

LOW LIFE THE RISE OF THE LOWLY
REDREDGED FROM THE MUCK BY ANDY HOPP



THE BOWLS OF THE OITH



LIVING LOW ADVENTURE LL1001
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THE BLUDGE

The Heap is tasked with protecting a penitent pilgrim as he journeys across the Incredibly Huge Monster™ on a mission to absolve himself of sins at the Bowls of the Oith.

THE NUDGE

Gather unto yourself a printed (or digital) copy of the adventure and a bunch of players. Each player should already have a Living Low peep in his or her possession.

INTRODUCTIONS: Ask the players to introduce themselves and their peeps to one another.

LOWDOWNS: Shuffle the LOWDOWN cards (part of The Kludge) and deal one randomly to each player. The players may each look at their card but should not share it with anybody else. Described on each LOWDOWN card is a secret mission, incentive, or task that player's peep should attempt to accomplish during the course of the adventure.

BENNIES: Each player begins with two bennies (unless an Edge of Hindrance indicates otherwise).

The MisADVENTURE DECK: If you have a copy of the Low Life MisAdventure Deck shuffle it and deal one card to each player.

THE WHOLE HOLE: If a player owns a copy of *The Whole Hole* so does her character. She may refer to it at any time during the game (unless circumstances within the game prevent her from doing so).

POST GAME REPORT: Record the relevant information about each player and character on the included post-game report. You will revisit this form, in order to note any changes or advancements, after the game session ends.

Read and familiarize yourself with the entire adventure before attempting to run it (unless you're totally in a hurry).

This adventure, as with all official *Living Low* exploits, is organized thusly:

- **THE BLUDGE** – A brief synopsis.
- **THE NUDGE** – Things to do before getting started.
- **THE TRUDGE** – The meat of the adventure.

- **THE DRUDGE** – The end of the thing.
- **THE SLUDGE** – Stats and information about various Peeps, Creeps, and Jazz.
- **THE KLUDGE** – Certificates and handouts.

THE TRUDGE

ENCOUNTER #1: WHAT'S THAT ODRE?

Read aloud or paraphrase text formatted thusly.

The day of the thing is upon you! Months of endless trudging through sludges, mucks, muds, goops, greases, and cruds have led you across the price-o-corn infested waves of the Big Drink to the dingy port of Scurf near the Monstrous Headlands. From there, nibbling voraciously at various clues and herrings, you hippped yourselves to the dim gist of the matter. Your quarry fled wholewhence, through the tangled mesh of the Follicular Maze and across the scraggled and pimply range of Torsovania. Currently, if the snitchings ring true, the dude you've been pursuing for six yorts and a yort, is hanging in Scab, that roving berg perched so ruggedly across the gargantuan backs of a trio of subjugant enormoslogs. That's where you are now.

The one you've been seeking (toward various aims), lounges mere yorts adistance. His filthy, muck-crust ed limbs adangle, his enormous schnoz drooping casually, his mouth agape and gnawing luxuriantly upon a fruit. The lawn chair upon which he leans is white with green stripes. The straw plunged in his fruit is also white with green stripes. His pants don't have any stripes, but he's wearing a vest with sort of a squiggly thing going across the bottom. It's not really a stripe, but if you squint a bit...

The guy lounging in the lawn chair is Toenail, the peep the peeps have been searching for. He's a relatively average looking smelf, unremarkable in several ways and only recognizable as himself thanks to the brilliant lower-case "t" tattoo emblazoned across his schnoz. He'll continue to lounge casually until the peeps draw attention to themselves.

The peeps are free to look around and ask questions. The following is easily evident:

Various other peeps are hanging around in this open plaza situated in a grimy alley between a scab rendering workshop and an assortment of grub mongers and suds flingers. Most of them are minding their own business.

NOTICE: A croach with a purple afro wig seems to be paying an

inordinate amount of attention to your group.

If the peeps make eye contact with the croach he will attempt (badly) to blend in with the shadows beneath a grub monger's awning. This guy is Tarnish Rumpwhistler, a minorly adept containimator who was recently hired by Toenail as a bodyguard. If the peeps make a move to approach or harass Toenail, Rumpwhistler will run frantically from beneath his awning, waving his arms crazily and screaming nonsensical ramblings in Guttermouth. If the peeps persist he will attack them with gobs of gooey filth (the Entangle power) then attempt to conjure some containimants to assist him. Before any containimants can be summoned, however, a hulking odre will crush his way through a nearby doorway, grab Rumpwhistler in both hands and snap him in half with a loud crack!

At that point Toenail totally loses it, scrambling up from his chair and running as fast as he can away from the scene. The peeps may choose to fight the odre or run from it. It probably won't be apparent whether or not the odre is trying to rescue Toenail or hurt him. Either way, the peeps should eventually catch up to Toenail. When they do:

There's the little gooser! He managed to scramble his way beyond the buildings and rabble that dot the surface of Scab's roving slogs. Now, groaning pitifully, he clings tena-

ciously to great tufts of slog flesh as he attempts to scramble over the edge and climb his way to the ground. It's a least a hundred yorts down and his grip looks pretty tenuous...

Toenail is terrified of the peeps, and also of the odre if it's still around. The odre doesn't care about the peeps, but it does sincerely want to wreck Toenail. They'll probably have to protect him.

It should be noted that a fall over the edge of the enormouslog would inflict $2d6+50$ points of damage, although a peep will have two opportunities to make Climbing checks along the way to grab hold of some slog fluff and avoid the splat. It would be pretty lame for a player character to croak in this manner, so maybe have him land on a blister or zit that pops and absorbs the impact should one fail both rolls.

Once the odre is dealt with and Toenail is relatively safe it will be up to the heap to convince him they don't mean him harm and instead want to escort him on his journey. He's very skeptical, but also grateful they saved him from the odre (assuming they did save him from the odre) so he can be convinced to accept their help without too much difficulty.

Scab is about to make a turn that will take them in the wrong direction, so it's on foot from here (unless the peeps have some means of transport). Utilizing a series of rope ladders, lifts, and pulleys they leave Scab and continue across the pimpled landscape of Torsovania.



ENCOUNTER #2: VARIOUS SCARINESSES

These are some bleak digs out here. Great gobbed scales of gristly flesh give way to vast expanses of snow-like powdery scurf and enormous curled flakes of dander and grime. Occasional bursts of greasy grey drizzle seep maliciously from the filthy yellow sky to mingle with the various mucks and secretions that ooze disgustingly from the landscape's countless cracks and fissures coating the entire realm in a frothy, sebaceous sludge. It's unpleasant is the point I'm trying to make here. Enormous plains of pocked, scabby parchment and all the boils, blisters, zits, pores, sores, and suppurations such things entail...

The peeps travel across Torsovania for several days, during which time they might ask Toenail some questions. He's pretty guarded and keeps mostly to himself, but they can glean a few bits of tid if they spout the proper gab.

Persuasion: Toenail left Floom quite some time ago. He's on his way to the Crack of Doom where he intends to enter the innards of Torsovania and visit the Bowls of the Oith, wherein he will attempt to absolve himself of a horrible sin. **(Raise):** The sin is really, really bad. It involves several relatively famous and powerful peeps who are strongly discouraging him from telling anyone about it. He won't discuss it further so stop asking. **(Two Raises):** A jeezle Freakian named Big Daddy Jelly Donut is probably the guy who sent the odre but Toenail won't say anything else about him.

Toenail will also, if asked, let the heap know about Tarnish Rumpwhistler (the containimator killed by the odre). Toenail hired him as a bodyguard when he was in Doop a few weeks ago. Toenail suspected Tarnish might have been working for his enemies, but he never found proof of such a thing.

After a few days of trudging across Torsovania, camping at night near bristly copses of hair or in the shadows of massive pimples, this jazz goes down:

After more than several days of alternately trudging through waist-deep marshes of globulant pus, scorched deserts of flaky scurf, and rigid fields of crusty husk your aching tootsies and other terminal extremities are barking like a metaphorical herd of pregnant shnoobles. Your thoughts turn often to the persistent pangs and throbbing miseries gifted to you with each passing step. "If only," you find yourself dreaming, "someone could just carry me for a bit..."

Salvation, it appears, may be just over that rise! Could that be a herd of pygmy slogs up ahead, just past that seething copse of wiry monsterhairs? It is...

It is indeed a herd of pygmy slogs. Dozens of the ridable little dudes, in fact. The peeps may investigate further. As they approach:

Notice: Several croaches dressed in shaggy robes wander among the slogs, occasionally prodding them with hooked sticks. **(Raise):** There are four croaches and roughly thirty slogs. The croaches' robes are armored with large scabs. What appears to be an outcropping of pimples near the slog herd is trembling gently in a way counter to the direction of the wind. **(Two Raises):** Those aren't pimples! They are a small horde of scary ass muthas and they're obviously lurking in ambush.

