

THE BOOK OF
GAUB

A Lost Pages book



Issue thirteen

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Cum superiorum privilegio veniaque



*A finger trails the letters across a dusty tome.
A finger points the way down a dark haunted alley.
A finger feels for the pulse of life on a long decayed corpse.
A finger scratches the floorboards beneath your feet.
A finger chewed down to a white bone.
A finger that is not there.
A finger catches a shed tear and slides it into a bottle.
These are the Seven Fingers of the Hand of Gaub.*



The Hand of Gaub is an oft-felt but rarely seen presence, the filigree silk of cobwebs, the chilling breath of autumn's first winds. Some believe they can bend the hand to their whims, to extend their reach through and beyond the cracks of the world. You are one of them, dear reader, one to whom fear and taboos are only foolish tales to limit the search for power. You did not heed the warnings.

You should have listened.



AN INTRODUCTION TO GAUB

Introduction The Book of Gaub is a collection of 49 micro-fictions and spells without levels in the style of *Wonder & Wickedness* and *Marvels & Malisons*, also published by Lost Pages. The spells are accompanied by catastrophes, paraphernalia, monsters, and adventure hooks.

The contents are presented in a mostly system neutral manner, available to anyone who wishes to tempt fate by taking the Hand of Gaub.

Where to find
Gaub Spells (1d10)

1. Carved into the bottom of a long abandoned steamer trunk.
2. Burning in the dark, appearing letter by letter, pressing on your closed eyes for long enough.
3. Read from live entrails. You must read quickly! Upon death, they will disappear.
4. Decoded from the symbology of a dying insomniac's sleep-deprived hallucinations.
5. Replacing the memories lost to repeated trepanning.
6. Whispered into your ear after tossing your severed finger into a barren wishing well.
7. Nailed to a mile marker, at a crossroad with no signs. At sunrise they'll be gone.
8. On the inside of your pet turtle's shell.
9. Hidden in the old, curving blueprints of abandoned sewers.
10. In a forgotten mausoleum, listening to the muffled whispers coming from the floor, where nobody should be buried.



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THE FINGERS OF GAUB

The Hand of Gaub has seven fingers:

THE FINGER TRAILING THE LETTERS gently turns a page, and then another, and then another. It digs into the parchment, and the parchment digs back, etching thin lines into the flesh where it breezes past. This finger knows too much.

THE FINGER THAT POINTS THE WAY traces the nerves of a map, drawing the ends of roads past the parchment and ink. It is alone among the fingers, and it likes it that way.

THE FINGER ON THE PULSE draws the scalpel across the flesh of the patient. The body was human, but it is now the patient. It does not hear the screams, for it has no ears.

THE FINGER UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS is boarded up in the cellar. You can hear it knock, knock, knock on that chained and bound door, but you dare not let it out.

THE FINGER GNAWED TO THE BONE is stuck in a juicy meat pie, laden with sauce, drippings, and fat. It suckles and scratches and bites. Someday it will have its fill, but you won't be around to see that.

THE FINGER THAT IS NOT THERE does not, will not, and has not existed. Ever.

THE FINGER CATCHING A TEAR lingers for a moment upon the cheek of a lover, drawing a thin gash into the flesh as it retreats. It tugs on that bright red heartstring and pulls it hard. But it has many such strings wrapped around it, straining to get away.



The Finger Trailing the Letters

1. Digital Algotrophy
2. Vellicle Vellum
3. Traboccant Inspiration
4. Mendacia Mortua
5. Obaceration
6. Apologosis
7. Perantique Voice

The Finger that Points the Way

1. Perdivagrant
2. Asse&ctation
3. Terminus
4. Famigerate
5. Roblet
6. Vectarious Curse
7. Occulcated Speech

The Finger On the Pulse

1. Desarcinate
2. Hypochondria
3. Mochlic Remedy
4. Deartuate
5. Exipotic Dipsopathy
6. Incabinate
7. Paresthesia

The Finger Under the Floorboards

1. Ambulobula
2. Eicastise
3. Abattoire
4. Duplifaisance
5. Incouture
6. Mural Sepulture
7. Bifurcate Ambience

The Finger Gnawed to the Bone

1. Fly Sight
2. Panchymagogue
3. Pamphagous
4. Fistula
5. Fractal Flensing
6. Helminthiasis
7. Orgiophant

The Finger that is Not There

1. Abessive Form
2. Visamnesium
3. Cartulary Nightmare
4. Arbitrate Memories
5. Extirpation
6. Effutiation
7. Psychipherous Jar

The Finger Catching a Tear

1. Gelabdellon
2. Popelote
3. Osculence
4. Carcamour
5. Lichoscope
6. Filodicate
7. Madgalenity



THE FINGER TRAILING THE LETTERS

*Seven knuckles for seven fingers.
Seven blood samples for seven inks.
Seven skulls for seven vials.
Seven bones for seven pens.
Seven pens for seven books.
Seven best-sellers to show that bastard he was wrong.
- Scribbles found on a shred of looseleaf
in a nameless pauper's grave*

Cast the spell on one of your hands. It painfully grows long tendril-like fingers up to a total of seven, each having seven phalanges. Each finger can independently perform the task of a hand by itself, such as writing or holding an item. Every knuckle pops and cracks loudly when moved, making tasks requiring manual dexterity very noisy.

Vellicle Vellum *A library as old as this one begins to take on the character of its most devoted visitors. Its volumes acquire their tastes, interests, and peculiarities. Just as the poring scholars hunger for obscure knowledge, their tomes have started to become a bit... peckish, of late. Do mind your hands, and try your best to read around the bits of skin.*

Add your sigil to a spellbook, scroll, tablet, or other text, making it dangerous to use to all but you. The sigil should incorporate abstract motifs of grasping hands or gnashing teeth, and may be hidden on a random page if wrought on a book. Anyone but you who touches the pages of the text must save or have their fingertips fused into the pages.

The victim can rip themselves from the text, but risk their hand being permanently scarred as the pages try to stick to the skin. If they fail to save that hand will be unusable until treated. Meanwhile the pages try to absorb their flesh: this makes the pages illegible for one hour, the book taking its time to absorb all the fleshy remains.

More ink! Don't you see? It was so obvious, staring us in your faces this entire time! No, I can't explain it to the likes of you! You have to SEE it! It will all make sense once I've written it out, you'll see! More ink! This is an absolute breakthrough. The laws of nature as man has known them will twist and bend beneath this hurricane. More, more ink! They will w-weep when they l-learn of this! MORE INK! What do you mean we're out?! Well, find something else! There! Give me that! Give me that knife. I c-can't stop writing, not now. I can't stop!

Traboccant
Inspiration

The victim must save or be overcome by a bout of miraculous inspiration so overpowering they will stop all they are doing to write their ideas down on any medium available. If they cannot write, they babble incessantly about their train of thought. Every hour of inspiration produces a small, true masterpiece of surpassing quality in any topic of their choice. Seven consecutive exploration turns of writing kill the victim through exhaustion, dehydration, or blood loss. If the victim can neither speak nor write, their brain swells with the energy of the brainstorm, their head exploding after seven turns.

It interests me to find the most common lie in every language. Of course there are banal, everyday deceptions like 'I am fine' or 'I love you' taking up the first dozen or so slots, as with any other language. But the deeper ones are more telling of what went wrong in their society: the 'you can trust me's, or the countless oaths sworn on this, that, or the other thing. So I was surprised to find that the single most common lie spoken in that lost language was 'Dear child, this shall not hurt one bit'

Mendacia Mortua

Pick a dead, non-magical language you have been exposed to. You gain perfect fluency in that language and all its written and spoken forms, but you can only speak or write falsehoods in it. You can also detect lies in that language. You do not directly learn the truths beneath the lies.



THE FINGER TRAILING THE LETTERS

Obaceration *Professor Beridze took great pride in his lectures, and took it quite personally when, week after week, the back row of students continued to whisper and chat all through his lessons. After one sleepless weekend in his study, he finally came up with a concentration aid for his dear pupils.*

Hold up needle and thread made from a drawing pin and old bookbinding material. Needle and thread will fly from your hand toward the victim. The victim must save to avoid getting their mouth stitched: the process is painful, and the victim is silenced until the stitches are removed.

Apologosis *Speak these words of invitation and you shall know the power of a true Master.*

Write or draw a representation of a single noun, incorporating it in your sigil, plus abstract shackles, chains, or a blinded third eye. It can be written in a book, carved on a cave wall or into the face of a mountain, etc. Completing the sigil kills you. Using your last breath, you speak the word aloud and bind your soul to it. Your consciousness can abide within that word until your word is scrubbed out or destroyed, at which point you truly die.

Before then, you can sense when your word is being read, and who is reading it. You can attempt to establish mental contact with a reader, who must save or begin to hear your voice in their mind. The target can then save once per week to rid themselves of your voice forever.

If, during your stay, you can convince or deceive the target into chanting your word 49 times, you may possess their body as your own, their soul now lost and wandering the world. The target's body is now truly yours, and also all their memories. You may also learn up to 3 spells that the target knew in life, if they knew any.

The missing persons were eventually found by accident when a fishing vessel ran aground on a small, unmarked island. Of the forty who vanished, seven were found suffering from hypothermia and malnourishment, but still alive. All of them had been put through the same procedure as the cadavers found in the mass grave: their mouths, tongues, epiglottises, and vocal folds were mutilated in such a way that they were rendered incapable of human speech, but able to articulate the guttural, 'impossible' consonants normally only found in the blank spaces on the International Phonetic Alphabet matrix.

While the survivors were being treated for their physical and psychological ailments, they all corroborated in writing that "the man with the pen" had been preparing them to "speak the language of primeval man".

We will recreate the process as soon as more willing and durable participants are found.

The victim must save or their upper respiratory tract and vocal cords rupture and rearrange, taking id6 damage and losing the ability to speak most languages. While the spell lasts they also are fluent and literate in the Perantique Language. When the spell terminates the victim takes id6 more damage as their body rearranges back to its previous shape.

A spell cast in the Perantique Language is guaranteed to succeed with maximized effects, but the caster rolls twice on the Catastrophe table. Casting a spell this way terminates the Perantique Voice spell.





THE FINGER THAT POINTS THE WAY

Perdivagrant

*The road that twists, the road that winds,
The road that bites, the road that binds.
The road that turns throughout the wood,
The road that skirts the neighbourhood.
The road we prayed we'd never take.
We walked that road one winter's day,
And found that We were whisked away.
- The Road Not Taken*

To cast this spell you and your comrades (up to one willing participant per level) must be completely lost. Together, decide a destination that none of you have ever visited. The destination must be a known outdoor location, like a town or a landmark. You will lead the others in a trek through 24 miles of shifting terrain, in random directions, before finally reaching the named destination. Every six miles the terrain changes at random (roll 1d12), with a dreamlike transition from the previous terrain. Whenever one of these terrains is visited, scratch it off the list and replace it with a new one.

1. Moonlit path through pine barrens. Distant howls.
2. Decaying walkways across wetland. The dark waters sometimes stir.
3. Massive irregular concrete structures. Hollow wind.
4. Path cut through fields of grain and corn. Distant machinery and crows.
5. Dirt path through dense leafless forest at night. Tree bark resembles antler velvet.
6. Footpath through a sweltering jungle. Unidentifiable animal cries. Too many insects.
7. Mountainous switchback path. Cold, biting wind.
8. Trenches through muddy battlefields. Eerily quiet.
9. Hiking trail through badlands. Thunderstorms.
10. Sun dappled path through a placid autumnal forest. Suspicious lack of fauna.
11. Road through barren desert. Only horizon for miles.
12. Ornate yet overgrown palatial gardens. Light rain.



You know that time when everything is closed but the pubs? I've always felt that was the nicest time to wander around about the town. Sometimes you find a pleasant little back street and just keep walking, whichever way the stones take you. The voices of people just a few streets over echo from a distance, but you've got your pocket of dark quiet cobbles all to yourself.

I used to like those nights.

Now all I can think of is the feeling of being followed. These days, the second I lose sight of people on the main street I feel a chill down my spine, and can't help but march back home as soon as I can. The worst part is when it kicks in during the day. You know that nobody's there, but that feeling burns at the back of your neck, and you dread looking behind you because you don't want to imagine it.

The victim of this spell must save or be struck with a sudden sense of fearful determination. As long as you follow the victim, they are unable to run or look behind them. They must continue marching forward and away from you, walking in the most efficient and least harmful manner as they continue on their way.

Two exchange gifts for each other to remember. A compass for leaving, a locket for staying.

One hand clutching the rusted compass, bleeding into the muck of the battlefield.

One hand clutching the well-worn locket, watching the bones of their beloved dragging itself by one arm, toward home.

Mark the target's body and a location with your sigil. At any point thereafter, you can call the target back to the marked location: if they are still alive they can save to resist. The target will come taking the quickest route: if dead the corpse will act as if it were alive, but only for the purpose of movement. Any negative effects suffered by the target during the return trip are delayed until they reach the marked location, where they will all affect the target at the same time.



THE FINGER THAT POINTS THE WAY

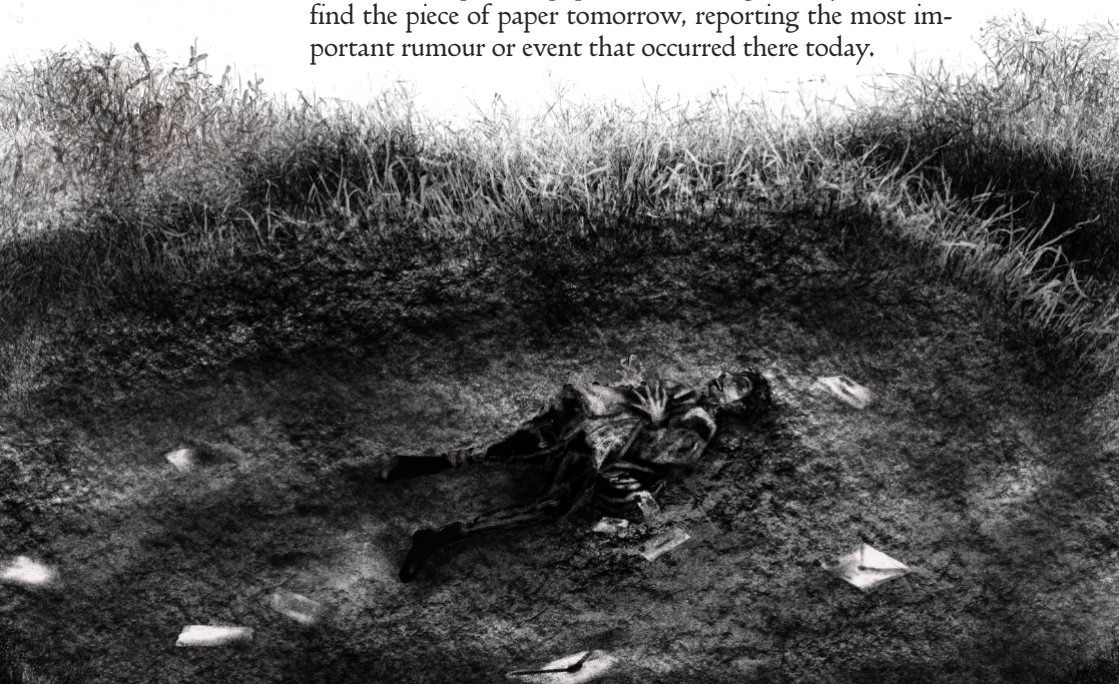
Famigerate *I received the letter the other day. It was a postcard addressed from my father with the names of two streets from my hometown printed on the reverse. I had only moved a few hours north, and I hadn't seen my father for some time, so I decided to make a day of it.*

When I arrived, I found the address was not in fact inside the town as I had remembered, but rather on the outskirts. As the houses thinned and the pavement dried up, I came across an old crossroads, the sign there still bare wood with the street names carved into it by hand. Underneath, a patch of ground had been upturned, something metallic inside the pit catching the light. Brushing the dirt aside, I realized that it was an old silver ring wrapped around a calloused decaying finger.

My stomach churned, as I knew that ring well. I could still remember the feeling as he ruffled my hair that one time he finally came out to watch my game.

Write your sigil and the target's name on a piece of paper, then throw it away. Tomorrow it will somehow arrive at the target, bearing your exact location in writing.

Alternatively, you can cast this spell by writing an exact location on a piece of paper, then tossing it away. You will find the piece of paper tomorrow, reporting the most important rumour or event that occurred there today.



On Wednesday, the mail didn't show again. There had been nothing for Susan yesterday, or the day before that, or... well, she couldn't quite remember just how long it had been without it. It's not like it was ever anything but bills and catalogues, but today she was expecting something.

When Friday came along with still no sign of mail, she called the post office, but they were short and unhelpful. Knowing that he lived in the neighbourhood, Susan resolved to pay her postman a visit personally. Maybe he would be more helpful than the office. She had seen him out mowing the lawn one day on the long route she sometimes took to work, and recognized him from the rare days she was home when the mail arrived. His house was only a few blocks away.

His lawn had grown up to Susan's waist. A dirt path, worn down by the same pair of feet day by day, snaked through the grass. It wound its way through the lawn, looping in on itself around a clearing in the centre like some strange suburban corn maze. A man who she barely recognized was laying in the centre clearing, letters strewn around him, pale and dehydrated, but somehow still alive.

The mail in his bag dated back almost three weeks.

Mark your sigil on an object or on the skin of your target. The next time the target or anyone carrying the object leaves a location familiar to them, they must save or immediately become lost until the sigil is no longer on their person. Maps become unreadable, and simple directions will make no sense. If they make a conscious decision as to which direction they wish to move in, they will instead find that they moved the same distance in another random direction.





THE FINGER THAT POINTS THE WAY

Vectarious Curse

The wreck of The Donny May was a tragedy. Three hundred lives lost to a storm at sea, and I the sole survivor. I floated back to land half-drowned and clinging to an oar, shivering from the frigid waters. I hoped to escape sailing away, but the old man's words would follow me to the ends of the earth. I remember them to this day as they rang in my head the moment I stepped foot on that blasted ship.

"Go on and leave me, but know this: from this day on, no vessel will carry you, no steed will be able to bear your weight, and your pallbearers will die before you reach your grave."

Inscribe your sigil on a piece of paper and deliver it to the victim, or trace it on the ground in the presence of the victim. When your victim sees the sigil they must save or be afflicted by the Vectarious Curse. Each vehicle they ride on will break, each mount die. The accidents will happen halfway through the journey, or right after the first resting point, whichever comes first.

The victim always survives the accident, ending up safely in whatever environment the accident occurred. Everyone else travelling with them will, at the very least, be injured, depending on the severity of the wreck. If the sigil is removed or destroyed by anyone other than the caster it will reappear at the next location the victim arrives.

Occultated Speech

He thought he could hide from me, he stuck to highways and stone with a smile on his face. But my arms were strong, strong enough for a mattock.

Bury your hands or feet under the surface of a pathway or road. Then, speak to the path: ask it up to one question per level about those who have trodden upon it.

When the good doctor first answered the call of one Mr. Desarcinate Gabriel, we had arrived at his home to find his body lying statue-like in his rocking chair. He was thoroughly ancient by appearance, though his file had said he was a mere 34 years of age. I confirmed his pulse, fearing he was deceased, when I felt a sickening chill upon my back! I only barely made out a bright flash of light, when suddenly Mr. Gabriel's pulse had started up again, and he was miraculously awake. I can only assume it was the amazing work of the good doctor, as we weren't called to that home for many weeks after.

This spell detaches your soul from your body, making it manifest as a shadow while the spell lasts. Meanwhile, your body will be left behind, almost dead, your heartbeat barely there, yet yearning for your soul. In the shadow, meanwhile, you can creep along walls, ceilings, and floors, and pass through any space or crack a shadow could fit. If the shadow is exposed to intense light, or when the spell terminates and you are not back in a body, your soul is flung back into your own body: the sudden stress deals you 1d4 damage per exploration turn spent as a shadow. To avoid this painful problem make sure to creep back to your body before the spell ends.

As a shadow you can attempt to possess a nearby creature. The victim must save or have their soul forcibly ejected from their body. Should you find yourself in a different body when the spell ends, that body is now yours forever, and you won't be pulled back to the body you left behind.

