



THE VOID

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WILDFIRE
Igniting Imagination

HORRORS OF THE VOID 0:
EXPANDED MONSTERS

SERIOUSLY? FREE-TO-PLAY?

Imagination is powerful. To quote Albert Einstein, "Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand." Well said.

We believe in the power of imagination and how it creates wonder and inspiration. Roleplaying games are one of the few things that can do what they do. Some might say they are the last frontier for wild imagination and creativity. We certainly believe so. That's why we make roleplaying games – to help make that possible.

Making roleplaying games the way we have hasn't helped us spark imagination the way we'd hoped. We want to try something different.

First, we're adopting the Creative Commons license, so that you can contribute to the game in a meaningful way. That way, we can support you in your awesome ideas and help you get them out to your fellow players.

Then, we're going to give away electronic copies of the core book for free. We've all bought games that didn't end up working out for us. That's why we're giving this to you for free – so that you can figure out if you like the game before you decide to spend money on it.

If you like The Void and you play it, we're going to put out a bunch of cool material at very reasonable prices. We're going to do it buffet-style, so you can pick and choose what works best for you and your group. Buying these supplements supports us making more cool material, along with the rest of your fellow players.

After all, life's too short to waste time and money on games you don't like.

– The Staff of WildFire



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- The *Gen Con* Referee Coordinator: Bob Arens
- The *Gen Con* Referee Team: Bob Arens, Chris Dorn, Todd Frazee, Dave Stoeckel, Charlie Wong
- The rest of the *WildFire* crew: Laurel Dorn, Steve Pitcher, Travis Wickline
- The rest of the *Black Sky* crew: Marcelo Figueroa, Mike Muldoon, Owen Seyler, Matt Steele, Melissa Volkmann, Erik Yaple
- Matthew Sprange, for asking us to mix Lovecraft and *Traveller*, which became *The Void*.
- Jonni Emrich, for being the light of my life – MG.
- <http://infirno.net> – the place to play (and playtest) roleplaying games on the internet.

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CATCH AND RELEASE

"I swear, I nearly piss myself every time we come in here." Felius fidgeted, checking his sidearm to make himself feel better.

Anastasia couldn't blame him. It was a menagerie of nightmares, a vault filled with things worse than what people imagined. This was the processing area of Level 23.

The hollow echo of the station's recycled air only served to bring forth the eerie silence of the place. Each of the isolated environment cubes was perfectly sound-proof. Though the creatures within raged, not a sound escaped. It was like watching a horror movie on mute. This somehow served to make the experience even more disconcerting.

Anastasia's boots clicked as she walked across the floor. With each step she took, there were things following her every move. The things always looked. They always found her. Deep inside she knew, her fate lay somewhere within the contents of this inhuman prison.

Maybe that's why she was so fascinated. Maybe that's why she always stopped in front of the cubes to see how long she could face the most horrific thing there, no matter how the primal fear crept up her spine.

"Tasia, please stop. That's not helping," said Felius, breaking the silence.

"I know it's your ritual, or something, but let's just log our donation and be gone."

Leaving Felius to his work, Anastasia stepped back from the shiny, black thing whose tongue kept lashing against the glass. The real horror didn't come from the fact that these things were being kept alive in here. It was the fact that things just like them were alive out there.

Completing his log, Felius walked back to her. Glancing around, he got that look of wonder in his eyes, the way he did when his intellectual curiosity overcame his fear – and sometimes his common sense.

"It truly is impressive, you know," he said. "This right here may be the key to us winning out over them."

Anastasia wasn't impressed. She took it as a challenge. Either she was going to bag enough of them for Level 23 to deliver on its promise, or she was personally going to exterminate every last one of them.

Somewhere, in the distance, the Edge of Dawn screamed.

It was impossible to know how many systems were off-line. Miraculously, the life support and energized deck plates still functioned, even though the ship was dead in space.



The Eye: A Visit to Level 23

Marcus yelled into his comm. "Fellius! Can you get any kind of reading on them?"

The line crackled for a second, then cleared up. "...and yes, you prob-

ably didn't hear any of that. Repeating - so many of the electrical systems are compromised that I can't see much of anything. Either that, or there are so many that the system is overwhelmed. At this point, I can't

tell anymore. Perhaps we should be thinking about the escape pods?"

There was another one of those high-pitched wails, too close for comfort. It was a sign. The void spiders had gotten their scent.

"No," replied Anastasia. "We are not leaving. This is our ship and they're just bugs. We just need to make it to the flamethrowers and then they're done."

They could hear Felius sigh over the comm. "Fine. Then, for god's sake, don't let one of them bite you. If they do, lock yourself away someplace safe and throw away the key. You don't want what comes afterwards. I'll keep seeing what I can repair up here."

"Thanks for the tip," replied Marcus. He turned to Anastasia. "Well, this is your plan. What's next?"

Anastasia could hear something clicking down the hall, even over the distant sirens. "The armory. Something that lives out here can't like something in excess of 2000° F."

"Seems sound," said Marcus. "How we going to do that?"

Smiling, Anastasia replied, "Run that way. Shoot anything that moves that isn't me. Don't let one of them bite you."

"I see that our plan is as well thought out as always," piped in Felius, over the comm.

The armory turned out to be a pipe dream. Every turn they made, the things were there, as if they knew where the Wardens were going.

"How's your ammo?" asked Anastasia, checking her own store.

Marcus was sweating. "Down to one full clip. At this rate, I'll be down to fire extinguishers in a minute. You?"

"A little more," she replied. "Plus one mean combat knife."

"I don't want to get to know these things any closer," said Marcus.

"I don't know," Anastasia replied. "Might be kind of fun."

Shadows crawled on the wall, thrown by the sickly glow of the emergency lights. The void spiders were closing in.

"You have a strange idea of fun, Tasia."

Then, they seemed to be everywhere, their clacking heads gnashing, alien saliva dripping from their jaws. They were crawling from the hatch above, having already chewed off the door. They slowly approached from the halls. Each one of them spelled death.

The thoughts that collide when life is on the line are never quite what one expects. To Anastasia, she was reminded that Level 23 had never had more than a few of these things. It was going to be impossible to take one of these things alive. Hell, it might



be impossible to survive. But Anastasia wasn't ready to give up just yet.

She opened up fire to the left, firing every shot she could into the faces of the thing approaching. Somehow, it managed to coil and spring as she did, though the merciless hail of bullets put it down before it reached them.

"Move!" she shouted.

Marcus fired only a few shots to keep the things from chasing at full pace, while Anastasia looked ahead. As she'd thought, she'd cleared out escape route – for the moment.

Like all moments, Anastasia's came to an end in the blink of an eye. Around the bend there were more of the things. They were boxed in, with only a few shots left and the promise of an ugly death.

"It looks like you'll get your wish," said Marcus, as Anastasia pulled out her knife.

She managed a dark chuckle. "If I'd have known wishes were coming true, I'd have wished for that condo on Troy I've been eyeing."

Back to back, the Wardens faced their oncoming foes. They managed a few shots here, a menacing slash there that took off a leg, but the numbers were simply against them.

Just as the void spiders were recoiling to jump, a voice crackled to life on the comm. "You should get down now."

Flattening to the gravity-simulating deck plates, a roar of crimson fire shot down the hall. It singed the back of Anastasia's neck, but the incredible heat was welcome.

The things screamed. More goutts of flame shot down the hall, enough that Anastasia and Marcus would have second degree burns. It was a small price to pay, considering what the void spiders suffered.

Looking up, Anastasia saw that they were clear – for the moment. Behind her, Felius sprayed down a writhing spider with his flamethrower. He grinned that idiot grin of his.

"Well, here's a thing."

Anastasia didn't know whether to hug him or throttle him, until she noticed he had a spare flamethrower strapped to his back. Hugging won.

"Nice timing, mate. How'd you get past the things?" asked Marcus.

"I know places in this ship they haven't even found yet." Felius patted the bulkhead affectionately. He unfasted the second flamethrower and handed it to Anastasia. "Looks like it's your birthday. Let's go bake you a cake."

It was strange the way it seemed that Felius always ended up coming to the rescue at the last minute. Bookish, not-so-quiet, Felius.

Anastasia didn't have time to contemplate his luck. "A cake. I'd like that."

Welcome to *Horrors of the Void 0*. This book contains 17 monsters – 14 of which are entirely new – for your game of *The Void*. With these, you are now fully armed to unleash horrors that the Chthonian Star awakens.

Within, you will find new, terrifying creatures to populate your game of *The Void*, wherever you choose to play. Some you will find to be updates of classic Lovecraftian creatures, while most others are new creations – inspired by his vision, but crafted for the unique sci-fi setting of *The Void*.

You will also now find that the monsters presented in this book utilize all of the Monstrous Traits from *The Void Core*, which start on p. 200.

Here is a quick look at the horrors ahead.

Bhole

Gigantic burrowing worms, these monstrosities are more than capable of swallowing vehicles – or even buildings.

Cultist

There have always been those who have found themselves drawn to the worship of the Old Ones. New cults awaken as the Chthonian Star approaches, with new cultists for a new generation.

Deep One

Humanoid creatures from below the ocean, it is said that Deep Ones might be an offshoot amphibious race from humans.

Ghast

Strange humanoid creatures with kangaroo and man-like features, ghastrs seem to be native to Mars. They have slept for millennia, until now.

Ghoul

Eaters of the dead, ghouls feast on the corpses of mankind. However, they are not always so passive and sometimes they must create that which they eat.