If the peeps shout an alarm or otherwise alert the slogherders the scary ass muthas won't get the drop on them. Otherwise, the peeps will witness the initial attack:



What appeared at first glimpse to be yet another of the ubiquitous outcroppings of grimy pimples that pepper the Incredibly Huge Monster™'s hide is in fact nothing of the sort! To your horror, unless you're too cool to be horrified, the definitely-not-pimples break apart into individual fiends, sort of like gigantic, hideous raisins with upraised middle fingers and chomping maws filled with dripping, brick-like teeth!

The camouflaged horde of scary ass muthas descends upon the slogs and slogherders, issuing forth a cacophony of insane babbling and rambling madness.

The scary ass muthas (eight in total) will make short work of the slogherders and then proceed to rip the slogs apart as well if the peeps don't intervene. If the peeps do intervene and manage to croak the muthas the slogherders will be very grateful, offering a slog to each peep who helped out. They can also answer any questions the peeps might have about the region. Here's what can be gleaned:

- The slogherders are nomads. They wander Torsovania in search of mold patches upon which to graze their herd.
- Their names are Agnard, Chizzle, Fleep, and Obb.
- They were told to watch out for scary ass muthas in the area but these are the first they've seen recently.
- There is an entrance into Torsovania's interior about two days away (by slogback). They will point the peeps in the right direction. The Crack of Doom (their original intended entry point) is still a couple of weeks distant.

Toenail will insist the peeps follow the slogherders advice and head toward the closer entrance. Observant peeps among the peeps may notice the following:

Notice or Tracking: Occasional scary ass mutha footprints indicate this is also the direction from which those monsters arrived.

As the heap continue on their way stuff this in their ears:

This is seriously discouraging. As if the scabby desert scurf plains weren't bad enough, now you find yourselves trudging through cracked and blistered integumentary ridges and calloused hills of stippled acne, broken periodically by the occasional wispy tuft or bristling copse of spiraling back hair.

For two days now you've mucked and shumbled your way through this funereal sludgescape, periodically encountering one or another of the various landmarks described to you

by the itinerant slogherders. Despite the oppressive terrain and bothersome precipitation (you've been persistently and alternately drenched and pelted by various seborrheal flakes, greasy sprinkles, purulent suppurations, and mucosal deluges) Toenail seems inordinately chipper.

"This shortcut will plop our wazoos way closer to the Bowls than I thought," he grins, wiping a glob of unctuous sleet from his bulbous schnoz. "Salvation, as they say, is nigh!"

Spotting a bulbous and overhanging crust of some sort on the horizon ahead he giggles, "There's Shnooble Dong Crest! The slogherders splashed some juice to the point that our approach lies hence, at the seat of that thing. Let's cop some doze 'neath these rippled scutes and, Jelvis willing, we'll be there before lunchtime tomorrow."

Someone might want to check out the potential campsite, which lies in the scree beneath a ridge of overhanging scales and calloused gunk. It appears safe enough and offers a reasonable shelter from the omnipresent drizzle.

Notice or Tracking: Evidence (footprints, chewed bones, a few swipes of greenish dung) indicates the scary ass mutha may have sheltered here as well.

Survival or Knowledge (Fungus): Some of the fungi growing along the edge of the ridge may be useful. **(Raise):** There are a number of I-Ups conveniently equal to the number of peeps in the heap wedged in cracks among the scree (see The Kludge).

Toenail's mood makes him more talkative than usual. The peeps might glean some more of his secrets if they ask the proper questions:

Persuasion: Toenail was, until recently, known as Big Daddy Toenail. He used to head a group of Jeezle Freaks investigating the unusual colors and patterns that decorate the walls of the Grumblerent and the Slogslip Cleave, two of Keister Island's deepest and most mysterious fissures. **(Raise):** Something he discovered there led to the demise of the rest of his group and his excommunication from the Jeezle Freakian church. Jelvis hasn't seen fit to gift him with any of his formerly potent zazz since then. **(Two Raises):** He won't say what happened, but Big Daddy Jelly Donut, the head of a Jeezle Freakian sect that venerates the Patron Stain of Absurdly Complicated Revenge Schemes (Bob something, maybe?), is trying to prevent him from atoning.

When they awaken the next morning this is staring them in face:

“Hey, what’s that glowy blob smooshing its way through the dinge and murk in yon sky above? Oh, it’s the sun! Haven’t seen that in a while...”

It’s a crispy grin day in Torsovania. The sun, while not exactly shining, is tenuously doing its part to hold back the shab and grime. The last couple of days made you miss the scaly deserts and desiccated escarpments that baked the grit between yesterday’s marshy goop (squishing someone else’s jam betwixt your tootsies is nobody’s definition of pleasant) and the plush sanctity of Scab’s enormoslogs.

Toenail cooked a delightful breakfast from some mushrooms he scrounged among the neighborly jumble and some egg-like things of unknown origin. All is well, or at least as close to well as it’s been in a while. But wait, what’s that other thing in the sky? It’s some sort of darker blob, just sort of lazily floating along in front of the prodigal sun.

Notice: The thing in the sky is a balloon made from the hollowed corpse of a plorp. It’s too far away to make out any more detail than that. It appears to be slowly flying holewhence, toward the distant realm of Tail.

Allow the heap to move along for a few yorts. As they get closer to Shnooble Dong Crest they might get a better glimpse of the distant plorp balloon.

Notice: The balloon has a gondola hanging from it. There is a big lower case “t” painted on the side of the plorp carcass. (Raise): There are at least four peeps, possibly more, in the gondola.

If they have any means of getting a closer look they will see there are definitely six peeps in the gondola, three worms wearing pompadour helmets, a croach in a white sequined jumpsuit, and two others who are either slouching or obscured in such a way as to make identification impossible. The balloon is drifting perpendicular to the peeps and will soon float from sight.

Toenail is concerned it holds Jelly Donut and his cronies. Unfortunately, the balloon is too far away to affect it with zazz or weapons.

The peeps continue on toward Shnooble Dong Crest as the balloon drifts past the horizon and disappears from sight. A few yorts later:

There, in all its wondrous splendor and splendid wondrousness, is the gnarled, twisted promontory known as Shnooble Dong Crest. It juts from the surrounding grunge like a bloated, distended carbuncle, its shriveled base a convoluted mass of wrinkled, withered meat. It reminds you of something you can’t quite put your finger on. At least not in public.

As you approach within a few dozen yorts of the monstrous excrescence a flurry of motion erupts from among the puckered folds. In an obvious panic, two bulbous creatures scurry from between the drooping curtains of flesh. They scramble awkwardly and erratically across the sallow crust, babbling in apparent terror as they waddle desperately in your direction, their rump-like noggins asprout with scraggly bristles, and their slobbering overbites agleam with drool and violent choppers.

Give the peeps a moment to respond. Anyone who makes a Smarts roll will recognize the creatures as hair bares, deadly pack-hunting predators.

Notice: The hair bares are scrambling wildly, as if something is chasing them. (Raise): There is a brief flutter of movement within the folds from which the hair bares ran.

The hair bares are running from a scarier ass mutha that dwells within Shnooble Dong Crest. They are not interested in the peeps, just in running past them. If the peeps attack them the hair bares will fight back, farting and biting until an opportunity to escape presents itself. A few yorts after the initial run of hair bares, the peeps see this:

Another burst of movement at the sloppy cave mouth draws your attention. A third hair bare, scrambling in panic, farting and squealing, stumbles its way from the maw. Suddenly, a great gob of grayish-green goo squirts from within, splattering across the desperate critter’s backside. The beast immediately stumbles, wobbling to the ground in a fit of trembling shudders. In an instant, an enormous hooked claw reaches from the dank folds to spear the quivering hair bare and drag it from sight. A loud crunch, then silence...

The peeps may try to identify the creature or investigate the surrounding area.

Knowledge (monsters): The spit and the claw indicate the creature is probably a scarier ass mutha. Their saliva is toxic and their chortle is very unnerving.

Tracking: There is evidence that a much larger group of hair bares entered the cave recently.

The scarier ass mutha is a jerk. He's not even hungry, but he'll savagely attack anything that tries to enter the hole. The peeps could try to lure him out, attack him directly, or rig some sort of trap, but they'll have to get past him if they want to get inside.

ENCOUNTER #3: INTO THE DANK

The entrance into the interior is a ragged, vertical slit a yort or two above ground level. It's big enough for the scarier ass mutha to get in and out, but not much larger than that. Here, read this if the peeps investigate the opening:

Dank, funky gusts waft insistently from within a ragged vertical slit nestled among the greasy folds at the base of Shnooble Dong Crest. It's about nose high to a smelf and glistens with tacky mucus and glistening deposits of something vaguely foam-like. The shredded remains of several unlucky hair bares are scattered about haphazardly, their shredded flesh and russet juices decorating the sprawl in a tasteless and unfashionable manner.