The fate of the victim's disembodied soul is grim. The miserable experience of a shadow will bear down on them, and if they are unable to find a soul-less body to occupy they will eventually they become an anguished poltergeist.

Hypochondria

It was a strange day, indeed. We had received a patient that appeared perfectly healthy in all tests, except they were thoroughly—no, maddeningly insistent that there was something terribly wrong with them. On the third time running these tests, we had been forced to escort them out, as they had begun muttering and crying. There were only some words I could make out, but the good doctor deemed it more work for a psychiatrist than a physician.

First fill a pouch with rusty nails and some unwashed clothes of the victim, then stitch your sigil on the bag, and hide it in the victim's habitation. If the victim fails to save they suffer a curse that causes all their injuries or symptoms to be amplified tenfold — widening cuts, clotting problems, stifling breath, etc. While cursed the victim can't heal, naturally or magically.

Only you and the victim can notice the worsening of their conditions: any other witness to their symptoms simply dismiss them as minor, not worthy of notice or treatment, regardless of what the target may do or say.



The strangest of illnesses oft require the most unorthodox of cures, and the good doctor's own remedies are no different—as evidenced by this treatment he most recently performed on a sick boy, no older than fifteen years.

His treatment appeared to involve bloodletting and purging, but neither worked. The good doctor eventually asked me to leave the room—that I might allow him to concentrate—but when he finally allowed me to return, the boy had sadly already passed away. I truly do not know what I will tell Master Fergusson's mother.

This is a healing spell to be used only in dire situations, as the cure might be worse than the disease. Touch the target, who can try to save, then roll a d6:

1. The target's heart stops. The spell has pronounced them dead — a terrible tragedy.
2. The target grows sick to their stomach and must save or begin vomiting.
3. The touched area becomes covered in small irritating paper-thin cuts, and begins bleeding.
4. A single disease the sorcerer chooses within the target is expelled from their body through their mouth and nose, evaporating into a thin vapour. Anyone who breathes in the vapour must save vs disease or immediately contract it.
5. The target's vigour gradually returns to them over the course of the day, healing one hp per minute, but also reducing their maximum hp by one. By the next day they are also healed of all other conditions.
6. The target falls in a feverish coma, their prognosis uncertain. After two day they wake up, in full health, having recovered all their illnesses.



THE FINGER ON THE PULSE

Deartuate *The good doctor always had a... strange enthusiasm for his work, but I am beginning to suspect the man is more than a simple surgeon; some of the patients that enter his operating theatre always leave with clean, bloodless wounds. Without stitches! Truly the man is a genius, even if his patients seem somewhat out of sorts afterwards.*

Run a scalpel through the desired cutting point to cleanly and bloodlessly sever a single appendage, body part, or extremity from the victim. The amputated part continues to feel and function as if it were still attached, but taking any damage will make them bleed profusely and disable the limb immediately. When the spell ends the amputated part begins decaying rapidly unless reattached: this can be accomplished by applying sufficient pressure.

Exipotic Dipsopathy *I recall a time – however brief it was – when the good doctor had somehow fallen ill. I had gone to visit his home, to see if there was aught I could do to help, though the door was locked and there was no answer after knocking multiple times. I waited there for a time, when suddenly a disgusting stench arose from beneath his door – I feared he had perished there and then and left to gather my equipment, but he returned to work a mere hour later; quite healthy, despite being quite terribly thin.*

This spell flushes all poisons, toxins, and diseases out of your body. They all pour out of your mouth in a desiccating expulsion of vapours. As you dry, you shrivel up, but remain still perfectly healthy despite the extreme dehydration. The vapours will linger in the area for a while (if indoor they might persist for a few exploration turns), so refrain from consuming fluids until the vapours have had a chance to dissipate. Should you not, the expelled vapours will immediately return to your body, re-infecting you with all the flushed illnesses and toxins.

A patient called into the clinic today, suffering from boils upon the skin and a weakness of the heart. The good doctor had remained silent for a moment, shaking his head, before putting down the telephone and calmly leaving the clinic. Incubinate

I know not what had transpired after, though there now lies a disused house opposite the bakery. I approached the door on one occasion, but dared not open it — the sounds that came from within still frighten me dearly.

Draw or carve your sigil on the threshold of a room to prevent entry or exit from that room. Anyone attempting to leave the room, even through a different threshold, door, or passage, must save in order to exit. On failure, their stomach churns and their heartbeat pounds in their head — if they continue regardless, for every step they walk towards an exit their heart overflows with pain as if stabbed, suffering 1d4 damage. Likewise, anyone trying to enter the room feels an overwhelming sense of dread and foreboding, and will steer clear if they fail to save.

I first met the good doctor when I visited the clinic late one evening. There was a chill in the air that eve, but no mere wind compared with the freezing touch I felt grasp my shoulder. I could scarcely look to see what had touched me — I believe it was a combination of fear and the cold that had stuck me to the spot, as my fingers and toes fell numb and my arms and legs soon followed. It ceased almost as quickly as it began, however, and the good doctor advised I ought wear more layers... I have endeavoured to follow that advice, if only to not have a repeat incident... Paresthesia

Your hands become frigid and emaciated: touch a warm-blooded creature to steal their body heat. If they fail to save, as long as you touch them, they shiver so much to be effectively paralyzed, and their skin becomes pale. Touching someone for more than a minute also drains blood, every minute draining the target for 2 hp and healing you for an equal amount, but also infecting you with any blood-borne disease the victim has.

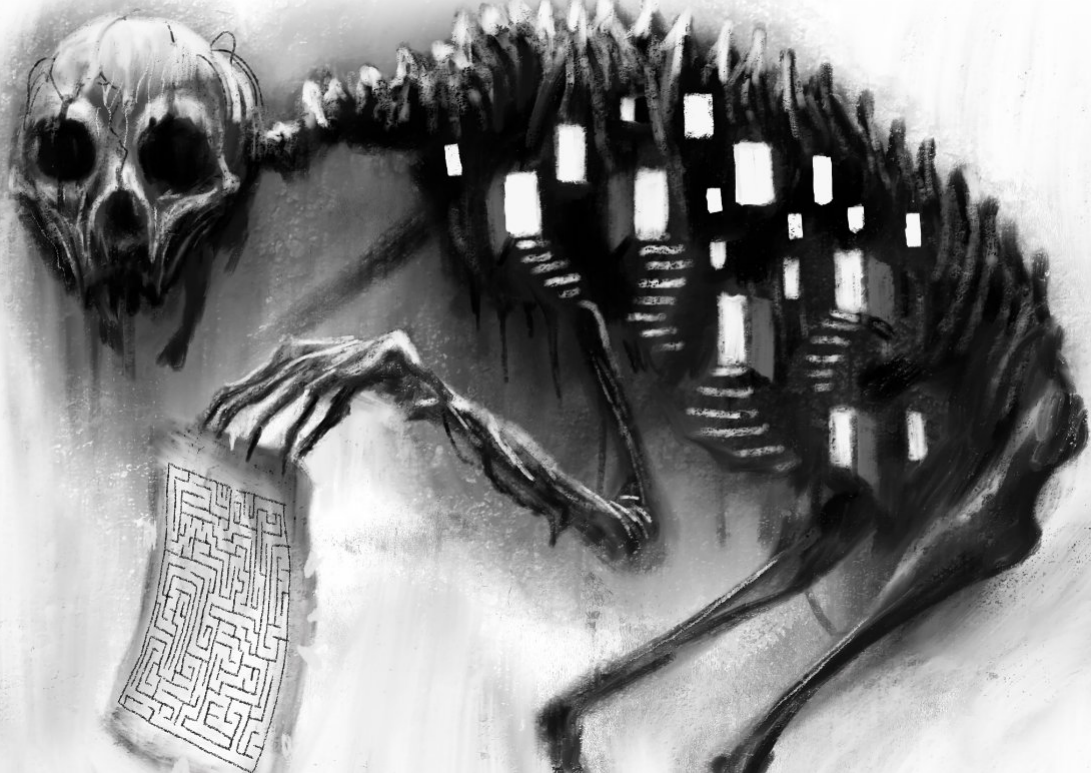


THE FINGER UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

Ambulobula *Each morning is the same, I wake from my empty bed and walk down my empty hall, I step into an empty world and go to my empty job. I return and walk down my empty hall and fall into my empty bed. Each day feels longer and emptier, the walk to and from my bed fills my empty life. One day it will fill everything.*

This spell turns one hallway infinite for its duration. The hallway is infinite in each direction, trapping anyone entering or already in: even if they are next to an exit they won't be able to reach it and escape. The hallway is not straight: it has corners, bends, staircases, etc, making its infinity not obvious at first glance.

If multiple people are inside, they remain together if at least one can see the other. If not, they are separated into different segments of the infinite hallway, unable to find each other again. Trying to break the walls from inside will prove all but impossible. Breaching any of the walls from the outside terminates the spell.



The star attraction of the Circus Bohemien was the haunted house. The rest of it was merely a set of complicated signposts pointing to that kitschy miniature manor. I heard they had a house of mirrors once but no more. "It was not what les gens want to see," a retired acrobat had told me in Meurtre-Sûr-Chaise where she worked the belts now. "They want the pictures. Inside the maison it is like a newspaper collage. Horrible things. The...maître, he made them, more and more. He had no bed, instead...at night he would go into the ghost house and when we look for him, he wasn't there. One day, he is gone. Disparu. I go into the house to look for him. I see the pictures, they have changed... in each there is a bone. And from the frayed edges came creatures. The creatures... mon ami, hell lives skin deep under a photograph."

The spell hides you in a painting, photograph, or other static image while the spell lasts. You cannot take the place of any people already in the painting, and must remain at least partially visible in it.

By cutting one exploration turn from the spell's duration, you may gain any additional ability from this list:

- to move freely in the picture
- the sense of hearing
- to speak from the image
- to move to another picture in sight
- to appear clothed fittingly for the image

While in the image, you can see the location where the painting is exhibited, but also feel there is a place behind you, a place where bad things live. If the image is defaced or destroyed with you in it, you are sent to that place: a dark shadow of the same picture, where anyone else has worm-pale hides, and razor teeth, and no eyes. If you were the only person in the painting, things that are not people will emerge instead. In either case they will tear you apart and eat you.



THE FINGER UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

Abattoire *"I'm beginning to believe you've made this all up to rope me into your unsavoury pleasures," Yugo the Younger grumbled to her brother. "Or to torment me. Yes, I could see you doing that". Yugo the Elder spat on the grimy floor as he drove the hooked implement further into the dead man's gullet, twirling it like a fork in pasta. "Weep and whine, little sister," he sneered, "but your moaning falls on deaf ears. Aha!" With a wet lurch and a corpse's gurgle, the hook dragged a key from the pale throat. It was small and rusty, handle bearing Gullio's crest. Snatching the key, Elder Yugo backhanded the dead Gullio off his chair. "So there is a key!" Younger Yugo exclaimed. "Brother, for once you impress me." As her eyes were fixed on the iron cellar doors before them, behind which Gullio's occult works slept distant from the living world, Elder Yugo's slashed mouth bent into neither smile nor grimace: a chimpanzee's toothy fervour played on him. "That's a shame, little sister," he said, knife in hand to satisfy Gullio's second lock. "Since I'm about to disappoint you terribly."*

To access your own abattoire cellar, go to the lowest floor of a building and trace your sigil on it. The sigil becomes a trapdoor, closed with sliding bolts and a padlock: the key is in your stomach, and you must regurgitate it to open the lock. To all eyes but yours the trapdoor is unremarkable and not out of place, unless they save. The inside of the cellar is a 30' wide square, about 10' high, lined with brick, a drain in the middle of the floor. After you cast the spell remember to butcher something big in the cellar (at least a pig, but a human will do); let the blood spill on the floor, it will quicken toward the drain in the centre. The drain is how the cellar feeds. Do not let it go hungry.

You can swallow the key to end the spell: the trapdoor will vanish, all inside the abattoire still there, trapped somewhere far away and deep. They will be waiting for you, inside your cellar, wasting away, until you cast the spell again. If the abbatoire is somehow breached the trapdoor will shut and the cellar will collapse and be forever destroyed, together with anyone inside.

Pulmonary Wickett ate pie every sunday. She'd eaten pie on sunday since she was a little tyke and she'd keep doing it until she was an old hag. The pie was one of the few things she enjoyed in this rotten life. Her wretched mother, that sack of blubber and bones, no wiser than to name her children words from the medical encyclopedia index so they'd "sound smart for that they may make it well in schoowl", had been good for one thing. The pie. Blackcurrant, it was. Oh, Pulm had ground her teeth to dust holding her vicious tongue just for that pie. So when Ma Wickett died and the funeral grounds had run empty, Pulmonary came back with a large sack and a shovel at night, and dug up pie eternal. To Pulm's satisfaction, Ma Wickett didn't need a head to bake.

Duplifaisance

This spell gets you a helper, very eager, if a bit in a sorry state. First, you need to bring a corpse back to one of its previous homes. Then cast the spell, and command the corpse to perform a specific task they carried out in that home, back when they were still alive. The corpse will rise and perform the task for you as accurately as possible, to the extent allowed by its state. At the end of the spell duration, if the task is not finished, roll 1d6:

1. the corpse goes slack, lifeless.
2. a ticking that had been growing louder in the corpse stops, and the corpse explodes in a splatter of gore.
3. the corpse tries to murder everyone in the house.
4. the corpse decays instantly into a sludge of maggots, flies, and peat.
5. your body takes the toll of the corpse effort: you are exhausted, and take 1d4 damage from minor wounds and sore muscles.
6. the corpse regains awareness, realises its disposition, and screams until its head is destroyed.



THE FINGER UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

Incouture *Oh, yes, I am a writer, you could say. No, no I don't mean to be too humble of course, the sales speak for themselves. Inspiration? Well, one needs the right kind of environment. Certain arrangements, certain attitudes. Clothing. Clothes make the man after all, ha ha! Very important to feel, nay, to BE your writer self. You have to let in the right kind of energy. For instance, in my attic I found this... oh but I'll bore you. Everyone needs to figure that out for themselves anyway. You had another segment here, the... accidents, surrounding my books? No, that's nonsense. People like to mythologise me!*

Place your sigil on a piece of clothing that has been prepared by weaving your hair into it. Do this inside a home: if the garment is taken out of the home, the hair withers and the sigil disappears, ending the spell. You can speak to anyone touching this piece of clothing with the voice of anyone who has worn it. If they wear the garment willingly you can go into a trance and possess their body, if they fail to save. During the possession, however, any damage done to the garment is inflicted to your body.

Mural Sepulture *Eve-ry brick will play a trick.
Eve-ry stone leaves you a-lone.
All the gra-vel bangs a ga-vel
As the rocks crush skin and bone.
Eve-ry cob-ble gives a wob-ble
As the wall will crunch and gob-ble.
Light dims when into the mortar
You are sown.*

Touch a section of wall or floor to give it the consistency of mist for as long as you touch it, so that anyone can push objects into or through it. Once you stop touching the wall it regains its usual material consistency. Floors or walls that have open space only on one side become misty for a depth of 5 feet. Using this spell on any wall conjured or affected by another spell immediately causes a double Catastrophe.

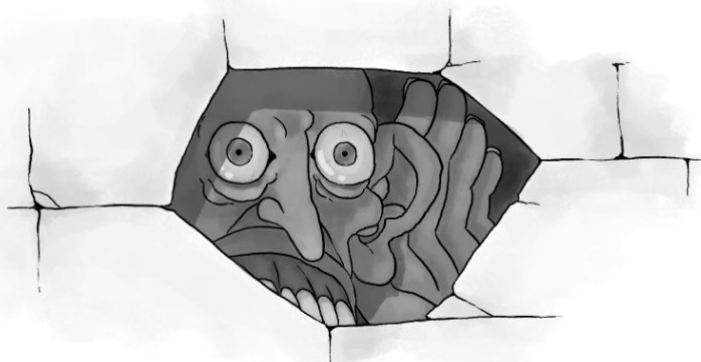
Haunted gramophone. That is what our constables were told. Of course I do not believe in such things. Yet, Avery claimed that the room did indeed produce speeches of a vulgar, leering kind, to the daughter of the Lindell family, when she was in the room. We opened the floorboards, tapped the walls, searched the furniture, but found nothing.

Until Avery followed the pipes. The pipes themselves were irrelevant, but he did happen upon a broom closet, its door covered by wallpaper. We tore it open, and, well, there he was. Half-bald. He'd been stealing photographs. We took him away, but when questioned he showed me things. When I returned to the Lindell's I must admit, maybe not the daughter, but miss Lindell herself...

Either way, I am now in their pantry, in a potato crate, hiding. I haven't spoken yet. But I will listen, perhaps.

Place your sigil in one room of a building. While standing in another room of the same building, you can either make all sounds produced in the sigil-bearing room heard also in the room you are in, or vice versa.

If the sigil is placed inside of a drawer, cupboard, jar or other space inside a piece of furniture, that compartment counts as a building room for the purpose of the spell. Magical effects produced by the sound apply to both rooms as well.



THE FINGER GNAWED TO THE BONE

Fly Sight *Professor MacArthur's lecture was the talk of the town, it was rare that we had such a celebrated archaeologist visit our quaint country. I had secured a front row ticket through an old fraternity contact who assured me that I would not be dismayed, for he knew well of my amateur delight in the old and unusual. The Professor, a practical looking man in tweed, began his lecture with a quote from The Descent of Inanna:*

"A fly spoke to holy Inanna: 'If I show you where Dumuzi is, what will be my reward?'

Inanna said, 'If you tell me, I will let you frequent the beer-houses and taverns, I will let you dwell among the talk of the wise ones, I will let you dwell among the songs of the minstrels.'"

He blinked, and I knew that the Fly dwelt among the wise.

Your eyes become a swarm of black flies: you can direct them toward up to one host per caster level. The flies will try to crawl into the hosts' ears and noses, and from there to the their pupils, letting you see everything the hosts see for as long as the flies remain in their eyes. Each host is allowed a save to avoid the effects of the spell, unless they are asleep or restrained.

The hosts are only indirectly aware of the invasion: the only hints being itchy eyes and a sly yet persistent buzzing nobody else can hear. As the spell ends the flies crawl out of the eyes, flying back to you, becoming your eyes again.



When Old Widow Krutel wasn't at mass on Sunday, Panchymagogue Deacon MacGregor was sent to see her. We all knew the Deacon had courted Miss Krutel in their younger days, back when she was just Flora and he was just Charlie. It was never to be, she was so sanguine and he so melancholic. When neither Old Widow Krutel nor Deacon MacGregor showed for Mass the following Sunday, the police were sent for. The evening edition reported that though the home was in great disarray and their bodies shrivelled near beyond recognition, never have they seen two happier corpses.

The spell forcibly purges all excess humours from the victim's body. The victim must save or violently purge from every orifice blood, phlegm, bile, and more, getting severely dehydrated, taking 2d6 damage, and turning the surrounding area into a slick morass of bodily fluids.

The more intense the target's emotional state is, the more severe the dehydration: targets affected by Rage or Terror, for example, must save twice, suffering the effect once for each failed save. This spell may also be cast as a Sigil, purging anyone seeing it.



THE FINGER GNAWED TO THE BONE

Pamphagous *I reserved the table six months ago, the maître d' told me I was very lucky for Lord Gray had just cancelled that very hour. Champs de Saturn caused quite a stir when it opened, "a ceaseless feast" one paper called it, "a bacchanal to put the Romans to shame" said another. It was a fine change from all the missing persons cases that the papers sensationalize. Its Corinthian columns and wide rotunda brought to mind the Pantheon of Rome, its motif of grapes and wheat titillated my appetite. Our waiter recommended the Blanquette de Veau, though I opted for the Cochon de Lait as white meat suited my digestion better. I must say that I made rather a pig of myself that evening. Thirteen courses and I still was famished. A drop of sauce had landed upon the tablecloth and only my waiter's quick hand stopped me from entirely forgetting my manners.*

It is most unfortunate that it closed only a few days later, for I am still hungry.