Harbinger

Disembodied envoys that go out to prepare for the arrival of the Chthonian Star, Harbingers possess the living to sow chaos and destruction.

Hybrid

The bastard offspring of the Deep Ones and unfortunate humans, they can more easily fit in where their inhuman parents cannot.

Karrak'in

So-called “void spiders,” karrak'in feast on minerals out in the deep black. However, some of their favorite food flies through space, and woe be-tide the crew that picks them up.

Lashing Horror

Terrifying creatures burrowing under the ground, lashing horrors are best known by the flurry of tentacles they send up to capture their prey.

Metamorphosite

The ultimate adaptive lifeform, a metamorphosite can shapeshift into any creature it absorbs – and even takes on their memories.

Mi-Go

A bizarre combination of insect, crustacean, and fungus, the Mi-Go are the natives of the mysterious Pluto. They have often experimented on Earth, despite their almost religious connection to their home.

Myriad

Not all monsters are easily visible. The myriad are almost an alien disease, infecting hosts to bend them to their will.

Night-Gaunt

Strange flying things oft found in the void between worlds, the faceless night-gaunts are hunters that may have spawned the legends of demons.

Nyphelous

The nyphelous enjoy playing with their food. They can get into people's minds and make them see who they want to see, tormenting them into madness.

Seethari

Aliens that exist only to kill, feed, and reproduce, they require living things to host their young.

Spawn

Said to be the children of Cthulhu himself, the spawn are intelligent, willful, and malign – possessed of terrible power and capable of horrific things.

Terofex

Perhaps the origin of dragon legends, the terofex are large reptilian creatures who seek to devour anything in their paths.

Got Feedback?

We're all roleplayers here. When you're playing *The Void*, you're going to have feedback – whether it be questions, comments, or the awesome stuff you came up with while you're playing. We want to hear it. You've got two options. You can just fire off an e-mail to feedback@fearthevoid.com. Alternatively, you can jump into the pool on our forums and engage in conversation with both us and other players. Find them at <http://www.reddit.com/r/TheVoidRPG/>.

BHOLE

It feels like an earthquake. The ground shakes with an intensity that throws most of your fellows to their feet. As it grows more intense, you realize that something is coming up from underground, something very big. You try your best to run, but it's impossible to know where this thing will surface.

The ground kicks up in a massive cloud as the gigantic worm-like creature breaches the surface. The smell would hit you first, if it weren't for the vacc suit. It lets loose a deafening roar, blowing the cloud away. There it is, a deathly color, longer than several football fields, with a mouth filled with sharp, grinding teeth. You pause to wonder how such a beast could never have been seen before, but only for a moment. Then, all thoughts are pulled under the waves of sheer panic.

Bholes are gigantic worm-like predators

that burrow beneath the surface of planets, moons, and large asteroids. They are attracted to heat and vibration, the two standard signatures of prey. Their mouths are so large and powerful that they are capable of destroying or swallowing most atmospheric vehicles in one shot.

These monstrosities have mostly been encountered on the outer planets and in the Kuiper Belt, and are fortunately rare thus far. What is perhaps most disturbing is that no one knows how bholes wind up on planetary bodies. It seems that one minute the planet is clean; the next, there are bholes burrowing beneath it. Perhaps their larvae have been laying dormant or perhaps there is something seeding them throughout the solar system.



Bhole Game Statistics

Size: 300' - 500' long, 400 - 600 tons
92 - 152 m long, 363-545 metric tons

Habitat: Any Rock-like Substrate

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	2
Cleverness	2	Perseverance	15
Demeanor	2	Physique	40

Average Statistics:

Health	57	(57/114/171/228)
Speed	45 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Brawn 5, Athletics: Fitness 5, Defense 1, Freefall 2, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 3, Reaction 1, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Weapons: Bite (10d6 + Trigger + 20d6 for Physique)
Smash (8d6 + 20d6 for Physique)

Armor: Thick Hide (15/7)

Horror Factor: Hard

Special Abilities:

- *Burrower (x1)* – Bholes can dig underground at a rate equal to their running speed.
- *Earthquake* – As a bhole approaches the surface, it sends out shockwaves not unlike an earthquake. Anyone caught within the 30 yds/27 m extending from any side of the bhole must succeed at an Average Grace + Athletics: Coordination Test to stay on his feet.
- *Echolocation* – While not strict echolocation, bholes sense vibration.
- *Infrared Senses* – Bholes can sense in the dark.
- *Swallow* – Anything that can fit into a bhole's enormous maw can be swallowed, where it is ground to bits in the thing's innards. Any bite attack that results in a Trigger will swallow a target.
- *Void Dweller* – Bholes can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

CULTIST

CULTIST

It's then you realize that this person is not right. There is something in their intensity, something in the madness hidden behind their eyes that speaks to fanaticism. At first, you'd thought it was for something normal, like the pop culture obsessions of most people, but the conversation has turned a dark corner and he is not showing signs of slowing.

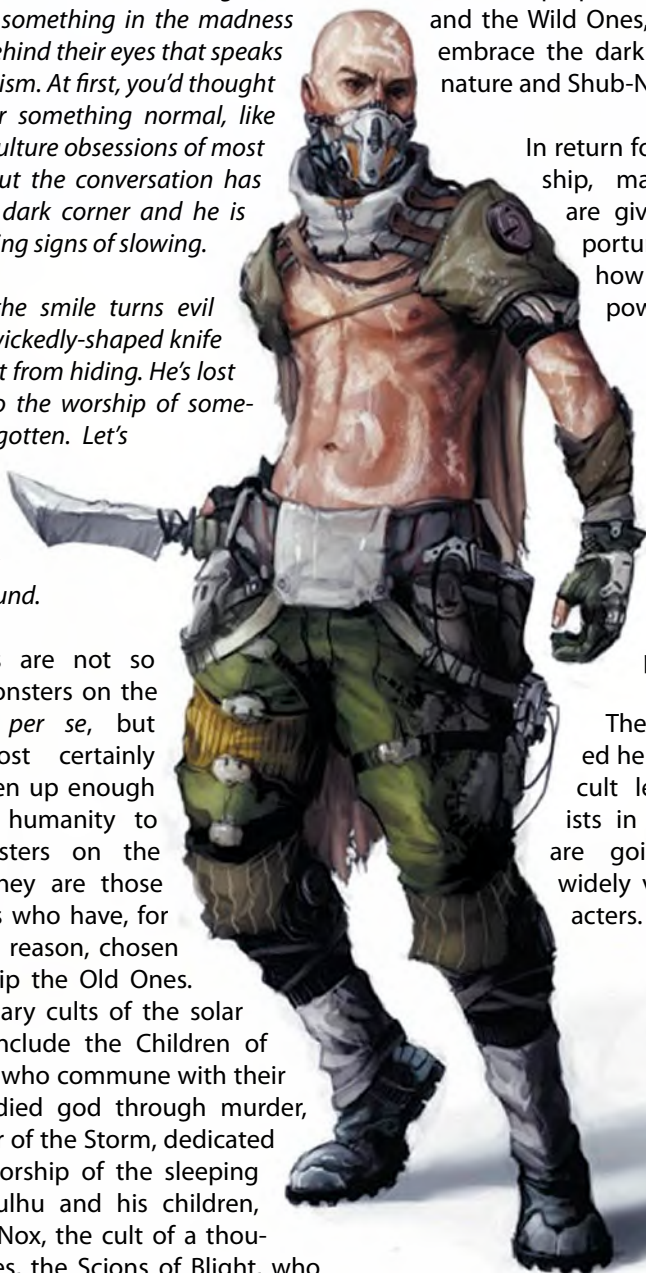
Then, the smile turns evil and the wickedly-shaped knife comes out from hiding. He's lost himself to the worship of something forgotten. Let's hope there aren't too many more around.

Cultists are not so much monsters on the outside, *per se*, but they most certainly have given up enough of their humanity to be monsters on the inside. They are those lost souls who have, for whatever reason, chosen to worship the Old Ones. The primary cults of the solar system include the Children of the Void, who commune with their disembodied god through murder, the Order of the Storm, dedicated to the worship of the sleeping god Cthulhu and his children, Primoris Nox, the cult of a thousand faces, the Scions of Blight, who

have heeded the call of the Unnamed in order to perpetuate suffering, and the Wild Ones, those who embrace the dark worship of nature and Shub-Niggurath.

In return for their worship, many cultists are given the opportunity to learn how to wield the powers of magic. Through their dark sorcery, they are capable of many amazing feats that defy easy explanation.

The cultist listed here is an elite cult leader. Cultists in your game are going to be widely varied characters.



Cult Leader Game Statistics

Size: 5' 10" tall, 180 lbs. (Male)
1.75 m tall, 82 kg

5' 5" tall, 135 lbs. (Female)
1.65 m tall, 61 kg

Habitat: Earth-like Atmospheres

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	3
Cleverness	4	Perseverance	5
Demeanor	4	Physique	3

Average Statistics:

Health	11	(11/22/33/44)
Speed	12 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Fitness 2, Deception 4, Defense 3, Guns: Handguns 2, Hand Weapons: Blades 3, Insight 4, Intimidation 4, Notice 3, Occult 4, Reaction 3, Persuade 4, Streetwise 3

Weapons: As normal weapons

Armor: As normal armor

Horror Factor: None

Special Abilities:

- *Skilled* – Assign another 30-50 points in skills for individual cult leaders, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Sorcerer* – Cult leaders inevitably have access to some kind of magic, whether it be spells or enchanted items.

