The background of the cover is a rich, textured illustration of a forest. A path of reddish-brown leaves and small stones leads from the bottom right towards the center. On the left, a large, gnarled tree trunk stands prominently. In the upper center, a small figure, possibly a gnome or a child, is visible near a tree, looking towards the viewer. The overall color palette is dominated by earthy tones like browns, greens, and yellows, with some darker, more saturated colors in the shadows and foliage.

THE GNOMES OF LEVNEC

BY ZZARCHOV KOWOLSKI

MEL'S
TOWER

LEVNEC



STRANGE
METEOR

COVEN
TEMPLE

HERE BE
GNOMES

DRAGON'S
DEN

THE GNOMES OF LEVNEC

BY ZZARCHOV KOWOLSKI

COVER PAINTING BY GEORG JANNY

ILLUSTRATION & CARTOGRAPHY BY
JEZ GORDON & ZZARCHOV KOWOLSKI

DESIGN BY JEZ GORDON

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INTRODUCTION



While the western half of the continent has experienced a surge in art, science, and industry the same cannot be said of the dreary and rain soaked eastern half.

It is a land shrouded in rain and vast forests untamed by human hands like those of west. There are no forest wardens, royal preserves or carefully parcelled plots of rights to pine nuts or tinder. They are truly wild.

Despite the conquest by western knightly orders over a century ago, there are still many pagans hiding in those forests and in the villages that hug them. They hide just out of sight of the imposing stone fortresses those knights built to occupy this land, before the knights themselves fell afoul of the inquisition.

There are older things in these forests too; the knights did not just battle the pagan kings of man but also the forest dwellers; the wodewose. Spend too long in any tavern or listen to a village alewife and you'll hear stories of knights and wodewose duking it out in little patches of now cleared pastures.

One of these little villages is the village of Levnec, a sad little town ruled by a self appointed lord banished from his seaside villa far to the south. His name is Lord Kristoph and he has been looking to hire some transient sell swords to solve his problem. Some of the townsfolk are (repeatedly) going missing and others are refusing to work, even after examples were beaten and hobbled by his men. Seeing as the townsfolk are blaming the local Gnomes, he would simply like these drifters to saunter in the wood, murder some Gnomes and bring them back to show the townsfolk there is nothing to fear (except him) and to get back to work.

Did I not mention the Gnomes? They are a rather important local feature. They are small little humanoids with rosy red cheeks and pointed hats, they almost never are seen and are not proven to exist anywhere else in the world. People know almost nothing about them but it is said their last village lies in the forest near Levnec, hidden from the prying eyes of evil diabolists who seek to eat them and steal their powers.

I did mention they grant magical powers when eaten right? It seems that those who consume the flesh of Gnomes gain the ability to cast powerful spells, and those already proficient in the arts become even more powerful still. Others tell tales of the various poultices and powders one can make out of gnome parts that treat certain, embarrassing, male medical problems. This power draws many a would be sorcerer to these forsaken lands in search of delicious Gnome flesh. One such person is the hermit Mel, who moved into an old ruined tower a half day away, amidst the overgrown wood.

A NOTE ON GNOMES

A special thanks to "Evan Van Elkins – Master of the Dark Arts" who inspired me with the following:

inplacesdeep.blogspot.ca/2010/12/gnomes.html

LEVNEC



levnec is a small town of just over four hundred people, though there hasn't been a census to know for certain.

It used to be nearer to five hundred than four before the last winter. The town is surrounded by an earthwork wall some ten feet tall and three feet thick with entrances in the four cardinal directions that serve as gateways, though they have no doors. At night a wicker stand is placed in each opening to keep animals out. The interior of the earthen walls are surrounded by a large number of stables housing oxen and dairy cows.

The town itself is a fairly boring affair consisting of log cabins with thatch roofs and a few circular stone huts with brushwood roofs. There is the distinctive sound of a smithy, the stench of cow shit, the open air alehouse, a cob walled church, a single plank house with an unusual wicker roof, and a two story heavy timber hall upon a motte in the center of town, surrounded by a wicker fence.

FLAEN

The Blacksmith

Flaen is a large redheaded man, 6'5" in height. He has a crippled left leg and is missing all of his toes on that foot. His leg is crippled due to a poorly set ankle after a recent break. He was made an example of by Kristoph and feels nothing but a burning barely concealed rage for the man. He also has a crush on Mary the Alewife.

He knows what happened to the Toymaker but will not say unless magical means force the information out of him (such as a charm spell).

MARY DATSYUK

The Alewife

Mary is a thin blonde woman. She is tall (5'8") but currently malnourished. Mary was friends with the Gnomish Toymaker and knows all too well what happened. She is still however a shrewd person and will only tell the player characters for a payment of over 40 silver unless either magic, existing evidence, or a threat of violence against her is employed.

DZINSKI

The Tanner

Dzinski is a thin man with a salt and pepper unkempt beard and a receding hairline. He makes the all the leather in town and perpetually smells like offal. Being about as sharp as a mallet he will refuse to talk about the starvation or why he thinks Gnomes are vengeful unless the players imply they already know. In which case he talks freely about how several of the townsfolk and the priest ate the gnome during the winter famine and all of those townsfolk disappeared within a few days of each other last month. Their empty clothes were found in the woods, undamaged and without blood upon them.

