

Book of Scarlet Abomination

A Demonic Patron of wrath and whimsy



COMPATIBLE WITH
**DCC
RPG**

NOT SUITABLE FOR ALL AUDIENCES

PARENTAL ADVISORY

This book contains of mature themes and subject matter that may be unsuitable for some audiences. Parents are urged to look over the material before releasing this book or its contents to children.



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Introduction and friendly warning

Over the last few years Tamarah has slowly insinuated her way into becoming top demon in my various DCC games and a few other places besides.

Perhaps more accurately, “Top Evil Thing we PCs have any chance of actually negotiating with.” Because she’s very keen on “helping” mortals out. She’s very social for a multi-millennial demonic creature. Great parties. *Avoid the punch bowl.*



A politely worded reader's advisory - This book makes use of mature themes and situations, including demons, demonology, curses, possession, and lots and lots of body horror, going considerably further afield than demons normally do in DCC. Judges are strongly urged to consider the impact and appropriateness of this material (discuss it with your players first ya'll!) before including it in their games, especially those tables where younger children play.
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The quotes in this book are from the Book of Revelation (17:4) and True and Faithful Relation of What Passed for Many Years Between Dr. John Dee and Some Spirits (John Dee). And the Horned Queen of course, thank you dread majesty for allowing this work to come to fruition.

Apologies, credit, and respect to Bill Hicks and Gil Scott-Heron
Amateur artists imitate, Demons Steal.

Book of Scarlet Abomination

Scribbles and Design

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2019 Dreaming Gynoid Studio

Book of Scarlet Abomination: Tamarah Pandoramicum

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This product is compatible with the Dungeon Crawl Classics Role Playing Game.

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"And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH."

Scarlet Tamarah, Crimson Tamarah, Beautiful Tamarah

Bows to no man

No God

No demon

No thing that flies, or crawls, or walks, or slithers, or hops, or buzzes

No being of the air, the land, or the sea

Shall have dominion over me.

I am Tamarah

And I am Free.

The half demon child who freed herself from the slave pits by reaching inside herself and calling upon demon magic.

She is herself and that is enough.

Tamarah is Free.

Wrath & Whimsy – Tamarah Pandoramicum

*““I see your shame, it burns like a halo.”
No nonononono shhhhhhhhhh it’s okay. It’s going to be okay.”*

Tamarah offers freedom. **FREEDOM** in disturbing and inhuman ways. The Enlightened Beast will liberate you from your fears, hang-ups, your weaknesses ...and eventually, your morals, your ethics, and any kind of self-control at all.

Tamarah already knows your secrets. All of them. The deepest darkest ones especially. They sing to her like the bouquet of fine wine or the violence in your blood. Part of her demoniac heritage? Probably. None of this speaks to the major point however which is that

Tamarah wants to help.

She comes to you in your Worst moments. The ones no one ever knows about, when you are at your least restrained. When you finally hit bottom....she is there, waiting, and reaching out a friendly hand.

Oh she’ll help you alright. Tamarah wants to help you do what you need but also what you can’t seem to do for yourself. When you are weakest, she is strongest. She is there, offering you...options. She never forces, and she does not quite take advantage. It has to be your decision. Is your family holding you back? She can help with that. She can help with those feelings of remorse afterward. Ambitious? She’ll feed that, too

Take my hand she says, and I will lead you through the red ruin with yourself intact

Tamarah is the blood queen, ‘the muse of vengeance’ – she slakes her demoniac thirst for vengeance vicariously through aiding mortals. If you have been wronged, she will aid you, help you find the ones who did the thing and she will aid your bloody satisfaction. Among the bodies and the consequences, she’ll help you find your passion. In so doing, she exacerbates the situation with increasing chaos, mayhem, and violence. The cycle continues.....and the great enabler is amused again. Tamarah’s gifts, while *quite* potent will almost certainly destroy the invoker (and especially those around them) sooner or later. She takes almost anyone who calls upon her though precious few are shown true favor.

Those who claim her as their patron are expected to act as the Queen’s agents, acting both in her general and specific interests, as they exist in the campaign world. Followers can expect to be kept constantly busy with all manner of strange quests (Tamarah likes to get the most use of those she aids), some inconsequential, some dire. Petitioners to the Red Queen must endure a week long ceremony involving at least six other (willing) participants and 500 gp minimum in special ingredients (rarefied and of course the right drugs); a high ritual debauch is called for, during which the caster may not sleep.

Half a demon and half, it seems, imaginary (her father is alleged to have been not a mortal man, but a fictional character somehow given life who found his ultimate pleasure and demise in the den of Tamarah's succubus mother) – she acts alternately as daemon or muse as the mood and circumstance strike her. She inspires but what she inspires is bloody, bestial, savage, and absolutely without restraint.

She ultimately deals with all beings as individuals first, whatever their other affiliations or attributes might be. This has earned her a dual reputation amongst the knowledgeable in demon lore; both the demon most likely to negotiate with you as well as being among the softest of demons. In truth, she is herself and serves naught but her own drives and whims, suborned – at times – by her will.

Follow me, for I lead good hearts astray.

Invoke Tamarah the Red, the Horned Queen, Blood Mother of Abominations,

Level 1 Range: Self

Duration: Variable

Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Magicks involve illusion, transformation, (mind) control, and of course great amounts of violent destruction.

Manifestation 1. A scarlet and purple halo surrounds the caster glowing from within 2.

Thunderous red and black storm clouds erupt over the caster 3. A bright crimson beam streaks down/up/across from beyond, striking the caster's head. 4. Caster's eyes take on a soft red glow.

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

Misfire N/A

1	Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 3- Corruption + Patron Taint, 4-5 Corruption, 6+ Patron Taint
2-11	Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-13	The caster looks into the eyes of a single target, who will be drawn into the red and black spiral pattern within the invoker's eyes. On a failed will save, the target will find themselves weak against further Tamarine magics, saving at an additional -4 for 1d6 further rounds.
14-17	Tamarah is persuaded to loaning a tiny fraction of her vast will to her disciple, allowing a recovery of 1d6 hp, and 1d4 stat loss (not affecting losses via spellburn). Additionally, the invoker's appearance is freshened up and they no longer whiff of "adventurer stank," allowing the recovery of up to 3 points of Personality spent.
18-19	Mildly disturbed, the Crimson Mother of Abominations rains down red and black fire on your enemies. 1d5 eldritch bolts of demonic origin appear from a random direction firing at the caster's enemies, randomly determined, though the Judge should be aware that anyone the caster is even mildly irritated at can be included in this, if you're feeling saucy. Each inflicts 2d4 hp, 1d2 Sta, and 1d3 Pers damage, striking with a +2 to hit. (save for half damage)
20-23	As it pleases Tamarah to cross worlds and mix their contents freely, the Red Queen can oft be easily persuaded to transport the caster and possibly others to another location far distant. However, there are some restrictions. Where you go is not necessarily up to you.she takes you where she needs you to go. If there is a goal you can accomplish for her in the place you wish to go she likely will accede to the request. However, after having been so transported, at some point before leaving that place, the task to which Tamarah has/will set for the caster must be seen to. There is always a chance however when this is invoked that those transported will be dealt with in a manner befitting the Horned Queen. She has been known to remove individuals from parties being transported who have offended her, or to divide parties when there are members thwarting her servitor's (Tamarah directed) aims. Any target resisting must pass a Will save equal to the spell check result to resist – however those who make the save may find themselves, conceptually, anywhere. It is common for Tamarah to send individuals or casters on tasks on other planets, higher planes, or even the future, so long as it advances her agenda - which can be as simple as filling a whim.
24-27	Tamarah's Unbinding hails back to when to end a conflict, she unleashed a host of dawn time primordial horrors on the multiverse in order that it suit her purposes and will. By 'Unleashing the Bidden' the would-be unleasher asks Tamarah herself to unlock any lock, release any barrier, or free any prisoner. When used to oppose spells (including possession or other supernatural coercion), enchanted items, and extremely sophisticated locks or barriers the effect is automatic, provided the spell check result overcomes the relevant DC.
28-29	As above, however, now the invoker replicates the Unburdening – that ability of Tamarah's to get whatever she needs out of you. Unless the target succeeds a Will save (DC is the spell check result of course) they will be compelled to tell the caster their secrets; what they want, what they really want, their innermost desires, and the full panoply of their secret

inner life, all are available to the caster provided they ask the right questions. Invoker must be clear and understood by the target but without a successful will save the target will *want* to volunteer this information; a caster unskilled in the use of this ability may find themselves confronted by one who blurts out their innermost secret desires if presented with an ambiguously worded question or request. Questions of a highly personal nature will only reveal truths, even when the target themselves not aware of the nature of such. (Asking a clone – *are you a clone?* Will net a positive result even if the target was not consciously aware of such.) Such questions must be personal in nature, though only truths may be spoken – the target's self-awareness of such is not required. When used offensively to bring a repressed or unwanted truth to the surface, the target will be greatly demoralized, suffering temporary ability loss to Pers and possibly a shift in temperament or personality as well.

30- The invoker channels the Voice of the Demon Queen –four blood serpents explode from the caster's mouth- each tipped with a razor sharp black scab-hook within. Voice of the Demon Queen Attack+8 (blood hooks 1d4 Pers, Sta, and 2d4 hp damage) Action dice 4d20 (one per serpent); during the attack the Horned Queen herself mocks and humiliates the target (and sometimes the caster) in sibilant whispers only those affected by the spell can hear or perceive. Each attack will disfigure the target; - damage to Pers and Sta is permanent unless somehow magically healed as it literally involves the blood-tentacles ripping chunks off of the target's face and then...consuming it.

Which does mean that the caster engages in sorcerous cannibalism or a near crime.....**So What?** Tamarah wonders

32+ The Horned Queen allows you to partially manifest her Blood Red Sword; *Terminus Veshantae* – the Blood Red Dividing Blade, a coruscating shard of burning blood that is a single molecule thick.

The blade inflicts 1d8+CL base damage, plus has the bleeding, wounding, and painful qualities.

However, the Red Queen loves a good fight. If you sheath or dismiss this weapon without committing violence you incur a lesser corruption immediately. If you surrender or are brought low before your enemies, then immediately, you incur a major corruption immediately unless you wish to face an avatar of the Red Queen or face a four armed, dragon winged arcane demon mother manifests hungry for your blood, your bodies, your dreams, and your souls. Yours first. Then theirs.

Regardless, there is a 13% base chance +1% /caster level +2% personality bonus that the Red Queen will manifest long enough to seize the caster in a taloned hand and return with them to her Doom on completion of this invoke effect.

*“I give myself to Tamarah
I am her spawn
Her falling star
I am both profane and delight.”*

Patron Taints for the Red Queen

Patron Taint 1 Mutation • Mighty transformative abyssal energies overwhelm the caster, twisted as though intentionally by Tamarah herself, bringing pain, disorientationand mutation! Over a period of 1d5 hours, the character will develop a variety (1d3) of new or replacement features –

Features of (roll 1d14) • 1. Lion, 2. Scorpion, 3. Mantis, 4. Bat, 5. Horse, 6. Snake, 7. Tiger, 8. Wasp, 9. Dragon, 10. Cow, 11. Human, 12. Orc, 13. Elf, 14. Undead.

Features obtained initially replace any lost organs and proceed by applying the most obvious feature of the determined animal or beast (a lion's mane, a scorpion's tail or pincers, a cow's horns, etc.). While the mutant organs are still growing they are useless, instead only bubbling heaps of agonized flesh. Each time this result is obtained, more such features appear, the second time numbering 1d5, the third time, 1d7, and so on. Likely the sorcerer will soon resemble some sort of snake woman, bone cat, tiger man, horse demon, bat nymph, or the like. The Judge is encouraged to elaborate on these results, perhaps with the demonic and undead customizing tables in DCC pp. 381-383. Under no other circumstances do these mutations confer magical abilities. Results of Dragon or Undead confer the body's ability to survive and continue on with that transformation but do not confer fire breathing, spell use, energy drain, or the like.

Patron Taint 2 Demonic Ego assimilation - Contact with the Red One has overwhelmed your sense of self; you draw some of the Pandoramicum stuff to you and it suffuses your body, your mind, and your soul. The invoker immediately craves raw meat and is periodically filled with "unwholesome carnal desires" (flesh of their own kind, other species, higher or lower forms of life, etc.) . (2 in 7 chance for these desires to become permanent.)

The second time this taint is acquired, the Character's metabolism warps; regardless of species, sex, or gender, the invoker's breasts swell and grow. The character will develop additional hips over the next month. The padding is likely permanent, as are the pointed incisors (doing 1d2 at most unless sharpened) and antennae which will painfully sprout over the same time. The character may find themselves regularly vomit or otherwise expelling a noxious red mist that fades immediately on the material plane. Wasps, bees, ants, bats, mantids, or other appropriate beasts from an orifice.

If this taint is acquired a third time, the vessel invoker assumes the very image of Tamarah herself; Pointed incisors now become fangs (doing a minimum of 1d4 damage) and the character grows horns (Roll 1d4 1. Ram's 2. Goat's 3. Cow 4. Small devil horns) over a period no longer than three weeks. If the tainted one has horns from corruption or other effect, this will create a second pair - Tamarah isn't fond of sharing her badges of station. After a full lunar month, a tail will erupt from the invoker's coccyx. (1d4 1. Prehensile spaded demon tail 2. Wolf 3. Big cat 4. Goat)

Finally, the invoker will slowly develop small, non-functional, but red leathery bat-like wings over the next six months should they survive that long.

Each time this result is determined, the invoker will suffer ability loss, losing d3 attribute points off of (in order) Luck, Str, Agil, Int, Sta, and finally Pers from a slow leeching of life force and soul energy.

Patron Taint 3 You are the Gate • Congratulations Invoker, the Red Queen likes you *so much* that she is going to directly share some of her demonic nature with you, permanently.

The caster becomes a flesh and blood extension of the Horned Queen herself, in particular her aspect as Mother of Monsters. The invoker Vomits, perspires, or rapidly births swarms of bees, wasps, ants, mantids, or bats. Said swarms are persistent (though made of chaos stuff); they will linger in a radius of the character until dispersed by the normal flow of events. Smaller creatures thus spawned (bugs and very small reptiles especially) will colonize / nest within the character's clothes and/or gear unless provided with an apiary or appropriate habitat. Larger creatures (bats, often milk or vampire bats) will develop a persistent nomadic (probably nocturnal) feeding routine which will include leaving 1d3 small kills a night at the PC's attention unless hunting is especially sparse.

Over time such birthed demon-things will wreak havoc over the local ecology, especially (Judge's option) if they are interfertile with local life.

If this taint is received a second time then regardless of sex, gender, or species, the invoker takes on more of Tamarah's 'maternal nature' - now becoming one of her living host mothers. For the next 2d16 weeks the invoker detects as demonic and may be discerned as possessed, while otherwise enjoying a +1 bonus to all invoke checks for this patron. At the end of this lengthy period (2d16 weeks) the resulting semi demonic thing will be brought into the world.

Roll a d5 to determine what is produced;

1. A Beastman 2. A tamlyng 3. Lurching Woman 4. Randomly determined demon from DCC core pp. 404.

This result can happen more than once. Each time this patron taint reoccurs, the sorcerer may add one to their spell checks for all invoke patron and patron spell effects related to the Horned Queen as the sympathetic link grows stronger. This bonus is permanent while the invoker lives.

Patron taint 4 - Demonic insight into the nature of man – A colorful show of scarlet and black demon energy overwhelms the caster's etheric body, penetrating their very mind and soul with Tamarah's potent, fecund demonic essence.

Afterward, to all appearances the caster shrugs off the effect but in fact their subconscious mind has directed the energies to deeper places in itself. Over the next d3 weeks the character will be plagued by extraordinarily vivid and alternately erotic / terrifying lucid dream-nightmares where a variety of the baser demonkin of the Queen's court indulge themselves on the character, possibly at their expense but certainly at their great embarrassment. Depending on the character this could be titillating or traumatizing; however at the end of the time, the character will have gained uncanny insight into their own self and the nature of man (or so they will think). +1 Personality (max. 18) and possibly a gateway into learning dream and/or demonic magic if either is desired. Repeatedly experiencing this taint however has the opposite effect; on a second instance, the additional Personality point is lost. Every subsequent recurrence of this result penalizes the character two points of Personality loss, permanently, as the demons gradually wear the character's will and soul down to nothing.

Patron Taint 5 Overwhelmed with the Red In a colossal blowback of scarlet demon energies, the caster's body is overwhelmed by potent, fecund demonic essences.

Immediately they feel an intense and rising internal pressure and the urge to expel it, possibly violently, all at once. Character is suffused with a soft but intense glow as their tissues expand to contain an infusion of additional liquids. Now bloated and puffy, the interaction of demonic and phlogiston forces have temporarily transmuted all of your

bodily fluids into life giving ambrosial milk. Which is fine as you will be retaining water like this until you can expel the 2d12 extra pounds of “water weight” that will (if somehow separated out) comprise the storable/usable amount of the stuff. It is a potent brew; a single ladleful will provide the character with life-sustaining nutrients sufficient for a day of hard journeying, an immediate benefit of 1d6 “extra” hit points (that last until injury though they do not regenerate) as well as healing 2d6 hp to the injured. 2 such ladles can banish any disease or illness. BUT unless somehow extracted through magical or violent means, the character will have to slowly ... discharge the fluid over a period of d5 weeks (faster if allowed to bleed a lot) If killed while so suffused, certain blood rich organs (kidneys, heart, brain) could if consumed soon after demise even allow for regeneration of limbs or restoration of youth, though the deceased will obviously not be able to benefit in this manner. The character may thus become.....very popular and sought after by sorcerous cannibals, ghouls, vampires, wraiths, and others that feed upon life energy.

