crystalline palaces of Law and the fungal ever-collapsing ruins that are Chaos. In balancing these extremes in search of some spiritual concordance, and approaching the

fundamental cohesion of the diametric planes of gas (Air), liquids (Water), solids (Earth) and energy (Fire), Sushai accidentally engendered two warring spirits inside itself: Fate (from Law and positive energy), and Entropy (from Chaos and the negative force).

Bravely choosing not to forsake its vulnerable and carnal form (a shape we would come to know in a much later age as “Man”), Sushai set forth the eternal game of existential conflict which still exists between Law and Chaos, Good and Evil as a blood war waged between the cosmic factions throughout the Strands and the Material Planes. The pieces used in this conflict are tiny, yet profoundly meaningful: Angels, Demons, Dragons, Heroes, Horrors, Matriarchs, Monsters, Warlords, Wizards, and so forth.

The tripartite Mana-Yood-Sushai is the creator of the Gods of Pegana, who in turn are the creators of the Younger Mythoi (Babylonian, Chinese, Egyptian, Finnish, Greek, Norse, Sumerian, and so forth). Despite his extreme yet indirect importance in regards to mortal affairs, almost all mortals are forbidden from worshipping Mana-Yood-Sushai openly. See the entry for OOD for more thoughts on this troubling matter.



<b><u>The Priesthood of</u></b> <b>MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI</b> <b>Greater God of the Pegana Mythos</b>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ True Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ True Neutrality (Rare) ➤ All Other Alignments (Very Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A throne in the shape of a reclining crescent
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Concordia (Realm of All Equivalent Opposition)
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Creation, Protection, Sleep and Abjuration
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Caterpillar

<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Female</li> <li>➤ The only known male is Ood</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Bo Stick</li> <li>➤ Jo Stick</li> <li>➤ Pole Arm (of one type, chosen for life)</li> <li>➤ Staff</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Unshorn hair, adorned with amber and tied with water beads</li> <li>➤ Body: Simple gray monk's raiment or tunic</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Abjuration &amp; Protection (The Guardians of Mana-Yood-Sushai)</li> <li>➤ Conjuraction &amp; Spirit Summoning (The Spirit Bringers of Mana-Yood-Sushai)</li> <li>➤ Evocation &amp; Creation (The Sphere Sculptors of Mana-Yood-Sushai)</li> <li>➤ Light &amp; Air (The Gazers upon Mana-Yood-Sushai)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Never (worship is through sleep, torpor and meditation)</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temple of Ood</li> <li>➤ All other places are strictly forbidden</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XXXIV

OF MOSAHN

**(The Bird of Doom and The End)**

Unique Monster; of the Ethos of Law and Evil

When (in the future) destiny and the God Dorozhand together deem that the ages and the world of Men must end, the peerless Mana-Yood-Sushai shall awaken from his Slumber. He will chastise and banish all of the Gods whom he loves, and too will he erase the game board and all of the many playthings — Beast, Monster, and Man — which stand upon it.

To begin this last travail, his chosen instrument of destruction shall be Mosahn ... the Bird of Doom and The End.



When Mana-Yood-Sushai pronounces the Doom of the Gods, there shall be terrible thunder and the ultimate hunger of the Hound that is Time. The great bird Mosahn shall arise in a body of the elements, from its Cyst deep in the heart of sunken Pegana: he shall have wings of whirlwind, talons of earthen steel, blood of boiling water, and a cry of venomous and mephitic airs which shall cover all the earth.

The shamed Gods shall each to his own accord board the eternal galleons of gold, and sail up the River of Silence into the void never to worshipped by Men again. They shall ensconce themselves in the Outer Planes forevermore and let the Younger Mythoi and the Young Gods hold their sway, playing new games in the ruins of the Strands.

For all Men alive in the realms of the Elder Skull, this shall be The End.

And the prophet Dunsany tells us further within the final scroll:

This is the heresy of the Saigoths:  
That when the Gods go down at the last  
    Into their galleons of gold,  
The Death Lord Mung shall turn alone,  
    And, setting his back against  
The greatest mountain Trehagobol  
And wielding the Sword of Severing  
    Which is called Death,  
Mung shall fight out his last fight  
    With the Hound Time,  
His empty scabbard Sleep  
Clattering loose beside him.

For what further need of Death, in an immortal realm where all that is mortal has already been swept forever away?

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SCROLL XXXV

OF MUNG

(Lord of All Deaths, The Sunderer)

Greater God; of the Ethos of Law and Evil

Mung, as has been told, is the Lord of All Deaths. It is fated that he will slay all Men in accordance with their apportioned time. Some say that each Man's death is predestined; those who believe this know that FATE won the game and compelled grave and eternal Mana-Yood-Sushai to create the Gods. Others swear that each Man's death is in accordance only with random ill omen, or ill choice, and that CHANCE is the power who holds the ultimate sway.

Any who believe that these two diametrically opposed creeds can ever be unified, believes too that the eternal blood war between Law and Chaos will one day — in Neutrality and the name of the Cosmic Balance — come to an end.

Mung was the second-most erstwhile player in the original Game of the Gods, taking the side of Monsters against the Beasts of Kib. In response, Kib created Men and the tumult began anew in a battlefield of the realms made far more violent, lovely and labyrinthine.



Mung honors the beggar, and kisses the diseased. He bows low in reverence in the sacred silent moment before he makes his final sign upon the brow of a dying king. He



is the blessed Sunderer, freeing the immortal soul from the crude and limiting chains that are the carnal flesh.

He is not to be defied, nor cheated. For it is said in the sacred Ebon Tome of All Dying:

“Many turnings hath the road  
That Kib hath given every Man  
To tread upon the earth.  
Behind one of these turnings  
Sitteth Mung.”

And too, it is wisely said that every Man unknowingly avoids that road and that turning toward annihilation every day, with every breath, until — with dread realization of his own death rising to his awareness either a day before that turning, or an hour, or only a moment — he shall not.

Mung has solemn and devout priests who chant and sing, the Priests of Death. He is also worshipped by those who are no longer breathing. Those among the undead who worship him include the Liches, who wish to continue in power and sentience on their own black paths into eternity; and the accursed Uxat-uchratil, who worship him to pay a forever-debt, and because they have no choice.

A few mortals do willingly serve him as the Priests of Death, with the understanding that in chanting the words of Mung they ever so slightly accelerate the tread of all other Men toward their ends, while slowing the final footsteps that are their own. These whip-priests walk in beautiful and solemn dread throughout the streets of every city, to this day, where they flagellate and question:

“All day long to Mung  
We cry out, the Priests of Mung.  
And yet, Mung harkeneth not.  
What, then, shall avail

The prayers of all the people?  
Pray not in vain.  
Rather bring gifts to the Priests,  
Gifts to the Priests of Mung.  
So shall we cry louder unto Mung  
Than ever was our wont.  
And it may be that Mung shall hear.  
Not any longer then shall fall  
The Shadow of Mung  
Athwart the hopes of the people.  
Not any longer then shall the Tread of Mung  
Darken the dreams of the people.  
Not any longer shall the lives of the people  
Be loosened because of Mung.  
Bring ye gifts to the Priests,  
Gifts to the Priests of Mung.  
For only the gifts delay.  
For this is the chaunt of the Priests.  
The chaunt of the Priests of Mung.  
This is the chaunt of the Priests.  
Of Mung ..."

And when they pass, and parents let their children go to the windows again, there are only echoes and fading song leading their way to silence.



<b><u>The Priesthood of</u></b> <b>MUNG</b> <b>Greater God of the Pegana Mythos</b>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Evil
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Evil (Common) ➤ Law and Neutrality (Rare) ➤ Neutrality and Evil (Uncommon) ➤ True Neutrality (Very Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A hand in the symbol of the goat's horns
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ The Inferno
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Death, War, Poetic Justice and Divine Retribution
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Black goat or ram ➤ Corrupted monsters are at times revered
<b>Priests:</b>	➤ Human, Male or Female ➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female (Very Rare) ➤ Non-Human (typically undead)
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	➤ Barbed Caltrop ➤ Khopesh Sword ➤ Scourge ➤ Scythe ➤ Sickle
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	➤ Head: Ivory skull mask ➤ Body: Pale vestments, or armor made of bone

<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Beasts &amp; Monsters (The Minion Bringers of Mung)</li><li>➤ Curses &amp; Afflictions (The Voices of Mung)</li><li>➤ Darkness &amp; Earth (The Mantles of Mung)</li><li>➤ Necromancy &amp; Corruption (The Voices of Mung)</li></ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Monthly</li><li>➤ Last night of the waning crescent moon</li></ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Temple</li><li>➤ Battlegrounds</li><li>➤ Dungeons</li><li>➤ Graveyards</li><li>➤ Tombs</li></ul>

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SCROLL XXXVI

OF OOD

**(The Unmoving Prophet of Mana, The Guardian Soul of Xanadu)**

Hero, Master Monk (Level 19, Ascendant and Uncontested) and Mystic; of the Ethos of  
Law and Neutrality

Unique Personage

Beyond the realms of Indra, higher in the wild mountains there was once a realm named Sundari. Beyond the snowy ruins of Sundari rise the slopes of the greatest spires still extant in the World of Oldskull. It is a forbidden place, and the snow leopards and the yeti and the frost dragon do daily and nightly the holy work of keeping unworthy Men from discovering the frigid glory of that which lies beyond.

But those reckless heroes who dare defy all, whether through wish or swordplay or random fate, will learn that far above Sundari looms the Great Temple of One God Only. That forbidden place is filled with Women, circling a dreaming Prophet. These are the only monk-priestesses in all the world of Mana-Yood-Sushai.

Mana has not yet smited them, for they do not profess adoration or knowledge of him. They never convert other Men to their belief, and they never speak. They move only to defend themselves, eyes closed and limbs a blur of force. Otherwise they sit stone-still within their circle, chanting in their sleep, and together as one in the Dreamlands ascendant there they dream.

The Prophet in the center of this circle, as he too slumbers, whispers only his name as a holy mantra. That name is Ood.

Ood, centuries old, is the greatest of all Prophets living in this day. Should he ever be awakened — thirteen wishes in succession would be needed to achieve this — he will

wake in a moment, and pray in passion to the greater glory of Mana-Yood-Sushai. Thus Mana will wake, and will know that the errant Gods have created Men, and in his laughing wrath and disappointment lo, the End will come.



The untouchable land where the Great Temple of One God Only stands is named Shambhala; its Dreamland equivalent is known to some as Shangri-La. Within the Temple there is a descending stair made all of unshatterable opal, which leads down to an enchanted gate. Stepping through the gate will take one through air and time to the otherwise-unreachable Pleasure Dome, the Summer Palace of the Fallen Emperor, a temple-stronghold known as Xanadu. The river Alph runs there through chasm and through crystalline caves of ice, down into the geyser-heated netherworld, to the very place where Hoodrazai — he who fled away from the nether beneath the Doggerland — now dwells.

The sage Coleridge in his few surviving fragments tells us more:

“A stately Pleasure Dome ...  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to the Sunless Sea.

...

A savage place! As holy and enchanted  
As ever beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon lover!

...

That sunny dome! Those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see Them there,  
And all should cry, 'Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!'  
Hoodrazai awakens  
In the mansion of despair.  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread.  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

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SCROLL XXXVII

OF ROON

**(The Shover, The God of Going)**

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Neutrality

The most urgent, hasty, and insistent of all the Gods is Roon. Roon is the stirrer, the Shover, the impetus and the compeller. He whirls the comets and falling stars upon their traces, he pushes the planets along their courses. When he descends and rises poised in balance upon the far horizon, the world quickly turns her face and day becomes night, and night day. Wherever he treads, her earths and stones tremble and the rivers fall with alacrity and the birds are set in circles to flee the whirlwind. Mortals who are silent and still in trepidation shall then hear his endless chant up in the stars, and beneath the wind:

“Go! Go! Go!”

Nothing is his boundary. He passes through stone without a trace, save only the seismic tremor; he soars through the sky, and the echoing music of tiered thunder falls down from his wake. He leaps from under-ocean to cave to temple and back again, pondering, shattering and changing and pushing and laughing as all his wild monks and priests struggle to keep his pace.

Chief among his many worshippers are the runners, chaos priests, wanderers, thieves, aeromancers, renegade monks of celerity, and huntsmen. The prophet Dunsany tells but a little of their most glorious temple in the world:

“... ‘Yarinareth,’ which signifieth ‘Beyond’ —

These words be carved in letters of gold



Upon the arch of the great portal  
 Of the Temple of Roon, that men have built  
 Looking towards the East upon the Sea,  
 Where Roon is carved as a giant trumpeter,  
 With his trumpet pointing ... beyond the Seas."



<b><u>The Priesthood of</u></b> <b>R O O N</b> <b>Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos</b>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Common) ➤ Chaos and Evil (Rare) ➤ Chaos and Good (Uncommon) ➤ All Other Alignments (Very Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A falling star over three wavy lines (representing running water)
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ The Limbus
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Change, Celerity, Momentum and Indefatigability
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Leaping white hare
<b>Priests:</b>	➤ Human, Male or Female ➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	➤ All Thrown Weapons ➤ (Axe, Dagger, Dart, Hammer, etc.)