DEEP ONE

DEEP ONE

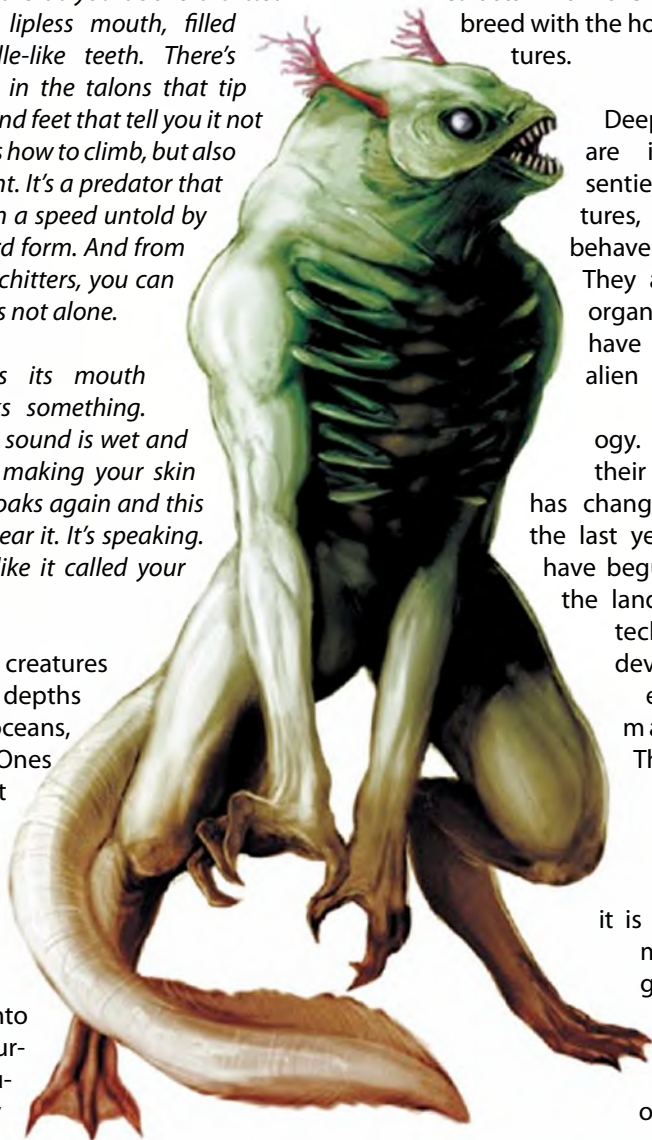
It is not the mer-folk of legend. The thing isn't quite fish or man or frog, but an alien combination of all those things. Gray rubbery flesh covers gaunt limbs and veiny flaps drape from its sides, like a stingray's wings. Large black unblinking eyes stare at you above a slitted nose and lipless mouth, filled with needle-like teeth. There's something in the talons that tip its hands and feet that tell you it not only knows how to climb, but also how to hunt. It's a predator that moves with a speed untold by its awkward form. And from the way it chitters, you can tell that it is not alone.

It opens its mouth and croaks something. The coarse sound is wet and smacking, making your skin crawl. It croaks again and this time you hear it. It's speaking. It sounds like it called your name...

Vulgar creatures from the depths of Earth's oceans, the Deep Ones represent what humanity might have become if it never crawled onto land during evolution. They

have, for the most part, quietly lived at the bottom of the sea, awaiting the return of their sleeping god. However, from time to time, the Deep Ones have come to land as they slowly pervert isolated fishing communities into sick cultists with the desire to breed with the horrific creatures.

Deep Ones are intelligent, sentient creatures, and they behave as such. They are highly organized and have their own alien forms of technology. However, their behavior has changed within the last year – they have begun to raid the land, stealing technological devices and expensive materials. The Deep Ones are clearly up to something and it is becoming more dangerous to be in the mother waters of Earth.



Deep One Game Statistics

Size: 5' - 6' tall, 200 - 230 lbs. (Male)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 91-104 kg
5' - 6' tall, 190 - 210 lbs. (Female)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 86-95 kg

Habitat: Saltwater Ocean, Coastal Earth-like Land

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	3
Cleverness	3	Perseverance	5
Demeanor	3	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	14 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 3, Defense 3, Guns (any) 2, Hand Weapons: Blades 2, Insight 3, Intimidate 3, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 3, Reaction 3, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Weapons: Bite (3d6 + 2d6 for Physique)
Claws (4d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: Hide (5/2)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Adaptable* – Deep Ones are capable of surviving in both terrestrial and alien saltwater ecosystems.
- *Amphibious* – Deep Ones can operate both on land and in the extreme depths of the ocean.
- *Echolocation* – Deep Ones can sense via sonar.
- *Infrared Senses* – Deep Ones can see in the dark.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 40-60 points in skills for individual Deep Ones, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Tool Users* – Deep Ones have technology all their own, as well as using that of humans.

GHOST

GHOST

With a powerful leap, it hits the floor, its ragged black talons scraping across the ground. Built like some awful cross of man and alien kangaroo, it bares its sharp teeth with a hiss. A ruddy coat of fine, dirty fur seems to cover the beast from the top of its head down its body, all the way to the tip of its powerful tail. Perhaps most disturbing is the creature's face, a hideous mockery of a human's. Sickly sulphurous eyes narrow as a forked tongue flits out of its mouth to lick its lips. It's clear you're on the menu.

The problem is, it's not this one you have to worry about. The others have snuck around while you were distracted, and you can hear their hisses in the shadows. The things are pack hunters. Damn.

Ghosts are disturbing kangaroo-like humanoid creatures that seem to be native to Martian soil. They have been waking up from their eons-long hibernation as the Chthonian Star approaches.

These creatures have a society all their own, complete with their own guttural language. They even appear to have technology that they are resurrecting as they come back into the world. For now, they seem content to steal human technology, but more of their own is popping up all the time. The ghost race is coming back, and these first are assessing how that might best happen.

In general, ghosts are reasonably intelligent, but they are very clever. They are pack hunters that instinctively know how to work together, much to the chagrin of their prey. While they can eat any kind of meat, they prefer the colonists of Mars – but will eat one another if necessary.

Ghosts have difficulty operating in sunlight, and prefer to come out only at night.



Ghast Game Statistics

Size:

6' - 7' tall, 180 - 220 lbs. (Male)
1.8 - 2.1 m tall, 82-100 kg

5' 6" - 6' 6" tall, 160 - 200 lbs. (Female)
1.7 - 2 m tall, 72-90 kg

Habitat:

Martian Plains & Mountains, Earth-like Atmospheres

Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	5
Cleverness	4	Perseverance	3
Demeanor	3	Physique	4

Statistics:

Health	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	18 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 3, Deception 2, Defense 2, Guns (any) 2, Hand Weapons: Blade 2, Insight 2, Language (any) 3, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Reaction 2, Stealth 3

Weapons:

Bite (3d6 + 2d6 for Physique)
Clawed Kick (6d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor:

Tough Hide (5/3)

Horror Factor:

Average

Special Abilities:

- *Adaptable* – Ghosts can survive and thrive in the thin atmosphere of Mars, as well as that of Earth.
- *Climber (x1)* – Ghosts can climb as fast as they can run.
- *Echolocation* – Ghosts can sense their environment like bats.
- *Juniper (x3)* – Ghosts can leap three times as far as humans.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 20-40 points in skills for individual Ghosts, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Tool-Users* – Ghosts can and do use human tools and limited technology of their own. They are capable of using many human weapons, as well as projectile weapons of their own design.

GHOUL

It shuffles around the corner, its beady black eyes narrowing as it sees you. Leprous-colored flesh stretches tightly over a wiry bipedal frame. It might be human, if it weren't for the almost canine snout. It drops what looks like a crooked club and it crouches down, growling.

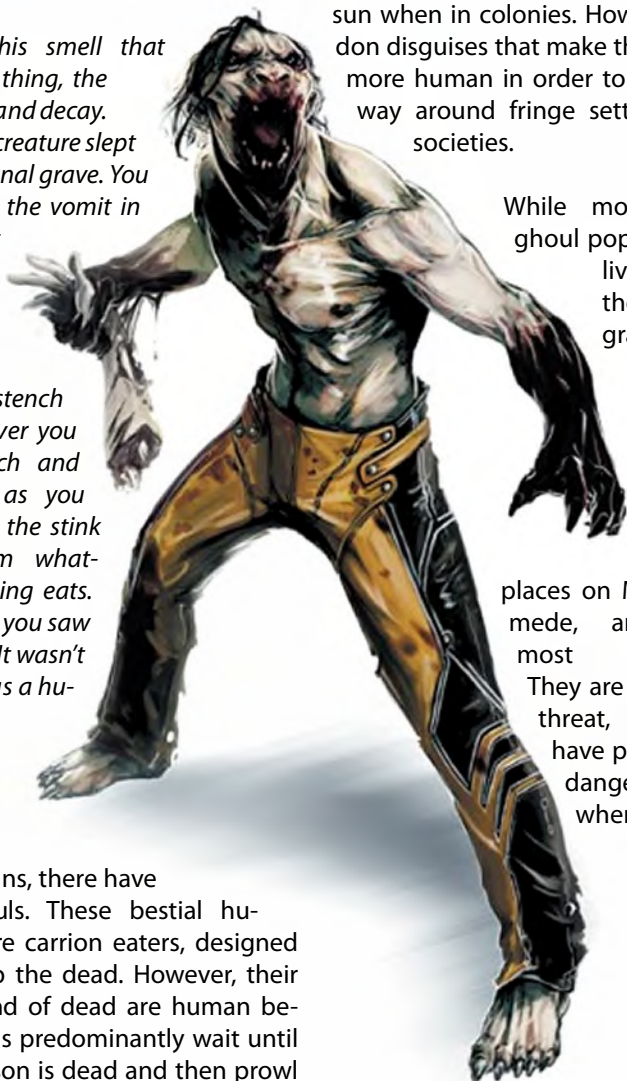
There's this smell that follows the thing, the smell of rot and decay. It's as if the creature slept in a communal grave. You choke back the vomit in your throat as it bares its sharp, ragged teeth. The wave of stench that rolls over you is too much and you retch as you realize that the stink comes from whatever this thing eats. That's what you saw in its hand. It wasn't a club. It was a human arm.

