

THE NIGHT MARKET

(An adventure set in Clark Ashton Smith's Zothique)



*Speak, o lord of the Seven,
O black-browed conqueror,
Of things arcane;
Whispered words in times preternatural
Chanted by firelight, voices inhuman
We would have that wisdom,
Of hallowed worm
Fattened on festering brain
Speak,
Make thyself flesh, that we may hear*

--Invocation to Thasaidon

The Players (Major NPCs)

King Syrtim

Ruler of Irzei, a much-dissipated youth already addled by the pleasures of court. He entreats the Heroes for aid when his family crypt is plundered and the remains of his royal forebears stolen.

Salar Sahat

A professional corpse-finder from the deserts of Tasuun. Wizedened like the liches he seeks, Salar bears a black vulture on his shoulder, its throat ringed in the manner of a fishing cormorant, and a leashed jackal. He frequents the Night Market.

Badiq

One of the great necromancers of Uz-Haddath. No longer human, he wears a loose turban concealing two large protrusions from his temples. Badiq's lust supersedes the mortal realm; he maintains a harem of ancient, cadaverous queens, lamia, and succubi, presided over by the demon eunuch **Gaja**.

Thion Orchaik

Another necromancer, so besotted by staring at the heavens his eyes have withered in their sockets. A sequin-sized wound has sprouted from his forehead; it can occasionally be seen to blink. He and Badiq have formed a friendly rivalry over the centuries. Thion keeps a garden of ultra-terrene flora, and a bevy of nightgaunts called down from the forlorn star, Achernar.

START

Tossed like chaff on the winds of misfortune, the Heroes arrive at the city of Irzei. Though pleasant enough, with mansions of green-hued marble and teeming plazas, the settlement lies hard in the shadow of Uz-Haddath, a much larger necropolis so ancient, its obelisks were leaning before the fall of King Ossaru's empire.

The inhabitants of Irzei seem to live in a perpetual daze, fortified by cups of Yoros-wine infused with poppy. They neither turn their eyes towards nor mention word of looming Haddath, though at night strange howls can be heard among the ruins, and even moonlight seems to spare touching the scattered dolmens and cenotaphs.

At first, our Heroes may well question why anyone would choose to live on the borders of such a haunted relic, but soon Irzei's prosperity becomes clear. The city rests atop a series of natural springs, and lies at the concourse of caravan routes from Zul-Bha-Sair and Ummaos. Further, the hills nearby are heavy with veins of purple sapphire, sought by optimates throughout the continent of Zothique.

A KING BECKONS

Not long after their arrival, the Heroes are summoned to the court of King Syrtim. His 'palace' is actually a sprawling garden of silk pavilions, surrounded by pomegranate trees and tall cyprus. At the garden's center stands a *titan arum*, a corpse flower the height of two tall men, giving off a stench so pungent the giant bloom can be scented from far off. Still, there is something cloying about the odor, such that Syrtim's courtiers are content to circle the blossom in an endless pavane, pausing only to dip their cups in fountains of splashing wine. The procession seems not unlike the march of carrion beetles, or ashen-winged moths orbiting a flame. On closer inspection, the courtiers can be seen to have wrapped their feet in lengths of silk, bloodied from the near-constant tread.

PCs are immune to this 'charming' scent as long as they don't spend too much time near the corpse flower. If they dally for a day or longer, they need to pass a Mind check. Ranks in careers requiring willpower like Soldier, Slave, or Worker can be added to the check; 'decadent' careers like Noble or Sorcerer act as a *negative* modifier. If failed, the character will be drawn to join the pavane, thinking of little else. He or she can be pulled away by companions, or spend a Hero Point to overcome the effects.

A young man with a wan face and saffron-colored robes quits the endless circuit and approaches the Heroes. King Syrtim swiftly introduces himself before launching into his predicament, as if mindful of the time spent away from the giant blossom.