VIKTOR TYSHENKO

The Wood Worker

Viktor is a tall man with a full head of wavy black hair and a pair of sullen eyes. He constantly wears a dour expression, highlighted by his imposing moustache. He has a deep hatred of Kristoph, but is glad the priest has gone as he is a member of the secret coven of Veles. He knows why most people have been disappearing (due to the coven), but legitimately believes the gnomes may have done in the priest and his co-conspirators, as his coven did nothing to the priest or those who aided him.

THE CHURCH OF ST.NICHOLAS

The “church” is a simple rectangular cob walled building with a thatch roof. The floors are packed dirt coated in straw, the pews are but logs stuck into the earth. A wooden cabinet or box served as the shrine, with a simple wicker cross upon it. In the back corner is a crude wood and leather cot with a ratty old blanket and wooden bowl upon it. Inside the simple locked cabinet is the current tithing to the church. It contains 240 silver worth of assorted silver and copper coins. If any of the townsfolk see the players enter the church, a small mob will form outside to ensure the church is not robbed. If the players search the ground they will find a patch of loose earth in the church. Digging this up they will find the gnawed upon bones of a small child sized humanoid with the top of its skull missing. This was the gnomish toymaker.

THE TOYMAKER’S SHOPPE

The toymaker’s shop is a narrow building made out of wooden planks with an unusual roof made out of carefully woven reeds. It has low ceilings barely five and a half feet in height and is festooned with shuttered windows cut into irregular shapes such as clovers, horseshoes and crescent moons. The building looks like it has been ransacked; its cupboards have been stripped bare and the toymaker’s tools have long since found

new homes. All that is left is a single “jack in the box” and d6 wooden clogs meant to fit human feet. No one has taken the “Jack in the box” as its face bears an eerie resemblance to the late toymaker and they consider it cursed. The jack in the box has a false bottom, in it is a simple scrap of parchment. This parchment seems to be a bit of a diary, proclaiming the toymaker’s childlike friendship with Mary and his annoyance at Kristoph for trying to give him the name of “Peter” when he was seen crawling out of Flaen’s chimney. A further hectic note on the back declares that he is worried he will be eaten sooner than expected by the townsfolk.

THE MANOR OF LORD KRISTOPH

Lord Kristoph’s manor is a two story wooden hall atop an earthen mound in the center of town, that is surrounded by a wicker fence. Two guards always keep watch at the base of the hill near the wicker gate. Lengths of wooden timbers sunk into the muddy hill act as a winding set of steps up to the main doors on the ground level, the only doors or windows on that level. The lower level consists of four large wooden tables with timber benches, a large upholstered chair, a large cobblestone and gypsum hearth, and a giant painting of a knight battling a wodewose on foot that is easily worth 1000sp. Four hunting dogs and almost all of the thirty men who serve Lord Kristoph live on this floor, sleeping on straw in the corners (or simply under tables). No one dares sleep in Kristoph’s chair. No food is prepared in the hall. Twice daily Mary Datsyuk will trek back and forth along those timber steps to bring up food and ale to Kristoph’s men. The second floor is reachable only by a single wooden staircase. The plank floors occasionally send showers of dust and beams of light shimmering to the lower levels. Lord Kristoph keeps 3022 silver coins in a lockbox at the end of his bed. He also has seven marble busts of men from his family line that could easily be worth 100 to 200sp each to a collector. Lord Kristoph is a paranoid tinkerer by nature and will booby trap his home in the event of a siege or mutiny.

THE STARVATION

A fire spread through a field just before harvest last fall. Times were lean and it looked as if some of the cattle would have to be slaughtered for meat. Lord Kristoph countered with telling the peasants they would die if they touched his cattle and that any famine occurring was a result of their own folly. Suggestions to perhaps feed thatch to some of the cattle so their oats and barley could be fed to the starving townsfolk was likewise rejected and its proponents were soundly whipped and beaten. Nearly a tenth (some say more, counting is hard) of the village perished that winter. Some of the townsfolk would not go so easily however. The priest declared the gnomish toymaker was in all fact naught but a clever beast. As such it was no sin that man should hold dominion over him, and slaughter him for meat. Some of the hungrier denizens agreed, despite the protests of Mary who they implied may be a witch. At the insistence of Flaen, Mary relented.

Because of the starvation there are no pigs, goats, dogs, cats, chickens or even vegetable gardens left in the village. All the rabbits in the forest nearby have been harvested, as have the song birds. The area has been picked clean it seems. Even the rats are gone. While there have been disappearances for the last few years, the priest and everyone else who gorged on gnome stew began to disappear last month. Their clothes being found empty in the fields and forest, with no sign of injury.

THE WOODS



Mostly just called "The Woods" (what other woods do the peasants know of?), they are dark and uncharted. There is a thick and tangled canopy that chokes out the undergrowth leaving twisting moss covered roots and damp leaves full of rot and fungus to cover the ground. There is very little if any game in the area, more so due to the over-hunting in the winter. It is lean and bleak but for the wolves and the local curiosity, the flesh squirrels.

These vermin appear to be regular, if slightly oversized, black squirrels at first glance. But they have a ravenous hunger for meat and make that the entirety of their diet. They are crazed and bloodthirsty, and unfortunately also quite numerous. No one knows how they came to be, legend tells they were not always here, but when in doubt they blame a witch. They always blame a witch.

THE TOWER OF MEL

Just within site of the moors and pastures of Levnece, sticking out through the canopy of the woods, is the crumbling tower next to a bubbling brook where Mel lives. Originally built as a watchtower for one of the crusader bands that came here to conquer and convert the region, it has seen better days. The turret and battlements have collapsed and have been replaced with a thatch roof and a brick chimney. The once impressive tower door long ago rotted; it has been replaced with a door that is made of warped bits of bark covered branches nailed together and stuffed with mud and straw to fill in the drafty crevices.