The soft chortles of something unpleasant issue from within, unless you already dealt with that thing, in which case they don't.

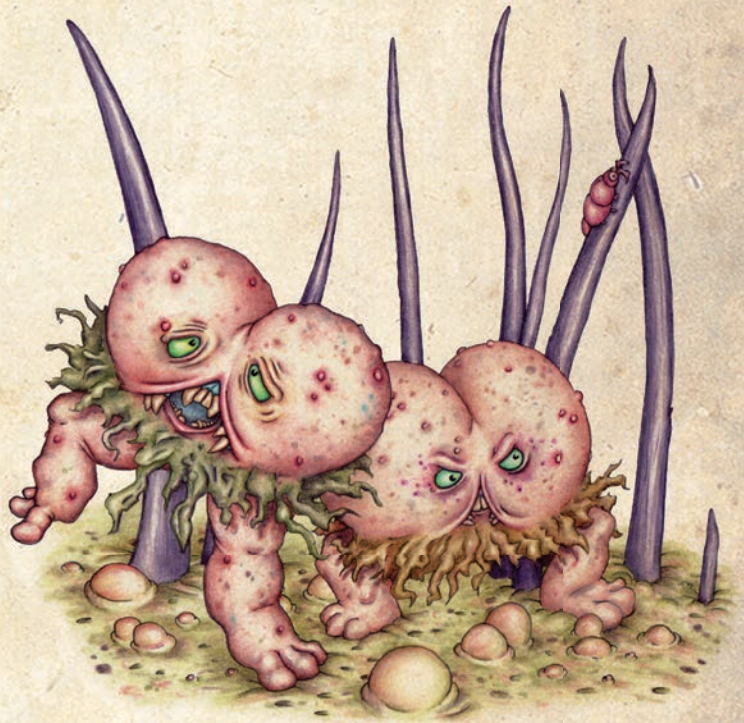
Once they go inside read this:

Squishing your way through the fleshy drapes, you find yourselves in some sort of bulbous subterranean (subteratismian?) cyst. It slopes jaggedly downward, the curved floor covered in flaccid, wrinkled protuberances and glistening lobes of meat and muck. Moist and humid, the air is redolent with the funk of several disemboweled hair bares, the remains of which are strewn haphazardly about like broken toys in the lair of an angsty larva.

Ignore this next chunk if they've already dealt with the scarier ass mutha.

Notice: Something large and hideous is clinging to the ceiling above your heads.

If they fail the notice roll the scarier ass mutha gets the drop on them (literally). It falls into their midst and attacks with abandon.



Aaaaaaaah! What the goose is that thing!

It's like a bigger, even scarier version of those scary ass muthas from the other day. Everything about it is terrifying, from its multiple spinning peepers and its hooked, perpetually off-flipping talons to its murderous choppers and cruel, curved horns. It obviously wants to hurt you.

The scarier ass mutha will keep fighting until it is dead (or until all the peeps are dead). If the fight is going against it it will try to use its toxic chew and chortling gab to gain an advantage. If the peeps are having too easy a time of things it's cool if you have a few regular scary ass muthas climb up from the deeper passage to join the fray and help their bro out.

Once the scarier ass mutha is gone they may want to get a better look around:

Notice: A tubular tunnel, probably some sort of enormous artery or something, leads further inward and downward. It is very dark in there, with no apparent sources of light. **(Raise):** Scattered among the hair bare pieces are the remains of two croaches dressed similarly to the nomads encountered earlier. They've obviously been dead for a long time. One of them has a lantern made from the shell of a large bug on his corpse. **(Two Raises):** One of the croaches is lying on a fancy looking battle spork. This is a zazzular weapon (*Spork of Slog Summoning*, see The Sludge).

The only way further inward is through the tunnel. The slogs will not go any further unless someone with the Beast Puncher Edge succeeds a Persuasion roll for each one (or if they use the Spork of Slog Summoning or the Beast Friend power). Keep in mind, unless otherwise described, the realm from here on is completely dark. When they enter the tunnel:

It's tight and squishy in here, slickened by secretions best left mysterious. The tunnel jags sharply downward after several yorts and then opens suddenly, dropping you with a splash into a large, roughly ovoid vesicle of some sort. The surface beneath you is disgustingly spongy and coated in a viscous, extremely slippery film.

The floor is too slippery for anyone to stand for more than an instant or two. In fact, an Agility roll is needed simply to move anywhere at all. Let them flop around a bit. Slogs, and anyone with the Slimy Edge can move about just fine. The peeps may have the foresight to collect some of the slippery goo in a reek bottle or something, which is cool (*Slippery Goo*, see *The Sludge*).

The vesicle is long and slender, like a gigantic hollow melon. The tube that deposited the peeps here is at one end. There appears to be another tube-like tunnel at the other end (about 30" away), although it is squeezed shut.

Beneath the greasy sludge, the remains of some sort of planking made of mushroom stalks litters the ground. It appears there was once a walkway erected along the expanse of the floor, but it has since fallen into disrepair. Various bumpy purple glands grow from the walls.

At the opposite end of whatever this organ is, you can dimly see what appears to be another tunnel opening, although it is squeezed shut tighter than a Bottomliner's clam-sack, its puckered sphincter quivering gently as if tickled by an unseen feather.

Notice: One of the glands is a different color than the others, more reddish than purple. (Raise): There is a broken slab of mushroom stalk with a sign painted on it wedged between two of the purple glands (*Exhibit A*, see *The Kludge*).

The sphincter can be forced open if a peep makes a Strength check with two raises (each additional peep working adds +1 to the roll of the strongest peep to a maximum of +3. Using a plank as a lever adds +1 to the total), but it will slam shut as soon as they let go (inflicting 2d6 damage if

a peep is crawling through at the time, Agility to negate). A worm or any character with the Burrowing Edge could wiggle through the sphincter if properly greased by the slippery goo. The aperture will also open if somebody tickles or squeezes the reddish gland. It will only stay open as long as the gland is being manipulated. The purple glands exude more slippery goo if they are fondled.



Once the peeps get the sphincter open they are presented with a very long fleshy tunnel that slopes gently downward for quite a while. It is very smooth, almost featureless, save for the occasional vein or chunk of fat. The air is breathable, but it's dark and humid. Luckily, the intermittent gobs of fat are flammable and can be used to fuel a torch or lantern.

After several yorts (an hour or two) of trudging down this gentle slope, the peeps happen upon something unexpected:

You've been trudging this fleshy chute for who the goose knows how long, but there's a light at the end of the tunnel. Literally. An actual light. Not only that, there's a sound. Several sounds, actually. A low, muffled murmur and a deeper throb somewhere up ahead.

Notice: The light is dim, but definitely there. It's almost impossible to judge distance, but somewhere up ahead is an odd, almost perfectly circular ring of light. The sounds might be screaming and shouting or the growling of a beast. (Raise): The ring of light looks like it surrounds a circular plug or doorway at the end of the chute. (Two Raises): The noise is definitely laughter, conversation, and drumming.

Allow the peeps to react or prepare, then:

The tunnel comes to an abrupt end at another puckered, sphinctereal valve. Dim arcs of flickering light surround

what appears to be the cap of a broad, speckled mushroom, wider than most of you are tall, inserted stem-first into whatever gleaming awfulness awaits on the other side. A muffled cacophony of shouts, screams, and rhythmic poundings warbles from beyond. Painted across the front of the mushroom, in barely legible scrawl, are the words “THE GUTS – HUG FOR SERVICE”.

The light is being emitted by the luminous gills of the mushroom, which is inserted like a plug into the furrowed ruckle. If somebody gives the mushroom a hug read this:

You give the mushroom a big, friendly hug. Nothing happens. A moment later, nothing continues to happen. Then something happens. The luminescence, formerly confined to the gills of the thing, is beginning to spread across its entire surface. The mushroom throbs and pulsates, its hue alternating with each oscillating thrum.

“Hold your stomps,” a voice grumbles from the other side. “Stand back”.

A moment later the entire mushroom squirts forward and plops with a squishy thud to reveal an open circular portal. A long chain connects the stem to some sort of wind-ing contraption on the other side. A burly worm in a tasteful orange velvet vest stands beside it. With his arms wide he beckons you forward, “Welcome to The Guts. Now come get yourselves sudsed up!”

ENCOUNTER #4: THE GUTS

Despite the relative inhospitality of the neighborhood, there’s no reason life within the incredibly Huge Monster™ can’t involve a bit of comfort and companionship every now and then. Specifically, the comfort and companionship offered by a room full of suds and sudsy peeps. Several rooms, actually. That’s what The Guts are all about. It’s a sprawling compound of hollowed out vesicles, glands, and organs that an enterprising worm named Crevice Spleenspeaker set up as a slop, sop, and flop midden back when Fleep Oct Num was Keistermeister of Floom. Today, his great, great, great, grandson (also named Crevice Spleenspeaker) runs the digs. When the peeps arrive:

What a strange place. Well, not really so strange, I suppose, when you consider that you traveled here through what’s probably the lymphatic system of a continent-spanning, possibly dead but maybe just faking it, monster. Anyway, by normal standards it’s strange.

