

DEVILANT DATABASE 2.0

More Mutated Misfits
Found Lurking in
THE SAVAGE AFTERWORLD

By Tim "Sniderman" Snider

Illustrations by John Buckley,
Eric Campbell, Kevin Chenevert,
Nathan Fellhauer, Anthony Hunter,
James Jarvis, Jeremy LaMastus,
Stephanie Naylor, Jeremy Pea,
Aaron Siddall, bygrinstow, and Jim Yoder



MUTANT FUTURE
COMPATIBLE PRODUCT

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Chris (my wife), Lily (my dog), the amazing artists who illustrated the denizens within, and to every gamemaster who's ever spent some time hammering together a new creature to torment his players with.

INTRODUCTION

When I first started my all-things-role-playing blog, The Savage AfterWorld (www.savageafterworld.blogspot.com), I never dreamed that it would lead me to create my first supplement for Goblinoid Games' *Mutant Future* RPG. That book, "Deviant Database," was my first real sojourn into writing for RPGs. Since that time, I've produced a second *Mutant Future* supplement, "One Year In The Savage AfterWorld." I've also co-written another RPG; designed a card game; contributed to several magazines, zines, and publications; am working on several other RPG supplements; and began offering my services as a freelance RPG editor. And it all spiraled from that first post-apocalyptic monster supplement.

Yet even with all of these side-projects, I kept designing new monstrosities and adversaries for my favorite RPG, and The Savage AfterWorld grew as new mutants crawled from my imagination and onto the blog. I couldn't contain them any longer and, once again, they've found their way into a new supplement, i.e., the book you're now reading. I hope you enjoy "Deviant Database 2.0," and I hope the menaces found here will challenge, thrill, horrify, and amuse your players.

Your Friendly Neighborhood Sniderman

THE CREATURES CORRALLED WITHIN

ANKYLOPHANT
AYTEEUM
BATRACHNID
BEARHESIVE
BOG GHOUL
BRO'DING
CHITTERER
CHWILLIE
CLOTTED ONE
(AKA "SCAB")
COBWEB
COMPUTER BUG
CORPSE OWL
CRANIUM CRAB
(AKA DEATHCRAB)
CRIMSON CINDER

DEATH ANGEL
EQUUSAW
GIANT STINKBUG
HARVESTMAN
HOOKLEECH
JAGGAZZ
KLONDIKE B'AR
LIGREEMEN
LOG WALKER
LUMINION
MAKO
MANTISAUR
MANTRAP
MECHANOBANE
NOSFROGTU
ORGAN GRINDER

PANGAEA
PINCUSHION
PWNEE
PYRONOCEROS
REGRESSAURUS
REPULSIVE
SHUGORTHUR
SHROOMBIE
SNOT OTTER
SSSENTIPEDE
TRAWLER
TRIVYXXX
TYRANNOSAURUS
TANX
WHOREBEAST
WITHERMOSS

ANKYLOPHANT

No. Enc.: 0 (1d10)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 3

Hit Dice: 10

Attacks: 1 (bite or trample)

Damage: 3dB or 4dB

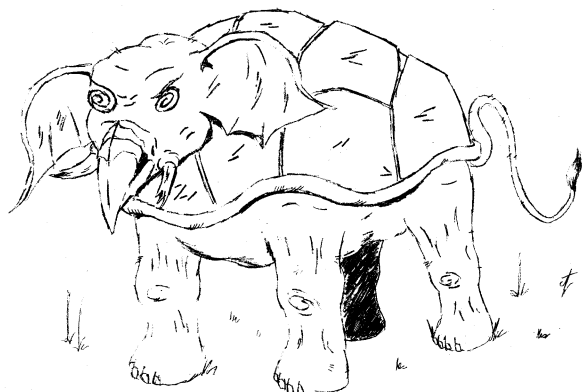
Save: L5

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: None

The Ankylophant is a large plains-dwelling herbivore. Massive in size (nearly 9 feet tall and weighing well over 1 ton), the Ankylophant appears to be a strange crossbreed of elephant and turtle. (Although only the female of the species has the large oversized ears of its elephant ancestors.) The creature has a hard tortoise-like shell covering its back and head, granting it a *natural armor* bonus to its armor class.

Ankylophants are fairly peaceful creatures, found wandering the plains with their herdmates. Because of their great size and strength, many would like to catch and train them as beasts of burden, but this is difficult to do



due to the Ankylophant's unique way of escaping capture.

When approached, an Ankylophant may suddenly "disappear," winking out of existence. Most mutants believe that the Ankylophant has some form of *teleport* mutation. In actuality, making eye contact with the Ankylophant triggers its *hypnotic gaze* mutation.



The victim must make a save versus stun attacks, or they will fall under its trance. Once hypnotized, the victim will freeze in place and their mental activity will stop, as if time was standing still for them. This effect lasts for 10 minutes, during which time the Ankylophant herd wanders off. At the end of their hypnotic state, the mutant snaps out of it, feeling that no time had passed. To them, the herd simply "vanished."

If the hypnotic gaze is ineffective, the Ankylophant has two primary ways of attacking. It can trample an attacker with its great bulk, crushing them for 4dB hit points of damage. It can also attack with its beak-like

mouth. Because of its crushing jaws, when it bites, it damages its unfortunate enemy for 3db hit points of damage.

Mutations: natural armor, hypnotic gaze

AYTEEUM

No. Enc.: 1 (1d2)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 1d4
Save: L1
Morale: L
Hoard Class: V

The Ayteeum (pronounced ay-TEE-em) is a small furry animal descended from the Bygone species of rabbit. The animal has a fierce look about it due to a set of small horns and some reptilian characteristics (scattered scales, a lizard-like claw replacing one or two feet, a set of slitted eyes, etc.). However, the Ayteeum is an incredibly gentle and docile creature, attacking only when it is threatened or cornered. The creature can bite for 1d4 hit points of damage, but its claws are useless in combat.

The Ayteeum is a very rare creature, seldom found in the wild as it was hunted to near extinction due to its unusual, and lucrative, mutation. The Ayteeum lives on a diet of carbon (coal, charcoal, charred wood, etc.).



The creature's digestive tract is incredibly efficient, placing consumed materials through intense pressures and heat as it digests. Within 24 hours of eating, the Ayteeum will excrete its droppings, which are in fact pure diamonds. Each "deposit" will consist of 5 to 30 gp (1dbx5) worth of gemstones. Each day, as long as it's well-fed and kept safe, the Ayteeum will produce this bounty. If the creature is stressed out or pressured, it will stop eating and, in turn, stop producing. If caged or confined, the Ayteeum may stop eating (50% chance), so keeping one confined and hidden does not necessarily guarantee a regular "pay day." Best results have been found by treating the creature as a pet with plenty of attention and regular care. However, others may stop at nothing to steal the creature once they find out about its special diet and droppings.

Mutations: efficient carbon-processing digestion

BATRACHNID

No. Enc.: 2d4 (2d8)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30'); Fly: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 8

Hit Dice: 2

Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1d6, poison

Save: L1

Morale: 7

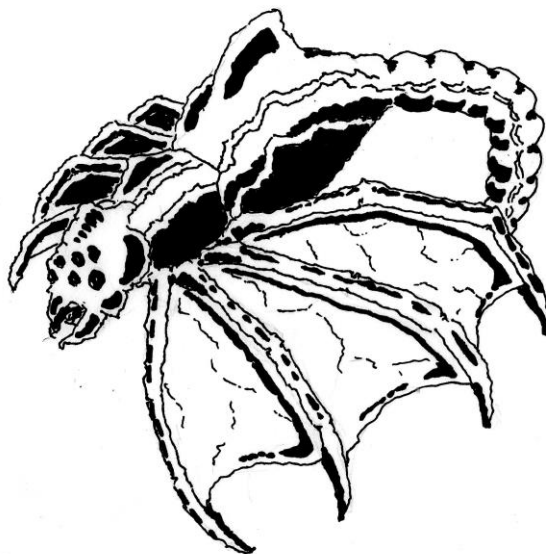
Hoard Class: None

The Batrachnid (bat-RACK-nid) is a large flying spider that travels in small flocks. When first seen in the distance, the creature may appear to be either a crow, raven, or black hawk. It's only when those 8 legs reach out that its true nature is revealed.

A Batrachnid is about the size and shape of a large tarantula, about 8 to 10 inches across. Its body is covered in coarse, black, wiry hairs, and it has no markings of any kind. The Batrachnid has developed a webbed membrane between its legs, which it uses as "wings" enabling it to fly much like a bat. Batrachnids attack by circling their prey overhead, then swooping in for the kill. They will use their 8 legs in an attempt to land on and take hold of its prey. Once it lands, the Batrachnid will attempt to bite its victim for 1d6 hit points of damage. If a victim is bitten, they should make a save versus poison. If unsuccessful, they will take another 4d6 hit points of damage from the Class 4 toxin in the creature's fangs. (A victim will take half-damage with a successful save roll.)

A flock of Batrachnids is sometimes referred to as "The Gliding Death" as few wasteland travelers survive an attack by an entire flock. And woe be to the unsuspecting mutant who stumbles into their nesting grounds...

Mutations: complete wing development



BEARHESIVE

No. Enc.: 1d2 (1d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 7

Attacks: 2 (claw, bite)

Damage: 1d3/1d6

Save: L3

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: VII

The Bearhensive (behr-HEE-sihv) is an enormous ursine mutant that appears coated in a thick, grey, viscous material. (The creature actually secretes this substance from its pores.) Also called by the nickname

"Gumbee Bear," the Bearhensive is similar in build and temperament as the common Cave Bear (MF rulebook, page 61). The creature lurks in underground caves and caverns, the walls of which are also coated in the slimy goo. It's usually obvious when a party has stumbled into a Bearhensive lair.

The Bearhensive is an aggressive carnivore, attacking any prey it encounters. It is a slow creature, attacking last in any combat round, and only able to swat with one claw and one bite attack when it does. The claw of a Bearhensive only does 1d3 points of damage, and its bite does 1dB points. However, any successful hit by the Bearhensive means the victim has found himself "glued" to the creature due to the strong adhesive emitted by the creature, who then receives an automatic "hit" on the victim in any successive round of combat. Conversely, any successful hand-to-hand, weapon-based attack made upon the Bearhensive will find the weapon "stuck" to the side of the creature, rendering it useless in further combat until freed by the party.

The "glue" is strong but not permanent. It takes one person 1d4 rounds of pulling and tugging to free an object (or a party member!) stuck to a Bearhensive. Two or more people working together can free an object or person in a single round.

Mutations: glue secretion, slow mutant

BOG GHOUL

No. Enc.: 1dB (2d8)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 2

Attacks: 3 (2 claws, bite)

Damage: 1d4/1d4/1dB + special

Save: L2

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: XII

Bog Ghouls are cannibalistic humanoids who lurk in the steaming, radioactive swamps dotting the blasted lands. These poisonous swamps were formed when fallout-laden rainwater filled the craters formed by the falling bombs that ended the world. Once human, Bog Ghouls are now twisted and malformed due to exposure to the fetid waters of these toxic wetlands.

Bog Ghouls have a pale green tint to their skin, pointed ears, misshapened teeth, and yellowish eyes that seem to leer in different directions. Bog Ghouls lairs are always found in radioactive hot zones where the background radiation ebbs at a Class 3 or better. Long-term exposure to this will do 3dB hit points of radiation damage to any player who dawdles unless a save versus radiation is made. (Even a successful save will cause half-damage. Exposure victims only need to check for this once per day.) Bog Ghouls are immune to the blistering energies due to their *reflective epidermis*. Bog Ghouls will never be encountered anywhere in a radioactively "clean" area.