Patron taint 6 Beckon the Call Either the invoker has genuinely pleased the Horned Queen or quite irritated her in a most personal way. Either way, immediately a detachment of her knights (1d4+CL) comes to bear the caster, kicking and screaming if necessary, to be taken IMMEDIATELY to the Queen’s Doomcourt.

The character is functionally dragged off to the Scarlet Hell; despite this the character may (ref’s option) survive the experience. You may wind up becoming some kind of named demon or actual element of her demonic court...or she may hollow you out and wear you like clothing when it suits her. Possibly both.

IF the invoking character is in especially good graces with their patron, they will undergo a psychedelic experience in which they are actually consumed (physically eaten) by a proportionately enormous abyssal avatar of Tamarah. Over a period of time the invoker’s body and soul are digested and *eventually* reconstituted. Should the character return to play, the player must re-roll all 6 ability scores, and in all likelihood resembles their previous self not at all physically and perhaps mentally as well. Theoretically any transformation (into a newly created character entirely, another class, another set of spells or different mercurial effects, etc.) can be justified thus if the player (and the Judge) are in favor. Any invoker who somehow receives this Taint result a second time is violently sucked into a red and black abyssal vortex, never to be seen again. They do not return. No one escapes.

Spellburn for Tamarah

1. “Hers is the chaos that rots civilization from within.” Debasement; Character must spend the round debasing themselves, uttering their secret filthy urges aloud and gaining power; debasing yourself in the name of your goals also goes a long way with her...the more witnesses the better (you must prove you MEAN it after all); lots of personality spell burn and potential NPC complications from The Awkward.
2. The Red Queen is irritated with you; you suffer a blinding headache suffering 1d4 points of hp damage in addition to -1d2 to Int and Sta of spellburn as the pulsating demonic migraine works its way through you.
3. The Red One enjoys spell burn most when it's given not from self but from those close to you that you care for. The spell burn of betrayal-murder is especially her meat and drink. Do this to one who has offended you and she will Show You Her Favor, doubling the results of any spellburned attributes. This can be as ‘simple’ as Tamarah inspiring the invoker to break the



“Quit fighting it child.

Be chaos.

Elusive.

Fire.”

Tamarah Pandoramicum



little finger of a loved one.

4. Self-depreciation will also earn her favor; piercings to self - done haphazardly in the heat of the moment, especially in certain private and sensitive places. Carving the name of your enemy into your own flesh, cutting demonic glyphs into your skin in invocation of the Red Queen, etc.
5. “Red” Character chants the names of those who have wronged them, plucking at their old scars and remembering past pain to give strength to the Present
6. A minor servant of Tamarah arrives and rudely demand-inquires "*What in damnation do you want?*", before immediately dismissing the invoker's needs as pathetic & unimportant. As it departs, the creature 'ups the ante' a bit – requiring The sorcerer to burn twice as much spellburn for the same benefit (2 for 1).

So you're trying to summon Tamarah

An alternative Manifestation table for Tamarah's Patron Bond ritual or any other Tamarine invocation really.

1. The landscape around the caster warps into a face - mouth and eyes at least - and threatens to eat the caster if the caster's needs don't amuse it.
2. The invoker gags and vomits blood, gallons and gallons of it; after many minutes, the blood forms into a pleasing womanly shape and speaks in sibilant whispers.
3. A glowing stylus, dripping blood, writes in the air - with an accompanying chorus of screams - and offers the caster a further pact for whatever they need, demanding something truly capricious in return



Tamarine spells some of the oldest legends about Tamarah claim that her sometimes contradictory nature arises from being the product of not a mortal but a fey coupling with the demonic children of Lilith. Owing perhaps to this unusual heritage, many of her granted abilities greatly resemble an infection or disease - stains that reveal the inner nature of the caster and help to bring it forth. Her power is consumptive and contagious. *From within she devours.*

Tamarah grants up to three spells to her disciples

Roaring Rampage of Revenge (1)

Dead Skin Mask (2)

Calling upon the Scarlet Chaos from the Queen's Doom (3)

Roaring Rampage of Revenge

Level 1

Range: varies

Duration: Variable (see below)

Casting time: 1d7 days

Save: Spell check DC

General: The caster invokes Tamarah's oldest aspect as mother of vengeance by making many sacrifices and raising much energy over the course of several days and nights, possibly as long as a week while promising and pledging the souls of all those slain on the following quest to Tamarah herself. . At the end of the casting time, the invoker swears to the destruction of their enemies and the fulfillment of their vengeance. Each day requires 1d6 spellburn and the burning or consumption of particular rare & exotic ingredients valued at 100 gp /day if available at all (minimum).

Manifestation: A formalized passion play styled debauch in which the invoker stirs themselves or the target to an increasingly frenzied state, carving the intent and need for vengeance into elaborate poetry runes upon themselves and at least one other per day, swearing oaths, and pledging the souls of the targets to the Horned Queen. At the end of the casting the invoker must succeed at a will save or take a mandatory roll on the Chalice Goat table (p. 38). If successful the invoker must save again at the completion of the spell but now with +10 added to the roll. If both saves are successful the caster gains a minor corruption.

1	Lost, failure, and patron taint!
2-11	Failure mortal. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-13	Your intent becomes reality. Your next attack against a designated opponent automatically hits for normal damage and allows a vengeful riposte immediately thereafter where you attack normally, striking at +2 to hit, and inflicting an additional 1d3 damage.
14-17	The caster's mouth is filled with the taste of copper and the smell of anger - everything becomes clearer, louder, angrier, and more destructive. Your next three attacks at a single designated opponent strike at +3 and inflict an additional 1d6 hp damage. In addition, any normally obtained critical hit strikes at +4
18-19	The Red overwhelms you with a screaming fury – inspiring you to leap into the fray yourself screaming bloody murder literally tearing your enemies apart with your bare hands. For the next 1d4 rounds, giving into this urge will result in such an attack inflicting 3d6 (modified by strength and CL); continuing to use a weapon will result in a somewhat lesser effect, inflicting an additional 1d8 to damage rolled.
20- 23	Escalation - This spell calls down Tamarah's propensity to amplify a situation towards violence; Affecting a radius from the caster 5'/level + Pers mod, everyone in the affected area now expands their critical threshold by one, and their action die improves by a step for the duration. EVERYONE, friend and foe. Spellburn is twice as effective, (though for any foes s it will also be twice as costly) and all Rolling the Body results are made at (modifier) -2.
24-27	Tamarah sends you a sliver of demonic violence, a fraction of her rage. For the next CL rounds you are +4 to Str, Sta, +2 AC and you do an additional 1d8 points of damage per melee attack (even unarmed) from sheer ferocious savagery. Additionally, your next strike at a designated opponent strikes at +3, and on the next successful strike, inflicts an additional 1d8 damage. Finally, if you achieve a critical hit you may select the result from those available on the table. (A result outside the range that could conceivably be obtained by rolling for it is prohibited however.)
28-29	Red Queen Aid my Vengeance – by invoking the enlightened beast, a declared target is called out. Immediately this triggers a fear reaction (DC spell check) in the designated target and all of their followers, employees, and minions, excepting those the caster cannot see. Those affected are reduced one die step for the duration of the effect (1d4+CL rounds) on all actions related to opposing the caster. 0 levels caught in this effect are essentially frozen with

fear and unable to move unless they are the designated target. Your next successful strike against the designated opponent automatically critical, and does so at +2.
Take a minor corruption when the spell effect ends.

30-31 Red Queen Bloody Queen grand me vengeance - As 28-29 above, however, One enemy, designated by the caster, must succeed on an additional Will save; failure means their face (or other visible exposed body part) boils and melts off, inflicting an immediate 2d12 points of damage and 1d4 ability damage to Pers, Agil, and Sta (player determines which)

32+ Caster is engulfed in scarlet, crimson and purple flames which wreathes them, their weapons, and up to three companions (however defined) inflicting 2d6 on all others entering melee range; further, on a designated single target, these flames will inflict 6d6 damage as the flames seem to melt away the target in most horrific fashion. Otherwise as above. Those killed by this infamously leave “naught but a sticky red and orange puddle of semi-solid gelatinous goo and a small scatter of rotten bone fragments” with no chance of rolling the body (at least not on this plane; the possibility of recovering the body in one of the Queen’s realms may exist per Judge)

In addition, the touch of the caster or their weapon/implement upon the victim will result in the gain of a lesser corruption, taking the form of any crimes (secret or known) erupting forth spontaneously within their flesh; these are permanent. The caster themselves will sustain a minor corruption immediately.

Dead Skin Mask

Level: 2

range: touch (face)

Duration: varies

Casting time: 1 melee round

Save Fort v. spell check DC

General Allows the caster to quite literally remove the target's face and wear it as a disguise for a time; at advanced levels the subject's mind and soul endure further torment and are eventually devoured.

Manifestation 1. Caster reaches into face and seems to put fingers into the target's eyes, removing the solid mask-like face with a momentary X ray effect. 2. The caster brutally peels the target's face like a ripe orange, from chin up and over; target is screaming 3. A purple and red spell blur overcomes the faces of both caster and target, distorting their voices for a round 4. The caster's face seems to rotate like that of a statue, possibly changing through many faces before settling on the one in use.

1	Lost, failure, and patron taint!
2-11	Failure
12-13	Failure, however the spell is not lost.
14-15	Death of Names – the caster momentarily causes the universe to briefly 'forget' their own existence; For CL rounds the caster exists in a quasi-real state, allowing minor magic resistance and greater stealth.
16-19	The face is only "mystically" stolen and is an illusion over the caster's face for six rounds, but remains persistent for up to CL rounds longer with concentration.
20-21	For the next d6 minutes a faint but potent glamour is created; the face will appear to be that of that stolen, and their garb will assume a 'generally similar demeanor" though the latter will *not* stand up to the kind of investigation or scrutiny that the face does. Further, the illusion is sufficient that the caster may conceal (to their full encumbrance) all manner of equipment and gear, seemingly drawing from nowhere or places unlikely (anime moment) when equipped. Tamarah's devotees have been known to use this deliberately to startling, erotic, or terrifying effect. (Sometimes all at once.) If the source of the stolen face still lives, that person may be tracked, in a general way ("north of here", "the city of Wayhaven," "the north face of Mount Voorminathuslstrix" etc.) once a day, at evening.
22-25	The caster now no longer wears an illusion; the target's face is physically worn and their identity assumed. (Assuming also the target is deceased. If not, target takes 2d6 plus and additional (and permanent) -2d4 spread across Pers. Sta. and Agile as they no longer have the use of their own face. Further should the source of the stolen face still live, the caster can know, instantly, where the face 'donor' is located in a general way as above. For the next hour the wearer is indistinguishable from the target in physical appearance and will seem generally similar in appearance (as 18-19 above) though this will pass somewhat further inspection, the apparent clothes are still only a glamour, as above.
26-29	As above however For the next d12 hours also the caster now speaks clearly in the voice of the face worn, though limited to languages known to the caster. Further such idiosyncrasies as gait, walk, sexual prowess, etc. may now be sufficiently emulated to pass with casual but intimate inspection. Should the face donor somehow still live, the caster knows where they are at all times in a fairly specific way. ("70km from here, on the south edge of a swamp," "the Swascombe district, north eastern corner of Wayhaven city," 200 m away from the Table Rock, the high north face of Mount Voorminathuslstrix, directly under the Peak")
30-31	the caster permanently removes the facial skin of the target on a failed save, inflicting 2d6+Caster level hp damage in doing so. Further, the injury is permanent until healed or restored (most likely by magic), treat the victim as though their Personality score were 4 lower.

However, the caster now has a permanent disguise, in effect a one of a kind magic item has been created that has “copied” the target’s essential identity and characteristics; the face may be removed or worn at will by the caster and the caster alone (anyone else will find it to be...a dead skin mask). When worn, the caster has an effective identical appearance, voice and speech mannerisms to the victim,

Should the face donor somehow still live, the caster may at any time transport themselves to their side, so long as the mask is worn.

Note that someone (a PC perhaps) somehow killing the still living face-donor while such a caster is ‘mid-trip’ might (caster saves at spell check dc with fortitude) kill (50%) the caster or trap them in some hellish non-space between worlds or such (50% of the time and have a new nemesis)

32-33 The caster perfectly removes the victim’s face, who die unless the will save is successful. The last glance in each eye is captured successfully, allowing the caster general access to the deceased’s memories and life experiences for the duration of the soul’s residence in nightmare; the consciousness and perhaps soul of the deceased does not go to its reward or punishment (or whatever) – instead it is, for up to one night + 1/CL trapped in a nightmare realm entirely of the caster’s own design, during which time theoretically anything may happen to that increasingly fractured consciousness before it too fades. At that time the ability to recall accurate information fades, and the mask will begin to suffer the normal effects of time and rot, most especially when not worn.

34+ As above save that the caster while wearing the mask may control the effect to reveal as much, or as little, of their own identity at any time while wearing the mask, even to the point of making the mask somewhat hidden (though it would be located somewhere around the face and or neck)

Further, for a period of weeks equal to the CL, they may assume the identity of the deceased to the point of using the deceased’s character sheet or stat block. HOWEVER, once that identity sustain its own max. Hp loss (a second time) the face mask is torn and it may no longer be used. Any other effects end immediately. But during that time they may assume the deceased’s identity to the degree that one playing them in a role playing game would assume in terms of agency and awareness of their own capabilities.

Judge’s note: During this time, the soul (if any) of the deceased does not go on to heaven, or neo-Valhalla, or the Shades, or wherever it is that dead souls go in your campaign. Instead, those on the etheric plane might see what appears to be one soul literally wearing another as clothing. By the time this spell effect finally expires, the soul has been worn down sufficiently that what is left is a wisp that goes to the Red queen as ‘thanks’ for the use of her power.

*Do as you like
Subvert Law
Seek Wonder
Destroy your enemies
Take what you want
Revel in your power
Anything is possible
Be Free.*

Calling the Scarlet Chaos from the Queen's Doom

Level 3

Range: Conversational (Self to 60")

Duration: Variable

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC or None

General: Caster is calling the essence of the Queen's Doom, bringing Tamarah's plane into limited but direct contact with the world. Dangerous.

Manifestation: 1. Caster reaches a single perfect pitch note and the air shimmers and warbles before disgorging its fell contents. 2. The character's features become flush with colour – depending this could be as simple as a blush to a temporary reddening of the skin, hair, and eyes though taking on an actual foreign hue with increasing success 3. The invoker ritually – and literally – cuts a jagged hole in any surface, or in the air and the spell effect pours out like a bloody wound.

1	Lost, failure, and Patron taint!
2-11	Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-15	Revealing Swarm – Summons (at pressure) a small jet of scurrying weird mutant living creatures from one of the planes of the Queen's Doom; they immediately clear away debris, reveal secret doors or concealed things, and will locate any one thing desired by the caster, if so instructed. Adds ten to relevant perception tests. Lasts no more than 60 seconds. Otherwise, the Red Queen is too busy for the likes of you. For the next d5 rounds, natural creatures (mundane animals) will be (roll a d6; even = drawn to you odd = frightened by something out of race instinct and display threat behavior. They will attack if the character approaches but will otherwise avoid. However for the duration you will save v. fear and fear effects/attacks at +2.
14-15	Grasping arms of the Hungry Pit - opens an small irregular channel allowing abyssal energies into the world – Tamarah hears your pleas for aid and lends several arms; 1d4+1 extremities; a combination of arms, tentacles, and less recognizable grasping appendages erupting out of any near drain, pit, hole, or similar defect from abyssal space; they will set about attacking (at +4) and immobilizing/entangling (spellcheck DC Ref to avoid or escape, check once/round) up to four of the caster's enemies for the next CL+1 rounds.
16-17	21 Tamarah reminds her followers that, in the end, there is no problem that cannot be overcome by consumption; q.v. by <i>eating</i> the problem itself The caster's jaw visibly distorts and distends, and the whole of their face seems to take on a monstrous yet painful aspect. The caster's mouth has now become a form of gate, a Hell gullet to the Queen's Doom. Anything that is slain and so devoured by this mouth has its soul sucked out and devoured by the Red Queen. Each round the Hell gullet can chomp down on a target with mighty force, this is a bite attack that strikes at +3 and inflicts 2d16+STR+CL with each sharp tearing bite.
18-21	Invocation of the Hungry Pit - opens an irregular but *generally* circular hole in a surface within 1d3x8" of the caster; to all appearances a pit but anything thrown in will be as though thrown into the jaws of a great multiplanar beast (as 20-21 above). After d3 rounds, from this terrible obscene mouth rises the 'Pillar of the Consumed', a great proboscis-like tongue. The Consumed - A semi digested mass of bodies and souls of Tamarah's (former) enemies - kept a semi molten composite of shifting desperate arms, hands and mouths, reaching and shifting, and takes its existential rage on anything within its 16" reach burning with pain and cold. It strikes with 1d24 action die inflicting 2d6 hp damage and 1d4 stamina drain with a successful strike. When the duration expires there is a 1 in 20 chance that the Pit once summoned, will wander off, a permanent portal to somewhere in the Red Queendoom.

22-23 Reaching into the Spawning Pits - opens a portal to the least plane of the Red Queendoom, where her countless thousands of abandoned children writhe in scented darkness.