"A fortnight ago, the royal crypts below these grounds were violated, and the remains of my progenitors stolen, still wrapped in their finery. The loss burdens me, and I shudder to think what uses their corpora may be put to." He turns for the briefest of moments to glance at Uz-Haddath. ***"My footman will tell you more. Forgive me, but I must return to the weighty matters of court."***

With that, Syrtim hurries back to his place in the pavane. A stout footman, his nose and mouth wrapped with a protective scarf, guides the Heroes towards the far edge of the garden. At the crypt's entrance, a set of worn marble steps leads down to a decorative iron gate. The bars of the gate are gnarled outwards, and the lock shattered as if wrenched open with great force.

Any PC examining the site can make a Moderate (0) Mind check to deduce the gate was opened from the *inside*.

The footman removes a lanthorn from a hook nearby and lights it, before coaxing the Heroes further. Along one wall of the crypt, flickering light reveals a line of waxen death masks. Shadows make the empty eyeholes seem to move. Along the other wall, a half-dozen niches have been carved into living rock, large enough to accommodate a body and the accoutrements of moneyed death. Each niche lies bare as an infant's mouth.

"Pray mark these well," the footman says, again directing his light upon the masks. ***"So that memory may prompt, if you should find the bodies elsewhere. As to reward: Good Syrtim will allow access to the royal lapidary, where you each may lay hands on as many purple sapphires as you can carry. Or is there some other recompense you desire?"***

Syrtim has authorized the footman to negotiate on his behalf. He wants the bodies returned in as intact shape as possible. If asked, the footman concedes to having no idea who or what could have taken them, or for what purpose. He suggests the answers may be found ***"among the ruder elements of the polis."***

THE TWILIGHT TRADE

Irzei lacks not for the usual assortment of wine shops, bawdy houses, gambling parlors, opium dens, and other iniquitous establishments; its citizens, in fact, seem preoccupied with distraction. The news of King Syrtim's loss has rippled outwards from his fairy gardens, and certain sly faces, by dint of brightening eyes and tightened lips, seem to know more than they would reveal.

PCs can attempt to hunt for rumors in the city. Have them make Appeal checks modified by Ranks in Thief, Mercenary, Assassin, or Temptress careers. The Carousing Boon also comes in handy. On any success, the Heroes hear whispers of the 'The Night Market,' a secret location where trafficking in human remains is conducted. The PC rolling highest also learns that a certain disreputable tanner, who occasionally moonlights as an embalmer, may know more about the Market.

A trail of speculation and innuendo leads to the vats of **Yekta Faush**, surrounded by the eye-watering reek of his trade. Though possessing the saturnine features one would expect, his brisk manor and occasional glances at money pouches seems to hint of an avaricious streak.

Yekta can be intimidated or otherwise coerced for information, but bribery is the easiest route. Any checks involving money are made at +2. On a success, he takes PCs into a back room where several fresh corpses lie on biers. Blood is being drained from the bodies into stone troughs. None of the pale faces resemble the death masks seen previously.

“There is a place,” he begins, “not far from these environs where, on nights when the moon is slim as a fingernail paring, certain agencies trade for corpora, in all states of composition. I should add that some of these ‘dead’ are still numbered among the living, being heavily drugged.”

“It is quite possible the mummies of good King Syrtim’s line would be brought to this place, known in the colloquial as ‘The Night Market.’ And, as it happens, tonight the moon is on the cusp of rebirth--just the time when this unhallowed agora should open its stalls.”

Yekta will offer to show Heroes to the market himself, during daylight. The entrance is behind a butcher’s shop nearby. An offal-strewn alley leads to a section of city wall, rebuilt after being toppled. Screened by brush, a narrow tunnel wends through the rubble to a vacant lot just the other side of the wall. The sand here has been meticulously swept to erase traces of footprints.

Bordering the lot on three sides is a second ‘wall’ of rusted pikes and sun-rotted spear shafts thrust into the ground. Just beyond this crude barrier looms the necropolis itself; Uz-Haddath, sprawling with mausoleums stacked like step-pyramids, labyrinths of lesser tombs and charnel houses. A hot desert wind blows across the ruin, carrying with it the corpse-breath of moldering bone. Clearly, the Night Market lies in a liminal realm.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Come nightfall, Uz-Haddath stirs towards wakefulness. Faint scratches echo from the leaning stones. Hinges creak, as if myriad coffins are disgorging their contents.

