

METAMORPHOSIS ALPHA TO OMEGA ADVENTURE 1:

The Quest for Elvis

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ASSUMED GAME WORLD: The Starship Warden, as detailed in *Metamorphosis Alpha to Omega*

BASE GAME ENGINES: The *Amazing Engine System*, or *Gamma World*, second edition.

ADVENTURE HOOK: The PC's primitive tribe faces a horrible threat, which can be anything the Ship Master (which is the title given to a Game Master in *Metamorphosis Alpha*) wishes it to be. Suitable contenders include:

1. The local water source has run dry
2. A cloud of slow moving ravenous insect mutants is skittering towards the tribe's major food source
3. A horrible but slow acting plague has broken out
4. A close community of mutants is threatening war
5. A horrific omen has appeared in the "skies"
6. A gigantic mutant star goat has invaded the PC's level and is threatening to eat everything in sight.

Regardless of the threat chosen and elaborated on by the SM, the obvious next course of action is clear to the clan elders: The Spirit of the Ancient King must be consulted!

This spirit is well known to dwell nearby in an ancient idol in the city ruins, but a few problems exist with consulting His Majesty. First, because of the awesome reverence the tribe has for this ancient voice, no one has BEEN to consult the idol this generation: as such, details on how to do this are a bit fuzzy, beyond which building contains the idol (specifically the Temple of the goddess Alace; cursed by the demon Martial) . Second, while the ruined temple that contains the idol is relatively nearby the territory controlled by the PC's tribe, unfortunately it is still located within the domain of clan Jane-Doe; an Orlen tribe led by a fearsome Orlen Amazon named Jane-Doe and hostile to the PC's people. Though considered by most to be sexy beyond belief, and prone to wearing skimpy Jeget-skinned bikinis into battle, she is also known for ripping her opponent's spines out with her bear hands, and for possessing a sense of humor centering on exotic uses for ancient Brilo pads. She and her people are best avoided. Lastly, the King is said to be wise beyond compare; unfortunately this- according to the Sacred Legends - leads Him to speak a bit cryptically. But then, what should one expect from the disembodied spirit of an Ancient King?

After a completely random determination-consulting omens, dice, and an ancient magic 8 ball possessed by the tribe's lawyer (their term for a "shaman")- all and only the PCs are chosen for this arduous quest. They must SNEAK QUIETLY into the section of ruins containing the temple, locate the idol with the King's spirit, consult Him on this grave matter, and bring his message (hopefully rightly interpreted) back to the tribe. Who could ask for anything more simple?

SHIP MASTER INFORMATION: The assumed setting for this adventure is the Apartment City on Warden's deck Eight (see pages 110-115 of MAtoO). The PC's tribe is assumed to be the clan of Man, which is comprised of the 3d10 (x100) humans detailed on p. 113 living in area A5. The clan of Jane-Doe in this scenario is comprised of the 1d3 (x10) Orlens living in area A9 and the "temple" is located just on the northwest outskirts of that territory near the Badders in area A3. If this is the case, the SM needs to have about 300 humans in the clan of Man, and 30 Orlens in clan Jane-Doe. The reason the Orlens are hostile to the clan of Man is that their genetics are stable, whereas those of Man are obviously not. From this ANY fool is able to deduce that the Orlen physiology is the True Form, and Man in all his sickening shapes is only a mockery the Great Demon of Burning inflicted on the True Race. Though demonstrably not true, this belief is

held FIRMLY by all members of clan Jane-Doe, and no amount of talking will EVER convince them otherwise.

Obviously, this adventure wouldn't be too hard to port-over to a SM created level; all that is really required is a ruined city, a tribe of Men, and a tribe of Orlens. In fact, it could just as easily be located on a Gamma Terra or a Gamma Mars; with a little effort the Ship Master (or Game Master) could really set this highly generic adventure anywhere. The addition of Second Edition Gamma World game mechanics [marked 2e.] should help in this regard as well. And after all, imagination is role-playing's key element.