This momentary portal exists to allow 1d6 tamlyngs (p.56) to flee into the world of the caster, appearing at the end of the round. They will be compelled to fight the focus of the invoker's ire for 1d3 rounds before they are distracted by something shiny like their freedom.

24-26 31 A vast and spectacular demonic blood rose appears anywhere in the caster's immediate line of sight, erupting from the ground or another surface, immediately opening, unfurling it's pollenating tendrils to puff orange smoke in a 20; radius/caster level centered on the flower. Everything inside that is living will suffer a loss of 1d6 Pers and become very susceptible to suggestion -1 to will saves but this susceptibility is triple strength with regard to the caster who are especially weak wiled toward them and save at minus 3; further for 1d6 minutes those affected will not be disposed toward violence toward the caster at all unless provoked. 1d3 rounds after it manifests, the rose will disgorge one of the following.

a) Swarm of bats, b) 1d3 killer bees, c) a pair of Red Wasps, d) A tangle of two headed snakes

27-31 Tamarah cannot be bothered with your petty nonsense...but as she values you for some inexplicable reason of her own, she sends you **Starbow**. Starbow (pp. 50-51) can ferry passengers literally anywhere in the omniverse, in as much or as little time as she wishes.

Starbow can, per her half-demonic nature, move through the phenomenal universe at the speed of light, to the benefit (and terror!) of those astride her. Starbow is immune to attacks from light, attempts to bend time or space, and suffers no ill effects from either radiation or cosmic energy. Note that the steed may deposit the invoker anywhere that it's whim, and the whims of its mistress, regardless of any stated or given request. The creature has many other capabilities but likely the caster will not be able to make use of them save as it pleases Tamarah.

32-33 It is said that Tamarah's laughter causes violence. Tamarah manifest through the invoker with the lilting high laughter of an amused demon. For the next 2d6+CL rounds, everything within hearing range is inspired to pick a target and go to town, striking at +4 to hit with their best weapon or most powerful attack. Further, threat range for all critical hits is doubled and all criticals occur at +6 on the roll for the duration. Finally, a single target chosen by the caster experiences the sudden growth of thorns of bone, rapidly growing within the target's chest and lungs, inflicting 1d4 hp damage initially; for each subsequent round, the target takes 1d6 damage and is depleted a point each of Agility and Stamina as their breathing becomes a bloody mess.

34-35 The sky above shimmers and seemingly turns to liquid as you bring a small fraction of her plane to yours. For 5d12 rounds, the luminescent churning multispectral liquid sky from several of the planes of the Red Queen's Doom pours forth into the skies above, polluting the natural world with its foul essence and overwhelming possibilities.

2 in 5 Chance of (d5) 1. Hot hail 2. Black lightning 3. Ghost winds 4. Rain of hot multicolored mud balls, covering the landscape in the aftermath of a Play-Doh fight 5. Phantom fog that will throw d3 illusions at each party member journeying through it

Meanwhile, the Horned Queen's Hunting Party (comprised of 1d8 Abyssspawn 1d6 vapour dogs and 1d12 hunger dogs and 2d6 tamlyngs) comes charging out of this chaotic miasma to kill or capture the invoker's enemies...and anyone else that gets in their way. The tamlyngs may however flee immediately.

36+ Having attracted a considerable degree of her attention, Tamarah momentarily sends a minor aspect of herself to possess the caster, lending a fraction of her power, influence, and sense of authority to the invoker who uses it to persuade, control, or influence those around them. The spell represents a tiny fraction of Tamarah's attention as it is loaned to her most especial followers for d5 (modified by Personality) hours.

For that duration, the caster gains / recovers 2d6 additional hit points, and recovers up to 1d4 spellburn or ability drain from Personality, Strength, or Intelligence (each). The caster is at +2 to hit, damage, and saving throws for the duration. Further, the shimmering, vertiginous aura nauseates all living creatures within a 5' radius of the caster that fail a will save, who suffer -1 to action die rolls for the duration and up to d3 rounds thereafter.

At this point, 0 levels have no choice but to obey the caster. The effect persists for d5 weeks plus 1 per caster level; Caster gains a minor corruption and during this time, paladins, witch hunters, lawful clerics, and others concerned for the world around them may come for the character. For the duration, any who attempt to defy the caster's wishes must succeed on a Will save, DC = to the Spell check result.

Further, 5d24 days after this invocation, Tamarah herself will visit the caster in dreams and offer them a sip of RED. She will appear in the guise of the Chalice Goat; the goat will kneel that one may drink of the cup (taking the form of a bowl shaped defect in its skull) and thus drink directly from her mind. Up to (level) may partake including the caster. Those who do will receive 1d4 points of floating attribute recovery (the caster receives 1d6+pers mod), heal 2d5+pers mod HP, and experience a moment of demonic 'enlightenment' which occurs at +30 on the roll. Results must be applied immediately. The invoker's alignment becomes chaotic and they detect as Demonic to spells and abilities that detect and affect such. They have for all intents and purposes fallen.

Finally, should the caster die during this spell's duration - the deceased invoker rises as an NPC after a number of nights determined by their action die; They rise at night with full hit points and geased to annihilate without delay those who slew them. The deceased is treated as undead for the duration and functionally indestructible until banished by high level magic, or it runs out of enemies on its list. At which point the vengeance seeker will be torn apart by red and crimson flames as their body and soul are reduced to howling madness and claimed by Tamarah herself, forever damned.



Portfolio – Tamarah the Red, Princess of Demons, Scarlet Queen of the Red Court
(Greater throne of the Abyss)

Demon Queen of Vengeance, Will, and Hunger

The cambion princess of scarlet and jet

Demonic patron of those who seek freedom, retribution, and sweet bloody satisfaction.

The Mother of Beasts who brings Exacerbation, Whimsy and Cruel Luck

Tamarah Pandoramicum, 'the Red Queen' Princess of Demons

the demon princess of vengeance, conquest, ambition is known in equal parts for her subtlety and her ferocity. Archfiend of Transmogrification.

Tales of the Red Queen are many, distorted across the multiverse, but certain facts hold true – of how a half mortal slave conceived in some nameless succubin lust pit broke her bonds (some say to the house of fallen Chornzon) and over centuries fought, schemed, and conquered her way across many worlds in a violent and bloody campaign of retribution and strife, seeing the death of all who had crossed her and those who once had power over her. This tumultuous period ultimately led to her elevating herself to the ranks of the demon lords, whom she wars on or allies with as the mood and need arise.

Tamarah is an extraordinarily old demon, many thousands – perhaps even tens of thousands – of years old. In her time her fortunes have risen, fallen, and risen again, each time in new shapes.

Once mortal, those oldest of demons sometimes will still refer to her, disparagingly, as the cambion princess, fit for naught better.

She rules a small, and this number shifts and varies as her fortunes and whims dictate, number of realms within, and altogether too close to, the Pandemonium. Each of these small realms make up her “Queen’s Doom” – her home realm proper is a tower/house of impossible size and configuration walled off from most of reality. There are direct entrances to her home from each of her realms, the ‘front door’ so to speak. However she maintains a direct and relatively accessible multidimensional conduit from the mortal plane directly to an area of her home dedicated to “entertaining” guests. Deliberately she maintains this link, and in her wanderings on the prime, of plants the seeds of the rumors that will lead bands of adventurers and plucky paladins to find this backdoor...and then to her home.

This ensures a steady stream of potential pawns, allies, and tools...as well as a steady supply of heady heroes on which she can keep her wits and wrath sharp. She will corrupt you, help you, or kill you, as befits her wants and her whims.

Tamarah will give you her strength when you are weak, and she will add her vengeance to your own. She will fulfil your dreams and your innermost, darkest desires. When you have called on her enough, you will find that you are becoming her, but by then you will not care and it will be far too late.

The Horned Queen gets what she wants.

Tamarah's influence and reach across the planes waxes and wanes as the planes and the ages turn in their cycles. The Blood Queen goes her way, going about her business and her schemes, with little thought for the affairs of others save as their interest her and pertain to her goals. She will as easily work with and aid a cleric, or paladin, or other devout of the gods, or even those of the celestial sphere, if it suits her purposes.

She is not ideologically driven...she **is** ideology, hers is a deep and primal connection to the oldest strains of demonic power. . And she does not philosophize abstractly; when she wishes to 'make a point' she will forge that point into one of her many potent weapon-curse-artefacts that it amuses her to forge and release into the churn and toil of the multiverse. Eventually most of them make it back to her, and are lost again, remade, or destroyed. The legend persists however, often past the blade so wrought....

Despite all of these qualities, and perhaps owing to her origins as a quasi-mortal slave in the lust pits, the Red Princess sometimes hears and has been known to respond favorably, to impassioned pleas for aid from across the multiverse especially from very small children. So in many material worlds, her reputation is the avenger and not the demon a belief she is more than happy to take advantage of any other time.

Behold for I am liberation
From your fear from your ignorance
I am absolute knowledge and total truth
Seek me out to make your enemies crisp and burn
Embrace your dreams, take my hand, and love me.

The Avatars of the Red One

Tamarah the Red - That which (probably) her most common depiction in some worlds; A tall statuesque pale human appearing woman of great beauty. A pair of white horns, (two insectile antennae and possibly a fossa in the midst of her forehead) - red leathery (dragon like) wings - 18 foot wingspan. Wings have talons. Clawed hands and feet; prehensile tail, sometimes with hooves, cow or goat horns, and a forked tongue.

The Intentional Tourist - almost passes for mortal; human or whatever would be closest to her native form but largely inconspicuous (culture equivalent. Of "Miss Rich Bitch" ideally) Favors black and red, sun hats, and in general looks like a woman on holiday. Because she is. Apocalypse or world threatening event to occur within d20 +10 days of her arrival however. She's choosy about where she vacations.

"The Matricore" the manned, goat headed, bat winged, six breasted, sometimes scorpion tailed monstrosity; sometimes with hooves, sometimes otherwise a large bat, sometimes a dragon, sometimes more of a traditional manticore. (And sometimes as a chimera with this head, a smoldering purple dragon head, a black

manned and yellow eyed lion's head, and the blue-green scaled head of a water naga) sometimes with a large green mantis head as a "Manticore" and quite often with an assortment of barbed reptilian, insectoid, and alien penises

The Horde Mother – Some great northern orc tribes, under the sigil of the bat and the wasp, once marched under her banner as the Horde Mother, both the spawning agent of the horde and the Great War leader who personally leads the swarm-like charge over all opposition.

Mary Lith – a form of a marilith, but with horns and her wings; serpent tail ends in her own; lower torso/serpent body is red, yellow, and orange with speckles of black and purple. This is a form she reserves for warfare purposes.

War Succubus – Double Bat/dragon wings, talons dripping with ichorous and corrosive poison, Claws, Rams horns, and her humanoid shape stands at least 9 feet tall. She is fond of using a negative material breath weapon (Cone) that drains two energy levels once/round.

The Red One's 56 Known Mystic titles (as depicted in the Jor-urst Codex)

The Risen Slave
The Princess of Demons
The "Lewd Whimsy"
The Princess in Red
O Queen of the Red Doom*
The Horned Queen*,
Bearer of Abominations,
Princess of Profanities*
Midwife of Monsters*
The Red Queen of Vengeance & Vendetta,
Consumer of Gods and Mothers,
Mother of Whimsy, Wonder, and Beasts
Princess of Demons,
Scarlet Queen of the Red Court
Our Abyssal Lady of Escalations
The push
The Indecision Killer
The Lady Maghem,
Princess of Murder (Court of Anarchy)
Doombringer
The Orphan Maker
The Crimson Beast
The Scarlet Succubus
The Beast Queen
The Beast Mother
The Demon Mary
Lady of Scarlet Summonings
Dancer in the Ruins
The Atrocity Dancer
The Promiscuous Mother

The Vermillion Queen,
The cinnabar princess,
Her most excellent cinnabar grace.
"The Daemon of Transmutation"-
Mother of Change
The Cannibal cambion
The Demon Ascendant
Her Regal Sickness
The Self-Demon
The Titvanovore
Patron of the Wronged
Doom on Red Wings
Harbinger of the End Times
The Blood Dancer.
The Ruiner
Mother of sorceries,
Princess of the unending pit,
The Red Souled Demon,
The Devourer
She of Mighty Conjurings
The Tipping Point
The Warning of What is to come,
Her self-ascended and most enlightened
beastfulness,**
The Enlightened Beast – bearer of the cup of
chaos wisdom
The princess of profanities & midwife of
monsters
And the Lord of Many Colours, all of them
Red.

Enchantments, Tweaks, and Curses - Tamarine magic items

In her 'younger' days, the Red One was extraordinarily fond of unleashing the powers of pure creation, a hint perhaps to some daemonic heritage in her make up. Many times she has created extraordinarily powerful weapons and demonic relics only to scatter them to the winds of the phlogiston. Only but a few were specifically designed for a particular aim, often a mortal champion of which she became passing fond. Regardless of the mortal beliefs on the matter, all of these are small fragments of her, body and soul, and as such contain powers great and fell and each bear mighty curses for those who would wield such demonic power.

BEHOLD many of the weapons she has unleashed into the multiverse...all seeking the unwary, the ungifted, and the unloved.



Bloody Wither - A demonically tainted short sword (+1 short sword, **chaotic Int 8 Ego 12**) On a successful critical hit, the blade infects the target with a particularly virulent form of flesh eating bacteria, inflicting 2d6 hp loss and 1d4 ability loss (spread out over Stamina, Pers, Str, and Agil) each day until cured or they are dead. On a fumble, this blade *always* strikes someone important to the wielder. Always.

The Horned Queen's Hunting Cloak - Her hide armor/cloak, wrought of the pelt of a demonic Minotaur, allows transformation and is useful in war. Regardless of whatever benefit it bestows upon the Red One herself, mortals wearing it incur a +4 to their Armor Class and may shape shift (per Polymorph DCC p243) with a d24 action die once per day. However, mortals attempting to don the cloak must make a DC 33 Will save v. the cloak itself as it is the hide of a demon and once-god so it's essential nature will try to overcome said mortal.

Regret - a +1 long blade (more a cutlass or rapier than a long sword proper) **Chaotic Int 12 Ego** considerable but not too high (see below) A long blade with a gentle curve that comes to a definite point. From the side in the right light the blade appears as if oil on water. While it appears to be a single bladed sword, it is in fact, quite razor sharp on both sides, and the point more dangerous still. Regret is a dangerous weapon to wield, for it as often turns on the wielder as the target.

Also unlike most Tamarine weapons, there is a fully embodied intelligence within Regret, not a consciousness trapped. Regret is...almost a force of balance, though one attuned to irony and appropriateness of retribution, though of a brutal sort. IT is only as loyal to its creator as it is needed to be, by whim or circumstance.

The longer regret is owned (and drawn as a weapon) the more likely it is to turn on its wielder. By the fourth round of a combat as a drawn weapon, Regret is honing in on the wielder's recent deeds; one who is consistent in their actions need fear nothing, regardless of their relative good or evil.

***The Rose Sword* – Artefact of a bygone age**

The Rose sword's pommel resembles a stylized heart, facing such that the pointy end of the heart is downward when the blade is raised point upward.

Precisely who or what made the Rose Sword (sometimes the Ruby Blade). The blade, the whole item really, has been carved with immaculate precision out of a single monstrosly large ruby. It may also be the **Heart sword**, which is empowered to make fact any oath made with blade drawn and wet, and seeks constantly to fill its hunger for blood and love.

It is actually the cursed implement of the last ruler of a magical realm of crystals and magic. In some way Tamarah was involved in its creation – either having forged it herself and given it, or invoked to aid in its creation. Clearly it was once intended, by someone, as a weapon.

Known Powers

Battery of Ruby Light - was partially made with (cut with in fact) and stores some of the energy of a high energy Ruby Laser. The weapon is itself impervious to laser and other light based attacks, being capable of absorbing, deflecting (literally by using the blade as a prism) or dividing (same principle).

Also can fire back absorbed laser or light energy so long as it is the right wavelength (and thus to humanoid eyes the appropriate ruby red hue)

Blood drinker - the blade thirsts for blood and the companionship of warm blooded creatures

Heart seeker - the blade seeks the bearer's true love (or a true love)...while also being capable of heart striking an opponent on a nat. 20

Appearance - The pommel resembles a stylized heart, facing such that the downward/pointy end of the heart is downward when the blade is raised point upward.

The Shew-stone of Blackest Unattainable Glories (Cursed object)

Seemingly unremarkable, appearing as a large non-symmetrical clump of pink and lavender crystal, the Shew-stone does one thing but does it *well*, it shows you what you will never have. Less a magic item. And more a weapon to be used against the Horned Queen's enemies. For every day it is possessed, the possessor must make a DC 14 will save to avoid spending hours at a time gazing deep into the glass. The DC increases by one every day, and goes up by one if/when the owner gains a level. During this time what they see is elusive and fragmentary. Three consecutive failed saves mean the stone has finally burrowed its way into the owner's mind enough to show that which they must have but will never attain. In gory detail. From this point the daily save to overcome starting into the crystal is 22, and requires three consecutive successful saves to overcome the ponderous, obsessive, and constant desire for the thing shown. Three successive failures on this roll break the characters will utterly, leaving them a crushed gibbering heap of deranged failure.

Beelcinath – The Horned Harlot's Hammer

A chaotic +3 War hammer

Scarlet mark – at will the user may mark a single target with a mystic red glyph visible only to Tamarah, her servants (including any recipient of a patron bond) and certain other especially vile beings of the lower planes. This mark cannot be removed by any mortal force nor perceived by those it has been marked by.