<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Painted or woad stripes from the eyes and mouth, back into the hair</li> <li>➤ Body: Blue silk raiment or cloak</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Deception &amp; Sorcery (The Voices of Roon)</li> <li>➤ Evocation &amp; Creation (The Go-Weavers of Roon)</li> <li>➤ Fire &amp; Heat (The Dancers of Roon)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Annually</li> <li>➤ (The new year's eve and day celebrations)</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temple</li> <li>➤ Rivers</li> <li>➤ Waterfalls</li> <li>➤ Windy Mountaintops</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XXXVIII

OF THE RUSTING BEASTS

(The Sword Eaters, Minions of Sish)

Uncommon Monster Race

*"[In the End Time] shall the Hound, springing,  
Tear out the throat of Mung, who,  
Making for the last time the sign of Mung,  
Shall bring down Death, crashing  
Through the shoulders of the Hound,  
And in the blood of Time  
[Mung's] sword shall rust away."*

— Lord Dunsany

Nearly as dreaded as the Great Hound of Time, and the Dimensional Hounds, are the crawling carnal minions of Sish, the Destroyer of Hours. These are the horrors of metallic erosion and decay, who are known as the Rusting Beasts. With their hunger and with their touch, they corrode iron armor, weapons, tools, as well as doors and machines and structures and other metal things deemed worthy by Man.

They exist only to do the grim bidding of Sish, creating rust from iron as he creates dust from stone, together weaving ruin from out of artifice. All of the armors, weapons,

and tools destroyed by the terrible sacred Rusting Beasts are sacrificed by Sish (and the priests of Sish) to the lamenting Jabim, the Lord of Broken Things.

In the age long ago before the Rusting Beasts had bodies of their own, and before they were infused with the Blood of Time, they were the infinite entities known as the Hours. Most Hours are murdered by the loving blade of Sish, and replaced with younger aspects of their own as Time is turned. But whenever the hordes of war are nigh and Man has grown too bold, ravaging the natural places of the world with mine and machine, Sish creates another clutch of Rusting Beasts and places them within the netherworld. The holy book of Pegana alludes to the metamorphosis of the Hours infused with the Blood of Time thusly: "... Sish went forth into the world to destroy its cities, and to provoke his Hours to assail all things ... and to batter against them with the rust."

As Man struggles to master and tame the world with his civilizations and his tools, their never-ending quest to defeat the Great Hound of Time is defied by the irrevocable decay of Sish. In the thousands of years since the first creation of the Rusting Beasts, Man has struggled to stamp them out. Some legions of warriors have even abhorred the Riddle of Steel, and have fallen back upon the ancient use of bronze weapons and copper-and-chalcite armor to combat the encroaching menace. The Rusting Beasts of Sish crawl forth from the depths, where man and dwarf and gnome seek ever more iron to hammer and to make more things, more cities, and to wage further "civilized" war against the imperious reign of Time.

The Rusting Beasts slay not Man, for that is not their purpose. They simply turn all to rust, and render Man as he was in the time before, a stark reminder that civilization's surge beyond the age of bronze is a destructive act of fateless rebellion that shall forever be opposed by the glorious Destroyer of Hours that is Sish.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 4 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 5D8, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 22.5, or five sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>RUSTING BEASTS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 4)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	1 (Highly Disruptive Encounter)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 (Disruptive Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	2 to 8 (2D4)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	3 to 9 (2D4+1)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	3 to 12 (3D4)

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SCROLL XXXIX

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
ARTIFACTS OF  
THE WARS OF RUST

**Brazen Sword of Pegana**

(Uncommon)

This is a bronze khopesh sword. It is +2 to hit, but it gains no damage bonus due to the softness of the metal. When used against Rusting Beasts, it deals double damage; if a natural 20 is rolled to hit, the curse of rust is reversed to consume the Beast which will collapse into a squealing, twitching mess of crumbling veins and minerals.

The wielder will be forever haunted by odd ancestral nightmares of decay, entropy, ruined Peganan cities and the brooding disfavor of Sish. These nightmares are never fully remembered, and the character will only recall specific moments if they are quickly written down upon waking. This restless, furtive condition causes a penalty of -1 Constitution, until the sword is sold, destroyed, or given away.

**Value:** 9,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level: 5+**



### **Copper-and-Chalcite Armor of the Preservers**

(Rare)

This is an ornate suit of surprisingly light bronze plate armor. It has no protective bonus, and is somewhat battered and darkly burnished with enormous age.

Every night, the wearer (even if the armor is taken off for rest) will suffer nightmares of Peganan ancestry, as described above. However, the armor also confers a gift: after being owned for a month, the wearer's skin will take on a brazen hue and will toughen to the consistency of supple leather. The appearance of the effect is odd, but not unattractive. This blessing provides to the wearer to a +2 bonus to armor class (tough skin bonus), which is conferred whether or not the armor is worn every day.

If the armor is ever sold, destroyed or given away, this blessing of the flesh will fade after a month's time has passed. Similarly, if the armor is not worn for 30 consecutive days, the blessing fades unless the armor is worn again for 30 consecutive days.

**Value:** 12,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level: 6+**

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SCROLL XL

OF SIRAMI

(The Lord of All Forgetting)

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Neutrality

High in the stars dwells the lone God Sirami, whom mortals call the Lord of All Forgetting. Few pray to him, unless they are terrified, haunted, insane, otherwise hopeless, or wracked with grief and suffering from the loss of their beloved. And yet, he does have devoted and adoring priests in far corners of the world. For some people, it seems, are only truly alive if they forever feel that life is not worth living any longer.



The pillars of his celestial palace are the constellation Yum, called the Heart of Light; and the nebula-surrounding and farther constellation Gothum, the Circlet of Darkness. Between these lies Sirami's throne, but no one can seem to remember the secret winged beast — the Swallower of Stars — which lies in wait before his oblivion-shadowed feet.

Sirami waits for the coming of the golden galleons of the other Gods. When they depart the World of the Elder Skull forever, he will gaze upon them with his sapphire eyes and then follow in farewell. Unlike many less gentle Gods he truly loves the mortals, for mortals bring him treasured dreams and leave them heaped about his throne.

When a man dreams of something wondrous, but cannot remember whatever it was when he awakes, he whispers in kindly sorrow, "That treasure I left before Sirami's beast." And that man will have a small lucky thing happen to him on that waking day.



But when a man dreams of something wondrous or terrible, and it is remembered, he will chant, "That treasure I stole beneath the gaze of the Swallower of Stars, and surely I will pay for such a slight betrayal." And that man will have a small accursed thing befall him soon.

Few, but devoted wanderers of the Dreamlands, ever wish that they could remember even more dreams than they already do.



There are very few understand — the rare priests of Sirami are among these — that Sirami guards the gate of celestial memory in both directions. When minions from beyond — hungry Horrors, or minions of the Great Old Ones — invade the World of Oldskull from the heavens, they forcibly pass through the gates of Sirami and find themselves accursed. Such creatures of chaos fall to our earth, never remembering from whence they came, nor what secrets they were going to communicate to the slaving hordes awaiting behind them.

In this way, Sirami guards the World of Oldskull from the most powerful of entities. He will not be able to save us from the Great Cthulhu, who is already here dead and dreaming beneath the sea; but perhaps, if more mortals dare to pray to him, he and his beast can ultimately prevent some earlier cataclysm from befalling the planet before the destined End of All.

And as the prophet Dunsany would sing:

“Sirami looketh with his sapphire eyes  
Into the faces, and beyond them, of those  
That were weary of cities.  
And as he gazes, as one that looketh  
Before him remembering naught,  
He gently waves his hands.  
And amid the waving of Sirami’s hands

There fall from all that behold him  
 All their memories, save certain things  
 That may not be forgotten  
 Even beyond the worlds.”



<b><u>The Priesthood of</u></b> <b>SIRAMI</b> <b>Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos</b>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Common) ➤ Chaos and Evil (Uncommon) ➤ Chaos and Good (Uncommon) ➤ True Neutrality (Rare) ➤ All Other Alignments (Very Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A hollow circle and a semicircle above it, barely intersecting
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ The Limbus
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Forgetting, Oblivion, Nepenthe and Escapism
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Giant tortoise
<b>Priests:</b>	➤ Human, Male or Female ➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	➤ Aklys ➤ Club ➤ Footman's Mace ➤ Sap

<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Painted or woad stripes from the eyes and mouth, back into the hair</li> <li>➤ Body: Blue silk raiment or cloak</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Abjuration &amp; Protection (The Shelterers of Sirami)</li> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Mind Veilists of Sirami)</li> <li>➤ Deception &amp; Sorcery (The Tale Changers of Sirami)</li> <li>➤ Healing &amp; Purification (The Soothers of Sirami)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Annually</li> <li>➤ (The new year's eve and day celebrations)</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Unknown places in the wilderness only</li> <li>➤ Each place of prayer can only be used once</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XLI

OF SISH

(The Destroyer of Hours)

Greater God; of the Ethos of Law and Neutrality

Sish, the grand Destroyer of Hours, is the secret darkling brother of Kib and Roon and Mung. He is not Time itself, for Time is a beast, and Time is the Hound of Sish.

He has long fingers of rust, a sweet breath of decay, a silent mantle of dust, and his lovely words are as the last echo of steaming plumes above the Boiling Sea. His pack of Things, the Rusting Beasts, scurry hungering in his wake. As his fingers touch the eternal cities of Men and turn them into ruin and then nothing, the Rusting Beasts eat the swords and razored brands of those arrogant Time-spurning mortals who would defy him.

But he is not only destruction, he is the father of the maiden Hours. For every Hour he sweetly kills — or transforms into a Rusting Beast — he births another younger and more lovely in its place. He is faultless, dependable and keen. The guardsmen, sentinels, clockwork makers, singers, chroniclers, and even the astrologers call him holy. He has never stepped wrongly, and he has never betrayed those who wait for him with all their hearts. And yet in turn, he himself has never waited for anyone save Kib.



When there is profound movement in the ways of the world, Kib goeth first. Sish follows behind him, with Time and all the Rusting Beasts at his side; and behind them all goeth Mung, lost in his sardonic thoughts and silence. These processions of Wrath and

of Solemnity are frequently broken, for Kib cares neither for rules nor for waiting, and often he plays in the rushing waters with Roon. And as they all walk as one, if Kib suddenly chooses a shorter path then Sish refuses to follow.



In the beginning, before there was Man and when there were only Beasts, there was a peerless wild garden defended by angels of shadow ... dark reflections of the Gods from the mind of Mana-Yood-Sushai. The name of this garden belonging to Beasts and Gods alone was Wornath-Mavai. This means in the language of the Gods, "The Once and Never After."

Sish slept for an age in a bower before its valley-gate, yet never entered. When at last he stirred with fondness he began to move forever, and the rhythm of his passing with the rhythm of Skarl wakened Kib to mischief and Mung to jealousy in all the Game.

Kib played there in the garden, before the envy of Mung was fully manifest. Sish saw that his brothers were not yet arrayed in line, and so he and Time kept from the garden in respectful silence. The Rusting Beasts slept with Time before his feet. The garden lies there still, so promise the eldest of sages. But no Man has ever found it, nor set foot amongst its nodding flowers, nor wandered under the opalescent spider webs woven about its mighty trees to snare the sun into arcs of twilight.

One day, the first Man to find and know the secret of Wornath-Mavai will come. And soon after, will come The End.



<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Priesthood of</u> <b>S I S H</b> Greater God of the Pegana Mythos</p>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Law and Neutrality (Common)</li> <li>➤ Law and Evil (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ Law and Good (Rare)</li> <li>➤ True Neutrality (Uncommon)</li> </ul>
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A rust-red open hand with hollow fingertips
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Vimoksha
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Time, Ruin, Dust, Rust and Decay
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Rusting beast
<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Male or Female (Rare)</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female (Rare)</li> <li>➤ Non-Human</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Swords and one-handed blades of all kinds</li> <li>➤ However, the blade must be of bronze; iron and steel are forbidden, as are steel alloys (such as mithril and adamantite)</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Bronze helm, skull mask or headpiece</li> <li>➤ Body: Rust-colored vestments</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Beasts &amp; Monsters (The Rust Bringers of Sish)</li> <li>➤ Curses &amp; Afflictions (The Dust Throwers of Sish)</li> <li>➤ Divination (The Ruin Gazers of Sish)</li> <li>➤ Necromancy &amp; Corruption (The Inquisitors of Sish)</li> </ul>

<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Semi-annually</li><li>➤ (Midsummer and year's end)</li></ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Temple</li><li>➤ Caverns</li><li>➤ Overgrown Gardens</li><li>➤ Ruins</li></ul>

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SCROLL XLII

OF SKARL

**(The Eternal Drummer, the Demiurge)**

Greater God; of the Ethos of Law and Good

Skarl is the Demiurge, the instigator, the setter of cosmic stages and the placer of blank cloudy reams of potentiality in the airy chronicles of destiny. He is the Eternal Drummer, beloved of Mana-Yood-Sushai, and it is he who in adoration presaged the great Slumber.

When Mana-Yood-Sushai created Gods and with them Skarl, Skarl soon after fashioned a drum from stardust-clay. He fashioned a great stick from one of his own ribs, and to heal the self-inflicted wound he began to drum the chants of arcana, as if he would pound away all surges of pain and sorrow and drudgery forever.

He sits ever in the mist, guarding the reclining crescent throne of Mana-Yood-Sushai where the Slumber hath taken hold. The purpose of his drumming is not to waken Mana, but rather to compel the child Gods to each fulfill their own separate purposes, desires, and ageless destinies.

The prophet Dunsany sings of this the more:

Skarl still beateth his drum,  
For the purposes of the Gods  
Are not yet fulfilled. Sometimes  
The arm of Skarl grows weary;  
But still, he beateth his drum,



That the Gods may do the work of the Gods

And the worlds go on.

For if he cease for an instant,

Then Mana-Yood-Sushai will start awake,

And there will be worlds nor gods no more.

But, when at the last the arm of Skarl

Shall cease to beat his drum, silence

Shall startle Pegana like thunder in a cave,

And Mana-Yood-Sushai shall cease to rest.

Then shall Skarl put his drum

Upon his back, and walk forth

Into the void beyond the worlds,

Because it is The End,

And the work of Skarl is over.



