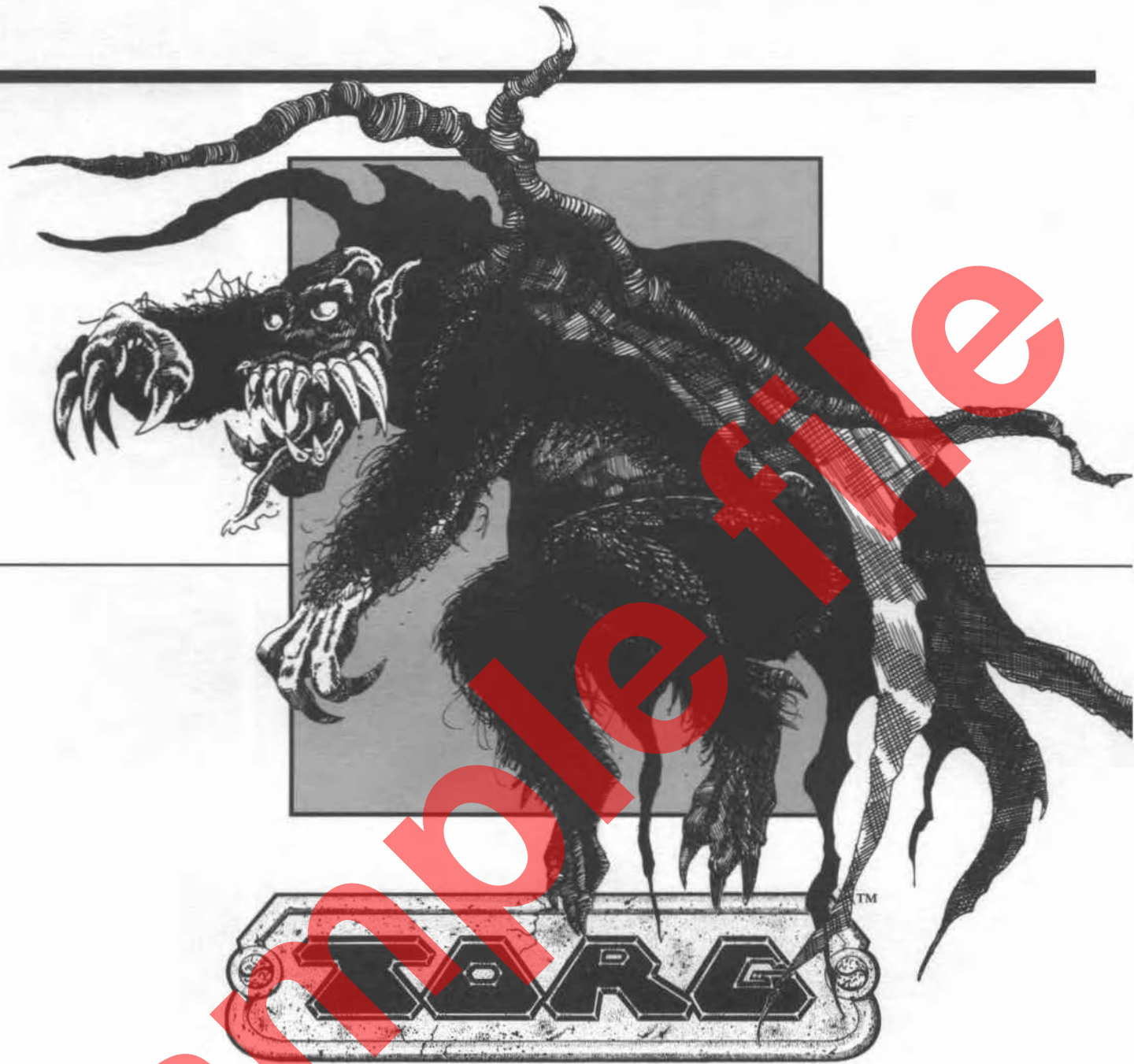


# CREATURES OF ORRORSH™





Roleplaying the Possibility Wars™



# Creatures of Orrorsh



Compiled by the Sword of Sacellum

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## TORG - Creatures of Orrorsh

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# INTRODUCTION



The Gypsy seemed to sway in rhythm, as if to a long distant song. The Storm Knights observed her every movement. Her eyes were closed tight, the strain plainly showing on her forehead. The woman began to hum softly, a distant melody that Kerrick the paladin recognized immediately.

"By Dunad, the 'Glavariak.'" Kerrick saw the look of incomprehension on the face of his edeinon companion. "It was the battle hymn of House Liandar for five generations. Before the dark times ... no one but one of my house would know it."

Ral Stek understood. The whole purpose of this strange ceremony — a *seance*, her friends called it — was to try to contact Nunli, Kerrick's childhood friend who was killed near this very spot just a few days ago. Nunli had been investigating a particularly mysterious terror of Orrorsh. He had been tormented by the beast, which he could only describe as a 'wolf of the night.'

Kerrick's look of anticipation increased as the humming became louder. Kerrick's other companions were clearly nervous. Dirk, the wise-cracking actor from Florida, was uncharacteristically silent. Ral Stek appreciated the change. The other two Storm Knights, Marie and Luis, seemed ready to leap into battle. Ral Stek surmised that, as humans would put it, their hair was standing on end.

Suddenly, the humming stopped. The gypsy stopped moving. Kerrick's impatience overtook him. "Nunli — is it you? What happened? What evil fate befell you? Tell me so I can avenge your past."