Living inside is Mel and his pet cat. Mel knows *Hover Disc*, *Avenging Bolt* and *Open Sesame*. He also has an advanced spell which draws forth a spirit to inhabit a stone gargoyle (*Stone Spirit*). He has been carving one inside the tower out of a large boulder for the last year. Lacking the power to bring his creation to life on his own, he believes that fresh gnome may give him the power he needs to show all those fools in town who is crazy now. Mel has a potion of stone to flesh, 452 silver pieces and a laboratory worth 14000 s.p.

OSR: *Mel is a third level magic user.*

NGR: *Mel is third level and has all three pie pieces in Wizard. He has high intelligence and spirit (15) but low luck and social scores (6). The cat is his familiar.*

THE COVEN OF VELES

Veles, the old pagan god of magic, wealth, dragons and the underworld. Once he was worshipped openly by throngs of the faithful, but no longer. In these parts a cult has only recently been reborn. These locals meet in secret and cavort in the moonlight while wearing dragon masks. They believe Veles blesses his followers by turning them into mighty wodewose should they please him sufficiently in a ritual of the hunt. These cultists believe they will be able to crush their enemies and be immune the ravages of age if only they could curry enough of his favour.

So there are a couple of things wrong with this. For starters there are no clerics here, only funny people believing funny things. They also don't actually know anything about the historic religion of Veles or they might be aware of the subtle differences, such as the fact that Veles has nothing to do with either hunting or the wodewose. Secondly, one cannot become a wodewose nor are they immune to ageing. Other than those two minor facts however their plan is right on track.

THE HUNT

So whenever they think they can get away with it, the Coven of Veles lures, tricks, or flat out abducts some poor soul and drags them bound, blindfolded, and gagged to the temple. Once there they don dragon masks and stylized camouflage before removing the victim's blindfold. The poor victim is offered wine, and danced with (while still bound), and anointed with oils as their clothes are removed. Finally a mask of a wild animal is placed over the victim's face, before their hands are broken with their hands still bound behind their back. The victim's legs are freed and they are cast to the woods and given a ten to thirty minute head start. It is the middle of the night in the woods and none of these geniuses have any way of measuring time accurately so they guesstimate. I am not sure Veles would even want them as followers.

THE TEMPLE



his old and ancient temple was last dedicated to Veles. The layer of chalk buried through the forest was once a road leading here, it was "the tail of the dragon" and this temple was the head. The crumbling stone walls were once coated in paints that have long since been eroded (along with the grout and mortar) by the seasonal rains. The temple was dedicated to Veles because it covers an ancient rift into the pits of the earth and he was the god of the underworld. The structure is not currently very sound however and could implode into the pit it covers if too much damage is dealt.