As a last note, the SM should observe that this is NOT a terribly serious adventure. In actuality this romp is really nothing more than an excuse to bash atomic horrors (albeit quietly) and make fun of Elvis. It is highly sardonic, but if the players tend to be brooding, angst-filled drama queens looking to plumb the depths of the human soul, then this is not the adventure for them- and the author is glad they are not HIS players!

CHARACTER EQUIPMENT: Each PC will receive the following items (if they need them) from the tribe:

- 1 knife [2e. dagger]
- 1 spear, hatchet [2e. hand axe], or bow with quiver of 10 arrows
- 1 wooden shield
- 1 wine skin with a weeks sour cucumber wine
- 1 back pack with a weeks dried fruits and nuts
- 6 torches
- 1 flint and steel

There will also be 2 suits of leather armor available to the party and a small bag of 38 domars.

AN ENCOUNTER ON THE WAY: If the SM is using the default setting for this adventure, then the PCs must sneak through the territory of a clan of Badders some 2d6 (x50) strong. This clan is known as the Snaggle-Tooth Gang, and they aren't too friendly to human types (or those who live with them). However, due to the close proximity both groups have been forced to live with one another, and a treaty (of sorts) is in effect. Unfortunately, this treaty assumes each side will have the good sense to avoid the other's territory. Smart PCs should attempt to SNEAK through this area. If they aren't so clever, the SM should arrange for them to be the guest of honor at an ambush by 3d6 Badder archers, shooting from cover and heights within the ruins. Hopefully this will not prove deadly, but instead send them packing back to Man territory, where they will be summarily chewed out by the clan leaders and sent back out the next day with a bit more pointed instructions.

Should the PCs BE smart however, the SM should have their efforts fail anyway by fiat (although don't let it look that way; random dice rolls can be SO unkind.....). As the party silently slips among the emptied dwellings, a gang of 5 teenage Badder toughs materialize all around the PCs, slipping out of shadows, crevices in the broken buildings, from around corners, Etc. They are well armed with great swords and bows with 20 arrows apiece, and growl menacingly at the party and insult their mothers. Nevertheless, these toughs aren't looking for a deadly fight, although if the party really wants them to they WILL kill them; they just want to pick on the PCs for awhile, threatening to call the rest of the tribe, roast their sorry carcasses, make clothing out of their skin, Etc. and then challenge them to a pick-up game of "Debased Ball".

Debased Ball is a rather simple game: it has all the rules of normal Base Ball save for the fact that the bases are actually large mutant turtle-cats which move around slowly during play, and there AREN'T any rules against hitting, biting, grabbing, or thrashing runners during play if they are not currently on base (of course, the runners can respond in kind). One other odd fact is that the turtle-cats (which still move pretty slow, even for the addition of cat genes) are mutated in such a way that they have an odd variation of the Electrical Generation mutation; if they are touched, and electric impulse enters the body, but does no damage. Rather, this current stimulates the brain, so that those in contact with a turtle-cat will have pleasant hallucinations; not enough to loose contact with reality, just such as to be psychedelically weird. Obviously, the SM should have some fun with this.

The Badders have everything needed to play Debased Ball close at hand, and this little game will give a SM plenty of opportunity to use MAtO's HtH combat rules [2e. see p. R 6 under "Character Unconsciousness. These rules are pretty skimpy, but they're the only official rules for non-weapon combat in Second Edition]. The SM should keep in mind however, that the Badders- if the PCs really try to play- aren't really going to be out for blood . They want a rough and tumble game, and win, loose, or draw, the Badders will have a newfound respect for the PCs if they're man enough to give it to them. Should this prove to be the case, and if the PCs are willing, they will share a meal with them afterwards and give them necklaces of carved bone which symbolize Badder friendship. PCs with such a necklace should receive positive modifiers when interacting with Badder-kin in the future.

Game statistics for Badders are on p. 82 [2e. p. R 43 HP: 18 MS: 13]. It only stands to reason that a bunch of thugs like the Badders would have the Brawling Skill, although nothing with the finesse of the Martial Arts Skill. For the AE game mechanics of these skills, see "The Missing Pages in Metamorphosis Alpha to Omega"; a MAtO web enhancement also for download on this same web site provided by some noble, selfless, role playing saint who deserves our deepest respect, gratitude, and admiration.....