Bog Ghouls have a hunger for flesh, be it human or mutant, and will fly into a ravenous frenzy whenever fresh prey enters its lair. They attack with a pair of grotesque claws for 1d4 hit points each. They also bite for 1d6 hit points of damage. And, just like their namesake, the bite of a Bog Ghoull drips with a Class 11 paralytic poison. Failure to save versus stun attacks means that the victim is paralyzed for 2d6 rounds; a successful save still causes the victim's movement rate to be halved for 1d6 rounds.

The frightening thing about the poison is that, even though the victim cannot

move, they can feel everything as the Bog Ghoull begins to rend, and to tear, and to feed.

Mutations: reflective epidermis (radiation), poison bite

BRO'DING

No. Enc.: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 300' (100')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 20

Attacks: 1 (claw or trample)

Damage: 5d6 or 8d8

Save: L9

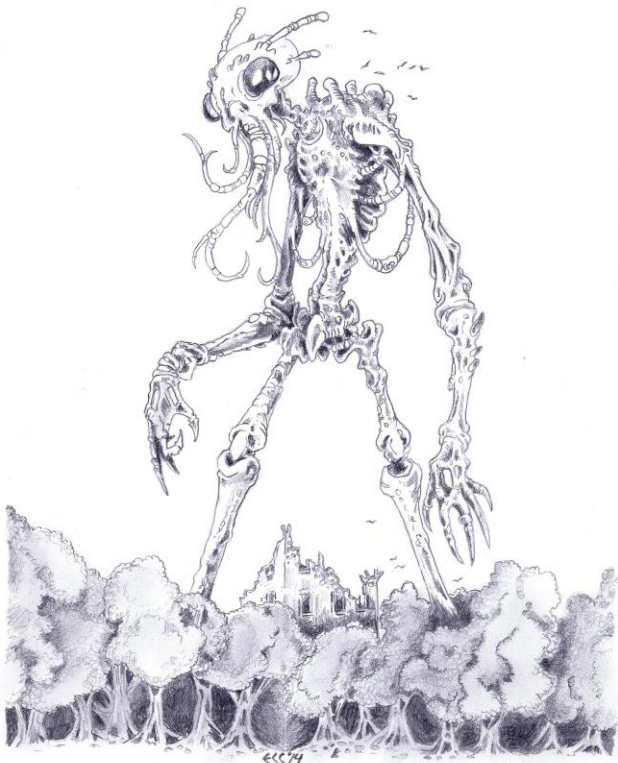
Morale: 11

Hoard Class: None

When the ground begins to tremor with a thud-THUD-THUD that increases in volume and intensity, it is almost certain that a Bro'ding approaches. Standing more than 130' tall, the giant Bro'ding is one of the largest land-dwelling creatures that exists in the *Mutant Future*. It is uncertain if it is a mutated human grown to gargantuan proportions; a deviant from another dimension; an alien invader; or some force of nature given form.

The Bro'ding is a thin, almost skeletal biped. This insectoid-looking creature stands on two spindly clawed legs. Anything in the way of its path will take 8d8 hit points in damage from its crushing weight. Its arms end in two clawed pincers which it uses to both pick up and manipulate objects as well as crushing and rending anything

it thinks is food. These claws do 5d6 hit points of crushing damage to anyone unfortunate enough to be caught in one. Although it is covered in a pasty gray rubber-like skin, the Bro'ding's chest has an exposed ribcage where its internal organs can be seen beneath. The head of a Bro'ding is elongated with multifaceted insect eyes. Its mouth has tendrils which it uses instead of teeth to rend and tear its food before consuming it.



A Bro'ding never speaks, nor makes a sound of any kind. It is uncertain if it has any kind of intelligence beyond basic animal instincts. Some have tried to communicate with it, only to be swatted away (and killed) when it became a nuisance. The Bro'ding wanders the landscape, eating when it's hungry, sleeping when tired, and

"playing" with other creatures when bored, much like a cat "plays" with a mouse. It seems completely unaware of the effect its size has on other living creatures, but it doesn't seem to notice or care. The Bro'ding treats other living creatures the way you or I may treat an insect: with complete indifference to its condition, thoughts, feelings, and/or suffering.

The Bro'ding gets its name from a literary-minded human who remembered a tale of a shipwrecked man terrorized by giants. When a Bro'ding is seen approaching, it's best to move out of its way until it passes, then rebuild the town and hope it doesn't take an interest in you or your village.

Mutations: gigantism

CHITTERER

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 150' (50')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1d4

Save: 11

Morale: 7

Hoard Class: None

The Chitterer is a tree-dwelling mammal, about 1 foot across, descended from the common Bygone squirrel. However, the creature has evolved several additional legs which gives it incredible speed in the treetops, as

well as a crab-like exoskeleton, giving it a sturdy *natural armor*.

Chitterers are shy animals, avoiding contact and shying away from most humanoids that enter their forests. Like a squirrel, the Chitterer is an herbivore, living on a diet of nuts, berries, and other vegetable goods. They rarely attack, choosing to do so only when cornered or threatened. If they do attack, they bite for 1d4 points of damage.



Instead of a confrontation, Chitterers instead defend themselves with their *fragrance development* mutation. Once a day, a Chitterer can release a hallucinogenic pheromone that affects those who fail a save versus poison. If a save is failed, the victim will be overcome by fearful visions and hallucinations for 2d4 rounds. He will primarily try to flee from these visions, although he may attempt to

fight the "creatures" he sees—which could be his own party members.

Chitterers have no valuables, but they are treasured as a delicacy. Vendors and merchants will pay handsomely for a bagful of the creatures.

Mutations: fragrance development, natural armor

CHWILLIE

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 60' (20');

Sliding: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 8

Attacks: 1 (bite)

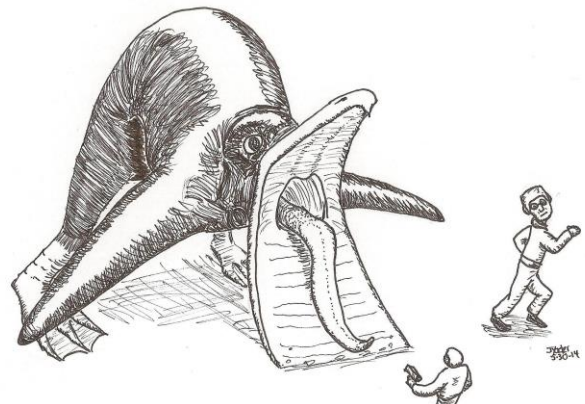
Damage: 1d12 + special

Save: L4

Morale: 8

Hoard Class: None

A Chwillie (chuh-WILL-lee) is a towering bird that lives in arctic. The Chwillie is one of the largest creatures in the arctic, standing well over 14 feet tall.



It's fairly easy to see the black-and-white-colored Chwillie in the distance on the tundra wastelands, as it's the only tall ebony object on the white backdrop. Chwillies have a large mouth that takes up most of its face and chest area, and a set of piercing yellow eyes are set atop of its head.

Chwillies are carnivorous, consisting on a diet of fish, seals, walruses, polar bears, and any other animals it can catch. In fact, a Chwillie nesting area is usually littered with the bones and carcasses of these large creatures (which could be unsettling if the PCs haven't yet determined what caused such carnage). Due to its size, a Chwillie gets a +2 damage bonus when it attacks. However, the Chwillie also finds it difficult to hit smaller creatures, so it gets a -1 penalty when trying to attack creatures 3' tall or smaller.



When first encountered, it may seem as if the Chwillie is a slow, lumbering creature as its short stumpy legs and feet cause it to walk with an awkward waddle. However, if the Chwillie throws itself onto its stomach, it can slide across the ice and snow like a

torpedo, using its feet to propel itself while its wings act as rudders. The Chwillie is able to keep its mouth open while sliding in this way, "scooping" its prey up and swallowing it whole. If a PC is swallowed, they will take 1d12 each round until either dead or freed from the Chwillie.

Mutations: gigantism

CLOTTED ONE (AKA "SCAB")

No. Enc.: 1db (2d10)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 60' (20')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 7

Attacks: 1

Damage: As weapon or *hypercoagulation*

Save: L5

Morale: B

Hoard Class: XIX

A Clotted One (also insultingly referred to as a "Scab") is a mutated human who appears to be covered from head to toe in a leathery, glistening hide. This "hide" is actually made of the Clotted One's own coagulated blood. Due to its *hypercoagulation* mutation, the creature's thick, syrupy blood hardens into a tough, copper-red crust upon contact with the air. This scab-like skin surface (which never sloughs off) gives the Clotted One its *natural armor* protection.

Since the Clotted One's blood clots so quickly upon being wounded, the creature's healing metabolism is constantly working, allowing the



injured "Scab" to heal an extra 10 hit points a day. (A Clotted One cannot regrow limbs in this manner though.) However, due to the thickness of the creature's blood, its metabolic processes are drastically slowed as its heart works to pump the viscous fluid through its veins.

Clotted Ones move very slowly, and they always attack last in a combat round. The nerves near and on the surface of their skin has been deadened over the years, so they are also often unaware of when they've been hurt or wounded. (Although any injuries are immediately scabbed over as their healing metabolism takes over.)

A Clotted One's touch can spread its *hypercoagulation* mutation to pure humans, causing the newly mutated victim to gain the abilities, drawbacks, and appearance of a Clotted One. If successfully grasped by a Clotted One, the pure human is allowed a save versus poison to escape this fate. (Mutant humans, plants, animals, and androids cannot acquire the mutation.)

A "Scab's" blood can heal 1d8 hit points of damage if gathered quickly from a fallen Clotted One, rubbed on a PC's wound, and allowed to crust over. However, since the creature's blood dries so quickly upon contact with air, there's no known way to "harvest" and store the creature's blood for any prolonged period of time.

Not much is known about Clotted One society as they avoid contact with outsiders (who view them as monsters anyway). Those who do venture into a Clotted One village will see that many of their traditions involve blood-letting and a "Church of Hematology." For example, upon birth, a Clotted One's parents will begin slowly scraping at the newborn's skin with thorny branches and sandstone in a ritualistic ceremony. Although this appears cruel and sadistic, it is the fastest way to release the quick-clotting blood upon the child's skin and bestow its protective armoring.

Mutations: hypercoagulation, natural armor, regenerative capability, slow mutant, pain insensitivity

COBWEB

No. Enc.: 2d10
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: None
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1
Damage: Special
Save: L1
Morale: None
Hoard Class: None

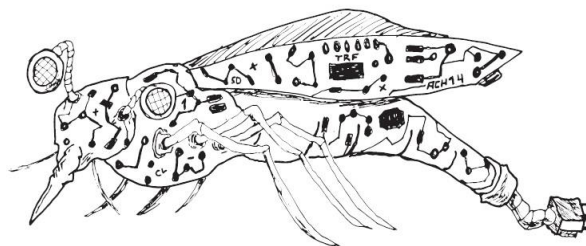
Cobwebs are mutated cornstalks that can trap unsuspecting victims in sticky strands of webbing. When approached, the husks surrounding the Cobweb will slowly peel back on its own, exposing pale white corncobs along each stalk. Once exposed, the kernels on each cob will explode much like popcorn kernels with a pop-pop-pop, spraying thin sticky webs of filament over a 20-foot radius. Any within range who say they're diving out of the way will escape entrapment if they make a successful save versus stun attacks.