NGR: *Counts as consecrated temple on holy ground.*

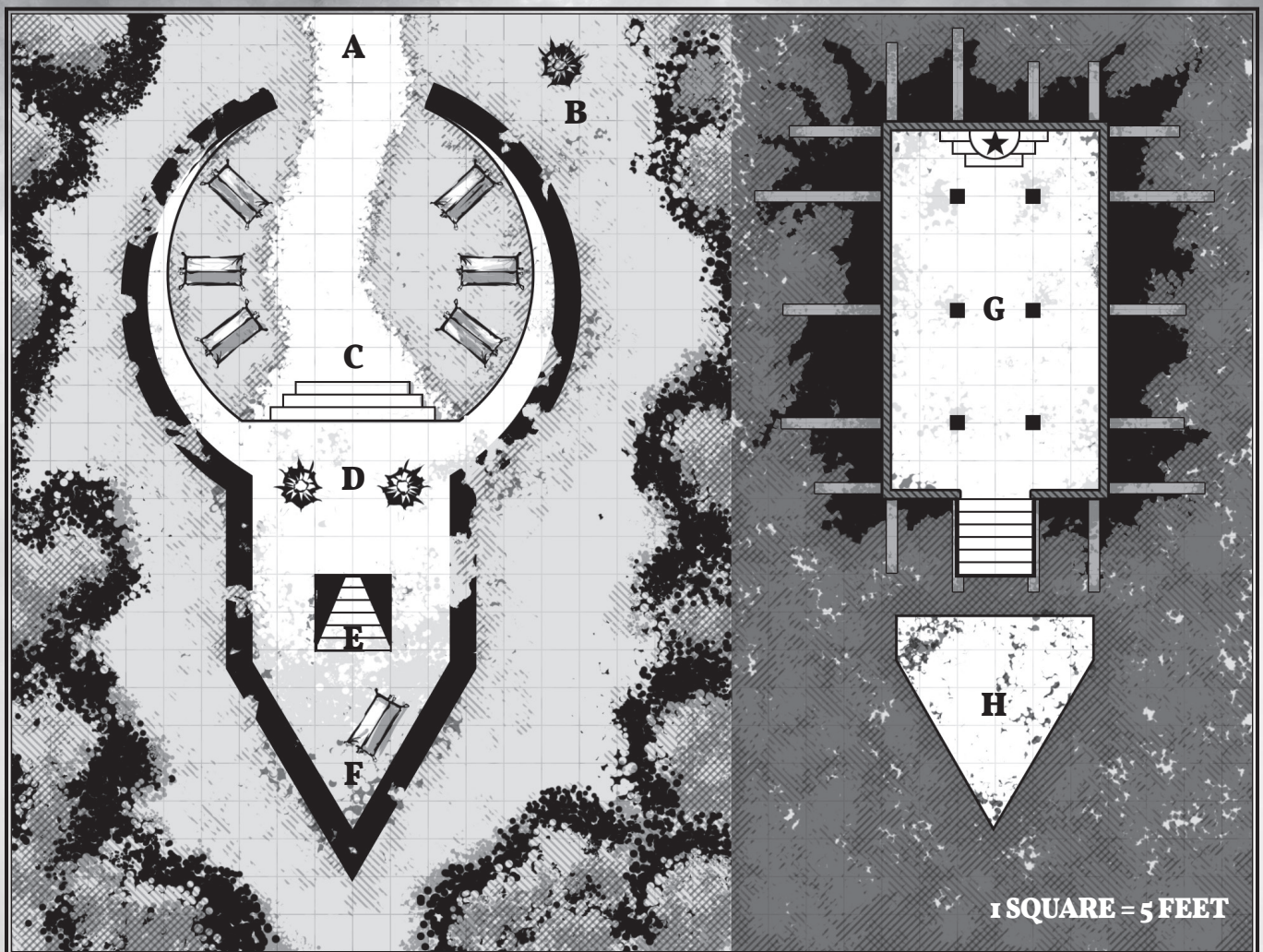
AREA A: THE HORNS

The chalk path is clearly visible here, it winds between the gaps between the two "horns" that form the wall of the courtyard. The chalk path leads up to the base of the rough hewn stone steps that lead to D. Inside the courtyard to either side of the chalk path will be a handful of pup tents and some brushwood lean-toos. Several stumps of removed trees are visible, often used as shelves or tables. A few cooking fires will be smouldering, tended by cultists. Other cultists will be standing behind the crumbled battlements on the horns. There is no gate, merely a wicker barrier placed at night and a log braced on a wooden brace to deter anyone from attempting to crash in with a wagon or team of horse riding warriors. Unless they are out on a hunt, most of the 16 cultists will be here, usually 4-7 on the walls with hunting bows and all but one or two in the courtyard with boar spears, wood cutting axes and daggers.

AREA B: THE PIT

This pit holds waste and the unused bits of the hunt. If someone searches through it they will find a mighty 12 copper pennies after an hour of wading through filth.

MAP OF THE TEMPLE OF VELES



AREA C: THE STEPS

These steps lead up 15 feet and are made of ancient weathered stone. The steps are covered in pit marks and ancient bloodstains. Lichen grows on the outer edges. Each step is 3 feet long and 10 feet wide.

AREA D: THE EYES

These two stone ringed pits are 12 feet deep and filled with burning coals to a depth of two feet. They leave only a faint smoke trail into the surrounding area, though if a large amount of material (especially damp material) was added (say a body) it would leave a noxious black cloud which would make it easy to locate the area. A “priest” is usually here meditating into the fire. He will always be in full regalia and wielding both a dagger and a staff adorned with human teeth on a leather string.

AREA E: THE MOUTH

This rectangular pit descends two stories on a steep angle. Furthermore the hardened limestone steps don't seem to be supported by anything over top of an apparently bottomless chasm. This is actually true, the supports have rotted away and it is merely careful balance the keeps the steps pressed together. Heavy jumping or similar actions by three or more people in unison will cause it to collapse into the bottomless void.

AREA F: THE BEARD

This was once a small wheat garden, now it is mud and weeds with a crude wooden hut (more of a blind really) on the southern tip serving as a fortification. A cultist with a hooded lantern and a hunting bow will always be present in the hut. If any digging takes place they will see that this leads into the collapsed laboratory in H.

AREA G: THE GULLET

This long rectangular room of stone bricks is (unknown to those inside) is suspended on top of brittle and dry wooden supports that need replacement. Several fresh logs are bracing up the earthen ceiling. Damaging a log support will cause a check

(1 in 3) to see if the ceiling collapses. This in turn will cause the floor to collapse and send everyone into the bottomless pit. Hitting a second support causes a fresh check (2 in 3 now), and the final support automatically collapses the room. A basic strength check is all that is needed to damage a support.

Along the walls are blessed cattle skulls (count as +1 items), each resting on a pile of exactly 343 copper pieces. Taking all of the coins under a skull causes no problems, but if any number other than 7 or 49 are left behind for a skull, the individual taking the copper pieces is cursed.

OSR: *For 1 year they suffer -1 to all rolls.*

NGR: *As if cursed by a priest with a faith of 12.*

At the far wall is a stone carving of an old man's head on a serpent's body with two prominent horns. It is adorned in gold jewelry of ancient make worth 1000.s.p. Removing any of the gold by anyone other than a priest or cleric brandishing a holy symbol (of any god) will immediately age the thief 1d20 years and cause them to feel a supernatural cold.

NGR: *4 points of luck can negate 1 year of ageing.*

If any flaming oil is thrown in this room it will seep through the cracks in the floor and ignite the tinder dry supports. Each round roll a d12, on a 1 the floor collapses.

This room will be the fall back location of any cultists.

AREA H: THE LABORATORY

This dirt and root strewn room has largely collapsed, all that remains is a stone box with a single mummified human head in it. The head has its mouth stitched shut. If it is cut open it will whisper a spell that calls forth a dragon by name.

OSR: *Any wizards present will instantly learn this spell.*

NGR: *Any character with Vulgar Magic present will instantly learn this spell.*

They will also immediately cast the spell. The spell awakens the dragon to come burn this mother to the ground. The dragon will be here in two hours.