RUIN DESCRIPTION (formerly Alace's Restaurant and Elvis Memorial: see map.)

1. The log and glass shell which used to be "Alace's Restaurant and Elvis Memorial" sits near the outskirts of Orlen territory near the Snaggle-Tooth clan's holdings, surrounded by its own crumbling parking lot complete with 7 non-working flit vehicles which have been heavily trashed and are full of rotting bits of the same. No other ruins are directly nearby, although decaying structures are within eyesight in all directions. The building looks two stories tall from the outside, but this is due to the high arched ceiling. In actuality the only "second level" of this ruin extends over areas 7-9, and is in fact really no more than a crawl space (see area 10 for a description). The name of the establishment was once proudly displayed on the wall between the glass walls on the building's east face, but someone has thoroughly defaced this sign so that now all it reads is "Alace's.....". Near this tattered sign another part can be picked up which reads "...emorial", but this must be turned over, and is soggy from laying in a puddle of dirty rain water for who knows how long. Nothing more of any significance remains of the rest of the sign. (In any event, it is hardly a given that the PCs will be able to speak or read Ancient.) The walls- even the glass- of this structure are in relatively good shape, save for all the graffiti splayed all about on walls and concrete. Most of this celebrates the conquests of the individual members of clan Jane-Doe- military and otherwise. This filthy talk has been applied with spray paint in some cases, but more is charcoal and chalk. Even under the age and mire however, any observer should be able to tell from the remaining bric-a-brac that this was once an establishment of quality.

As long as the party is in or near the ruins the SM should make them supremely aware that they are in the territory of clan Jane-Doe; any loud noises or excessive violence should be considered a BIG mistake. Smashing windows, setting the wood on fire, setting off loud explosions, Etc. should bring a group of 2-4 Orlens (see p. 88 [2e. p. R 49 HP: 50 MS: 16]), armed with 2 spears and 2 wooden shields apiece, down on the party within a matter of 1-10 minutes. If these are not dealt with in a quiet manner, or if a survivor is allowed to run off or get free, then the rest of the clan will be alerted and will fall upon the party's necks within a further 2-12 minutes. Should this happen they will come armed with nets and several high-tech weapons of the SM's choosing as well as their traditional spears and shields; and in all honesty the PCs should at this point die horrible drawn-out deaths with their heads (or what passes for their heads) staked out at the perimeter of Orlen territory. After all, in MAtO new character creation isn't all that time consuming.

2. This alcove has an oak floor, and light fixtures up in its fancy paneled ceiling (3 meters high), but the lights don't work, as all the power to this whole building was shut off by the ship's central computer literally ages ago. The walls are of smooth worked wood where they aren't glass, and tattered, streaked paper artwork still clings to them at odd angles. If the PCs examine these ruined posters, they will just be able to make out the form of a large-foreheaded individual who is gaudily dressed and apparently suffering the results of the Electrical Generation mutation (i.e.

Elvis in concert). The east and south walls are of glass, and are easily seen through; in fact, the doors are worked glass and wood as well. These doors are well sealed, but they are unlocked. An old wooden bench is along the south wall, and a coat rack takes up the northern wall which still has some ancient coats hanging upon it. These will crumble if handled, but on the upper shelf above them, hid in shadows is a nice tool set in a dark russet metal box (see p. 75; bonus of +10 [2e. These give a bonus for working with broken technology of roughly +2 on d20 or +10% on percentile over normal tools, whichever is appropriate to the given action as deemed by the SM]). Unfortunately this toolbox is locked with a small pad lock; but 5 Body Points of damage [2e. 15 HP] will bust the lock. Of course, this could be rather noisy.....

Slumped in the north-west corner near the western door is a crumpled being of living metal. Though possessing 8 spindly arms it otherwise is (was) humanoid looking, and in a pouch about its waist (with a few "in hand") are 43 crumply yellowed tracts of paper in an ancient tongue (the menu and the wine list). It is dressed in some old black uniform, but since it has been shot several times with a Mark V blaster pistol, this is not in good shape. Should the PCs mess with it, it will brightly spark with power briefly, shakily rise, and attempt to give each individual (except animals and plants) a menu- before exploding in a shower of sparks and falling back into the corner never again to rise. If this happens, the sounds and echoes will be horrible; but luckily there will not be any wandering Orlens about; this time.....