The only way to free someone trapped in Cobweb webbing is with oil, acid, or fire. (Blades and cutting tools will be unable to cut through the webbing and will just become gummed up and ensnared as well.) Cobweb webbing is solely a defensive measure by the plant, and those trapped will receive no damage from the webs.

A Cobweb's webbing will crumble and turn to dust after 2 weeks, at which point the ensnared victim has most likely died of exposure and thirst.

Because it takes a Cobweb nearly 2 months to regrow its cobs, hungry scavengers use this period to drag away and feed upon the corpses of the victims, free from the danger of becoming ensnared themselves.

Mutations: webs



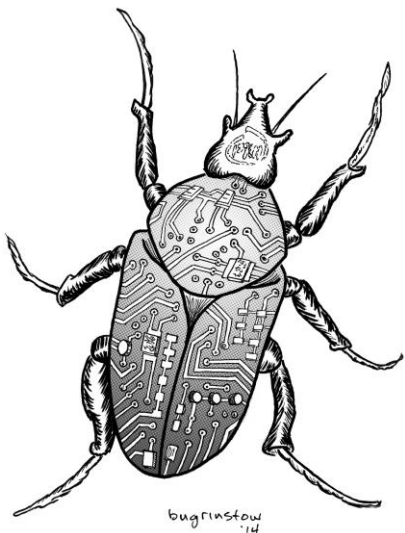
COMPUTER BUG

No. Enc.: 0 (3d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 10' (2')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1 hit point
Attacks: Special
Damage: Special
Save: L1
Morale: None
Hoard Class: None

Harmless to humans, animals, and mutants yet deadly to androids, cyborgs, and robots, Computer Bugs are "cybernetic termites" that consume the delicate circuitry found in the matrices of AI humanoids.

Attacking much like the Rot Grub (MF rules, page 93), a Computer Bug can easily bore through an android's outer skin layer. Once inside the robot's system, the Computer Bug will head

straight for the doomed AI's positronic CPU unless stopped immediately by an application of electricity at the site of the Bug's entry. This shock will destroy the Bug, as well as inflict 1db hit points of shock damage to the hapless victim. If not stopped, the Computer Bug will reach the AI's CPU in 3d10 minutes and then begin consuming the crystalline matrix, which will instantly kill the host.



Mutations: none

CORPSE OWL

No. Enc.: 1 (1d3)
 Alignment: Neutral
 Movement: Fly 120' (40'')
 Armor Class: 7
 Hit Dice: 3
 Attacks: 2 (peck, claw)
 Damage: 1db/1db
 Save: L2
 Morale: 8
 Hoard Class: None

In the post-apocalyptic wastes, there is no creature more feared and loathed as the Corpse Owl. The Corpse Owl is a virulent disease carrier, one that has been connected to the virus responsible for the rise of the Walking Dead (MF rulebook, page 101).

The Corpse Owl is a large bird (about 1 or 2 feet tall) that, by most outward appearances, should be dead. It's often covered with wounds and injuries that would be fatal to most creatures. Its body is twisted and torn. Patches of skin and feathers slough off. A sickly fetid odor can be detected long before a Corpse Owl is seen. Corpse Owls are usually found nesting in the highest tree or tallest ruins in the area. Corpse Owls are usually found singularly; groups of two or three are extremely rare. The Owl's nest and surrounding area is coated in a yellow-green fluid that reeks of rotting flesh and foulness. This liquid is extremely dangerous as described below.

A Corpse Owl attacks with its beak and claws, hitting for 1db hit points for either attack. But the real danger of a Corpse Owl is from the disease it carries. The fluids leaking from a Corpse Owl host an aggressive *necro-animation virus*, killing and reanimating a victim within minutes. Even a small droplet of this ichor can infect a healthy victim.

If a character is successfully attacked by a Corpse Owl, or if he makes contact with this foul poison, he should save versus poison or death. A successful save will cause the victim to crash to the ground, writhing in agony as the virus courses through his system. Every muscle will lock up for 24 hours and a raging fever will cause delirium and delusions. He'll also suffer 4db hit



points of damage as a result. If a save is failed, however, the victim will succumb to the disease within moments, dying within 2db rounds. The victim will rise as one of the Walking Dead within 1d4 turns. The safest way to deal with a Corpse Owl is with long-range weaponry. Hand-to-hand or close-up combat is suicide.

If a sudden outbreak of the Walking Dead erupts in an area, it could be the work of a Corpse Owl that has nested nearby. It is theorized that an Ancient "bird flu" virus mutated during The Final Wars and that the Corpse Owl was the eventual evolutionary carrier.

*Mutations: dermal skin poison
(special: necro-animation virus)*

CRANIUM CRAB (AKA DEATHCRAB)

No. Enc.: 1d4 (1db)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: 2 (claws)

Damage: 1db/1db

Save: L1

Morale: B

Hoard Class: None

Cranium Crabs are large hermit crabs that, due to their size, use empty human skulls as their shells. A Cranium Crab is a dull, speckled grey and tan in color, although the bleached white skulls they carry with them stand out in stark contrast. Cranium Crabs are found near large bodies of fresh water, though they can also be located near rivers, lakes, and even ponds. Cranium Crabs are also found in regions where many deaths have occurred, such as battlegrounds, graveyards, ruins of large cities, etc. The creatures seem to have figured out that, at such places, there is an ample supply of skulls to make their homes. A Cranium Crab is not a fearsome opponent in combat, as they attack with their two claws for 1db hit points of damage each.

If a Cranium Crab is in need of a new skull yet cannot locate one lying about, it will *make* one. A Cranium Crab will wait for a humanoid to pass by. If it sees a victim with an appropriately sized head, the Cranium Crab will trigger its *killing sphere* mutation. If the mental attack is

successful (treat as an attack by a creature with WIL of 7), any creatures within a 25' radius of the Cranium Crab will drop to the ground with only 1 hit point remaining. The victim must also make a save versus stun attacks or be knocked unconscious for 1d10 rounds. Although weakened, the Cranium Crab will approach an unconscious victim and will attack with its claws, usually delivering the final deathblow as the victim lays there.



Once the Cranium Crab's strength is back, it will sit on the chest of the corpse and trigger its *disintegration* mutation. This attack turns the corpse's flesh to dust, leaving behind only a skeleton. The Cranium Crab will then shed its old skull and move into the new one immediately.

If a band of mutants come across several headless skeletons with empty skulls laying nearby, it's a safe bet they've entered an area Cranium Crabs are frequenting. They'd better hope none of the Cranium Crabs are in need of a new home and lurking nearby...

Mutations: *killing* *sphere,*
disintegration

CRIMSON CINDER

No. Enc.: 0 (1d3)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: Fly: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 1 (*energy ray*)
Damage: 4db
Save: L4
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None

Found floating aimlessly around radioactive "dead zones," Crimson Cinders are thought to be the remnants of incinerated Bygones who perished during The Final Wars. Crimson Cinders appear to be a scarlet mass of drifting ashes and embers that seem to glow as if constantly burning. Occasionally, a human face can be seen in the red smoldering dust. It is unknown if a Crimson Cinder has any degree of human-like intelligence as no one has been able to communicate with the swirling masses they've encountered.

Crimson Cinders are only found in or near radioactive hot zones. (The Mutant Lord should roll 1db+3 to determine the radiation class of the area.) Crimson Cinders have built up an immunity to all forms of radiation, taking no damage from the blistering energies. They, in fact, thrive in such an environment. A Crimson Cinder constantly emits Class 2 radiation. Any PC who comes within 10 feet of a Crimson Cinder should roll a save versus radiation. Failure means the character takes 2db hit points of

radiation exposure damage. They will take only half-damage on a successful save. A Crimson Cinder can blast a radioactive *energy ray* for 4db hit points of damage if it hits. A Crimson Cinder only attacks if attacked first or if it is threatened or moved toward. Whether it attacks out of fear or instinct, or even randomness, is unknown.

Mutations: reflective epidermis (radiation), epidermal emissions (radiation), energy ray (radiation)



DEATH ANGEL

No. Enc.: 1d10 (1d10)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 5

Hit Dice: 4

Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1db, poison

Save: L2

Morale: 8

Hoard Class: None

At first glance, the Death Angel seems to be the result of a fevered hellish nightmare. It is a bleached-white, fanged, humanoid skull that appears to have wings growing from the temple region. The flying creature is always engulfed in a blazing *flaming aura* that gives it an otherworldly, demonic appearance. (It is currently unknown if the Death Angel is from another dimension, or if the creatures are a naturally-mutated creature from the poisonous blasted lands.)

Death Angels are diabolically intelligent creatures, able to reason and think as well as any intelligent creature. They are able to communicate through speech as well, although they will rarely communicate willingly with any other species. The only noise they seem to make is a high-pitched maniacal laughter, often used to signal an attack. Death Angels attack through biting with their powerful jaws, doing 1db hit points of damage when successful. They also have a Class 4 venom that they use upon a successful bite that will do an additional 4db hit points of damage unless a successful save versus poison is made (half-damage if save is made).

The Death Angel's flaming aura makes it immune to fire- and heat-based attacks, and it is thought that the

blazing fires somehow helps it in its ability to fly. It is theorized that putting out the Death Angels' fires may ground it, but this has not yet been proven. Contact with the aura will do 2db hit points of fire damage to the unfortunate soul who tries to grab one in flight. Although a Death Angel cannot project this flame like a weapon, it has been known to quickly land on a flammable item (clothing, wooden structures, etc.) to set it ablaze.

It is assumed by denizens of the *Mutant Future* that Death Angels were a common sight in the Bygone Days, as their imagery has been found to adorn Ancient jackets, vehicles, jewelry, and other items.

Mutations: flaming aura

EQUUSAW

No. Enc.: 1d4 (1db)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 240' (80')

Armor Class: 5

Hit Dice: 5

Attacks: 3 (2 hooves, saw blade)

Damage: 1d8/1d8/6db

Save: L3

Morale: 8

Hoard Class: None

At a distance, an Equusaw (EK-kwah-sah) may be initially mistaken for a Unicorn (MF rulebook, page 104). But the loud buzzing that's heard when you approach one betrays this assumption.



For all outward appearances, an Equusaw is a horse with a constantly-running chainsaw blade sticking out of its forehead. An Equusaw is most usually white or brown in color, although other shades have been seen. Although a peaceful creature by nature, the Equusaw will attack if it's spooked or frightened. It attacks by rearing up and kicking with its two front hooves for 1d8 hit points each. It may also attempt to gore an attacker with its sawblade. This dangerous weapon will do 6db hit points of damage if hit.

What has yet to be determined is exactly how a biological creature can have such an unusual appendage. Some have speculated the Equusaw is

actually robotic or an android in nature, perhaps developed for the Bygone lumber industry. Others feel that the Equusaw is a cyborg, a horse with mechanical weaponry fused to its skull for reasons long-lost. Regardless of its ancestry, the Equusaw could be a valuable mount if caught and tamed, as they can be trained to defend their owner. But the act of catching and "breaking" an Equusaw has killed hundreds foolish enough to attempt it.

Mutations: none

GIANT STINKBUG

No. Enc.: 1d3 (1d3)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 3

Attacks: 1

Damage: Special

Save: L2

Morale: 7

Hoard Class: None

The Giant Stinkbug is a gigantic version of the Bygone nuisance insect. The Giant Stinkbug stands 5 feet tall and nearly 15 feet long, giving it a formidable appearance. Unlike other giant insects found in the *Mutant Future*, the Giant Stinkbug is a peaceful herbivore and is actually quite gentle if left undisturbed. The Giant Stinkbug is also called a Shieldbug due to the triangular shield-like shape of its carapace. The outer shell of the Giant Stinkbug also

acts as *natural armor*, giving it a bonus to its AC.