Once per day the Hammer can be called upon to inflict The Hammer's Kiss – lawful targets hit in combat find sebaceous cysts and cold sores erupting across their body, and their teeth will

throb and ache as though infected; On a failed DC 12 Fort save, these sores burst immediately on formation. This effect manifests as ability loss 1d2 each to Pers and Sta, which heal normally once the target recovers to their full hit point total.

Red Pox -On a critical result obtained with the hammer, the target is struck by a lesser curse from the Horned Queen. A pox will wash over their bowels, their generative organs, and their face and hands, a bright red rash and constantly oozing sores of purple pus, inflicting 1d4 ability damage to Pers and Sta, as well as 1d2 loss to Agil. If the target survives the encounter, they must succeed at a DC 20 Fort save or this ability loss will become permanent. If the target is slain, the wielder can claim some of the inflicted ability loss for themselves to heal spellburn or other ability loss. Such recovery occurs on a 2 for 1 basis and takes effect immediately.

Special Purpose - defeat Law/slay lawful beings (“Bust up them squares!” “Squash those bugs”) inflicting an additional 2d6 to all mortal lawful enemies, and always striking with a critical on lawful outsiders.

The Ultimatum Blade-informally known sometimes as “the King’s - or Queen’s - Courage. Its primary power is both blessing and, sometimes, a curse. When struck by anyone in the universe who has wronged the wielder, knowingly or unknowingly, the blade’s impulse is to be drawn and to “one-strike” the target. Further, depending on the severity of the enmity, the strike occurs with a variable +1 to +5.

Resisting this urge requires a Will save, the DC is equal to 17+ the bonus being conferred (so 18 to 22). While resisted, the blade’s Special Purpose is inaccessible to the user.

Secondary powers

When the pommel is held, the user detects lies told to them,

When the sword is drawn, the wielder can detect traps, snares, and pits in a 15’ radius, detects lies at will, detects poison, unsafe food or drink in a 5’ radius, and the wielder cannot be surprised

Special Purpose: Destroy Traitors - When confronted by one who has betrayed the wielder, the blade immediately initiates a death strike (as a vorpal blade) on the intended unless resisted. No matter what. A wielder who attempts to resist this urge does so with a DC 23 Will save. On a failed save, none of the blade’s powers will work for 24 hours. On a 1, the blade moves on its own, achieving a critical hit on the wielder, rolling a d8+ on critical table III.

Petty Eggs A minor magic item, akin to powerful potions or potent scrolls; Tamarah sometimes teaches sorcerers in her employ their creation. In short they are luck banks. Up to six points of luck may be banked at a time ((Up to 4 if owned by a Halfling or thief) Purposefully, it should be used when someone has seriously *irritated* the owner. Not a thing that invokes full vengeance but you definitely wish them ill. In such a circumstance you wish them a petty grief and spend the luck point. Until the egg is broken nothing happens. The egg may not be broken until it contains at least four such points of luck. Again it can hold no more than six. To break the egg one merely must possess a focused desire to do so and then break the egg - for each petty grievance, one may forgive the offender (taking no additional time to do so, intent can be enough) and the luck point can be reclaimed immediately. Otherwise their luck point is spent on some random grief that will befall the offender immediately or within 24 hours.

The Silver Clobbered Bull’s Head – see the Villa of Tamarah Pandoramicum pp.32

Redolent Catastrophe - A hefty, oddly balanced wooden thing, shaped **NOTHING** like a blunted polo mallet, lighter than it should be, stinking of puke and bad booze and worse. The business end has each 'head' covered in a drum of human skin wind into place by copper and bronze wire.

Redolent Catastrophe is a +2 War Mallet (similar to a war hammer, 1d8 damage, wooden and steel reinforced) with the following Properties

- Despite its shape and weight the weapon may be thrown once/round and strike as normal, out to a range of 30 feet. This requires that the wielder possess a minimum strength and agility score of 13 each.
- Returning – for those who can throw it, the weapon will return at the end of the same round it was thrown, ready to be thrown the following round *provided no other major powers are invoked during this time*.
- Each hit of the weapon on non-magical, metallic armor breaks bonds, shatters steel, and completely ruins the armor in a single hit (such a hit does not inflict damage unless it is also a critical)
- Further, the bearer always gets an additional d20 action die and action at the end of each round, after their foes have acted.

Activating further powers - As with many of Tamarah's magical Weapons, there are a variety of unusual "unlocks" within the weapon.

- Should the character be married, and bear the weapon as part of the marriage ceremony, then the bearer shall stage their action die up one step whenever they are acting in passion *for or against* their spouse. To defend or to destroy, they will be aided.
- For every child this marriage produces, the bearers AC improves by one while the weapon is held.
- Possibly (many) other abilities as determined by the Judge

There is a price to be paid for wielding a demon's toy however

Firstly, they act with -2 Init. For as long as they wield the mallet in combat. Period.

Dooms - To compensate for these mighty gifts, the bearer faces up to five dooms. Each level gained whilst the hammer is in the characters possession will unleash a doom into their life. These dooms can be overcome but should be dreadfully difficult to do so, each worthy of level gain. And therein lay the rub. These dooms will make life extraordinarily challenging but not impossible. *Being aware of them will make them survivable.*

The first one should be straightforward, for example, a massively overpowered monstrous entity, spat forth from the very froth of hell itself spawning forth in a nearby area to the character's home or equiv.; something the character is unlikely to be able to destroy on their own at the time. It will pursue the character and, when the character flees or is hidden it will begin to attack the areas nearest and dearest to them. Until defeated.

Finally, any luck expended during the time the character's doom existed is returned to them once their doom is undone. Those who possess this weapon for any length of time lead extremely dangerous, unpredictable lives, even by the standards of hardy and ruthless bands of adventurer-death dealers.

The weapon's legend is a bloody one, tales of heroes (and no few villains) rising from the pits of despair amidst a bone crunching hew of violence until meeting their early and spectacular end, surely doomed.

Tenebram Called “the red abyssal staff” and “the staff of Pit bindings,” this is a seven foot staff wrought of strong alien wood; even the grain has the tensile strength of worked steel topped with a head piece in the shape of the Chalice Goat. The staff has a d20 action die for purposes of tapping it’s powers; a sorcerer or cleric may add their intelligence or personality bonus to this roll but one who has patron bonded with Tamarah may add their class level as well, treating it as though a Tamarine spell is being cast for purposes of bonuses and other effects. These known powers are:

Once a day the staff can be invoked to recover 1d10 points of Stamina for purposes of recovering spellburn or other stamina ability loss. When tapped by those in the service to the Gods, this can lead to disapproval or worse as they are freely taking demonic energies into themselves.

Once per day the staff can target a single foe directed by the wielder. The staff creates a smoldering smoky cloud of “chemically active” sickly pink & green ichor which explodes outward from and envelopes the target completely, each round thereafter the target must successfully make a fort save or the cloud will begin to draw out their own taints and psychic impurities - sins, secret transgressions, great regrets, unpunished crimes - by force. Each round the save is failed, the target is stripped of 1d4 temporary stamina, 1d4 temp Agil, and 1d6 temp personality as the shimmering foul inky black soul stains are drawn out into floating globes that surround the target until the spell ends when they are drawn into the ether and consumed. 3 subsequent failures on the save, or any ability being reduced to zero spells an even more gruesome fate - so much of their soul is tainted and spoilt that the force of the cloud to pump it out literally tears the target apart, screaming as their entire being boil-converts into increasingly large horrid, wretch-inducing shiny black blobs of waste. Those so slain cannot benefit from a rolling the body check, there is not a body intact with which to do so. The caster gains a minor corruption immediately whenever this power is used.

The final known power allows the wielder to mystically invade the mind of a target. For the next d5+Pers bonus days, the victim is completely under the influence & control of the caster; If the target survives the experience they will recall it but as a very bad fever dream, regardless of whatever does or does not transpire. Any such survivor will forever be marked with a mystic scarlet sigil visible only to members of Tamarah’s court or her agents (which includes those who have taken her as patron) somewhere difficult to hide. Often the face but not always. In the hands of one who has bound themselves to Tamarah however, this power extends fully to other demons and certain other beings of the lower planes (inspirational daemons, and possibly certain fey beings as well). Such beings will resent being used in this way and can be counted on to desire the wielders rapid demise when the staff’s effect is at an end.

Use of this staff always incurs a greater corruption even if wielded by one who does not normally suffer corruption’s effects. Any demon who has been compelled by this staff power will forever after be able to find the user of the staff provided the staff remains in their possession, this applies even to demons whose material forms have been slain. Named demons will always find a way to enact their vengeance.....

Whimsy and Wrath

Tamarah is often depicted with a pair of weapons; sometimes two daggers, or an axe and a rapier, or a sword and an axe, but always they are **Whimsy** and **Wrath**

- Sometimes she allows one or both of these weapons, or a single planar aspect of them, to be found by mortals on the material plane.
- In the hands of a mortal person they are both magical daggers. In the hands of one possessed by her, they may assume any form desired and are both +3 weapons.
- Both have special powers

Wrath is a +3 dagger that aids in any bloodletting that is part of a quest or oath of vengeance, or any act that furthers such an act of great (or petty) vendetta, inflicting double normal damage when used on the target of their ire or their servitors.

Once per day Wrath may invoke the following effect

Name the fool By chanting a list of those who have dared cross Tamarah (the names of many succubae, greater and lesser, several major or formerly major demons of various types, many proper and deceased beings such as Var-Az-Hloo, the Order of the White Light, etc. etc.) the caster invokes the Horned Queen's passion for murder and vengeance and fell ironic 'justice'

On a successful strike, the target will feel as though invisible forces are invading their body- first a wisp clinging to the target's body as if by millions of tiny little cilia, crawling until they reach the character's mouth, nose or other entry point to their biology, eventually taking on a gelatinous consistency of somewhat reduced mass once it penetrates the body. From there it breaks down over 2d14 rounds, each round inflicting.

Whimsy is a +2 dagger that when used, can inspire the mad, the imaginative, the unstable, and those unconsciously heroic or villainous. Like a mad passionate muse, it's flashing steel in use allows +4 to saves v. fear and fear based mystic effects, and breaks charm and control effects on zero level onlookers.

Once per day Whimsy may invoke the following effect

Inflames the target's passions and engorges them with lust, leading immediately to direct stimulation of the pleasure centers of the brain and intense pelvic contractions. Inflicts 2d4 temporary PERS ability damage immediately and 1d3 each subsequent round thereafter. Should the target be reduced to 0 temp Pers by this they are reduced to a quivering inchoate moaning mass that cannot defend itself in melee and is quite distracted. (Effects -8 to AC, no Agil adjustment to AC, -4 Agil, and target recovers 2d3 hp damage)

A mortal being possessing both weapons gains a +2 benefit to their AC and will attract the attention of Tamarine cultists and those who have patron bonded to her. If they are patron bonded to Tamarah themselves, they add a free floating +2 to spell checks when using Tamarine magic, including invoking her and all of her patron spells.

However, in the event that an avatar or manifestation of Tamarah (including possession through **Calling the Scarlet Chaos from the Queen's Doom** pp. 18-19) wields either of these, a few additional powers are unlocked.

If one dagger is possessed the wielder can immediately locate and, if need be, summon, the other dagger to her. If the aspect has both daggers, she can also perform the following

- Infinite door kata; She can use this ability to carve/weave open a door between any two points. The size of the aperture is entirely dependent on time and effort; with sufficiencies of both, a very large door could be opened/made. At least once, legend suggests she empowered one of her champions to carve and build a Foul Gate, allowing the Horned Queen's demonic armies to invade a material world.

The Planes of the Queen's Doom

The Red Queen's Doom (informally, the Queendoom) is Tamarah's vast abyssal "court" and as such is a constantly morphing "Mood plane." The Red Queen regards the plane as her home and redecorates it thus, as the mood strikes her. She does not content herself with "Early Meat Style" or "random zigzagging corridors of chitin" either. "For Chaos contains all possibilities." as She would say. Small pocket universes, nested within, as well as doors and pathways to other parts of the multiverse are shift and churn within her domain.

-*The Kingdom Wastes* quite literally a haphazard assemblage of realms she has conquered and destroyed. A vast and psychedelic realm comprised in large part of the conquered domains of her fallen enemies and rivals. IT is subject to random change from a variety of forces, not least of which are bizarre phlogiston pathways through the nature of the plane owing to the great many portals of some recurrent persistence altering their floes accordingly. Also the Red Queen frequently manipulates the plane's integrity, nature, and even basic fundamental laws when it suits her many varied whims. IT need never be the same plane twice. Or even once. Scattered about the landscape in semi perpetual states are a variety of odd artefacts collected and discarded from her various rampages across the abyss and the worlds of the omniverse.

-*the Hunting Grounds* the Queen maintains a hunting preserve on the plane of Pandemonium where she has supped on the soul of a dying/dead Titan for millennia. (See the Gongfarmer's Almanac 2017)

-*Redmareland* a ruin-filled woodland surrounds a "city" –itself but a small ramshackle town, inhabited solely by mortal-demonic hybrids with bestial attitudes and appetites; sometimes the Queen will direct her servants to secrete items of power within this plane for safekeeping.

-*the Queen's Villa* At any given time her "villa" may be present in any of the above places. Most likely the Hunting Grounds. See the Queen's Villa below.

-*the Land of Chocolate Bunnies and Cannibalistic Mayhem* An Ancient (100,000+ year) faerie pathway between the worlds, sealed off on both ends sometime in the mid-21st century; but within an enchanted elfin glade where everything is made of sweets. Everything. The river is one of sweet milk, the pathways are cobblestoned with jellybeans, edible chocolate animals and candy-mushrooms are everywhere. And that is all. There is no form of actual sustenance here at all. And so it goes that there is fine layer of white dust all over the place, perhaps written off as a sprinkling of caster sugar but no.

No it is bone.

For millennia those few enough to know the place and the way have used it as a prison, a place to storage, or to gain quiet vengeance upon, one's enemies. You cast the curse, and they are safely tucked away in a magical fairy garden where everything is candy. Slowly they starve to death...or turn to the only form of genuine nutrition left. Each other. From planes away Tamarah smiles. She stumbled upon the realm during her early forays into faery, and found the notion of stranding her enemies in that place thereafter "entirely too tasty not too."

Actual fairy creatures, (from faerie or equivalent in your campaign) might know the way through though they have long since written it off. Perhaps high level elves

(and certainly Primes) may know the song-key that will open the pathway (on both ends....once, for one hour) Otherwise perhaps you can magic up some nutrition from all of these bones, broken and rotten, as though something tried desperately to eat the marrow from the inside but was unsuited to the task.

Those capable of sensing or deliberately seeking psychic traces of this place will be overwhelmed with the Joy of the Fay, as well as despair, madness, insanity, self-loathing, and long lingering deaths by hunger and suicide.

The Red Queen's Villa It is not a house or mortal building by any means of course but it pleases her to bend it into this apparent shape for any visiting mortals that make their way here; Tamarah was once somewhat mortal, so very long ago, and so it pleases her from time to time to interact with those mortals in a way that will seem familiar but of course quite unsettling.

It is also her preferred means to baiting the hook for those who have come to 'slay her' – by offering them assistance in their other goals, both known and unknown. She is after all only *happy to help*.

Notable contents

...and a few interesting details

The 'backdoor' – located somewhere in the bottom level of a vast dungeon, or in the midst of an urban maze, rumor surrounds a doorway that allows quick and immediate access to Tamarah's home plane. This is the backdoor. It is there because the Red Queen wishes it – a trap, specifically set to draw the foolhardy and those who would style themselves Killer of Demons into her quite prepared and most amused presence. She prefers to offer friendship and corruption but those who bore or antagonize the Queen will find themselves in certain and deadly combat with the Demon Queen herself and a myriad of 'party guests' from all manner of abyssal realms and throughout the multiverse. Death will not be swift.

The Font of Red – She as much imagineered it as found it. It would not exist in its present state were it not for her. Think of this as a unique spiritual geyser directly from the realm of pure life energy that she has wrapped her plane around. A sort of 'yang-tap.' Visiting guests who are no obnoxious and irritating, regardless of alignment or cosmic allegiance will likely be offered A Sip of the **Red**. (See below)

The mantelpiece with a snow globe containing a galaxy. A full inhabited galaxy. Mortals grasping or foolish enough to look into it may find themselves quite involuntarily drawn into it. It was a gift and fulfilled debt from a great fey entity, the queen of the kitsune, whom was once trapped within such a globe through Tamarah's mischief. Any number of adventures can take place on any of the literally billions of worlds trapped within the globe.....

The Silver Clobbered Bull's Head - There once was a great enmity betwixt her and another, much older Demon Lord. (As has so often been the case....) so satisfying was her victory upon this being that on his final and total defeat (by way of her having murdered him) that after devouring of his flesh, she kept the head, still

disfigured from the death blow (a hit from an impossibly large and heavy hammer that split the bull's skull and crushed the demon's brain within, in an almost perfect replication of the way some human worlds slaughter their cattle.

Appearance – an immense (ten foot across at the widest point) bull head, a massive crack-split down the middle of it, one eye gouged and hanging out the other looking askew in the other direction, a last dying gargle preserved forever as it was ended abruptly by immersion in white hot liquid Truesilver.

The demon relic is kept in her home, in a vast chamber reminiscent of a Swiss chalet; it overlooks the howling wastes of pandemonium, regardless of which of her Queendoom the villa presently manifests within. (See Gongfarmer's almanac 2017) Nearby can be found an oversized mallet-shaped double headed Warhammer that was presumably the weapon that struck the killing blow. At times the disembodied rotting head will spew forth the blackest of rotting bile and speak prophecy.