3. This odd shaped open space continues the decor of oak and fine wood; indeed, this is the case throughout the building until area 8-10. The ceiling here is 5 meters high (with the area over area 2 a cubby hole crammed with old cardboard boxes filled with plastic cups and plates). A chandelier hangs near the center of the room, and along the middle of the north wall an old bar can be seen. All the walls are covered with various sorts of Elvis memorabilia- a mounted guitar (no longer usable), beach movie posters, rhinestone eyeglasses, a wig mount in the corner with a REAL doozy of a dark wig on it filled with cobwebs and dust, Etc. (Obviously, the longer the SM can keep the PLAYERS from making the Elvis connection the better, but whatever happens, happens.)

The nook in the north-east is dominated by plush red sofas built into its north, east, and south walls. These are old and easily torn; but other than likely dropping an offending character into them and sending up a BILLOW of dust, they are harmless. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for what is hiding behind the bar.

Behind the bar, crunched up against the woodwork to the north, is another REALLY dead 8 armed robotic waiter. This robot has a safe in its chest (20 BP to open [2e. 40 HP]) filled with domar coins in various denominations- 978 worth in 321 coins. This can be discovered by jiggling the "body", which shakes like a piggy bank in such an instance. HIDING behind the bar, crouched down, is a Cal Then (p. 82 [2e. p. 44, HP: 21 MS: 14]). This hungry predator fled here a few days ago to escape an Orlen hunting party; and now its stomach is beginning to overpower its brain. It will attack the PCs at first opportunity, seeking a quick meal. It will fight intelligently however; and should the battle begin to make too much noise it will flee through area 7. It despises human beings and their allies, and should it say anything at all during the combat it will begin to go on about how "the WHOLE WORLD is infested with their kind of vermin and somebody ought to have the good sense to spray!" It is not a nice life-form.

4. The ceiling in this chamber is 3 meters high. Located above areas 4 and 5 is the housing unit for this establishment's backup generator, although there are no entrances into this space. The floors are concrete, and the walls once sported fine wallpaper, but this has turned brown and is now peeling off the walls in reams. This was the men's washroom, and all the amenities of such a station are still here to be had. The lights, fan and automatic hand drying unit won't work unless the power is turned on (just like everywhere else within the restaurant; see area 5) but water still flows, so sinks and toilets still operate; the water is pretty brackish however. In one of the two stalls a skeleton still sits upon the toilet, his decayed trousers still about his withered feet. In his hands are the remains of an electronic book, though this will never work again. If his pants are searched, the PCs will find 36 domars in a small plastic case in his pocket, and also a Warden Janitorial Staff I.D. card.

5. This room is like area 4, except it was the ladies' wash area. The walls were at one time a pleasant pink, but now little difference can be told. There is no wall urinal though, and the mirror above the sinks has been shattered, so little shards of glass are all about; there also seems to be some old blood splatters here and there. Also, in the southwest corner there is a wall box on the wall, although peeling wallpaper at first hides it from the eyes. This box is locked, but it could be worked open with the tools from area 2, or it could be bashed for 10 BP [2e. 25 HP]. Within is a power-switch, the throwing of which will activate the backup generator in the ceiling and restore power to the building for up to eight hours; at which time its stored juice will be spent. If PCs have played with lights or air settings here and there throughout the complex (see the description of area 6 below), these things will activate upon receiving power- and players who don't want to have unpleasant contact with angry Orlens will need to be quick about getting such things turned off.....

Hiding in the pipes of one of the toilets is a horrific monstrosity. This is An Oozing, Multicolored, Many-Tentacle Horror Covered With Eyes and Mouths (see the Critter Library at the end of this module for it's game stats and description). This writhing mutant will lash from the commode when the party is least expecting it, trying to grab hold and suck down an unsuspecting victim. Its strength is such that if it kills a man-sized target, it WILL be able to pull him down through the pipes - adding much to the blood stains splattered about the room. This creature will never willingly come completely out of the toilet, so fleeing the chamber will give a respite; but to interact with the Ancient King the PCs are most likely going to have to get the power back on.....