Although the Giant Stinkbug avoids conflict, it has developed a dangerous defense mechanism if attacked, one left over from its smaller Bygone descendants. If attacked, the Giant Stinkbug sprays out a foul-smelling musk from its thorax in a 30-foot radius cloud. Anyone caught in this cloud must save versus poison. Failure means they begin retching and vomiting for 2d6 rounds due to the horrendous odor. They will also be wracked with muscle spasms during this attack which will do 1d6 hit points of damage as they flail wildly about, desperately trying to regain their breath. This foul-smelling substance permeates the skin of the victim, and anyone sprayed will suffer a permanent -1 to their Charisma due to the lingering stink that can never be washed off or masked.

Mutations: gigantism, natural armor, toxic weapon

HARVESTMAN

No. Enc.: 1d8 (1d12)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 7

Hit Dice: 8

Attacks: 2 (barbed tongue, bite)

Damage: 1d8/1d6

Save: L4

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: VI

A Harvestman is a twisted, deformed humanoid with exceedingly long arms and legs. The Harvestman's head and joints bend in impossible directions, and the creature scuttles around on all fours, giving it a spider-like appearance. Although the Harvestman is not an arachnid nor related to the species in any way, it has been nicknamed "Daddy Long-legs" due to its spider-like appearance.

A Harvestman has grey-black skin covered in very fine hair. These hairs give the Harvestman the *unique sense* to detect any movement within 30 feet. Even something as subtle as a hidden foe breathing can be "felt" by a Harvestman. A Harvestman can never be surprised due to this. The Harvestman's skin coloring easily shifts and blends in with its surroundings, making the creature nearly impossible to see if it's standing still. However, these beneficial skin mutations come with a price, as its flesh is very sensitive to injury. If struck by a hand-held weapon, the Harvestman will take an extra die of damage from the blow.

A Harvestman attacks with its long (10' long) barbed tongue, which lashes out to cut and maim a victim. On a successful strike, the thorn-like barbs on its tongue cuts a victim for 1d8 hit points of damage. If the maximum damage of 8 is rolled, the barb has penetrated the victim's flesh, and they will be drawn back toward the Harvestman who will then bite the victim for 1d6 points per combat round



until the victim is freed. The Harvestman will also bite those victims not ensnared but who get within attack range. A Harvestman's fibrous tongue will take 20 hit points of damage before it is severed.

Even though a Harvestman is not a member of the arachnid family, the creature acts like one as the species has no true identity of its own. It ties together scraps of vines, ropes, and cables into web-like structures that criss-cross through its lair. It will use these "webs" to travel quickly through the area as well as tie up and cocoon its victims until it is ready to feed. Anyone who stumbles into a Harvestman's lair may initially think it's the lair of a giant spider. Soon, they'll discover it's much worse.

Mutations: unique sense, chameleon epidermis, epidermal susceptibility, natural weapon (barbed tongue)

HOOKLEECH

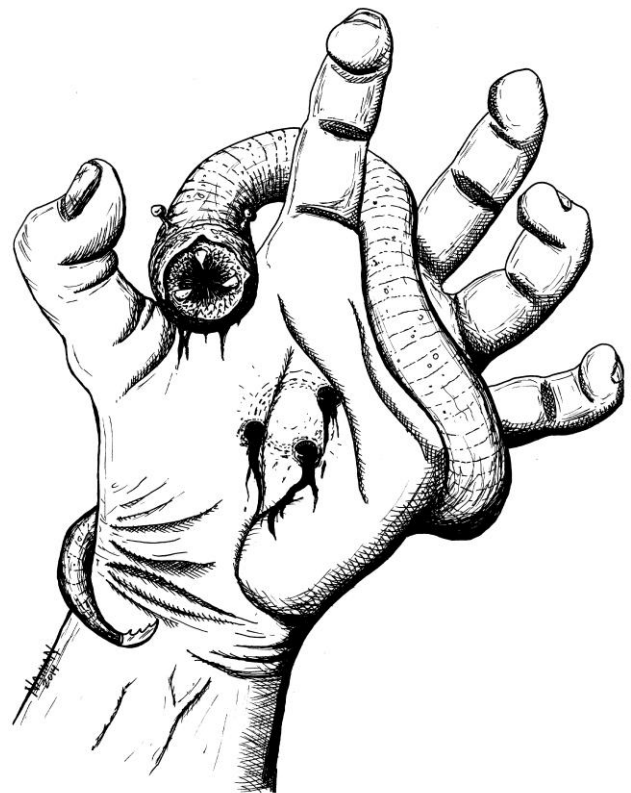
No. Enc.: 0 (2d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 10' (3')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1 hit point
Attacks: Special
Damage: Special
Save: L1
Morale: None
Hoard Class: None

The Hookleech is a parasitic worm found in large bodies of stagnant, filthy water. They feed by latching onto a victim with their powerful jaws which are lined with barbed hooks (giving the creature its name). Their mouths secrete a powerful anesthetic saliva, which numbs the skin during this initial attack, so a victim may not even notice when one has bitten them. Once attached, the Hookleech will slowly drink the victim's blood, doing 1d6 hit points of damage during the initial attack and draining them for 1d6 additional points every 4 hours thereafter. If a PC does not notice the initial "latching on," this hit point drain should be recorded in secret by the Mutant Lord. A Hookleech will detach itself once it's consumed 15 hit points worth of blood.

Removing a Hookleech is a challenge as fire, acid, and other attacks may kill the creature, but it will still stay firmly attached even upon death. If a Hookleech is "torn off," the tearing will do 1d6 points of damage to the victim as the hooks tear their flesh. Plus, if the creature is torn from the

face, neck, bare arms, or other exposed part of the body, the horrible, unhealing scar that results will also cause the victim's Charisma score to permanently drop by 1 point. Other than letting it fall off naturally, the only other way to remove the Hookleech is through an arcane salve known to only a handful of healers across the lands.

Mutations: none



JAGGAZZ

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 240' (80')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1d6
Save: L2
Morale: B
Hoard Class: None

The Jaggazz is a large donkey/mule hybrid beast of burden. Jaggazes can be used to transport people and goods, or for other other feats requiring slow, methodical strength, such as plowing fields, turning a millstone, etc. However, the Jaggazz has a mutation that makes it useless to farmers and merchants, but valuable to travelling performers.

The Jaggazz is constantly snickering, guffawing, and chortling with an almost humanistic laughter, very similar to that of the hyena. Anyone exposed to the chuckling of a Jaggazz for 5 minutes or more can be considered under "attack" by the Jaggazz' *empathy* mutation. (Treat the Jaggazz as having a WIL 10 for this attack.) A successful mental attack means that the victim is overcome by waves of fitful, hysterical, incapacitating laughter for 5 minutes. They will be unable to act, fight, speak, or do much of anything as they laugh uncontrollably as if the most hysterical thing they've ever seen had just occurred. After 5 minutes, the laughter *empathy* slowly wears off and the victim starts to regain his composure. The victim will not suffer any ill effects from this laughter other than the inability to act.

The Jaggazz is prized by bards and travelling entertainers as it makes it

much easier to entertain the sour wasteland denizens with one standing to the side of the stage. Without knowing the nature of the beast, the audience just assumes that it's frightfully entertained by the performance, tipping well and telling others to see the next show.

Mutations: empathy (hysterical laughter)

KLONDIKE B'AR

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 7
Attacks: 3 (2 clubs, 1 bite)
Damage: 5d6/5d6/2d8
Save: L4
Morale: G
Hoard Class: VII

The Klondike B'ar is a mutated polar bear that is found in mountainous regions, but not necessarily in arctic or sub-zero temperatures. They can live quite comfortably in cooler climates (yearly average of 50 degrees maximum). Klondike B'ars walk upright as a humanoid would, and their front paws have mutated into human-like hands. Despite its humanoid appearance, a Klondike B'ar only has an animal intelligence and instinct. Klondike B'ars are huge due to their *gigantism* mutation, standing between 9 and 12 feet tall. They also have *enhanced strength*, giving them a crushing bonus in combat.



The Klondike B'ar attacks by clubbing a defender with its two powerful forearms, which it uses to bludgeon its victim. The Klondike B'ar does 5db hit points of damage when it clubs a victim with these devastating blows. It will additionally bite with its powerful jaws for 2db hit points of damage. The B'ar's mouth can also spew a cone of frost that is close to absolute zero. This frosty *energy ray* does 4db hit points of cold damage to anyone within 50 feet who fails a save versus energy attacks.

One insidious attack the Klondike B'ar has is the use of its *possession* mutation. During an attack, the B'ar will identify the biggest threat or strongest warrior. It will suddenly grow still as its eyes roll into its head. If the B'ar makes a successful mental attack, it will suddenly find itself in the body of that targeted individual. The attackers may be surprised to find one of their own party members shooting at them from

behind! Or perhaps the possessed individual will take out a grenade and pull the pin, just before the Klondike B'ar "jumps back" into its own body. When sitting around the campfire late at night, mutants often discuss the creature's ability to manipulate minds by rhetorically asking each other, "So, what would *you* do for a Klondike B'ar?"

Mutations: *gigantism, increased*
strength, energy ray (cold),
possession

LIGREEMEN

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d4)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 7

Attacks: 1

Damage: as per weapon

Save: L4

Morale: 10

Hoard Class: VI, VIII, XXI

Ligreemen (lih-GREE-men) are tall, grey-skinned humanoids. They have large hairless heads with bulbous black eyes and no discernible facial features. They are usually tall (6' minimum height) with thin spindly limbs. They are, in fact, the classically described "alien visitor."

Long before The Apocalygeddon, Ligreemen were secretly visiting the planet with impunity. They abducted thousands of Bygones over the centuries for their own purposes. They assisted with the building of ancient

pyramids, the carving of massive stone heads, and the circular arrangement of massive granite blocks. Over the centuries, they were in leagues with the most powerful Bygone leaders, helping them guide world events. Some of the Bygones' most powerful technological advances were in fact provided by the Ligreemen.



Ligreemen, in fact, view the human race as nothing more than livestock. Just as humanity performs experiments on animals and raises cattle and swine for slaughter, the Ligreemen experiment on humans to further their own scientific knowledge as well as finding pure strain humans a delicacy. When The Apocalygeddon came, a handful of Ligreemen found themselves trapped

on the planet, unable to escape. They sealed themselves up in status chambers and hidden bunkers deep in the bowels of the earth, waiting for the stupid humans to finish blowing themselves up. Once they emerged in the *Mutant Future*, they found the planet very different, but their mission of domination of humanity remains the same.

Ligreemen are incredibly secretive as they prefer to lurk in the shadows, working in silence as they attempt to reclaim their illuminati-like background dominance over humanity. A Ligreeman may make a deal to arm a local baron in exchange for some "experimental volunteers." He will take pains to hide his true identity and existence though.

Ligreemen do not verbally speak. Rather, they use a form of *telepathy* to communicate with each other. They rarely communicate with any other intelligent creature, viewing mutant and humans as beneath the effort. (Only incredibly intelligent creatures may merit some degree of respect.) Ligreemen are technological wizards, able to discern any Bygone tech they encounter as well as able to build nearly anything they can imagine. Ligreemen are usually armed with the best technological weapons found in the wastelands, as they developed many of these in the first place. The Mutant Lord is encouraged to arm Ligreemen with the most powerfully dangerous weapons they wish. However, Ligreemen are very fond of booby-

trapping their own devices and weaponry, lest their precious technology falls into the grubby hands of the filthy chattel. (A PC may think twice about possessing a Ligreemen pistol after the first one he finds explodes for 7dB hit points.)