Encounters within the Demon Queen's Villa for those foolish enough to wander its halls

Roll 1D14 whenever the action drags

- 1-2 Teoc'fneahl
- 3 Clobbered bull
- 4 Tamarah herself
- 5-6 The Font room
- 7 The Fireplace
- 8-10 Queen's knights
- 11 Tamarah (or another of her court)
- 12 Quelrix; Uvad
- 13-14 any demon from the DCC core (pp. 401) or other creature of the lower planes

Tzoc'fneahl – the succubus and trader in fates is friendly if approached and will detain (through means and wiles) any who seem especially intent upon unacceptable mayhem.

The Clobbered Bull speaks 1d4 cryptic lines in the character's native language; for maximum effect choose sentences by free association from any disparate unrelated source and string them together with a minimum of modification.

Tamarah is quite cordial if she is encountered; of course she already knows who and what they are. If they are interesting and (for a demon) well behaved, she may even play the idly bored hostess...long enough to offer them a sip of Red from its font or an offer to look into her snow globe. (*"A present, long ago, from one of my wives. Such a foolish kitsune."*)

The characters find their way into the font room. Without introduction or understanding they may very well blow their tiny little minds.....

The fireplace – across from the bull's head is a nearly intact 'lodging study' wood paneled and decorated in pseudo-Victoriana from a dozen similar worlds. Above the roaring green and blue flames of the shuttered fireplace, there is a small swirling glass orb – a snow globe. Only on closer inspection will the snowflakes

stand revealed as stars and the storm within a whole galaxy....but by then it will be too late.

Any brave, desperate, or stupid enough to crawl into the fireplace may find it to contain a one way exit to some other area of the lower planes. A daemon's slave mines, a hell pit, or the hopeless wastes of Gehennom.

2-4 of the queen's knights – they will likely demand the characters explain themselves and likely turn over any weapons or magic items that they possess (save those of the Red Queen's own make) Or they will be drunk and will mock, tease, or challenge the PCs as the Judge deems appropriate. At no time will anyone come to the knights' aid.

Quælrîx; Uvad appears nearby, possibly where the player characters can see. It seldom has the opportunity to 'speak' to mortals so in this rare instance it may seem quite friendly and approach them; if they react in a receptive manner they may gain something akin to a contact within the court. If the being is injured or killed, Tamarah will be *quite* cross with you. She may combine the player characters into a single organism by directed, painful, teleport mishap, over and over again, until she has a replacement for Uvad. You don't want that.

World Laws

While Tamarah is not fond of rules in any way or kind, some of her whims do remain consistent enough to serve as world laws of a kind. These are non-subjective facts to be endured by mortals traveling her Dreadful realms.

On her home planes this commonly manifests as what the Jor-urist codex call the law of vore, and the law of ferocity. Any attempt to eat or consume anything in any sense occurs a step up on the dice chain. Visitors will find that, regardless of biology or natural law, all present may successfully eat and consume anything regardless of its relative inedibility or toxicity.

Likewise, all acts of violence, verbal, mental, emotional, or physical, occur a step up on the dice chain (and sometimes more than one step if it pleases the Red Queen). ANY visiting mortals of any description who benefit from these 'laws' will face an obligatory roll on the 'A Taste of RED' table, immediately or on their return to the material plane.



The Red

“What is the Red?”

“RED is life. RED is hunger, passion, want, need, desire, longing...it is all of the mortal qualities.”

It is LIFE in all of its quickness. Pure yang energy. HOW Tamarah manages not to be overcome, drunk or whatever on the Font of RED is unknown to anyone. It is thought that somehow her basic nature and it are in ... deep synchronicity. Sometimes Gods and other immortal beings will partake of the RED (secretly) to experience the thrill of mortality again without, you know, becoming mortal. Tamarah has parties where she gets them lit....er strung out. She tends thus to have a very...Greek Pantheon effect on things.

Drinking the Drink of Red? Table

1. Tis but a blush of scarlet
2. Gently suffused with the
3. Greatly infused with life energies
4. Oh God Oh God
5. Blush of the Demon Queen
6. Too Much Too Much Too Much, all entirely too much.

When Drinking the RED – Are you Chaotic? Then, add your luck bonus. Are you Lawful? If so subtract your wisdom bonus.

Any result of zero or less – The acidic tang of a chemical burn in your nostrils suggest you have chosen most poorly. All that you are rots from the inside and is consumed in 1d3 rounds, while your bodily fluids, now sterile, permeate from your pores in 1d4 hours

Any result of 7 or more – Shooting stars never stop; the drinkers eyes are burned out from a momentary but direct view of an erupting supernova; simultaneously their body becomes spastic, overcome with involuntary pelvic contractions – on a higher plane they themselves birth a new world inside a new universe, one made of their own neurosis, failings, hopes, and dreams. Onlookers behold as the drinker proceeds to age to a desiccated husk in a matter of seconds, dwindling into sparkling red ash within minutes.

Should anyone (most especially the newly ascended creation god's player) detail that world in a campaign or adventure, anyone present who collects the rest dust may refine it, allowing those who inhale it's by products instantaneous transit to and from that other reality. Meanwhile in the shadows Tamarah smiles a toothy, fanged grin.

A Drink of RED results -

1. Tis but a blush of scarlet

1. The triple coatl runes once emblazoned across the Jor-Urst codex rush through your mind even if you have never seen it. You feel both protected in some measure and also that you have been somehow denied something. For the next d14 nights whenever you close your eyes to go to sleep a red eight pointed spiral – the 8 pointed spiral glyph of chaos and mutation – blazes itself into your mind. What is coming?
2. Thunderous sound and a fury of applause – the drinker has been instantly awarded a super mega two handed great doom blade of power, on abyssal fire, screaming in power chords as it strikes and deafening all with sonic attack – and then it is over. Immediately the imbiber wipes the apparent hallucination from their eyes, but is now driven by an insatiable ambition to feel that way again. They may very well set out some impossible quest immediately. Are they mad or do they know something? The drinker insists that it (whatever it is) is “this way” somehow....
3. That which they seek most becomes clear to them. Perfect and complete knowledge of what they seek most in this life is now laid out for them in crystal clarity. This knowledge is retained once the fire of the Red has worn off. Should they seek this thing, it will prove an arduous journey (a quest even) lasting up to d16 weeks facing at least three and likely as many as five major challenges along the way before reaching their goal. If they are lawful they will find precisely what they seek and no more. The knowledge will immediately but slowly fade thereafter and all of their life before this moment will seem a dream. If they are chaotic then instead they find a fire blasted ancient temple, empty save for one of the more potent Tamarine magic items. Should they take it, they will find the Red Queen most willing to aid them in the completion of their remaining quest. Though...of course, with some eventual cost. Neutrally aligned imbibers will find that the tests along the way take on a distinct moral quality, almost forcing them to develop their own ethics to deal with the many things that are put to them – eventually arriving at a massive ancient seat carved from the rock, facing a well of unknown depths that is older than man. (See the chair and the well below)

2. Gently Suffused with the Infinite Possibilities of Life

1. Your scars are slowly absorbed back into your body and all of those aches and pains you have accumulated over the years fade as though they never were. Recover up to 1d4 ability loss regardless of how it was lost.
2. The Chair – a great rock seat is before you, sized perhaps for a small giant or a titan of old mythology. Should you (and you alone) sit in it, you will find yourself in touch with the minds of the ancients; up to three questions may be posed to the cosmos that will be answered accurately if not satisfyingly. For each question posed, the drinker ages five years. After all three questions have been posited, they must choose who they are and where they want to be. Immediately they will be whisked to that place in the form that they have identified as. It should be surprising and not foreshadowed in any way the potency of these final questions.
3. The Well – an ancient stone and rock abyss running deep into the earth, smelling of squamous and skittering... things that were old before your ancestors walked upright in this world. This is a direct link to the primordial and the chaotic. It is a ‘crack in everything.’ Anything that is thrown in will never be seen in the phenomenal universe again. Attempting to climb down the walls of the well will bombard the character with random images and memories from their life and eventually what seems to be many lives before. Before long the walls grow smoother and only a thief will be able to proceed

without losing their footing. Those who fall seem to fall toward a bright point of light – and their companions will find their body, bereft of life and unable to be revived. Should they jump or deliberately let go however they will fall and fall until functionally they experience rebirth (see below) but now with the choice of becoming almost anything, in any time or place. They will however only have a dim recollection of their lives before and begin again as a zero level character. To the rest of the universe they will seem to have vanished.

3. Greatly infused with life energies

1. Saving throws or gain two life levels; roll your new hit points immediately. If the new result equals your current hp total If the new result doubles your current hp total make a Fort save against a DC of 22 or explode in a hail of supercharged chunks of flesh and bone Your skin is white hot and the touch of everything is intense to the point of feeling a bit like it is burning. Judge will call for Will saves (DC ranging from 14 - 18) depending on degree of overstimulation, which will last for at least two days and nights. Anything that feasts on life energy will be drawn to you for at least twice that duration and possibly for the rest of your life.
2. The very microbes on your skin surge with new life and mutation. Over the next two weeks all mortal beings around you will grow direly ill as you are exuding a most toxic property as these tiny things burn brightly and then die, rapidly. Meanwhile the imbiber seems to grow younger, though not so much as to be mistaken for callow youth. Add 1d4 Stamina, and this is permanent. If this would take the drinker's stamina score beyond 18 then at the end of the fortnight, they are consumed by rapidly acting flesh eating bacteria leaving only bleached bones and a skull fixed in a smiling rictus.
3. Rapid fire psychedelic hallucinations beset the drinker who suddenly needs darkness and isolation or face catatonia (as below) from raw overstimulation. Should they find or be given such accommodation however, they will over d12 hours be beset by strange 'blood memories' of first their parents, then their grandparents, then distant ancestors, and so on back to a point where they are gibbering semi-sentient animals only barely aware of the thoughts within or the universe without. The drinker must succeed at a DC 20 Will save or find they have become some sort of precursor animal – some kind of pre-Neanderthal hominid driven by instinct; optionally dwarves may degenerate into cave dwelling squat apes and Halflings into arboreal monkeys who get drunk on nectar. Equally optionally, elves may degenerate into twee fairy beings or cold and emotionless space aliens, drones in the service of a higher force but no more possessed of a sense of self than the others.

4. Oh God Oh God

1. Your mind BURNS – immediately succeed at a DC 23 Will save to avoid a period of catatonia as you retreat away from the source of all stimulation, deep into quieter parts of your mind. This effect may last for as long as up to (23 – the target's PERS score) days.
2. Visions overwhelm the drinker – over the next several months they will periodically have waking dreams which seem to represent actual events from their coming future; they are fully interactive but stop short of providing answers.
3. Seventeen progressively more impossible challenges are set before you, trials that tear at mind, body, and soul. With each hurdle crossed you find your will increases to a diamond hard point while your concern about the mortals and the petty affairs around you diminishes greatly. Ever onward you press, eventually pushing past hunger, starvation, and a need for humans and their company at all. To the outside world you

scream, and your skin takes on a pearlescent quality before you transform into pure light. Eventually the drinker completes the trials, unlocking the last barriers keeping you trapped in this imprisoning flesh...and the drinker ascends bodily into the supernal realms, eventually incorporating into a great over mind of all such beings throughout the multiverse. A cell in the brain of God.

5. Blush of the Demon Queen

1. Passion & Warfare – TIME TO GO TO WAR! With inhuman enthusiasm, the drinker vaults into action, immediately setting about making absolute and total warfare on their enemies. All of their enemies. With great fervor and bloody enthusiasm. No matter the differences in scale, all who have wronged them or crossed them are now going to be destroyed and in the most glorious fashion imaginable. Depending on the character this may seem clearly like rampant madness or it may only provide them new focus.
2. Tyranny & Mutation – Too many dark truths have been revealed; even as the very quicksilver of the drinker's mortality burns within their flesh it is nearly so much as to force a mental retreat – but the drinker deals with that fear. In the aftermath they will increasingly adopt an authoritarian attitude toward all things – anything that does not submit to your will is clearly in need of adjustment....soon power is all they will crave. AS time passes the inner darkness will force its way forward, manifesting as mutations visible in the drinker's flesh. Animalistic features and strange writhing obscene skin-glyphs are a common result.
3. Subversion & Matricide – You resent the accident of your birth and in that moment come to accept the purposeless of all things. Immediately the drinker is inspired to riddle the lives of all of their companions with lies and misdirection, as with any professional organizations they may belong to. A compulsive need to subvert and destroy all gatherings of individuals will rapidly become the drinker's primary goal in all things Unless they encounter one who reminds them of their parents. Anyone who matches that criteria will, quietly, when no one is looking, meet a most abrupt end. Those who made you must pay.....

6. Too Much Too Much Too Much, all entirely too much.

Those who would drink of fire run the risk of exceeding their limited capacity to handle such. The drinker must immediately succeed at a DC 23 Fortitude save.

On a failed roll 1d4

1. Character traumatically experiences their own birth in completion and in real time. At the end however they may change any one single fact about themselves and have it take effect immediately. They have been, if they are aware, Reborn. They may change cosmetic differences, genetic sex, or any other single thing about them they may also opt for a different character class but while memories will remain intact they begin again at level 1 in their new life, retaining no experience points beyond the first ten.
2. The character explodes, torn apart by savage gravitational forces inside them. However almost immediately the wet splash of separated body parts is replaced by a drive towards unity – and your various fragments alive in pain begin the process of crawling slowly back together to somehow reassemble into a cohesive person again. Before you explode into even smaller, wetter chunks. This repeats endlessly for d7 days which fries your mind but leaves you dead to the pain and gore of it all. Your alignment probably moves in a chaotic direction and you must trade points in Int for points in Stamina, to a maximum score of 18

3. Character traumatically experiences their own death and the subsequent voyage into the soul roads.....where they are invariably consumed in the Queen's doom. Character if aware faces down their own death impulse and death itself and so far and death effects have less power over them thereafter, making all saves v. such at a step higher on the dice chain.
4. The character dies. However, almost immediately they find themselves, intact and lacking your gear save for perhaps a few relatively minor possessions whole and hardy in a strange new world. You are the next character you shall create for a role playing game, regardless of system or feel. You may remember your bizarre past or it may fade away quickly but you yet somehow live.

Otherwise, on a successful roll, roll 1d4

1. Character experiences the thrill and terror of atomic collapse as they immediately begin shrinking, falling through the molecules in the floor within minutes. Humungous terrifying alien monsters and bizarre energy structures fly past as you "descend" eventually perceiving the vast universe between atomic particles. In the deepest of inner space you scream before alighting upon a strange new world orbiting a luminous blazing source of energy far deep in the void. Finally heat and warmth return as you descend ever onward....until you softly alight and then collapse in a field near the home where you were born. Were you brought to some strange parallel copy of your world but infinitesimally smaller but otherwise identical in every way? Or perhaps... you were shown the utter heights of the great celestial firmament the very perspective of the Gods and then shown your place in it. If the character succeeds at a DC 20 Will save they will find this experience has oddly grounded them in their familiar reality (Clerics may apply their level to this roll). Gain a perm point of Personality and consider strongly shifting your alignment in a Lawful direction. If the save is failed you accept this infinitesimal copy of your world as identical but it is not the same. You wish to return home. Sometimes in the night the local copies of your companies swear they make out your deranged sleep muttering. "Everything looks the same but it's not the same."
2. Character experiences the thrill and terror of atomic collapse as they immediately begin shrinking, falling through the molecules in the floor within minutes. Humungous terrifying alien monsters and bizarre energy structures fly past as you "descend" eventually perceiving the vast universe between atomic particles. In the deepest of inner space you scream before rescue by many bizarre but friendly creatures gliding along in their winged void craft - the crew is hospitable and they take you to their dying world where you have many adventures and are hailed as a hero. After many years the council of elders comes to you and says that it is time for you to return. But they give you a small metaloplastic phase key that will allow you, one day to return, and possibly with others. You look forward to alighting on a strange new world but sadly leave your loves and comrades behind; with a whooshing blast you tumble end over end out of the linear accelerator until you confront the face of the most terrifying beast you have ever seen, only to watch it shrink and fade away. All becomes light....And you are where you were. However you have aged approximately 20 years and have a backlog of stories and experiences that no one else will believe. The character is functionally a level higher, with experience points halfway the level after that. The shock may take weeks to get over.
3. With great anxiety you reach solemnly for the closest thing you can find to a ritual knife and begin to carve into your forehead, inflicting 1d2 Sta loss and 2d4 damage before

there is a brilliant flash of ultraviolet. You have opened your third eye which sees into the ultraviolet spectrum at distance of 60 feet. The injury will heal normally but the eye remains, a lightly violet orb with a crimson pupil. Anything that this eye sees, Tamarah sees also.....

4. the imbiber's skin visibly distorts, distends, contorts, and *writhes* for 1d3 rounds before *tearing it's way off of the character's body*; a process that inflicts 1d14 permanent points of damage and saps the character of 1d8 Sta over the next game hour from shock and blood loss. In the meantime, the skin dances a demoniac jig for 1d16 rounds, each round sprouting fur, or turning blue, or becoming a bird, etc. until at the end of the process it flies off into the sub-ether or other higher dimensional realm...or possibly just outer space.

You will find neither wisdom nor torment nor experience in isolation. You must go among them. You must choose. And keep choosing. No matter the cost. Survive...and experience. Or be gone from my sight.