Walking past the worm with the nifty chain-driven mushroom pulling contraption you find yourselves in a gigantic, roughly spherical bladder of some sort. The walls, sparkle with iridescent goo, reflected from various phosphorescent mushrooms and unidentifiable luminous globs. A gallimaufry of jumbled decks and bridges keeps the floors relatively level, suspended by chains and pillars above a vaguely sinister pool of silently simmering sludge.

All this jazz is populated, of course. Not just populated, actually; this place is goosin’ crowded! Worms, croaches, flews, and even a few funguys, snells, and other peeps inhabit every chair, stool, and table, slurping suds and munching grub. Squatting atop an enormous, flat-topped mushroom that sprouts from a pot in the center of the decks a hulking horc pounds a colossal drum while an elegant snell belts out a familiar power ballad.

Notice: There are several passageways out of here, many of which are considerably above floor level and are accessed by stairs and ramps. Most of the drinking mugs and plates are made from scabs or dried blisters. Drinks and food are served by several worms who wander around with trays.

Knowledge (common knowledge): The song the snell is singing is Too Many Toes on My Tootsies, a ditty popular in Doop and Scurf.

If they choose to do so, the peeps can find an open table on a deck near the ceiling. From there they can look down and get a pretty good view of the place. Asking around they may hip themselves to several gists:

- This place is called The Guts and it’s pretty much the only spot of civilization between Crackport and The Bowls of the Oith.
- Most of the peeps here are either gut miners, who harvest various commodities from the Incredibly Huge Monster™, gadabouts on vacation, or Jeezle Freaks on their way to the Bowls.
- The Bowls of the Oith is only about a day’s walk from here.
- The food and drinks are made from various Monster bits and are surprisingly tasty, although a bit clammy.
- There aren’t any rooms available. Apparently the Righteous Daddy is going to be visiting the Bowls in a few days so the place is packed with Jeezle Freaks on their way there.

Streetwise: There was a flew in here earlier today asking if anyone had seen a smelf named Toenail. **(Raise):** The flew is named Zzzzzurv, she was wearing a Jeezle Freakian jumpsuit, and she mentioned he would be back later. **(Two Raises):** Zzzzzurv rented a

room at The Guts. She's probably there now. **(Three Raises or Persuasion):** It's the room at the end of the purple tunnel, the one with the yellowish crusty things around the doorway.

If the peeps go to Zzzzzurv's room to confront her they will find her there. Toenail will refuse to accompany them, preferring to hide under his cloak in the big room. The only way in is through the door, which is made from a large scab and several rusted hinges. She'll answer the door if they knock. She is friendly but guarded as long as she doesn't see Toenail and as long as the peeps don't attack or threaten her. If the peeps mention Toenail or do anything to cause her to suspect they are with Toenail she will subtly attempt to trick them into revealing the smelf's location. Like many flews, Zzzzzurv speaks very quickly, blurring her words together without punctuation. If the peeps attack her or if she feels threatened she will try to escape. If that doesn't work she will fight back, using her holy rolling zazz and her lower case "t"s.

Using threats or sweet talk, the peeps may glean the following:

(Persuasion or Intimidation): Zzzzzunz is a Jeezle Freakian holy roller. She was asked by some other Jeezle Freaks to hang out at The Guts and see if a smelf named Toenail showed up. **(Raise):** The other Jeezle Freaks were two croaches and a bodul. They wore the emblem of Bob Something?, Patron Stain of Absurdly Complicated Revenge Schemes. Zzzzzunz is supposed to capture Toenail alive and stow him in his room until they come back.

If they don't go to Zzzzzunz's room, the flew will either spy Toenail in the big room later on and try to nab him or, if they don't stick around, she'll find out they were here and track them, attempting to snatch him before they reach the Bowls of the Oith.

That evening, assuming Toenail didn't get nabbed by Zzzzzunz (or that the peeps rescued him afterwards), the smelf is feeling a bit more comfortable with the peeps and is willing to talk some more about his situation if they goad him properly (especially if he's had a few mugs of suds in the meantime).

Persuasion or Intimidation: "I found something. I found something really, really big. Not size big, but, like, importance big. Mercy, baby, hand me another one of them peanunutternanner sammidges big! Y'all are familiar with the Grumblerent and the Slogslip Cleave over on Keister Island, what? Well, the thing what I found when

I found the thing is this: The thing is BIG! It's so big the Bigger Daddies don't want nobody to know nothing about nothing about it. Big..." **(Raise):** "The thing is this, and it led to the thing that's why I'm heading Bowlsward, well deep in the Slogslip I come across a thing that makes me think big thoughts. Now, in the normal state of the thing the walls of the slogslip are all covered in snazzy colored lines and such, you know, all indicative of Jelvis's jumpsuits and whatnot. Thing is, I come across a genuine, sparkling rhinestone mine right there deep, deep, deep in the gap. What, I think to myself, are the odds? Rhinestones growing all naturally and conveniently right here in the middle of Jelvis's goosin' jumpsuit! This means something. Something big... It means, unless I was birthed from the juicy udders of a winged plorp, we had it right all along! These colors and patterns really are Jelvis's holy jumpsuit doodles! What other explanation could there be for such righteous syzygy? Mercy, baby..." **(Two Raises):** "Anyway, turns out it was all fake. I'm not saying the fissures aren't Jelvis's scrap fabric bin, but I am saying the rhinestones were put there deliberately on purpose by someone with an agenda. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

Toenail will refuse to provide further details at the moment.

ENCOUNTER #5: THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

The peeps can stock up on grub and other supplies at The Guts if they so choose before heading on their way to the Bowls of the Oith. Once they're on their way:

Mommy Incredibly Huge Monstertm sure does grow 'em big. Those tubes and vessels you squeezed through on the way here were the meagerest of capillaries compared to the colossal innard through which you currently traipse. It's so expansive the curve of its profile is all but imperceptible, lost in a distant, humid haze dimly illuminated by countless, star-like globules of luminous muck that sprout haphazardously from every surface. Thankfully, despite the disorienting nature of your surroundings, the Bowls of the Oith shouldn't be difficult to find. Just walk in that direction until you see the funky lights and hear the crashing, crooning, and clapping. It shouldn't take more than a day, although it's really difficult to reckon the passage of time in this dank, sunless realm.

A few other groups of pilgrims are traveling to and from the Bowls of the Oith but they are far between and aren't very interested in the heap or Toenail. If Zzzzzunz is still able to she will attempt to ambush the peeps along the way and

capture Toenail. She'll use her *Sneakers* (see The Sludge) to follow them under the cover of invisibility and try to nab Toenail when nobody's looking. If it comes to a fight, she'll crack open her *Scary Ass Egg* (see The Sludge) to conjure a scarier ass mutha to the scene. If she manages to capture Toenail she'll try to drag him back to her rented room at The Guts and await Big Daddy Jelly Donut there. If Zzzzzunz manages to kidnap Toenail the heap will probably go back to The Guts to rescue him, in which case that jazz we talked about in the last encounter will probably happen.

The journey to the Bowls is otherwise uneventful. You can read this snazz along the way if it makes you feel better:

Aside from a few insignificant encounters with the occasional mob of Jeezle Freaks returning from the Bowls of the Oith, the omnipresent marshy acidic puddles of whatever marshy acidic puddles are made of, strange copses of fleshy villi, and the various verminous things that hide in the tunnel's plentiful creases and folds your journey has been relatively uneventful. Presumably a day has passed since you left The Guts, but such reckoning is conjecture is best. You're hungry, groggy, and ready for some rest when you become aware of a subtle change in the visceral cavern ahead. The stellar speckles of dismal refulgence give way, in the far distance, to brighter hues of purple, green, and white, casting their radiance in great, hazy clouds that lob rippling shadows across the curvature of the membranac numbles through which you roam.

There it is! The source of the shifting hues and the strange crooning echoes of which you have just become aware, nestled among great globules of yellow, crusty fat and rich, purple veins, illuminated by eldritch zazz and glaring, spherical lanterns -The Bowls of the Oith! It's a long, low fortress, bombastically elegant yet tastefully understated, with grand pillars and windowless, sparkling walls. Sitting atop the works, on a gargantuan throne of immaculate white porcelain, is a colossal effigy of Jelvis himself, resplendent in cape and loincloth, holding aloft his sacred jelly donut and his numinous lower case "t".

Notice: Several Jeezle Freaks are assembled in front of the great, arched entryway. Most appear to be socializing, but a few stand near the open doors, obviously on guard duty. Some are bowing low to the ground or thrusting their hips in the direction of the huge Jelvis statue. Chanting, crooning, applause, and shouts of exasperation come from inside.