Ligreemen and Brain Lashers (MF rulebook, page 63) are fierce enemies, and they will attack each other on sight. It is thought that these two alien races may have an ongoing rivalry going back centuries. Another theory is that, because of their similarities, both species may have descended from a similar ancestor, and now the races are locked into a battle for dominance.

Mutations: telepathic communication

LOG WALKER

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 1
Damage: 3dB
Save: L2
Morale: 7
Hoard Class: None

The Log Walker is a giant (7 ft. long) mutant insect that resembles a fallen decaying log. It is assumed to be a giant relative of the Bygone "walking stick" insect due to the similarities in its camouflage techniques. But whereas the Ancient walking stick

insect is a fairly innocuous creature, the Log Walker can be dangerous if provoked.

Log Walkers always make their nests in forest groves and other woodlands where their *natural camouflage* will best serve them. When immobile, the Log Walker looks like a large piece of fallen timber with multiple sticks and branches laying on the forest floor. When it decides to act, it raises up on the "branches," which are actually its legs, while on one end, the Log Walker's antennae (which appear to be twigs and sticks) will flail about as it gets its bearings and detects the location of any creatures nearby.

A Log Walker's outer shell is as hard as wood, giving it a form of *natural armor*. Although the Log Walker is a peaceful herbivore, it has one primary form of defense if attacked. Once it takes any form of damage, the Log Walker's antennae will flash as a form of *mind thrust* is fired at the minds of everyone within 50 feet of the creature. Everyone within range will take 3dB damage from the mental attack. A Log Walker can fire this *mind thrust* every other round, and it will continue to do so as long as it feels that it is in danger. If a group of Log Walkers is attacked, they will "stagger" their *mind thrust* attacks so there is one or more mental attacks each round.

Log Walkers will usually be encountered "hidden" in plain sight as they rest prone on the forest floor.

Once they are disturbed, they'll stand up to wander off and find a new place that isn't so noisy. Heaven help the PC who, rather than letting them walk away, decides to launch an attack against this creature.

Mutations: natural camouflage, natural armor, mind thrust

LUMINION

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 1
Damage: 5db
Save: L3
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None

A Luminion (loo-MIN-yun) is a vaguely humanoid-shaped swirling vortex of light and colors. They are usually found silently patrolling the ruins of high-tech research laboratories, military complexes and other Ancient structures that were designed with a high degree of security. It is believed that Luminions began "life" as holographic, light-based guardians that have somehow taken on a self-contained, though mindless, existence.

Because a Luminion is a light-based creature, it doesn't have a true "physical" form. It is unable to pick up and

manipulate objects or interact in any meaningful way with the physical world. However, its structure can be "disrupted" by physical attacks, although a Luminion takes only half-damage from hand-held and ranged weapons. Energy-based weapons will do full damage, and any light-based attack (ie, lasers, photon grenades) will do double damage. Luminions are immune to heat and cold, and as they have no mind to speak of, they cannot be affected by mental attacks.

Luminions attack by means of an *energy ray* that emanates from its "hands." This burning laser-like ray will burn the victim for 5db hit points of damage. However, because the Luminion is using a portion of its own bodily energy to fire an energy ray, each shot will also cause 1d10 hit points to the Luminion as it drains itself for the attack. Making physical contact with a Luminion will also cause 5db hit points of heat damage, though this will not cause any "draining" damage to the Luminion.



A Luminion also has the ability to *teleport* from one point to another. This ability is not true teleportation, as the Luminion is simply moving at the speed of light to arrive at its new destination. This ability is only line-of-sight (the Luminion must travel in a straight line to an area it can "see"). A Luminion cannot pass through walls or any solid object to achieve this result. But if a mutant sees a Luminion in the distance, it's a safe bet the Luminion will be on them in a microsecond.

Mutations: teleport (special), energy ray

MAKO

No. Enc.: 2d4 (4d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30'); Swim: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 7

Attacks: 1 (bite or weapon)

Damage: 2d6 or per weapon

Save: L5

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: XIX

Mako are half-man, half-shark humanoids who live in underwater oceanic communities. Mako (the term is both singular and plural) are able to breathe air as comfortably as they do water, and they will come ashore if they see a need to do so, usually to hunt if their oceanic food sources migrate or begin to dwindle. Mako are in a constant state of hunger due to their *increased caloric needs* drawback.



Due to this, Mako society is an isolated one as they fear that The Mindless Hunger will strike while socializing with other intelligent creatures. Their *weak will* causes them to have little control and act impulsively when the need to feed arises. Although Mako are, by nature, quiet, thoughtful humanoids, stories and legends of "the Man-eaters" have already filled most with fear of these huge ravenous creatures.

Mako attack with either a weapon (swords and axes being preferred) or by biting for 2d6 hit points of damage. Once they've entered into combat, a Mako's *weak will* will push it to continue attacking until their foe is defeated and, usually, immediately consumed. Mako are also *pain*

insensitive, and will not show any signs of tiring or injury during combat until it just drops dead once the final blow is struck.

Mako are actually an honest and honorable race. But The Hunger drives it to commit atrocities that make it impossible for Mako communities to be trusted. Some Mako have learned calming mental exercises that push The Hunger away for short periods of time (up to 8 hours), allowing the Mako a degree of control. But when The Hunger returns, the Mako needs to be away from family and friends as it enters a feeding frenzy that may run for an equal length of time.

Mutations: water breathing, increased caloric needs, weak will, pain insensitivity

MANTISAUR

No. Enc.: 1d3 (1d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 5

Hit Dice: 8

Attacks: 3 (2 claws, bite)

Damage: 1d12/1d12/1d8

Save: L4

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: II

A Mantisaur is a 12-foot-tall descendant of the Bygone praying mantis species. However, at some point in its lineage, the Mantisaur took on reptilian characteristics as well. The creature moves on six hind legs,

holding the front half of its body upright. It attacks by rending with two large clawed front limbs for 1d12 hit points of damage. The Mantisaur can also bite with its mandibles for 1d8 hit points.

In spite of its size, a Mantisaur can cling to virtually any surface, walking along vertical walls and overhead ceilings as easily as if they were on the ground. One preferred hunting tactic is to lurk on cavern ceilings or along the outside walls of Bygone ruins, hoping to drop down upon unsuspecting prey.

The Mantisaur is covered with a chitinous exoskeleton giving it a higher armor class. However, much like its reptile ancestors, the Mantisaur's armor is in a scale-like form rather than the insect-like, one-piece covering usually found on giant insects. The Mantisaur constantly sheds these scales, which can be collected and traded to most merchants or weaponsmiths for a fair price. A suit of Mantisaur armor gives the wearer an AC of 5, and just adding the scales to an existing suit could add a +1 AC bonus.

One unusual mutation of the Mantisaur is that it has a limited *phasing* ability. The Mantisaur's physical form "ignores" wood and plantlife, passing through the material as if it weren't there. A Mantisaur can race through a forest or thicket in a straight line, ignoring any trees and obstacles as it phases through the material. A



Mantisaur will also ignore any damage taken from a wooden weapon (clubs, arrows, etc.) as the weapon will pass harmlessly through the creature.

Mutations: phasing (limited), wall crawling

MANTRAP

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: None

Armor Class: 8

Hit Dice: 6

Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d10

Save: L3

Morale: Not Applicable

Hoard Class: VI

The Mantrap is a mutated Venus Fly Trap that has grown to gargantuan proportions. Due to its size, it traps

and feeds on large animals (and mutants).

Each Mantrap encountered has 1d4 hinged "leaves" that radiate out from a central root system. The leaves are colored bright pink, and the surface is slightly springy, much like a sponge. The edges of the leaves have long tooth-like spines which interlock when closed, effectively trapping the victim. Each hinged leaf system of the Mantrap can easily measure 20-25 feet across when open.

The Mantrap lays these opened leaves on the ground, waiting for an unfortunate victim to walk across the surface. When a victim reaches the centerpoint of the leaf, the two sides snap shut, trapping the victim within. This initial attack will do 1d10 hit points of damage to the victim. When the Mantrap senses a struggle within a

closed leaf, it will begin crushing the victim for 1d10 hit points each round until it feels the struggling stop. Once the fight has ended, the leaf releases a digestive enzyme which dissolves the prey so it can feed. If the victim decides to "play dead" to stop the crushing attack, the Mantrap's digestive acids will instead do 2d10 hit points of damage each round.

Mutations: gigantism

MECHANOBANE

No. Enc.: 2d4 (1d8)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 7

Hit Dice: 3

Attacks: 3 (2 talons, bite)

Damage: 1d6/1d6/3d6

Save: L2

Morale: B

Hoard Class: None

The Mechanobane is a long (8 ft. long) centipede-like creature that is incredibly destructive to any powered machinery it encounters, making it the scourge of robots, androids, and other artificial lifeforms. It is thought that the Mechanobane is incredibly sensitive to the vibrations and energy signals/patterns emitted by any kind of powered machinery. When it senses these patterns, it flies into a berserk rage, ripping and shredding into the offending device until it is no longer functioning.

The Mechanobane is a long segmented insectoid creature that scuttles about on multiple legs on its underside. It can sense any power signature (electrical, nuclear, etc.) emitted from any mechanical device in a 200-foot radius. Vehicles, weapons, computers, any device that uses a form of stored power to work can be sensed by the Mechanobane. Even something as simple as a 9-volt battery will be sensed, but the larger the signal, the more likely the Mechanobane will scuttle in to investigate. It's assumed that these energy patterns are somehow painful for the creature, prompting them to attack. Once enraged, the Mechanobane will not stop until it is dead or until all of the



offending signal-producing devices it senses are destroyed.

Toward the front of the Mechanobane's torso are two specialized "legs" that are much longer and sharper than the others. The Mechanobane can use these as talon-tipped "arms" to rip and tear into the offending machinery. Its multiple mandibled mouth can snap and bite as well, rending anything it comes into contact with. The creature's talons and teeth have evolved to be incredibly hard and sharp, able to tear and bite through metal with ease. The creature gets a +2 to hit bonus due to its *natural weaponry* in this regard.

Oddly enough, if the PCs power everything down, the Mechanobane will break off its attack. When crossing through a known Mechanobane region,

it's advisable to "go primitive" as the creatures will ignore you if they don't detect any power-source signatures. Some anti-technology communities will keep nests of Mechanobanes nearby both to keep their citizens primitive and under control, as well as to keep technologically advanced visitors at bay.

Mutations: power signature detection, natural weapon

NOSFROGTU

No. Enc.: 2d4 (2d10)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 8

Hit Dice: 2

Attacks: 1 (bite)

Damage: 1d6, blood drain

Save: L1

Morale: 8

Hoard Class: None

The Nosfrogthu (pronounced both nahs-fuh-ROG-too and nahs-FRAWG-too) is a large (1' wide) swamp-dwelling amphibian that has developed a sizable set of fangs which it uses to feed on the blood of its victims. A Nosfrogthu is usually green or light tan in color with a bulbous set of yellow eyes set atop of its head. Its mouth is filled with razor-sharp pointed teeth, and its powerful back legs allow it to leap great distances (up to 20' at a time).

Nosfrogthus are pack hunters, preferring to leap *en masse* onto an





unsuspecting victim. A successful bite from a Nosfrogthu will do an initial 1d6 hit points of damage. The Nosfrogthu will then latch onto its prey, continuing to feed for 1d6 additional hit points each round until it or the victim is dead. A successful save versus stun attacks means the victim can tear the Nosfrogthu off his body and toss it aside, but this approach will also do an additional 1d6 hit points of damage.