The victim of this spell must save or become ravenously hungry and eat anything that is within reach while the spell lasts. The victim will seek edible material first, be they rations or a dead rat, then move onto progressively less food-like items, such as living animals, leather gloves, coins, dirt, and themselves. No amount will sate hunger, the target gaining no benefit from what is consumed, yet they are still affected negatively by anything eaten. While the spell lasts even death is not enough to satiate the victim: should they die under the effect of this spell they will rise as Pamphaghasts.



Marissa and Terra Fumeaux joined the show when they were six. Mr. Norman paid ten shillings for them and displayed them in Nottingham. Conjoined at the stomach, they were shown at first as a grotesque, but over the years learned means of entertainment beyond the display of their bodies. They would sit on customized benches and play two pianos, they would juggle, and they would dance. They matured and blossomed, and their show attracted other sorts of attention. When one day they were found to be pregnant, the city was ablaze with interest. Who was the father? Which one of them was actually pregnant? How would the child be born? To these questions, Marissa and Terra kept mum.

The weeks progressed into months, the twins' shared stomach distending and driving them apart. It became increasingly difficult for them to display their talents, and they once again became a grotesque for others to gawk at. The day they didn't emerge from their room, we knew that something must have happened. Mr. Merrick said he heard a muffled cry in the night, we thought perhaps they had miraculously given birth. After much knocking and commotion to no response, Mr. Norman, the only man with keys, unlocked their door. Marissa and Terra lay side by side upon their shared bed, bloodied, empty and not a child in sight.

This spell affects up to one creature plus one per caster level, who will be magically linked unless they save to resist the spell. While the spell lasts you can open a magic organic orifice on the stomachs of two of the targets, allowing travel between the targets' openings. Travelling in this manner causes momentary debilitating pain to the targets, but no lasting damage. Whatever travels through the targets is coated in effluvia.

You can prolong the spell indefinitely by employing sigils, but they must be drawn on all the targets.

Fractal Flensing

I am a whaleman. I spent all my youth on a whaling ship, and have seen all there is to see. I've seen men triumph over the sea through the efforts of their blood and sweat. I've seen men kill one another over a lump of whale vomit. I've been covered head to boot in gurry and I've heard the cry "Five and Forty More!" more times than I can be bothered to remember. The Skipper was Captain James Dover, his boat the Leander, a retired frigate from the last century. We were four fish in, but they were all scraggs, not the prized Sperm Whale we sought. That is, until we came across the lone bull. Massive beast he was, his scars spoke to his many years. "There go flukes!", the mate called, and we moved to our boats, ready to make our take. I was Leander's cooper, so while the boats were out I kept the ship. The boys lowered in with their irons at the ready, knowing that this whale would be their ticket home.

I could see they descended on the beast, I could hear the first screams were let loose. It was too early for the beast to be in its flurry, the harpooners had only just made fast to it. But out there, men were screaming, men were dying. The mate hamstrung the flukes right before falling into the sea in thrashing, drowning agony. The Captain struck with his hand-lance deep and hit the beast's life, the steaming arterial spray misting the seas in red. In the beast's dying flurry, it stove all but one boat, the crew scattered to the winds. The lone surviving boat, with but a handful of mutilated men, was barely in condition to get us back to shore.

I visit with the Captain when I can, but Bedlam is no place for a well man.

Any damage the target takes is mirrored upon their aggressors. The target still takes damage, but that damage is then also averaged out between all nearby hostile creatures and dealt to them. Any debilitating attacks are mirrored on the individual who made the attack.

Whoever strikes the fatal blow must save or die as though they too had taken the same blow. Making the save still leaves the attacker horribly scarred.

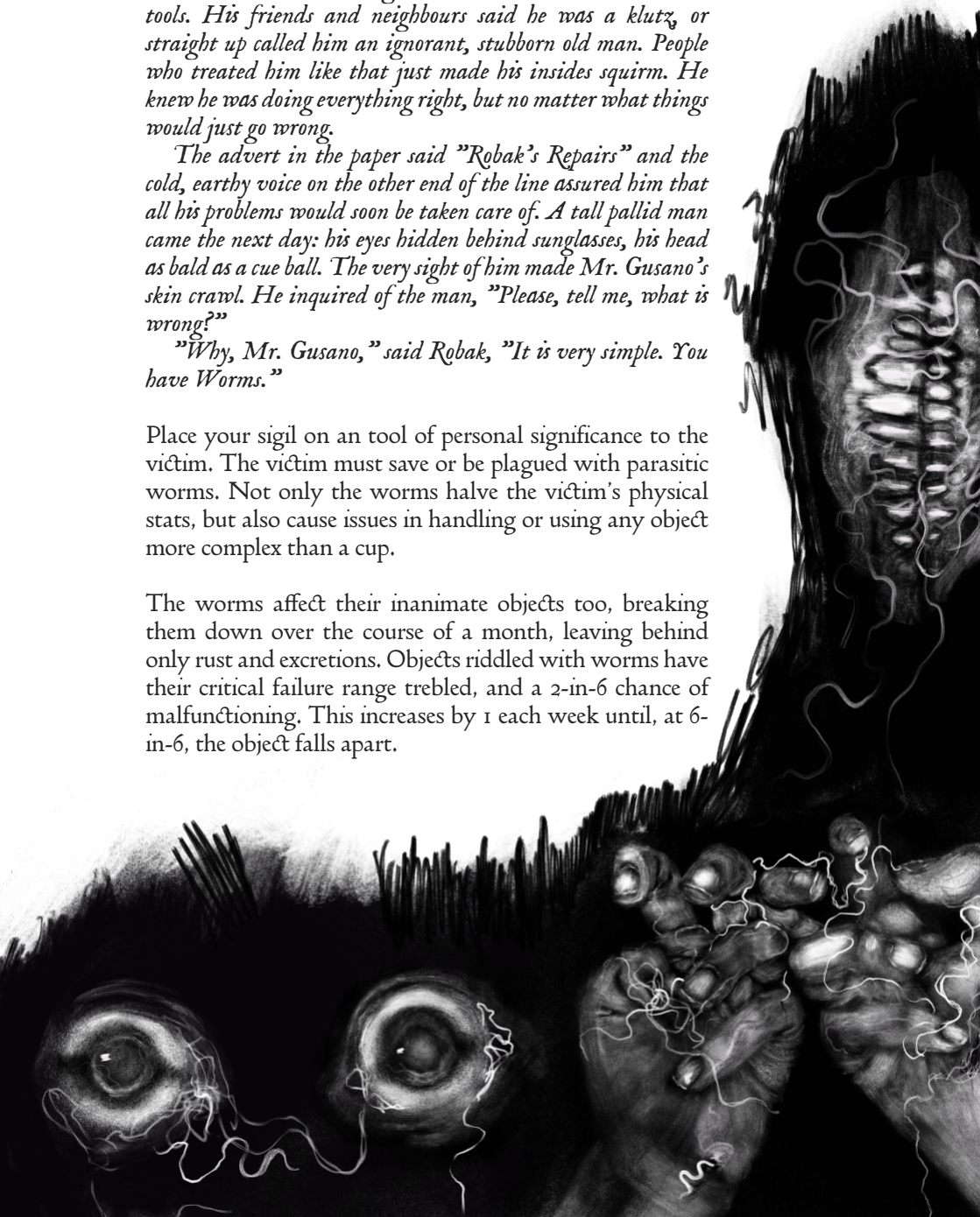
Ever since his illness began, Mr. Gusano had trouble with tools. His friends and neighbours said he was a klutz, or straight up called him an ignorant, stubborn old man. People who treated him like that just made his insides squirm. He knew he was doing everything right, but no matter what things would just go wrong.

The advert in the paper said "Robak's Repairs" and the cold, earthy voice on the other end of the line assured him that all his problems would soon be taken care of. A tall pallid man came the next day: his eyes hidden behind sunglasses, his head as bald as a cue ball. The very sight of him made Mr. Gusano's skin crawl. He inquired of the man, "Please, tell me, what is wrong?"

"Why, Mr. Gusano," said Robak, "It is very simple. You have Worms."

Place your sigil on an tool of personal significance to the victim. The victim must save or be plagued with parasitic worms. Not only the worms halve the victim's physical stats, but also cause issues in handling or using any object more complex than a cup.

The worms affect their inanimate objects too, breaking them down over the course of a month, leaving behind only rust and excretions. Objects riddled with worms have their critical failure range trebled, and a 2-in-6 chance of malfunctioning. This increases by 1 each week until, at 6-in-6, the object falls apart.





THE FINGER GNAWED TO THE BONE

Orgiophant *Have you ever seen snakes mate? When the snow melts and Spring has blossomed once again, the snakes come out from hibernation. They awake from their holes in the earth and slither out into the world, seeking to spawn the next generation of serpents. The males detect the females by smell, a perfume that incites them into orgy pits of reptilian ecstasy.*

This is all I could think of as I watched the swirling yellow draped arms performing the Thousand Arm Dance. Deaf Chinese dancers twirling their arms to invoke the Buddha of Compassion. Deaf reptiles writhing in the throes of their compassion. Hands darting in and out, grabbing with long sharp nails. Heads flailing to and fro, fangs bared and ready.

I wonder what it would be like to be the thousand armed Buddha. I wonder at the feel of a thousand arms pressing upon you, competing for space. How it feels to be that sole female snake at the center of the ball of lusting males. How it feels to be awash in movement and yet barely able to move, to be surrounded and subsumed and part and separate all at once...

The victim must save or have one of their extremities at random double in number every exploration turn. One arm becomes two becomes four becomes eight.

The extra limbs are not under the target's control and instinctively try to do what they would be used for to the best of their abilities: arms will flail and attempt to grab things, legs will run or kick, heads scream and bite, et cetera. Anyone within reach will be subject to unarmed attacks by the limbs, each extra limb attacking once per round. If there are no other targets, the limbs will not attack the spell's victim, but will still be an extremely annoying nuisance.

The victim will be pinned under the weight of the limbs when there are at least four extra limbs per victim level.

THE FINGER THAT IS NOT THERE

Imagine, if you will, a room with five chairs, five glasses of water and five pieces of chalk. At exactly five-o'clock you invite four people in, instruct them to write their names on the ground with chalk, drink the glass of water, and leave. After this order of events you observe four written names, but five empty glasses. The empty glass is puzzling. You imagine that someone else may have drunk it, or perhaps you simply forgot to fill it; but further recollection reveals that you did indeed fill the glass before inviting the four in.

Was it four? Think harder. There are only four names written down, you only invited four in. Yet why is there a fifth chair? Why arrange five of everything when there were certainly only four? Think. Who sat in that fifth chair? Who drank from the glass? Perhaps you are not as certain as you once were? Perhaps your perception and memory is not to be blindly trusted. Perhaps there are those who are impossible to observe...

"On The Five Chair Problem: Phantom Memory Syndrome"
final lecture of Professor Emeritus H. Moria

You remove physical traces of yourself from objects and the memory of those who observe you. While the spell lasts mortals cannot form memories of you, and some physical traces of your presence are erased from existence.

As long you are present and actively interacting with people there is no noticeable difference or change. However, once you leave a conversation or excuse yourself, the memory of you and your interaction fades from the memory of observers within seconds; strong-willed individuals can save to recollect the interaction, but only vague characteristics about your looks and manners.

Physical traces you leave behind, such as footprints, markings, or other benign forms of evidence, disappear just as quickly as the memory of you. However, taking or hurting things or people is never undone, the memory of the event shrouded in mystery to observers.

Abessive Form

THE FINGER THAT IS NOT THERE

Visamnesium

What do we not know we have forgotten? This question should terrify us. That is to say, what are we so blissfully unaware of as a collective whole that it is almost as if it was never known to begin with? One of the greatest examples is of the erasure of dialects and languages. An entire culture resides within carefully collected records and histories; everything from the humanities, sciences, and crafts of collective generations lies ready to be passed on. Yet, they are made useless, because within just a few generations the language is shockingly forgotten.

This is what makes it so worrying. Things that have been known, studied, and recorded for generations become forgotten within a decade; in turn causing a tsunami of side-effects and mysteries that touch nearly every aspect of our culture. Why are these things forgotten? How are they forgotten? Most of all, when will it happen again?

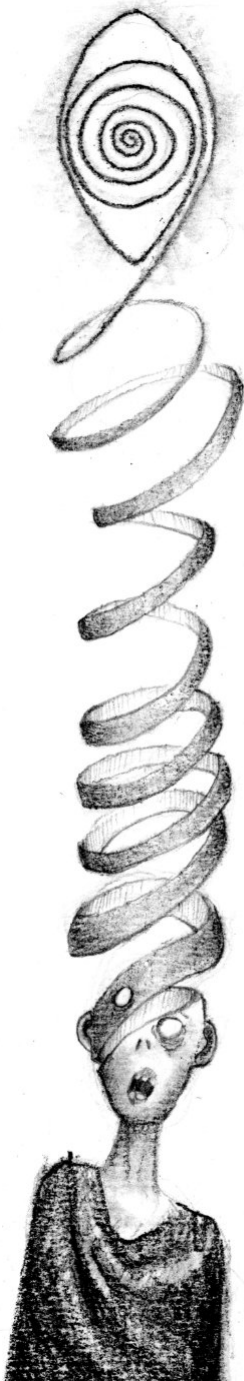
Abstract of "Lethe Floods: Sudden Cultural Amnesia"

O. Nemosine, Scholar

published shortly before their tragic mental breakdown

You create a pattern that wipes away the memory of those who view it: the pattern must be drawn and displayed within a building, or within the boundaries of sanctified grounds. The pattern must include your sigil, and its creation takes a week of dedicated effort — a meticulous weaving of esoteric draftsmanship and arcane patterns.

Those who set foot within the edifice or grounds and gaze upon the pattern must save or, as soon as they leave its bounds, they will have their memories of the place erased, including any memories of events witnessed there.



What I speak of does not exist within any written history or living memory. Rather, its lack of existence in any such record that raised my suspicions and led to my hypothesis. That is not to say this is a wild theory floated on fancy and imagination, I am far too old and pragmatic for such follies. Instead, my evidence centers around a collection of forty-nine histories found in the gated areas of our archive. Forty-two of them exhibit odd choices in leading and spacing, suggesting either poor scribing skills or a stunning theft of ink from the page.

Yet, it is the final seven that are most concerning. They are empty. Not just blank, but untitled and with only a score of words and numbers between them. Entire books, books that I penned with my own hand, are left blank with only scattered cryptic sentences. No one, including myself and personal scribes have any recollection of their content. It's a miracle, I dare say, to have such modern history erased so thoroughly.

*Opening confession of E. Ghreyinski
Head Curator of the Solipsist Archives
executed as a heretic*

You remove an aspect from the collective memory and history of the world. Choose one person, place, or object, and remove a piece of information (relationship, event etc.) from the memory and history of the world. You must painstakingly research the topic, recording all knowledge of the subject into a treaty. The writing alone takes one week and ream of paper for every 100 people who know the topic: you have no idea how long it will take, only when you are done. Only then, finally, you can put your sigil on the (possibly huge) book and cast the spell. The truth and effects of the subject are not removed from existence, but the world conveniently forgets the information, and any previous writing on the topic is rendered as blank space. Destroying the book or the sigil counters and reverses the effect of the spell, restoring memories and writings. Until then, reading the book will be a loss of time, its knowledge inaccessible, its readers ignorant.



THE FINGER THAT IS NOT THERE

Arbitrate Memories

I cannot deny the memory of the crime. I recall it in perfect clarity. The break-in, the theft, the victims, and the weapon...

Then, in the final fleeting moments, I see my face looking shocked, and hands that are not mine reach out to grab me close and whisper something into my ear.

And then I'm awake. At the scene of the crime. How did I get there? Why did I do it?

*Confession of A. Doyal
the convicted "Faith Street Rampager"*

You swap memories with someone against their will. Whisper a number of your memories up to your level into the ear of a victim and draw out an equal number of their own of your choosing. If the victim fails to save these memories are swapped, and can only be returned through magic, or if either you or the victim are killed.

Extirpation

I wake up, I read the books published about the incident in the tower, I read my journal from the day it happened, and it comes back. There were six of us, I remind myself. I know there were. I read all their journals, check every record and snatch every scrap of evidence. There were six of us, plain and simple. For a little bit, I'm fine, all is well and it's all just as the books and people say.

But then I start drinking, and I mean really drinking. Hand over fist, bottle after bottle, just spilling my guts to whoever will listen to my drunken rants.

And they'll always interrupt me: "the seven of you? I thought there were only six?"

"What are you on about?" I'll say.

"You keep mentioning a seventh person, that doesn't make any sense" or something like that.

And right there, right at the edge of blacking out from all the poison in my guts, I'll remember it. I'll remember what really happened that everyone and everything seemed to just forget: there were seven of us. Only six came back.

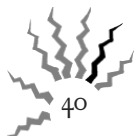
Interview with the disgraced Dr. Jabber Schroder

You touch a person or object to wipe them away, stripping the collective memory of them as well. If they fail to save they are destroyed so entirely that they are scraped away from both reality and memory. All non-magical records and recollections of the destroyed are erased or changed as if the destroyed never existed in the first place.

Unfortunately, wielding magic as world-changing as this does not come without its dangers. Each time you cast Extirpation, roll a d20 to determine what happens to you, your memories, and the memories of you. Higher entries results also include all previous entries' negative effects.

- 1-5: Nothing - You are miraculously unharmed, save for occasional bouts of forgetfulness.
- 6-10: Memory blanks - Anytime you attempt to recall a piece of information from your past there is a 1-in-4 chance you have forgotten it. Temporarily?
- 11-14: Arcane Amnesia - The instructions for spells and rituals become overwhelming. Anytime you cast a spell there is a 1-in-4 chance it misfires and causes a random catastrophe instead.
- 15-17: You are forgotten - The knowledge of you as a person, even to loved ones and friends, is completely forgotten. Memories of you, gone. Reintroductions are possible but awkward: being a nobody to them, what can they be to you?
- 18-19: Partial erasure - You become akin to a ghost as the world itself forgets you exist. You are forgotten by all and any action you do, no matter how small or insignificant, has a 1-in-2 chance of failing, as if you never attempted it at all.
- 20: Erased - You are destroyed alongside the target of your spell. You are not even gone, as you never were anywhere to begin with.





THE FINGER THAT IS NOT THERE

Effutiation *We have all heard the theory of the cave and the shadow, that worldly perception is directly linked to experience and the bias of belief. However, we can also extrapolate another line of belief from this scenario; the observed world, the “truthful” world, discovered by the one who leaves the cave, is a lie.*

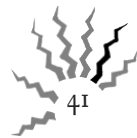
The existence of that world lives purely within the mind of that single observer, any attempt to convince him of the reality of the shadows on the wall will only be met with denial and vicious attempts to repudiate the shadow world.

In essence there are now two truths, one held up by experience and observation and the other held up by a singular vision and belief; neither of which will cease to exist as long as they exist within the belief of the observers. Take this to its final conclusion: there is no truth, only belief.

*On Internalist Objectivism
Philosopher P. Umbra
two months before an inexplicable disappearance.*

You implant a falsehood that grows and multiplies in someone's mind. To do so, first put your sigil on an item in their home. Then, as the victim is within arm's reach, tell them a falsehood. The victim must save or deeply and sincerely believe this falsehood, and deny incompatible truths. In addition, once every week they must save or believe in an additional falsehood, typically related to the first one, but at discretion of the Referee. This continues until the spell gives the victim a number of falsehoods equal to their intelligence score, or 3d6.

Destroying the sigil terminates the spell. Sometimes, however, ideas root too strongly in fertile minds. In this case the only treatment for the condition is trepanning first, and then draining the dark grey ichor of all the falsehoods you created and bred.



*At night I have dreams.
Dreams of being trapped.
Dreams of walls made of fired clay.
Dreams of screaming for help in the dark.
I do not scream because I am trapped.
I scream because I know there is something else with me.
Something that coils around the corners of my skull.
Something I once knew.
Something I chose to forget.*

F. Cerberus

*Artist and founder of Abstract-Psychoregressionism
on their retreat and retirement from art
one week before they and their paintings went missing*

This spell steals a memory from a person and bottles it a psychipherous jar. Memories taken in this fashion are permanently blanked from the mind of the victim, leaving them both unaware of the memory's existence and fully incapable of coming to the conclusion that their memories are incomplete.