<u>The Priesthood of</u> <b>SKARL</b> Greater God of the Pegana Mythos	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Good
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Law and Good (Common) ➤ Neutrality and Good (Uncommon) ➤ All Other Alignments (Very Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ A drum with a single drumstick above its length

<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ The Coelum Crystallinum
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Faith, Patience, Loyalty and Endurance
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Ox
<b>Priests:</b>	➤ Human, Male or Female ➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female (Rare)
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	➤ Club ➤ Footman's Mace ➤ Hammer ➤ Maul ➤ Staff
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	➤ Head: Bare; long hair is preferred ➤ Body: A light-color robe, adorned and stained by sacred clays of any hue
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	➤ Charming & Enthralling (The Sleep Bringers of Skarl) ➤ Divination (The World Seers of Skarl) ➤ Healing & Purification (The Purifiers of Skarl)
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	➤ Annually ➤ Autumnal Equinox
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	➤ Temple ➤ Echoing Valleys ➤ Music Chambers ➤ Throne Rooms

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SCROLL XLIII

OF SLID

(Whose Soul is by the Sea)

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Neutrality

Slid is the God of depths, floods, waves and tides and drowning. He sings the song of Moon, and is jealous of the earth in all its glories. He is far less forgiving of mortals than are the realms of land, but he embraces the causes of both swimming Beast and Monster with exaltation. Beasts and Monsters, always, he holds their precious secrets in the crush of his icy heart.

It is Slid who forbade any man to ever pray to Mana-Yood-Sushai. It is Slid who Ood the Prophet once defied, and Ood who was cursed with eternal sleep for the fury of his audacity.

The limbs of Slid are all of water, either fresh or salt-encrusted. Slid speaketh with wave and stream, chanting, "The hand of Slid hath toyed with cataracts, and down the valleys have trod the feet of Slid. And out of the lakes of the plains, there regard the eyes of Slid. But seek not knowledge of Slid nor the treasures within his heart, little ones, for the soul of Slid lieth forever beneath the sea."

The moods of Slid are many; when he is becalmed, few move within him. When he dances down the mountains from pool to pool, he may draw lovers together to dance in laughter. But whenever he is angry — and there are many things in the dry lands that bring Slid to his wrath — there will come the storms, and even the man far from the sea may thus know the full fury of Slid.

Regardless of such spiteful tossings, the song of Slid is beautiful. He reflects upon both light and cloud, he keepeth the secrets of Moon and sun, and his lyrics are born of

every memory which dead men have long forgotten, or never passed on to their children. This song in its trillion verses he has taught to the sirens, the winds, the sea giants and to the water demons. It is the song of the mariner, the Calling of the Winds, and Man has ventured far from his own land across the seas simply to seek the darker and deeper verses which are the eternal Song of Slid.

In this way, Slid himself is largely responsible for the wanderlust of Man. He embraces those who worship him, but in his tempestuous cruelty he rarely gives such mortals any peace. Pirates, buccaneers, merchants, explorers, and the hunters of sea monsters and shipwrecks all glide upon the upper arc of Slid in longing or perhaps in need of mercy; and even when they discover islands, or treasure, or wondrous beasts, they never do find meaning.

It is the curse of Slid that those who hear his song hear it forever, and they are only content with the sweet pain of their lives when the song is echoing beneath them, under the ship-timbers, resonating with the secrets of the deep.



<p style="text-align: center;"><u>The Priesthood of</u> <b>SLID</b> Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos</p>	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Common) ➤ All Other Alignments (Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ An oval encompassing five wavy lines
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ The Limbus
<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Oceans, Seas, Rivers, Lakes and Wanderlust
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Dolphin

<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Male or Female</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Male or Female (Uncommon)</li> <li>➤ Non-Human (Especially oceanic creatures such as nereids, tritons, etc.)</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Harpoon</li> <li>➤ Net</li> <li>➤ Spear</li> <li>➤ Trident</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Tiara, diadem or fillet (of coral, walrus ivory, or even driftwood)</li> <li>➤ Body: Blue or gray vestments</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Beasts &amp; Monsters (The Deep Summoners of Slid)</li> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Mariners of Slid)</li> <li>➤ Water &amp; Cold (The Embracers of Slid)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Monthly</li> <li>➤ Nights of the full moon</li> </ul>
<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Temple</li> <li>➤ Bodies of Water</li> <li>➤ Sacrificial Bogs</li> <li>➤ Shorelines</li> </ul>

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SCROLL XLIV

OF TIME

**(The Great Hound of Sish)**

Unique Monster; of the Ethos of Law and Neutrality

The Great Hound of Time can scarce be spoken of. It is relentless, and its savageries are fatal. It leaps with death as do the Dimensional Hounds, and dodges nearly every blow with more celerity than even the vile Dimensional Beasts. In powers, Time can age its prey, slow its enemies, speed its kindred, flicker behind enemies, blur into shadow, and turn itself into solidified air, more cutting and more mighty than glacier ice.

But for all of this, Time obeys the word of Sish. Some confuse Time with Mung, but Mung fleet-footedly runs through the lands of Men touching individuals one by one, while Time moves forward over all, irrevocable and unforgiving as a tidal wave.

No sane men worship Time (but see the heresy of Saigoth); and even the priests of Sish fear the Hound, as when they pray their own shadows turn to the form of crouching beasts ... waiting. Forever waiting.

Time is never randomly encountered. But to those who the throne of Sish, or to defile it, Time is waiting always.

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SCROLL XLV

OF TROGOOL

**(The Utmost and Monstrous; The Thing That is Neither God nor Beast)**

Unique Monster, Primordial Troll-Being; of the Ethos of Chaos and Evil (with Neutral tendencies)

At the very bottom of the World of Oldskull, far beyond the Rim of the Known, there stands the rocky crumbling barrier that is the Rim of the Unknown. Beyond there in some shifting land — perhaps at now the southern pole, and later the tip of Afrik, ever changing — there crouches Trogool, the Thing That is Neither God Nor Beast.

Some say that Trogool is Lord of Trolls, but he is more than that. He is the deathless reader of the Grimoire of All That Is to Be and All That Was, reading and hungering and hating and wondering forever until The End. Every black forbidden page he passes over is a night, and every whitened leaf he turns over with regenerating fingers is a day.

He reads of every hero and villain in the World of Oldskull, and it is a wondrous story indeed. And as our mundane Strand is entwined with the fabric of Olmsuul, he reads nightly as well of you, and of me. He scours and reads with avid interest, cackling with our victories and lamenting with our sorrows, and he is much vexed when he turns a page of Mung and comes to read that the adventures of either your or I are suddenly no more.

Evil he may be, yet he adores us all. He will never hurt anyone, lest they touch the Grimoire or disrupt the sacred reading.

He wishes that he could slow the turning of the pages, to linger over the beautiful passages and to shy away from the reading of the most terrible things, but he cannot. Destiny and Dorozhand forbid it. He has no priests, save those who insist upon the

mission and spreading the word of the Grimoire; he refuses to enslave. To those few who dare to pray to him for power, or for mercy, he answers only:

“Though the whirlwind  
Of the South should tug  
With his claws at a page  
That hath already been turned,  
A page most cherished,  
Or one most terrible,  
Yet shall I never be able  
To ever turn it back.”



One day, after a million million stories have been savored, Trogool will come to the final page, which reads only “Mai Doon Izahn.” This means “The End Forever,” and those will be the last marveling words which he will ever speak.

And come the resurgent Cataclysm which ends us all? On that night, the shadow of Mosahn, the thundering and poisonous Bird of Doom, will fall lovingly upon his shoulders last of all.



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SCROLL XLVI

OF THE TROLGHULS

**(The Crimson Ones, Reborn Minions of the Priests of Trogool)**

Very Rare Monster Race

Trolghuls are the rare, regenerated remnants of slain Trolls which are not completely incinerated or drenched in acid. When a Troll is hacked into pieces and strives to regenerate, it is frequently set upon by other starving Trolls who devour the limbs even as these fight to re-mesh themselves into a composite being. If the limbs are left alone, they will reform as a scarred Troll or (very rarely) as a Trolghul. Trolghuls can be created only in places of evil, such as forsaken demon temples, haunted castles, or dungeons where terrible slaughters have taken place.

At times, the dark necromantic priests of Trogool — such priests are quite rare themselves — will gather up the leavings of a hacked-apart Troll, or will even hack a Troll into pieces and throw the twitching and re-gathering remains into an enchanted regenerative cauldron. The cauldron is filled with Ghul essence, rendered from slain Ghuls either willing or unwilling. When the limbs in the cauldron regenerate, they will rise as the Cauldron Born ... a clutch of from 1 to 6 Trolghuls, depending on the amount of Ghul essence boiled and the size of the sacrificial Troll.

Trolghuls rise as undead and sentient minions of the priests of Trogool. They are soulless and do not remember any previous life they may have loved or suffered through. They are the allies of Ghuls and Trolls as well, but other creatures find them horrifying and will destroy them on sight. Sadly, that is far easier said than done.

Trolghuls have the paralytic talons of Ghuls, and the regenerative ability of Trolls. However, they are terribly damaged by sunlight, and they cannot heal wounds caused by fire, acid, or holy water. Once a Trolghul attacks, it will fight until destroyed.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 5 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1 to 4, Blood Dice 4D8+2, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 20, or five sword thrusts (without consideration of lesser regeneration). In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>TROLGHULS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 5)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	3 to 10 (1D8+2)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	4 to 12 (1D4+1D6+2)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	5 to 16 (1D12+4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	6 to 20 (1D6+1D10+4)

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## SCROLL XLVII

# OF THE TROLLS

**(Skin-Shed Minion of Trogool)**

Uncommon Monster Race

Trolls are well-detailed in virtually all Fantasy Role-Playing Games. In the Pegana Mythos of the World of Oldskull, the first Trolls were born from the ever-shedding hide of Trogool.

The great unblinking Trogool, forever bound to the powers of the Grimoire of All That Is to Be and All That Was, can survive for centuries without rest, for decades without food, and for years without water. This power is made manifest in Trogool's flesh only through avowed defiance of the curse of Mung, and the eternal vigilance of Dorozhand. It is said that none other than Skarl himself pounds out the heartbeats of Trogool, the beating resonating with the cosmic drum which keeps Mana-Yood-Sushai in dreaming Slumber and the world in its mystical existence.

Such power comes with a price, however. The stench-ridden festering hide of Trogool is eternally shedding itself and regenerating. Entire warts, clumps, mildewed talons and even crawling things fall from the body of Trogool as it reads, scurrying away to die in the shadows bereft of their maker's attentions. The few pieces which have fangs, or maws, or amorphous tentacles which swallow, absorb the other pieces and thus grow limbs, and even heads and faces. These are the Elder Trolls, the great and monstrous blasphemies which were the scourge of Afrik long ago.

Most of the Elder Trolls will be slaughtered in the wars by the mounted Man-and-Beast legions of Kib, but every few years a new Elder Troll is born from the hide of Trogool and it crawls away from the Utter South, northward over the ocean, crawling along the

choking Sargasso of the Deeping Seas. When the Elder Trolls reach the mainland, they rage and raven for several years before they collapse into limbs, vile sheddings, and a chittering head ... the beginnings of a new tribe of vile and loathsome Trolls to scourge the world.

Trogool himself is blameless, as he simply fulfills his will by reading the Grimoire. The Trolls can even be said to be born of the hindered rages which he experiences when he reads terrible true tales of murder, injustice, treachery and faithlessness. The ichor of these dark traumas fester from his mind, down through his veiny hide, slough off and crawl away.



**Approximated game statistics, Troll (Normal):** Monster Lethality Level 6 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 6D8+6, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 33, or eight sword thrusts (without consideration of regeneration). In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.

**Approximated game statistics, Elder Troll:** Monster Lethality Level 8 (on a scale of 1 to 10, depending on size and length), Base Number Appearing 1, Blood Dice 12D8+12, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 66, or fifteen sword thrusts (without consideration of greater regeneration). In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>ELDER TROLLS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 8)</b>	
Encountered By:	Number Appearing (Dice Range)
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended

➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	1
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	1 with Lesser Minions
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	1 with Many Lesser Minions
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	1 with Greater Minions



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>TROLLS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 6)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 8 (2D4)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	3 to 12 (3D4)

➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)

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SCROLL XLVIII

OF THE VAMPIRIC

DRAGONFISH

(The Uxat-uchratil)

Very Rare Monster Race

When the Sea of Cataclysm swept into the realm of Doggerland, which lieth between Britannia and Midgard, there was much devastation. The Seven Encircling Deserts — the Tracked Waste, the Grimlond, the Gold Untouched, the Grinding Ash, the Bone Dust, the Singing Stones, and the Desert of Deserts — were swallowed whole, and too was lost the city nearest to the shore of that rising sea: the wondrous spice city of Bodrahan.

As the waters rose in wave, and tidal wave, and ultimately into a distant and irrevocable tsunami, the Men of Bodrahan begged to the Gods for their salvation. The Men prayed first to the nearest God, whom they believed to be Hoodrazai; but the silent skull at Ranorada had been consumed by the crushing sea, and Hoodrazai was already hidden and veiled beneath the magically-shield netherworld with all his power.

The tsunami surged closer over the horizon, and the Men prayed in desperation to Kib, Giver of Life. The panicked Prophets who sent these prayers skyward said only that Kib had heard their most urgent prayers, but grinning Kib would not save them. Kib it seems regarded the rise of the tsunami as a most interesting counter-move by Mung in the Game of the Gods.

Betrayed in the end by capricious Lord Kib, the Men of Bodrahan prayed in their utmost desperation to Mung, the bringer of the surging sea and Death Himself. The

tsunami towered over Bodrahan and began to descend when Mung heard the cries of prayer from Men — he was scarcely accustomed to such — and so he answered.