From Irzei come sounds as well; the stealthy tread of footfalls. Sly-faced men emerge from the wall’s cleft, their features partially hidden by cowls and flowing robes. They bear litters laden with slack forms, long wooden staves and bolts of cloth to erect stalls, as well as covered troughs and canopic jars. Both Yekta Faush and his neighbor the butcher can be glimpsed among them, though they pretend not to recognize the Heroes.

Salar Sahat is also with this group. He wears a black linen burnoose, though the hood is thrown back to reveal his lined face clearly, as if he alone considers his trade honest. On sighting the Heroes, the vulture perched atop his shoulder lets out a croak, and he gives an amiable nod.

The first customers from Uz-Haddad appear. They come loping, stooped as if ready to run on all fours. Strangely, these new arrivals wear only the choicest vestments, scavenged from the dead nobility of a hundred generations. Canine-like muzzles, thick with yellowed teeth, protrude beneath the brims of silken hats, and rheumy gold flashes from furred throats. These are the *ghuls*, the Eaters of the Dead. Their rotting velvet capes, ebon walking sticks, and winding shrouds worn like stoles form a sea of ancient finery, but even these sartorial specters give respectful distance to another group. Men and women, some clothed only in the semblance of youth, amble towards the market, listless as poets. Their flesh gleams sallow like old marble, but their lips glow the ruddy carmine of blood-drinkers.

Among the living, hands rub in anticipation. Cloth is snatched away to display wares: corpses, mostly fresh, a few bloat-fattened; stone jars brimming with exsanguinations, and viscera, laid out on slabs like choice cuts. The inhabitants of Uz-Haddath offer ancient coins and other treasures looted from tombs. There is a natural dickering even death cannot erase, as would-be buyers point out flaws. Finally, the unholy transaction is consummated, and lucre passes into living hands.

A crowd gathers around the prize of the night: a maiden with hair the color of struck copper. She does not lie completely still, however. Her chest rises as she draws breath in a drugged slumber. The *ghuls* and *afrit* evince little interest, but the vampires, in particular a tall, saturnine woman, seem ready to contest each other with bared teeth. The maiden's vendor licks his lips and opens the bidding.

Allow for PCs reactions to this sacrifice of an innocent. Salar Sahat clearly doesn't approve; he scowls, but makes no move to disrupt the business of the Night Market. The vampiress, Deji, and her brother, Narseh, will fight to protect their claim to fresh blood, but neither the merchants of Irzei nor the other creatures of the Market will intervene if violence breaks out - there is no solidarity here. If combat goes against the vampire siblings, they will dissolve into ochre clouds of foul-smelling dust and drift away. Award the player who *first* made a move to protect the maiden a Hero Point. If PCs fail to intervene, Salar Sahat will not be as friendly or helpful in the dialogue presented below--you may wish to amend portions appropriately. In either case, he is willing to speak with PCs if they approach and question about the theft of Syrtim's ancestors.

The liche-finder grins as the Heroes draw near. **“By Mordiggian’s balls, I like how you handled that sorry piece of business,”** he says, stroking the ears of his pet jackal. **“Transactions like that give the Night Market a bad name. I sometimes wonder what this world is coming to, when honest corpse-traffickers are forced to witness such practices.”**

(If asked about the remains of King Syrtim’s family).

“Well, I don’t see any royal dead on the docket tonight. Mind you, there’s not much call for older merchandise. Occasionally, necromancers come here seeking such mummies--they like to interrogate them for bits of antediluvian wisdom.” He claps his hands. **“There’s a thought! If anyone made off with poor Syrtim’s family, I’d wager a pile of plague-victims it was a necromancer. They don’t have to actually *steal* the corpses, you see. Just call their spirits back from the nighted gulfs, have the bodies come lurching to them.”**

(If asked about any likely necromancers in the vicinity).

“Hmmm, well they’re everywhere these days, aren’t they? But I can think of two: Badiq and Thion Orchaik. Both of ‘em touched in the head.” He nods towards Uz-Haddath. **“Badiq likes dead doxies and Thion’s gone blind from squinting through a telescope. I’d say one of them is your culprit.”**

(If asked about the dangers of the necropolis, or where Badiq and Thion reside, specifically).