THE WOODWOSE

The Wodewose were once numerous in these ancient and god forsaken forests where man dared not tread. But a strong belief in the afterlife and steel plating convinced enough men to attempt to slay them all that it largely succeeded due to the law of averages. Barely a dozen Wodewose still live in these untamed wilds and only two of them are females of a breeding age. Their days are coming to a close.

These creatures are a solid ten feet in height and fairly well built on average. They are coated in a thick layer of fur. They gorge themselves on meats, and prefer that of men above all else. It isn't a flavour thing mind you, they prefer the flavour of lamb if truth be told. It is about power. They view the ability to eat another thinking being alive as the ultimate sign of power and glory. No one is terribly sad to see them go; well, almost no one.

OSR Wodewose: 4 Hit Dice, AC as Leather, Damage as weapon +2. Average morale.

NGR Wodewose: Size modifier of 2, fur gives the "bulky" armour tag. Very strong (16) but disorganized and uncouth (5 social)

THE DRAGON

In a cave, slumbering in the mountains overlooking the forest lies an albino dragon. This wheezing beast is a scrawny, mangy excuse for a dragon with a noticeable pot belly who has not roused from his slumber in over a thousand years. That said even a wheezing lout of a dragon is still enough to murder most anything that could attempt to stand in its way. It knows better than to fuck with the gnomes, but will gladly murder everything else in the region if it is awoken. It is 75 feet from nose to tail and sleeps on 200,000 s.p. worth of treasure. Also it flies and breathes a magical fire that converts people to chalk. It has no need to eat, but does anyway.

OSR Dragon: 15 Hit Dice, AC as Plate and Shield, 2 attacks at d12+1 or 5d8 breath if not in melee, unbreakable morale. It is immune to any spell under 3rd level.

NGR Dragon: Size modifier of 12, horned skull counts as full helm, scales count as medium armour. It is unhealthy and weak (strength and health of 8) but is still exceedingly intelligent and determined (intelligence and spirit of 18). The Dragon's breath uses the "Chalk Mist" spell as an innate ability drawing from his 30 mana. The dragon can also counterspell. National Threat.



THE GNOME VILLAGE

Before anyone encounters the village they will begin to see rows of adorable stone garden gnomes in “fierce” poses which they incorrectly assume will scare off interlopers. They may also hear lots of whistling, singing, the low murmur of childlike laughter, and detect the smell of fresh baked cookies. The village itself will be in a large clearing full of giant colourful mushrooms with doors and windows built into them. All around gnomes will be laughing and carrying on as they build wooden toys, cobble boots and bake cookies on open air stone hearths. Several gnomes will be pulling oval wheeled and floral painted wagons full of wooden sticks, reeds, and bits of forest detritus. Somehow, when no one is looking, all of this garbage gets turned into raw materials and finished goods.

The gnomes are very friendly as long as the players are not violent and do not break any of their taboos (such as giving them names). The only Gnome with any sort of name, title or identifying feature is the grand poomba who sits upon a wooden throne atop a pile of boots and toys.

It isn't very stable and would tip fairly easily. He has fairly sad expression upon his face at all times, but is otherwise still friendly.

Should the PC's wish they could easily hire 2d12 gnomish “mercenaries” who are the eldest and most decrepit gnomes in the village. There will be 2 armed with bows and mushroom tipped arrows for every 3 or 7 on a d12. Everyone else will be armed with a stone adze and a wicker shield with a leather covering (depicting a rainbow, flower, or something else nonthreatening). They can be convinced to be aggressive, but will otherwise only want to act as guards and protectors. They won't go far into the pastures or moors as they fear being eaten by eagles.

OSR Gnome Villager: 1 hit point, AC as unarmoured, damage as by weapon -1. Poor morale.

OSR Gnome Commando: 1d4 hit points, AC as unarmoured with shield, damage as weapon. Great morale

NGR Gnome Villager: Size modifier 1/2. Count as elves with the innate spell “Childish Conjuration”.

NGR Gnome Commando: As above, but a level 0 1 part warrior, 1 part rogue. Guard and Parkour

THE TRUTH OF THE GNOMES

The Gnomes are not what they appear. While they are cute and adorable they aren't truly mammals, but rather myconoid beings with innate magical powers. For example, their pointy hat isn't a hat at all, but rather their mushroom top. Removing it exposes their brain and results in a great deal of bleeding and screaming. To understand the implications first one must understand the gnomish life cycle. The Gnomish village is built over top of a giant fungal super organism, comprised of past gnomes of the same lineage. Gnomes are "born" fully formed with many of their "mothers" memories. A gnome considers their mother to be the sentient being who ate their "father" who was a gnome from their bloodline. When a sentient being acquires a "gnome point" of 100 they disappear with a loud "pop" noise. There is no blood or gore, they are just gone. In their place is their body weight in new gnomes and a set of clothes.

OSR: *Work this out to 1 gnome for every 3 points of constitution score, or 2 per hit die.*

NGR: *1 gnome for every 3 points of health times the size modifier.*

Gnomes have innate magical abilities, mostly spells such as illusions or minor cantrips to make building materials. They lose these abilities if they begin to gain a sense of individualism. Only the leader of a village is forced to bear that mantle, Gnomes consider themselves immortal as long as they don't view themselves as separate from the whole, but see the value of a leader in times of a crisis. They will obey their leader unquestioningly. "Newborn" gnomes smell foul, like baby poop. But as Gnomes age they begin to smell more and more delicious as they "ripen". Gnomes will use cantrips and illusions to add butter, sugar and cinnamon to their smell when they enter their ripe phase to encourage someone to eat them.