Toenail asks the peeps to accompany him into the building so he can make preparations for his atonement. He also suggests the peeps may have sins for which they seek absolution as well. Although the Bowls is a Jeezle Freakian holy site, he assures them Jelvis will forgive them if they are truly sorry, even if they aren't Jeezle Freaks. The peeps might try to question him again before they go inside.

Persuasion: He'll relay all the stuff from the previous encounter.
(Raise): "I saw it with my own weeping peepers! Mercy, baby, I come across Jelly Donut and his guys planting rhinestones in the Slogslip. See, they had it in for the Righteous Daddy, who apparently snubbed Jelly Donut at some party back in the day and is one of the biggest expounders of the whole Jelvis's Holy Jumpsuit Patterns theory about the fissures. If it came out the gist was unkosher, Righteous Daddy Holywafer would look like a goof. My orders from on high were to brush the whole dang thing under the shag and make like I was unhip to the gist. My sin, the one that miffed Jelvis and lost me my zazz, is I said nope. Now Jelly Donut's mad at me on account of I'm hip to his trick, Righteous Daddy Holywafer's mad at me on account of I wouldn't fib for him, and Almighty Jelvis dished me a snub on account of I guess I done did the wrong thing somehow. I dunno, maybe it's because I failed to squash the monster that ate my congregation. Well, now's about the thing that'll set it proper."

If the peeps ask about the monster:

“Oh, that. Yeah, it was super goosin’ scary, mercy baby! This thing with all the horns and eyeballs and whatnot comes bursting out of nowhere and starts ripping my peeps apart. Seriously, out of nowhere. We was all just hanging out, pondering our next move. Daddy Flobbabu says something like, “Dang it, I don’t know why we even bother anymore. Jelvis don’t care nothing for us,” when suddenly this big monster is in our midst spreading all sorts of mayhem. Flobbabu shouts, “Not you again!” and then he’s in three pieces. The thing even managed to spit me in the face before we got it to go away.”

Toenail is ready to face his destiny. He’s going in there right now and woe unto anyone who tries to stop him. Assuming the peeps accompany him, read this as they approach and enter the digs:

This place looks like opulence binged on chintz, devoured the entire contents of *Big Daddy Yodel Hipthrunder’s Righteous Roster of Jelvisian Relicular Heirlooms*, and washed it all down with a side of glittering kitsch, curly fries, and a large root beer, in church, but then never actually digested anything. The walls are the same fleshy gut matter you’ve been traipsing for the past whenever, but beyond the pillars and the long white wall the digs are so encrusted with rhinestones, statuary, lower case “t”s, and other manifestations of Jeezle Freakian symbology as to abash the most garish freakthedral. It’s so packed with righteous jazz and devout worshippers that simply meandering through the crowd is a chore on par with Patron Stain Crobble’s journey through the Mobthrongs of Goss during the Proliferant Plorp Propagation of 124 yafwaf (you had to have been there).

Allow the peeps a moment to look around.

The general shape of the place is a very long rectangle. The front section is a mishmash of religious shrines, gift shops, and lounges.

Notice: While most of the statues depict Jelvis himself, others show off various Patron Stains or assorted peeps and critters from Jeezle Freakian tradition. Mongers wander the digs with trays selling jelly donuts, spoiled grape juice, peanunutternanner sammiches, plush Jelvis idols, and other jazz.

Streetwise: It’s not usually this crowded here. Apparently Righteous Daddy Holywafer is supposed to be visiting in three days and

devout peeps from across the glob are anxious for a peek at him. (Raise): Righteous Daddy Holywafer is apparently going to be making some announcement about recent discoveries in the Slogslip Cleave on Keister Island.

As they move through the crowd:

A central plaza is the realm of an assortment of very skilled craftspeeps. They work incessantly, deftly carving large hunks of congealed scudge into various idols and fetishes. These guys are The King’s Pinheads, as is made obvious by their awesome pin-shaped hats and ceremonial bowling shirts. The idols they’re crafting are the subject of much interest from the gathered throng. Each one depicts a sin for which someone seeks absolution.

Toenail explains how things work:

“Dig, you all nab yourself one of them there icons what matches your sin. You plop down some clams to pay for the thing and then you haul it out into one of them there lanes along with some others to keep it company. Nab yourself a stone and roll that bad baby down the alley. If your sin gets toppled all is forgiven and Jelvis done rains his blessing down on you and there’s much rejoicing and whatnot, Hal and Lou, you all.

I’m gonna nab me one with a big old “Disobedience” stamped on its belly and topple that gooser right the goose down. Then Jelvis gonna give me back my zazz and things’ll be all honky dorky, mercy baby.”

After waiting in line for considerably longer than is comfortable, all the time frantically keeping a look out for Jelly Donut and his cronies, Toenail buys his idols and asks the peeps to accompany him as he selects a stone. As they are walking toward the racks:

As you make your way toward the long racks of polished kidney stones, wending through the swarming throng, Toenail halts and whispers suddenly, “Dang it! That there’s Jelly Donut himself coming usward.”

The worm in question continues in your direction, pushing against the crowd. “Toenail!” he shouts, “You shouldn’t be here!”

Allow the peeps to react however they want. If they attack Jelly Donut he will try to escape into the crowd. Despite what Toenail thinks, Jelly Donut is not his enemy and does not want to hurt him. He knows Toenail was infected by holy mutha phlegm and is merely attempting to prevent a tragedy.



He won't fight unless he has no other choice. This encounter should end with Jelly Donut getting lost in the crowd without revealing what he knows other than easily misinterpreted jabber like "Toenail, there's a monster in you!" or "You're all defiled and such!"

After the encounter with Jelly Donut Toenail will find a suitable ball from the racks of polished kidney stones and get in line for a lane. Read this jazz:

Toenail is a smelf on a mission. He has his shiny, polished kidney stone. He has his holy sin fetishes. His sideburns are moussed. His sequined jumpsuit, while threadbare and filthy from his travels is at least presentable. With a satisfied sneer and a thrust of his hips he sets himself in line for an open lane.

The lanes are accessed through a large arched tunnel at the back of the room. The lines for such are interminable, brimming with excited Jeezle Freaks eager for absolution. The masses throng as the thongs mass but there's been no further sighting of Jelly Donut or his cronies. Hubbub and chatter let you know these peeps are supremely jazzed about the Righteous Daddy's impending arrival. Toenail brims with enthusiasm.

Finally, the line pushes beyond the archway and you find yourselves within a massively bulbous chamber of some sort. I don't know, maybe a spleen or something. Highly polished wooden planks form channels that run down a multitude of cylindrical tubules extending beyond the cavity. A crowd of devotees surrounds each one as a penitent Jeezle Freak bowls his stone down the lane, crashing into idols and eliciting either an exalted cheer or a mournful groan.

A lane opens up and Toenail gets ready to take his turn. Allow the peeps to look around while he's setting up his pins.

Notice: Jelly Donut is pushing his way through the crowd toward them. He's shouting madly and trying his hardest to get through but too many peeps are in his way.

The peeps may act as they wish. If they get into a fight it happens as Toenail begins his bowl.

All is in place. Toenail's pins are arranged. He smiles broadly and brings the marbled kidney stone to his chest as he paces back toward the throwing line, praying softly to himself as he goes. With a deep breath and a muttered "Don't be cruel?" he launches the ball down the lane. It rolls, jogging leftward then correcting itself and curving directly at the head pin, the one with the leering face and the word "Disobedience" scribbled on its tummy. SLAM! The ball crashes into the pins, spilling all ten of them across the lane.

An eruption of cheers and shouts of "Mercy, baby!" from the onlookers and Toenail stands exultant. He turns toward the crowd. "[elvis, in his almighty wisdom, has seen fit to forgive this sinner of his misdeeds and return unto me my absent zazz. Behold!"

If one of the peeps has been injured Toenail tries to waggle some zazz to heal her. If not, he'll try to waggle some other zazz. It doesn't really matter what, since it won't work anyway.

"No, don't!" shouts Jelly Donut [or one of his cronies if he's been taken out]. "Monster!"

Toenail continues muttering but nothing seems to happen. He stops and looks around, embarrassed. His smile turns to a frown. "It ain't fair, baby. I done did the thing what I was supposed to do and still I got no zazz! Daddy Flobbabu was right—[elvis don't give a butt hair about what happens to none of us!]"

Suddenly, and without warning, Toenail is no longer there. Well, he is, but he's smashed beneath the feet of a horrifying monstrosity that somehow stands where he stood an instant ago. The thing grins, revealing an entire kitchen full of gleaming knife-like choppers. Its head sags under the weight of an enormous crown of jagged horns.

"JUMPIN' JELVIS!" someone yells. "IT'S A HOLY MUTHA!"

"Don't let it spit on you," someone else screams.