“I’ve only been there a couple times, myself. Purely business. It’s bad enough, even in the daytime. Stick to the Great Causeway; there’s a procession of triumphal arches you can follow. Both necromancers live just beyond the seventh one. Thion’s place has an observatory tower and Badiq’s renovated an old temple to Alila. You can’t miss ‘em. Remember to keep your eyes straight ahead, lest you see something crawling from the shadows your brain can’t erase. Above all, don’t listen to any cries for help, cajolements, threats, pleadings, or urgent promises of fleshly bliss. The place is crawling with lamia.”



IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD

The Heroes, no doubt steadfast despite the menace overhanging Uz-Haddath like a pall, enter the great necropolis. Likely they will do so by daylight, though even the desert sun here seems muddled by unseen clouds. The spirits of the dead are so thick they form a haze; occasionally silhouettes or faces will manifest, whispering in long forgotten languages. Will-O-the-Wisps can be glimpsed out the corner of the eye. At night, the ruins become a tableau of the phantasmagoric, a veritable underworld, as sepulchers vomit forth glowing green fogs, and cadres of skeletons can be heard dancing in the near-distance, their bony feet clicking against flagstones like manic castanets.

You can expand the adventure at this point, adding encounters before the Heroes come upon Badiq and Thion Orchaik. Giant skeletons with people trapped inside their ribcages, skulking ghouls, ghosts on a mission of vengeance, bored vampires, would-be treasure hunters from Irzei, and orgiastic rites to Tsathoggua are all possible.

Because of the enormous concentration of spiritual energy accumulated here, all spells cost one Arcane Point less and have their Difficulty reduced by 1.

As described, a Great Causeway bisects the necropolis, leading through seven triumphal arches. Each resembles a different leering demon's mouth, symbolic of Thasaidon's conquests over the Seven Levels of Hell. Beyond the last arch, the causeway splits left and right, one branch leading to a gaudily-painted temple of several tiers, the other a walled compound with a brass tower topped by a minaret.

THE MANSE OF BADIQ

The temple, reminiscent of an earlier Faith when the sun glared vigorous and yellow, is covered with painted statuary of demons and voluptuous women, engaged in imaginative modes of coupling. There are no guards or sentries; the huge brazen gate leading inside is unbarred. Such a lack of precaution strikes an ominous tone, as if even the creatures of Uz-Haddath are hesitant to approach this place.

The chambers within are decorated with rosy frescoes of Alila, 'queen of perdition and goddess of all iniquities,' as she journeys through the underworld on a series of erotic adventures. Incense of camphor and jasmine fills the labyrinth rooms; necessary, as said chambers are also packed with the members of Badiq's harem. Comely queens of ages past, preserved by powdered natron, rub shoulders with the occasional lamia, vampire, and succubus, all bedecked in cloth-of-gold robes. Each chamber includes various couches, divans, beds, pools of scented water, racks filled with unguents, and enormous hookahs.

Any male PC smoking a hookah has to make a Strength check at -1 or be afflicted by swollen priapism. This uncomfortable state confers a -1 Agility penalty until it wears off in d6 hours.

Whilst searching through the temple, our Heroes are soon approached by the demon eunuch **Gaja**. This fearsome creature stands 8', his crimson flesh stippled with black spiral tattoos. Over one shoulder he bears a great tulwar. Despite his sudden appearance, Gaja does not seem surprised to see intruders. In fact, he won't engage in hostilities unless attacked, or to prevent vandalism of Badiq's property. If spoken to, he explains in a cultured voice his master has been expecting them, and presents a number of gilded invitations.

O Great Heroes

(Insert names and epithets here)

**Your presence is requested at the funerary
amphitheater of Wouvaan.**

My servant can show you the way.

A gala event is planned!

If asked about the 'gala event,' Gaja only mutters "It's just Badiq and Thion up to their old rivalries," and rolls his eyes. He refrains from further comment.