First prepare the jar by cleansing it and purifying it, write the victim's name on the outside, then put a personal effect or body part of the victim in the jar, and place your sigil on the stopper or lid. You must then finish casting the spell in presence of the victim: choose one memory per caster level to steal from them. If they fail to save, the chosen memories will leave the victim's nose as cerulean smoke and immediately condense in the jar as ectoplasm. Conclude the spell by closing the jar, and optionally applying some sealant to avoid spilling the memories. As the ectoplasm is volatile, opening the jar will free the memories, which will return to their previous owner.

THE FINGER CATCHING A TEAR

Gelabdellon

"Even more deaths this week. Beaten them right against the bricks, I heard. Awful stuff. Honestly I'm impressed that Miss Lesterly manages to stay as she is in these grim, grim times. What nerves she must have! Far stronger than mine. I dare not even look out of my window now, and I've boarded it up. No more looking at the park where me and miss Lesterly used to picnic and play ball. That's where they've hung them, you see. I'm actually rather glad I don't have to concern myself with all that stuff anymore. It's quite cosy in here as long as I leave the kitchen door closed. And miss Lesterly is with me all the time now. You should see her smile. And hear her laugh! I can't sleep at night because of the dogs and the guns. But when Miss Lesterly laughs, the world laughs with her! I'm glad I made Miss Lesterly."

You can create an amusing poppet by inscribing your sigil on a human figure no bigger than an actual human, like a doll, painting, sculpture, or corpse. The figure is inanimate, but it will perform for you if you simply ask: for example it could dance, prance around, or perform some magic trick. Anyone entertained by the performance has their spirits lifted until the next sunrise: they become immune to, and lose all conception of, grief and pain. They also lose the desire to remedy or prevent pain and grief in others. Watchers can save to resist and realise the sinister nature of the likeness.

When the sigil is destroyed the figure will:

1. shriek, sprout spider legs and flee.
2. stretch and become hostile.
3. fall apart into clattering human teeth.
4. pop like a zit.
5. throw up dark blood until it becomes paper-thin, and then die.
6. cackle one last time and turn to smoke.

"How dare they love me," crooked mister Cromwick said, Popelote
"How dare they keep me warm and fed.
Don't they see, dear Death, that I
Am a wretch of no likeness, a pain of no twin?"
Crooked mister Cromwick sighed, and climbed into the pot,
Where Death would stew him like an onion in a broth.
But had Cromwick paid attention
to his body's full dimension,
Then he would have been wiser,
That the love all meant for him,
Was a nasty nibbler's appetiser!

This spell destroys love in the heart of the victim. Put your sigil on a vermin, and feed it a piece or personal effect of the victim (hair, nail, piece of handkerchief, treasured doll, etc). Then release the vermin: it will seek out the victim, climb onto their body and, once there, it will feed on the victim's love. To the victim, love and appreciation feel hollow, misplaced, and disingenuous. While leeches on by the vermin, the victim is immune to seduction and charm effects, but also gains no benefit from spells like Heroism, from a bard's rousing performance, or from other positive encouragement. The victim can save, but only to be aware that they are affected by some sinister outside force. When someone inspects the victim's body they must save or they are unable to notice the hidden vermin.

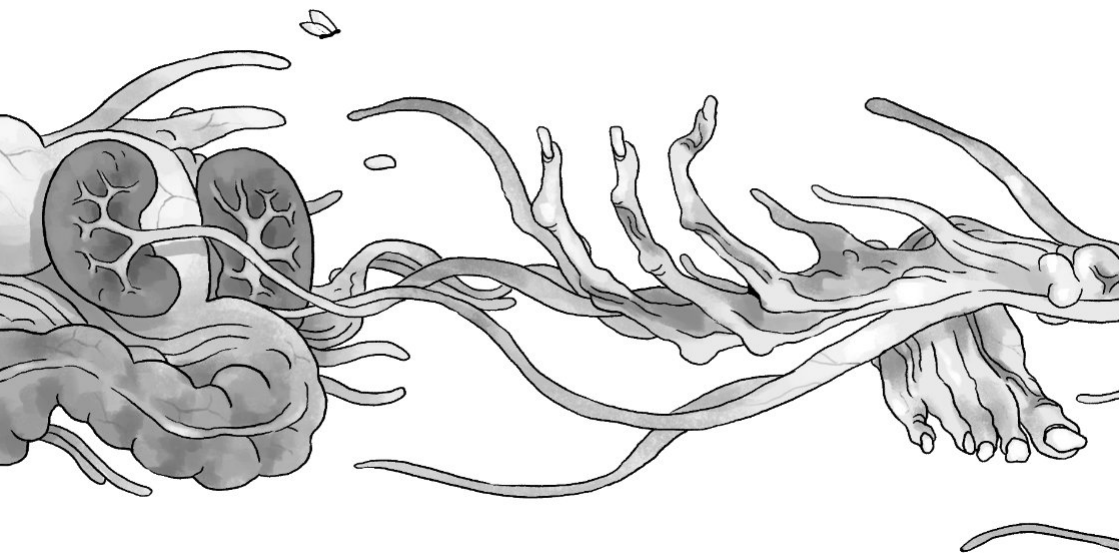
Killing the vermin ends the spell. If the spell ends in any other way the vermin will:

1. fall off and die.
2. hatch into a murderous homunculus of the victim.
3. burrow into the victim and try to eat their heart.
4. explode into pus.
5. exhale a cloud of poisonous smoke and wither.
6. burst into a swarm of stinging flies.

THE FINGER CATCHING A TEAR

Osculence *It should not surprise you that, when my colleagues told me the woman I would play next in the tournament was a witch, I ignored them. I was not surprised to find my parlour rationalist peers grasp at magical thinking to explain their defeats. I met her first when we were face to face at the table. She smelled of sick and wet cloth. As a mother myself I readily excused it, thinking she was like me. I looked at her side of the board: nothing but a king. The white one. I told her, you cannot win the game like this. It's literally impossible, what are you getting at? She told me, no, I can win. If you resign, I win. Supposing she was right but upset by her cheek I let her play, moving the king aimlessly. Then I reached for my king's pawn to open. It resisted, like it was glued on the board. I pulled harder and it ripped a little looser, screaming. It was my son's voice, who had only begun school. After staring at my pieces, I resigned immediately.*

This spell binds two objects together, alive or inert. The two targets are attached together as though with potent glue. Anyone trying to part them, including the two targets, will hear screams and pleading as though the method of separation they are applying is being performed to someone emotionally close to them. There is no save to resist this glamour, but if either target is magical or intelligent they can save to resist the spell.



A station employee, yes. I would help people with their things, help them look for lost belongings. I found quite some satisfaction in it. The most important things to people, I've found, are things that carry a piece of... ah, I'm sorry. I was going to say something but the rest of this story leaves it in poor taste. Anyway. On a winter evening, snow falling, I saw a traveler looking around panicked. I asked whether I could help with anything. The traveler looked at me wildly and, taking a break from panting, said: "My friend luggage." Eventually we found it. This friend of his had put it between two benches. I bid him goodbye, but as I saw him leaving alone, I noticed a trail of red drops snaking over the platform stones. I wondered nervously whether he had misspoken at all.

To cast this spell you must touch a victim and a vessel bearing your sigil. The victim must save or be liquefied, the spell forcing them inside the vessel. The vessel must be no smaller than a suitcase, no larger than a wardrobe. So long as the vessel remains closed the victim is alive and conscious, not in pain, and their condition stable if they were severely wounded, ill, or dying. They can somehow sense, but not speak. If something destroys the sigil or breaches the container the victim is freed and returns to its previous state.



THE FINGER CATCHING A TEAR

Lichoscope *Another tick, another day,
It hurts to look
It hurts to look
Away.*

This spell animates a corpse, restoring its body and health and bringing its soul back. However, the corpse is still a corpse, its life incomplete, and kept from decaying only by your gaze. When you do not look directly at it, the corpse festers and decomposes, suffering serious illness. The spell ends after you do not look directly at the corpse for a total of one exploration turn per level. The target is innately aware that the caster's gaze keeps it alive, and will do their best to gain the caster's attention. Animals, unfortunately, treat the target as a cadaver.

Filodicate *As Johnny laid against the tree, with the big sharp shovel stuck between his ribs, he sputtered out to Nelly: 'Now look... look what happened to me. Man, pops always said... I should be more careful with the tools...' Nelly stared at him in horrified disbelief, revolver smoking in her hand and blood splattered onto her poppy roses dress. Their father's brains were a big mosaic around the bullet hole in his skinning shed. The chimes made of their mother whistled inside, as the wind blew through the open door. "He did this to you Johnny," Nelly sobbed. "Why don't you remember?" Johnny laughed, though it was more like a wheeze. He had a beard of red foam. Before he died he said: "You silly... pops wouldn't lay a finger on me."*

The victim of this spell must save or be compelled to disbelieve that the subject you choose (which can be you) could harm them. The victim's mind will come up with exceedingly strange explanations for any torment inflicted upon them by the subject, deflecting the blame to another source. When the spell ends, the victim is no longer compelled to hold these false beliefs, but will not automatically disbelieve them. You can cast this spell on multiple victims at once, splitting the duration equally among them.

I wish I never turned into you. That's what that little boy Magdalenity *said in the mirror tonight. That little boy is me of course. I see him in my glass when I drink. When I clean up my rifle I see him in there too. I've killed, what now, five men? Four? They say it's different in the trench but it ain't. I haven't protected nobody. I haven't vanquished no evil. I look at the man in white now when he asks me, "you hear me in there sonny?" and I say: "I wanna die, doc." He don't know what to say. Then he takes me to the hospital cellar and he asks me, "don't you wish it all never happened?" and I nod. He's putting on a mask now. Not a doctor's one, this one's made o' ribs an' teeth an' wood. He says he's gonna skin me. I say good. I wanna be a boy again. I don't wanna wear this face no more.*

The spell reverts the touched target to a younger age by shedding parts of their present self, together with experiences and memories, as a thick layer of skin and fat.

You must have detailed information about the desired previous age (personal memory, elaborate firsthand account, et cetera); for example it's not possible to revert the target to infancy without detailed and specific information about their infancy. The target can save to resist, but should they fail they can also save to avoid losing all memories gained after the state they are reverted to. The target, or anyone else, can regain these memories by eating the shed folds of skin and layers of fat.





PARAPHERNALIA

Shards of Gaub Where the Hand touches, its taint remains, staining the land and the souls dwelling there. Often the corruption manifests as an object, a trinket of sorts, acting as both tether and focus for Gaub's influence. These objects may be found in all places of pilgrimage for those bound by fate, or by choice, to the horrors and tragedies of the world: sitting in the centre of haunted places, hidden behind the cracked mortar of asylums walls, set into stone alcoves as idols of profane worship. Those who bear these objects are not necessarily sorcerers. However, those who do know how to tap into the energies of Gaub are capable of unleashing wondrous and awful power.

Paraphernalia Uses Paraphernalia are an effective way to approach Gaub, acting as peculiar random loot or as specifically placed set pieces. They may be in the possession of a sorcerer, like a Cultist of Gaub, or found as cast-offs in discarded piles of rubbish, or abandoned in *that* attic. However, they have the uncanny quality of drawing the attention of both inquisitive minds and power-hungry individuals. It is law that like attracts like, so Gaub paraphernalia attract similar forces — the owner will slowly encounter magic, monsters, and other objects related to the same Finger.

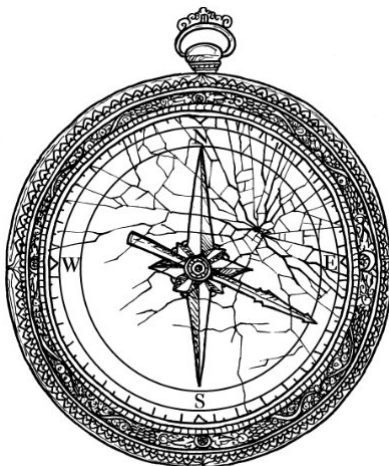
Empower The following Paraphernalia are a sample collection of minor magical items, each connecting to one of the Seven Fingers of Gaub. Many of them are capable of minor effects on their own, however a sorcerer can empower them to unlock more diverse and bizarre possibilities. To empower an item, the sorcerer channels the energy of one of their spells into the item: the spell will be spent as if it was cast, but instead of having its normal effect the item's powers will manifest.

1. Bifocals with opaque lenses. Allows one to see non-magical invisible ink, redacted text, and faded or stained writing. Literary Paraphernalia
2. Letter opener with handle made of bone (human). Can be wielded as a dagger. When empowered, the handle weeps marrow in the presence of a trapped or cursed envelope, package, or other parcel.
3. Terminarch feather quill. Always writes in a slightly archaic script and style that cannot be traced back to the user.
4. Bookmark made of unidentifiable skin. If left unattended in a book for seven days, it rearranges all text into a cypher that can be deciphered in 2d6 days, or reversed by painting the cover page in blood from seven different types of animal (including human).
5. Inkwell that always has the wrong colour of ink. Anything that fits into the inkwell's mouth will be liquified into an equivalent volume of ink of some lurid, unexpected hue, guaranteed to incur ill-judgment by readers.
6. Bibliography of non-existent books. Inquiring into any of the titles at the right archive might grant entry into a forbidden collection. When empowered, it takes on the appearance of any library card or similar membership.
7. Bookworm milking jar. Fragile, expensive, and required for non-poisonous potions of carnivorous bookworm "squeezings". Empower it to brew one dose of bookworm tea.

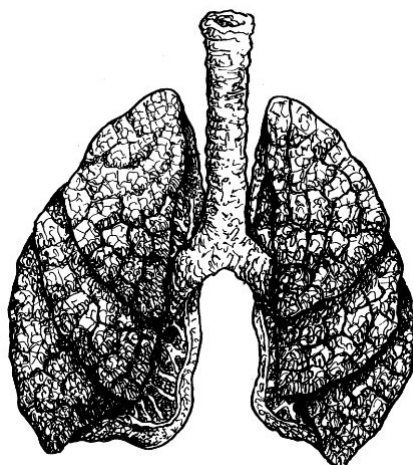


PARAPHERNALIA

- Pointing Paraphernalia
1. A map of places that do not exist. When empowered and buried at a crossroads and left overnight, it will bear a detailed cartographic description of the region, with its places of interest marked.
 2. A blindfold made out of rawhide. Wearing it blocks sight, but you will see living creatures as phantom outlines. If empowered you can perceive living creatures through 10' per level of non-living material.
 3. Ring of 2d6 skeleton keys. When used to lock a door, the door vanishes without a trace, along with the key, leaving a blank wall in its place.
 4. Dowsing rod made from antler. Will always point to the nearest source of fresh water. If dipped into a liquid and empowered it will point the way to more of that liquid.
 5. Broken compass. Directs the sorcerer to the point furthest from civilization, then furthest from living things, then furthest from light.
 6. Highwayman's boots. A ratty old pair of boots, the sole worn completely thin. Empower them to walk up sheer surfaces, as long as you are going to their intended destination as the crow flies.
 7. Off-Key Harmonica. Produces discordant haunting squeals to most listeners. However, both the nostalgic and those without a home hear instead the most pure harmonies.

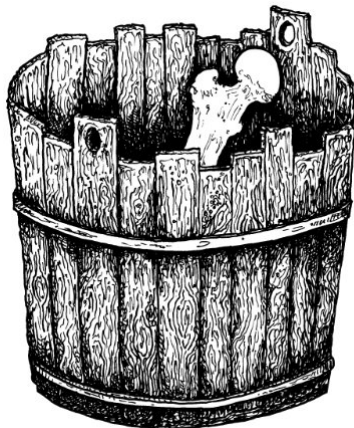


1. Anatomical model of a skull. For some inexplicable Pulsing optical effect it appears eerily similar to the cranium of Paraphernalia whoever holds it.
2. Dull stethoscope, does not work. When used to listen to a diseased or injured area of a patient it will scream.
3. Blunted surgical scalpel. Incapable of breaking skin, it is however extremely capable at cutting what lies beneath it — be it bone, muscles, organs — despite its apparent lack of a sharp edge.
4. Extremely heavy tome; empower it and turn it to exactly page 777, and it will reveal a treatment for the precise ailment you suffer from. Every other page is riddled with horrible, vomit-inducing, hyperrealistic animated images of diseases and plagues.
5. Snake-headed metal cane. It writhes when laid upon the ground, becoming a venomous snake friendly to the one who empowered it last. If picked up by the neck it becomes a cane again.
6. Dried lungs which yet feebly breathe. Squeeze and release to inhale any nearby gases, mists, aromas. Squeeze again to exhale the inhaled gas.
7. A bottle with a viscous, pinkish liquid swirling inside. When a single swig is taken, it places the imbiber in a dreamless coma, making them appear dead until next dawn. Any more than a single swig may cause true death.



PARAPHERNALIA

- Boarded Paraphernalia
1. Key ring with seven keys. Each key can open one mundane mechanical lock or padlock, by turning into a worm and entering the keyhole. The worm will not get out willingly.
 2. 'Beware of Dog' sign. By placing it on an enclosed fence and empowering it, anyone entering the enclosure (including who empowers the sign) will be attacked by a lean scarred dog that surely must have been hiding there all along. Killing the dog makes it reappear with a new scar. Removing the sign stops lean scarred dogs from appearing.
 3. Hammer, wood saw, large iron nails, pliers. All slightly rusty, and have clearly seen use, but what kind is a lugubrious mystery. That is rust, right? Is it?
 4. Tiny model house, with a little man, a little kitchen, a little maid, a little attic full of many little maids. When empowered the house will play out a little scene. You'll have to replace the little maid.
 5. Grimy bucket. When lowered down into a well on a property, it will fish up a single bone of one of the deceased previous owners, regardless of where they are buried.
 6. Deed to a neglected townhouse, somewhat far from where you are. If you find it, it is yours. The paper says it is, at least.
 7. Small box of white, powdery vermin poison. One third of its contents is enough to kill an adult human, but it has a very acrid, noticeable taste.



1. Snuff box, full of hair plucked from seven victims of drowning. They smell of cinnamon, honey, sulphur, and are always wet. Empower while snorting from the box to treat air as water and water as air for an exploration turn. Gnawed Paraphernalia
2. Jar labelled “Armsünderschmalz”. Fat rendered from the corpse of a hanged criminal. Soothes and warms all aches and pains, but one gets the inexplicable feeling of being watched when the jar is open.
3. A black and white photo of a child, standing alone in an otherwise empty house. The child’s position is different every time the picture is viewed. The child weeps when something invisible is close to the photo.
4. A doll made of hundreds of burnt matches bound together. The lucifer-red tips of fresh matches pick out two beady eyes and a manic smile. Empowering the doll will absorb and put out a fire of any size within sight. It will not work again until you start a fire of equal size, with a cumulative 1-in-20 chance it will sneak off on an arson spree until satisfied.
5. An elegant scrimshaw — a wand of bone carved with fractal patterns. Staring at the patterns, progressively smaller details can be seen until one feels falling into it. Spending a full exploration turn staring at it helps any check involving concentration or noticing small details, but leaves one open to hypnotic suggestion.
6. Garnet red bezoar, tastes like copper coins and your first kiss, pulled from the stomach of a sufferer of auto-vampirism. It will turn a bucket’s worth of liquid into its owner’s blood once a day, regardless of whether you want it or not.
7. No one can possibly determine what this thing once was, however there are certainly parts to it that are not supposed to rust like that. It can effectively be used as any sort of hand tool.