The holy mutha will immediately start ripping into the assembled Jeezle Freaks, most of whom make a mad, trampling dash back toward the arched tunnel. It's here to wreak havoc, which it does with delight, clawing, spitting, and biting its way through the congregation.

Most of the Jeezle Freaks are too terrified to fight. Some of the holler rollers try waggling zazz at the thing but their spells are ineffective. It's going to be up to the heap to fix this. If Jelly Donut is still around he will sacrifice himself to help out (if it comes to that). Maybe use him to show how a holy roller loses his zazz when spit on by a holy mutha. Everyone else is either in the way, powerless, or impeded by the crowd. The holy mutha prefers to attack holy rollers, but anyone else is fair game if no holy rollers are in reach.

Toenail is still alive but is badly wounded and unconscious. Although holy rolling zazz is feckless against the mutha, it can still be used to heal the peeps if they get too severely injured. The battle should be tough, a fitting climax to the story, but not so difficult as to kill the peeps. If things go too badly against the heap some of the Jeezle Freaks will join in with weapons (perhaps rallied by Zzzzzunz or Jelly Donut).



ENCOUNTER #6: THE AFTERMATH

Once the mutha is smited read this:

It's over. You won. Congratulations.

Two days have passed since your battle with the holy mutha. Toenail's lack of zazz wasn't due to the ire of Jelvis but was instead caused by the vile phlegm of a horrific monster. Jelly donut wasn't such a bad guy after all. In fact, out of gratitude, the Jeezle Freaks at the Bowls of the Oith hooked you up with some dandy jazz. In fact, now that you're all rested up, sitting around a table at The Guts, chomping on some kind of sandwich and sipping something that's way to squishy to be considered a beverage, it might be a nice time to divvy up the goods and pat each other on the back.

Well done, friends. Well done...

The Jeezle Freaks, in gratitude, have given the heap enough *Jumpin' Jelvis Trinkets* (see the Sludge) so that each peep who hasn't already nabbed a special item (one with a certificate) can go home with something. Allow the peeps to divide the loot however they see fit. Each peep also earned an extra 200 clams along the way. Not sure how.

THE DRUDGE

That's it. It's over. Give everyone a big hug, a wet sloppy kiss, and a discount certificate.

Ask the players to vote on who they think brought the most fun to the table (your vote breaks any ties). This person is the MVP and earns an extra Experience Point (XP). Each player nabs XP based on the following criteria:

ATTENDED: 1 XP

ATTENDED AND PARTICIPATED: 2 XP

ATTENDED, PARTICIPATED, AND ROLE PLAYED: 3 XP

MVP: +1 XP

Make sure each player has the proper certificates for any special jazz collected during the exploit then wish them luck in their future endeavors after subtly hinting they can give you a digital high five at www.thewholehole.info should they be thusly inclined.

Please complete the Post Game Report, being certain to note any character advancements or changes. Once you're ready, either turn in your Post Game Report to an official Living Low representative (if one exists) or use the form at <http://www.thewholehole.info/living-low-post-game-report/>.

THE SLUDGE

Here's some incredibly important information about various peeps, creeps, and jazz.

PEEPS

JELLY DONUT (WILD CARD)

MALE WERM

Jelly Donut is part of a Jeezle Freakian sect that venerates the Patron Stain of Absurdly Complicated Revenge Schemes (Bob Something?). He is trying to prevent Toenail from reaching the Bowls of the Oith because he thinks Toenail has been corrupted by a holy mutha, which he has. Toenail thinks he's after him because Toenail stopped a plan of his to embarrass the Righteous Daddy.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Performing d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Holy Rolling d10 (+2)

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 7



PP: 22

POWERS: Blast, Bolt, Burst, Elemental Manipulation, Greater Healing, Healing, Smite, Summon Ally

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Burrowing, Coiled Spring, Pallesthesia, Rubbery, Jeezle Freak, AB: Holy Rolling

GEAR: jumpsuit, Pompadour helmet (+2 Armor to head), Lower case "t" staff (Str+d6), *Blessed Belt Buckle of Bob Something?* (see jazz), 410 clams.

SLOGHERDERS (AGNARD, CHIZZLE, FLEEP, AND OBB)

MALE CROACHES

These four guys are part of a larger clan of nomadic, slog wrangling croaches. When the peeps meet them they are fending off an attack by a small horde of scary ass muthas intend on devouring their herd of pygmy slogs. They are very knowledgable about the area and, as long as the peeps help them fight the muthas, are eager to offer their expertise.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Survival d12, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Throwing d8

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Antennae, Crunchy Shell, Multiple Limbs, Gullet of Steel, Beast Puncher

GEAR: Crappy robes, Crappy armor (Scabs), Curved sticks (Str+d4).

TOENAIL (WILD CARD)

MALE SMELF

Toenail is a smelf with a deep secret that gnaws at him and makes him paranoid and desperate. He knows something big, but he's not inclined to discuss it. He's a devout Jeezle Freakian Daddy, but he's fallen out of favor and can no longer access any holy rolling zazz. Toenail is trying to reach the Bowls of the Oith so he can atone for his sins and plop himself back into Jelvis's graces.

Although he doesn't know it, Toenail has been infected with juice from a holy mutha, which is bad news for him and anyone in his vicinity should he ever disavow his faith (see Creeps).

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Survival d8, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Performing d8, Holy Rolling d10 (inactive)

CHARISMA: 0 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 5 (7) **TOUGHNESS:** 7

PP: 24 (inactive)

Powers (inactive): Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Greater Healing, Healing, Smite

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Nosebloating, Schnoz With Which to be Reckoned, Really Small Guy, Jeezle Freak, AB: Holy Rolling

GEAR: Decent jumpsuit, Pompadour wig, Lower case "t" (Str+d4), Circuspi nuts (x11), Shnoz corks, Butt rudder, rope (40"), 364 clams.

ZZZZZUNZ (WILD CARD)

FEMALE FLEW

Zzzzzunz is a booty hunter hired by Jelly Donut to capture Toenail. She prefers not to kill peeps but she will if it's the only way to nab her quarry. A devout holy roller, Zzzzzunz is a member of Jelly Donut's cult that reveres the Patron Stain of Absurdly Complicated Revenge Schemes (Bob Something?).

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Survival d10, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Climbing d8, Stealth d8 (+2), Streetwise d8, Tracking d10, Holy Rolling d8

CHARISMA: -1 **PACE:** 6 **PARRY:** 8 **TOUGHNESS:** 7 (9)

PP: 16

Powers: Blast, Bolt, Confusion, Entangle, Stun

EDGES & HINDRANCES: Don't Bother Me, Four Arms, Wary, Booty Hunter, Danger Sense, Jeezle Freak, AB: Holy Rolling

GEAR: Decent armor (black leather studded jumpsuit, +2), Four lower case "t" knives (Str+d4), 114 clams, *Sneakers* (see Jazz), *Scary Ass Egg* (see Jazz), various ropes and chains.

CREEPS

HAIR BARE

Roaming the Monstrous Headlands and other nasty digs in large packs, these strange predators are a bane to hair harvesters and gadabouts. Essentially nothing more than a pair of squat legs, a shaggy rump, and a chomping maw, they attack en masse, kicking, biting, and farting their opponents into submission.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8(A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

Bite: Nasty mouths... Str+d4.

Flatulence: Once every three rounds a hair bare may issue forth a cloud of noxious gas. Everyone within a small burst template must make a Vigor roll or suffer a -2 penalty to all actions for 1d4 rounds. Smellcasters are immune.

Immunity: Hair bares are immune to most known poisons, including their own flatulence. Also, since they don't have noses (thankfully), they're unaffected by inhaled reeks.

HOLY MUTHA (WILD CARD)

These horrifying monstrosities are righteously scary. They're also scarily righteous. Sort of. Not really. They just really dig religious peeps. Well, they don't so much dig them as they dig out their entrails and feast upon them in a rage of blasphemous gluttony, but that's almost the same thing. No it's not.

Something about corrupting holy rollers and causing them agony really appeals to holy muthas. Some wisenheimers postulate the beasts were sent to Oith by various gawds as a means to test the devotion of their followers. Other suggest that's just a really crappy thing to do and holy muthas are just a bunch of jerks who found a niche market to torment. Whatever the case, holy muthas have the goods when it comes to putting the hurt on a congregation.

Nothing brings a holy mutha more joy than ripping apart a flock of righteous peeps, unless it's turning righteous peeps into unrighteous peeps and then ripping them apart.

These creeps are often found in the company of other muthas (scary ass, scarier ass, etc...), or at least, when they

are found, which is rarely, it's usually in the company of those guys.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Throwing d6, Tracking d10

Charisma: -2 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10 (12)

Special Abilities

Clobber: Holy muthas usually fight by bashing peeps with their horned faces. Str +d4

Horns: A holy mutha's crown of horns gives it Armor +2.