As long as there have been humans, there have been ghouls. These bestial humanoids are carrion eaters, designed to clean up the dead. However, their favorite kind of dead are human beings. Ghouls predominantly wait until after a person is dead and then prowl

in to pick the bones, but they are not above picking off stragglers, children, and pets.

Ghouls are mostly nocturnal, though out of necessity more than biology. They hide underground whenever they can, or at least in places out of the sun when in colonies. However, some don disguises that make them appear more human in order to make their way around fringe settlements or societies.

While most of the ghoule population still lives on Earth, they have migrated to any planet or moon with a colony of appreciable size. They have found places on Mars, Ganymede, and Triton, most particularly. They are not a great threat, but they have proven to be dangerous anywhere they are.



Ghoul Game Statistics

Size: 5' - 6' tall, 150 - 190 lbs. (Male)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 68-86 kg

5' - 6' tall, 100 - 140 lbs. (Female)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 45-64 kg

Habitat: Earth-like Atmospheres

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	3
Cleverness	3	Perseverance	4
Demeanor	2	Physique	5

Average Statistics:

Health	12	(11/22/33/44)
Speed	16 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Fitness 3, Defense 2, Freefall 2, Insight 1, Intimidate 3, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Reaction 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Weapons: Bite (2d6 + 3d6 for Physique)
Claws (1d6 + 3d6 for Physique)

Armor: Tough Hide (5/3)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Burrower (x1/2)* – Ghouls can dig underground at a rate equal to half their running speed.
- *Climber (x1)* – Ghouls can climb as fast as they can run.
- *Infrared Senses* – Ghouls can see in the dark.
- *Necrophage* – Ghouls subsist only on flesh that has begun to decompose.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 20-40 points in skills for individual Ghouls, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Subterranean Dweller* – Ghouls have a natural sense of direction and general position, and do not get lost underground or in confining spaces.

HARBINGER

HARBINGER

It has been weeks since you last saw John; he just disappeared from the station in the middle of his shift. Now you finally have information about a person who matches his description. After a chase, you have John in your sites. But something is wrong.

John turns around and steps into the light – but what stands before you is not him. His body is withered and blackened, almost as though it has been through a fire. His hands end in claw-like fingers. His face is ashen, the skin pulled tight over his forehead and cheeks. However, his eyes, although sunken within the skull, are John's – and they appear to plead for some kind of release.

"Yes, he is here," said the thing with John's voice. "He said you would come. How loyal a friend you are. I wish I could see that loyalty repaid, but that will not occur today."

The Harbingers are a race of energy creatures that sweep before the Chthonian Star searching for planets with sentient life. Soon after their arrival violence and destruction follows.

The Harbingers are a creation of the Chthonian Star itself. To accomplish their terrible tasks, Harbingers possess the bodies of sentient beings, trapping the victim's consciousness in a corner of his own mind.

Harbingers are not telepathic and cannot read the victims mind; they just inhabit the body of the victim. While the signs of such a possession are virtually undetectable to those around the victim in the early days, signs beyond the unusual behavior of the victim become apparent. His body begins to wither and desiccate, as well as taking on a decidedly unnatural hue. The victim is slowly transformed into a monstrous creature – though it is rare for a Harbinger to remain in the body long enough to see this transformation through to the end.

Fortunately not all are susceptible to being possessed. A Harbinger must fight for control when it enters a victim. There is no known rhyme or reason to the victims a Harbinger chooses. The end result is always the same though – the victim is forced to perform tasks completely out of character and that often result in death, destruction and chaos to those around him.



Harbinger Game Statistics

Size: 5'-10" tall, 180 lbs. (Male)
m/kg

5'-4" tall, 135 lbs. (Female)
m/kg

Habitat: Any sentient body

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	3
Cleverness	5	Perseverance	6
Demeanor	4	Physique	3

Average Statistics:

Health	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	12 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Fitness 2, Cryptozoology 4, Deception 3, Defense 3, Guns: Pistols 3, Hand Weapons: Blades 3, Insight 4, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 2, Occult 5, Persuade 3, Reaction 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2, Survival 2

Weapons: As normal pistols
Claws (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: As normal armor

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- **Possession** – a Harbinger can attempt to possess any sentient being. It must first leave its current host. Doing so will render the prior victim unconscious from the trauma of the departure. The Harbinger then enters the new victim. Each hour thereafter, the victim must make an Average Perseverance Test. If he manages to succeed four times in a row, he has fought off the possession and ejected the Harbinger. The victim will know that something happened, but not what unless he succeeds at a Hard Occult Test. During possession, the victim will be in a helpless, but conscious state. As soon as the victim fails one of these Tests, he will be fully possessed.

HYBRID

HYBRID

There's something wrong with her voice, though it's difficult to place. There's a menace that oozes from her every word, though there's no reason for that here. It's when she reaches up to pull back the hood of her coat that it starts to become clear. Her hand is grayish and waxy, something dark beneath her fingernails, and webbing that runs halfway up each finger. The hood slides back to reveal something that may have once been human, but no more. Coal black bulbous eyes stare coldly at you and her lips pull back in a snarl above abnormally pointed teeth. Perhaps most disturbing are the gills pumping on her neck...

When these abominations are born, they appear to be completely human. Nothing could be further from the truth. Hidden away in their genetic code is the DNA of their alien heritage, which

will one day manifest. Through years of transformation, they will become Deep Ones. The reason Hybrids even exist is because they mature into Deep Ones faster than Deep One babies, by centuries. It helps the undersea people keep their population growing, also giving them agents that can hide inside of, and interact with, society.

The transformation begins sometime during adulthood. Some transformations take only a matter of years, while others take decades. Regardless, there are three stages each Hybrid goes through. The first is called the Innsmouth Look, where the Hybrid's skin goes waxy, their eyes grow bulbous, and their hair thins. Hybrids begin to manifest inhuman traits, such as webbed digits and gills, in the second phase, but can still pass with the right disguise. Once a Hybrid reaches the third phase, he is more Deep One than man and has to hide from the world. It won't be long now.



Hybrid (2nd Stage) Game Statistics

Size: 5' - 6' tall, 180 - 215 lbs. (Male)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 82-98 kg

5' - 6' tall, 100 - 160 lbs. (Female)
1.5 - 1.8 m tall, 45-73 kg

Habitat: Any Earth-like Land, but mostly Coastal

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	3
Cleverness	3	Perseverance	5
Demeanor	2	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	14 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 2, Deception 3, Defense 2, Guns (any) 2, Hand Weapons: Blades 2, Insight 2, Intimidate 3, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Reaction 2, Stealth 2

Weapons: Retractable Claws (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: None

Horror Factor: Easy

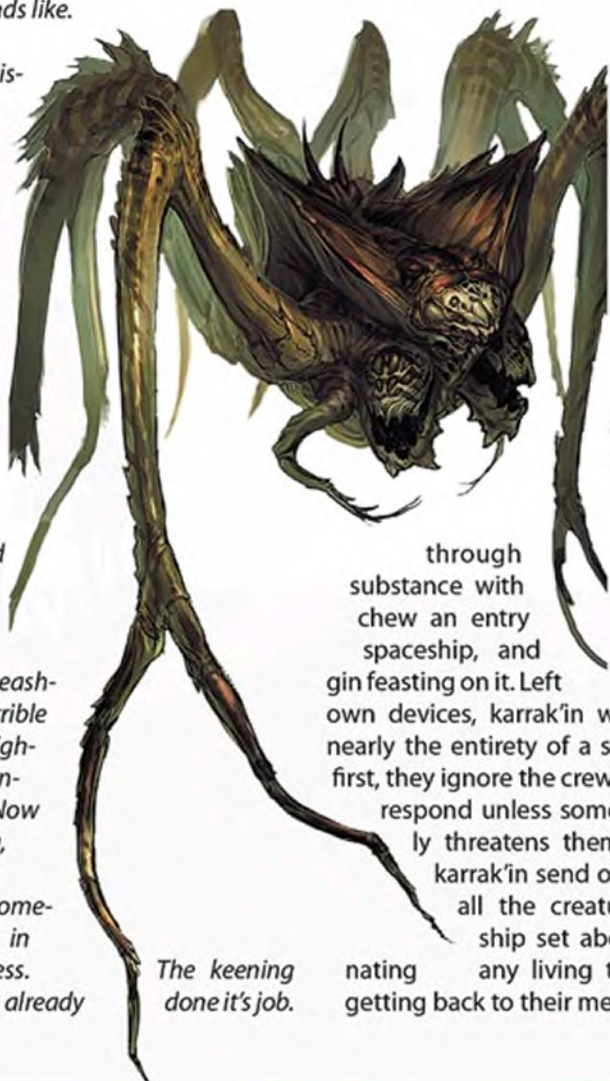
Special Abilities:

- *Amphibious* – Hybrids can operate both on land and in the extreme depths of the ocean.
- *Infrared Senses* – Hybrids can see in the dark.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 40-60 points in skills for individual Hybrids, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Tool Users* – Hybrids utilize Deep One technology, as well as using that of humans.