PARAPHERNALIA

- Absent Paraphernalia
1. A disappearing coin; comes and goes as it pleases, but always appears when you need it most.
 2. Small scroll of parchment containing a poem or song known to virtually anyone, but only partially or in fragments. This is, and will always be, the only complete copy of the text: any transcription will ruefully and immediately be partially ruined.
 3. Rusty tin flute that, when played, makes all who can hear it forget what they were supposed to be doing, at least for a while.
 4. Cameo locket. The silhouette inside is familiar, but you cannot settle on who it was, or may be, as their visage drifts when you gaze upon it.
 5. History book of events that never occurred. Reading the text out loud while empowering the book convinces those listening of an alternate history of your choosing. This will last until they next rise from slumber, and realize it was all just poppycock.
 6. A psychipherous jar — the ritual vessel used in the eponymous spell. The jar sloshes full, containing memories of some poor victim.
 7. Acquavite. Brewed from liquid memories and of an exquisite vintage, it tastes foul, yet familiar. After empowering the bottle, when you share this wine with someone, you can tap into their memories to browse and read them. They can do the same to you, but what are the chances they are aware of this?



1. Ornate hand mirror. When held by a murdered cadaver, the mirror turns dark and you can stick your hand in to feel the face of the killer. Teary Paraphernalia
2. Your heart, beating and alive, in a lockbox. The knife you cut it out with is in your chest instead. Your scar is a great conversation piece, by the way.
3. Bouquet of flowers with thick black petals smelling of sweet rot. When burned they produce tear-inducing acrid smoke.
4. Travelling trunk with many iron locks and belts, and an accompanying keyring. Insides are finely upholstered in a softly padded lining.
5. Child head made of wax, containing teeth and skull fragments. When potted in grave soil it will grow a wax homunculus to serve you for one week. It can pass for a human child when not paid too much attention to.
6. Snuff box full of wedding rings of various shapes and ages. May fetch a price but might raise questions.
7. Embroidered doll, oddly heavy, yet filled with mere stuffing. Animals and infants behave toward it as if it was a cadaver.





CATASTROPHES

- Literary Catastrophes
1. The sorcerer becomes violently intolerant to literature. Reading or writing anything, including scrolls or spell books, causes 1d4 damage per reading session as they bleed from all orifices, and a 50% chance of blinding and deafening the sorcerer for 1 minute.
 2. The sorcerer permanently forgets all spells they have learned. The spells now appear as runes branded onto awkward sections of the sorcerer's skin, and lower their maximum hit points by 1 per spell. To cast spells, the sorcerer has to read them aloud. This requires a mirror, some contortion, and a modicum of nudity.
 3. The sorcerer's blood begins to turn into ink (blue or black). Unless they receive bloodletting once a week (for 1d6 damage) they risk coma from blood poisoning. They are a source of excellent ink, though.
 4. The sorcerer's skin becomes illuminated vellum. All natural healing stops. The strange skin, now decorated in garish and grotesque miniature illustrations, may hamper social activities.
 5. The sorcerer becomes convinced that they are an expendable character in a lousy story being written by someone else. In times of stress they must save or suffer an existential crisis.
 6. The sorcerer's mind dissociates, and the way they perceive the world permanently changes. Sensations, people, objects, sounds become jumbles of descriptive phrases and adjectives. The sorcerer has only a 1-in-2 chance of fully comprehending any given situation, and only a 1-in-6 chance of articulating something to another creature clearly.
 7. The sorcerer's words wink out of existence and reach another dimension. From there, an entity notices the sorcerer, and tries to establish contact. Once per day, at a random time, the sorcerer must save or babble in the voice of the entity for 1d3 exploration turns. While babbling, the sorcerer cannot otherwise talk or cast spells. When the sorcerer fails the save a seventh time the entity finally arrives.

8. The sorcerer develops a distinct lean. Their bones and flesh bend slightly so that they are always pointing due north. Pointing
Catastrophes
9. The sorcerer's feet begin to root. Anytime they spend more than 10 minutes standing on the ground in the same location, their feet start to dig into the soil. If the sorcerer does not move immediately they will root, and eventually turn into a gnarled pine over the next 1d4 exploration turns.
10. The sorcerer is unable to travel further than a mile away from the point this spell was cast. Any road or path they take just eventually circles back around to this point, any stroll soon folds back, any drunken walk terminates predictably where it started.
11. The bones in the sorcerer's feet become brittle branches, too fragile to carry the weight of the sorcerer. Every step they take on hard surfaces has a 1-in-6 chance of shattering their feet.
12. Anybody looking for the sorcerer will innately know exactly where the sorcerer can be found. The sorcerer cannot hide, they can only run.
13. The sorcerer develops the permanent uncomfortable feeling of being followed, even when nobody is there. Especially when nobody is there. Or, maybe, they are followed? And by who?
14. The sorcerer is unable to remain in a single place for more than 12 hours. The longer they remain in a single place, the more they grow increasingly paranoid. The sorcerer will try by all means to escape the oncoming dread, their forebodying unbearable. If forced to stay longer than 12 hours, the sorcerer must save or die in a gruesome freak accident.

CATASTROPHES

- Pulsing
Catastrophes
15. The sorcerer's circulatory system slows to a crawl. When away from an open flame, the sun, or other heat source, they can only retain body heat for 1d4 hours before starting to shiver uncontrollably. If left cold for longer than an hour, the sorcerer settles into slumber (and eventually hibernate) until warmed up.
 16. The sorcerer's tongue thickens and lolls numbly within their mouth. Any speech becomes garbled and unintelligible, unless they make conscious effort to speak without moving the tongue.
 17. The sorcerer's joints creak and moan as they move, audible to anyone within 10' of them. When the sorcerer wakes up and has not performed at least two hours of intense physical activity in the previous day, they must save or their limbs are too stiff to move for 1d6 hours.
 18. The sorcerer's body, their own mortal husk, fails. Most of their internal organs simply give up. The sorcerer loses 1 hp every time they sleep, and can only recover from wounds, illnesses, and other conditions only through the use of magic.
 19. The sorcerer can no longer see flesh and skin — they only see walking circulatory systems, bare eyes and teeth, beating hearts and sets of internal organs.
 20. At the edge of sleep the sorcerer's muscles twitch and spasm. Every hour the sorcerer attempts to rest they must roll a d6; on a 1-3, a spasm jolts them awake and alert, and continues to do so periodically over the course of the next hour. On a 4-6, their rest is mercifully uninterrupted.
 21. The sorcerer's heart stops... then begins beating again 1d6 minutes later. Save at each dawn thereafter: in case of failure the sorcerer's heart stops beating for 1d6 minutes, halving their current hit points.

22. A minor poltergeist attaches itself to the sorcerer and causes various sorts of mischief. Any time the sorcerer reaches for something, either on their person or on their vicinity, there is a 1-in-6 chance the poltergeist flings it 30 feet away, toward an inconvenient place.
23. Dust and cobwebs begin to rapidly accumulate in any location the sorcerer spends more than an exploration turn in. While the sorcerer rests at night, everything within 10 feet per sorcerer level sleeps tight under a cozy blanket of detritus.
24. The sorcerer loses general colour vision, only able to distinguish shades of sepia and gray. Their mood is similarly affected, as everything feels gray, the food flavourless, alcohol bland, friends boring, love tired.
25. Doors, gates, and hatches, like pliers, scissors, and handles, they all squeak. Any device or tool operated by the sorcerer complains, without any regard for the amount of caution employed, or lubricant applied.
26. Cursed Day-Star! Sunlight affects the sorcerer as it affects vampires and other undead.
27. The sorcerer's body becomes a wispy smoke-like ectoplasm. If the sorcerer strips naked and takes 1d6 damage from strain, they can slip through any crack that isn't airtight. A light breeze causes distracting pain and a strong wind can deal fatal damage.
28. Mirrors crack, metal tarnishes, glass fogs, water frosts. Any surface denies the sorcerer their reflection, all unwilling or unable to bear their image.

Boarded
Catastrophes



CATASTROPHES

- Gnawed
Catastrophes
29. The sorcerer's brain is infested with droning insects: starting as mild tinnitus but growing into a buzzing roar under stress. They'll leave their 'hive' after 1 week per sorcerer's level, or if the sorcerer takes a suitably traumatic head injury, or via trepanation. 1-in-6 chance larvae are left to begin the cycle again.
 30. A negative void manifests in the sorcerer's stomach, quadrupling the food needed. If the sorcerer goes hungry the sphere will grow, hollowing them out and draining a point from each of their physical stats. Upon death the sorcerer becomes a destructive void wrapped in drooling skin — a Pamphaghost.
 31. The sorcerer is filled with the urge to kill and eat the next thinking being they encounter. Save every time the sorcerer meets a new individual to resist. If the sorcerer gives in, they will rise as a Pamphaghost upon their death. If they resist seven times they will be forever ravenous, yet immune to starvation.
 32. The sorcerer grows an extra arm with a 7-fingered hand. Once per day, unless the sorcerer goes through the pain of cutting a finger off, roll a catastrophe as it casts a random Gaub spell at a random target.
 33. The sorcerer becomes increasingly itchy. Over the next exploration turn they become unable to do anything but violently scratch. The sorcerer then starts to shed their skin: this takes an hour, at the end the sorcerer finally comes out through the mouth hole of the shed skin. The new skin is flawless and supple and glabrous, free from any scars, marks, and signs of age.
 34. The sorcerer's abdomen swells over the course of seven turns. At the end of the duration they must save, or a Wretch of Gaub will burst from the sorcerer's abdomen, spilling guts everywhere and killing the host. On a success the sorcerer will give birth to the Wretch, vomiting it out.
 35. The sorcerer and the target of the spell are hideously melded together. Try to save: if successful the sorcerer gains control of the new shared body, but failure gives control to the target. Save again at each sunset.

36. You are forgotten by all, and become akin to a ghost as the world itself forgets you exist. Any action you do, no matter how small or insignificant, has a 3-in-6 chance of not affecting anyone or anything, as if you never attempted it at all. Absent Catastrophes
37. You become addicted to memories. These memories can come in the form of memoirs or diaries, which you physically devour at a rate of one a day, but they pale in comparison to the euphoric rush that comes from pure memories straight from the skull. Going a day without consuming memories risks a violent and crippling withdrawal that makes you dangerous to be around.
38. Every sunrise, the world forgets you and everything you've done. Introductions can be made, so long as you have sufficient proof, but the more paranoid individuals may treat you as a threat.
39. Everyone in a one mile radius has perfect memory, nothing they observe can be forgotten. Every joy, observation, and trauma will be perfectly etched into their memories. They will become plagued with migraines and dizzy spells as their heads swell over the years. And soon the memories will begin to leak out. Maybe trepanation will bring relief?
40. You appear in the subconscious of everyone within one mile. You will be noticed in the background of dreams, just an impression of face and manner, but always there, for the next 106 weeks. Those attuned to the unawaking world have a clearer vision of you and know what you've done.
41. The local area or community becomes trapped in time, waking up to repeat today again and again, every day. Nothing ages and everything resets at the first light of dawn, yet people's memories are unaffected and everyone is fully aware of the repeating time.
42. The location the spell affects is removed from all maps and memories. Any attempts to remap it are fraught with errors, and anyone passing through the area will have a gap in their memory.

CATASTROPHES

- Teary 43. The next stranger the sorcerer encounters must save or
Catastrophes gradually become hauntedly obsessed with the sorcerer, to the point of wanting to murder them and keep some grisly trophy to be close to them forever. When they kill the sorcerer they immediately come to their senses. If the stranger saves, the next stranger met must save or be obsessed instead.
44. A homunculus begins to grow in the sorcerer's skull; it resembles the person the sorcerer has on their mind the most. Causing migraines and a bulging cranium, a small clone will hatch after 2d6 days, killing the sorcerer. The clone will then seek the original to eat them, grow to full size, and take their place.
45. The sorcerer's spine crawls out of their body and spends all its time riding on people's backs under their clothes and stealing their joy. The sorcerer now has the posture of a burlap sack, but is still able to cast spells. If the spine can be beaten into submission it will restore the sorcerer's shape and mobility by sliding back in its proper place. Tamed, the spine will now go on escapades only a few nights a week.
46. Human touch becomes deadly for the sorcerer: even a loving, soft caress withers their flesh into ash.
47. Once the sorcerer has made a bond of love with someone, their love dies. What's left behind is only bitterness and perceived slights and nostalgia. This repeats whenever the sorcerer makes a bond of love, again and again and again.
48. The sorcerer's emotional sensibility regresses to that of a child, an infant even. Every departure painfully traumatic. Every discomfort shockingly upsetting. Every startle unreasonably horrifying.
49. The sorcerer becomes haunted by a child's crib at night. If they ever look inside, the crib eats them. They will be back though: the first pregnancy carried to term by someone remembering them will give birth to the sorcerer instead of the expected child.

50. The Sorcerer's mouth melds together into smooth skin. A new mouth can be slit open with a knife, but will be very painful and bloody, and will only stay open for an hour. If cauterized with fire, the mouth can stay open for 1d6 days. General Catastrophes
51. Whenever the sorcerer loses consciousness a cloying mist pours from their nose and ears, slowly filling the room. Anyone else who stays in the mist for more than an exploration turn begins to asphyxiate.
52. A being of luminous beauty visits the sorcerer upon their next rest, though no one else can see them. It offers delights beyond mortal ken, and only asks for a pleasing night with the sorcerer's body in return. If the sorcerer accepts, their mutilated corpse will be found the next morning. If the sorcerer rejects, they will no longer be able to perceive beauty in any form.
53. A black moon eclipses the sun. Never again will the place where this spell was cast see daylight. Crops die, the ground freezes, animals go mad. Soon things of darkness and decay migrate here, crawling out of the holes in the world.
54. All children born in the region for the next seven days are born with seven fingers on one hand. When they reach puberty, they will all know how to cast a spell of Gaub.
55. An ossified fetus the size of a cottage falls from the sky, landing close to the sorcerer. Its congealed black blood is a potent aphrodisiac, its (still warm!) heart cast of sky-metal, its cries reverberate silently in the dreams of everyone for miles.
56. All dead creatures within a few miles strongly hum at an inaudible frequency. Prolonged exposure causes distress, confusion, vomiting, bowel spasms, and eventually organ damage.

CATASTROPHES

- General Catastrophes
57. Fear takes the sorcerer. Simple, primal, lizard brain fear. Fear so great that they scream and wail. Then the sorcerer runs until dawn, without stopping for rest or food. If caught, the sorcerer must save or violently respond until another escape opportunity opens up. If killed in this state the sorcerer rises as a banshee.
 58. The spell appears to fizzle, instead affecting whoever thinks the best of the sorcerer.
 59. The sorcerer's hands fall off and skitter away. They'll be back in 7 days, bloated to the size of wolves, and needing to kill the sorcerer.
 60. The sorcerer fills up with graveyard dirt. They must save or choke on it and suffocate. If they survive, they spend one exploration turn per level vomiting more soil. The area where the soil is disposed of becomes unhallowed ground.
 61. At the next precipice, where a fall would be possibly fatal, a seven fingered hand reaches from over the edge and attempts to snatch the sorcerer away.
 62. The sorcerer loses the ability to speak proper nouns, instead uttering an animalistic growl when they try.
 63. The sorcerer just notices they already died, and they've been dead since before the adventure began. The corpse they've been piloting has now reached the point where rot has set in. They must save each day or crumble into dust and become a mad wraith.
 64. The spell works. The next time that the sorcerer is alone or unobserved, such as when everyone is asleep, they begin to slowly vanish over the course of an hour. If observed during this time, the process stops.
 65. Gravity pulls the sorcerer westward for one exploration turn. They may save to try and hang on to something before they fall spinward.

66. The sorcerer's touch deteriorates organic material, very slowly corroding it and causing it to crumble. Inorganic objects close to the sorcerer feel strangely warm and pulse slowly.
67. THE STARS ARE WATCHING.
THE STARS ARE WATCHING.
THE STARS ARE WATCHING.
Everything the sorcerer does from now on is noticed by Something. It will act when the time is ready.
68. The next lie the sorcerer tells becomes true in the worst possible manner.
69. The sorcerer's hair and nails grow at a speed of an inch an hour.
70. A black obelisk rises from where the spell was cast. It continues to rise and rise until it reaches the stratosphere. The rise of the seventh monolith will bring CHANGES.
71. The sorcerer becomes permanently silent. They can still cast spells, compensating the lack of voice with incredibly suggestive gestures.
72. The sorcerer is filled with an intense urge to begin digging. Save or begin digging by hand or with whatever tool is available for an exploration turn. The caster does not benefit from rest unless spending all their free time digging, which turns out to be quite restful to them. If left to their own devices, the Sorcerer will eventually dig labyrinthine tunnels through the earth.
73. The sorcerer can no longer recognize or distinguish faces.
74. The sorcerer's soul is shunted into the nearest flame. As long as that flame burns the sorcerer cannot die. If it goes out, the sorcerer is snuffed out too.



CATASTROPHES

- General Catastrophes
75. Anyone witnessing the spell suffers horrific nightmares the next time they rest. They must save or wake up to see their nightmares manifest physically, pouring from their eyes as a flood of black tar before turning on their dreamer-creator to kill them.
 76. The sorcerer can suddenly see strings attached to every living thing, as puppets directed by unseen hands. They can feel the strings on their own body. Living creatures feel like wood and cloth.
 77. The stair nearest to the sorcerer becomes an inescapable infinite loop for whoever ascends or descends it; everyone walking the stairs will always arrive at the landing they start from.
 78. The sorcerer is no longer able to perceive (1d4): 1: meat; 2: metal; 3: plant matter; 4: human-made items.
 79. The sorcerer develops a severe phobia for a common item or animal present during spellcasting.
 80. All religious iconography within seven miles per sorcerer level shatters, bleeds, ignites, or displays other apocalyptic omens and phenomena.
 81. All water sources within 1d6 miles transmutate into (1d6): 1: blood; 2: slime; 3: acid; 4: tar; 5: sand; 6: teeth.
 82. Sleep in the region becomes impossible. When someone closes their eyes for longer than a blink they must save or be scared by harrowing sights into keeping their eyes open. The blind and those forced into sleep by magic or drugs must save or be driven insane by nightmarish visions.
 83. A great storm gathers over the region. After an exploration turn of thunder it begins to rain rocks, bones, and small animals. The strange rain will last for seven days.

84. The sorcerer's limbs double in length and grow an additional joint.
85. The sorcerer has mended the rift between the self and the other. Any damage or effect done to any other creature in the sorcerer's sight is also applied to the sorcerer. Any damage or effect done to the sorcerer also affects all in the sorcerer's sight.
86. Time contracts within the region, causing all matter within to age 1d20 years over a few seconds. All will ruin, rot, and rust — a thick layer of dust and decay covering everything.
87. Any and all art objects in the region are defaced and lose all their value.
88. One of the sorcerer's limbs withers into a useless claw of its former self. Any restorative magic causes the withering to spread to the healer instead.
89. The spell has no effect, but a massive seven-fingered claw pulls the target away into the darkness. The next time the sorcerer sleeps, the target shows up in their dreams, mangled and twisted and hideous. The sorcerer must fight the twisted creature, in the dream, on their own. If the sorcerer succumbs, the target takes control of the sorcerer's body, the sorcerer's mind and soul utterly annihilated.
90. The sorcerer becomes intensely hydro-repellent. Sort of. Rather, water becomes phobic of the sorcerer. Water refuses to come within an arm's reach of the sorcerer; they will fall through the sea as if it were air, rain will avoid them, and drinking will be a problem.

CATASTROPHES

- General Catastrophes
91. The spell works. And it works. And it works and spreads. And it works and works and spreads and works and infects and crawls and works and balloons like a corpse in a shallow grave. The spell becomes a memetic plague, speaking itself from the lips of the young and the old, the conscious and unconscious. It continues this way until the next new moon.
 92. The sorcerer can now only speak the word of Gaub. Every seventh utterance the sorcerer makes becomes a random Gaub spell, with chances of incurring additional catastrophes.
 93. All inorganic metals in the area are transmuted to lead. Tools break too easily, jewellery loses value. The trace metals in soil and water become toxic, unrefined ore turns to impure lead, soon to seep and crawl into the groundwater. No life is spared from the taint of the lead, yet few will even know it is there.
 94. The sorcerer has a sudden realization that they are being followed. Every night, for the next seven nights, the feeling intensifies and an increasingly thick fog rolls in. On the seventh night an immortal 10 meter tall skeleton chases the sorcerer on silent feet, and will wring their neck if it catches them before dawn. The feeling, the fog, and the skeleton vanish on the dawn of the seventh day.
 95. The sorcerer constantly hears a susurrus of voices coming from every object, natural or man made. Interacting with any object makes its voice louder. For example, lighting a match causes it to release a death knell. The sorcerer can only concentrate if they cover their ears with both their hands, because also ear plugs won't stop talking.