It is said that a Nosfrogthu pack will lurk in the wetlands and bogs near a human settlement, waiting for lone individuals to wander too close to their lairs. The victim doesn't know they're in danger until they see the multiple airborne shadows descending upon them. When the townsfolk hear the constant hideous croaking in the distance cease, they know the Nosfrogthuses have claimed another victim.

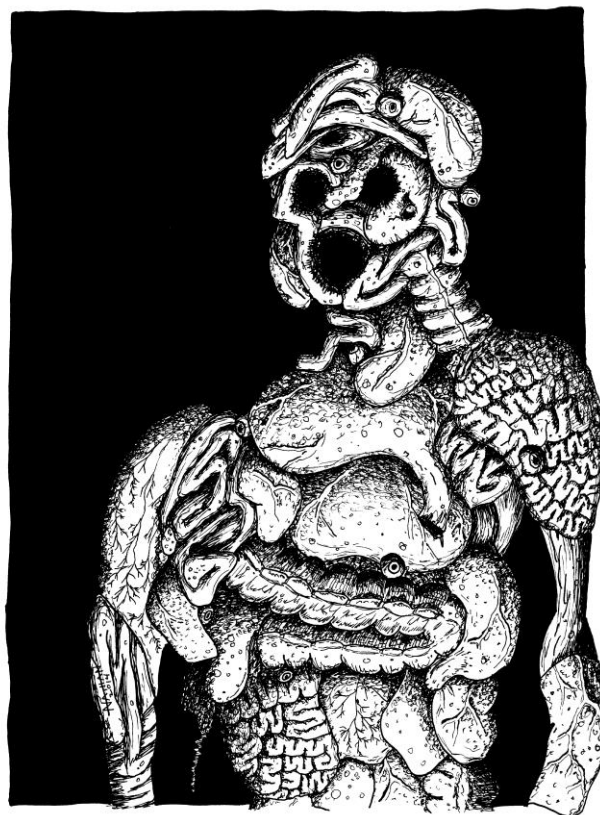
Mutations: none

ORGAN GRINDER

No. Enc.: 1
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 5 to 7
Attacks: 2 (fists)
Damage: 2d6/2d6 + disease
Save: L4
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: None

When a large number of animals are slaughtered and gutted, hunters and butchers alike usually dispose of the internal organs into a charnel pit of some kind. Sometimes these cast-off tissues will fuse together and, when exposed to arcane radiations and toxic chemicals, a humanoid nightmare will rise from the depths.



An Organ Grinder is a human-shaped creature composed of various internal organs that have fused together: stomachs, brains, hearts, lungs, intestines, and various other cast-

offs from meat-processing. An Organ Grinder varies in size, depending on the amount of tissues that were in the pit at the time of its resurrection, but they stand on average about 6 feet high. An Organ Grinder's surface is constantly oozing and dripping with various fluids, blood, and ichors. The Organ Grinder doesn't speak or make any noise, except for the wet "sloshing" of its body as it lunges along. The Organ Grinder also reeks of decay and decomposition; its odor usually is detected long before the creature arrives.

The Organ Grinder is constantly in a state of agonizing pain as its nerve endings are on fire. (Imagine having all of your skin removed, your organs exposed, and being unable to scream.) Due to this, what little intelligence it may have is blinded by agony, and it lashes out in a constant insane fury at any it encounters. The Organ Grinder attacks with its two bulbous "fists" for 2d6 hit points for each fist.

Due to the rot and decay, there is a good chance (65%) that the Organ Grinder carries the Flesh-Eating Bacteria disease (MF rules, pg. 48). If so, upon a successful strike, a victim must save versus poison at a -3 penalty, or risk contracting the disease, which will slowly begin eroding parts of the body. There is a very small chance (only 5%) that the Organ Grinder may instead be infested with Rot Grubs (MF rules, pg. 93).



When an Organ Grinder is encountered, the most humane thing to do is to put it out of its misery as quickly as possible. While it "lives," it will rampage wildly, killing and infecting all in its path. Once destroyed, the charnel pit that spawned it should be set ablaze lest the same event occur again.

Mutations: none

PANGAEA

No. Enc.: 1 (Unique)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: Special

Armor Class: -6

Hit Dice: 800 hit points (treat as a 21+ HD creature)

Attacks: 1 (swallow)

Damage: 8d8 per round

Save: L20

Morale: 12

Hoard Class: None

In the post-apocalyptic future, there is an island paradise, one mile off the coast of the mainland that is seemingly untouched by the ravages of the radiations and poisons that have ruined the rest of the planet. This island is called "Pangaea" by the primitive natives who live there. The island, about 12 square miles in size, hosts an abundance of flora and fauna which sustains the small civilization that flourishes there. For many generations, the Pangaeans have lived peacefully on this isolated island, never making contact with the survivors roaming the rest of the planet. It is almost as if they have managed to avoid the ravages of the blasted planet's atmosphere, as well as the evils of the world's remaining inhabitants. In a way, they have. The "island" has been actively avoiding such things for millennia.

What the Pangaeans don't know is that their island paradise has formed on the back of the largest creature to roam the oceans, a gigantic turtle-like monstrosity. This creature is 3 miles wide by 4 miles long. Over untold thousands of years, Pangaea

(which is incredibly long-lived) has floated on the surface of the oceans. Its shell has been covered with soil and silt, allowing a flourishing ecosystem to develop. Birds and animals that found themselves on the "island" roosted and build homes. Eventually, mankind found Pangaea, establishing a small community as well. Because Pangaea is fairly inactive, its true nature has never been discovered.

Pangaea's head and legs have remained below the surface of the seas for hundreds of years, which has hidden its true form. Unlike a normal turtle, Pangaea is a water breather, so it does not need to surface for air. Also, the creature has a very slow-running and efficient metabolism and feeds only once every 10 years or so, eating ocean-dwelling fish and sealife under the surface. The creature is also



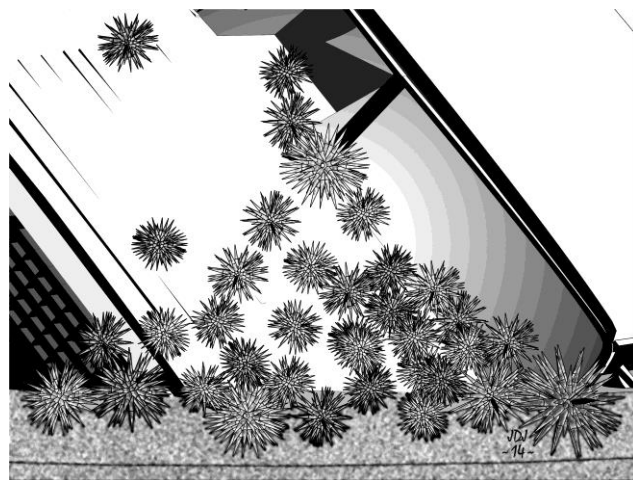
inactive to a degree, preferring to float on the surface rather than moving of its own accord. Because of this, it's not unusual for the "island" to drift slowly from one location to another. The Pangaeans have come to accept the fact that their island is not truly anchored to the ocean floor, but they have never thought to investigate why this is so. The few visitors who have stopped on the shores of the island may be surprised to find the island gone when they return a year later.

Due to the sheer size of Pangaea, it cannot be easily harmed with conventional weapons. (It'd be like stabbing Rhode Island and expecting it to bleed.) The build-up of topsoil on Pangaea's back is 30 feet deep at its most shallow. Beyond that is the creature's tortoise shell. It would take a tach-nuke to get its attention in this way. If a determined mutant were to somehow go underwater and approach the creature from the front, he would encounter a leviathan tortoise head about 300 feet wide. Although this is the "weakest" part of Pangaea, it is also the most dangerous. If the creature does open its mouth, it has begun to feed. The sudden intake of water rushes every living thing into its mouth. Any unfortunate mutant will be immediately swallowed, taking 8d8 hit points of damage per round until he dies in its stomach.

If Pangaea is ever seriously injured, or if the creature is irritated by too much activity on its back (say from an

invading force or a population growing out of control), it will decide to "wash off" the infestation, diving to the floor of the ocean where it will lurk for 500 years before resurfacing again. It has done this once before, when it was known by the name "Atlantis."

Mutations: gigantism, water breathing, natural armor



PINCUSHION

No. Enc.: 1dB (1d12)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 30' (10')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: Special

Damage: 1d4/Special

Save: L1

Morale: None

Hoard Class: None

Pincushions are small (2-3 inches wide), land-dwelling animals that look like spiky balls, similar to oceanic sea urchins. Pincushions have no discernible features other than their thorny outer shell. They propel

themselves slowly, rolling along upon their spines, usually settling into a small culvert or ravine. The spines of a Pincushion are not just used for locomotion and protection from predators; the spines are also a Pincushion's means of reproduction.

If any living creature is pricked by a Pincushion, they will first take 1d4 hit points of damage from the injury. The spine will then break off in the victim and begin to work its way deeper into the body. If fire is used to immediately cauterize the wound, the victim will take 1d6 hit points from the flame, but the spine will be damaged enough where it won't pose any further threat. If, however, the spine is allowed to work its way into the body, the victim should make a save versus poison or death. Failure means that the spine has worked its way to the victim's torso where it will proceed to grow into a small nest of Pincushions. The victim will die a painful, agonizing death within the hour as his organs are speared and punctured. Within a week, 1d20 baby Pincushions will erupt from the corpse's abdominal area. Conversely, if the save versus poison or death is made, the victim will suffer another 1d10 hit points as his body fights, and eventually accepts, the invader. Within 7 days, his body will suddenly break out with small thorny spines as he acquires the *spiny growth* mutation (MF rulebook, pg. 26).

Because of the deadly threat Pincushions hold, some wasteland

bandits and marauders use them in traps (imagine a covered pit with them or perhaps a simple "bucket over the door" filled with them). Insidious villains have fired them from slingshots at foes they wish to kill in the most painful of ways. They have also been used in horrific inquisitions by sadistic warlords.

Mutations: toxic weapon, spiny growth

PWNEE

No. Enc.: 1dB (4dB)

Alignment: Lawful

Movement: 150' (50')

Armor Class: 4

Hit Dice: 7

Attacks: 1 (As weapon)

Damage: As weapon

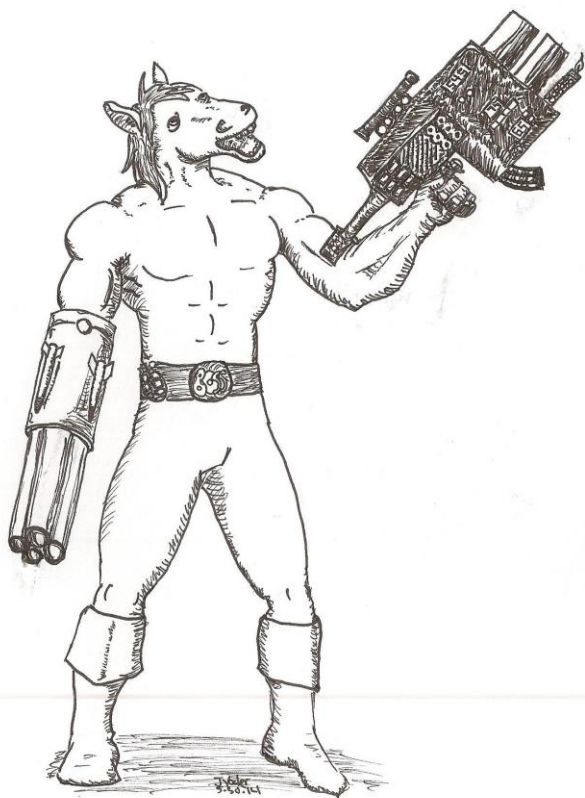
Save: L4

Morale: 10

Hoard Class: VI

Hidden amongst long-forgotten valleys and deep in impenetrable forests are small tribes of the most formidable long-distance warriors who ever lived. These horse-headed mutant humans are called the "Pwnee," which is pronounced both "POH-nee" and "PAH-nee" (in honor of their equine heritage as well as their tribal upbringing). The species' name is also spelled in this manner as the Bygones used this term to honor those who were talented in the arts of gun-wielding.