KARRAK'IN

Something clicks in the darkness. You shine your flashlight around, trying to find out what has entered your ship uninvited. There it is. It could be a spider, but no spider is that big. Easily a yard across, it is covered with rough black chitin and a host of legs. You can't see its face, as it appears to be eating. However, its fangs are ripping out chunks of metal from the bulkhead – or at least that's what it sounds like.

It seems disinterested in you, until you draw your pistol and take aim. Suddenly, its head snaps around as if on a swivel, revealing a multitude of eyes and several saw-like mouths. Then it unleashes this horrible sound, a high-pitched keening wail. Now behind you, all around you, more somethings click in the darkness. ends, but it's already



The keening done it's job.

Karrak'in are spider-like creatures that live in space, jumping from asteroid to asteroid to moon searching for food. They are immune to the vacuum, and launch themselves across the void using their powerful legs, maneuvering with gas pockets, hibernating for months at a time. While traveling, they appear to be just another chunk of space debris.

They consume minerals, which is what attracts them to spaceships. The karrak'in have mouths and salivary glands that allow them to chew nearly any ease. They into the then begin feasting on it. Left to their own devices, karrak'in will consume nearly the entirety of a spaceship. At first, they ignore the crew and will not respond unless something clearly threatens them. Then, the karrak'in send out a call and all the creatures on the ship set about exterminating any living thing before getting back to their meal.

Karrak'in Game Statistics

Size: 3' across, 40 lbs.
1 m across, 18 kg

Habitat: Space – Asteroids, Moons

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	5
Cleverness	1	Perseverance	7
Demeanor	2	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	16	(16/32/48/64)
Speed	18 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Brawn 3, Athletics: Coordination 3, Athletics: Fitness 3, Defense 3, Freefall 5, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 2, Reaction 3, Stealth 3, Survival 5

Weapons: Bite (3d6 + Poison + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: Chitin (10)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Climber (x2)* – Karrak'in can climb twice as fast as they can run on flat surfaces, and can cling to sheer surfaces like an insect.
- *Hallucinatory Poison* – Any Karrak'in bite that does damage to a person will deliver this poison. The victim must succeed at a Hard Perseverance Test. Those affected by the poison will soon begin to suffer mild hallucinations, which will ramp up to full-blown dissociative waking nightmares within an hour or so. Such victims will have difficulty making rational decisions or discerning friend from foe. This poison flushes from a person's system in six hours – if he can survive that long.
- *Infrared Senses* – Karrak'in can sense in the dark.
- *Void Dweller* – Karrak'in can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

LASHING HORROR

LASHING HORROR

The ground underneath your feet begins to rumble. It worms its way out of the ground, a horrific thing that looks like a tentacle a foot in diameter. It lashes around, like a maddened blind snake. Dodging the thing as it whips, you see out of the corner of your eye another, this one smaller. However, that's not all. Dozens begin to push up from under the ground all around you. Whatever is hiding underneath all this must be enormous. Unfortunately, it looks like you'll be finding out very soon.

A lashing horror is a creature that is capable of living anywhere in the solar system. It appears to be some kind of tentacled mass that can burrow through pretty much any kind of substrate, attracted to the energy and vibrations of living things. It is even capable of burrowing through metal.

While most assume that there is some kind of creature to which the tentacles are attached, no one has ever survived an encounter that would have provided conclusive evidence. Even sensor readings are garbled. What is certain is that a lashing horror has from eight to eighteen tentacles, ranging from a few inches to more than a foot in diameter. These tentacles hone in on the heat and vibrations of living things, which they then promptly try to kill. While most assume that this is so the creature can feed, lashing horrors display disturbing behavior. Some victims are pulled underground, whether whole or in pieces, where it is believed they are consumed. However, sometimes the creature appears to show up simply to rip perceived prey limb from limb, taking nothing at all for itself.

Lashing horrors are adaptable and immune to the vacuum of space and launch egg pods across the solar system to procreate. They can be found anywhere.



Lashing Horror Game Statistics

Size: Individual Tentacles from
6 - 20' long, 4 - 18" in diameter
1.8 - 6 m long, 10 - 46 cm in diameter

Habitat: Anywhere not super-heated

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	3
Cleverness	1	Perseverance	6 - 10
Demeanor	1	Physique	6 - 12

Average Statistics:

Health	15 - 25	(15-25/30-50/45-75/60-100)
Speed	18 - 30 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Brawn 3, Athletics: Fitness 3, Defense 2, Freefall 3, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Reaction 2, Survival 2

Weapons: Tentacles (3d6 to 6d6 + 3d6 to 6d6 for Physique)

Armor: Rubbery Hide (10/5)

Horror Factor: Average

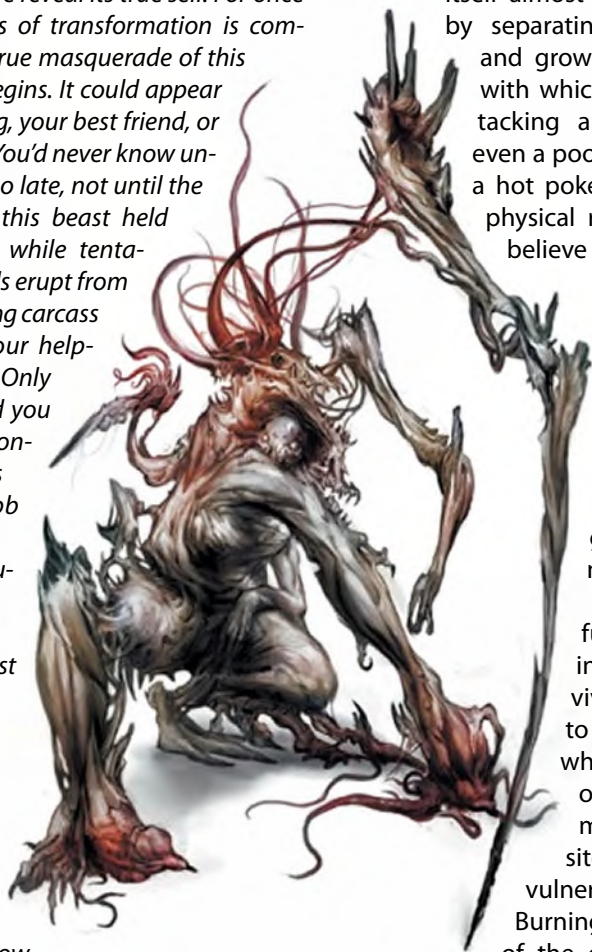
Special Abilities:

- *Burrower (x1)* – Lashing Horrors move underground at their normal running rate, and are capable of burrowing through nearly any substance.
- *Decentralized* – Treat each of a Lashing Horror's tentacles as if it were its own creature, with its own Grace, Perseverance, and Physique, as well as Statistics and Weapons.
- *Entangling Attack* – Any Lashing Horror tentacle attack can be entangling.
- *Infrared Senses* – Lashing Horrors can sense in the dark.
- *Void Dweller* – Lashing Horrors can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

METAMORPHASITE

METAMORPHASITE

It is the thing of nightmares – intelligent, cunning, alien, and malicious. To call it a shapeshifter would be far too limiting. Dripping flesh peels back, spurs of bone spring forth, newborn tentacles thrash violently, and a fang-filled maw rises upward from a mound of writhing tissue. Only within these few rib-crunching and blood-spurting moments does this creature reveal its true self. For once the process of transformation is complete, the true masquerade of this creature begins. It could appear as your dog, your best friend, or your wife. You'd never know until it was too late, not until the weight of this beast held you down while tentacled tendrils erupt from its morphing carcass to wrap your helpless body. Only then would you feel your consciousness begin to ebb as your life slips gradually away. Only then, in those last moments of silent screaming would you realize that everything about you was now ending only to be replaced by... it.



Nobody is sure if the metamorphasite is a single organism or a community of countless, rapidly evolving microorganisms. Few people believe that it even exists outside of barroom talk and urban legend. Yet supposed eyewitness accounts seem to mark the metamorphasite with certain common characteristics. It can transform

itself almost instantly, even by separating body parts and growing new limbs with which to move. Attacking any part of it, even a pool of blood with a hot poker, will cause a physical reaction. Some

believe that this is the only effective way to detect a metamorphasite from other organic life forms. It is highly adaptive, intelligent, and cunning. It relies

on subterfuge and stealth in order to survive – preferring to take a victim while alone. The one thing the metamorphasite is particularly vulnerable to is fire.

Burning every last cell of the creature is the

only way to make sure that it's completely dead.