Kind of a Big Deal: Although holy muthas are significantly large (Size +2), smaller peeps do not get a bonus to hit them, because of how they're shaped and whatnot.

Nasty Ass Maw: Do NOT get bitten. Str +d6.

See-in-the-dark-o-vision: These guys can see in complete darkness without any penalties.

Unholy Slobber: Using its Shooting skill (6/12/48) a holy mutha can spit a gob of phlegm into the face of of an enemy. If the victim is a holy roller he must make both a Spirit roll and a Vigor roll or permanently lose his holy rolling zazz (this is what happened to Toenail, although he doesn't know it). The zazz can be returned only by use of the Greater Healing power cast by a holy roller of Legendary rank who is of the same faith as the victim.

Once a holy roller ingests holy mutha phlegm a bond is formed between the victim and the mutha. If the victim ever renounces his faith the mutha is instantly transported to his location.

Unrighteousness: Holy muthas are completely immune to any zazz cast by a holy roller. They also gain a +2 bonus to any Fighting, Shooting, or Throwing rolls made against holy rollers.

ODRE (WILD CARD)

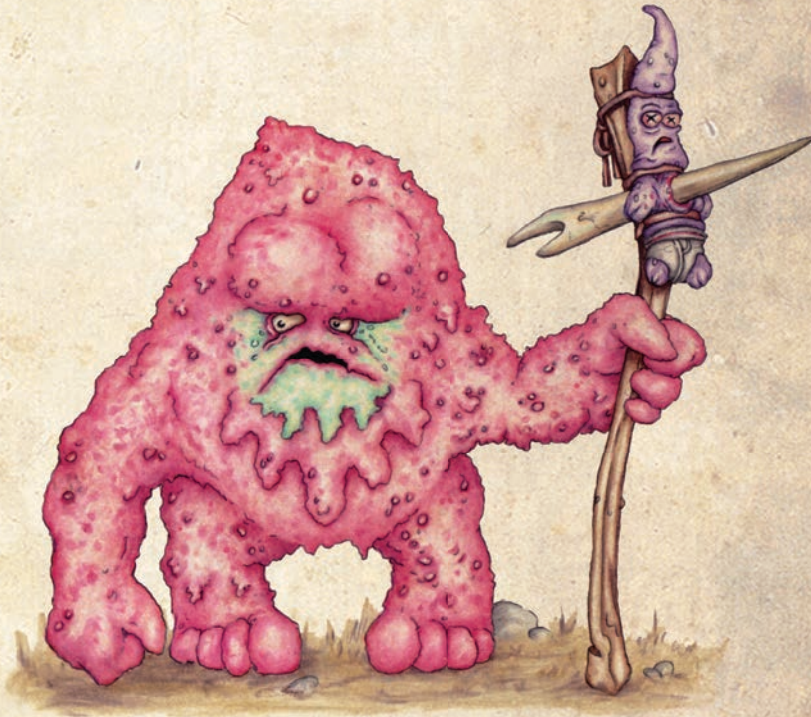
Big, savage, stinky brutes, odres are vaguely related to cremefillians, slogs, and other fluffy denizens of Oith. They form roving gangsta hordes and go raiding in their spare time. A typical odre is twice as big as a horc and thrice as mean. An atypical odre is about as big as a horc and about one and a half to three and a quarter times as mean.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d12+3, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8

Charisma: 0 **Pace:** 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 12

Gear: A clobberer stick (Str+d8)



Special Abilities

Expectoration: Odres have the Spit Edge. If an odre successfully hawks a loogey on a foe the odre gains a +4 bonus to its next attack against him.

Mop the Floor: Odres have the Sweep Edge and may attack all adjacent foes simultaneously at -2.

Size +3: Dang, odres are some big peeps.

Spongy Flesh: Like cremefillians, odres have spongy flesh and are particularly unpalatable. A critter that bites an odre must make a Vigor roll to avoid being Shaken. A penalty equal to the number of wounds inflicted by the bite is applied to the roll.

Odres are immune to poisons and toxins except for those that specifically affect cremefillians and their ilk.

SCARIER ASS MUTHA (WILD CARD)

These monstrous goosers are bigger, scarier, and far more dangerous versions of their lesser kin. They can be found just about anywhere, sometimes amid a horde of regular scary ass muthas but more often alone or in a small pack with a few of their bros. Although just as sadistic and bonkers as regular muthas, these guys are substantially more cunning and patient. They are vile and relentless, enjoy the chase as much as the kill. Once a scarier ass mutha decides on a victim it will pursue that victim (not necessarily to the exclusion of other victims) until it (the victim or the mutha) is dead.

Scarier ass muthas are armed with enormous teeth, hooked talons, and an arsenal of bad habits. They don't want anything from you but your painful, prolonged demise.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Tracking d10

Charisma: -2 Pace: 6 Parry: 8 Toughness: 9

Special Abilities

Chortling Gab: Scarier ass muthas sometimes utter an unnerving babble when excited. Anyone within hearing range must make a Spirit roll or suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls for the duration of the encounter (or until the mutha shuts up). Muthas can chortle even when biting.

Middle Fingers of Doom: A scarier ass mutha may attack with both claws simultaneously without penalty. Str +d6. The mutha may make a free bite attack (Str +d10) against anyone Shaken by one or both such attacks.

Nasty Ass Maw: The bite of a scarier ass mutha is an experience best avoided. Str +d10.

Toxic Chaw: Scarier ass muthas can spit a disgusting mass of something unpleasant at a single target (Shooting roll, range 6/12/18). Anyone struck must make an Agility roll or suffer a -2 penalty to Pace and all skills and rolls related to Agility or Strength for 2d4 rounds. If the mutha gets a raise, the Agility roll is made at -2 and the penalty is increased to -4.

SCARY ASS MUTHA

Aptly named, these creepy beasts are indeed scary. They have little tiny bodies, but their vile faces are among the most horrific in all the world.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Throwing d8

Charisma: -2 Pace: 6 Parry: 6 Toughness: 7

Special Abilities

Bite: Scary ass muthas attack by biting (Str +d4) or by throwing stuff (Str+d4).

Size -2: They may be scary, but they aren't very big. Larger opponents attack at -2.

Tenacious: These little boogers just don't give up. They gain +2 Toughness and +2 to Spirit rolls made to recover from being Shaken.

Venom: The venomous bite of a scary ass mutha forces a victim to make a Vigor roll or be overcome by the creeping willies, immediately wetting himself and fleeing madly for 1d4 rounds. If the



Vigor roll is a 1, the target faints and cannot be awakened for 2d4 rounds.

SLOG (PYGMY SLOG)

Pygmy slogs are the most common slogs on Oith. They have been used by peeps as mounts, beasts of burden, livestock, and entrees for centuries.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Charisma: 0 Pace: 4 Parry: 5 Toughness: 7

Special Abilities

Schlepper: Slogs can haul a lot more jazz than their Strength might indicate. Ten times as much, in fact.

Slog Immunities: Slogs are immune to most diseases and poisons except those that specifically affect cremefillians and related organisms.

JAZZ

THE BLESSED BELT BUCKLE OF BOB SOMETHING? (Activate: Performing, Charge: -, PP: -, Range: Worn, Duration: 1 fight, *Smite*): If the wearer of this belt buckle loudly declares his intent to inflict righteous revenge upon his opponent he gains a +1 to all Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls for the duration of the fight. The bonus is increased to +2 if the Performing roll made to activate was a raise. Activating the buckle is an action. 300 clams.

SCARY ASS EGG (Activate: Throwing, Charge: -, PP: -, Range: 6/12/24, Duration: instant, *Summon Ally*): This thing just looks an ordinary egg, maybe from an oily boid or something. There's a crude drawing of a scary ass mutha painted on it but it's otherwise nondescript. If the egg is broken roll a d6 to determine what creep(s) are immediately conjured to the area.

D6	CREATURE CONJURED
1-2	1 scary ass mutha
3-4	2d4 scary ass muthas
5	1 scarier ass mutha
6	1 scarier ass mutha and 2d4 scary ass muthas

The muthas are not under any compulsion to follow the orders of their summoner. 1000 clams.

JUMPIN' JELVIS TRINKET (Activate: d10, Charge: 9, PP: 3, Range: touch, Duration: permanent, *Healing*): This tiny sculpture of Jelvis can be worn as an amulet or simply kept in a pocket until needed. Each activation heals the bearer of 1 wound (2 with a raise). 300 clams.

SNEAKERS (Activate: d10, Charge: 20, PP: 5, Range: Worn, Duration: 3(1/round), *Invisibility*): Anybody wearing these shoes has an automatic +1 to all Stealth rolls. By activating their zazz the wearer is able to cast the Invisibility power upon herself. 800 clams.

SLIPPERY GOO This glandular secretion is absurdly slippery. Anyone who trods upon it must make an Agility roll at -2 or fall down. One typical container fills a small burst template. 50 clams.