The Men cried, “Let us not die, anything you ask we shall do forevermore.” And Mung answered, “Have the Men of Bodrahan at last, now that all of revelry hath ended, shown some feigning interest in the wisdom of the Gods?” And the Men replied, “Truly we are interested as never before, O Lord of Death. Will you not save us?”

Mung thought for but a moment, which was as an eternity. As the great wave had half-descended and blackened the sky with poison rain, Mung answered, “It is too late to save you, playthings. You are Life, and Life is that which Mung shall not save. Should you choose not to perish naturally at this time, then you must pray to Mung for a special and darker gift.”

And the Men immediately did so, even as the mighty unbridled wave crashed down to take them.

The Men of Bodrahan were shattered and overwhelmed, and the newborn sea hungrily swallowed all of their remains. But Mung did keep his promise to his newly-devout worshippers. He said — to no one, for all the Men were slain — that only water dragons and corrupted fishes could thrive in this newborn sea. The poisonous oases beneath the Singing Stones had been whirled into the waters, and only the dying bodies of the blood-feasting beasts of the Gold Untouched still held the last sparks of life in all the desolation of what had been the realm of Doggerland.

Mung whispered, “Let the Men of Bodrahan be unbroken, remade in my name in the bodies of the viper-beasts who once dwelt in the Gold Untouched. Let them rise as dragonfish and mantas, of vampiric essence, born of poison and twisted flesh and made only to glory in un-death in the ruins beneath the waves. Let them hate Kib and their lost kindred All Other Men forever, and let them wage war against the Deep Ones and the merfolk for utmost domination amidst the foul tides of the Sea of Cataclysm. I utter the words of power against my brother Kib, twisting the spirit of Dorozhand to this unholy aim: Exat, uxat, erexat! Eretil, Uchratil! Let the vampire mantas, the dragonfish, each husk holding the prisoned soul of a Man of Bodrahan, be born and give worship only to me. For they found wisdom only in the end, may they corrupt its light as they sought to corrupt the name of mercy unto me.”



And so it was. And so did the vampiric mantas, Uxat-uchratil, come into being. Let all Men who fall into their feasting clutches know the horror of that final day of wretched suffering, and despair.

For Bodrahan and its holy men are no more.



**Approximated game statistics (for lowest-level minions, higher for leader types):** Monster Lethality Level 2 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 10 to 100, Blood Dice 1D8+1, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 5.5, or one sword thrust. In Ethos, aligned with Chaos and Evil.



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>VAMPIRIC DRAGONFISH</b> <b>(Lethality Level 2)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	1 to 4 (1D4)
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	3 to 10 (1D8+2)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	3 to 13 (2D6+1)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	4 to 16 (4D4)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	5 to 20 (5D4)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	5 to 30 (5D6)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	6 to 36 (6D6)

➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	7 to 42 (7D6)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	12 to 50 (2D20+10)

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SCROLL XLIX

THE LAST TREASURES  
OF PEGANA:  
UNHOLY RELICS  
OF THE UXAT

**Stinging Fang of the Uxat-uchratil**

(Very Rare)

This is a vile talisman, which can only be “enjoyed” by a character of evil Ethos. For others, it has no other power but to give the keeper nightly nightmares of drowning and being fed upon by the Uxat.

To be “worn,” the user must swallow the fang. It will then burrow into the chosen one’s innards, causing a permanent loss of 1D6+1 hit points. In return, the chosen one gains the ability to magically regenerate damage at the rate of 1 hit point per round.

If the chosen one ever dies, he or she will instantly be bloodily resurrected and metamorphosed into one of the Uxat-uchratil. If for some reason this occurs in a body of water, the creature (at 1 hit point but regenerating at the rate of 3 hit points per round) will swim away to find its kith. But typically, the creature will asphyxiate on the dry ground where the chosen was slain, forever regenerating and dying until someone mercifully puts the horrible thing out of its misery.

**Value:** 12,500 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 10+



### **Toothed Hide of the Uxat Lord**

(Very Rare)

This item is similar in power to a Mantle of the Manta Ray.

When worn by an evil character, it confers its powers without penalty. When worn by anyone else, it slowly corrupts the wearer / keeper over 66 nights. The wearer will gradually become aligned with the Ethos of Chaos and Evil over this time, and will develop Water Breathing and a need to be immersed in salt water to sleep. Failure to sleep in salt water will cause 1D12 (healable) damage per day.

The effects can be cured by a Remove Curse spell, but the wearer — even if a PC — will violently resist all efforts at purification.

**Value:** 16,000 Pieces of Gold

**Recommended Discovery Level:** 11+

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# SCROLL L

## OF THE WIND TREADERS

**(The Dancers of Limpang-Tung, the Reflections within Slid)**

Rare Monster Race (Very Rare in all places save mountains and seas)

Wind Treaders are the strange, ethereal servitors of Slid, and especially of Limpang-Tung. They have long, willowy limbs, wing-like appendages, and enormous unblinking eyes. They can soar through even the coldest and stormiest air quickly and with ease, and they are fully invisible unless one uses magic to detect them. (They are said to be both hauntingly beautiful and terrible to behold.) Arch-priests — but not under-priests — of Limpang-Tung and Slid can see through these veils of invisibility at all times to behold these spirits, and the Wind Treaders will fearlessly protect loyal arch-priests and the faithful with their lives.

In FRPG terms, the Wind Treaders are highly intelligent air elementals. Some are free but most are servitors of these two Gods of Pegana. They are rather fragile, yet possess many powers. They can control the weather, push violently with wind gusts, and resist most magical spells. They are said to possess alluring and disturbing gifts of prophecy as well.

They are the enemies of evil, and the spirits of the earth; and they are the fabled saviors of mariners who lie trapped in the becalmed Sargasso Sea. But they are innately shy, and will typically only attack if they, their temples, or their priests are threatened. They spend most of their endless veil of nights dancing in grand and soaring circles over and in the sea, or orbiting the frozen aeries of the tempest-swept mountains whose spires mere mortals can never hope to reach.



**Approximated game statistics:** Monster Lethality Level 6 (on a scale of 1 to 10), Base Number Appearing 1 to 3, Blood Dice 6D8+3, Average Hits to Kill (HtK) 30, or seven sword thrusts. In Ethos, aligned with True Neutrality (if free), Chaos and Neutrality (if born of Slid), or Chaos and Good (if born Limpang-Tung).



<b><u>Suggested Number of Monsters Appearing:</u></b> <b>WIND TREADERS</b> <b>(Lethality Level 6)</b>	
<b>Encountered By:</b>	<b>Number Appearing (Dice Range)</b>
➤ Level 1 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 2 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 3 or 4 Adventurers	Not Recommended
➤ Level 5 Adventurers	1 (Deadly Encounter)
➤ Level 6 Adventurers	1 or 2 (1D2)
➤ Level 7 Adventurers	1 to 3 (1D3)
➤ Level 8 or 9 Adventurers	2 to 4 (1D3+1)
➤ Level 10, 11 or 12 Adventurers	2 to 5 (1D4+1)
➤ Level 13, 14 or 15 Adventurers	2 to 7 (1D6+1)
➤ Level 16 or 17 Adventurers	3 to 8 (1D6+2)
➤ Level 18+ Adventurers	4 to 10 (2D4+2)

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SCROLL LI

OF YOHARNETH-LAHAI

**(God of Dreams and Fancies, the Psychopomp of the Dreamlands)**

Lesser God; of the Ethos of Chaos and Good

“... Up from the sea rose lordly terraces of verdure, tree-studded, and shewing here and there the gleaming white roofs and colonnades of strange temples. As we drew nearer the green shore the bearded man told me of that land, the Land of Zar, where dwell all the dreams and thoughts of beauty that come to men once and then are forgotten. And when I looked upon the terraces again I saw that what he said was true, for among the sights before me were many things I had once seen through the mists beyond the horizon and in the phosphorescent depths of ocean. There too were forms and fantasies more splendid than any I had ever known; the visions of young poets who died in want before the world could learn of what they had seen and dreamed. But we did not set foot upon the sloping meadows of Zar, for it is told that he who treads them may nevermore return to his native shore ...”

— H. P. Lovecraft

Of all the grim and profound entities that are the Gods of Pegana, the chuckling trickster among them is Yoharneth-Lahai. His name is whispered by some to mean O Glorious Arneth, the Hirsute and the Superfluous. He is at turns poetic, wildly inappropriate, and surreptitiously silent. When following, seeking, or accompanying mortal dreamers who are exploring the Dreamlands — which occurs far more often than

one might expect — he typically appears as a bearded and robed sage-captain, the Lord of a White Ship.

It is said that in the weary age nigh after the Slaughter of the Beasts, following the final departure of Yonath the Beseecher from his people, Yoharneth-Lahai sent tiny and trivial dreams and fantasies to turn the minds of Man to joy and to frivolity, and hope. This — it is said — led to procreation, and the spreading of the mortal multitudes, further forcing the Monsters and the Horrors deeper into the Under-Earth.

Yoharneth-Lahai is the great equalizer, sending dreams of idle fancy to the dying beggar and to the king. Every peace that has ever existed between mortal kingdoms is said to have been born of the laughter of Yoharneth. But too, every war that has ever been is said to come from a terrible misunderstanding of his gifts by Men whose minds know only tyranny.

Yoharneth, loathed by many of power, is the bumbling god of jesters, fools, gamblers, illusionists, dreamers, and the forever young. He is the Psychopomp of the Dreamlands, leading those who are weary of drudgery and reality from the world and out through the gates of Death, on into Imrana, the celestial River of Silence.



<u>The Priesthood of</u> <b>YOHARNETH-LAHAI</b> Lesser God of the Pegana Mythos	
<b>Deity Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Good
<b>Worshippers' Ethos:</b>	➤ Chaos and Good (Common) ➤ Chaos and Neutrality (Uncommon) ➤ All Other Alignments (Rare)
<b>Symbol:</b>	➤ An open eye with the Elder Sign engraved in place of the iris and pupil
<b>Deity's Plane / Strand:</b>	➤ Oros Olympos



<b>Sphere of Influence:</b>	➤ Dreams, Fantasies, Illusions and Severance from Reality
<b>Sacred Beast:</b>	➤ Dolphin
<b>Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Human, Male or Female</li> <li>➤ Demi-Human, Male or</li> <li>➤ Non-Human (Especially psychic creatures, Astral and Ethereal creatures, and those with psionic powers)</li> </ul>
<b>Permissible Sacred Weapons to the Priests:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Pole Arm (of one type, chosen for life)</li> <li>➤ Sling</li> <li>➤ Staff</li> <li>➤ Staff Sling</li> </ul>
<b>Raiment of the Prophets:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Head: Silk covering, held in place with a silver fillet, or mesh of silver wire</li> <li>➤ Body: Brightly-hued raiment, perhaps adorned with features</li> </ul>
<b>Common Priestly Spells (for NPCs; refer to supplement DDE1, DUNGEON DELVER ENHANCER):</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Abjuration &amp; Protection (The Dream Veilers of Yoharneth)</li> <li>➤ Charming &amp; Enthralling (The Enchanters of Yoharneth)</li> <li>➤ Deception &amp; Secrecy (The Mist Sculptors of Yoharneth)</li> <li>➤ Healing &amp; Purification (The White Mariners of Yoharneth)</li> </ul>
<b>Sacrifice and Propitiation:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Quarterly (at the equinoxes and solstices)</li> <li>➤ Dreams which are remembered and pursued in waking life are considered as both a form of worship, and a form of sacrifice</li> </ul>

<b>Temples, Shrines, and Places of Worship:</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ Temple</li><li>➤ Idyllic Places in the Wild</li><li>➤ Libraries / Archives</li><li>➤ Musaeums</li></ul>
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[II - 53]

SCROLL LII

OF YONATH

**(First Among All Prophets, The Beseecher of Nepenthe)**

Hero, Wandering Druidic Hierophant (Level 22); of the Ethos of True Neutrality (with  
Good tendencies)

Unique Personage

Soon after Kib created the forbidden game pieces of “Man” to challenge Monsters during the Slaughter of the Beasts, Man began to weary, and so to sleep, and so to dream. Most Men dreamed lies, base desires, and nightmares. The first dreamer who dreamt of only true things was Yonath. Thus he became First Among All Prophets.

A crude temple of mud and timber was raised from Man’s humble and desperate steading-fortress of the Blood Chiefs. There in the inner sanctum, seeking any knowledge which might save Man from extinction, Yonath began to implore the people to speak openly of their dreams. And so in dread and pain, they did.

Most mortals believed that they dreamt purely (or in horror) of Mana-Yood-Sushai. But this is an illusion, either of comfort or of terror depending upon the dreamer. Only Yonath was able to share the dreams of truth which Kib had sent him, and so he taught the worshippers only this: Man Knoweth Not.

Thus began the worship not of Mana-Yood-Sushai, but of the Gods and the Petty Godlings. There was true power there, however small. Wielding fire and illusion Man grew fearless then and bold, and from the Petty Godlings they learned some few of the crude and stuttering arts of Magic, both divine and arcane. With these tools, as well as sword and spear, Man began to slaughter the Monsters and to defy the plagues of Mung.

Man, in the end, was victorious for a time.

The wars' end brought confusion to the warriors of Men, as they who had been Heroes were then regarded by many of those they had fought for as a dire burden. What does a peaceful man need of a weapon after the weapon's work is done? And although his people were saved, in his elder days of relative peace Yonath voluntarily became a nature priest, an anchorite, and finally a pariah. He sought not to be followed, but the people who had saved themselves through his teachings still revered him, and followed him to the ends of the earth. Many of those who followed died most horribly, alone in the utter Wilderlands.

The wisest words of Yonath to his worthiest disciples were these: "The Ever-Descending Path of seeking understanding, and the Secret of the Gods ... trust it not. Set not thy foot upon that path. Seek only this, my beloved ones: seek not to know."