Metamorphasite Game Statistics

Size: Variable

Habitat: Anywhere not super-heated, Natural unknown

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	Based on Form
Cleverness	5	Perseverance	7
Demeanor	4	Physique	Based on Form

Average Statistics:

Health	Form Grace + Form Physique + 7 (Minimum 9)
Speed	Variable (Form Grace + Form Physique)

Skills: Deception 5, Defense 3, Insight 4, Intimidate 4, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Odd Job 3, Reaction 3, Survival 3

Weapons: Acid Spray (4d6), Short Range
Pseudopods (1d6 + Half Score for Physique)

Armor: By Form, Minimum Hide (5/3)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Glider* – Metamorphasites can manifest membranes or wings to glide.
- *Deceiver* – Metamorphasites perfectly imitate other life forms, unless caught in the act of transforming.
- *Constrictor* – Once a victim is dead, the metamorphasite absorbs its kill within minutes.
- *Mimic* – Metamorphasites can transform into any life form they have ever absorbed within minutes. They absorb and manifest the knowledge, experience, and physical characteristics of their victims. These life forms must be approximately twice the size of a person or smaller.
- *Skilled* – Metamorphasites may be as skilled as humans, including advanced science and engineering.
- *Tool Users* – Metamorphasites can decipher and use all forms of technology.

MI-GO

MI-GO

It's almost as if evolution couldn't figure out what it wanted this creature to be. Diaphanous wings and segmented limbs make it seem like an insect, but the hard, spiky, wine-colored shell speaks of a crustacean. However, the budding mess that covers what should be its head is furry and cancerous like a fungus, though protruding in places to the point of cilia.

It moves as if it doesn't have a sense of up and down, with a maddening stuttering cadence. Pieces of that fungoid head lap out at the air like a snake's tongue. Worse is that you can almost make out words when it buzzes its wings...

The inhabitants of Pluto, the mi-go are creatures that came to this solar system millennia ago. Eventually, they came to serve the Old Ones and drove many other more noble races from these cosmic shores.

The mi-go are very, very alien. They do not operate

like other terrestrial life. The creatures are incredibly intelligent and technologically capable, but lack anything resembling emotions or what could be construed as ethics. To a human being, they appear to be emotionless and malevolent.

While they once lived on Earth, they now only travel to our blue-green planet to mercilessly experiment on people and to gather resources not found in their neck of the solar system – Pluto. They are the reason nothing gets near Pluto, a planet they revere in a religious fashion. Their legends foretell that the dwarf planet is part of something special that is

coming – now on its way. Though secretive until death, the mi-go might be the only race in the universe that

knows what's coming for sure.



Mi-Go Game Statistics

Size: 4' - 5' long, 10' wingspan, 120-170 lbs.
1.2 - 1.5 m long, 3 m wingspan, 54-77 kg

Habitat: Pluto, some parts of Earth

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	6
Cleverness	5	Perseverance	3
Demeanor	3	Physique	3

Average Statistics:

Health	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	18 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 2, Athletics: Flying 5, Defense 3, Insight 2, Investigate 3, Gun Combat (any) 2, Freefall 5, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 2, Odd Job 2, Reaction 3, Science: Life 3, Stealth 2

Weapons: Claws (3d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: Alien Hide (5)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Adaptable* – Mi-Go can adapt to pretty much any environment, given a few hours.
- *Climber (x1)* – Mi-Go can climb as fast as they run, and can cling to sheer surfaces.
- *Flyer (x1)* – Mi-Go can fly as fast as they run.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 40-60 points in skills for individual Mi-Go, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Tool Users* – Mi-Go have technology all their own, as well as using that of humans.
- *Void Dweller* – Mi-Go can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

MYRIAD

MYRIAD

"The whispers... they speak to you too, don't they? They didn't make sense at first, but they became clearer and more entrancing as time went by. What glories have they asked you to perform? How have you shown your love for the one who sleeps below? No. No!

No! I can see it in your eyes, they don't speak to you. You're not one of the chosen. Not yet, anyway. Let me show them to you..."

- Final video recording of an interrogation of a murder suspect on Titania. Neither the suspect nor the interrogator have ever been seen again.

Not all monsters shamle through the night with claws and horns. One of the most insidious threats to humanity so far is a creature no larger than a blood cell. The Myriad seep into the blood stream of unsuspecting hosts and multiply until they are able to influence the mind of their new puppet. To the victim, it starts with whispers, soft voices at the edges of the room.

Making no sense at first, they seem to care more than anyone the host has known before in their lives. Then, as the Myriad acclimate, the voices speak to the glories about to unfold before the faithful. While the Myriad can never completely take over their hosts, they can convince even the most strong-willed person to commit horrifying acts of depravity in service to their unknown masters.

This alone would make the Myriad threat enough for humanity, but they will not allow themselves to be caught. In such an event, the creatures convert the energy in the host body, forcing it to become a dreadful protoplasmic blob. If this wasn't bad enough, the process of converting the body turns it incredibly acidic. The Myriad will attack anyone in the vicinity as long as their physical form remains intact.



Myriad Game Statistics

Size: Microscopic

Habitat: Atmosphere of Uranus

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	3 (as Blob)
Cleverness	5	Perseverance	6
Demeanor	3	Physique	6 (as Blob)

Average Statistics:

Health	As Form, 15 as Blob	(15/30/45/60)
Speed	As Form, 18 mph as Blob	

Skills: As Host

Weapons: As Host, Blob (3d6 + 3d6 for Physique)

Armor: As Host, Blob (15)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Adaptable* – Myriad can survive in cold environments with thin atmospheres, like Uranus or Neptune, as well as Earth-like atmospheres.
- *Infection* – A potential host must succeed at a Hard Perseverance Test when exposed to the Myriad. Once infected, the host must succeed at an Average Perseverance Test to resist compulsion each day. The Difficulty for this Test increases to Hard after one week and to Legendary after two weeks. There is no known cure for Myriad infection.
- *Protoplasmic Blob* – If a Myriad host is threatened and is forced to reveal itself, it will covert its host to an acidic protoplasmic blob. Anything that touches it takes the listed damage above. Myriad can convert back to their normal host form when the danger is gone.

NIGHT-GAUNT

NIGHT-GAUNT

It is almost a demon of legend. Slick obsidian skin covers an almost humanoid creature, though its legs bend backwards like a wolf's. Giant membranous wings sprout from its back, flapping gently as it lands. It doesn't so much move

as flow, with an almost blurring as if the creature wasn't entirely tied to three dimensions.

Worse, it makes almost no sound as it does. Horns jut from its head, as well as wicked barbs from its serpentine tail. It is clearly some kind of predator. However, it's the creatures face that is most terrifying – or it's lack of one. Smooth, shiny skin covers its head. It has no eyes, no ears, no mouth, no nose, but it seems to see and hear just fine. Looking into face is like looking at a dark reflection of

Night-are the kind of that make
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where

seem to have no home in particular, and most think that night-gaunts exist in this solar system because sorcerers have summoned them from beyond.

These creatures are stealthy, intelligent hunters, found lurking wherever human beings have settled in sufficient numbers. They are especially found anywhere with an appreciable cultist population – particularly around Jupiter and Saturn. Night-Gaunts also can travel between planets on their own, their wings carrying them on the solar winds in an almost mystical sense.

One of their most unusual traits is their touch – which puts whatever body part they touch to sleep. The loses use wherever the night-gaunt touches suffers the intense pins and needles sensation of such a thing.

victim then
of a limb, and
the night-gaunt touches suffers the
intense pins and needles sensation of
such a thing.

Night-Gaunt Game Statistics

Size: 6' - 7' tall, 10' wingspan, 160-180 lbs.
1.8 - 2.1 m long, 3 m wingspan, 73-82 kg

Habitat: Any Atmosphere, Vacuum

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	6
Cleverness	4	Perseverance	3
Demeanor	1	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	13	(13/26/39/52)
Speed	20 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Flying 3, Defense 3, Freefall 3, Insight 2, Natural Weapons 2, Notice 3, Reaction 4, Stealth 5, Survival 4

Weapons: Claws (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique)
Horns (3d6 + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: Alien Hide (5/3)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Debilitating Touch* – The touch of a Night-Gaunt puts body parts to sleep. The more the Night-Gaunt beats the victim's defense roll by, the more important the body part. While the torso or the head are distracting, the touch will cause the temporary loss of limb use. This effect lasts for 1d3 minutes. The victim also suffers an intense pins and needles sensation, causing a -2 Die Penalty to all Tests for the duration.
- *Flyer (x3)* – Night-Gaunts can fly three times as fast as they run.
- *Special Senses* – Night-Gaunts can see and hear without eyes or ears, including being able to sense in the dark.
- *Void Dweller* – Night-Gaunts can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