Gnomes consider slipping someone a gnome sausage (ironically in this case not a euphemism) to be an unthinkable crime akin to rape. They may be coy about the consequences of eating a Gnome, but they would never think of tricking someone into eating Gnome flesh. They will always strive to ensure any new "mother" knows this is a choice.

A grand poomba, with his fancy sense of individualism may buck this trend, but it isn't known to have happened.

If a gnome does not get eaten before they leave their ripe phase, they begin to grow additional toadstools and get a leathery appearance. Eventually becoming a disgusting myconoid monster. A few weeks later they will get the urge to root into the village and grow into a new Gnome house. If Gnomes are ever fully separated from their home village (say across an ocean with no knowledge of how to get back) they will panic. Then they will attempt to group with any nearby related gnomes. Finally they will attempt to start a new village, one Gnome (the poomba) will attempt to grow old and form a house without being eaten, the others will breed the next generation of Gnomes. This will start a new village. Gnomes from different lineages (villages) have an innate dislike and distrust (often leading to hatred) of each other. With the wodewose dying out, the current generation of gnomes may not have anyone to eat them. They will have to go out into the world and see what happens. The events at LevneC over the winter have given them some new hope...

GNOMISH "NAME" CHART

If a player ever asks a gnome (other than the Poomba) their name, roll a d8 and a d12. Which-ever one is closer to your left hand is the first part.

Result:	First Part	Second Part
1	Sparkle	Bottom
2	Golden	Hat
3	Bif	Nose
4	Nip	Beard
5	Pip	(le/en)puss
6	Apple	Feather
7	Nutter	Eyes
8	Flower	Leaf
9	Wet	Cloud
10	Pop	(le/en)booble
11	Zipple	(le/en)bo-bibble
12	Satan	Toof

EFFECTS OF EATING A GNOME

Gnome is also highly addictive, once Gnome points get above 10 nothing else gives joy but delicious Gnome. Once you have a point of Gnome, it goes up by 1 per day until it reaches 100. It grants bonus magic user spells (rolled randomly when gained) that are automatically regained each day (**OSR**) or increases both your mana supply and mana pool (**NGR**). It also grants bonus spellpower (**NGR**) or levels when casting spells (**OSR**). If only a drop of blood is taken, the bonus will only last until you sleep (unless you actually gain a point of Gnome).

OSR EFFECTS: What?	Gnome Points	Bonus spells	Bonus levels
1 drop of blood (also known as Gnome Gravy)	Save+3 or 1	-	1
Gnome Nuggets (such as a finger, or ear)	1	1 lvl 1	2
Gnome Wings (such as a hand or foot)	5	1 lvl 1	3
Gnome Organ Meat	10	2 lvl 1	3
Big Ole Gnome Steak (big slab of muscle)	15	2 lvl 1	4
Rack of Gnome (a slab of ribs)	20	2 lvl 1	5
Entire Gnome Roast (an entire limb)	50	2 lvl 1	6
Eat that whole fucking Gnome	99	3 lvl 1	10

NGR EFFECTS: What?	Gnome Points	Bonus Mana	Bonus SP
1 drop of blood (also known as Gnome Gravy)	Health+3 or 1	5	+1
Gnome Nuggets (such as a finger, or ear)	1	10	+2
Gnome Wings (such as a hand or foot)	5	10	+3
Gnome Organ Meat	10	20	+3
Big Ole Gnome Steak (big slab of muscle)	15	20	+4
Rack of Gnome (a slab of ribs)	20	20	+5
Entire Gnome Roast (an entire limb)	50	20	+6
Eat that whole fucking Gnome	99	30	+10

LOST IN THE WOODS

If players ever get lost in the woods (perhaps escaping from a hunt, perhaps they just wander in with no clear direction or guide) use the following table to represent four or five hours of trudging around lost. Roll a d8, d6 and d4. You should never need to roll additional dice. If a result specifies a die result, it is always referencing one of these three dice rolled. If all three dice are the same, check the “trips” special modifiers and add in their results. If two 5’s or two 6’s are rolled, add in the results of the “dubs” section. If all dice are the maximum result (8,6 and 4) also add in the results of the “max”.

EXAMPLE: The players are wandering in the woods lost, so the GM rolls a random encounter. The GM rolls a d8,d6 and d4 with the results being 6,6 and 1 respectively. . The GM then describes the players moving through a region where the trees are somewhat spaced apart and a myriad of large rocks are strewn about, when they come upon a pack of six pagan hunters and notice there is a wooden totem with an offering bowl. If they manage to look into it they will see it has 6 gold teeth and an expensive gem in it. There is also a female wild pig here. In this case the pagan hunters could be hunting or corralling the live pig to the altar as an offering.

Where? (d8)

1. Very dense trees with tangled, tripping roots sticking out of the rotting litter (small weapons only)
2. As above, but with a small gnome trail leading to their village (difficult to notice)
3. An open grove, a radius equal to the Total# x 3
4. Dark and shadowy black forest, under the rotting leaves is an old chalk road leading to the temple in a winding spiral. Only found if the ground is dug or someone very heavy is walking.
5. As above, but with a small visible gnome trail instead of the old road.
6. The trees are somewhat spaced apart in this region, allowing light to stream in. Large rocks are strewn about.
7. The ground is marshy and will eat boots, slowing movement. The trees are rotting and askew, but also allow in beams of light to illuminate the fern covered rotting logs.
8. The trees have a heavy canopy, but light will flicker and filter through to the thick and vibrant moss. It is sylvan and almost idyllic.