And to this day, even though he is not a God, Yonath is revered by the people known as the druids, and the hierophants. Some now mistake him with a much younger immortal creature, known as Cernunnos. Others say his name is now Herne, Dream Lord of the Wild Hunt. The truth of such speculation is doubtful. For to this day, some say that of all Men, only Yonath dreamed of truth.

Kib may laugh at such hollow words of harrowing, or he may be silent. Who can know?

[II - 54]

SCROLL LIII

OF YUG

**(The Foolish Prophet, The Driver of All Enemies Before Him)**

Anti-Hero, Level 17 Barbarian / Level 3 Shaman; of the Ethos of Chaos and Neutrality

Unique Personage

After the self-imposed exile of Yonath, there rose a mighty aging barbarian chieftain — a champion from out of the Monstrous Wars — whose name was Yug the Undefined. Yug was a mighty swordsman, a slayer of demons, and a strangler of Horrors in the netherworld. But his valor was born of anger, and his might was not his wisdom.

Nevertheless, after Yonath had gone away and there was peace, the elder Yug was honored by his grateful peoples. They made Yug their new High Prophet, simply because there was no one greater to oppose him in his strength.

The people said to Yug, “Be thou our prophet, and know all things, as did Yonath. And pray tell us, what you can, of what this peace means and what the wars have meant, ere the coming of our End.”

Yonath shrugged, and mounted his great and acid-encrusted sword upon the temple wall. He had lovely slaves carry him in a throne made all of tangled monsters’ bones. And as he mounted the throne higher, he spread his hands. “What more is there to know?” he asked his people. “I have known slaughter, I have known desire. I have crushed timeless treasures, melting them down from fancy secret intricate jewelry into molten gold. I know wrath, I know victory. I know love and death and the giving of life to the bellies of maidens. I therefore know all things.”

And his people were very pleased.

But the secret of the High Prophets is that when they are alone within their temples, praying for wisdom to soothe their doubts, their beseeching whispers fall upon the ear of Mung. And Mung comes, and he watches. Sometimes he speaks, or sometimes he even signs and brings the prophets to their knees.

And Yug walked long in the temple Garden of Yonath, envious of those of his people who set off into the wilderness in Yonath's footsteps. Was Yonath alive and lost in the wilds, or was he dead? It did not matter; Yonath was mighty even in his absence, because the people still adored him.

In his jealousy Yug proclaimed that the Garden of Yonath was his own. He even took to wielding his mighty sword there in dark, grunting to himself, until he half-believed that he had been the planter of the garden, and not Yonath with his foolish little seeds.

"I know all things!" Yug would rave, standing and shouting in the garden all alone. He had forgotten to be a prophet to his people, and his people grew afeared.

In the 1,001st night of his screamings, he bellowed out, "I am the crusher, I am the Hound who will tear the throat of Mung. I alone know of all things!"

And a sweet voice came into his ear from just behind, as a long and slender black hand stroked his sword out of his grasp: "Truly, beautiful Yug? Be this true?" And closer in from behind, Mung kissed him upon the cheek. "Beloved, this 'All' ... wouldst thou teacheth me?"

And so was the sign of Mung bestowed, most gently. And Yug was Yug no more.



**A LAMENT FOR KIB  
AND FOR YUG THE UNKNOWING**

('Sonnet 88,' by the Twenty-Ninth to the Last Prophet, Fulke Greville)

When as man's life, the light of human lust,  
In socket of his earthly lanthorn burns,  
That all his glory unto ashes must,  
And generation to corruption turns,  
Then fond desires that only fear their end,  
Do vainly wish for life, but to amend.  
But when this life is from the body fled,  
To see itself in that eternal glass,  
Where time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,  
Where all to come is one with all that was;  
Then living men ask how he left his breath,  
That while he lived, he never thought of Death.

[II - 55]

SCROLL LIV

OF YUN-ILARA

(Queen of Liches, the E'er-Despairing)

Pariah, Cleric / Magic-User (Level 20 / 20); of the Ethos of True Neutrality (with Good tendencies)

Unique Entity / Personage

After the horrific fall into dust and ashes, the fall of Kabok, the people longed for a High Prophet who did not fear Mung — nor lie of him — in the slightest. A great search of the young children in all the realm was made, seeking the holy sign of a calf-shaped redness upon the breast. A young girl at last was found with the holy sign upon her, and she was made High Prophetess. Her name was Yun-Ilara, and when asked if she feared death, she answered: “What is death? And if I do not know of death, how ever can I fear it, or lie to you of its unknown teachings?”

This answer pleased the worried people greatly.

As Yun-Ilara grew willowy and tall, she heard questions of death in every corner of the temple. When she came of age, her mother the Great Matriarch of Kib perished in a pestilence. That night, she hated death, and secretly she feared it. As the moon arose, she demanded of her loving people that a new majestic tower near the sea must be created in honor of the Matriarch. This would be called the Tower of the Ending of Days, and life there would be eternal in defiance of vile Mung.





In later years, when the stones were fitted and the enchantments upon the Tower were completed, Yun-Ilara the maiden would rush up its steps to cry out curses against Mung. She swore that she feared him not, and every night she spat wine into the black wind that was his face.

One night, Mung whispered back to her: “Beautiful Yun-Ilara. Why dost thou curse me? I have only loved you from afar. Do you not bear the Mark of Rose upon thy breast? Why do you meet my blessing with such cruelty? Shall a woman, however holy, curse a God?”

And Yun-Ilara answered, “I neither fear nor love you.” Mung in his abject sorrow had no reply. He drifted out over the sea, and amongst the depths of his brother Slid, he waited.

In glories and wars and droughts, the kingdom grew thin with people and bereft of gold. The new gifts to the temple became few. Strange men with different faces looked up to the tower with fear, and did not approach to care for the High Prophetess who crossed into the temple no more. Yun-Ilara cared not, for she was beloved by her remembered people and did not fear. But even as she continued her nightly curses atop the tower in the memory of her mother, Mung watched from afar and sighed as her hair grew white as ivory.

Sish came forth with doubting fingers, although his Rusting Beasts stayed asleep. He crept ivy up the Tower of the Ending of Days. Yun-Ilara laughed at this, and called the creepers her secret garden. A madman with a strange and lovely face once climbed the ivies. Yun-Ilara took him as a lover in her elder days, the madman who loved her dearly and danced with her, and who persuaded her not to curse the face of Mung but rather to turn away from him with song.

In another dozen years, her lover had died in the gentleness of sleep. In another dozen years and one, the last of Yun-Ilara’s childhood friends had perished or wandered away into the wilderness. The people still revered Yun-Ilara, but they were the grandsons and the granddaughters of her lost friends of the time before. She did not curse Mung any longer; in fact, when she felt him behind her and begged him to speak and he did not, when she turned around and only beheld his fading, she longed for him.

There came a night where naked upon the highest spire of the tower in the arms of a maddening wind, beneath the full unchanging moon, to the horror of her people's descendants and the strange barbarians Yun-Ilara cried out to the midnight sky:

"O Mung! O loveliest of the Gods!  
O Mung, most dearly to be desired!  
Thy gift of Death is the heritage of Man,  
And of Woman,  
With ease and rest and silence,  
And returning to the Earth.  
Kib giveth naught with Life, but toil and trouble;  
And Sish, he sendeth regrets with each of his Hours  
Wherewith he assails the world. Yoharneth-Lahai  
Cometh nigh to me no more.  
I can no longer be glad with Limpang-Tung.  
When the other Gods forsake her,  
When every love but memory is gone,  
A Woman hath only Mung."

And Mung appeared very near at last, but he only whispered as she stared at his deathly nakedness:

"Did you not curse me nightly, my beloved, for sixty and six years? Shall a woman, however holy, curse a God?"

And she begged for the sign of Mung. And he waited for her to climb down from the spire, and beg on her knees before him. And she did so. And he did leave her.

Every night for centuries, Yun-Ilara pleaded from the shortening top of the tower. She no longer hungered, no longer ate. She no longer drank of wine. She failed to realize

that all of her people's children's children had gone away, and that the ivy that climbed the tower had become the tower, and that she herself was queen among un-death.

Every night from the ruin of the Tower of her mother, to this night she prays:

“Oh, for the hour of the mourning of many,  
For the pleasant garlands of flowers and the tears.  
Oh, for the moist, dark earth.  
Oh, for repose underneath the grass,  
Where the firm feet of the trees grip hold  
Upon the world, where never shall come  
The wind that now blows through my bones.  
As the rains shall come warm and sweet,  
Not driven by the storm ...  
Where is the easeful falling asunder  
Of bone from bone?  
Beloved Mung, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Mung never answers.

It is said that Yun-Ilara has never realized that she became a Lich, and that her song goes on forever in the night, from a rubble-tumbled pit within the earth, even though her temple is no more and the Tower is only a hollow absence of stone held aloft by dead enchanted ivy beneath the ebon skies.



A SONG  
OF THE TEMPLE GARDEN  
OF YUN-ILARA

('A Forsaken Garden,' by the Thirteenth to the Last Prophet, Algernon Charles)

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?  
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,  
Through branches and briars if a man make way,  
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled  
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.  
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.  
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,  
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;  
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,  
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
Only the wind here hovers and revels  
In a round where life seems barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers to the sea;  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
And men that love lightly may die — but we?"  
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end — but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;  
Here change may come not till all change end.  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.



[II - 56]

SCROLL XV

OF ZODRAK

**(The Fool of the Gods, the Forgiven)**

Forsaken Hero, Level 23 Magic-User; of the Ethos of Neutrality and Good

Unique Personage

Zodrak, as I have told, was the Fool of the Gods. At first, he was merely the Shepherd, but in his defiance of the Gods and their unfair laughter he demanded arcane powers be granted to him in payment for his suffering. He thus learned divination, and the turning of lead into gold, and many things besides.

Whether he lives on in our younger age, is unknown. He in the long years after his ascension to power sought the forgiveness of Imbaun the Highest Prophet, believing himself responsible for many of the evils and wisdoms which fell as curses upon mankind.

He may now dwell beside the throne of Sirami, if indeed his final prayer has been heard.

Otherwise, he may be one with sorrow beneath the earth. Perhaps he seeketh Hoodrazai? "Only the Deep Ones know" is the enigmatic answer which the Elder Oracle of Oldskull alone hath given to this question.

# CHAPTER III:

## THE PEGANA CAMPAIGN

[III - 1]

PEGANA

AND THE

WORLD OF OLDSKULL

In my own FRPG campaign, the Golden Age of Pegana is long past. (The age of the coming of Cthulhu, and many other primordial events suggested by H. P. Lovecraft, came first of all.) The Hyborian Age — as described via an essay by Robert E. Howard, written in the 1930s — has passed as well. Numerous great sinkings, melting glaciers, tectonic upheavals, floods and calamities destroyed the realm of Pegana, and flooded the shores of Afrik, and caused the cataclysm of the Inner Sea, and suffocated the Doggerland near Britannia. This setting gives a huge historical basis to the campaign world, filling the world with ruins, buried dungeons, hidden temples, lost cities, and treasures from ancient ages.

The current age in the World of Oldskull is roughly akin to c. 1425-1450 AD in our real world, but the tedium of Earth's history is buried under folkloric influences and mythic overtones. This date range by the way was chosen to embrace as many of the highlights and curiosities of the Medieval Age as possible, such as plate armor; while avoiding the tamer and more civilized world of the Renaissance.



You can incorporate Pegana and the Pegana Mythos in your own existing campaign world, simply by saying Pegana existed in the ancient past. It is no longer, but some few of its monsters, gods, faiths, and treasures linger on.

Or, you can use my own World of Oldskull for your campaign, as I have designed it specifically to play to the strengths of a pulp c. 1930s Weird Fiction / Swords and Sorcery campaign. If you want to borrow my campaign world, you are welcome to it; but you will need to understand its themes, properties and terminology a bit to influence your further development.

## [III - 2]

# UNDERSTANDING

# THE WORLD OF OLDSKULL

The purpose of this setting is to provide a new, yet classic, old school fantasy medieval setting for your role-playing games.

I have drawn inspiration (for almost 40 years!) from the prior works of E. Gary Gygax and David Lance Arneson. Gygax and Arneson used Wisconsin and Minnesota, respectively, and the Great Lakes region of the USA to model their own shared campaign world, the Great Kingdom. That campaign focused on the Black Moors in the north, and the City of the Grey Hawk in the middle, with the setting arguably shared from time time (such as through Arneson's City of the Gods adventure for Gygax and Kuntz) until Arneson left Gygax's gaming company TSR in the mid-1970s.

Many of the derivative settings and tales that inspired Gygax and Arneson were set on our own Earth, including King Kong, the Universal monster movies, Dunsany's Pegana, Howard's Hyborian Age, Burroughs's Pellucidar (set in Earth's netherworld), the lost world fantasies of Merritt, and the Cthulhu Mythos settings of Lovecraft. Other settings, such as Dunsany's Land Beyond the Fields We Know, Tolkien's Middle Earth, Leiber's Nehwon, and Moorcock's Young Kingdoms, were set in more distant Earth-like realms as well.

The World of Oldskull is set on a mythic version of our Earth, with its history carefully modified to (a) provide as many adventures as possible, (b) to hearken to Earth's folklore and mythology, and (c) to honor the pulp the sources which inspired Arneson and Gygax.

The campaign is focused on an Empyrean city state. In my world, Empyrea was the mythology-infused Roman Empire, and while gone it left its mark throughout the world in the form of roads, ruins, lore, buried treasure, and of course dungeons hidden

everywhere. My city is the Free City State of Grimrook, which is modeled upon a decadent and formerly-ruined version of Rome.