96. Anyone witnessing the spell must save or lose all capability of symbolic thought, now incapable of all things more complex than animalistic urges. No more reading, math, strategy, abstraction. Save at dawn each day to try to regain it.
97. The sorcerer's body takes on the consistency of soft, warm candle wax. With enough effort the caster can twist and ply and change their body, but significant changes can cause internal trauma. Also, heat slowly melts the sorcerer, and cold stiffens them.
98. A gnarly tree shaped like a grasping hand quickly grows from where the spell was cast. Its hungry roots consume all nutrients in the soil, leaving it eternally barren. In a year and a day it will bear a single, terrible fruit. Let's not eat it.
99. The spell fizzles, but the winds of magic abate for a moment, letting the traumas of the region coalesce around the sorcerer in a new Tide of Turmoil.
100. The sorcerer is replaced by someone else. They look and act like the sorcerer, but everyone who knows the sorcerer, including the sorcerer themselves, feels something is off. No one will trust the sorcerer any more than a stranger (including the sorcerer, who will not trust themself). The sorcerer must save each time they see their reflection or be struck mute with horror for the rest of the day, despairing as how they could become something so uncannily akin to their old self, yet so unbearably off.



MONSTERS OF GAUB

Born from our fears, born of the liminal shadows between waking and dreaming, born of our ever greedy, reaching, grasping, clawing hands ignoring the taboos and warnings of the past. Monstrosities are born in this forbidden and dark place — the ill heart of Man. While highly coveted, spells are ephermal. Paraphernalia are small vestiges of Gaub, mere bloody dippings from the fingers that we can hungrily suckle from to placate our cravings. However, as we indulge in our greed, we draw the Hand ever closer, and bring forth greater aspects of Gaub.

You, Reader, know that these foul creatures have their use. To gain ever greater strength, you must bite the Hand that feeds, chew through its gristle and bone, and drink deeply. Through either their cooperation or the flaying of their hides, they each may find a new and terrible purpose at your hands.

This section outlines twenty monsters: two for each Finger, plus six other Gaub spawns. While these creatures present unique challenges to the players, they also bring advancement opportunities, like pacts and magical items. With access to a repository of relevant knowledge, it might take you a week of research to learn how to exploit a monster. Each spell you know from the related Finger helps, each adding 1 day of progress.

But Gaub is taboo, and the repositories will not be found at a library, nor at your average wizard's tower. They will be scrawlings on the walls of an oubliette, collections hidden in a blaspheming priest's sub-basement, fever dreams brought by near lethal doses of psilocybin. The rituals and recipes described below are examples of what you may discover, but are not the only possibilities. Experiment at will, and you may discover more ways to harness the power of Gaub.

A creature that pulls itself from the edges of the world wherever the forces of Gaub are felt. Small, weak, and terrible to behold, this seven limbed homunculus looks cobbled together from a wrong number of spare parts, fuzzy grime, and uncomfortable shadows. Its squealing voice and ungainly movements make it an easy target, as it seems to lack any sense of self-preservation.

WRETCH
OF GAUB

HD: 1
Armour as leather
Bites: +0, 1d3
Reflection

To exist, and fulfil its animal urges and needs.

Wants

Anything done to a Wretch of Gaub is also inflicted upon whoever interacts with it. This includes both pain and pleasure, physical and mental, and even magic. It is otherwise incapable of adequately defending itself.

Means

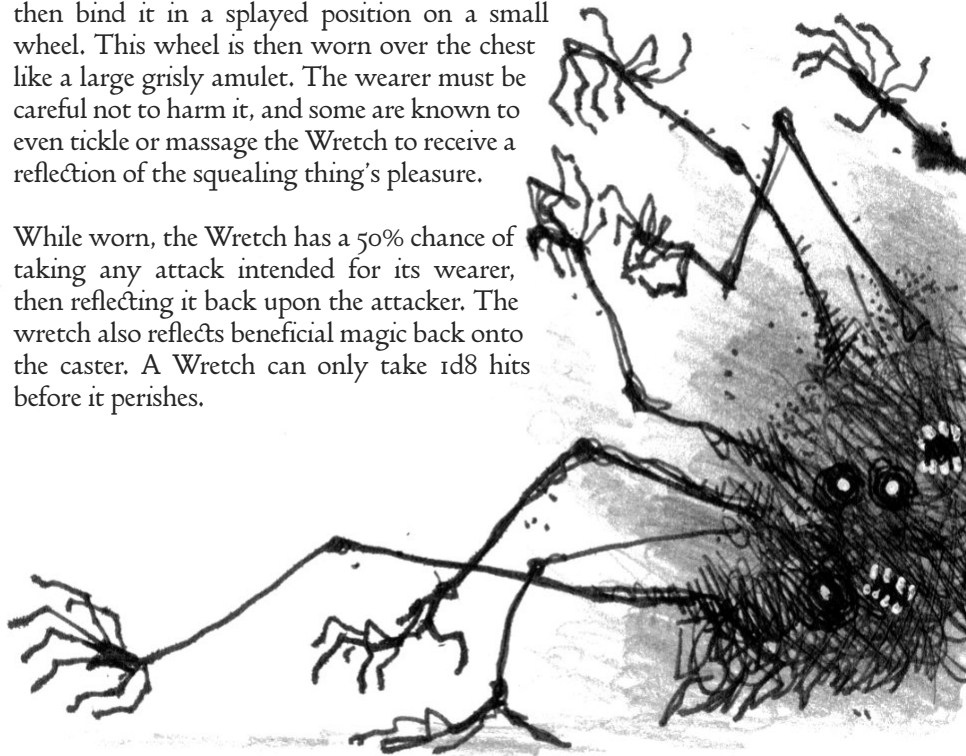
Creatures dead of severe wounds, apparently self inflicted. Wretch-shaped patches torn from rust, mould, grime, dust. Sounds of whispering and skittering limbs.

Omens

A careful hand can capture a Wretch without harming it, then bind it in a splayed position on a small wheel. This wheel is then worn over the chest like a large grisly amulet. The wearer must be careful not to harm it, and some are known to even tickle or massage the Wretch to receive a reflection of the squealing thing's pleasure.

Wretched Plate

While worn, the Wretch has a 50% chance of taking any attack intended for its wearer, then reflecting it back upon the attacker. The wretch also reflects beneficial magic back onto the caster. A Wretch can only take 1d8 hits before it perishes.





MONSTERS OF GAUB

TIDE OF TURMOIL The Tide of Turmoil is the swirling chaos of a catastrophic event that has yet to end, unresolved collective trauma festering, terror unable to be left behind. It is a hospital bed

HD: n/a continuously emptied and filled with the dying, a continuous concussive barrage shaking your bones and blowing out your ear drums, crowds trapped in a raging riot. **Fear & Terror** Condensed mental anguish, dying screams from nowhere, **Tide of Battle** phantom hands gasping and tugging with terrible need.

But the wounds it inflicts are real, metal wasp-like bullets, fiery geysers, grenades from nowhere. The Tide of Turmoil is hell on earth, forged in trauma of the most scarred of humankind.

Wants Chaos, suffering, death, blood, terror, trauma.

Means The Tide of Turmoil is a roiling nightmare of death and fear, collective trauma made manifest. As such, it's more of an environmental effect than a monster. The Tide always attempts to move towards the greatest local source of suffering. Every round that creatures are exposed to it they suffer these two effects:

- Save or succumb to terror. If already terrified, succumb to insanity. If already insane, succumb to death.
- Every round all living creatures within the Tide are victim to one of the below attacks (or something similar) at random. Only every third attack is real, but will hit automatically. When the players understand the pattern and talk about it, the pattern becomes random instead.
 1. Blade: 1d6
 2. Shot: 1d8
 3. Explosion: 1d6 plus save or stunned for 1d6 rounds
 4. Cavalry Charge: 3d6
 5. Gout of Flames: 1d6 + save or catch fire
 6. Cannonball: save or die

Doppler effect screaming, the sound of full scale battle, the Omens taste of copper and iron on the wind.

The Tide of Turmoil cannot be conventionally damaged or attacked, but it can be harvested. Being ethereal, a properly prepared mesh can capture the psychic condensation as it passes over. The mesh must be formed from scraps of suffering; e.g. old bandages, hair from hanged men, lepers' rags. The ectoplasm can then be collected and bottled.

The resulting liquid will press against the bottle towards the closest and greatest source of suffering. If the bottle is thrown and shattered it will unleash one of the Tide's attacks at random before it wanders off to rejoin the Tide it came from.





MONSTERS OF GAUB

PRURIGORGON A heaving, groaning pustulent thing, its flesh squirming with insects. The skin of the Prurigorgon is riddled with

HD: 3 seeing holes and deep black pits acting as rudimentary
Armour as leather eyes. It crawls towards the light, gurgling and droning a
Welting sing-song language to itself.

Wants To infest living things. To consume light sources regardless of the pain that might inflict on it. To, at last, see clearly — a feat it can never achieve.

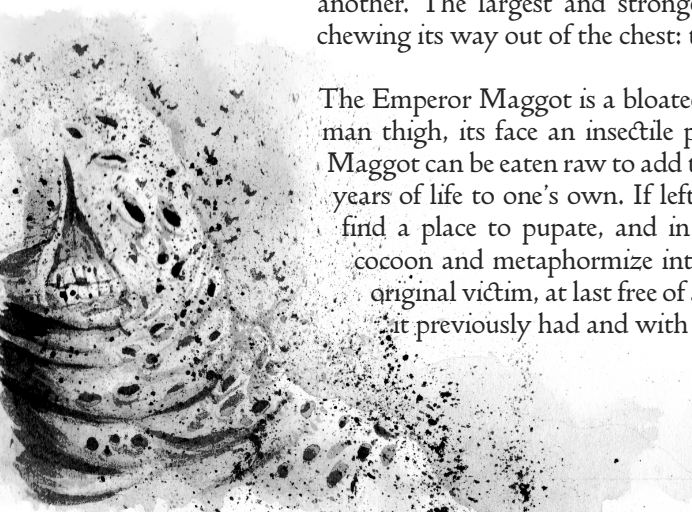
Means Each round anyone who can see a Prurigorgon must save or free one of their hands and scratch their own inordinately welting skin, dealing 1d4 damage to themselves. When rolling maximum damage (4) some welts burst and spawn swarms of (1d6): 1: flies; 2: hornets; 3: mosquitos; 4: beetles; 5: crickets; 6: antlions.

Anything killed by welting has a 1-in-6 chance of becoming a Prurigorgon, unless the corpse is incinerated, or at least kept clear of insects.

Omens Low droning/buzzing. Faint itching. Rancid-sweet smell of rotting fruit and meat. Destroyed light sources. Welt-riddled corpses with bloodied fingernails.

Emperor Maggot The insects cannot escape unless the watcher scratches. Force a watcher to stare at the Prurigorgon for a full day without scratching as the insects within fight and eat one another. The largest and strongest will prevail, finally chewing its way out of the chest: the Emperor Maggot.

The Emperor Maggot is a bloated larva the size of a human thigh, its face an insectile parody of its host. The Maggot can be eaten raw to add the watcher's remaining years of life to one's own. If left alive the Maggot will find a place to pupate, and in a year it will shed its cocoon and metamorphize into an adult clone of the original victim, at last free of any diseases or ailments it previously had and with all memories intact.



A cabal of seven, convening regularly and each performing acts in the machinations of their conspiratorial association. Each represents one Gaub finger in appearance, however subtle. The web could be as tight as a single book club or as wide as the various high profiles of a bustling city. They exist at the fingertips of a seven-fingered hand made of darkness, barely visible, stretching across the sky. What is their next move?

LODGE OF GAUB

HD: 1 each cultist
Armour as equipped
Spells and weapons

To use the power of Gaub to, at great human cost, obtain:
1: occult power; 2: the destruction of a common enemy; 3: mundane power; 4: an ideological victory; 5: adoration and validation; 6: the restoration of a common affection.

Wants

Each member of a Lodge of Gaub can cast two random spells from their Gaub finger. When a member is killed, their spells are distributed among the remaining members, the last cabal member being equipped with 14 spells. The cabal can also share impressions and sensations with each other via the shadow hand that connects them.

Means

Rampant local conspiracies. Silencing and disappearance of seemingly unrelated people. Superstition among gangsters and underworld actors.

Omens

Gather the finger bones of all seven cultists to construct a skeletal effigy of the seven-fingered hand. You must then take a candle and light it in front of the hand in a place where no other light shines. As you do this, the shadow of the idol will come to life and stretch far into the sky, becoming so thin as to be invisible to the untrained eye.

Master's Effigy

This effigy lets others borrow Gaub spells you know. To do this, you must make a candle bearing the name of the spell. Then place the candle on one of the fingers of the idol, and let the borrower light it. So long as the candle burns, the borrower can cast the spell as though they were you, using your spell slots. You cannot cast this spell while it is lent out, but can take it back by snuffing the candle.



AGOWILT The feeling of being followed, faces glimpsed in trees and holes in the ground, the hot-sick gut fear of knowing at any moment everything you've lived for is going to be pulled out from under you. The Agowilt rises from these primal lizard brain fears, badly rendered through our simian brains. An uncanny shapechanger, it blends in the background as twisted trees, fleshy scarecrows, leering gargoyles, and indecipherable tombstones. All of its forms are hideous and wrong, and it works to make its environment just as unsettling. It feeds from fear, its preferred morsel the death rattle of those scared to death. Its natural form is a looming, lanky thing, somewhere between a deathcap mushroom and a long mosquito, but it rarely reverts to this shape unless surprised.

Wants To consume screams. To maim, isolate, and restrict its victims, one-by-one, watching from a safe distance. To create hunting grounds.

Means The Agowilt is a master of creating environmental traps, and its hunting grounds will be filled with pits, snares, nooses, and the occasional rusted bear trap harvested from its victims. It may even have encouraged the growth of entangling weeds and thornbushes. When a victim is unable to resist, it will move in, assume a frightening form, and snap their victim's neck.

Omens The environment being slightly *off*. Dangerously placed hunter's traps, copious burrs and snares. Pained shouts.

Ego Wilt You must trap the Agowilt in one of its own traps, then snap its pencil thin neck with your bare hands. As it expires, inhale its final misty exhalation, or bottle it.

Inhaling its last breath graces you with sublime chemical lobotomy for one week, nullifying what might stimulate or affect your emotions like Fear, or Pain, or Hunger, or Rejection, or Love. At last you will be delivered from the grip of emotion, and feel nothing, finally free. For a week.

It's nothing, really. You can't see anything odd in the room. You are repeatedly told that a tremendously large, nearly cubic creature is in the room, allegedly looking like an eye- and ear-less elephant with an oversized human hand at the end of its trunk, grasping around. You can't see it. But everyone avoids going close to the commode, as the floor there has an ugly stain. You avoid the stain too.

CORNER BEAST
 HD: 9
 Armour as Chain
 Trample: +8, 2d8
 Bite: +8, 3d6
 Invisibility

To eat. It will eat practically anything edible set in front of it. It eats only once every week, but when it does it must eat food equivalent to three humans.

Wants

A Corner Beast can fit through any space that a mouse would be able to squeeze through, but moves very slowly. It is also functionally invisible: anyone observing the Corner Beast must save or register it as something small and without consequence, like a cobweb. If succeeded, it is impossible to forget about the Corner Beast. Observers may save again if someone is killed or maimed by the Corner Beast within their field of view. Otherwise, any attacks by the Corner Beast register as the result of unfortunate accidents, despite the gruesome and lethal nature of the injuries.

Means

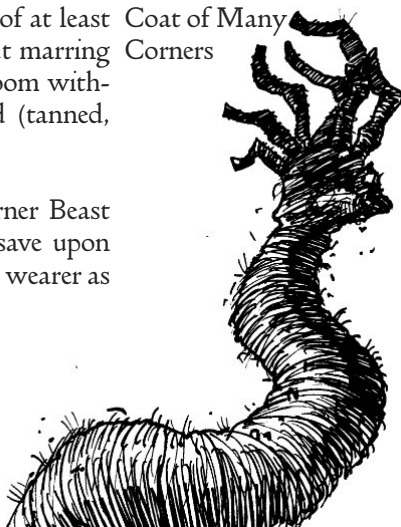
The faint notion of claustrophobia, and the impression that everyone is avoiding a specific portion of the room for inexplicable reasons.

Omens

The Corner Beast must be killed in plain sight of at least one victim of its invisibility power, and without marring its hide. It must be skinned and deboned in a room without corners and its hide must not be treated (tanned, cleaned, etc.) in any way.

**Coat of Many
Corners**

Anyone wearing the skull and skin of the Corner Beast gains some of its invisibility. Observers must save upon seeing the wearer. If they fail, they gloss over the wearer as if there was nothing there.





MONSTERS OF THE LITERATE FINGER

SQUIRM OF CARNIVOROUS BOOKWORMS

Swarm HD: 2
Armour as leather
Bite: 1d8

Worm is somewhat of a misnomer. These vermin more closely resemble bloated, long leeches, or human intestines, suckling the ink and pulp from the pages of a book. Several species of bookworms exist, and all subsist on printed paper, parchment, vellum, and similar materials, but the carnivorous variety will not hesitate to eat things which get in the way of a delicious and interesting meal; insects, book scorpions, pets, you, etc.

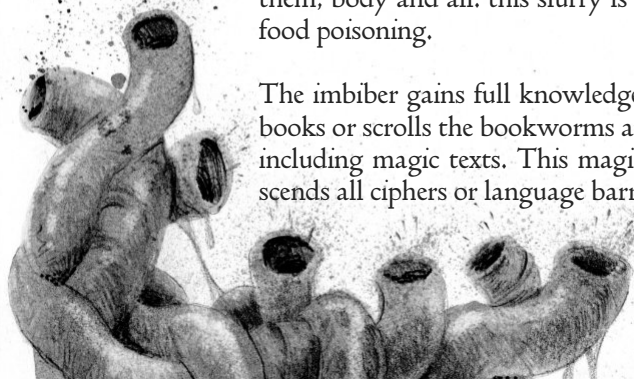
Wants To eat. The bigger the book, the better the feast. The older the contents, the sweeter the taste. Bookworms are drawn inexorably to the oldest and densest tomes of science, lore, and/or magic.

Means Bookworms can flatten themselves like paper, squeezing their bodies as thin as a pencil lead. Their bumpy, rindy hides can blend with plain wooden or stone surfaces. They are innately antimagical, and are twice as hard to detect via divination or affect with spells and magical traps.

Omens Far more dust than usual. Holes bored in wooden boards. Missing pages or shredded book covers. Scintillating little piles of faintly glowing, crystalline dust in the corners and under furniture.

Bookworm Milk Recently fed bookworms can be caught and “milked”. These fresh, liquid excreta can be stirred into tea and then imbibed. All of the bookworms that partook of a particular text must be gently squeezed so that they remain alive and reusable. Bookworm milk spoils fast, crystallizing into worthless salts. If less than all worms are available, then put them all in an cider press and crush them, body and all: this slurry is toxic and liable to cause food poisoning.

The imbiber gains full knowledge of the contents of any books or scrolls the bookworms ate within the past week, including magic texts. This magical understanding transcends all ciphers or language barriers.



An otherwise ordinary book that can, if it wants, unfurl and tear itself apart to reform into a tall, vaguely humanoid figure of paper strips and binding glue, dingy and brown as if from centuries of age and papercuts. It flutters in place, and speaks with a voice like the cracking of book spines and the shuffling of index cards.

DEAR READER
HD 4
Armour as chain
Papercut: +4, 1d6,
plus bleed 1hp/rnd.

Secrets. Deep, dark secrets, no matter how astounding or utterly petty they may be.

Wants

This enigmatic being can disguise itself as a book of any topic, length, appearance, and literary merit. As you read it, it reads you right back, accessing and copying choice bits of your thoughts and memories for posterity. It can will itself to be particularly sharp and jagged around the edges, making paper cuts easier: blood is the quickest medium for sharing the deepest secrets, which get quickly absorbed into the Dear Reader's pages.