SPORK OF SLOG SUMMONING (Activate: d10, Charge: 15, PP: 20, Range: 800 yards, Duration: 10 minutes, *Beast Friend*): This nifty spork (Str+d6, yorts: 4) allows its bearer to summon and communicate with all slogs within range. It works just like the *Beast Friend* power, but only on slogs. 500 clams.

THE KLUDGE

This chunk includes various exhibits, handouts, and certificates.



Exhibit A

CERTIFICATES

The certificates on the following pages should be divided among the players. The weird devices can either be doled out randomly or you can allow the players to decide among themselves who gets what. Each peep should get a dose of Slippery Goo. The certificates that say 500 Clams on them should be given to anyone who does not receive a weird device.

If you are printing this adventure double-sided you may want to print the cert pages separately, so they can have a blank backside. If you need more certificates print more pages.

Each player should also receive a discount coupon. This coupon is good at any official Mutha Oith Creations booth at any convention and can also be used at

WWW.LOWTIQUE.COM

the official Mutha Oith Creations online store. Give yourself a discount coupon as well. You earned it!

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DREDGED FROM THE MUCK BY ANDY HOPP

THE BLESSED BELT BUCKLE OF BOB SOMETHING?

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

(Activate: Performing, Charge: -, PP: -, Range: Worn, Duration: 1 fight, Smite)

If the wearer of this belt buckle loudly declares his intention to inflict righteous revenge upon his opponent he gains a +1 to all Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls for the duration of the fight. The bonus is increased to +2 if the Performing roll made to activate was a raise. Activating the buckle is an action.

DESCRIPTION: A BLUE LOWER CASE "T". VALUE: 800 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

SCARY ASS EGG

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

(Activate: Throwing, Charge: -, PP: -, Range: 6/12/24, Duration: instant, Summon Ally)

If this egg is broken roll a d6 to determine what creep(s) are immediately conjured to the area [1-2: 1 scary ass mutha, 3-4: 2d4 scary ass muthas, 5: 1 scarier ass mutha, 6: 1 scarier ass mutha and 2d4 scary ass muthas].

The muthas are not under any compulsion to follow the orders of their summoner.

DESCRIPTION: A SMALL OILY BOID EGG PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE A SCARY ASS MUTHA. VALUE: 1000 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

JUMPIN' JELVIS TRINKET

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

(Activate: d10, Charge: 9, PP: 3, Range: touch, Duration: permanent, Healing)

This tiny sculpture of Jelvis can be worn as an amulet or simply kept in a pocket until needed. Each activation heals the bearer of 1 wound (2 with a raise).

DESCRIPTION: A TINY SCULPTURE OF JELVIS. VALUE: 1000 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

SNEAKERS

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

(Activate: d10, Charge: 20, PP: 5, Range: Worn, Duration: 3(1/round), Invisibility)

Anybody wearing these shoes has an automatic +1 to all Stealth rolls. By activating their zazz the wearer is able to cast the Invisibility power upon herself.

DESCRIPTION: SNAZZY KICKS. VALUE: 1000 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

SPORK OF SLOG SUMMONING

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

(Activate: d10, Charge: 15, PP: 20, Range: 800 yards, Duration: 10 minutes, Beast Friend)

This nifty spork (Str+d6, yorts: 4) allows its bearer to summon and communicate with all slogs within range. It works just like the Beast Friend power, but only on slogs.

DESCRIPTION: A LONG HANDLED BATTLE SPORK. VALUE: 800 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

SLIPPERY GOO

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

Slippery Goo This glandular secretion is absurdly slippery. Anyone who trods upon it must make an Agility roll at -2 or fall down. One typical container fills a small burst template. The goo dries and is no longer slippery within 2-12 hours after application.

DESCRIPTION: A CONTAINER OF TRANSLUCENT PURPLE SLUDGE. VALUE: 100 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

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THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

Slippery Goo This glandular secretion is absurdly slippery. Anyone who trods upon it must make an Agility roll at -2 or fall down. One typical container fills a small burst template. The goo dries and is no longer slippery within 2-12 hours after application.

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DESCRIPTION: A CONTAINER OF TRANSLUCENT PURPLE SLUDGE. VALUE: 100 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

SLIPPERY GOO

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

Slippery Goo This glandular secretion is absurdly slippery. Anyone who trods upon it must make an Agility roll at -2 or fall down. One typical container fills a small burst template. The goo dries and is no longer slippery within 2-12 hours after application.

DESCRIPTION: A CONTAINER OF TRANSLUCENT PURPLE SLUDGE. VALUE: 100 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

500 CLAMS

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

Congratulations, you nabbed 500 clams.

DESCRIPTION: A BAG WITH 500 CLAMS IN IT. VALUE: 500 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

500 CLAMS

THE BOWLS OF THE OITH

Congratulations, you nabbed 500 clams.

DESCRIPTION: A BAG WITH 500 CLAMS IN IT. VALUE: 500 CLAMS.

BOSS'S SIGNATURE

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR

10% OFF
ANY PURCHASE AT THE
MUTHA OITH CREATIONS BOOTH.

USE THE COUPON CODE

OITHBOWLS

TO RECEIVE **10% OFF**
YOUR NEXT ORDER AT
WWW.LOWTIQUE.COM



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THE LOWDOWN

You were approached in secret by a Jeezle Freak who told you incredibly bad things will happen if Toenail is allowed to atone for his sins at the Bowls of the Oith.

THE LOWDOWN

A reputable looking oofa in Floom informed you Toenail is not who he seems to be. Instead, he's a shape-changing milf in disguise. The oofa also said you shouldn't tell anybody else until the moment is right because they won't believe you.

THE LOWDOWN

You've been told the slogherders in Torsovania are untrustworthy and evil. Do not, under any circumstances, believe anything they say.

THE LOWDOWN

You've been told the slogherders in Torsovania are very trustworthy and helpful. You can believe just about anything they say.

THE LOWDOWN

You were secretly approached by a Jeezle Freak who offered to pay you 500 clams upon your return to Floom if you can learn Toenail's secret and prevent him from telling anyone else.

THE LOWDOWN

A worm in Floom told you there is a 5000 clam booty on Toenail's head. You just need to capture him alive and bring him to Jail Pets Meat in Floom.

THE LOWDOWN

A worm in Floom is spreading lies about a 5000 clam booty on Toenail's head. It's not true. There is no booty.

THE LOWDOWN

A well-dressed croach in Scab secretly offered you 500 clams if you can make sure Toenail makes it safely to The Bowls of the Oith.

THE LOWDOWN

A smelf in a really big hat told you not to tell anyone, but he thinks Toenail croaked a bunch of peeps in Doop and that's why he's so eager to repent.

THE LOWDOWN

A smelf in a really big hat told you not to tell anyone, but Toenail owes a bunch of Clams to a Bottomliner in Floom and he thinks if he repents at the Bowls he won't have to pay.

POST-GAME REPORT

Please fill out this form and turn it in to the Living Low organizer at your event or transfer the information onto the Post-Game report form available online at www.the-wholehole.info.

If a player does not yet have a Play Number just leave that space blank.

ADVENTURE NAME: The Bowls of the Oith

Boss's Name:

Boss's Player Number:

Date:

Time:

Location/ Convention:

PLAYER NAME (1):

Character Name (1):

Player Number (1):

Experience (1):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (1):

Clams +/- (1):

Permanent Changes (1):

Notes (1):

PLAYER NAME (4):

Character Name (4):

Player Number (4):

Experience (4):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (4):

Clams +/- (4):

Permanent Changes (4):

Notes (4):

PLAYER NAME (7):

Character Name (7):

Player Number (7):

Experience (7):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (7):

Clams +/- (7):

Permanent Changes (7):

Notes (7):

PLAYER NAME (2):

Character Name (2):

Player Number (2):

Experience (2):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (2):

Clams +/- (2):

Permanent Changes (2):

Notes (2):

PLAYER NAME (5):

Character Name (5):

Player Number (5):

Experience (5):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (5):

Clams +/- (5):

Permanent Changes (5):

Notes (5):

PLAYER NAME (8):

Character Name (8):

Player Number (8):

Experience (8):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (8):

Clams +/- (8):

Permanent Changes (8):

Notes (8):

PLAYER NAME (3):

Character Name (3):

Player Number (3):

Experience (3):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (3):

Clams +/- (3):

Permanent Changes (3):

Notes (3):

PLAYER NAME (6):

Character Name (6):

Player Number (6):

Experience (6):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (6):

Clams +/- (6):

Permanent Changes (6):

Notes (6):

PLAYER NAME (9):

Character Name (9):

Player Number (9):

Experience (9):

- ☐ Attended (1XP)
- ☐ Participated (2XP)
- ☐ Roleplayed (3XP)
- ☐ MVP? (4XP, 1 player only)

Gear +/- (9):

Clams +/- (9):

Permanent Changes (9):

Notes (9):