The gypsy's eyes opened. She stared blankly at Kerrick. Dirk muttered, "The front door's open, but nobody's home." Kerrick shot a disapproving glance at his arrogant companion.

The gypsy blinked once, twice, three times. A breeze seemed to sweep the room, its source unknown. They were inside a sealed room, a blessed *seance* room. Helpless to whatever the gypsy brought through. Ral Stek thought she heard something move behind the gypsy, like a scratching on the floor.

The gypsy's stare turned from Knight to Knight, with no visible change in facial features. Finally, she returned her gaze to Kerrick. A deep voice, that of a human male, came from her mouth. "Kerrick, my friend. It is good to be in your presence again. It has been difficult since my ... passing."

The breeze picked up in strength, nearly blowing out some of the dozens of candles burning on the table. Ral Stek's warrior instincts warned her that danger was present. Strange happenings were nothing to take lightly in Orrorsh, for they certainly were a prelude to death, not knowledge.

Marie reached across the table, knocking over a pair of candles, as she grabbed Kerrick's arm. She pleaded with him. "Kerrick, we must end this now. The medium made no mention of this breeze, of a spirit possessing her! We are in danger. We must bring her out of the trance, now!"

Kerrick shook off her arm. "Nunli. Tell me what happened so we can avenge you and put this horror to a stop!"

The gypsy's head rolled back, and a deep, malevolent

laugh echoed throughout the room. "Avenge! Foolish stormer, you will join your friend in death."

Kerrick's eyes widened. Emerging from the form of the gypsy was a huge black shape with glowing crimson eyes. Huge fangs seemed to glisten with unholy energies. The wolf-creature leaped out at Kerrick, bowling him over before he could even raise his hands in defense.

The gypsy's body crumpled to the floor, but the other Storm Knights were too shocked to act. As they looked on in horror, Kerrick screamed in terror and pain. He seemed to have been attacked by an invisible spirit form, for all they saw was Kerrick's body writhing, as if held down by a great weight. Before their terrified eyes, a huge gash, running from neck to waist, opened, clothes shredded by invisible claws. As Kerrick desperately grabbed for his knife, he turned his head aside — a fatal mistake as his throat opened, blood flowing freely. His body spasmed once and was still.

Marie ran to the medium, while the others ran to Kerrick. They acted as if whatever danger was present had left. Marie quickly reported, "The medium is dead." By the look on Dirk's paled face, it was obvious that Kerrick was also dead.

"This is beyond our abilities. Let us leave this accursed realm."

## The Sword of Sacellum

You now hold in your hands a great tool against the Ecology of Fear. It has been gathered by us, the Sword of Sacellum. Use this gift wisely, for many of us have died in bringing it to you.

The Sword of Sacellum is a Victorian secret society dedicated to researching and uncovering information about the horrors and Nightmares of Orrorsh. This book has been compiled by various members of the society, at great risk to our person. We have smuggled it out of the realm, and quietly distributed it to known Storm Knights around the world, in the hope that you, the heroes of these Possibility Wars, may find clues to help you overcome the Power of Fear.

As with any group forced to operate in secrecy, the information contained herein is only as reliable as the sources of that information. One thing that has most assuredly made Orrorsh difficult to defeat is the fact that the horrors seem to lack any consistency of ability or method. We cannot be sure of anything when battling the power of the Occult — not even of the loyalty of our membership, so corrupting is the evil of this realm.

## The Power of the Occult

All of the horrors of Orrorsh, from the most lowly creature of the sewers of Jakarta, to the Gaunt Man himself, draw their power from the power of the Occult. This warped



and evil form of magic is what provides the sustenance for these creatures.

The Occult is extremely powerful, and equally evil. Those who have ventured down the road of magical research, no matter how noble their intentions, invariably succumb to the powers of corruption and temptation.

We would warn all of you that Orrorsh is a place not to be ventured into without complete knowledge and preparation. Those who enter without forethought are merely more grist for the mills of terror.

Orrorsh, unlike the other realms on Earth, defies conventional military strategy. We fear that the only way to defeat this realm of fear is to defeat the horrors, one by one, on an individual level. It is essential that those battling the horrors subject each creature to its True Death before it can escape to the Waiting Village, or else all effort will be for naught. A soul which escapes, regardless of what befalls its mortal form, will simply return in a new form, more powerful and evil than before. It is to be a long war, indeed.

## This Tome's Origin

This book is the result of the second contest sponsored by West End Games and open to subscribers to our *Infiniverse* newsletter. We challenged our readers to devise the most

loathsome, hideous, evil, repulsive, repugnant, horrifying, and disgusting creatures ever created for a roleplaying game. We weren't disappointed.

This contest's submissions were creative, interesting, unpredictable, and more than a little disturbed. In all, 57 of the 60 creatures in this book were the creations of our *Infiniverse* readers. Each submission included game stats, a description of the monster and its habitat and a rough sketch of the beastie in all of its glory. Those whose creatures West End's editorial staff chose for inclusion in this book received cash or game merchandise for their efforts.

At this time we would like to thank everyone who took the time to make submissions for this book. Once again, our readers have sent us some truly professional quality work, flowing with creativity and intensity.

Three creatures were chosen for special recognition:

- 1st Prize — "Knot Man," by Patrick Flanagan
- 2nd Prize — "True Rakshasa," by Steve Crow
- 3rd Prize — "Feral Furs," by Pete Venters

## Our Next Contest

For our next *Infiniverse* contest, we have chosen *Creatures of Tharkold*. Based on the response for our previous contests and the nature of the techno-horror realm, we expect the