If asked about Syrtim's family directly, Gaja explains he has not seen "any new inventory" added to the harem as of late, but invites Heroes to satisfy their curiosity by checking further, if they wish.

The topmost level of the temple contains a small shrine made from blocks of black granite, protected by a stout iron door. This portal is shut tight, though no locks, keyholes, hinges, or handles are discernable. Inside lies Badiq's rather Spartan sleeping chamber and his collection of magical accoutrements.

Badiq opens the door by use of a First Magnitude spell, likely unknown to the Heroes. Gaja will fight, albeit reluctantly, to protect his master's shrine from being plundered.

THE MANSE OF THION ORCHAIK

A 15' wall, made from a mongrel assortment of stone scavenged elsewhere in the necropolis, rings this estate. There is no obvious means of ingress.

Climbing the wall is an Easy (+1) Strength or Agility check, as the rude construction allows for cracks and handholds. There is a small gate hidden by a Second Magnitude spell to appear as a section of wall, though it's barred on the other side. Thion usually enters/exits the compound via nightgaunt.

The courtyard surrounding the observatory tower presents a bizarre sight; rather than paved stones, it supports a garden of flora never glimpsed before on this planet. Swaths of ebon-black flowers predominate, though in places grows a giant fungus reminiscent of brain coral, swirling through strange metallic colors as the breeze blows across its convoluted surface. There is also a profusion of knotted vines, tangled like mating snakes, pulsing a sanguine blue or red alternately, as if pumping blood for some massive heart-shaped root buried below. A path wends its way through this unlikely menagerie, and besides it stands a sign:

MIND THE PLANTS

Though certain leaves, trees, and vines will sway menacingly towards the Heroes as they thread the path, remaining on the trail should prove safe. The real danger is the black flowers; treat them as Slith (Lemurian vampire flowers--see Mythic rulebook pg. 136).

Past the garden lies the base of the 100' tower, which appears to have been formed from a single casting of brass. Branch-like protrusions extrude the length of the tower's gleaming surface, and perched upon them are what seem like faceless black statues of bat-winged gargoyles. On closer inspection, the 'statues' can be seen to swish their barbed tails in the manner of restless cats.

These nightgaunts are all beholden to Thion. They will not attempt to ‘tickle’ or otherwise molest the Heroes. Instead, a single ‘gaunt hops down from its perch and approaches on noiseless feet. A silver chain around the creature’s neck bears a piece of parchment. Obliging, it leans close so the missive can be read.

Heroes,

Your coming has been foretold by various celestial portents, and is fortuitous indeed.

Would you know more, pray allow my servitors (harmless, in their own way, and mute besides) to convey you a short distance to the amphitheater of Wouvaan, where refreshments stand ready and a great spectacle is about to unfold.

***Thanks in advance, your humble colleague,
Thion Orchaik, esq.***

The Heroes may accede to Thion’s summons at once, or opt to search his massive tower. An open archway of chased silver stands nearby. The tower’s bottommost level consists almost entirely of a massive orrery, grinding through perambulations. This particular arrangement of planets will likely not strike the Heroes as familiar.

The orrery displays the system of glowering Achenar; only PCs with Ranks in Sorcerer or Scholar have a chance of recognizing it. The vicious plants and creatures of the Achenar system have long been a favorite of discerning wizards.

Inset along the wall are several mirrors fashioned from polished obsidian. Several depict nothing more than cold stone, but others are bright with bizarre landscapes and alien architecture. Some of the vistas include:

+ A plateau with an elaborate castle, apparently carved from living rock. In the darkening sky, four moons are visible. (Xiccarph, from 'The Maze of Maal Dweb.')

+ A rime-covered fishing village, menaced by an iceberg the size of a mountain. (Hyperborea, from 'The Ice-Demon.')

+ An expanse of ashen-colored hills, rising between vales where rivers of liquid metal flow. The sky is greenish-black and aglow with a set of triple rings arcing across. (Cykranosh, from 'The Door to Saturn.')

+ A desert plain. Enormous worms erupt from mountainous dunes, while birds made of metal flutter a safe distance above. (Arrakis. Not CAS, but your players will probably get the reference).