Centering the campaign on Rome is not an accident, as I will explain:

[III - 3]

CITY OF GRIMROOK:

THE CASE

FOR ITALY AND ROME

As I noted, I strongly prefer using an alternate Earth for an FRPG campaign, because that's the setting of Dunsany, Lovecraft, Howard, Gygas, Arneson, Haggard, Wells, Verne, Doyle and so forth. I believe that for long-term play, and for building up lore and wonder, such worlds tend to have a more lyric and mythic resonance than just a random piece of paper with made-up names on a map. (This is not to say I'm completely against randomly-created worlds; I just personally find them harder to develop and sustain.) Your mileage may vary, and more power to you if it does ... but the following explanation of campaign considerations follows from this premise.

Many medieval fantasy worlds based on mythic Earth are centered upon London, or Paris, or feature all of Europe in a nebulous and somewhat incoherent fashion. And I personally don't favor the incoherent approach. The case for London (and Arthurian Britain) is that the original Fantasy Game (c. 1972) was originally set in an English-speaking world, and therefore England — or an England-like countryside — is the logical center for many similar campaigns. But London is basically a major city stuck in the “northwest” corner of folkloric Europe, on an island. That means there are not very many un-English exotic places that can be reached with ease for adventurous exploration. Using London would mean that the Player Characters would hardly be able to experience jungle adventures, or Arctic expeditions, and even deserts are few and far between. Heck, there's hardly any mountains, either! The reachable terrain and climate variety is rather limited.

Paris is perhaps a better choice for a mythic Earth FRPG, because it is on the mainland, and can connect fairly easily to Arthurian Britain, the Germany of Grimm's fairy tales, and so forth. But Paris is very nationalistic and French, and carries a strong culture that doesn't vary much. These things aren't bad in reality, especially considering the preservation of France's culture and art treasures; but again, it's bad for setting and myth variety.

These problems are reversed if an exotic campaign center is decided upon instead. You could run a campaign out of mythic Mexico City, for example, but that would give you a jungle setting to the exclusion of snow and mountains, and questionable access to things like metal armor, Norse and Greek mythology, and classic European monsters.

All things considered, I feel that the best setting for this type of mythic Europe is actually Italy, and Rome in particular. In the World of Oldskull, the center of the campaign is therefore the Free City State of Grimrook (a mythic reflection of a medieval Rome rebuilt by barbarians), along with Castle Oldskull (a great haunted castle with a massive dungeon underneath, situated in a ruined town near to Grimrook but modeled partly on the Gothic Castle of Otranto).

The reason for this choice: I wanted a nation that was broken into many factions, where mercenary companies and adventuring parties could travel far and wide wherever their services might be needed, or on their own whim. The messiest medieval-renaissance country by far is Italy in the era of the papal states, where roaming Landsknechts (mercenary knights) go wherever they want on reckless quests, treasure hunts, random wanderings and ever-more-violent adventures.

I chose Rome for the city, because it is huge, lore-filled, temple-filled, and poised in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea region, which means that there is instant access to land adventures, sea adventures, river and lake adventures, and urban adventures. Ships go to all the corners of the earth, making other climates and nations very easy to get to. And there are always pirates, if you ever need a random kidnapping plot to introduce a foreign land or a mysterious island!

And with Castle Oldskull, the original Gothic tale of Otranto lets me turn the surface castle ruin into a massive "haunted house." Beneath this lie the dungeons, and the Underearth. Italy has a very rich mythic-subterranean body of lore that we can plunder, too. There's not only the tombs and the Etruscans. Between Avernus, Erebus, and



Dante's Inferno (literally, mythic Hell), there is a vast netherworld basically underfoot and very near to the city where adventurers reside. Rome also has a deep history filled with plot hooks concerning the Roman Empire, the rival cities and tribes of the Republic era, the war with the Carthaginians, and so forth. And vulgate Latin can be perfectly regarded as the "Common Tongue" of the world (which, for medieval Europe, it basically was.). All of these factors combine to make a very good setting for adventuring parties which may want to be employed by "quest givers" on a whim, while avoiding higher authorities whenever it suits them.



The Mediterranean setting also provides a vast array of mythic and folkloric opportunities which are relatively easy to get to. The many realms around the sea are wildly differentiated, very distant, yet easy to connect with. You have an "inland" sea almost wholly encircled by these varied lands, and the richly-detailed realms of Greek mythology are right next door. Northern Africa, as interpreted by classical writers, gives us the lands of the basilisk, mummy, cockatrice, gorgon, and so forth. There are also mountainous lands (the Alps), forested lands (France and Germany), islands (particularly as inspired by The Odyssey), snowy lands (Russia, Scandinavia, and Hyperborea), swamps, rivers, glaciers, deserts (Babylonia, Egypt, and Arabia), volcanoes, and ruins everywhere. And through the world trade confluences of Rome and Venice, even the monsters and characters of China, India, and Japan — including good celestial dragons, monks, oni, nagas, rakshasas, and so forth — can appear from time to time.

For all of these reasons and others, I regard folkloric Italy as the perfect time and place for an old school FRPG campaign.

[III - 4]

## PROBLEM SOLVING:

### ISSUES WITH

# ALTERNATE MEDIEVAL EARTH

There are a few major problems that we need to solve before mythic medieval Europe can be perfect for our pulp Swords and Sorcery purposes, however.

First and foremost is the problem of real world monotheism. I simply ignore the problem. In the World of Oldskull, Christianity, the Muslim faith, the Jewish faith, and other monotheist religions do not exist. This is because I don't want to draw too many real-world conflicts into the fantasy world, I don't want to offend players, and because I believe the game is not well served when all of the clerics in the world are at one another's throats. Therefore, I assume that the Holy Land and Jerusalem were overrun by devils and daemons rising from the netherworld, and the environment which created these monotheistic religions never existed. An easy fix! The pagan Ethoi and the Young Mythoi with their many interesting gods — such as the Babylonian, Celtic, Egyptian, Greek, Norse, Roman, and so forth — do exist in my game.

The next problem is the lack of a New World. Without the medieval age Americas, we lose the exotic interest of the Central American and Native American Mythoi, as well as such excellent monsters as the Feathered Serpent, Hodag, Sasquatch, Skinwalker and Wendigo. But we don't want non-stop contact with the Americas and "Rome" (Grimrook) either, so that the Eurocentric flavor of the old school S&S setting is preserved. To solve this conundrum, I simply say that in the World of Oldskull, the Vikings managed to partially explore the Americas and made sporadic contact with the New World early on. That contact was much stronger and more frequent than in our own reality. Characters and monsters from this setting are rare "back in Europe," but not unheard of due to explorers bringing back fabulous beasts. Best of all, daring adventures

can venture to the Americas (supplanting the later Conquistadors) whenever they please. I can even have Nordic teleportation gates which provide rare easy access to those continents for adventures whenever I need to.

The third problem involves the sad lack of Lost World settings, for all of those fantastic dinosaurs and Pleistocene beasties (such as mammoths and saber-toothed tigers). To solve this, I arbitrarily decide that central mythic Africa, far to the south, is still filled with dinosaurs (and cavemen), while the more remote wilds beyond civilized Russia and Scythia are largely a Pleistocene region. This makes all of these monsters outlandish and rare, while also giving them a specific home which adventurers can seek out if they want to.

The last major problem involves the Black Death. The real-world plague wiped out many communities, encouraged cities and nations to close their borders, and made the reign of monotheistic cruelties, anti-witchcraft culture, and religious hysteria virtually inevitable. Therefore, I have decided that in the World of Oldskull the Black Death is actually the Plague of Chaos — a dimensional warping which opens gates to the Lovecraftian madness of other worlds, sinister mutations, and fearsome monstrous spawn from beyond. The major Chaos Plague occurred several generations ago (c. 1350, following the emergent story of the Black Death in many ways), but lesser outbreaks and Chaos Rifts occur all the time in wild corners of the world.

This mechanic justifies the existence of rare planar monsters, strange new monsters (of the GM's design), wild magic, Lovecraftian entities, and many more ruins and dungeons ... which are basically the monster-infested towns, castles, and underground strongholds where humans were forced to flee the encroaching corruption of Chaos while leaving their many treasures behind.

And further, humans are much less populous in this alternate Earth, due to the constant losses and mass exoduses which ravage the land. The Free City of Grimrook, despite its disparate population and frequent upheaval, is the de facto “world capital” simply due to the lack of Chaos Plague incursions there, the inclusion of vagabonds from many wasted lands, and the vagaries of Fate.



With these basic premises and the major problems solved, I can build and portray the World of Oldskull as a fantasy medieval setting which features many elements of mythic Earth, filled with endless opportunities for adventure.

[III - 5]

MYTHIC EARTH:

EXPLORING

THE WORLD OF OLDSKULL

So for those who want to game in the World of Oldskull, it's rather simple: You just need an atmospheric map of the Mediterranean, a few maps of other classic regions (Scandinavia, North Africa, and a bit of the Americas); a pile of Castle Oldskull supplements; an FRPG system of your choice; and your own imagination. Start plugging Latin names into the countries, and think about where the epic dungeons would be.

Here are 80+ mega-dungeon and underworld ideas to get you started, and there are many more besides:

<b>The Americas</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>➤ The Cenotes of the Maya</li><li>➤ The Entrance to Mictlan (the Aztec underworld)</li><li>➤ Metnal and Xibalba (underworlds of the Maya)</li><li>➤ The Netherworld of K'n-yan (from Lovecraft)</li><li>➤ The Seven Cities of Gold</li><li>➤ Tamoanchan (an Aztec netherworld)</li><li>➤ Uku Pacha (the "World Below" in Incan myth)</li></ul>
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<b>Arabia</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Entrance to Irkalla (the Babylonian underworld)</li> <li>➤ Irem, the City of Pillars</li> <li>➤ The Nameless City (of Lovecraft)</li> <li>➤ The Ruins of the Hanging Gardens</li> <li>➤ The Ruins of Babel</li> <li>➤ The Wandered Spice Lands (and Ruins) of Abd al'Azrad</li> </ul>
<b>Asia Minor (Turkey)</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Cave Cities of Cappadocia</li> <li>➤ The Caves of the Great Chimaera</li> <li>➤ The Mausoleum of Mausolus</li> <li>➤ The Ruins of Troy</li> </ul>
<b>The Eastern Seas</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Islands of the Voyages of Sindbad</li> </ul>
<b>Egypt</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Dungeons Beneath the Sphinx (of Lovecraft etc.)</li> <li>➤ The Ghul Kingdom</li> <li>➤ The Great Pyramids</li> <li>➤ The Lost Temple of Apshai</li> <li>➤ The Netherworld of Amenti and Osiris</li> <li>➤ The Valley of the Kings</li> </ul>
<b>England</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Dolorous Garde</li> <li>➤ The Dungeons of Chillingham Castle</li> <li>➤ Entrances to the Celtic Otherworld</li> <li>➤ Exham Priory (of Lovecraft's The Rats in the Walls)</li> <li>➤ The Giant Lairs (of Jack the Giant Killer)</li> <li>➤ Haunted Manor Houses</li> <li>➤ Shadowland of the Faeries</li> </ul>

<b>France</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Bluebeard's Castle (of the Ogre Lord)</li> <li>➤ The Catacombs under Paris</li> <li>➤ Chateau de Brissac</li> <li>➤ Palace of the Beast (of Charles Perrault's tales)</li> <li>➤ The Tomb of Roland</li> <li>➤ Underworld of the Goblins</li> </ul>
<b>Germany</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Cobalt Mines of the Kobolds</li> <li>➤ The Haunted Castle (of the Brothers Grimm)</li> <li>➤ Ruins and Towers in the Black Forest</li> <li>➤ Various Ruined Castles</li> </ul>
<b>Greece</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Caves of Cape Matapan</li> <li>➤ The Entrances to Hades and Tartarus</li> </ul>
<b>Holy Land and the Fertile Crescent</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Demon-Haunted Ruins of Jerusalem</li> <li>➤ Dilmun, Hur, Irkalla, Kur (Sumerian myth-realms)</li> <li>➤ Gehinnom (the burning underworld)</li> <li>➤ The Ruins of Gomorrah</li> <li>➤ The Temple of Moloch</li> </ul>
<b>Ireland</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Entrances to the Land Beyond the Fields We Know (Dunsanian Dreamlands)</li> <li>➤ Saint Patrick's Purgatory</li> </ul>

<b>Italy</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Castle Oldskull (Castle Otranto and similar themes)</li> <li>➤ The Caves of the Sibyl</li> <li>➤ The Chasm of Lacus Curtius</li> <li>➤ The Entrance to the Inferno (Hell)</li> <li>➤ Entrances to Erebus (the cave world)</li> <li>➤ The Volcanic Craters of Avernus</li> </ul>
<b>Mediterranean Sea</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Isles of the Odyssey</li> <li>➤ The Labyrinth of the Minotaur</li> <li>➤ The Palace of Poseidon</li> <li>➤ The Under-Caverns of Scylla and Charybdis</li> </ul>
<b>North Africa</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Basilisk Caverns</li> <li>➤ The Elephant Graveyard</li> <li>➤ The Garden of the Hesperides</li> <li>➤ King Solomon's Mines</li> <li>➤ Lost City of the Beastmen</li> <li>➤ Lost Worlds of the Dinosaurs</li> <li>➤ The Ruined City of Carthage</li> <li>➤ Ruined Colonies of Pegana</li> </ul>
<b>The Pacific Ocean</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Cities of the Deep Ones</li> <li>➤ Cloud Castles</li> <li>➤ Floating Islands</li> <li>➤ Island Turtles (Aspidochelones)</li> <li>➤ The Lost City of Atlantis</li> <li>➤ The Sunken Continent of Mu</li> </ul>
<b>Russia</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Dungeons of Koschei</li> <li>➤ The Hut of Baba Yaga</li> </ul>



<b>Scandinavia</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Castles of Jotunheim (the giant land)</li> <li>➤ The Entrance to Helheim (the netherworld)</li> <li>➤ Grendel's Lair</li> <li>➤ Niflheim (the underworld of ice and mist)</li> <li>➤ Svartalfaheim (strongholds and nether of the dark elves)</li> <li>➤ Tuonela (the Finnish land of the dead)</li> <li>➤ Utgard (stronghold of the giant lords)</li> </ul>
<b>Spain</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Dream World of Don Quixote (Dreamlands etc.)</li> <li>➤ Dungeons of the Inquisitors (of lawful evil)</li> </ul>

Happy researching!