Pwnees live in small groups away from larger cities and villages, preferring to keep to themselves and away from



the petty issues of the world. Pwnees live in a simple tribal-like way, answering to one wizened leader (usually the oldest of their tribe), and residing in temporary lean-tos and tents. Pwnees are very nomadic, often moving several times within a year as the seasons change and/or the hunting thins out. Although Pwnees are not antagonistic toward strangers, they do not trust them either for reasons explained below.

Pwnees are renowned for their marksmanship with any kind of long-distance weaponry. It is said if a Pwnee can see you, he can kill you if he wishes. All Pwnees are armed with either a Bygone firearm or primitive bow and arrow, which they use with near-supernatural accuracy. Pwnees

have *increased dexterity*, giving them both a high AC as well as a permanent +3 to-hit bonus with any ranged weapon. This makes them dangerous. What makes them deadly is when they trigger their *ability boost* mutation. When activated, a Pwnee's DEX skyrockets and their AC becomes 2 and their ranged to-hit bonus becomes +5 for 10 rounds. It's said a single Pwnee can decimate an entire army from a distance during this hyper-focused time. However, Pwnees avoid any close-ranged combat, as their *pain sensitivity* defect makes any injury unbearable.

In the early days of the post-Apocalygeddon, Pwnees associated within the remaining pockets of civilization and were often hired as snipers and assassins by warlords and bandit leaders. Many lives were lost due to Pwnee triggermen. However, these same warlords and leaders came to fear and distrust Pwnees due to their talents, and, fearing a takeover, the Pwnees were then killed once their target was eliminated. Eventually, Pwnees withdrew from society due to the constant threat of double-crosses, and now the creatures trust very few outside their ranks. No one dares to attack a Pwnee camp, as the invaders would be killed before they got very close. Even visiting a Pwnee camp is risky as the visitors will be in someone's crosshairs the entire time.

It's said there may be a handful of Pwnee guns-for-hire still roaming the wastelands, but anyone who could

confirm this rumor has been found dead of a single bullet to the head, so this rumor remains unconfirmed.

Mutations: increased dexterity, ability boost, pain sensitivity

PYRONOCEROS

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 3

Hit Dice: 6

Attacks: 1 (butt or trample)

Damage: 2d4 or 2d8, plus an additional 4dB (*phosphorous hide*)

Save: L3

Morale: 5

Hoard Class: None

The Pyronoceros (pie-roh-NAH-sir-us) is a flaming mutated version of the common rhinoceros (MF rulebook, page 92). A Pyronoceros is a large horned creature covered with a thick leathery hide. Through mutational evolution, its physiology is based on phosphorous rather than carbon and iron. This



phosphorus permeation is evident in its hide, which is always burning with a hellish glow, giving the animal the appearance of being engulfed in yellow-orange flames. (It's easy to tell if you've stumbled into a Pyronoceros' homegrounds as the fields, grass, and trees will be scorched and charred.) The flaming hide does not harm the creature, but is quite dangerous to any who come into contact with it. Any contact with these phosphorous fires will do 4dB points of searing burn damage. It stands to reason that the Pyronoceros is immune to all heat and fire-based attacks.

Unlike the traditional rhinoceros, the Pyronoceros is actually a shy, timid creature that avoids contact with intruders. However, it is easily spooked and, if frightened, it will attack violently. A Pyronoceros attacks by charging the victim, then butting them with its horn for 2d4 points of damage, or trampling for 2d8 points of damage. The victim will then take an *additional* 4dB points of burn damage unless they are somehow immune or protected from heat damage.

It's theorized that if the blood of a Pyronoceros is bottled and thrown, it will explode like a grenade upon impact, burning all who are coated with a napalm-like fire. However, since the creature's blood burns upon contact with air, it is unknown how anyone has managed to bottle it to test this theory.

Mutations: phosphorous hide

REGRESSAURUS

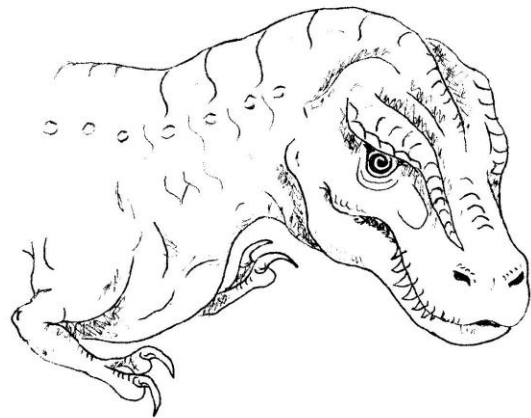
No. Enc.: 1
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 20
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 6d6
Save: L10
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: None

In the world of the *Mutant Future*, there is a forgotten primitive land where dinosaurs once again roam and savage Neanderthals attack the weak and feeble. Towering above all other creatures in this prehistoric wilderness is the monstrous Regressaurus. The Regressaurus is a gigantic creature that initially looks like the Tyrannosaurus Rex of prehistoric legend. The prehistoric monster is nearly 30 feet tall and walks upright on its powerful hind legs. Its powerful bite does 6d6 hit points of damage and is able to cleave a victim in half.

Where the Regressaurus differs from its predecessor is that it's the CAUSE of the savage lands in which it resides. The Regressaurus has the mutation of *ancestral form*, which it subconsciously uses to devolve the various creatures and plantlife it encounters. On a successful mental attack, the Regressaurus will permanently remove one mutation from a victim. It has a 10% chance of regressing a creature down the evolutionary chain to a previous stage

of its development, for example, humans and humanoids become one of the brainless Neanderthals residing there, etc. Encountering a Regressaurus could very well lead a character becoming yet another primitive in the savage lands...

Mutations: gigantism, ancestral form



REPULSIVE SHUGORTHUR

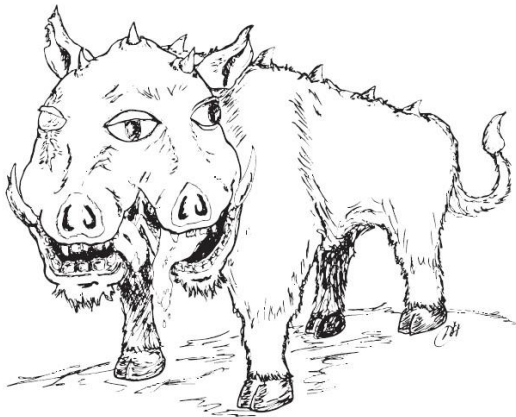
No. Enc.: 1 (1d3)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 4 (2 bites and 2 hooves)
Damage: 2d6/2d6/2d6/2d6
Save: L5
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: None

Assumed to be a horribly mutated offshoot of the Hideous Boar (ML Rulebook, page 63), the Repulsive Shugorthur is a monstrous pig-like beast. It stands 7 feet tall at the shoulder and has three eyes in the

center of its face, right above two mouths that constantly seep with a foul-smelling acidic saliva. The Shugorthur has two rows of horns that run down its back and is covered in sharp, wire-like hairs.

The Shugorthur attacks by biting with its two mouths for 2d8 hit points each. It can also rear up and stomp with its front hooves for 2d6 hit points each. With its three eyes on its face, the Shugorthur has *360-degree vision*, allowing it to see in all directions at once. When awake, it is impossible to surprise or sneak up on the beast. And, like a Hideous Boar, the Repulsive Shugorthur's saliva does 2d10 hit points of acidic damage to anything it comes into contact with.

Mutations: 360-degree vision, toxic weapon



SHROOMBIE

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d8)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 5

Attacks: 2 (claw/bite or *poisonous spores*)

Damage: 1d6/2d6

Save: L4

Morale: 6

Hoard Class: None

In the damp, dark corners of the *Mutant Future* grows an insidious fungus that can reanimate the dead. These shambling reanimated corpses ("Shroombies") are pale, bloated, damp, and covered with mushrooms, toadstools, and other molds. Disturbingly, the various fungi seem to be sprouting from the creature's eye sockets, ear canals, mouths, and other orifices. Shroombies are eerily silent, not even moaning and groaning like the typical Walking Dead (MF rulebook, page 101). Instead they communicate with each other through a spore-derived *metaconcert* ability.

Shroombies are fairly slow and weak. They also require cool damp places to thrive, so they will take double damage from heat and fire attacks. Shroombies ignore damage from cold attacks though. They attack with a clawed hand for 1d6 hit points of damage and bite for 2d6. However, the Shroombie could use its *poisonous spore* attack instead. On a successful hit, the Shroombie opens its mouth and a greenish-grey cloud of spores sprays into the face of the victim. If a save versus poison is failed, the victim will suffer from wild hallucinations as the spores take root in the sinuses and mucus membranes. The spores' effect is twofold. First, the victim

will ignore any Shroombies in the area as the spores force the victim to ignore other spore hosts. Second, the victim will see any non-Shroombies (i.e., the rest of the party) as horrific monsters and mutants from their wildest nightmares. The victim will then fight these "monsters" to the best of their ability for 2d4 rounds before the spores' effect wears off.



If the spores take root in a dead body, a new Shroombie will rise in 3 days as the animating fungus takes hold, growing throughout the body and replacing the brain and nervous system with a mold-based substitute.

Mutations: metaconcert, poisonous spores (hallucinogenic)

SNOT OTTER

No. Enc.: 1d4 (1dB)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: Swim: 150' (80')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 1dB
Save: L2
Morale: 7
Hoard Class: None

Although it looks like a large aquatic lizard or salamander, the Snot Otter is actually a hairless air-breathing mammal that lives in and near shallow fresh water areas, such as lakes, ponds, and streams. The Snot Otter prefers to dwell underwater, only surfacing to breathe once every 4 hours. The Snot Otter averages 2 feet in length and is covered in grey-green skin to better camouflage itself in the murky waters. But even if a predator discovers a Snot Otter, it would be safer avoiding it altogether.

The Snot Otter gets its name from the thin sheen of slick mucus that coats its skin. In actuality, the creature is coated with a thin layer of Green Slime (MF rulebook, page 75). The Snot Otter's skin has developed an immunity to the flesh-dissolving nature of Green Slime, and a symbiotic relationship has formed. However, the Green Slime covering a Snot Otter is still lethal to everyone else. Contact with its slime-covered skin will spread a small patch of Green Slime onto a victim. This spatch takes 10 rounds to fully grow and engulf a

victim, who will be dead and dissolved in 1d4 rounds. Fire can burn off a patch of Green Slime, although the victim will also take fire damage. A Snot Otter can also bite for 1db hit points of damage.

If a Snot Otter is safely caught and the Green Slime coating is removed, the Otter's skin can be harvested to create a Green-Slime-proof leather. Some wasteland survivors have made moccasins and gloves out of Snot Otter skin for use in Green Slime-infested areas to avoid a hideous death.