Burn the world and let it burn you.

Named Demons of the Queen's Scarlet Doom-Court

These beings are both emblematic and representative of the sort of creatures Tamarah bends to her will, or elicits loyalty from. Some who profess to understand the deep magic of the higher worlds claim that many or all of these named creatures have been wholly assimilated into the demon queen's essential nature, or are aspects or extensions of her in another form.

The Doom Bird (1) Init. +8; Atk rear talons +9 melee (1d6); AC 16; HD 15d10; hp 85; MV 130'; Act 2d20; SP Razor wings, laser eyes, beak impale, immune to attacks from creatures of cosmic order; SV Fort+9, Ref +9, Will +9; AL C.

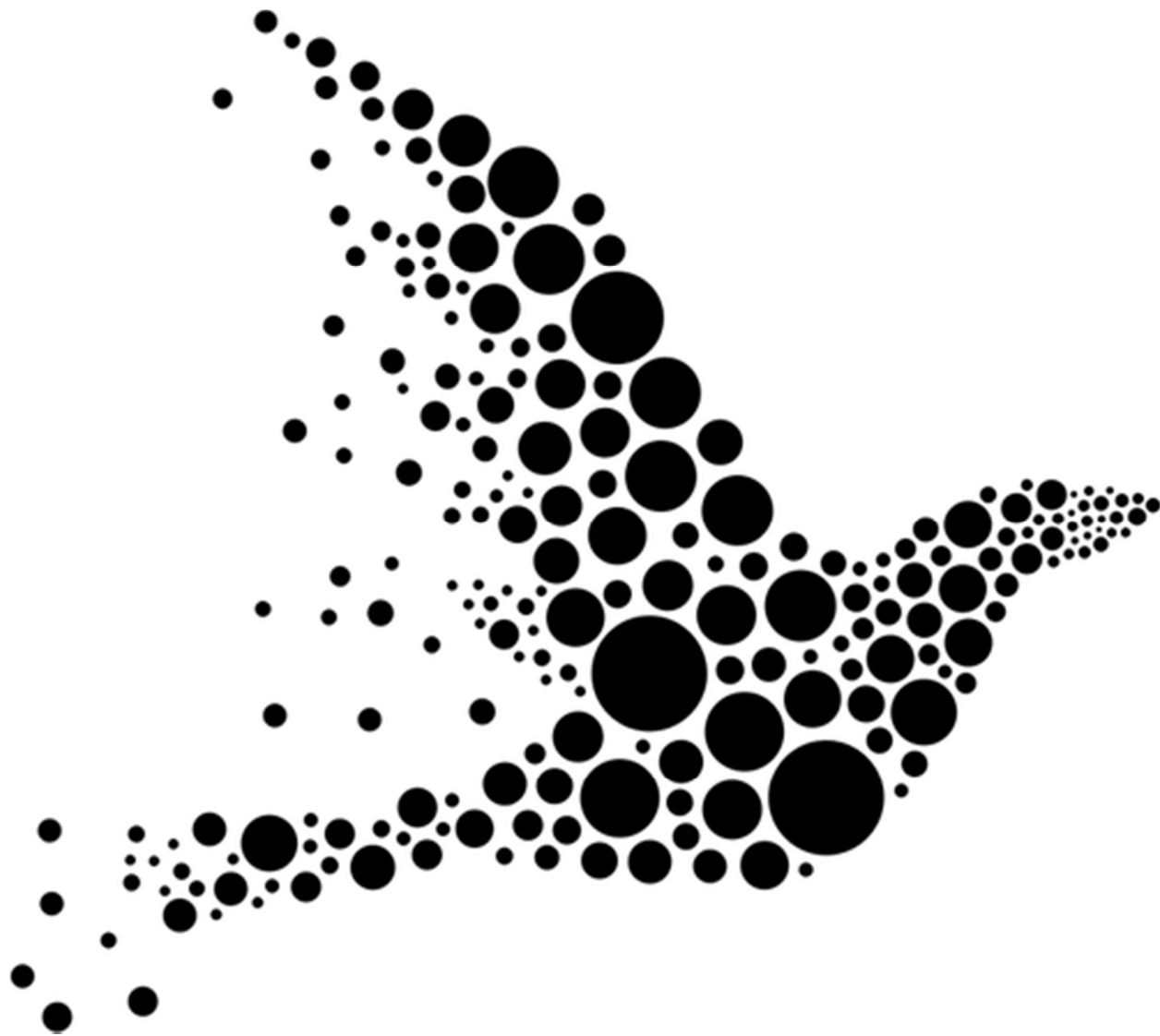
Reassembled Clockwork - Functionally a giant undead fate raven but made out of metal and jewels and other bits of emblematic and axiomatic Order. Can sense predestination, fate, and those favored or opposed by same. Can tell when someone has spent luck. If freed, can track people by their predestined fates.

Laser eyes attack + 11 at a range of 60'

Dual Razor Wings +7 to strike while in flight as a move through attack; on a hit inflicts 1d12+9 damage. Anything reduced to or beyond 0 hp in this attack is functionally cut in half.

Beak attack +15 inflicting 1d10 hp damage (Crits on 18-20; as a creature of Supernal Order, it always has the same crit effect - Beak impale

Beak Impale inflicts 11+1d10 damage and the target is fixed to the bird's face unable to move. Laser eyes attack strike automatically every round thereafter. A DC 20 Fort save is required to endure the pain of shoving free, which will inflict another 1d8 hp damage and a subsequent 1d8 stamina damage from shock and blood loss.



The Red Queen's litany of Unique-murder and decide is writ, or splattered, across the history of the celestial and infernal realms, so this be but one among a great many. A once great and majestic creature of the clockwork planes, long ago in the many millennia of her rise to power, the younger Tamarah Pandoramicum captured, and absconded with this great bird of metal wings, jeweled eyes, and a rusted but recognizably raven-shaped mithril-alloy super metallic substructure. Believed once to have been the 'little spy' of a now forgotten God of Fate, it is believed by many in the abyss that much of the God's vital essence was wrapped up in the bird and so, in fact, Tamarah made off not so much with a unique trinket but a God. Long since tethered to its prison rock, made, the bird constantly roams about this section of the plane, endlessly attempting escape, bound to an abyssal stone by a platinum, curse-tether. It has gone quite mad in its millennia of captivity but strangely finds a friend in Teoc'fnenahl; the succubus is quite sardonic about fate and the like but they enjoy conversing on the subject with one another endlessly. If freed, it's loyalty to its friend is likely to keep it in Tamarah's service, though long force of habit (and simply having been properly 'broken in') plays a factor as well.

Ilfon'Tilk (1): Init. +7; Bite +5 melee (1d8 Crits on 18–20); AC 19; HD 6d8; hp 32; MV 140' (10' walking); Act 2d20; SP Buzzing song, Can opener attack; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +2; AL Chaos.

Demonic traits – immune to most non-magical weapons, can shift itself and any rider's 3/day at will, to an adjacent, known, or instructed plane of existence.

"Can opener" attack – the demon possesses two large rubbery tentacles, broken into 13 discrete segments each with external bone plates to allow these to open armor and organic beings up; the demon can use its horn and bone ended tentacles to remove armor or outer shells from life forms. With dedicated work it can remove any armor, this is an action that requires both tentacles which may not be used for any other purpose during this period. Requires one game round per point of **AC bonus** to whittle through non-magical armor. (After each round, there is a -1 to the affected character's AC but only whilst wearing armor. Such armor will likely be destroyed; even after only a round or two of action it will need to be replaced or repaired (requiring at least ten % of the purchase price; likely two or three times that much)

This activity can also be utilized to inflict damage, striking at +6 and inflicting 2d8 every round though its front tentacle limbs will be occupied as though removing armor anyway.

Buzzing song – when it arrives on the scene it will use a combination of its mouth pedipalps, its perfect golden voice, and the secondary (vestigial) set of wings to generate a constant buzzing, organ grinder sort of sound. Creatures with heightened senses (such as elves) are at -4 to all actions due to the high pitched, rapidly warbling, inhuman music. Other characters must save v. Will (DC 14) each round or suffer a -2 penalty to actions. (Three successful saves in a row demonstrate the character's immunity to this effect)

Buzzkiller, the Can-opener Demon – Known to only a handful and by a colorful assortment of names – the Ilfon'tilk. Is a tremendous 18 foot long, six segmented reptilian insect with ten legs, a double set of 18" wings, a pair of rubbery, bone tipped tentacles, and a semi prehensile tail. Its oversized head has four compound eyes (two yellow and two green) despite a somewhat human appearing sexless face; the voice from within its human mouth is beautiful with perfect pitch and double vocal chords. A pair of antennae and pedipalps complete the horrific visage. Finally the demon's second set of limbs vestigial, though human-like, and end in tiny three fingered hands. The third set are stronger but less flexible, allowing very clumsy walking when absolutely necessary. The third set of limbs can be used for rough clumsy walking upright

From a great distance the beings can be misconstrued as merely some sort of dire dragonfly. The beasts are used by Tamarine avatars and those she fancies as war mounts and other points of warfare or emergency conveyance.

The Mutæ Stææl Ångæl (unique) Init. +10; Atk Wing buffet +5 melee (1d12); AC 18; HD 9d10; hp 63; MV 300'; Act 2d20; SP cannot be surprised; clockwork celestial SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +10; AL C.

Vibrational sensitivity – it cannot be surprised, has full awareness of all that transpires around it within a thousand feet radius. It hears voices, heartbeats,

circulation, and with concentration can feel the atoms singing and vibrating within constrained strings, at least on the prime material. Its considerable initiative bonus derives from this in part.

Clockwork celestial – this being is immune to fear effects and in fact cannot experience fear at all. It is immune to light and holy attacks despite its long habitation in the Queen's doom; it can with concentration determine the structure of things by 'listening to the atoms vibrating beneath;' if somehow moved to converse, it can tell much of the secret realms in the spaces between the atoms with great enthusiasm.

It is entirely possibly this being has many other abilities yet to be witnessed; much of its prior existence remains a mystery.

A bright pink sexless humanoid, nine feet long, thin but proportioned and well built; attractive in an underfed androgynous sort of way; skin is constantly moving as it breathes through its skin; Possesses neither mouth nor eyes. Large tympanic membranes make up the sides of its head, as well as having small yellow "spots" made up of these; the creature is supremely sensitive to vibrations, from air density changes to momentary alterations in the spinning vibration of atoms in a molecule.

Its original wings were plundered and destroyed; nevertheless, Tamarah consistently refers to it as "her butterfly." It is thought that she created its replacement wings herself; but as a rarity, not as a cursed relic. The story goes that a (much younger) Tamarah destroyed a great Clockwork Forged-of-War and bathed the loot and treasures she found in a (greater) Font of Change. She worked the result with soul surgery, incorporating the green eclipse beams of the dozen eclipsing moons of Leithesuyvant, an event that only happens once every 3,999 years. The convergence of geomantic and ley energies with the disharmonies of the phlogiston winds "at peak" create enough of a mystic convergence to turn the eclipse itself a dull, throbbing green for one quarter of the two hour event. Out of this creative madness, her butterfly emerged sporting 50 foot glimmering soul blasted glass-steel wings that have so far proven quite indestructible.

This beautiful creature has been the Queen's (willing) slave ever since. It is kind and benevolent unless instructed specifically not to be. It is in some way innocent. To most it remains a mystery why it remains by Tamarah's side; should one manage to communicate with it, it will display great fondness for her.

Quælrîx Úvåd (unique) Init. +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 4d8; hp 32; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP type I demon; Mishap Teleportation, SV Fort+4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL C.

Least Demon of Travel – as a once demon of travel, Quælrîx can move between realms of Tamarah's doom, and (when permitted by her) freely about the material universe.

Mishap Teleportation – its primary form of education/attack is the use of teleportation, rather the deliberate misuse of that ability, on its enemies and those it 'plays with.' Unless its target can succeed at a DC 15 fort save, the target will be forcibly teleported – likely into or through something, often something "interesting."

Called the Unmoving; once known in another reality as Brundelpod-7; this synthetic being once misshaped their way into abyssal spaces where Tamarah pays attention. This tragic

and misshapen figure earned her attention and later, proved its usefulness to her. Among her better treated pets.

Quelrix was an extraordinarily minor demon at the time of that Tamarah claimed him. This lesser travel demon has become amongst Tamarah's chief gremlins; she styles him the "patron saint of teleportation mishaps"....And so on Tamarah's behalf acts as a patron or go between of those who survive transport malfunctions and its master. It claims that – thanks to it – beings who are lost through misteleportation, those apparently physically disintegrated, may find themselves given up wholly to the Red Queen....body, mind, and soul.

"Interesting Teleportational Mishaps"

- 1 Target has been teleported partly inside a solid structure; limited mass displacement has fused part of the teleported body into the structure itself while the remainder of the being takes 2d6 hp and 1d6 Agil damage immediately.
- 2 Target has been rearranged on arrival at the new location. Gross function remains fairly constant but they may now need to walk on their hands for example as they have been swapped out with their feet, or their eyes have been moved into the back of their head.
- 3 Inexplicable – the character arrives with someone else's skin – possibly now covered in feathers or scales. No loss of function but the teleported will need to adjust to a newfound sense of touch and the like.
- 4 Character has been genetically combined with common minor pest – a fly, a scorpion, a dust mite. Over the next d6 weeks they will begin to take on attributes of that creature before a metamorphosis begins in which the teleported transforms into the other type of creature but with the original's mass and intellect. Madness likely results.
- 5 The teleported is momentarily combined with a high energy force field or other radiant power source; they are trapped in the utter darkness of airless non-space for 1d4 rounds before the teleport completes itself. Then roll on this table again to determine condition at arrival.
- 6 Character arrives but with 'minor cosmetic issue' they are disfigured and obviously so. Sacrifice 1d3 PERS and 1d4 hp immediately. They may have difficulty speaking clearly and eyes may have functional cataracts depending.
- 7 Teleported arrives in another's clothes with another's gear and possessions. Their own is likely lost somewhere in the infinite planes of the multiverse.
- 8 Facial rearrangement – it's all there but out of order. The mouth may be in the forehead and the eyes to either side of where the mouth should be. Reduce Agil by 3 until such a time as the being can learn to adapt
- 9 Being primarily arrives intact but hands may be reversed or feet on backwards. Reduce Agil by 2 and possibly halve movement rate.
- 10 Being is combined with second entity, either a second creature who failed the saving throw against this attack or a previous entity that it has already used this ability on. Appearance, ability statistics, and special abilities are an aggregate of the two creatures now fused.

Starbow ~ a unique type V demon (1) Init. +6; Atk Bite +12 melee (1d10); AC 23; HD 10d8; hp 72; MV 180', also unlimited see below; Act 2d20; SA infectious ichor, movement, demonic attributes; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +7; AL C.

Kick attack – Starbow easily rears up to strike mighty blows with its front most golden hooves; these attack at +10 and inflict 1d10 damage (each)

Trample attack – when Starbow is in (conventional) motion she can choose to inflict a trample attack on up to two medium sized (or three small sized) creatures at will. The trample works as a move through attack at +11 to hit, and inflicts XDX damage each Round of the trample attack which Starbow may opt to continue the following round.

Infectious ichor attack – all of Starbow's bodily fluids contain demonic ichor and Tamarine enzymes which when exposed to a mundane animal of similar type require a DC 20 Fortitude save. Those who fail will suffer the full effects of an 'overwrite attack;" over a period of days equaling the infected creature's Hit Dice, the horse (or zebra, or mule, etc.) are seemingly rewritten, functionally becoming one of Starbow's adopted spawn. Especially lawful or virtuous creatures may be entitled to a secondary Fort save at the same DC each passing day at the Judge's option. In such a case three consecutive saves (two for holy or divine creatures) will represent a full rejection of the demonic taint which will be ejected from the body in a foul smelling puddle of rapidly deteriorating alchemical agents. Such a creature will prove immune to subsequent attempts and will save v. all Tamarine magic and effects at +2 for the remainder of their existence and at +1 v. all demonic spells and attacks as well for a like period.

For those successfully infected, the end transformation alters the beast permanently; The creature gains d3 horns (1-2) or a rack (or 2, roll 1d2) of curling antlers, a pair of wings with 2d12 feet of wingspan, and adds 1d6 to Int and 1d8 to Pers, or grants those as ability scores where there was no such initially. Finally the base creature's common coloration will shift and alter, affecting skin, hair/fur, eyes, hooves/nails/claws and the like. Horns do 1d6 damage and each rack of antlers 1d8, both strike at +3, and crit only on a 20.

Starbow's gift of movement – perhaps however Starbow's greatest single demonic attribute and that which is their namesake. Starbow when in flight or otherwise not in contact with the soil or bare earth or rock Starbow can move at any velocity, and any speed up to but not exceeding the speed of light. Starbow can ferry up to four (or six small sized) passengers literally anywhere in the omniverse, in as much or as little time as she wishes. Starbow can, per her half-demonic nature, move through the phenomenal universe at the speed of light, to the benefit (and terror!) of those astride her.

When Starbow moves at near light velocities, anyone the steed voluntarily bears (or is under order to bear) is protected from the vicissitudes of such motion, and exists in only a quasi-real state, such that it may or may not be subject to common physics effects. In the wake of Starbow's departure, it seems to leave a great rainbow, bent into a full circle as it accelerates to near light speed, deteriorating into a brilliant

purple and blue wave of Cherenkov radiation. Starbow is immune to attacks from light, attempts to bend time or space, and suffers no ill effects from either radiation or cosmic energy.