6. This large area is lit during the day by light pouring in from its very generous smoky glass windows on both the east and west walls. Dirt and grime cover everything in sight, although many feet, tentacles, claws, and serpentine forms have crossed this area, leaving tracks all about. Bolted tables sit where they sat at the time of the Burning, but all about them lay scattered, overturned chairs and the mummified bits of those who occupied them at that unfortunate moment. Nothing of too much value remains now, although bits of cloth, glass, wood, plastic and such can be gathered from all about. On the north wall, above the double doors and just over to the west, some 3 meters above the floor, are sets of double swinging panels which obviously give access to some area above areas 7, 8 and 9 (see the description of area 10 and also below). These aren't very reachable by man sized creatures, but they swing open easily to the touch and have no latches.

The red rectangle shows the location of an "old-time" looking jukebox. This "Ancient Idol" is covered with images of Elvis, including a partially surviving bust of the "great entertainer" rising out of its top section. Laying around the "idol" are the decaying bodies of 2 male mutants. Their bodies are covered with small bites, but neither seem to have been eaten by anything. They have obviously been dead for several days, and the stench of death will be noticed by anyone entering any part of this area. Their bodies have been looted of anything useful, although all around them are old beer cans, with small puncture marks in the tin. These are solidly bone dry.

This record player is bolted into the floor, and to remove it is to break it and all its old-time records in any regards, and to sever it from its connection to the buildings power supply. IF THE POWER IS TURNED ON, a domar can be inserted into this machine and a song selected. All songs in the queue are of course by Elvis. The SM should use a difficulty rating of "8" for purposes of PCs trying to figure out this artifact [2e. difficulty rating "B"; see p. A 30]. The SM should have an Elvis song cued up on his CD player or tape deck by Elvi s which has some extremely esoteric relationship to the problem facing the PCs' tribe he chose at the outset. This is the "voice of the Ancient King" they have been questing for: now they must interpret this "message" to the village elders. The SM should give them no help in this regard; it should be quite entertaining to see what meaning they come up with (in the author's campaign the water taps in the human area had ceased to provide water, causing a crisis in that mankind now had to sneak into other areas for its water supply. The song which played for them was "Cold Kentucky Rain"; they interpreted this as a divinely sent quest to find the Ancient land of Kentucky where water was plentiful so as to relocate the tribe there. Of course, the elders heartily concurred.....)

Playing the song ONCE shouldn't bring attention, but multiple playings, or new songs, should bring the interest of something nasty in the region, such as 2-6 Bar Flies from area 10, or an Orlen patrol of 1-3 individuals from the outside. Of course, ALL the rooms in this ruin have light switches, environment controls for the air conditioning, Etc. and if these have been fooled with they could turn on when the power goes on, drawing unwanted attention as has been described before.

7. The height of the ceiling in this hallway is only 3 meters. The floor is of the standard wood found in most of the rest of the building, as are the walls, but running down the middle of the hall is a frayed red carpet; now worthless and dingy, nevertheless at one time it must have been plush and magnificent. All along the walls are large pictures of Elvis in various stages of his career, with matching plaques written in Ancient telling about that time in the entertainer's life. The last picture has been somewhat defaced, and its plaque has been visibly ripped from the wall, but it shows a disembodied brain floating in a scientific looking contraption with a tank of mucus green fluid.....