Mutations: dermal poison slime (Green Slime coating)

SSSENTIPEDE

No. Enc.: 1d8 (1db)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 (claw)
Damage: 1db
Save: L1
Morale: B
Hoard Class: None

An eerie-looking creature, the Ssssentipede looks like an animated snake's skeleton. In actuality, the Ssssentipede is a form of insect. The "body" is actually a segmented worm-like creature that runs the length of the Ssssentipede's "spine" protected

in a bone-like sheath. The bony legs of the insect resemble the ribs of a snake's skeleton as well. At the "head" of the Ssssentipede is a skull-like limb, which is actually the creature's claw. It uses this manipulator to rend prey into smaller pieces (much like a crab) to feed itself. This claw can attack for 1db hit points of damage.

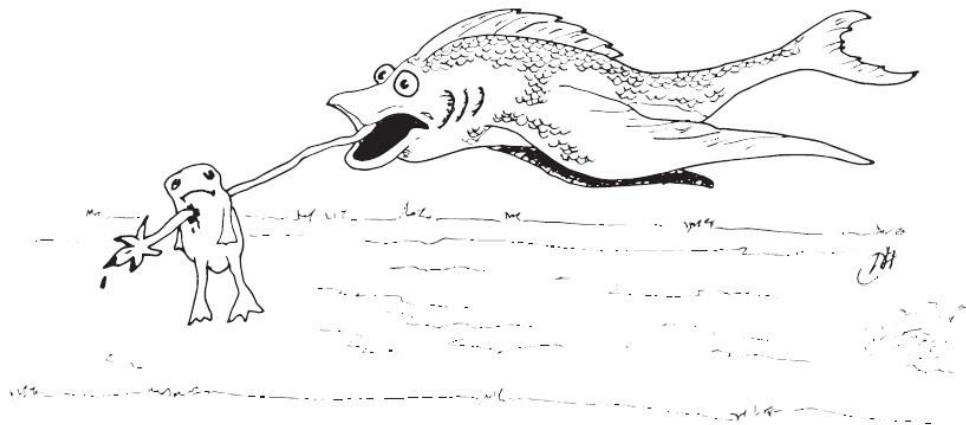
When the Ssssentipede scurries about on its multiple legs, it appears that a snake's skeleton is propelling itself with its undulating ribcage. The Ssssentipede will attack prey larger than itself, and when several of these come crawling out, snapping their "jaws," it may make even the most hardened survivor think twice.

Mutations: none

TRAWLER

No. Enc.: 0 (2d8)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 180' (60')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 2 (barbed tongue, bite)
Damage: 1d8/1d10
Save: L3
Morale: B
Hoard Class: None

The Trawler is a carnivorous fish that lives in large bodies of fresh water, like rivers and lakes. It is a large (4-foot-long) silver-scaled fish with



a gar-like pointed head and a mouth filled with sharp pointed teeth. The Trawler is also known as a Man-Fisher due to its special barbed tongue that it uses to ensnare and drag victims into the water where it can feed.

A Trawler's tongue is normally retracted in its mouth while underwater. When it senses prey on the shoreline, it launches itself out of the water to a height of around 20 feet. It then uses its large pectoral fins to glide down, slowing its descent while it homes in on the victim. When targeted, the Trawler fires out its tongue to its maximum length of approximately 30 feet. The end of the tongue is barbed, and on a successful hit, the barb will do 1d8 hit points of damage when it imbeds itself in the victim's flesh. The Trawler will then close its "wings," plummeting back into the water while retracting its tongue. Unless a successful save is made versus STR, the victim will be yanked violently into the water where the Trawler (and any others in its school) will attack, biting for 1d10 hit points of damage.

The Trawler's tongue is very fibrous, but it can be severed if 15 points of damage is done to it, which will free a victim.

It is not unusual for multiple Trawlers to explode out of the water, "fishing" for multiple targets. Even more dangerous is when multiple Man-Fishers all target the same victim.

Mutations: complete wing development, aberrant form (natural weapon)

TRIVYXXX

No. Enc.: 3 (6 or 9 in lair)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 60' (20')

Armor Class: 5

Hit Dice: 8

Attacks: 1 (weapon)

Damage: as weapon type

Save: L5

Morale: 9

Hoard Class: XIV

The Trivyxxx is an odd creature; one that isn't man nor monster, but something in-between. The most obvious

mutation possessed by a Trivyxxx is its three humanoid heads. Each head has a set of bulbous yellow eyes set above a drooling agape mouth. This *triple-headed* mutation makes it nearly impossible to sneak up and/or surprise the creature. (Those who try have only a 1 in 6 chance.) Although the Trivexxx does not have any kind of enhanced senses, it gets an extra chance to see/hear if a check is needed. (The Mutant Lord should roll twice rather than once if checking to see if the mutant sees or hears something unusual.) Also, the Trivyxxx's gray-green, rubbery flesh takes only half-damage from blunt weapons which harmlessly "bounce" off the surface.

The Trivyxxx "walks" by using a set of 9 tentacles around the base of its ponderous bulk. Due to its size, this mode of locomotion is fairly slow. It has three arms which it uses to attack, usually with some kind of large, blunt weapon. However, the Trivyxxx's tentacles also give it the mutation of *parasitic control*. If a Trivyxxx is able to hold a victim long enough for one of its tentacles to reach the spine, several small barbs will latch on to the victim's spinal column, giving the creature absolute control. The Trivyxxx will use its new "puppet" to help in any attacks, or it will be used as a defensive shield as long as contact is maintained.

Trivyxxx society is based on the number three. There will always be three of the beings when they are

encountered, or some multiple of three if discovered in their lair. It is theorized that there are actually three sexes amongst the Trivyxxx species, which may explain the triad.

Mutations: triple-headed, parasitic control



TYRANNOSAURUS TANX

No. Enc.: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 150' (50')

Armor Class: 3

Hit Dice: 16

Attacks: 1 (trample or cannon)

Damage: 4d6 or 6d6

Save: L10

Morale: 12

Hoard Class: None

The Tyrannosaurus Tanx (T. Tanx, for short) is one of the true unexplained mutants found in the blasted lands of

the *Mutant Future*. Is it a revived dinosaur with a cybernetic tank turret fused around its head? Is it a fully robotic creature, perhaps a Bygone war machine gone rogue? Or did a time-travelling alien bring a prehistoric creature into the post-apocalyptic future with a bit of a weapons "improvement"? In the end, it doesn't matter when this 40-foot-tall behemoth comes charging at you while firing explosive rounds in your direction!



The T. Tanx is a 40-foot-tall, bipedal, reptilian creature. Where a head should be is instead a large tank-like turret with a single cannon barrel protruding from the front. The creature can apparently see and hear just fine, though it's undetermined if it has other sensory organs other than eyes and ears allowing it to do so, or if the creature is equipped with robotic sensors allowing it to function. The creature can attack in one of two ways. It can race forward and crush its prey underfoot for 4db hit points of damage. Or it can fire a round from its cannon, doing 6db hit points to anyone it hits. The T. Tanx can fire this shell up to 750 feet away. It can fire 6 of these shells a day although it is again unknown how the creature "reloads" each day. The T. Tanx is single-minded of purpose: it will attack to destroy any target it

"sees". And it never loses in these conflicts. There are many wasteland businessmen (weaponsmiths, robotic tinkers, animal handlers) who would love to solve the mysteries of the T. Tanx to exploit its weaponry for their own gain. However, no one has been able to capture one or bring one down to determine if it's a natural or artificial creature.

Mutations: cranial armament

WHOREBEAST

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d4)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 4

Attacks: 1 (bite or weapon)

Damage: 2d12 or weapon

Save: L3

Morale: B

Hoard Class: XVII



In the post-apocalygeddon world, sex with the wrong person can not only be dangerous, it can be deadly. The Whorebeast is one such carnal assassin. When in a calm state, a Whorebeast appears to be any other wasteland denizen, albeit an attractive specimen. (Whorebeasts can be both male and female, although the female of the species is more common.) The creature will approach a victim, disguising its true intent by pretending to feign interest in them sexually, or perhaps claiming to be a prostitute (in seedier villages). Once the Whorebeast and victim have begun their tryst, the Whorebeast's true nature will be exposed.

A Whorebeast feeds on the hormones and pheromones released by a human who has reached a state of overwhelming carnal desire. Once this heightened state of arousal is reached, the Whorebeast's human-appearing head will split open, revealing its true face. A green-scaled visage with six eyes will leer at its victim while a cavernous set of jaws will open. The Whorebeast will attempt to bite off the head of its partner, its jaws rending for 2d12 hit points of damage. If the victim is somehow able to break off the initial attack, the Whorebeast will grab a nearby weapon (a dagger is always

close at hand) in an attempt to wound its prey. If the victim is subdued, the Whorebeast's mouth will close in again, ready to feed.

There are rumors that larger nests of Whorebeasts are set up in brothels in larger cities. The populace never notices when some of the johns who live in the town disappear. And those who stop by the brothel to ask questions are never heard from again either.

Mutations: aberrant form (giant mouth)

WITHERMOSS

No. Enc.: 1

Alignment: None

Movement: 0

Armor Class: 9

Hit Dice: 1 for every 10 square feet
(EX: 30 square feet = 3HD)

Attacks: Special

Damage: Special

Save: L1

Morale: None

Hoard Class: None

Withermoss is a sickly yellow and/or orange patchy plant usually found growing on open, flat areas like forest floors or prairie expanses. Withermoss has also been spied growing

on rooftops, over rocky outcroppings, in Bygone ruins, and any place flat and preferably shaded. Withermoss is fairly benign and not harmful at all if given a wide berth. However, the plant has a poisonous, oily coating that is dangerous if contact is made.

If someone comes into contact with Withermoss, he should make a save versus poison. If the save is successful, he will take 2d4 hit points of damage from the waves of nausea that overtakes him as the poison courses through his system. He will feel weakened for another 8 hours, but no further ill effects will occur. However, if the save is unsuccessful, the Mutant Lord should roll 1d4 to see how the victim is affected:

1. Physical Vitality: The victim's body mass begins to atrophy as the poison affects the major muscle groupings. The victim's STR and CON scores are temporarily halved for 24 hours. This affects any "to hit/damage" bonuses due to STR, CON saving throw adjustments, and carrying capacity. (The victim's hit point total will be unaffected though.)

2. Mental Acuity: A mind-crushing headache will descend upon the victim as his brain is affected by the poison. The victim's INT and WIL scores are temporarily halved for 24 hours. This will affect the victim's ability to reason and problem solve, technology roll modifiers, and strength in mental combat situations.

3. Physical Mutations: The DNA that represents the victim's physical mutations will be twisted and warped. All of the victim's physical mutations will be at half-strength for 24 hours. This could mean a smaller area of affect; half-damage from offensive abilities; usable half as often; or any penalty the ML believes is appropriate.

4. Mental Mutations: The DNA that represents the victim's mental mutations will be twisted and warped. All of the victim's mental mutations will be at half-strength for 24 hours. This could mean a smaller area of affect; half-damage from offensive abilities; usable half as often; or any penalty the ML believes is appropriate.

Fortunately, the adverse effects of Withermoss are usually temporary with no long-term damage. However, if contact is made again while still under the effect of the Withermoss' poison, the victim will need to save again. If the save is failed and if the same "target area" is affected for a second time, the resulting loss will be permanent at this point. For example, if the Withermoss affects the mutant's physical mutations a second time within a 24-hour period, those physical mutations will be at half-strength forever. Avoiding Withermoss altogether is usually the best course of action once it has been identified.

Mutations: dermal poison sap

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