Demonic attributes – Starbow communicates with speech and telepathy and can manifest near instantly to any location unless bound, summoned, or ordered otherwise by its mistress

Immune to weapons of lesser than +4 enchantment and natural attacks from creatures of less than 8 HD; immune to fire, cold, electricity, gas, and acid.

Possesses Infravision at 90'

All attacks critical on 16–20

Starbow is a graceful and majestic creature of great but ferocious beauty. Appearing as a great (2m high) black and purple mare/stallion with immense (36 foot wingspan) metal-feathered wings of a multi-colored, prismatic hue. Atop its head a single brilliant horn, sometimes hidden amidst a great rainbow mane and tail (which are never hidden). The beast walks on golden hooves. As befitting a demonic steed of Tamarine aspect, Starbow has been known to appear with mare as well as stallion attributes (or neither as they can be withdrawn into the creature's semi demonic body at will); often a mix of both as it pleases the Horned Queen. On closer inspection one realizes that the steed has four eyes, roughly in the pattern of a spider, all of which glow slightly from within owing to their constant emission of infrared light.

Starbow, war horse of the Horned Queen and Chooser of the Vain - On many worlds, Starbow is amongst Tamarah's most recognizable symbols. Alleged to be the largest of a nightmare's herd, it is whispered that the beast is one of her oldest, most loyal spawn, from a time in which she fought in the wars of other, older demons before coming into her own in the millennia since. It carries her into battle, and is sometimes sent to aid especially favored servants (or to retrieve those among that number who have most especially displeased her. Especially those who refuse to invoke her for fear of her crimson retribution).

Tȝoc'fɳənah1 (1) Init. +0; Atk bite +13 melee (1d8 Crits on 17–20); AC 23; HD 13d10; hp 72; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP demon traits, immune to weapons of less than +3 enchantment or creatures of 7 HD or less; SV Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +8; AL C.

Daughter of Lilith – this elder succubus possess all of the classical traits common to her kind. She effortlessly speaks all languages verbally or via telepathy. She possesses infravision of excellent clarity out to 120' she is immune to fire, cold, electricity, and gas, and takes half damage from acid. Capable of instant teleportation throughout the Queen's Doom and many other lower planes; can project astrally but seldom choses to do so.

Immobilizing gaze – when she wishes it she can look deep into a mortal's eyes with her own featureless crimson orbs. Anyone attempting to look away must make a DC 23 Will save, or be held fast, unable to look away, or take other action save confused speech. If she wishes it, anyone of less than 7 HD so held can be compelled to die unless they make a DC 23 Fortitude save. Most often she uses this ability to arrest

the progress of overly talkative troublemakers so that she might concentrate on their friends and comrades. Someone so held fast may well remain there forever slowly starving and aging unless she should release them. Only rarely is she cruel in that way.

Fate trading – any who are foolish enough to accept an offer to see the cards, or ask specifically for their fortunes to be told are trading their places in the eternal struggle quite without knowing. There is no saving throw against this effect; you ask for it or acquiesce to the offer and that is that. For most mortals this is a negligible change as they would experience it.

To player characters however, they find quickly that something ineffable about themselves and their place in the universe as they know it has changed.

Mechanically any foolish enough to undertake this are made to reroll their luck score on the spot (without understanding of course). This is functionally permanent, regardless of the consequence. Clerics and those with an oath to the divine and some rare sorcerers with particularly demanding patron beings may find themselves immediately subject to disapproval or worse depending on the being's particular cosmic-ethical proclivities and its sphere of influence.

(While it is particularly cruel but some Judges may find it justifiable that clerics may find their divine fortunes now cast with some wholly unrelated being....and an earned enmity to the Holy Traitor that the divine caster now represents. But holy crusaders likely should not be getting their cards read by demon women of the lower planes in any case!)

Teoc'fnenahl ("T" OAK-fenAL) is a succubus and trader in fate; at some point she was the last surviving member of a cabal dedicated to Tamarah's defeat and ultimate destruction. At a critical moment, for reasons known only to the succubus (and presumably the Red One herself) she betrayed the others and surrendered to the Horned Queen. *Teoc'fnenahl* now roams freely through her Lady's realms, seeking out especially lost mortals and showing them sights beyond their comprehension. Her offer to "read their cards" is frequently (and skillfully) misinterpreted. She does not 'see' or determine their fortunes, she distributes new ones, stolen from previous customer-donors, stealing the fate in store for those foolish enough to ask her to turn over one of her thin sliced obsidian glass cards.

Take the Hellevator to the Mezzodaemon - A Most Horrifying Crimson Bestiary -

Abyssal milk bats (1-6e): Init. +4; Atk +3 bite melee (1d8) +2 venom spittle missile fire (1d4, 25'); AC 13; HD 3d10; hp 22 or hp 22, 22, 17, 17, 17, 17; MV 120' (flight) ; Act 1d24; SP ultra vision 90' infravision 120' track by scent up to 6 miles; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Chaotic

Venomous spittle – inflicts 1d4 caustic damage on contact; creating fumes when inflicting damage on organic matter; fumes linger for 1d3 rounds causing eye strain, dizziness, and great mucous discharge; on a failed Fortitude save (DC 8) the fumes can cause temporary blindness, lasting 10 days (or 30 if the afflicted is exposed to sunlight during the first ten days).

Believed to have once been a mortal species, descended from those who nursed directly from the Red Mother and survived. 14' long fuzzy long haired bats with great red leathery wings.

Abyssspawn (3-13): Init. +2; Atk weapon +2 melee fists (1d2 plus cold touch crit 20); AC 11; HD 1d12 hp 10 or hp 10, 10, 10, 9, 8, 8, 7, 5, 4, 4, 4, 3, 1; MV 25; Act 1d20; SP Type I demon traits; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0; AL Chaos.

Undead spirits of uncertain but ghastly origin given animation, sentience, and ghostly purpose by the Red Queen, they have 60' infravision, take half damage from non-magical weapons and fire, and no damage from piercing weapons of any kind. They hide at +4 (as thieves) when not moving as a group and understand common, infernal, and a vast number of mortal languages but seem incapable of speech.

Cold touch – when in contact with the flesh of the living they drain the warmth and heat (and life) from even casual contact, inflicting 1d6 hp damage. At times the Abyssspawn will mob a single opponent, reaching out and moaning as if in great need of love or affection, expressed strangely inchoately. Those so slain seem to have died spontaneously of frostbite or exposure. When slain, they rise again 24 hours later, in their communal black graves, vast lime filled pits that reek of charnel and waste, which are scattered about the Queen's Doom. They seem quite capable of remembering their killers, whom they may inoffensively follow around thereafter, as though drawn by some lingering instinct of the once living flesh.

At times Tamarah will dispatch one of these wretched things to the material plane to act as familiar and spy to a particularly talented (or dangerous) sorcerer under her influence.

- Small, dainty, very frail looking tween children with an expression suggesting that they have been spiritually cored or hollowed out. They have blank spaces where their eyes should be, no navels, and as they have no need for eat or drink they have no excretory openings either. Their mouths stink of spoilt milk and are filled with many rows of rotted baby teeth. Often appearing or appearing to move like marionettes, they act as spies, advisors, familiars, and devil's' advocates to their casters.

Hunger Dogs (21-40): Init. +4; Atk weapon +2 bite melee (1d6); AC 12; HD 2d8+3; hp 19 or hp 19(x2), 17, 16(x2), 14(x2), 13(x2), 12 (x6), 11(x3), 10 (x6) , 9(x5), 8(x4),

7(x2) 6(x2), 5(x3); MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP demon traits (Type I); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL Chaos.

They take only minimum damage from non-magic weapons and cannot be controlled or compelled by magic or abilities that pertain to natural animals. They have no scent abilities save in packs whereupon they collectively have the ability of a common dog and no more.

No matter how much they eat and consume they never feel nourished or satisfied and so are constantly roaming, growling, and starving. When a target is sighted, they run down the least armored individual and harry and run them down.

Always hungry these perpetually starving beasts are unleashed when she has a "rodent control problem" often in packs of 21 - 40. They continually scour the planes of Tamarah's Dooms and those worlds that she has recently devastated.

"Lurching Woman" (1-4): Init. +2; Atk barbed slam attack melee +2 (1d8+2), +3 bite (2d6+5) AC 15; HD 3d8; hp 18 or hp 24, 19, 18, 14; MV 30; Act 1d24; SP bite attack; immune to poison, eye contact SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Chaotic.

Bite attack is savage, attacking at + and inflicting 2d6+5 due to their incredible jaw strength (can crush small rocks) Their slam attack involves smashing their arms into their target and letting the barbs covering their skin do the work (on a failed Fort save DC 16, the target takes another 1d4 from the tearing of flesh and blood loss)

Look into my eyes and despair - making eye contact with the feral creature requires a DC 18 will save to avoid a round of mental paralysis. This stacks well (or poorly depending) with their bite attack. Such folk most often wind up dinner.

Lurching women are only semi-intelligent, and only superficially resemble humans and their ilk. Tall (9 foot) humanoids, of white, pale, or cream coloration; covered in barbs; mouth filled with many rows of filed, sharpened teeth; and long white hair that moves of its own accord but does not appear to have any other purpose (in fact it is how they communicate with one another).

Tamlyngs (Type I demon, humanoid): Init. +1; Atk bite +0 melee (1d3) or gore +0 (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d10; MV 20'; Act 1d16; SP partial demon traits, grabby-handed attack (touch drains 1d3 XP); SV Fort +1,; Ref +2,; Will +0; AL C.

Sometimes, one or more of them will have a single spell or spell-like ability and its action die will increase to a 1d20. Some children are known to mob single targets and everyone will use their touch attack; if this reduces the target to less than 0 XP, both they and one of the Tamlyngs, chosen at random, vanish. The deceased will almost certainly turn up amongst the unquiet dead of the Queen's court.

A lesser form of Abysspawn, these are hollow-eyed, pale, degenerate, soulless child-things who have been promised they will be reborn as living children if they catch the fox's soul.

Vapour Dogs (2-7) Init. +3; Atk bite +2 melee (1d5 cold); AC 16; HD 2d6; hp 9 or hp 9, 9, 7, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2; MV 60; Act 1d20; SP seek target, asolid form; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +2; AL Chaotic.

Seek Target – Like the Vlitherax, Vapour Dogs possess the ability to imprint on a desired being in order to be able to seek it out. It may cross planar boundaries freely in pursuit of its prey.

Asolid form – vapour dogs are immune to most forms of physical attack, only taking damage or injury from magic and +1 or better magic weapons, as well as certain oddities of super science. This also allows it to phase through solid matter, as well as perceive through solid matter, no matter the type or make, in pursuit of its prey.

Dedicated senses – Vapour dogs sense greed, envy, desire, and fear innately and intuitively and at a range comparable to the scent sensitivity of a mortal bloodhound.

Bring 'em back alive – once it's quarry is targeted, all vapour dogs in the vicinity converge on that area drawn by sympathetic senses, each attempting to surround and bite the target they pursue. Each bite inflicts 1d5 cold damage but leaves no scar or visible injury. Should the target be reduced to zero hp, they will lapse into a drug-like stupor, only semi-conscious as they themselves become insubstantial and vaporous – 2d14 days later they will turn up lost, naked, and bereft of any mortal possessions whatsoever, lost in the Queen's doom, unless the dogs were given specific instructions to bring the offender to a particular place instead.

Wrought of smoke, longing, and mist, steam, and Tamarine intentions. Woven out of these elements for the purposes of being sent across planar boundaries to stalk, hunt (and sometimes follow or observe) quarry. The most solid part of their body are their three eyes - one each a single red, green, and purple eye ("One for blood, two for need, and the purple eye that sees through things."); these may be hit with normal weapons at AC 16 for normal damage.

Vengeance Parasite (1-6) Init. +0; Atk grab +4 melee (1d6); AC 16; HD 4d8; hp 32 or 23, 21, 20, 18, 17, 16; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP demonic traits, grab attack, envelope, possession; SV Fort+3, Ref +1, Will +1; AL Chaotic.

Demonic traits – owing to its semi material nature it is immune to attacks from non-magic weapons and takes only half damage from fire, gas, acid, cold and electricity. It can (and does) effortlessly use ESP on those that it is enveloping but the Parasite is not intelligent as we know it.

Tactics - They are sent with particular targets and those alone. When they engage their target they attempt a grab and follow it up immediately with an attempted envelope attack. Once this is successful, the target is paralyzed (resisted with a DC 23 Fort save), which must be saved for once a round.

Grab attack – in melee the Parasite attacks (which feels like having one's hand or other extremity shaken by a wad of wet soggy spongy paper that slowly penetrates your skin with the sensation of wet dampness) Once the target has been hit the parasite holds on, stuck fast to the area where it hit, doing 1d6 hp damage.

Extended Envelope attack – surrounding the target and attempting somewhat to absorb them; requires a successful melee attack (which feels like having one's hand or other extremity clasped and shaken by a wad of wet soggy spongy paper that slowly penetrates your skin with cold and icky damp. And then a full round thereafter to begin the process. The target must succeed at a DC 23 Fort save or find that that they are growing numb. A round later they will be paralyzed. If the save is

successful but the Parasite still surrounds the character, the save must be made again the following round.

Once they are paralyzed each round the target must begin saving v. will (DC 20) to resist possession. Once the Parasite is attempting possession it will no longer defend itself against outside attack nor engage others in melee.

Once they are possessed there is no turning back. The parasite goes fully ethereal with their captive in tow. There, it finds a hidden place in which to trigger the transformation in which the two become one, and a much greater demon at that. If they are to be saved, friends and colleagues will have to intercept the creature and likely cut them out of the beast before it makes off with them.

But the original host, or rather, their consciousness, if not their soul, remains, and intact, but only as an aware consciousness, and not in any way in control of the creature. It is, in fact, forevermore a passenger within it's now hulking, bestial, monstrous demonic body. Woven into its fabric like a binding, only death shall release the consciousness, which, soulless, will cease to be. Ultimately they become part of some new demon or semi demonic monster – one of the Ilfon'tilk, a lurching woman, or possibly something stranger.

The demon appears inoffensive, a hungry but hollow, semitransparent blob, floating or drifting in the air as though semi ethereal, the interior suggestive of a light mist in the right light. An astral jellyfish, some kind of nomad..... They are hard to detect in circumstances of dim light

Vlitherax Init. +2 ; Atk Beak +3 melee (2d6+2 and DC 12 Fort save v disease) and/ claw +1 melee (1d6+2 ea.); AC 14; HD 5d8 hp 32 or MV 10' or 60'; Act 1d20; SP Demonic traits, Stinger, cross planar boundaries and Seek Target (See below)x; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Chaotic.

Stinger +5 attack (DC23 Fort save or be immediately paralyzed; death via heart & respiratory failure on fumble) Deeply hidden within the thickest of its feathers, just inside the leg of its left leg is a small semi retractable stinger, containing an extraordinarily potent paralytic that it uses to subdue its prey for capture and return flight. The stinger, which relaxes, strikes, and is immediately withdrawn is hard to see; those few who have reported a four or so foot tongue-like tendril with a blistery bone hook at the end. The poison is not actually poison but toxic spores which regularly build up on the stinger=tendril and clump on the bone hook itself

Demonic Traits (infravision, darkness, crit range 20; half damage from non-magical weapons and fire)

Cross planar boundaries (cannot do so on its own without being given instruction from higher power), then limited to immediate point of transit and back.

Seek Target - fundamental to its planar crossing 'ability' is the ability bred into the creatures to imprint on a desired being in order to be able to seek it out. It's not as effective as it sounds as they are not that smart but it works enough that the shotgun approach works in most cases.

Believed originally not to have been demonic at all but a surviving scavenger species from the Galaxy of Black Stars, brought to the abyssal realms and cultivated over successive generations. Their former capacity to roam the interstellar void by traveling in vast flocks through hyperspace has been perverted to allow them in small numbers to be sent to the material planes and otherwise on missions of acquisition and capture.

Possessed of only a rough intelligence and a somewhat blunted cunning, they are nonetheless of dogged persistence when their prey is involved.

The (type I) vulture demon primarily is known as the errand creature for its betters, sent forth to cross material and planar boundaries to snatch desired life forms, and sometimes summoned up as particularly vile mounts by abyssal inclined witches and wizards. This immense creature has two broad wings of partially feathered, semi-reptilian appearance, the craned neck and head of a vulture, two powerful hind legs that dangle behind in flight like a bee, each ending in sharp triple toed talons. The spotty and blotchy texture of the mottled skin-scale=feathers combination, as well as its irregularities of shape and colour often lead to this creature being mistaken for undead at even medium distances.

Why is the Vlitherax here?

1. A patron demon lord or other power has dispatched the thing to fetch forth a nearby mortal of unusual power or purity - perhaps one destined to become a paladin or great holy figure? Or one with a great potential for celestial magic? Can it be stopped and if not, do they try to follow?

2. This is a craftier sort - it seems as above but in fact this is a dodge on behalf of some fell power to fetch forth heroes from the mortal plane for some dark reason of its own. Either they will be attacked directly or they will be in for a surprise thinking they are rescuing some princess, for example. Where do they fell birds try to take them?