The door to the outside on the north wall is broken and now swings easily open to the touch. In fact, the wind often blows it open, causing it to click every now and then. This is in fact how most of the building's current residents gained entry, and PCs who scout around the building are just as likely to come in this way too. Should the SM feel that the PCs have been having far too easy of a time thus far, he could easily have a pair of Skeeter's begin to awkwardly pull at this door with their proboscis..... This should only be done if the party has avoided so much of the other dangers here that another grappling with mutant horrors is needed to keep the story from becoming dull. (Skeeter's are on p. 89 [In 2e. they are called Soul Besh and are on p. R 51; HP: 35 MS: 2])

8. This is a grime-covered kitchen. The ceiling is 2 1/2 meters above the floor (and this is true for area 9 as well) making the area somewhat cramped. Workstations for preparing food are everywhere, now disused. Pegs and holders for various kitchen tools- like knives- are everywhere, but the Orlens looted this area long ago of any useful items. A few plates, colanders, a spatula or two, and maybe a few old mousetraps are the only "treasure" this area might afford the careful searcher. Hiding under one of the back tables however is a terrified female Gren named Layla. She fled within this ruin yesterday to avoid being discovered and had a very nasty encounter with the Bar Flies from area 10 in area 7, and so fled in here and has been hiding ever since. Layla is tired and hungry, but also scared out of her mind, and not likely to trust anyone poking about the old "temple" without a lot of gentle coaxing. She is armed with both a club (an old rolling pin) and a spear, and she is not afraid to use them. She could be very useful to the party however, as she is fluent in Ancient, and might be the only one who could understand the voice of the Great King when he "sings". She is also quite attractive and dressed in scanty furs- as all Gren women are always portrayed- and could serve as a love foil in the future for some love-struck PC; after all, she is really good at getting trapped, captured, kidnapped, Etc. Once befriended, Layla would be very grateful to any sentients who helped her escape from Orlen territory, even humans. For Layla's stats, see p. 84 [2e. p. R 46, HP: 70 MS 20 CH: 16].

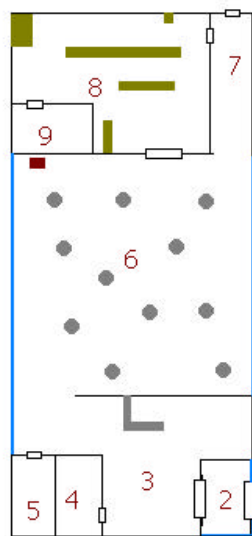
9. This freezer hasn't had power in a long time, and its shelves, covered in rotted food stuffs, are enough to make anybody gag. Those entering this place with the power off will have to make a difficult fitness check or be overcome for 2-6 rounds and throw up [2e. make a poison check vs. Intensity. 15 poison; nausea results on a "D" result]. Corroded chains with hooks still dangle from the ceiling where meat used to hang, and what it has resolved itself into now squishily covers the floor. If the power has been on awhile however, this area will be quite chilly as it begins again to freeze, and the smell will be abated so that no save is necessary; although the place is still quite disgusting. Should the PCs tough out a search however, their fortitude will be rewarded. Stuck deeply into the moldy filth on a shelf in the southeast corner is an old vibro-dagger. Its battery is drained, but it is still functional.

10. (NOT SHOWN ON MAP. This is the area above 7- 9). This crawl space is only 1 ½meters high (or 1 meter above area 7) and is crammed with supplies needed for running a restaurant- folded breakout tables, many more folded chairs, cups, plates, plastic dining ware, waxy candles and table settings for them, Etc. Much that might be useful could be found up here, but its all boxy items difficult to sneak through Orlen territory with. The southeast corner is a nest for 11 Bar Flies, and these will begin to cause the PCs to be harried as soon as they enter here. Some 1-6 will even pursue them through the ruins. How the PCs deal with such a pursuit in a quiet manner is anybody's guess. There is nothing of value in the Bar Flies' nest- nor anything a normal person would ever want to look at. For Bar Fly stats, see the Critter Library at the end of this module [2e. HP: 14 MS: 5].

AN ENCOUNTER ON THE WAY HOME

If the PCs have been hard pressed in the "Temple" and are wounded, a kind SM should let them return home in peace. If they are in good shape however, he might let them run across a running gun battle between 2 Orlens with spears and Laser Pistols (batteries ½used) and 5 Badders armed with bows and spears (2 others have already been lasered to death). These are sniping at each other through the ruins, and probably won't notice the approach (or other movement) of the PCs. The party can escape the battle unnoticed by either side, or help one side or another. If they help the Badders overcome the Orlens, the mean tempered beasts will insist on taking the pistols. If the party agrees though, the Badders will invite them home to the warren for a night of drunken revelry, where the PCs will be treated as visiting guests, and MIGHT just be able to lift a pistol or two off a drunken host..... If the PCs for some reason help the Orlens, they will be so grateful they'll let the humans leave their territory alive.....this time.....