At the GM's option, these mirrors can act as one- or two-way portals, though this will greatly expand the scope of the adventure. Thion normally uses them to gather his specimens.

Also winding along the wall is a staircase of porphyry steps, leading to dizzying heights above. Presumably at the top lies the minaret observatory with its attendant astrological devices.

Thion has placed a Third Magnitude spell on the staircase, to the effect intruders become progressively more disoriented the farther they ascend. At some point, PCs will literally become 'turned around,' and eventually realize they are *descending* to the ground floor.

"'TIS ALL A CHECKERBOARD OF (KNIGHTS) AND DAYS . . ."

Whether escorted by the demon Gaja, borne aloft by nightgaunts, or wandering on their own accord, our Heroes eventually come upon the scalloped-shaped amphitheater of Wouvaan. This grandiloquent structure had been intended to stage funerary combats, in which gladiators fought to the death for interment alongside their masters, adding spice to what might otherwise be a boring ceremony. In present times, Badiq had Thion have converted the space to their own use.



The stage area has been inlaid with a giant *shatranj* (chess) board, large enough to accommodate individual 'pieces' of revived dead. Kings, Queens, Viziers, Pikemen, Cataphracts, Magi --all are present in orderly rows, costumed and adorned to their station, though there are some notably empty spaces in the front ranks.

A Moderate (0) Mind check will identify royal pieces as the mummies stolen from King Syrtim. Typical gamers, Badiq and Thion are sticklers for authenticity.

Arrayed on opposite sides of the board are piles of satin cushions. Sitting atop them, attended by liveried cadavers, are Uz-Haddad's most prominent necromancers. At sight of the Heroes, they both rise and approach with obvious relief. Badiq waves to an ebony table laid out with unleavened black bread and pitchers of wine, while Thion launches into formal greeting.

"At last! The stars had told me you would be arriving forthwith. Finally, Badiq and I may begin our little game. We've played draughts before to settle various wagers, but never on a scope like this! You may have noticed we are missing a few pieces--we need stalwart heroes to fill the gaps. Come, refresh yourselves before taking your places. I see you've already brought suitable raiment and *apparatus belli*. Perfect! Now, need I point out, once the action starts you must follow our commands to the letter. If the rules dictate you slice up your boon companion, well, so be it. Rules are rules, after all."

Badiq swigs from a crater of wine and belches, before adding: **"Is that hesitation I'm sensing? Kindly take your sup and get to the board at once. Alive or dead, fate demands you play out our game."**

The necromancers, used to unflinching servitude, won't brook any disagreements. If PCs prove hostile, Badiq summons Gaja in a puff of sulfurous smoke, and Thion calls down his favorite nightgaunt. Next round, the wizards draw their enchanted arthame and wade into battle, intending to revivify the heroes after they slay them.

PCs who otherwise cooperate will, at some point during the game, find themselves having to kill each other and/or dismember the mummies Syrtim sent them here to recover. Stratagem and resolve are required!

END GAME

If the necromancers are killed, their magnificent estates likewise lapse into ruin. Thion's tower topples, as his xenomorphic garden withers and the nightgaunts wing into extra-dimensional space. The statuary gracing Badiq's temple shed their gaudy pigments before crumbling to dust, and the dead among his expansive harem follow suit.

For his part, King Syrtim will reward Heroes honorably if presented with the (identifiable) remains of his family.

Of course, if the Heroes are slain or captured by Badiq and Thion, they may well be cursed to an existence of endless shantraj games, until the sun winks out and plunges the world into frigid darkness . . .



APPENDIX A: NPC STATS, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

King Syrtim

Attributes	Combat Abilities:
Strength 0	Attack: +1
Agility 0	Damage: d6L, knife
Mind 1	Defense: 0
Appeal 1	Protection: 0
	Lifeforce: 5

Syrtim is a Rank 2 Noble, with the Cravings (corpse-flower scent) Flaw. Ironically, he'd make a decent ruler if not so preoccupied.

Yekta Faush

Attributes	Combat Abilities:
Strength 0	Attack: +0
Agility 0	Damage: d3, as per Rabble
Mind 0	Defense: 0
Appeal 0	Protection: 0
	Lifeforce: 3

Treat as Rabble. Yekta is a Rank 1 Worker with the Greedy Flaw.