Means

Faint whispering in the bookshelves like wind blowing over loose papers. Neglected old volumes vanishing from one's collection shortly before convenient new favorites are bought. A sudden preponderance of papercuts.

Omens

Dear Readers can be persuaded to part with some secrets, but only in exchange for more. Leave messages asking for secrets using a coded cipher in its margins. Let it probe your mind and cut your hands for a number of hours, losing 1 hp per hour. When the Dear Reader is satisfied you will find a small raggedy leporello between the pages, as if it was a forgotten bookmark.

Crimson Facsimile

The leporello bears the name of one of its previous readers, and contains an equal number of hours worth of their thoughts. To read it, smear its paper with your fresh blood: the words will reveal themselves in the same cipher used by the Dear Reader. The prose is raw and unfiltered stream of consciousness, so finding the secret you look for takes one day of study for every hour worth of writing.



MONSTERS OF THE POINTING FINGER

CAIRN GEIST A corpse, bent and twisted, hiding between the stones of a roadside cairn. A rubbery, flat and elongated human shape, watching travellers through the cracks in the stone, but stays well hidden between the rocks when observed. It is locked in a cairn until someone sleeps nearby: then it can squeeze life out of their sleeping victim and drag them away to turn them into another Cairn Geist.

HD: 3

Armour as leather

Strangle: 1d8/rnd,
save to struggle free

Wants To make more Cairn Geists. It will abduct travellers who sleep near a cairn it inhabits and take them to its workshop deep in the wilderness. There it begins stacking a cairn of heavy stones on them to gradually and very painfully flatten them into a creature like itself.

Means Besides strangling people with its rubbery arms and legs, the geist can squeeze into narrow spaces like rifts, or cracks in the rock, or under carriage doors. To move through the woods it swings on its long limbs from the branches, brachiating like a rubber ape.

Omens Large rock cairns along the road, trails as though a skin was dragged through the earth. The workshop: a hidden place where unfortunate souls are in the process of being slowly flattened by large rocks.

Mortar Paste First, make a mortar and pestle using the stones from the cairn. Then, extract the geist's body from the stones and grind it into a paste. One geist produces about three doses of paste.

When the paste is spread over part of a person's body, for about one hour that part becomes rubbery and malleable, and sticks to stone surfaces. Spread one dose on hands and feet to climb up stone walls and reach through keyholes.

Or spread two doses on your entire body, to also gain stone-like camouflage and the ability to squeeze entirely through cracks.



Usually appears as an ordinary horse, deer, or mule, STRAY sometimes moving faster than any horse you have ever seen. Faster than any horse anyone has ever seen. Its large dinner plate eyes face forward, and its mouth is full of sharpened sticks. Its past rider is slumped over its back, tied down by ropes and lacerated by branches.

HD 4
Armour as plate
Trample: +4, 2d6
Bite: +4, 1d8

A rider. The Stray demands that it be ridden. Fast.

Wants

The lure of the Stray is relentless. Any person making eye contact with it must save or mount it. The Stray can hear the thoughts of its rider, and will immediately go where its rider wishes to go, using the shortest path possible, at twice the speed of the fastest horse. The Stray will survive the trip unscathed.

Means

The rider, however, may not be prepared: the stray's immunity does not extend to its rider, so the steed quickly finds itself in need of a new one.

Broken branches, torn down trees, a path of hoof-prints worn deep deep into the ground.

Omens

The mind of the Stray is bent and twisted and as such it will not listen to any rider. The only way to tame such a creature is to remove its head and replace it with that of a mundane horse that you trusted and who trusted you back. When beheaded the Stray will fume dark smoke from its wound: immediately attach the new head or the Stray will fly into a rage.

Tame a Stray

After this, while riding the Stray, you are protected from rain, hail, wind, mundane cold and heat, etc., and can control its direction like a normal horse. The Stray does not tire, and can be harmed by weapons but not by road accidents or natural obstacles.





MONSTERS OF THE PULSING FINGER

PATIENT ONES At first, Patient Ones appears as ordinary humans. Arms, legs, face, torso, all in normal proportion. However, on closer inspection, Patient Ones move with minuscule twitches. Their dull eyes almost glassy, their faces and limbs clearly warped by repeated traumas, their voices gone and replaced by a noxious wheeze. Patient Ones dress in the clothes they wore when they got admitted, usually dirty hospital gowns.

HD 3

Armour as Leather

Claw, claw, bite: +2, 1d4/1d4/1d4

Life From Death

Grey Cloud

Wants To be cured. To live, at any cost.

Means Patient Ones blend in with crowds of kindred spirits: the ill, the wounded, the dying. They gradually drain the vigour of those fighting to stay alive by exhaling noxious spores and inhaling dying breaths: Patient Ones recover to full health when a creature dies within 50'. When a Patient One is wounded it releases a small cloud of grey spores dealing 1 damage to everyone within 10'.

Omens Streets littered with the dead, once the graveyards are full. The smell of rotting wood and cobwebs. An unbelievable number of deaths by asphyxiation, or of those who seemed as though they were recovering.

Gourmet Surgery Invite a Patient One onto a surgical table for a cardiac explant. It appears simple at first, but its heart is coated in a thick grey blanket of spores. Without careful handling, however, the spores puff and spread. Those who inhale the spores and fail to save become a Patient One over the course of two weeks. Once the surgery is complete, the Patient One will perish fulfilled, withering and leaving behind only the hollowed out grey husk of its heart.

You can revive the heart by soaking it in water for an hour, resulting in a perfectly healthy heart, delectable and regenerating. A quarter is the equivalent of one full meal, and as long as it is not fully consumed and continually soaked in water, it will regrow in a day. Do not leave it under direct sunlight, as it will wither and burn like dry paper.

A tall and gaunt person dressed politely in a ragged black suit and tie; covering their spindly fingers a pair of thin gloves, once white. A face constantly obscured by heavy shadow in direct spite of light sources, only occasionally revealing a grinning set of teeth or a pair of white circles where eyes ought to be. The Doctor moves carefully, with a grace that betrays practice, their calm unsettling.

THE GOOD DOCTOR

HD 3

Armour as Leather Scalpel: 1d4 damage, +4 if helpless.

Operate, mend, dissect. Even against the patient's will.

Wants

The Good Doctor is charismatic, and willing to accept almost all medical cases, but will always suggest surgery without regard for symptoms. The Doctor is an extremely capable surgeon and, in spite of their methods, very knowledgeable in medical techniques — techniques that are used to their cruelest effect on those put under the knife.

Means

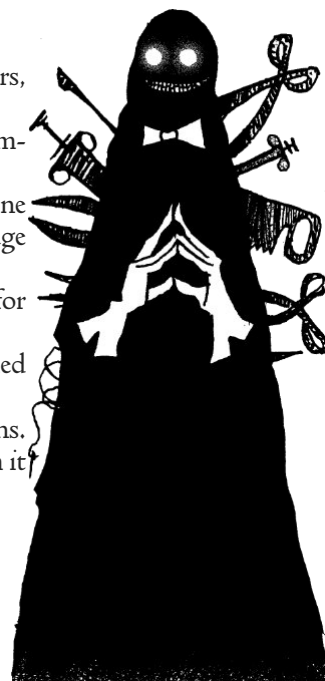
Quiet chuckling from the clinic. Pale and terrified faces. A neighbourhood rife with amputations and surgical scars.

Omens

The Good Doctor is rarely willing to speak about his methods, but he is always willing to replace something from your body for something better. Something important, like an arm or a lung. The replacement is (1d6):

A Barter with the Doctor

1. Spindly fingers and slicing talons, sharp as daggers, dealing 1d8 damage.
2. Wholly black eyes, granting perfect vision in complete darkness as if it was day.
3. Perfect skin, oozing a toxic ichor on demand. Anyone touching the sorcerer must save or take 1d6 damage and suffer heavy nausea for 1d6 minutes.
4. A young heart of rapid pace, halving recovery time for diseases and healing 1 hit point every hour.
5. Additional brain cells, to expand the mind. Doubled memory and learning speed. Extraneous thoughts.
6. Efficient stomach, to extract experiences from brains. Eat a brain to extract 1d3 important memories from it and gain them as if they were yours.





MONSTERS OF THE BOARDED FINGER

SQUEAK A hulking humanoid zombie made of the corpses of all the dead rats and mice that died in a house, tiny mouths foaming with rat poison and bodies still caught in mouse traps. Its form is a shambling memento of frantic chewing and mad hunger, crawling in the darkness, only a board apart from their killers.

Wants To kill the house's current inhabitants, especially if they are cats. To eat everything that can be eaten, including the inhabitants. To hollow them out into skin hanging on bone and fill them with itself. To live as a human.

Means The teeth of a thousand zombie rats and mice. The Squeak can fall apart into its constituent vermin at will, disperse, and reform elsewhere, but without leaving the building's boundaries.

Omens Too many mouse holes. Disappearing food and garbage. Dead cats. Loud scuttling of running mice in walls and ceilings. Rat poison disappearing but no dead vermin being found.

Squeakskin If you manage to kill the Squeak without pulverising it, stitch the skins of the undead vermin it was made of into a handkerchief. Leave it out to cure until it looks like a normal, grey-brown handkerchief instead of a ratskin patchwork.

Leaving this handkerchief touching any still liquid for a minute (no larger than the content of a demijohn) will poison the liquid. Anyone who drinks of it will experience an effect as though they had swallowed a teaspoon of pure rat poison: save or die, as this induces severe sickness and risks being lethal for the weak. If a cat touches the handkerchief, however, its stitches fall apart and its magic is forever lost.

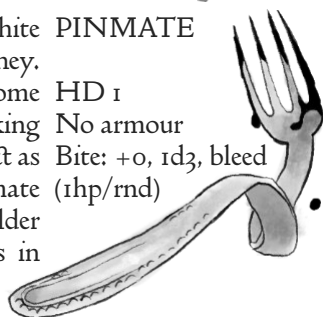
A Pinmate is a globulous semi-solid goblin made of white paste, leaking down from a dark cloud into a chimney. When it possesses a house, all parts of it slowly become torture devices. Sharp edges, small points, nails sticking out, slamming doors, and more will all sprout to extract as much hurt from the inhabitants as possible. The Pinmate needs only a little blood to survive, but will grow bolder and more gluttonous over time, as it silently slides in walls, plumbing, crawlspaces, and under furniture.

PINMATE

HD 1

No armour

Bite: +0, 1d3, bleed (1hp/rnd)



Blood for sustenance. To keep the house inhabited. For inhabitants to harm each other so they may draw blood.

Wants

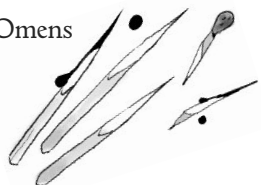
Manipulation of furniture and items in a house to cause as many harmful blood-drawing accidents as possible. It may also break or move items if it thinks it will cause more conflict or harm, like litter broken glass and thumb tacks, or shattering a beloved vase. It has an imp-like cunning where sowing discord is concerned.

Means



People from the same house showing up with numerous small injuries. Unusually pointy chairs. Knives, nails and forks left where they shouldn't be and could easily hurt someone. Stepping on sharp items. Precious possessions breaking but everyone swearing it was not them.

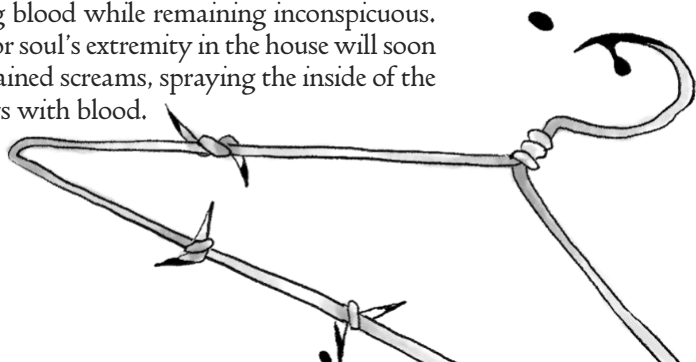
Omens



To create a Pinmate Workshop start with a doll house, fill it with blood, and put it outside, under the sky. This will trick a Pinmate into infesting it, shrinking to the appropriate size. Feed it at least a drop of blood each day.

Pinmate Workshop

Leave any object in the Workshop for a few hours and the Pinmate will make it sharp, spiky, or otherwise highly capable of drawing blood while remaining inconspicuous. Inserting some poor soul's extremity in the house will soon yield unbearable pained screams, spraying the inside of the dollhouse windows with blood.



MONSTERS OF THE GNAWED FINGER

PAMPHAGHA A scuttling thing devoid of satisfaction, filled with a drive to devour all. Whatever it was in life, its bloated hairless torso now scurries on four clawed simian limbs, running blindly through shadowed places, eating anything it comes across, its head and anus now holes full of broken teeth, gaping and hungry. It does not rest, it does not defecate, it is obsessed only with consuming and moving on. If imprisoned or bound, it will continuously shovel handfuls of earth or whatever else into its salivating holes. This is the fate of things that die from unsatisfied excess.

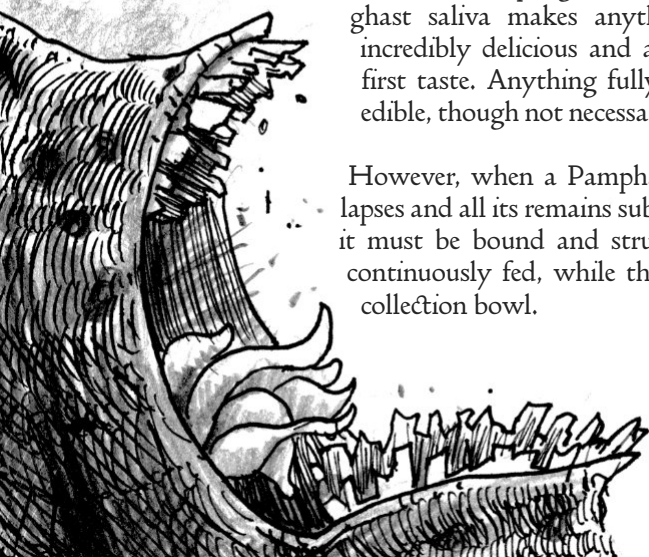
Wants To eat. To eat everything.

Means Pamphaghasts come in many sizes, but all can stretch open their mouth to swallow anything up to their size. They have no sense of sight, smell, or hearing, but can feel tremors in the ground and changes in the air with pinpoint precision. Anything the Pamphaghast salivates on takes on the consistency of soft clay, which it can then easily eat, and then obliterate in its stomach.

Omens Straight line trails of destruction. A terrible howling noise, boreholes cleanly burrowed through objects. The hurried padding of four feet.

The Special Sauce Assassins and jaded gourmands alike seek to harvest the juices of the Pamphaghast. A small amount of Pamphaghast saliva makes anything mixed with it both incredibly delicious and all but irresistible after the first taste. Anything fully coated in saliva becomes edible, though not necessarily nutritious or safe to eat.

However, when a Pamphaghast is destroyed, it collapses and all its remains sublimate. To harvest its sauce it must be bound and strung up: one of its mouths continuously fed, while the other drips saliva over a collection bowl.



The bloated host screams silently, a seven-headed black leech extending from his ragged throat: the Solfeggian, the adult form of the Solfeo Leech. Ingested solfeo spores mature into leeches, slowly consuming their host's voice as they make it their puppet. The host bloats as the Solfeggian consumes more noise, only releasing it to mimic the words and sounds it consumes. Once the leech is sated the bloated host silently explodes, spraying thousands and thousands of spores into the air.

SOLFEGGIAN

HD 6

Armour as plate
Sound Blast

To consume all noise, create an expanding sphere of silence. Wants

Solfeggians lure prey by perfectly mimicking any sound, yet lacking any understanding of its meaning. Solfeggians feed on all sounds, hollowing a sphere of silence around them. Keeping still, the Solfeggian's sphere of silence expands at a rate of 10' each exploration turn up to a mile, while on the move its silence is only 10' wide. After being still and feeding for a round they can release all the eaten noise as a concussive sound blast (2d6 damage, 20' cone, save to halve), a blast that gets much bigger as they feed more and more (+1d6 and +10' each hour, maximum 5d6).

Means

A pervasive and invasive silence that abruptly comes. The crying out of pain or pleas for help in dark corners. Strangely bloated animals with long black tongues.

Omens

Every Solfeggian has a specific note or sound they crave, like flies to honey. Glut a Solfeggian on this sound, and it will become relaxed, compliant, even amicable. Then, kiss the Solfeggian. It will eat your tongue and your voice, replacing it with a juvenile leech. You now can eat and mimic sounds as a Solfeggian, but the maximum radius is 10'. Kissing more Solfeggians brings additional tongues, each increasing the maximum radius when eating still by 10'. At 6 tongues, you may use the Solfeggian's concussive sound attack. Every week there is a 1-in-12 chance that the tongues will breed and produce the 7th, completely taking over your mind and creating a mature Solfeggian.

Accepting the
Hungry Tongue



MONSTERS OF THE ABSENT FINGER

CRANIUMITES Thousands of glassy mites the size of a pinhead, waiting in the dark and forgotten places of the world. Unclaimed skulls being their favourite place to breed and lurk, they Swarm HD: 4 remain torpid and quiet, so long as they are undisturbed, Armour as chain springing to life when an unassuming consciousness draws Bite: 2d6, plus one week of amnesia too close.

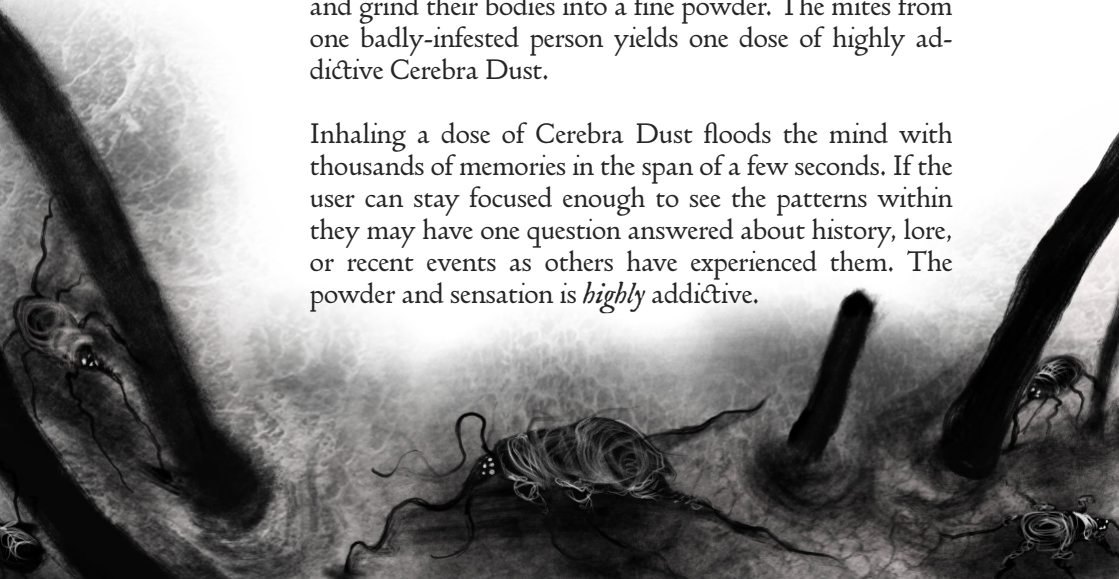
Wants They hunger for memories in the same way ticks hunger for blood. Leaping like fleas, they cling to the clothes and skin of their unsuspecting victims. Night after night they will crawl to the back of the scalp and suckle the memories one drop at a time. Within a week they begin to breed, and then they begin to spread.

Means The victim will hardly notice it at first, just a bout of forgetfulness from time to time. However, if they are not caught and cleansed from the body, garments, and home, they will drink deeper from the victim, latching onto core memories and sucking them dry; leaving the victim's mind desiccated and empty.

Omens An itch at the back of the head. A memory missing. Dreams haunted by the sound of drills, bites and scratches coming from right behind you.