Of course, if the party managed to avoid the Skeeters in the ruins, they could always encounter them on the way home as well. PCs with the "message" however really should be given a good chance to get home alive with their "revelation" for the tribe. This makes for a priceless closing scene, and also probably opens up a "good" reason for the PCs to be sent to explore the rest of the "world" [ship].....



Alace's Resturant and Elvis Memorial

THE CRITTER LIBRARY

Oozing, Multicolored, Many-Tentacle Horror Covered With Eyes and Mouths

F: 90 L: 05 Ps: 20 C: 01

R: 65 I: 48 W: 60 Po: 80

Stamina Points: 42 **Body Points:** 30

Attacks: 1d4 writhing suckered tentacles + bite(s)

Tech Level: 0

Mutations: Its all one big mutation.....

The OMMTHCWEM is a terrifying thing to behold. It lives only to kill and eat, and can reach every place within the women's bathroom while staying firmly lodged in its secure home in the pipes. When it attacks it gives off horrible shrieks, and it twists and flails in all sorts of contorted motion, so that it requires a random roll to see how many of its many tentacles it will actually be able to attack with. When these hit an opponent, they do no damage on the first round, but from thereafter he is grappled if he cannot break free, and takes an automatic 1d6/0 from banging and constriction. Further, there is a 30% chance each combat round that one of the thing's mouths will flail close enough to bite the held victim, in which case they take 1d3/7 additional points of damage. Once a victim is killed, the OMMTHCWEM will pull him into the plumbing to be devoured, leaving his bereft comrades alone- for now..... This is a unique creature; only one is thought to exist.

GW Second Edition Stats:

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 6

Movement: N/A

Hit Dice: 17 (66 HP)

No. of Att: 1d4

Damage: 0/1d6 + 30% of 1d8. It takes a Phys. Str. roll -6 to break grip.

Mental Str: 4

BAR FLY

F: 20 L: 05 Ps: 20 C: 05

R: 70 I: 30 W: 30 Po: 30

Stamina Points: 33 **Body Points:** 7

Attacks: 1D4/4 bite

Tech Level: 0

Mutations: Size Increase (1 meter long); Heightened Smell (unique)

Bar Flies are mutated green-speckled houseflies that have grown to inordinate size. On top of this, they have developed a new and peculiar diet. Bar Flies crave alcoholic beverages above all other sustenance, and will aggressively seek out such nourishment. Their long proboscis are quite capable of penetrating tin cans, corks, or bottle caps, and their front feelers are nimble enough to lift and hold these kinds of containers to their mouths. They have Heightened Smell, but only in regards to alcohol. However, this is not their only diet.

Bar Flies will also feed on flesh, but they are strangely particular in this regard. It must be living flesh, and it must be female. Males will be attacked by Bar Flies, but only if they are with a female the Fly is attempting to get to, or else the male has some form of alcohol the insect can smell. At other times, a Fly will attack a male target "out of the blue"; but it will never feed off such targets. Often this takes place right after a Bar Fly has consumed much alcohol, and some Sleeth observers believe this behavior results from intoxication; but no one can say for sure.

Bar Flies retain the flight ability of their ancestors, and unfortunately for beer drinkers and women everywhere, they still tend to rove in packs. These tend to be in the 3d6 range however, as opposed to the hundreds of their smaller days, as it takes much more sustenance to feed such large creatures; and their new diet is harder to come by. Due to the shape and make of a Fly's eyes, a Bar Fly is almost impossible to surprise or sneak up on (a very difficult roll required at very least).

GW Second Edition Stats:

No. Appearing: 3d6

Armor Class: 4

Movement: 4/18

Hit Dice: 4

No. of Att: 1

Damage: 1d6

Mental Str: 2d4

Note: Surprised only on a 1 on 1d12