Salar Sahat

Attributes	Combat Abilities:
Strength 1	Attack: +1
Agility 0	Damage: d6+1, scimitar
Mind 1	Defense: 1
Appeal 0	Protection: 1 heavy robes
	Lifeforce: 6

Salar is a Rank 1 Nomad, Rank 1 Hunter with the Beast Friend and Desert Born boons. When menaced, he can call on 2d3 of his 'brothers' (Rank 1 Nomads, all Rabble) for aid.

Ghul

Attributes	Combat Abilities:
Strength 2	Attack: +2
Agility 2	Damage: d6
Mind 0	Defense: 0
	Protection: 0
	Lifeforce: 10

Re-skinned necrophages (see Mythic, pg. 130), though they've been Nerfed somewhat as there are so many in this adventure. If the PCs end up fighting ghouls *en masse*, you may wish to use Rabble stats instead.

Deji and Narseh, Vampires

Attributes	Combat Abilities:
Strength 3	Attack: +3
Agility 1	Damage: d6
Mind 0	Defense: 2
	Protection: d6 unholy vitality, not vs. fire, silver, or consecrated weapons
	Lifeforce: 11

Apathetic nosferatu, jaded after centuries of unlife. Both are Rank 2 Nobles. Deji has the power to cast the First Magnitude spell Compel (see Mythic, pg. 148), and both can turn to mist in order to flee. If brought to 0 LB or lower, they won't 'die' unless staked through the heart or decapitated (causing their bodies to wither away in d3 rounds).

Gaja, Lesser Demon

Attributes

Strength 4
Agility 1
Mind 1
Appeal 0

Combat Abilities:

Attack: +5
Damage: d6H+4, tulwar
Defense: 1
Protection: 0
Lifblood: 24

Gaja has the powers of Speech and Teleportation. Though a monstrous bruiser, he's less than thrilled about being forced into the shape of a eunuch, and goes about his servitude to Badiq with a notable lack of punctilio.

Black Roses of Achenar (Slith)

The narcotic perfume of these flowers can knock humans unconscious if they get too close; anyone not holding their breath has to make a Strength check at a cumulative -1 penalty per round to avoid succumbing. The thorny stalks of the flowers then latch on and begin sucking 1 Lifblood away every other round, until the victim is pulled free.

Nightgaunts

Attributes

Strength 4
Agility 2
Mind 0

Combat Abilities:

Attack: +3
Damage: d6 grab or tickle*
Defense: 2
Protection: 0
Lifblood: 20

*Make a Mind check or be unable to act next round + drop weapon

These winged, totally silent creatures are used mainly as a mode of transportation, but will fight if commanded to by their master.

Badiq and Thion Orchaik

Attributes

Strength 0
Agility 0
Mind 4
Appeal 0

Combat Abilities

Initiative 1
Melee 1
Missile 0
Defense 2

Lifblood: 10
Villain Points: 5 / Arcane Points: 15
Protection: 1, heavy robes
Attack: +1 arthame*
Damage: d6*

Boons/Flaws

Power of the Void
Enchanted Weapon
Learned (Thion)
Carousing (Badiq)
Unsettling
Absent Minded
Lustful (Badiq)
Obsessed (Thion)

Careers

Scholar 2
Priest 0
Alchemist 1
Sorcerer 3

*Enchanted dagger; does d6 damage, ignores armor, and grants a bonus die on attack rolls. Can be thrown with a 10' increment.

Both of these sorcerers have lived hundreds of years, extending their lifespans through the use of powerful necromantic magic. Originally sworn enemies, they have long since forgotten what they were fighting about, and now, with the exception of their servitors, prefer only each other's company.