Cerebra Dust Collect Craniumites, dry them out completely, toast them, and grind their bodies into a fine powder. The mites from one badly-infested person yields one dose of highly addictive Cerebra Dust.

Inhaling a dose of Cerebra Dust floods the mind with thousands of memories in the span of a few seconds. If the user can stay focused enough to see the patterns within they may have one question answered about history, lore, or recent events as others have experienced them. The powder and sensation is *highly* addictive.



A grey, translucent ooze of memories, born out of an improperly sealed Psychipherous Coffin. It creeps across the ground like slime mold, and drifts through the air like gossamer shredded silk. It operates with a simple and alien intelligence devoid of motive, feeling memories like vibrations in the air, seeking out the most intense of these memories like a moth to flame.

PSICHIPHERAL
EFFLUENT
HD 2
Armour as leather
Scrape: +1, 1d4 plus
memory drain

The Effluent is drawn to those with strong memories. It wishes to pull the memories from its victims, and the memories must always oblige.

Wants

Coiling around its victims like a snake made of hot pitch. The memories that twist within its form influence how it carries out its actions, either thrashing like furious whips or slithering in with mournful torpidity. It will pull the memories from those who are caught in its form, ripping out the consciousness of these victims along with it.

Means

The sound of a familiar voice. The smell of something that brings back dreaded memories. The taste of something that makes you ill.

Omens

To create a Memory Sink, first harvest the body of Psychipheral Effluents and then toast them until bone dry. Grind them down to an iridescent rock salt, and store the salt in a sealed air-tight container: the Sink is now ready.

Memory Sink

When the Memory Sink is opened the salt begins to draw memories from the surrounding area, just as salt draws moisture from the air. Those within 60' of the Memory Sink cannot form memories while they remain within its area of effect, immediately forgetting what they just said, saw, or witnessed. The Memory Sink remains active for one week, after which the salts reform into a new Psychipheral Effluent.



MONSTERS OF THE TEARY FINGER

HOSPICE STRIX It always arrives wearing some odd piece of clothing: a moth-eaten grey nightgown, a long wool scarf in garish colors, maybe a big pair of boots full of holes. Putting up a forlorn expression, it pitifully seeks sympathy from those it meets. All lies. In fact, it has a strange beaked head, awkwardly attached to a small humanoid torso, limbs weak and gangly. It can't enter uninvited, but once you let it in it will never leave your home. Ever.

Wants To be invited into a home, and be allowed to embed itself into the household as a guest first. To ingratiate itself upon the family. To make its family emotionally dependent on it. To cause as much frustration for the household as it can, while remaining in perfectly good graces, safe from being kicked out. To eat its family members one by one. To move on to another household, another family.

Means The Strix can disguise its gaunt appearance, taking the aspect of humans, but its true form is reflected by liquid. Aunties say to always offer your guest a clear soup or a cup of herbal tea, in case you might catch the reflection of a beak. It can move around its adoptive home, crawling in and out of cracks and corners.

Omens An unwanted guest staying too long. Missing jewelry, utensils, and the like. Misfortune and accidents.

Strix Eye-Box When you identify a Strix, trap it in a room by putting a door knocker on the inside of the room: it won't be able to pass the threshold if not let in. Time to be rude to the unwelcome guest: pin it down and gouge its eyeballs. Careful! They will roll away. Catch the eyes and keep them in a glass box: its lid must be protected by a small knocker, so the Strix cannot open the box to retrieve them.

The Strix eyes in the box will always look towards the nearest inhabited home: you can use the box as a compass to find such a place. The eyes do not look towards homes where no one is present.

A human heart whose veins end in thin black tentacles. It burrows into a corpse and tricks the nearest person into thinking it is their beloved sister, who is ill and must be cared for. The victim will clothe, nurture, and protect the corpse as family. Meanwhile, at night, the corpse will eat rats, cats, and dogs captured around its new home. When mature, the corpse will hatch into a black oily heart the size of a horse with ten giant spider legs.

SISTER'S HEART

HD 1 or 7 (hatched)

Armour as leather

Choke: +1, 1d4/rnd, save to break free.

Slam (hatched):

+8, 2d6

To find a recently interred corpse to burrow into, then to eat and hatch. Once hatched, to force its keeper to collect bones, and build a house of bones to live in together, with the keeper as a servant.

Wants

When in a corpse, the Sister's Heart can enthrall passersby whispering softly: save or be charmed by the heart, love it as a sister, and do all she needs, including defending it as family. Once hatched, the Heart can fly during the night, cast Abessive Form, and Perantique Voice.

Means

Burrows in a graveyard, accompanied by faint voices. A person suddenly being very involved with a sister they had never mentioned before. All pets in the neighbourhood disappearing one by one. People claiming to have seen a house of bones up on the old hill.

Omens

Approach the hatched Sister in her house of bones, but take care to plug your ears against its words: communicate via the manservant, by writing, or sign language. Offer the Sister the life of three victims (by naming them fully), and the Sister will gift you a chime made of bone, carved with a heart.

My Sister's Chime

By ringing the empowered chime at night, you can force a corpse or undead within 30' to burst and release its tentacled, arachnoid heart. It will obey you until sunrise, and then burrow into a corpse. Intelligent undead instead save or take 2d8 damage as half-formed spider legs burst from their torso (this effect works only once per victim).



THE GRIP OF GAUB: ADVENTURE HOOKS

You have now gleaned the vile portents of Gaub, but you have yet to see its works manifest among the people of the world. Its hand reaches into the strangest places, and sorcerers are often not aware of the nature of the beast. Some may feign ignorance. However, if they are aware of the dark power they wield, they may be more dangerous than they appear. Whether you seek to undo its work, or to become privy to its secrets, when Gaub pierces the veil the lurid beginning may only hint at the terror of the end.

Lost Love A young woman approaches the party with a problem and ready coin to encourage them to investigate and intervene on her behalf. Although he was formerly devoted to her in an almost slavish way, her betrothed has broken off their engagement, claiming that he feels a hollow within his chest where his love for her used to reside. The woman suspects that he has fallen under a magic spell or has been bewitched. She is, in fact, correct; the man is the victim of Popelote. Who sent their foul vermin to drain away his ardent romantic yearning? Was it a lover spurned by the young woman in favor of the spell's victim? Was it cast by a family member who disapproves of their union? Or by a bitter-hearted shrew who hates love as an ideal?

The False Stigmata During the Sunday service, Goody Hausgrast suddenly arose from her customary pew. As all eyes turned toward her, her body began to violently expel blood, bile, and phlegm. However, rather than being met with horror, this gruesome display was seen as a miracle by the congregation—a rather viscous sort of stigmata. Ever since, Goody Hausgrast has been treated as a living saint by the members of the church, a role she has adopted with great glee as it allows her to make grand pronouncements and denounce congregants she considers enemies. One of the victims of her maledictions believes Hausgrast to be no exemplar; they believe that she was the target of the Panchymagogue spell. But who cast it upon her? Was it a misguided attempt at embarrassing her in front of the faithful? Or did she cast it upon herself in a bid for power?

A vampire is stalking the streets of Dusselstadt! Victims are being discovered ice-cold and drained of vital fluid. The locals are convinced that an undead is preying upon them, but curiously the victims do not show the expected tell-tale bite marks that usually accompany a vampire's assault. The culprit is a sorcerer who uses the Paresthesia spell on their victims. The sorcerer suffers from a rare wasting disease; using the spell to drain blood and regain vitality is the only thing that is keeping them alive.

The Vampire
of Dusselstadt

A rising star has graced the Department of Speculative Theology at Wunderbeck University. Despite this scholar's tender age, they seem to be acquiring knowledge far beyond their few years of research and study. Of course, the scholar is gaining their learning through supernatural means—they are tracking down scholars and learned people at other institutions, learning everything they can about them, casting Magdalenity on them, and eating their shed skin to gain their experience, expertise, and memories. They must be exposed before this ploy allows them to gain tenure or a variety of other unearned academic accolades.

The Bright
Young Thing

Martio del Flores thought that Lady Contata was an angel sent straight from heaven when she entered his life. Terminally ill, Martio viewed the Lady's love as one last blessing gracing him before his inevitable demise. And he did die. But that was not the end of Lady Contata's involvement with him. She cast Lichoscope on his corpse, bringing him back to a semblance of his former life. All is good between them, so long as her gaze lingers upon his now vulnerable form. The Lady's love is a poisonous thing; if Martio does not comply with her every wish, she threatens to avert her eyes from him permanently and let him rot away into nothing. He could be rescued from his Lady, but perhaps Martio would prefer it if she was forced to let him slip away into the waiting arms of death.

Waxen Love

THE GRIP OF GAUB: ADVENTURE HOOKS

- Dead Progenitor** What more could an apocalypse-minded nihilist want than the opportunity to erase the whole of the human race, starting with its very root? Such is the case with Mirelda Frank, a woman of bleak aspect armed with a magical timepiece that will allow her to travel back in time and meet the first man, the progenitor of all, the true ancestor. Her plan is simple: encounter the first man and cast Extirpation upon him before he has a chance to spawn the unwholesome race known as humanity. She reckons this will erase mankind from existence and memory. Unless she's stopped, of course.
- Warped Old Town** All was well in the town of Prence's Folly. That is, until the wizard Horty Vhormast cast *Perdivagant* as he desperately tried to escape a pack of wolves with the faces of bawling babies. The spell went awry; though Vhormast was attempting to reach Prence's Folly as a safe destination, the spell instead changed the town into an ever-shifting, nightmarish topography. The town's streets and buildings randomly rearrange themselves, unnatural weather—such as placental matter that falls like rain—assails the town, and hideous statuary with gibbering maws appear without warning. Prence's Folly is a place of chaos. And the townspeople? The less said about them the better. Whatever they've been altered into is surely worse than a few baby-headed wolves. Someone knows how to return Prence's Folly to its original state, but unfortunately they are trapped within its all too real phantasmagoria.
- The Grief Counselor's Poppet** Doctor Levias Frask had a lucrative practice as a grief counselor catering to the very wealthy. But, like all mortal men, he died. The jolly poppet he used in conjunction with the magic of *Gelabdellon* to soothe his clients was to be destroyed upon his death, but its attempted immolation only marred the sigil that Doctor Frask had placed upon it. The destruction of the sigil caused the poppet to enlarge and engorge unnaturally as it went on a rampage. Now it stalks the streets at night, giving violent vent to the magical hostility that continues to animate it.

Some people just can't let a good magic trick rest without explanation. Mister Fennister is just such a man. When he saw the Lemarko Sisters perform their act on stage he was astounded—mesmerized even! He was spellbound as they revealed their taut midriffs, only to feel both repelled and enraptured as cavernous holes opened up upon each sister's belly. He could not believe that they were able to pass objects, and even live rabbits, through one sister's hole and have it emerge from her sibling's miraculous aperture. That the objects, and the rabbits as well, emerged covered in effluvia was no matter—Mister Fennister is willing to pay anyone willing and able to obtain the secret of this trick by force, coercion, or otherwise from the Lemarko Sisters. In truth, both sisters have mastered the Fistula spell and use it as part of their stage act. The Hole Story

The Lortmann Museum of Fine Arts is looking to hire investigators of dubious moral sense who can crack the case of a spate of missing paintings that have recently troubled their latest exhibition. After each painting goes missing, the body of the night guard on duty has been found lifeless — as if they died while making their rounds. Strangely, ghostly activity has also begun to be reported in the Lortmann Museum; some say it's clear that the gallery is inhabited by a growing number of poltergeists. The culprit, Ophelia Nart, uses the Desarcinate spell to leave her body, assume a shadowy form, and possess the night guardsman at the gallery. Once possessed, she uses the guardsman to steal the paintings which she then sells on the black market. Once accomplished, she leaves the guardsman dead as a discarded husk, and lets their perturbed spirits haunt the gallery. Shadow Heist

THE GRIP OF GAUB: ADVENTURE HOOKS

A Lost Trove Everyone knows that the dreaded sorcerer-pirate Patchwork Jack amassed an unparalleled collection of loot over the course of his career as a corsair. No one knows where his treasure trove was hidden—this was a secret he managed to take to the grave. One vital spell Patchwork Jack had mastered was Mural Sepulture, which he used to secrete his treasures within one wall of his manor house. Anyone who wishes to plunder this magical vault will need to accomplish two things: discover which wall was Patchwork Jack's favored hiding place and find the hand of the now deceased pirate to use as a key to activate the magic once more.

Literal Hunger Games The morally malformed aristocrat Sir Larmsby has forcibly abducted a number of working-class laborers which he views as expendable playthings. He plans to place them in a barren cell, drop a combination of gourmet foods, slop, and poisoned carcasses into it from a chute overhead, cast Pamphagous upon them, and let them bestially consume everything within reach as he watches from behind the safety of an impenetrable window. If the labourers are not released before Sir Larmsby enacts his bizarre plan, they are fated to die from the poisons and other toxins they will ingest.

The Banished Benefactor One of the party's benefactors or useful contacts has come under the effects of the Effutiation spell. Their partner, who wishes for them to avoid tiresome riffraff such as gamblers, forgers, and adventurers, has cast this spell upon them, making them believe in a web of lies that portray the party as a malicious influence and perhaps even as a danger to mankind at large. How might the characters get their former ally back on their side and free them from the pernicious falsehoods of the Effutiation spell?

How can we be expected to win the war against East Morkmenistan when our boys' planes keep falling from the sky due to inexplicable mechanical issues? The superstitious among us claim that this is the work of gremlins, but I believe that a saboteur armed with the Helminthiasis spell lurks in our midst! This vile traitor, this hideous wormaphile, this base malcontent, must be unmasked for the good of Victory, God, and Country!

Where Even the
Planes Have Worms

Imagine a room full of ill and irritable strangers, say the waiting room at a doctor's office, in which some madman has inscribed their sigil and cast Incubinate. A voice intones over the PA system: "Kill each other! Tear each other to shreds! Only the sole survivor will be released from the room! And don't even think of moving toward the exit." Alas! The madman is the doctor himself. It's go time; only one can survive... unless those trapped in the waiting room band together and find some ingenious solution to this bloody dilemma.

Wait and Bleed

Authors are going missing at an alarming rate, all the while Tobias Runkle is a lauded literary phenomenon eclipsing all other voices of his generation. Runkle is producing brilliant works at an astounding rate; never before has one man produced so many major works at so fast a clip. Of course, it helps that Runkle has been kidnapping other writers, subjecting them to the Tra-boccant Inspiration spell, and passing their inspired texts off as his own. Important clues as to what Runkle is up to might be had from the cashier at the hardware store, who has been selling him the unusual number of mops and the distressing amount of bleach he needs to clean up after the heads of his victims explode.

Unwilling Ghost
Writers

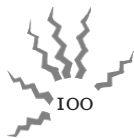
THE GRIP OF GAUB: ADVENTURE HOOKS

Neither a Borrower Nor a Lender Be Marta Genova takes her privacy extremely seriously, particularly when it comes to her secret stash of vampire erotica. To safeguard her collection of bloodsucker smut, she has cast Vellicle Vellum on every book. Unfortunately, her curious roommate tried to peruse one of the ribald tomes and now has a copy of “The Throbbing Passion of the Nosferatu” stuck to her hand. A rather embarrassing problem, no? If only some adventurous occultists could help her out of this predicament; she can’t very well get on with her life with vampire porn stuck to her hand!

The Befuddled Explorer The famed explorer Sir Robar Dashward is in danger of having his reputation for unerringly unearthing the lost hypogea of the Valcamonica Forest tarnished forever. As the victim of the Roblet spell, he can no longer find his way in the wilderness. Indeed, even the maps and instruments he’s accustomed to no longer make sense to him in unfamiliar lands. If his inability to explore becomes widely known, he will certainly be ejected without ceremony from the Royal Explorer’s Society — a fate he would consider worse than death. But where is the sigil, and who thrust it upon him?

Fake News It’s uncanny how well that blustering, xenophobic imbecile is doing in the polls in the run up to the next election, isn’t it? Of course, their campaign would be dead in the water if they weren’t employing a squad of canvassers armed with the Effutiation spell. The canvassers have been implanting the falsehood that the bellicose moron is a great candidate in the minds of any unfortunates stupid enough to invite them into their homes for a nice little chat about politics and the fate of the nation. The real questions is — how do you fight a lie deeply held by the easily misled?





RULES FOR SORCERY

Here are a few simple rules to use spells without levels. If you prefer to use traditional spell slots ignore these rules and let sorcerers prepare any spell without level using any level spell slot. For a more extensive treatment of spells without levels, and more spells, items, and catastrophes, consult *Wonder & Wickedness* and *Marvels & Malisons*, also published by Lost Pages.

Learning Spells Sorcerers begin their nefarious career knowing three spells. They can find more spells in books, or in more lugubrious places (see the table on page 4). To learn a new spell, spend a week studying it and make an intelligence check; in case of failure the spell is beyond the sorcerer's mental capacity.

Casting Spells Sorcerers learn to cast spells in one of two ways, depending on their ancestors, traditions, or teacher:

- **Rote Memorization:** each spellcaster prepares spells daily before adventuring, allocating one spell slot per character level, and can then cast each allocated spell once. It's possible, and common, to allocate more than one slot to the same spell to be able to cast it more than once.
- **Spontaneous:** each spellcasters can cast one spell per character level per day, but can't cast the same spell twice in a day.

Spell Duration Spells duration can be one of these three types:

- **Timed:** the effect lasts one exploration turn (typically ten minutes) per level, and then reverts to normality.
- **Instantaneous:** the magic happens instantly, but its effects persist even after the casting is finished.
- **Sigil:** the spell requires the sorcerer to apply their sigil on the target (taking one exploration turn), the spell lasting while the sigil is extant. A sorcerer can have only one sigil of a given spell at a time. Drawing a second sigil for the same spell voids the first, causing it to crumble into useless ash, and terminates the first spell. Sigils are personal and recognizable, in the same way a person laughs or cries.



Sorcerers can ignore every single sorcery rule and limitation, including exceeding their daily spell casting quota, and cast spells they have not properly learnt. Doing so, however, invites catastrophe. Whence Catastrophes

Sorcery does not come with a reliable list of what works and what does not. However, when sorcerers engage in risky behaviour there should be a discussion between the Referee and the other players about what kind of rolls and costs are necessary, and roughly what catastrophic consequences a failure would entail. Here are examples of the kind of risky behaviour leading to catastrophes:

- Casting spells without learning them first.
- Casting spells beyond normal allotment.
- Spellcasting interruption.
- Non-sorcerers casting spells.
- Sorcerer dying during casting.
- Curses, including using a cursed item.

Feel free to add your own.

In case of possible catastrophe we recommend, in most cases, to make *some* of the spell happen, but at a price, however terrible that might be. Again, we provide some suggestions: Catastrophes Unleashed

- In any case start rolling a Charisma check, as a bare minimum. Do Fate and the Gods let a mortal meddle with reality in these difficult and dubious circumstances? In case of failure a catastrophe strikes the sorcerer.
- If the spell is not learnt properly the sorcerer could need an intelligence check to control it, so to avoid mis-targeting the spell or corrupting its effects.
- If the sorcerer casts a spell when they are out of their daily allotment they suffer 1d6 temporary damage to a random attribute. Then a wisdom check might be needed to avoid being overwhelmed and stunned by the winds of magic for 1d6 hours.



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COLOPHON

This book happened because, after struggling for years, my mental health got better. And because I want more and better grimoires. And it is the shape it is because of the great admiration I have for the work of the English artist T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, the soul behind Doves Press. Cobden-Sanderson's work puts him right in the midst of the Arts & Craft movement, together with Morris and Mackintosh. Developing this book I studied the layout of several of his works, and tried to adapt it to the A5 format and the form of game handbooks. To be honest I can't say me monkeying a great artist brought us great art, but I'm in a phase of development where I am looking again for what is beautiful and works, and the Doves style is a good path to follow.

Like T.J. outlines in his manifesto, I wanted to make a book beautiful and full of spells. But I also wanted it to be full of *magic*. For that you have to thank all the writers and artists, as it's their soul I brought to paper. This book is theirs.

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Paolo

We wish to thank the 1043 kind backers, and
especially the 64 Cabal members, for
making this book and the
summoning rite
possible