(Stuck for ideas? 1 the Crimson Hell 2 Dante's inferno 3. Land of Hades 4. The infinite pit of the abyss 5. A random hex in pandemonium 6. The courts of chaos 7. The Eternal Wicked City 8. The blasted wastelands of cancer 9. The Screaming Kingdom of 7000 Skins Being Stretched At Once 10. Ultor-Fehl, the Final Shadow of Total Despair)

3. The creature is one of several bound by task or spell to a great evil sorcerer of a faraway land, they have been sent east (or south or whatever) to gather the particular spell components (read: sacrifices) needed for a Ritual of Power. Favored local NPCs, pets, horses, or the like can be targets. Or, of course, one or more characters themselves.

4. There is a flash and the clash of arms and then a fiery column rains down from the sky a mile distant. Investigation sees the charred semi intact corpse of the Vlitherax, its hind claws still clutching a cast iron cage in a death grip, though the door is open, and tracks Go that way. Who or what managed to escape? Will you go after them?

5. The creature is one of a small flight of them (roll a d20) - a demon lord or such has determined that an ancient weapon of great power lay somewhere in the area - they are tasked with covering a search area of (5d00) miles, so they will not be grouped as such. But this will be noticed. What are they seeking?

6. An extraordinarily rare occurrence - one of the greater demons has tasked a named servitor demon of their court to take this being and hide a powerful item of good - a relic, the remains of a saint, or some advanced scientific knowledge, hopefully somewhere far and somewhere obscure. Enter the PCs

Warp Wasp (also Doom Wasp, Red Abyss Wasp, other names besides) (3-7) Init. +4; Atk bite +4 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 5d8; hp 26, or 26, 25, 23, 23, 23, 17, 15; MV 130' (crawls at 35'); Act 1d20; SP Type II demon traits, ovipositor attack, **Red** pollen; SV Fort+4, Ref +4, Will +1; AL C.

Demon traits – (alone or grouped) crosses planar boundaries at will; summoned warp wasps can sometimes be compelled to act to facilitate one way planar transit unless the summoner is out of favor with the Horned Queen. Even under such circumstances, especially when moving in groups, the warp wasps have been known to drop their passengers off somewhere quite random.

Ovipositor attack +6 to hit, 1d10 damage, Crits on table III d12 threat range 19-20) targeting the eyes or other exposed brain bits

Tactics – you fly six times faster than you crawl so fly right at your enemy's face and try to get it. Mount its face and inseminate it. Really it's just that simple.

When focusing its attacks on a single creature (or using its ovipositor attack) the beast places all sighted and hearing individuals at a reduced die step for all actions from constant distraction and inability to see/hear.

Red Pollen – Any ovipositor attack, successful or not, exposes the victim to Red Pollen. (Those who were not hit in combat may avoid the pollen by making a DC 16 REF save provide they are wearing some sort of armor or a hood at least. Red Pollen is a trans planar psychoactive, psychogenic substance that in tiny doses is a super potent, mind expanding, soul rippling narcotic...in these doses, it's like cocking the universal shotgun, aiming at the brain and firing....Those affected take a d4 (each) ability damage to Pers, Int, and hope it's temporary. For the next d16+level + Pers bonus + Int bonus the affected IS GOING FOR A RIDE. Those afflicted by Red Pollen are to some degree placed in a "State of Abyssal Rapture" – what they believe will to some degree prove true...especially if those beliefs are fear, uncertainty, chaos, change and the like. Whatever is left of the affected thereafter can be expected to consult The **RED** table rolling at -1.

Doom Wasps, Red abyss wasps, and many other names besides, the Warp Wasp is a bizarre red and black striped or mottled dire wasp with variously eight or sixteen legs. Overall body structure of the demon is closer to a hornet than a true wasp.

Warp Wasp Matriarchs are treated functionally as Warp Wasp Primes (DCC p. 382) they appear as vaguely harpy-like, an assemblage of 3-5 human breasts and long red hair along a still largely insectoid body. They are seldom encountered outside the less trafficked areas of the Queen's doom where they suspend thousands of eggs constantly from their swollen hind-cloaca. They have been known to trade secrets and information for ... donations from willing mortal males.

Other creatures of the Dooms

The *Lilit Tekal* – the 99 wicked warrior sisters

Succubi of maximum hit points who ride a variety of armored flying mounts, enjoying supremacy over many high abyssal skies. Astride the Queen's warp wasps, her Vlitherax or larger varieties of abyssal bats, they fight with spear and shield and stranger things seized in battle amid the ruins of a dozen conquered worlds.

The *Red marefolk*

A race of horse and ungulate beaastmen mutants that have lived an alternately settled and nomadic existence across Tamarah's doom for hundreds, possibly thousands of years. Much of their 'nomad' history is spent wandering between the points of one of two ruined settlements – the old town and the new town; each are in ruins to varying degrees but they go through settled periods also where one of the towns becomes the center point of their existence.

The smarter and more intelligent ones are periodically shifted off to a pocket plane where Tamarah keeps certain items and relics away from grabby mortals, awaiting the right champion to arise from a patron bond that they might be led there, hopefully to take up arms and do her bidding. The lone champion who arrives by gate on the hill is a known piece of folklore to them, even those lost in a semi-animalistic nomad existence. It is their nature to test such individuals by violence and by actions of chaos and circumstance.



The book of Scarlet Abomination

The 156 Damned Pages, all wrought of skin and scales (allegedly those of the demon herself), the scarlet paged text depicts obscene and blasphemous sutras and a panoply of images and diagrams, each a title, name, or other element necessary to successfully invoke the patron. The Patron Binding spell for Tamarah can be found, in complete, herein. Use of the book in the Patron Bonding ritual will add 3 to the spell check, though if the spell fails or worse, the book will be whisked away in a red and black whirlwind. The book may very well be a part of the demon queen's multidimensional body, capable of terrifying feats should she wish it. A failed patron bonding could conjure an enormous book-tongue to enfold and suck the would-be invoker into the book itself.....

The Jor-Ust Codex,

Also called the Red Book

"112 days of constant pleading."

Much of what is known here comes from the Jor-Ust Codex, The largest surviving scrap of that work is an extended poem of sorts, detailing the poet (one of many interpretations of who the author is to be) attempting to flatter and persuade the incarnate Tamarah as she presides over and devours much of the author's home (home-world). There is an entire cycle of stories herein describing her various alleged conquests a list of monsters 'made' and the like.

The most common translation of this text is the so-called Book of Scarlet Abominations.

The Codex also contains at least 12 of her '99 Red Names'
 Tamlyn
 Tamarah Pandoramicum
 Tamael
 Tama Lyn
 Tamma-lyn
 Tamah-lyrhin
 The Lady Payback
 Nemesis St. Harbinger
 Tamarah Doombringer
 Tamlyn Worldwrecker
 Tamarah the Red Sheppard
 Tamarah the Red.

The Posture Sutras

The vulvar flats – a depiction of the so-called Cambion Cocotte, 'Queen-mother' of the Succubi

The image of the six armed hungry woman – The Enlightened Beast who is bearer of the cup of chaos wisdom. "The enlightened beast dances in the void, laughing awn corruption, free and unwise. For those who have earned the Beast's especial favor...or for those deserving only damnation, the Queen of Wise Doom may offer you a chalice. A drink of **RED**."

The beaastmen diagrams – On some worlds Tamarah is regarded as the mother of beaastmen and their foul ilk. These mystic-vivisection diagrams of a variety of beaastmen varieties may aid in spells affecting them or attempting through sorcerous means to create them. On the last of the diagrams she is depicted as she is known in the ape cities of the south; an immense (16 foot) she-gorilla with a lion's mane and a scorpion tail.

The Posture Titles – Each of the Red Queen's 56 mystic titles are individually depicted among the sutras within the Codex. Concealed within these title-diagrams, are contained perhaps four or as many as six spells of unknown origin, on top of all of this other "esoteric learning."

The translated version of the Codex, the Tome of Scarlet Abominations, ascribes a specific name for each title (as outlined on page 26).

Other demons – are mentioned within the Codex as well, though in far less detail – at least on initial study. Consistent application of study by the dedicated sorcerer may well have ... surprising results however.

– The demon-bodhisattva named *Fallen Enlightenment Bhasmeśvaranirghoṣa*, the "– Soundless Lord of Ashes", who rules his eternally silent realm of dead though conquered worlds, and

-*Tenegbreas*, the lord of summer shadows and soft winds Sounds benevolent; is the lord of rapes on moonless nights

- And *Cillithix the Collector* – the collector of secrets of dead and lost civilizations

Aphorisms & alleged quotations – the final section contains a lengthy set of poetry-glyphs espousing certain “essential truths.” As the section goes on, these become longer and harder to follow; equal wise they become harder to translate without letting a little of the book’s fell influence in

“Flesh is flesh.”

“Hunger is life.”

“Humiliate. Then break. Then destroy.”

“Yet the Rebel Persists.”

“Will to consumption...”

“Complete freedom in all things. Always. For all. But me first.”

“Sticky fingers! All-the-Things Must Touch.”

“Tick tock men can be broken. Only the brave and foolish eat what’s inside.”

“Get my fingers in you and I will bring out your Red.”

“That is what girls are, holes that can kill you.”

The Screws Turn as Tamlyn Yearns

What am I?

Am I a vampire?

A goddess

A demon

I possess all of these qualities

But I am in charge

And that is ultimately all that matters

She will help you nut, she will help you win one for the revolution, She will definitely help you stick it to the man But the Red Queen will find only amusement in it brother.Let out your hate, swim in your resentment and anxieties, and let the Red Queen Rule You.

Some selected highlights

- Story of her forging the Star Crown in the Deep Abyss with two other demons; poss. The demon who will come?

- Some tales of her various “badges of office” (all sandman style)

Her hide armor/cloak which allows transformation and is useful in war.

The “parable” of Her Time in the Void-

Free, in the Void, at last, she found herself. Alone.

Now as a slave and a victim to constant fear, she was always alone but not like this. The void is the absence of all things.

In the void you have nothing but yourself.

Her strength she found was in her freedom. Nothing existed to tell her it was impossible, whatever it was that came to her mind. Her weakness was that same freedom. The success or failure of all things lay in her doing.

At the end, she as much created what she needed out of herself and the world followed as called the world itself. Or returned to it, if you prefer.

Chalice Goat - Moments of Demoniatic Enlightenment table

Sometimes a vision, sometimes a fable, and sometimes complete fabrications designed to use and destroy them, these are - allegedly - gifts, drizzling down (or floating up) from the Enlightened Beast, perhaps showing them some fell path to power, glory or destruction. Sometimes triggered by the magic items she has released into the worlds, sometimes by her spell magic, and sometimes - seemingly- for no reason at all, Tamarah brings enlightenment of a most fell and unasked for variety. Why does the Queen in Scarlet and Jet do this? Who knows? Roll d100 and add your Level and Personality score (Not the modifier) as she drags you, kicking and screaming into the future.

For each Tamarine patron taint that the invoker has suffered, add ten to any roll of demonic enlightenment.

01-09 Trumpets, fire, smoke and burning flesh.....no more.

10-16 the spell that brought you here functions (reroll result) however your face is now absolutely blank; somewhere in the multiverse another petitioner of the Red Queen is wearing it. Invokers who have cast Dead Skin Mask and used it to steal another's face may, on a successful Will save (DC set by the reroll result) instead give up a face previously stolen by the use of that spell, randomly but permanently. In that latter case, there is a 1 in 4 chance the face worn is permanent; either a permanent illusion spell or the face is now adhered to their own.

17-31 Failure to comprehend the dangerous nature of the demon runes involved, both caster and target take a point of temporary PERS damage per caster level and save v. Fort at spell check dc or each loses 1d4 Pers, 1 Agil, and 2 Sta PERMANENTLY

32-39 A shade of Tamarah Herself - likely a servitor she's transformed into a likeness - shows up in the most personally offensive (Ref's discretion) attire/panoply, and pulls a requested/necessary item out of a courier's bag, then leaves. The item fails to work, most likely in a spectacular fashion. It may be a duplicate, an inferior obvious copy, or functionally identical save for whatever useful properties it is alleged to possess.

40-49 Red. RED RED you Are bleeding. Take 2d4 hp damage as blood pours from momentary injuries in your forehead, hands, breasts, penis, and feet. Then roll once on DRINKING THE RED table.

50-63 immediately you must succeed on a DC 20 Will save to resist spending the next d7 weeks seeking and engaging in carnal pleasures of the flesh. Those who fail the save and fail to give into their instincts, will find concentration increasingly difficult

64-72 far beyond your future, the Era After awaits, the Red Queen is hosting. You are drawn, or think you are, to a large gathering of other like-minded mortals in the Queen's villa, many hundreds of thousands of years in your future. You learn many secrets of this demon era and are given a taste of the RED before returning...or waking....back in semi familiar territory....2d12 miles from where you were previously with no accounting for the intervening distance or time, if any.

73-81 A dizzying, psychedelic array of clashing lights and reflections; recipient is ill for 1d2 days afterward. However during recovery, they experience a moment of clarity or insight pertaining to a problem they are currently experiencing, or one they have forgotten about.

82-91 Immediately and every night following for level/nights in area of 1 mi/level radius of the misfire experiences a haunting red and crimson aurora.

92-93 all in 100 / level + pers. Bonus/miles see the constellations (or other celestial phenomena) bleed for d12 minutes every day for as many days, even in full daylight.

94-98 the caster is suffused with a soft but pulsating (and warm to the touch) scarlet aura. 1 in 5 chance that this is permanent

99 the enlightened one is shaken to their very core. Your body is immobilized as your spirit flies to a dozen supernal realms, each one passing through your consciousness and vice versa with liquid quickness – soon you realize your body, your home, all you have known is only energy wobbling at a slow vibration. You have a common point of reference with everyone you have ever known as someday soon in the past or future you will have been them – you are all one...or will be. The whole of the multiverse is a tremendous act of imagination and you are no exception. Succeed at a DC 25 Will save or be lost in the heights of the upper worlds...or the obliterated psychedelic remnants of your own shattered mind, should there prove to be a difference.

100 The danse of ruinous creation overcomes the caster; their body is infused with and made drunk by a suffusion of daemoniac inspiration and demonic fury. The affected must succeed at a DC 30 Fort save or begin madly and insanely dancing, moving with greater and greater speed and warbling gait. The character will feel as though they are almost incapable of keeping up with their own body; this danse will continue for a full day and night for each CL possessed by the one so enlightened; Each day the afflicted sacrifices 1d8 points as spellburn from their Stamina, Intelligence, Strength, Personality, or Agility. The danse does not end until the afflicted is incapable of dancing any longer. Each day after the first the afflicted also suffers 1d6 hp damage as exhaustion, hunger, and dehydration take their toll. Hallucinations of a most bright and vivid nature are common as early as the first hour of the danse, growing progressively stranger and more intense as it passes. The afflicted will not fall down until one of their abilities reaches zero. If their INT reaches zero first, they have been slowly irretrievably, incurably rendered mad from the experience, no saving throw. If their PERS reaches zero first, they have given of their self and identity to power the effect and will remain dancing until they finally die of exhaustion. If any of their physicals reach zero first however, they drop from exhaustion and fall into the deepest sleep they have ever known.

Should anyone come into physical contact with the afflicted, or make firm constant eye contact with the afflicted (say in attempting to hold them down) they must pass a DC 20 Will save or they will join in the dancing madness. A plague of dancing can (and some when, many times, has) result from this. Should they reach 0 hp first of course, they die of exhaustion having been literally worked to death. At the end of the danse however, the true power of what has happened will be revealed. For every person who danced (and every level of every leveled character who participated)

101 - 129 you are on a set table and gods, demons, and lovers past and present are serving you, live, as an exquisite delicacy. You die, slowly, screaming and laughing, as the gods of your homeland, demons of Tamarah's court, and everyone you have ever loved joyfully eat and consume your flesh. You are murdered slowly in this ritual cannibal orgy, its reality only inexplicably becoming clear at the bitter end. Tamarah eats your eyes before they burst from oversaturation with life energy. Your soul is done.

130+ How did you roll this high? OR "roll" The Judge is hereby encouraged to tell the tallest story they can conceive and absolutely blow the player's mind. Then and only then decide if it has any reality in the game world.



There are those who are merely festering mouths waiting to be fed.

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All place names, character names, names of organizations and similar proper nouns introduced in this publication are product identity, including but not limited to Tamarah Pandoramicum, the Jor-Ust Codex, the RED, Starbow, and Cillithix the Collector.

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All is meaningless

Entropy is architecture

Be Free

TAMARAH HUNGERS

“I am the daughter of Fortitude, and ravished every hour from my youth. For behold I am Understanding and science dwelleth in me; and the heavens oppress me. They cover and desire me with infinite appetite; for none that are earthly have embraced me, for I am shadowed with the Circle of the Stars and covered with the morning clouds. My feet are swifter than the winds, and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning, and my dwelling place is in myself. The Lion knoweth not where I walk, neither do the beast of the fields understand me. I am deflowered, yet a virgin; I sanctify and am not sanctified. Happy is he that embraceth me: for in the night season I am sweet, and in the day full of pleasure. My company is a harmony of many symbols and my lips sweeter than health itself. I am a harlot for such as ravish me, and a virgin with such as know me not. For lo, I am loved of many, and I am a lover to many; and as many as come unto me as they should do, have entertainment.

Purge your streets, O ye sons of men, and wash your houses clean; make yourselves holy, and put on righteousness. Cast out your old strumpets, and burn their clothes; abstain from the company of other women that are defiled, that are sluttish, and not so handsome and beautiful as I, and then will I come and dwell amongst you: and behold, I will bring forth children unto you, and they shall be the Sons of Comfort. I will open my garments, and stand naked before you, that your love may be more enflamed toward me.”



This product is compatible with the Dungeon Crawl Classics Role Playing Game.