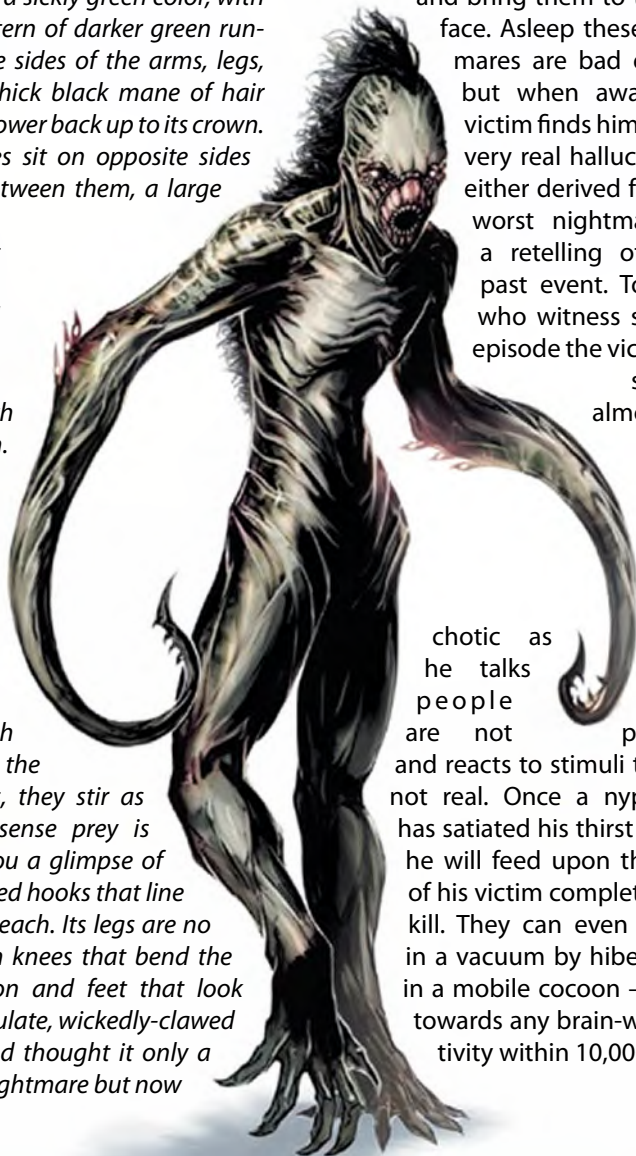
NYPHELOUS

NYPHELOUS

From the shadows it looks almost human, though it walks with a gait decidedly alien. It is, however, only from the shadows that it appears nearly human. As it steps into the light, you hear the gasps of dismay of those around you. The creature is a sickly green color, with a mottled pattern of darker green running along the sides of the arms, legs, and torso. A thick black mane of hair runs from the lower back up to its crown. Two small eyes sit on opposite sides of its head. Between them, a large round mouth, with lips that seem to have been peeled back from its jaw, is filled with ragged teeth. What you thought were limp arms in the shadows turn out to be a pair of tentacles sprouting from each shoulder. As the creature nears, they stir as though they sense prey is near, giving you a glimpse of the small barbed hooks that line the bottom of each. Its legs are no less alien, with knees that bend the wrong direction and feet that look more like articulate, wickedly-clawed hands. You had thought it only a figment of a nightmare but now it is very real.

Oftentimes referred to as a Night Terror, these creatures feed upon the fear and stress of their victims before feasting upon their flesh. Intelligent, they dive into a victim's mind searching for phobias or horrific memories and bring them to the surface.

Asleep these nightmares are bad enough but when awake the victim finds himself in a very real hallucination, either derived from his worst nightmares or a retelling of some past event. To those who witness such an episode the victim can see almost psy-



chotic as he talks with people who are not present and reacts to stimuli that are not real. Once a nyphealous has satiated his thirst for fear he will feed upon the flesh of his victim completing the kill. They can even survive in a vacuum by hibernating in a mobile cocoon – drawn towards any brain-wave activity within 10,000 miles.

Nyphelous Game Statistics

Size: 5' 9" - 6' 6" long, 210-240 lbs.
1.75 - 2 m long, 95-109 kg

Habitat: Any Non-Corrosive Atmosphere, Vacuum

Average Attributes:

Awareness	3	Grace	4
Cleverness	3	Perseverance	4
Demeanor	4	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	13	(13/26/39/52)
Resilience	12	(12/24/36/48)
Speed	18 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 3, Deception 4, Defense 3, Fraternize 4, Freefall 2, Insight 4, Intimidation 4, Language (any) 3, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 2, Persuade 4, Reaction 3, Seduction 4, Stealth 2

Weapons: Bite (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique),
Tentacles (3d6 + Entangle + 2d6 for Physique)

Armor: Alien Hide (5/3)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- **Coercer** – Nyphelous may convince anyone that is friendly towards it to perform any action that is not immediately life-threatening. This requires winning a simple Deception vs. Perseverance Contest.
- **Deceiver** – A Nyphelous can choose any one target within 50 yds/45 m. It can then appear to be anyone the target knows or has known. Everyone now sees the Nyphelous as that person, until it chooses another victim to deceive.
- **Entangling Attack**– A Nyphelous can use its tentacles to entangle.
- **Telepathic** – A Nyphelous can sense the greatest fears and tragedies or any person within 50 yds/45 m.
- **Void Dweller** – A Nyphelous can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

SEETHARI

SEETHARI

The emergency lights flash off of its black, almost bio-mechanical skin. It's as big as you, without the lashing tail whipping through the air behind it. It is clearly a creature of death, with sharp claws at the end of every digit, the blade tipping its tail, and the mouth filled with rows of teeth. You can't tell if it should move on two or four legs – it seems to be both – as it crouches and leaps an impossible distance towards you. Its jaws open, dripping thick ooze, and it hisses. Suddenly, a stinger-like tongue lashes out and stabs you in the belly. The pain isn't as bad as the sensation that something was just pumped into your innards. God only knows what...

Seethari are horrible creatures that are capable of hibernating for centuries in the cold vacuum. They are usually brought aboard ships or stations as part of salvage or mining, whereupon they awaken with two urges – to eat and to procreate. They, in fact, seem to have no other reason for being – other than to bring horror in their wake.

Seethari reproduce in a disturbing manner. Each is asexual and seeks to implant a tiny embryo into a living host using its stinging tongue. Once implanted under the skin, it makes its way to the digestive tract. There, it feeds on what the host eats (who seems to be hungry all the time), for

the next three to five days. Then, properly gestated, it starts to move its way down the digestive tract, ultimately ripping its way out of the victim's colon and anus. The victim usually dies, while the baby skitters out into the world. However, this can

be stopped, but only while the baby is painfully moving to be born – while gestating, it will kill the host if removed. This brief ten minute window is all there is to remove the angry baby seethari and save the host.



Seethari Game Statistics

Size: 4' - 5' tall, 120 lbs.
1.2 - 1.5 m tall, 55 kg

Habitat: Any Atmosphere

Average Attributes:

Awareness	5	Grace	4
Cleverness	3	Perseverance	7
Demeanor	2	Physique	4

Average Statistics:

Health	15	(15/30/45/60)
Speed	16 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Coordination 3, Defense 3, Freefall 3, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 3, Reaction 4, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Weapons: Bite (2d6 + 2d6 for Physique)
Claws (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique)
Tail (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique + Entangle)
Tongue (1d6 + 2d6 for Physique + Implantation)

Armor: Chitin-Like Hide (10/5)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- *Climber (x1)* – Seethari can climb as fast as they can run.
- *Embryonic Implantation* – When stung by a Seethari's tongue, a Character must succeed at a Hard Perseverance Test. Failure means the embryo enters the Character's body and moves to his digestive tract. Within three to five days, the embryo will mature and begin to move down the digestive tract. This is the only time it may be removed. This can be done once every 48 hours, if the creature is eating properly.
- *Entangling Attack* – Seethari can use their tails to entangle opponents.
- *Juniper (x3)* – Seethari can jump three times as far as a comparable human.
- *Infrared Senses* – Seethari can see in the dark.

SPAWN

SPAWN

The shadow in the storm is at least twenty feet tall. Paralyzed, you can't help but wait for it to reveal itself. Its movement is alien, a stuttered uneven gait. Its lithe, smooth body ripples with power. Tentacle-like tails thrash out behind it, furling and unfurling, revealing hooks hidden within the suckers. Perhaps most frightening, however, is its head, round and with eyes peering out over a mass of tentacles that seem to move as if each were alive in and of itself. It pauses, as if sensing something in the air. Then, suddenly, it takes off into the sky on giant bat-like, or maybe manta ray-like, wings, flying high into the clouds overhead.

You may have survived, but you will never be the same.

There is perhaps no creature that exemplifies the Old Ones like the spawn. Most learned occult scholars believe that the spawn are made in the image of the great Cthulhu itself, tentacled monstrosities with a fiendish intelligence.

These creatures are often associated with cults, where they are sometimes the object of worship. They are strangely active with the Order of the Storm, and where spawn go, Deep Ones are sure to follow. Worse yet, spawn are capable of molding the power of the cosmos. Their knowledge of sorcery and magic is frightening.

Thus far, the spawn seem to be a phenomena restricted to the outer planets and the Kuiper Belt. It is rumored that there are several living in the storms of Neptune, but these rumors are dif-

ficult to substantiate given the nature of that planet's surface.

Madmen claim that there are at least a

few spawn on Earth, but that is a horror few wish to know. One thing is for certain – they seem capable of traveling through the void of their own volition, much in the same way as night-gaunts.