What? (d6)

1. Dice Total # of Gnomes!
2. d4 of Wodewose
3. A pack of hungry wolves (d4+1)x2
4. All is eerily quiet
5. Light whistling with no point of definite origin
6. d8 Pagan hunters

Weird? (d4)

1. A wooden totem with a bloodstained wooden offerings bowl full of teeth, d6 of which are gold, and a random expensive gem on dubs
2. A bubbling spring or brook is in the area
3. Flesh squirrels are present (fanged carnivorous squirrels). They will swarm from the trees on anyone knocked prone or killed, but will never venture within 5' of fire.
4. A (fairly) clean set of clothes are on the ground

Trips (in addition to other results)

1. The totem is on a chalk coated earthen mound that spirals to a deep spring (well). The totem points towards the temple. The spring is 60 feet deep and contains: 30 silver, a silver dagger, 3001 copper coins, 1 Roman gold coin, 13 gold rings/bands, a pearl necklace (500gp value) and a green foil cape of unknown origin (Magical, **OSR:** +2 to caster level for determining spell effects, user ages twice as fast, cursed. **NGR:** Talisman with +2 benefit levels, foil is magically unstable causing -5 to health checks, but doubling mana regeneration.) The well and mound are surrounded by dozens of stone gnome statues, and several pairs of shoes and rotting rocking horses are also strewn about. The gnomes will be foraging mushrooms.
2. The wodewose are both stuck in deep mud from the brook, 8 elderly gnomes are darting about them throwing half eaten apples and insults with abandon. The wodewose are swatting at the gnomes but also attempting to keep them at bay. If observed quietly for several minutes it will become obvious the wodewose are not trying to eat the gnomes and the gnomes are trying to enrage the wodewose.
3. All the wolves are dead and lying in the center of the grove. Should anyone touch a wolf corpse, dozens of flesh squirrels will leap out and try to burrow into their entrails and other orifices. **OSR:** 5d6 damage on a failed save, 1d6 on a successful. Wearing metal armour results in d6 or no damage. **NGR:** 10d2 damage.
4. A man is running naked through the woods, other than a wolf headdress. He has broken hands and is exhausted (**OSR:** 1hp **NGR:** Has suffered 5 damage) he knows the way to the temple.

Dubs (in addition to other results)

5. There is a rusted iron sword blade stuck into a rotting wooden statue of a lithe man in the area. There are several of these strewn about the woods it seems.
6. A wild pig! If you catch this sucker it could be worth a fortune in town. If the d4 is odd it is a female, on evens it is a male. If you can get a breeding pair the townsfolk would treat you like a king!

Max (in addition to other results)

- 18: You actually stumble back upon what you were looking for (Gnome village, Temple, LevneC or the edge of the forest)

SPELLS

HOVER DISC

OSR

Magic User Level 1

Duration: 30 minutes per level

Range: 5 feet

The caster summons forth a humming disc 5 feet in diameter crafted out of solid light, bathing the area in a neon pink glow with the intensity of a lit torch. The disc seems to hover 5 feet off the ground by blasting a strong current of air downwards that increases in speed (and noise) with the amount of weight rested upon the disc. The disc can hold 100 pounds of weight per level of the caster and can move 5 feet per round in any direction the caster wills except up. Willing the disc to begin moving in a direction requires a round of full concentration from the caster, as does willing it to stop.

NGR

Template: Barrier

Difficulty: 2 per power level

Cost: 5 per power level

Range: Current Area (within a few feet)

Memory: 1 memory slot

Effect: This spell creates a humming disc made out of solidified neon pink light that glows with the intensity of a lit torch. The disc is 5 feet in diameter and hovers about 5 feet off the ground by blasting a strong current of air downwards that increases in speed (and noise) with the amount of weight rested upon the disc. It can suffer 10 points of damage per power level and has a DR of 1 per power level. Every 10 dots of inventory (or strength score) that rests upon it for a round deals 1 damage to the disc (So a 10 strength human with 10 dots of inventory would deal 2 damage each round). After 30 minutes per power level or when it has suffered its full allotment of damage, the disc dissipates into nothingness. The caster may spend an action to direct the disc to move in any direction (other than up). Each round the disc will move one area in that direction until the caster spends an additional action telling it to stop moving (or move in a different direction).

AVENGING BOLT

OSR

Magic User Level 1

Duration: 30 minutes per level

Range: 20 feet + 5 feet per level

The caster fires a beam of sickly green light at the target, causing them to suffer 1 point of damage and double over vomiting for two rounds. The target may choose to resist the damage and other effects by making a saving throw. Regardless of success or failure, if they attempt a saving throw the target will (unbeknownst to them) suffer 1d8 damage shortly after they next fall asleep as they suffer terrible seizures. A successful saving throw does ignore the immediate damage and vomiting however.

NGR

Template: Bolt

Difficulty: 1 per power level

Cost: 4 per power level

Range: Long Missile Range

Memory: 2 memory slots

Effect: The caster fires a beam of sickly green light at the target, requiring an attack roll with a bonus equal to the spell's power level. The beam deals 1d10 temporary stun damage with a bonus equal to the spell's power level to the target, ignoring DR. Being incapacitated by this beam results in the victim being reduced to a vomiting mess for several hours. The target may resist this effect by making a health check, ignoring the damage on a success. When the target next sleeps however, any stun damage ignored returns as standard damage in a series of spasms and seizures. Luck cannot be used to negate this damage (it has to be negated when the temporary damage was suffered).