And here is a summary of land names which you can use. Remember that most lands should be largely afflicted by Chaos, overrun by monsters, partially wild and unexplored, and so forth, with populations much lower than in real Medieval Europe and cities and towns quite scattered. We are building a land of adventure, not an historical recreation! The world needs to be filled with monsters, treasures, and mysteries.

For those of you who like to know where another GM's "cheats" come from, many of these land names are derived from the Latin names of Diocletian-era and Late Imperial Roman provinces. If you do an image search for a good map of the Roman Empire around 395-500 AD or so, you'll find lots of good names for the Mediterranean countries. Other place names (especially those farther abroad) are derived from folklore, myth, legends, and tales which are in the public domain.

The major lands of the World of Oldskull include (and this is a very partial list):

<b>The Americas</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Aztlan</li> <li>➤ Terra Incognita</li> </ul>
<b>The Arabian Peninsula</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Arabia</li> <li>➤ Petraea</li> </ul>
<b>Asia Minor (Turkey)</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Amazonia</li> <li>➤ Asia</li> <li>➤ Bithynia</li> <li>➤ Caria</li> <li>➤ Lycia</li> <li>➤ Pontus</li> <li>➤ The Troad</li> </ul>
<b>China</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Cathay</li> </ul>
<b>The Crimean Peninsula</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Cimmeria</li> </ul>
<b>Egypt</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Aegyptus</li> <li>➤ Khemet</li> <li>➤ Khom</li> </ul>
<b>England</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Britannia</li> </ul>
<b>The Fertile Crescent</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Akkad</li> <li>➤ Sumeria</li> </ul>
<b>France</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Aquitania</li> <li>➤ Gaul</li> </ul>
<b>Germany</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Germania</li> <li>➤ Teutonia</li> </ul>
<b>Greece</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Achaea</li> <li>➤ Arcadia</li> <li>➤ Epirus</li> <li>➤ Macedonia</li> <li>➤ Thessalia</li> </ul>

<b>The Holy Land</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Golgotha</li> <li>➤ Phoenicia</li> </ul>
<b>India</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ The Kingdom of Prester John</li> <li>➤ The Land of Indra</li> </ul>
<b>Ireland</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Eire</li> <li>➤ Hibernia</li> </ul>
<b>Italy</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Campania</li> <li>➤ Liguria</li> <li>➤ Tyrrhennia</li> <li>➤ Umbria</li> </ul>
<b>Japan</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Nippon</li> </ul>
<b>North Africa</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Cyrenaica</li> <li>➤ Gaetulia</li> <li>➤ Mauretania</li> </ul>
<b>Russia</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Hyperborea (?)</li> <li>➤ Rus</li> </ul>
<b>Scotland</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Caledonia</li> </ul>
<b>Spain</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Baetica</li> <li>➤ Gallaecia</li> <li>➤ Iberia</li> <li>➤ Tarraconensis</li> </ul>



There are many more, but this will give you a start for further research and extrapolation. Much more of this world and its lore will be revealed in further Castle Oldskull supplements if there is interest.

[III - 6]

## PEGANAN LOCALES

### IN THE

# WORLD OF OLDSKULL

And now that we have set the basic foundation of the medieval-mythic version of Earth as the World of Oldskull for our Swords and Sorcery adventuring, we can consider the locations of Pegana and related Dunsanian tales in this same shared world.

The writings of Dunsany make it clear that Pegana is set within a primordial version of Earth. To be specific: “And They [*the Gods of Pegana*] made Earth to wonder, each God by the uplifting of his hand according to his sign. And Earth was.”

This means that you can place all of the Dunsanian locations in this book within and throughout the World of Oldskull, using the land names and the precepts set out above as general guidelines. When you combine this information with the list of mega-dungeons and lands I already provided, you will have several hundred potential ideas for development in your campaign.

If you are not using my campaign world, and are instead using your own, you can still create a “Dunsanian Earth” on an Alternate Material Plane. This will allow you to use all of the lore in this book without disrupting the geographical locations in your own world. You will need to set up dimensional gates, or dream journeys, or similar modes of travel between your world and that of Pegana, but this should be a fairly easy process.

Here is a summary of the locations discussed in Dunsany’s book, *The Gods of Pegana*. The locations which I created and / or linked to Pegana via world folklore and literature are listed here as well. Much of this information is simply a synthesis of cryptic clues I have scattered throughout this supplement, but I thought that GMs might prefer an easy guide and summary to fall back on for future reference.

<u>A</u>	
<b>Afrik</b>	This is the ancient name of mythic Africa (the entire continent).
<b>The Alph Caves of Cascading Ice</b>	These are the frozen waterfall caves where the River Alph runs down from the surface, and Xanadu. Beneath them lie the Caverns Measureless to Man.
<b>Arabia</b>	The mythic Arabian peninsula, including Yemen, the land of Abd al'Azrad.
<b>Aradec</b>	A once-glorious temple island, now sunken beneath the Sea of Clouds.
<b>Araxes</b>	A land in the south of elder Afrik; perhaps mythic Mozambique.
<b>Ardra</b>	A realm in the land of mythic India.

<u>B</u>	
<b>Bodrahan</b>	A great desert city, in the region of the Seven Encircling Deserts that was later known as the Doggerland.
<b>The Boiling Sea</b>	A shallow volcanic region of the sea; likely in the Indian Ocean near to India and / or Africa.
<b>The Bone Dust</b>	The fifth of the Seven Encircling Deserts.
<b>Britannia</b>	Mythic and folkloric England.

<u>C</u>	
<b>Cathay</b>	Mythic China.

<b>The Caverns Measureless to Man</b>	The vast labyrinth of the Netherworld beneath Cathay, under the Alph Caves of Cascading Ice and far above the Sunless Sea.
<b>The Central Sea</b>	A mythic region of the Pacific Ocean.
<b>The Chaos Pool of Shoggothai</b>	A breeding pool-beast created by the Elder Things, beneath their city in Antarctica. Shoggothai was (and is?) the unwilling mother of the Many, the races of chaos.
<b>The Conquered Knight Holds of Saigoth</b>	Eleven dungeons scattered throughout the world, where Knights of Saigoth were slain. These strongholds of evil were overtaken by other monsters and powerful races, and connect with the utmost reaches of the Netherword.
<b>The Cyst of Mosahn</b>	The place deep in trackless ocean, where the Doom Bird will rise from to bring The End. Believed to be in the mythic western Pacific Ocean, near or in the Marianas Trench.

<u>D</u>	
<b>The Desert of Deserts</b>	The seventh and inmost of the Seven Encircling Deserts, where Ranorada lies.
<b>The Deshret</b>	The mythic name of the paired Egyptian sacred deserts. There is the Deshret of Dawn, which is beyond the east bank of the River Nile; and the far more vast Deshret of Sunset, or Death, which is beyond the west bank.
<b>Doggerland</b>	The sunken land between Britannia and Midgard, the region now known as the Sea of Cataclysm. Before it was Doggerland, it was comprised of the Seven Encircling Deserts.

<b>The Dreamlands, Beyond the Fields We Know</b>	The lands created by Gods and Men, where dreams and nightmares are real. The Dreamlands chiefly pertain to the realms written of by the explorers Randolph Carter and H. P. Lovecraft; while “Beyond the Fields We Know” encompasses the realms written of by the explorer Lord Dunsany. This is the topic of another entire supplement of considerable length.
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<b>E</b>	
<b>The Elder Waste of Afrik</b>	The wasteland of Umbool. Believed to be in the heart of the mythic Sahara Desert.
<b>The Endless Ocean</b>	The “name” of every vast expanse of sea which does not have another name.
<b>Euros</b>	This is the ancient name of mythic Europe.
<b>Ezek</b>	A sunken land in the Sea of Clouds, near to Azhan.

<b>F</b>	
<b>The First Temple of Roon</b>	There are over a thousand locations listed for the First Temple of Roon, and it has not been rediscovered in many centuries. For this reason, some sages believe that it is not destroyed; but rather, that it exists upon an enchanted and invisible palace-cloud that never ceases moving with the winds.

## G

<b>The Garden of Yonath</b>	The sacred arbor in the heart of the first crude temple built by Man. Believed to have been in the heart of the realm of Pegana, but now long lost and forever unknown. To be “wandering in the Garden of Yonath” means to be daydreaming of an unreachable place.
<b>The Gold Untouched</b>	The third of the Seven Encircling Deserts.
<b>The Great Temple of One God Only</b>	The temple of Ood and sleeping monks, in Shambhala.
<b>The Grimlond</b>	The second of the Seven Encircling Deserts.
<b>The Grinding Ash</b>	The fourth of the Seven Encircling Deserts.

## H

<b>The Hall of Night</b>	A euphemism for the night sky. As a specific place, it typically means the void between the World (planet) of Oldskull and the moon.
<b>Hyraglion</b>	Some place far to the south and near to Afrik; perhaps mythic Madagascar.

## I

<b>Ildaun</b>	A sunken land in the Sea of Clouds, paired with Ildun.
<b>Ildun</b>	A sunken land in the Sea of Clouds.
<b>The Islands of Spices</b>	The island archipelagoes where spices are found; classically referring to the islands of Indonesia, but there are many other lesser clusters of spice islands as well.



## K

<b>Khom</b>	Or Khemet; an ancient name of mythic Egypt.
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## L

<b>The Lands of Indra</b>	The mythic land of India.
<b>The Land of the Saigoths</b>	An unknown land of heretics. Traditionally, equated with ancient and mythic Transylvania.
<b>The Lesser Temples of No God</b>	The temples of the Juggernaut priests, scattered throughout the World of Oldskull, primarily in the region of India.
<b>The Lost City of the Congo</b>	A nameless city of the Beastmen, as explored by one Mr. Jermyn; known to exist in the mythic heart of Afrik and believed to be the last stronghold of the surviving “men” of Pegana.

## M

<b>Midgard</b>	The several lands of mythic Scandinavia.
<b>Mount Aghrinaun</b>	The tallest volcanic peak in what was once the realm of Pegana.
<b>Mount Grimbol</b>	The third highest peak in the world; likely mythic Kangchenjunga in the Himalayas.
<b>Mount Sidith</b>	The lower sister volcano of Aghrinaun.
<b>Mount Trehagobol</b>	The highest peak in all the world; mythic and folkloric Everest.

<b>Mount Zeebol</b>	The second highest peak in the world; likely mythic K2 / Qogir.
<b>The Mountain Land of Limpang-Tung</b>	An unreachable mountain land untouched by mankind, perhaps near mythic Tibet.

<u>N</u>	
<b>The Netherworld</b>	The vast reaches of caverns and great vaults, beneath the deepest dungeons of the world. Collectively, “the Netherworld” (often un-capitalized) encompasses every deep realm beneath the World of Oldskull.
<b>The New Temple of All the Gods Save One</b>	The great structure which comprises almost all of Aradec; the Temple of Imbaun.

<u>P</u>	
<b>Pathia</b>	A sunken land in the Sea of Clouds.
<b>Pegana (Realm)</b>	The first realm of Men. Before there were oceans and seas, this was a verdant highland capped by high mountains such as Ahgrinaun and Sidith. Later, it was drowned by the Sea of Clouds, and the remnant spire-tops of Pegana became a lost archipelago.
<b>Pegana (World)</b>	The planet on which the realm of Pegana lies; the great primary planet of Olmsuul, the World of Oldskull.
<b>The Pleasure Dome</b>	The uppermost works of Xanadu; the sacred palace of the Fallen Emperor.

<u>R</u>	
<b>Ranorada</b>	The Eye in the Waste, the (once-a-figure) skull monument and hidden dimensional gate which once stood at the heart of the Seven Encircling Deserts.
<b>Rhoodra</b>	An unknown land near to, or in, the mythic Himalayas.
<b>R'lyeh</b>	The sunken city of Great Cthulhu, deep in the southern Central Sea (Pacific Ocean).
<b>The Rim of the Known</b>	The Equator of the World of Oldskull, and the realms just north of it. The implication is that only the northern-hemisphere lands are “known” to the adventurers and their peoples.
<b>The Rim of the Unknown</b>	The realms just south of the Equator. A Game Master's blank slate playground of the imagination.
<b>The Rim of the Worlds</b>	Believed to mean the edge of the Antarctic Sea, before Antarctica; but this realm shifts through dimensions and distances can be significantly shortened (sometimes leading to dangerous other worlds) depending on the region traversed.
<b>River Alph</b>	The sacred river which flows through Xanadu and down into the Netherworld.
<b>River Eimes</b>	A river flowing through a rocky plain in the realm of Pegana; now lost in the Sea of Clouds.
<b>River Imrana, the River of Silence</b>	A poetic name for the Milky Way, as seen over the World of Oldskull.
<b>River Segastrion</b>	A river flowing through a dry plain in the realm of Pegana; now lost in the Sea of Clouds.
<b>River Zanes</b>	A long descending river of Pegana; now in the Sea of Clouds.