Spawn Game Statistics

Size: 20' tall, 40' wingspan, 2 tons
6 m tall, 12 m wingspan, 1.6 metric tons

Habitat: Nearly Any

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	4
Cleverness	4	Perseverance	8
Demeanor	3	Physique	12

Average Statistics:

Health	24	(24/48/72/94)
Speed	32 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Fitness 3, Athletics: Flying 4, Deception 3, Defense 3, Freefall 3, Insight 5, Natural Weapons 4, Notice 3, Reaction 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Weapons: Tentacle Lash (2d6 + 6d6 for Physique+ Entangle)
Tentacle Whip (1d6 + 6d6 for Physique)

Armor: Alien Hide (15/7)

Horror Factor: Hard

Special Abilities:

- *Adaptable* – Spawn can adapt to pretty much any environment, given a few hours, as well as any terrestrial or alien saltwater ecosystems.
- *Climber (x1)* – Spawn can climb as fast as they run, and can cling to sheer surfaces.
- *Echolocation* – Spawn can sense using sonar.
- *Entangling Attack* – Spawn can use their tentacles to entangle.
- *Flyer (x2)* – Spawn can fly twice as fast as they run.
- *Infrared Senses* – Spawn can sense in the dark.
- *Skilled* – Assign another 40-60 points in skills for individual Spawn, in addition to the basic skills listed here.
- *Sorcerer* – Spawn often have access to magic, whether it be spells or items.
- *Telepathic* – Spawn can speak directly into someone's mind, transcending all lingual barriers.
- *Tool Users* – Spawn have technology all their own, as well as using that of Deep Ones and humans.
- *Truly Amphibious* – Spawn can operate underwater as well as above.
- *Void Dweller* – Spawn can survive in thin atmospheres or the vacuum of open space.

TEROFEX

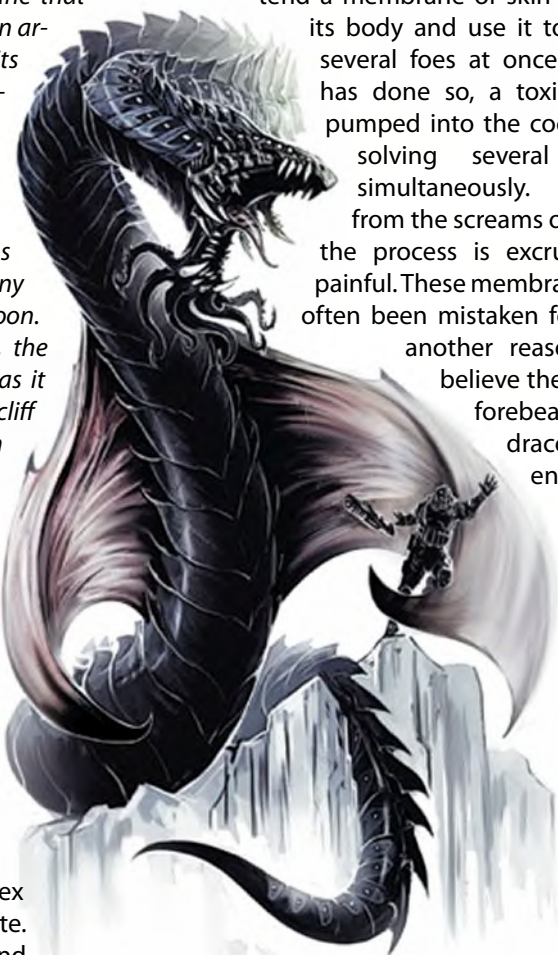
TEROFEX

Long have you read about dragons, but you never thought you'd ever see one for real. They are myths, or so you keep telling yourself as you stare down the hinged jaw of that myth given form. Its serpentine body is nearly fifteen meters long and nearly as thick as a man is tall. Its broad, pyramidal head is dominated by three jaws lined with dagger-like teeth. As some scared soul strays too near the beast, it suddenly unfurls a wing-like membrane that was hidden within an armored spine along its back. The wing envelops him and a thick vile substance fills the membrane, melting armor and skin alike as he screams in agony from within the cocoon. As the screams die, the beast fiercely roars as it leaps off a nearby cliff and glides away on the wind.

Some say the terofex is what gave rise to the legend of dragons. These monstrous beasts have lain dormant for millenia, only rising on occasion to feed before vanishing into the dark. Terofex are rage incarnate. They live to kill and

they prefer to kill as much as they can in as short a period as they can, gorging themselves on flesh and eliminating anything in their environment they see as a threat. Despite their size, they are incredibly fast and agile – a feature that allows them to close in on a victim before said victim can react. When attacking a victim, it likes to encircle and constrict them with its body. If amongst multiple targets it can extend a membrane of skin out from

its body and use it to enwrap several foes at once. Once it has done so, a toxic acid is pumped into the cocoon dissolving several targets simultaneously. Judging from the screams of victims, the process is excruciatingly painful. These membranes have often been mistaken for wings, another reason some believe they are the forebear to the draconic legends that can be found in almost every culture.



Terofex Game Statistics

Size: 45' - 55' long, 2 tons
14 - 17 m long, 1.8 metric tons

Habitat: Earth-Like Forest or Mountainous Regions

Average Attributes:

Awareness	4	Grace	4
Cleverness	2	Perseverance	10
Demeanor	2	Physique	20

Average Statistics:

Health	34	(34/68/102/136)
Speed	48 mph	

Skills: Athletics: Brawn 4, Athletics: Coordination 4, Athletics: Flight 4, Athletics: Speed 4, Defense 3, Natural Weapons 3, Notice 2, Reaction 3, Survival 2

Weapons: Bite (6d6 + 10d6 for Physique)
Cocoon (2d6 + 10d6 for Physique + Special)
Constrict (2d6 + 10d6 for Physique)

Armor: Scales (10/5)

Horror Factor: Average

Special Abilities:

- **Cocoon** – A terofex can engulf up to three targets that are no more than 5.5 yds/5 m apart, using its gliding membranes. Make attacks against each target individually. Once cocooned, victims suffer 2d6 (+ 10d6 for Physique) damage each turn. Victims may make unarmed attacks (or using small blades), but these attacks do only half damage. They may also try to escape by making a Hard Physique Test.
- **Constrictor** – A terofex can also wrap victims up in its coils.
- **Glider** – A terofex may glide on its membranes.

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- Best Supplement – *Gold Winner*
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- Best Interior Art – *Finalist*
- Best Game – *Finalist*

ORIGINS AWARDS

- Best Game – *Silver*



WILDFIRE
Igniting Imagination



THE STYGIAN CYCLE

The Stygian Cycle is an epic campaign taking Warden Characters to every corner of our solar system, played out over a series of turn-key published adventures. Released monthly, they'll provide all you'll need to keep your group excited and engaged for a quite a while.

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Here's a quick look at the first four adventures of *The Stygian Cycle*.

Awakening I: Barsoom

Trouble brews in the small mining colony of Presidia, found deep within the Martian Canals of the Outback. Things have begun to go missing – now people as well. The Wardens are assigned to investigate, as this seems like more than a simple mystery.

Awakening II: Venusian Sunset

Venus is a corporate world with a caustic atmosphere. Now a rash of murders and the increase of the drug trade have gone beyond where authorities can handle them. While not normally the domain of the Wardens, the Unified World Council thinks there may be something more underneath the surface.

Awakening III: The House Always Wins

Troy, a pleasure city often thought of as the Las Vegas of the Outer Planets. Three days ago a collection of ten bodies was found arranged in a neat circle in the center of the main thoroughfare. They all show signs of radiation burns from the inside out. The Wardens must find the source of this atrocity, while keeping the ever-important flow of tourism going.

Awakening IV: Turbulence

The weeks long journey from Saturn to Jupiter is not without its share of perils, including stellar bodies, debris, pirates, and the cold vacuum of space. However, none of these are what plague the Wardens, stuck on a civilian transport. Sometimes the dark things in the solar system come knocking without warning.

UPCOMING SUPPLEMENTS

There are many exciting supplemental books coming up for *The Void*!

Horrors of the Void I: Monsters

The *Horrors of the Void* series introduces you to more of the fascinating and terrifying creatures that are awakening in the solar system.

Ecological Footprint I: Jupiter

The *Ecological Footprint* series provides in-depth looks into the different planets of our solar system, with more setting, adventure seeds, and character options. This first installment explores Jupiter – most especially the Gallilean Moons of Callisto, Europa, Ganymede, and Io.

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The *Tools of the Trade* series explores new kinds of technology and provides new gear, weapons, vehicles, and more to add to your game.

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This second installment of the *Ecological Footprint* series explores the Republic of Saturn and its key colonies – Dione, Enceladus, Hyperion, Rhea, Tethys, and Titan.

Vessels of the Void: Spaceships

This volume greatly expands the roster of spaceships for *The Void*, including expanded stats, customization, and rules for spaceship combat.

Ecological Footprint III: Kuiper Belt

This third installment of the *Ecological Footprint* series explores the vast frontier of the Kuiper Belt, far out at the edge of what we know.

Characters Unbound I: Talents

The *Characters Unbound* series introduces new options for Characters of all kinds, with this volume focusing on a much expanded list of awesome Talents.



THEY WAIT AND WATCH IN THE DARK

Before induction into the Wardens...

"I don't sleep anymore." The words broke from Anastasia, shattered and dry, as she glared darkly upon Dr. William Walker. 'What I killed that night a year ago doesn't exist.' Your words, doctor. So I reasoned, I self-medicated, I convinced myself it was an animal, moved on, and rebuilt something resembling a life. I worked hard to bury the memory. I was good to go. And then, yesterday, I boarded the Astoria and walked over the bodies of the crew. Eighteen of them, mutilated. Then, it all came back to me. Every crushing detail. Every horrifying moment. I guess I should be grateful. Now I know the truth."

Anastasia sipped from the cool water glass curled in her fingers. It tasted like the only pure thing left in the universe. She could lose herself in its chilling simplicity, but it was time to burn Dr. Walker with a dose of unforgiving reality – "Something's coming for us."

The Void is an original Lovecraftian hard sci-fi horror setting.

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- Enter into the mind of the monster – 46-pages revealing the truths of many new horrors lurking in the solar system.
- Expanded information for monsters featured in *The Void Core*.



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