APPENDIX B: PRE-GENS**Zobal the Archer****Attributes**

Strength 1
 Agility 2
 Mind 1
 Appeal 0

Combat Abilities

Initiative 0
 Melee 0
 Missile 3
 Defense 1

Lifeblood: 11
 Hero Points: 5
 Protection: d6-2, chainmail vest
 Attack: +2 melee, +5 missile
 Damage: d6+1 bow, d6+1 sword

Boons/Flaws

Mighty Shot
 Battle Harness
 Alert
 Distrust of Sorcery
 Hunted

Careers

Worker 1
 Soldier 2
 Rogue 0
 Mercenary 1

A former trusted warrior of King Hoaraph, Zobal decided to break from his liege-lord's service after Cushara, his longtime friend, took the hand of the maiden Rubalsa. Zobal and Cushara had originally been sent out at the King's request to procure Rubalsa for himself. Zobal eventually overcame his resentment of Rubalsa's choosing Cushara over him.

Zobal's various encounters with the supernatural have taught him to be suspicious of sorcery, though he still carries d3 magic arrows originally enchanted by the court magician, Amdok. The arrows confer a bonus die and do an extra d6 damage when used against demons. (From 'The Black Abbot of Puthuum,' by Clark Ashton Smith).

Cushara the Pike-Bearer**Attributes**

Strength 2
 Agility 2 (0)
 Mind 0
 Appeal 0

Combat Abilities

Initiative 0
 Melee 3
 Missile 0
 Defense 1

Lifeblood: 14
 Hero Points: 5
 Protection: d6, bronze plate + Thick Skin
 Attack: +3 melee, +0 missile
 Damage: d6H+2 pike, d6+2 sword

Boons/Flaws

Trademark Weapon
 Hard to Kill
 Thick Skin
 Obsessed (finding Rubalsa)
 Hunted

Careers

Worker 1
 Soldier 2
 Rogue 0
 Mercenary 1

Cushara is the gruff companion to Zobal, fellow soldier and sharer of fantastic adventures. His beautiful spouse, Rubalsa, was stolen by a magician named Reza Tepp, and now the twain scour the continent of Zothique trying to find her.

Cushara's trademark weapon is his trusty pike, which he has sworn to flesh in the body of the aforementioned sorcerer. (From 'The Black Abbot of Puthuum,' by Clark Ashton Smith).

Satampra Zeiros of Uzuldaroum (Transported from Hyperborea)

Attributes

Strength 0
Agility 2
Mind 1
Appeal 1

Combat Abilities

Initiative 1
Melee 1
Missile 0
Defense 2

Lifeblood: 10
Hero Points: 6
Protection: none
Attack: +3 melee, +2 missile
Damage: d6L, dagger

Boons/Flaws

Favored by the Gods
Sneaky
Silver Tongue
Missing Right Hand
Greedy

Careers

Merchant 1
Alchemist 0
Scholar 0
Thief 3

Satampra had given up adventuring, after losing his right hand and partner-in-crime Tirouv Ompallios to a Spawn of Tsathoggua. However, he was tempted into "one last caper" of stealing an enchanted mirror from a High Priestess of Yhoundeh, and through a series of unfortunate incidents, wound up being transported forward in time to Zothique.

Since his arrival, Satampra has swiftly mastered the local dialects and is now attempting to find a means of conveyance back to his own time. (From 'The Tale of Satampra Zeiros,' and 'The Theft of the Thirty-Nine Girdles' by Clark Ashton Smith).

Princess Ulua, Sorceress of Miraab

Attributes

Strength 0
Agility 1
Mind 2
Appeal 1

Combat Abilities

Initiative 0
Melee 0
Missile 0
Defense 4

Lifeblood: 10
Hero Points: 5 / Arcane Points: 12
Protection: none
Attack: +1 melee, +1 missile
Damage: d6L, dagger

Boons/Flaws

Attractive
High-Born
Magic of the Sorcerer-Kings
Lustful
City-Bred

Careers

Noble 1
Seductress 1
Sorcerer 2
Rogue 0

A former femme-fatale and daughter to the doting King Famorgh of Miraab, the capital of Tasuuun, Ulua was forced to give up her pampered lifestyle when disaster struck Miraab. She now wanders, taking the occasional lover as she contemplates a return to high station.

Ulua's sorcery centers around beguilement and illusions, as well as the summoning of lesser demons. (From 'The Witchcraft of Ulua,' by Clark Ashton Smith).

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