OPEN SESAME

OSR

Magic User Level 1

Duration: Instantaneous

Range: 10 feet per level

The magic-user shouts the words "Open Sesame" and slowly stretches their hands apart while glaring intently at a door, window, treasure chest or other closeable portal. The caster may attempt to open them from a distance as if they were being wrenched open by a hill giant. The lid, door, or other portal will only open as wide as the caster separates their hands from each other.

NGR

Template: Secure Portal

Difficulty: 1 per power level

Cost: 1 per power level

Range: Short Missile Range

Memory: 1 memory slot

Effect: The caster shouts the words "Open Sesame" and slowly stretches their hands apart while glaring intently at a door, window, treasure chest or other closeable portal. The caster may attempt to force open the portal remotely (using their intelligence as a strength value) with a bonus equal to +1 per power level. For every 3 power levels, the caster may consider themselves to be 1 size modifier larger for the purposes of the "strength" check. The portal will only open as wide as the caster separates their hands from each other.

STONE SPIRIT

OSR

Magic-User Level 3

Duration: 3 hours per level

Range: Touch

The magic-user imbues a life-like stone statue with a malevolent chaos entity torn from the ether between worlds. The creature will have 3 hit dice plus 1 hit die for every three levels of the caster and an AC sufficient that a 0 level human peasant would require a natural 20 to score a hit. The creature will be fully obedient to the caster whenever the caster maintains concentration. If the caster loses concentration the creature will attempt to murder the caster until concentration is regained. If the caster is slain the creature will try to commit as much murder as possible before the end of the spell's duration. The spell may be made permanent by using some kind of "stone to flesh" or other reverse-petrification spell to turn the creature into a being of flesh and blood. This will reduce its armour class to that of an unarmoured human.

NGR

Template: Simulacrum

Difficulty: 8 per power level

Cost: 10 per power level

Range: Touch

Memory: 8 memory slot

Effect: This spell allows the caster to turn an inanimate stone statue into an obedient servant. The animated statue will be very strong (16 strength), but will be ungainly (6 agility) and very difficult to damage (5 DR, 10 DR vs Slashing weapons). The simulacrum can take 2(cumulative) points of damage per power level before the spell is dispelled and has no combat or stealth modifier. A simulacrum may be used as a receptacle for an imprison spell, in which case the simulacrum has the presence, spell power, faith, combat and stealth modifiers of the imprisoned spirit. This spell may be cast upon larger statues by multiplying the difficulty and cost by the size modifier. This spell has a duration of one (cumulative) hour per power level.

BECKON THE DRAGON

OSR

Magic-User Level 1

Duration: 30 minutes per level

Range: 100 miles

The caster may whisper the name (or names) of any dragons within range and telepathically beckon them to his or her location. The dragon will not take kindly to such summons and is not in any way bound to help, follow or in any way not eat the caster of this spell. The dragon does not appear instantly but will instead travel to the caster.

NGR

Template: Summon

Difficulty: 1d2 per power level

Cost: 1

Range: 50 miles per power level

Memory: 1 memory slot

Effect: The caster may whisper the name (or names) of any dragons within range and telepathically beckon them to his or her location. The dragon will not take kindly to such summons and is not in any way bound to help, follow or in any way not eat the caster. The dragon does not appear instantly but will instead travel to the caster.

CHALK MIST

NGR

Template: Cone

Difficulty: 5 per power level

Cost: 2 per power level

Range: 5 feet power level or Short Missile Range

Memory: 1 memory slot

Effect: The caster exhales a fast moving cloud of corrosive white mist. This mist deals 1d8 damage per power level (as per the cone spell template) by transforming organic matter into white chalk. The mist dissipates within seconds and does not accumulate.

CHILDISH CONJURATION

NGR

Template: Cantrip

Difficulty: 0

Cost: 1

Range: Touch

Memory: 0 memory slots

Effect: While no one is looking, the caster may transform a handful of sturdy organic and/or shiney malleable material into simple crafting or cooking supplies such as felt, paste, glitter, string, or dough. The 'new' material may never be stronger than the original material. You could turn rotting leaves to cookie dough, but not to string for example.

How to Best Serve Ghome:

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 lbs boiled beets
- 1 cup red wine
- 4 lbs Ghome shoulder
- 2 qts water
- 4 cups Ghome gravy
- 1 tbsp salt
- 3 whole black peppercorns
- 3 sprigs fresh parsley
- 2 lb shredded cabbage
- 2 leeks (sliced)
- 1 cup onion (chopped)
- 1 carrot (grated)
- 2 tbsps dill weed (fresh)



Delicious!



Overripe!

DIRECTIONS:

1. Place Ghome, water, gravy, salt, peppercorns, parsley sprigs, and dill weeds in covered iron pot or cauldron. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat, simmer, partially covered, over medium heat until Ghome is tender (about 2 hours).
2. Discard parsley sprigs. Add 1 lb of beets, the cabbage, leeks, onions, and carrot; simmer, covered, over low heat 30 minutes.
3. To serve, remove Ghome shoulder; cut into 1-inch pieces. Return meats and remaining beets to iron pot or cauldron. Let simmer for 5 minutes before serving with fresh curds.

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AND OSR ROLEPLAYING GAMES

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