S	
<b>The Sea of Cataclysm</b>	The waters over the Doggerland. The general term can refer to other lands which suffered a Great Deluge, but this sea east of Britannia is usually implied.
<b>The Sea of Clouds</b>	The mythic Indian Ocean.
<b>The Sea of Silence / The Silent Sea</b>	Poetic names for the void beyond the Milky Way.
<b>The Seven Encircling Deserts</b>	The roughly circular wastelands which once stood in the realm known as the Doggerland.
<b>Shambhala</b>	The Dreamlands-verging kingdom of mythical Tibet.
<b>The Singing Stones</b>	The sixth of the Seven Encircling Oceans.
<b>The Soul of Slid</b>	The deepest heart of the Endless Ocean; the Marianas Trench.
<b>The Strand of Al'Khemet</b>	An Alternate Prime Material Plane dominated by the Egyptian Mythos.
<b>The Strand of Earth</b>	Our own Reality Prime, inter-woven with the Strand of Olmsuul.
<b>The Strand of Niu Heimar</b>	An Alternate Prime Material Plane dominated by the Norse Mythos.
<b>The Strand of Olmsuul</b>	The Alternate Prime Material Plane where the World of Oldskull (planet) can be found.
<b>Stygia</b>	The ancient and magical land of northern Afrik, which became Khom.
<b>Sundari</b>	A land in northern mythic India.
<b>The Sunless Sea</b>	The great primordial ocean of the Netherworld.

I	
<b>The Temple of All the Gods Save One</b>	The first great temple of Pegana, corrupted by terrible curses.
<b>The Temple of No God</b>	An unknown and nightmarish ruin in the northern Land of Indra.
<b>The Temple Where Stood Alhireth-Hotep</b>	A temple in mythic Egypt (Stygia / Khom); believed to have been in Thinis, which would later become the stronghold of King Scorpion the First.
<b>The Throne of Mana-Yood-Sushai</b>	The unreachable place in the far protected heavens where Mana Slumbers.
<b>The Tomb of Annis</b>	An ancient Lich dungeon beneath the Dane Hills of folkloric Leicestershire in England. Its entrance is a magical gate hidden within an oak tree.
<b>The Tomb of Brinhilde</b>	A frigid Lich dungeon somewhere beneath a mountain in Midgard. No one knows precisely where it lies, but it can be reached by magical gate.
<b>The Tomb of Griselde</b>	A Lich dungeon now lost beneath the waters of the English Channel. Likely still teaming with undead.
<b>The Tomb of Hagath</b>	A Lich dungeon of the Hags, hidden somewhere beneath Britannia (folkloric England).
<b>The Tower of the Ending of ays</b>	An artificially-raised enchanted spire built in northern Khom, believed to be near or at the site of the later Lighthouse of Alexandria.
<b>The Tracked Waste</b>	The first and outermost of the Seven Circling Deserts, directly near to Bodrahan.

<u>U</u>	
<b>The Unconquered Knight Holds of Saigoth</b>	Twelve strongholds of the death cults, hidden throughout the folkloric Europe (particularly Transylvania).
<b>The Underearth</b>	A strange layer of the Netherworld, filled with dimensional gates which run between the Netherworld of the World of Oldskull, and the deepest caverns of Earth Prime (our world).
<b>The Utter South</b>	The “bottom” of the World of Oldskull; although the terrain was very different, it is the equivalent of mythic Antarctica.

<u>V</u>	
<b>The Vale of Pnath</b>	A massive cavern of Dholes, Gugs, Ghosts and Ghouls beneath the Dreamlands.
<b>The Valley of Sidith</b>	The hollowed and verdant remains of the extinct volcano Sidith.

<u>W</u>	
<b>The Wilderlands</b>	The great untamed wildernesses of the World of Oldskull. There is the Elder Wilderland in the dark heart of Afrik, the Emerald Wilderland in mythic South America, the Wendigo Wilderland of mythic North America, and so forth.

<b>The World of Oldskull</b>	The planet which is a dark mirror of Earth Prime, informed by the Cthulhu Mythos, the Pegana Mythos, folklore, world mythology, the writings of Robert E. Howard and many others, and the imagination of Kent David Kelly.
<b>Wornath-Mavai</b>	The fabled garden of the Gods. If it lies beneath the sea, it is protected by a crystalline sphere and remains untouched. No one knows exactly where it is.

## X

<b>Xanadu</b>	The lower reaches beneath the Pleasure Dome of the Fallen Emperor; one of the major entrances into both the Netherworld and the Dreamlands.
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## Z

<b>Zadres</b>	Mythic South Africa.
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## AFTERWORD

I hope you have enjoyed this brief glimpse of the wonders of Pegana, the World of Oldskull, and ever-fabled Dreamlands. You may also be interested in perusing The Gods of Pegana, Lord Dunsany's original work, which you can find in print or via Project Gutenberg. There is also a sequel of sorts which he wrote, entitled Time and the Gods. Beyond this are (in my opinion) even finer works, The Books of Wonder ... which I will be dealing with in a separated supplement which also touches upon H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands.

I have much more to share with you, but that should keep you busy for now! Stay tuned, and thank you as always for reading ...

Kent



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Beginning play as a chaotic neutral normal human with one measly hit point to his name, KENT DAVID KELLY eventually became apprenticed to a magic-user of ill repute ... a foul man who dwelt in the steamy depths of the Ivory Cloud Mountain. After this mentor carelessly misplaced an intelligent soul-sucking sword and then died under suspicious circumstances, his former henchman Mr. Kelly escaped to the deeper underground and there began playing Satanic role-playing games. This, the legends tell us, occurred in the year 1981.

Hoary wizard-priests who inspired Mr. Kelly in his netherworldly machinations included the peerless Gygax, Carr, Arneson, Cook, Hammack, Jaquays, Bledsaw, Moldvay, Kuntz, Schick and Ward. Sadly, a misguided made-for-the-basements movie entitled *Mazes and Monsters* gave Mr. Kelly's parents conniptions in 1982. As a result of that blasphemous Tom Hanks debacle (and other more personal lapses in judgment), Mr. Kelly was eventually forbidden from playing his favorite game for a considerable length of time.

Nonplussed but not defeated, he used this enforced exile to escape to a friend's alehouse, and there indulged himself in now-classic computer RPGs such as Zork, Telengard, Temple of Apshai, Ultima, Tunnels of Doom, The Bard's Tale, Phantasie, Pool of Radiance, Wizard's Crown and Wasteland. He then went on to write computer versions of his own FRPGs, which led to his obsession with coupling creative design elements with random dungeons and unpredictable adventure generation.

Mr. Kelly wrote and submitted his first adventure for *Dungeon Magazine* #1 in 1986. Unfortunately, one Mr. Moore decided that his submission was far too "Lovecraftian, horrific and unfair" to ever serve that worthy periodical as a publishable adventure. Mr. Kelly, it must be said, took this rejection as a very good sign of things to come.

In the late 80s and 90s, Mr. Kelly wrote short stories, poems and essays ... some of which have been published under the Wonderland Imprints banner. He wrote several dark fantasy and horror novels as well. Concurrently, he ran Dark Angel Collectibles,

selling classic FRPG materials as Darkseraphim, and assisted the Acaeum with the creation of the Valuation Board and other minor research projects.

At this time, Mr. Kelly and his entourage of evil gnomes are rumored to dwell in the dread and deathly under-halls of the Acaeum, Dragonsfoot, ENWorld, Grogardia, Knights & Knaves, ODD, and even more nefarious levels deep down in the mega-dungeon of the Web.

There he remains in vigil, his vampiric sword yet shivering in his hand. When not being sought outright for answers to halfling riddles or other more sundry sage advice, he is to be avoided by sane individuals *at all costs*.

# OTHER BOOKS

## BY KENT DAVID KELLY

This book was a labor of love, and like all of my works it has been self-published. Notoriously, online vendors do not always play nicely with one another, and sadly you must know that I cannot provide you with exhaustive links to the various sites where all of my various books are sold. (And I kindly ask that you please not pirate my works, as that takes money and security away from my family.) But I can provide you with the titles, and you can go exploring on your own to discover my other works! Google is a beautiful thing.

My available books, as of early 2017, include:



[1] **Arachne: A Pyre of Angels**



### CASTLE OLDSKULL FRPG GAMING SUPPLEMENTS

[2] **City-State Encounters (CSE1)**

[3] **The Classic Dungeon Design Guide (CDDG1)**

[4] **Dungeon Delver Enhancer (DDE1)**

[5] **Game World Generator (GWG1)**

[6] **The Great Dungeon Bestiary (CDDG2)**

**[7] Mega-Dungeon Monsters & Treasure (MDMT1)**

**[8] The Pegana Mythos (PM1)**

**[9] Treasure Trove: The Book of Potions (TT1)**



**[10+] The Complete Alice in Wonderland**

*(and many other public domain author editions, published under the Wonderland Imprints blazon)*



**[11] Cthulhu in Wonderland**



### **DUNGEON MASTER'S GUILD GAMING SUPPLEMENTS**

**[12] Chaos Picatrix 1: 167 Shards of Chaos (CP1)**

**[13] City State Creator I (ELD2)**

**[14] City State Creator II (ELD3)**

**[15] Dungeon Crucible: 1,000 Dungeon Names (DC1-B)**

**[16] Dungeon Crucible: Random Dungeon Name Generator (DC1)**

**[17] Guy de Gaxian's Dungeon Monsters: Level 1 (GG1)**

**[18] Old School Dragons: Molting Wyrmlings (DR1)**

**[19] Oldskull Rogues Gallery I (ORG1)**

**[20] Oldskull Rogues Gallery II (ORG2)**

[21] 1,000 Rooms of Madness (DC2-S)

[22] Random City State Events (ELD1)

[23] Random Treasure Trove Generator (RTT1)

[24] Spawning Pool of the Elder Things (SP1)

[25] Treasure Trove 1: Challenge 1 Treasures (TT1)

[26] Treasure Trove 2: Challenge 2 Treasures (TT2)

[27] Treasure Trove 3: Challenge 3 Treasures (TT3)



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**THE LYRIC BOOKS OF SHADOW**

**[37] I: For the Dark Is the Light**

**[38] II: The Summoning of Dark Angels**



**[39] The Necronomicon: The Cthulhu Revelations**



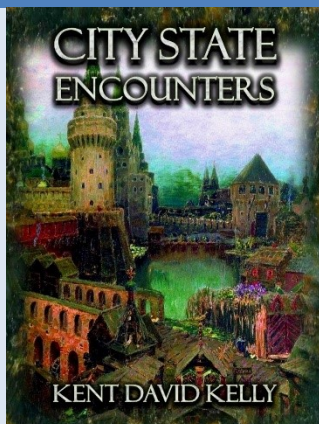
*(Various other books are out of print, being reworked, stuck in a closet half-completed, or stuck inside my head ...)*



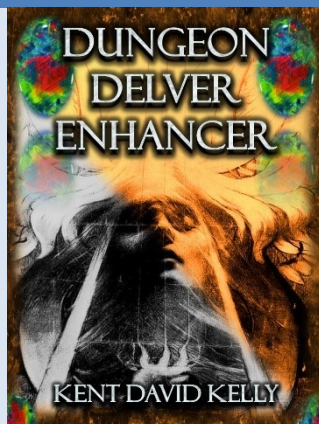
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K

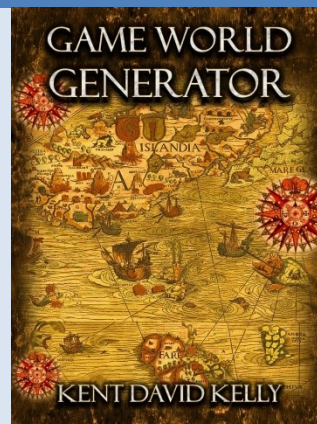
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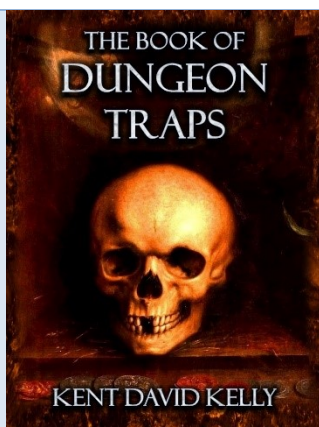
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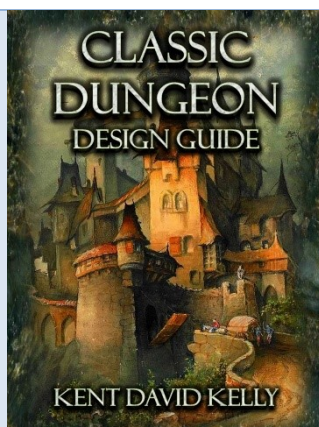
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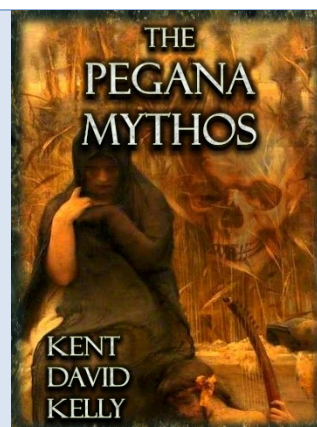
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[The Book of Dungeon Traps](#)



[CDDG1](#)  
[The Classic Dungeon Design Guide](#)



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OSR



# BEFORE CTHULHU AND R'LYEH ...

Behold the Pegana Mythos ... the dark and wondrous dream creation of Lord Dunsany, and the core inspiration for both H. P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos and the Dreamlands. Herein you will find hundreds of enticing glimpses of the peerless gods, entities, monsters, magic items, treasures, heroes, prophets, arch-villains, rituals, secrets and locales of lost Pegana. A full chapter dealing with Pegana's place in the wider World of Oldskull is provided to you as well.

W O N D E R L A N D  
I M P R I N T S