

A Supplement for *TORG: ROLEPLAYING THE POSSIBILITY WARS*™

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ZORG

RAVAGONS



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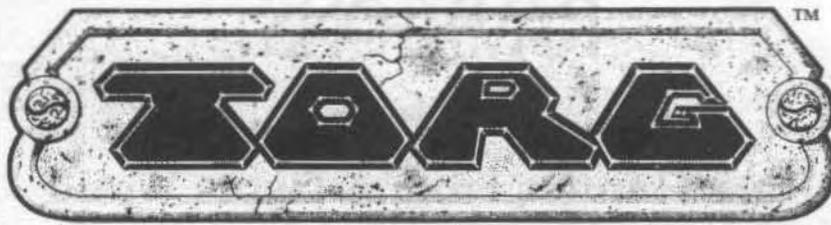
Dark Hunters from A Dying World

RAVAGONS™

By Bill Slavicsek

Dark Hunters From A Dying World





Roleplaying the Possibility Wars™

Ravagons™

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Ravagons™

Bill Slavicek
Design

Greg Farshtey
Development and Editing

Cathleen Hunter
Graphics

Jaime Lombardo/Ron Hill
Cover Illustration

Paul Daly
Interior Illustrations

Lou Prosperi
Playtesting and Advice

Paul Balsamo, Stephen Crane
Special Thanks

Published by



RR 3 Box 2345
Honesdale, PA 18431

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Publisher: **Daniel Scott Palter** • Associate Publisher/Sales Manager: **Richard Hawran** • Editors: **Greg Farshtey, Bill Smith, Ed Stark**
Art Director: **Stephen Crane** • Graphic Artists: **Cathleen Hunter, John Paul Lona** • Administrative Assistant: **Jeff Dennis** •
Licensing Manager: **Ron Seiden** • Warehouse Manager: **Ed Hill** • Treasurer: **Janet Riccio**

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Introduction

Parok rested atop a jagged stone outcropping, idly moving his wings in time to the singing wind and his heart's own powerful beat. Below him, stretching as far as he could see, was *Verborista*, the Long Gorge. The gorge cut a wide, deep path across the face of his dying world. It was more than 2500 kilometers long, 15 to 213 kilometers wide, and the deepest cracks and crevices were some 23 kilometers below him.

Verborista was the greatest of the four great canyons that made up *Il'Fero*, "The Scourge's Claw." Ravok the Scourge, the great and terrible god of all ravagons, had sliced wounds across the world. In these wounds, beneath the dead or dying skin of the world, the ravagons lived.

Parok lifted his skull-like head and opened wide his tooth-filled beak. The sound that emerged was wonderful and terrible to hear, echoing through the gorge like malicious thunder. It was a song of praise to Ravok, thanking him for making Parok and his ilk masters of the world.

"The world is a savage place, its creatures vicious and deadly," Parok sang, "but ravagons are the chosen of the Scourge because we can enjoy our savagery." He finished by proclaiming *vaza*, identifying his song of praise as true and complete. The word was also a challenge, daring any who heard it to question its validity through the ravagons' time-honored method — battle to the death.

No screams of challenge greeted Parok when he finished his song. No chorus of voices picked up the tune to heap more praises upon the Scourge. It seemed Parok was alone in this section of the gorge, and that suited him just fine. Parok enjoyed being alone, away from the constant demands on his time. As warlord of the tribes of *Il'Fero*, he was always being called upon to make decisions. What's more, he always had to be on guard for challenges to his authority — many of which could come from the most un-

expected places. Here, away from the intrigues and bustle of the cities, Parok could relax a little. Not much, mind you, for there were always dangers waiting to spring from the shadows of *Tz'Ravok*, Ravok's World. But at least the dangers of the wilderness were pure and innocent. A *creskur* had only one motive for attacking a full-grown, Named ravagon — it wanted to eat. The motives of ambitious ravagons were not always so clear-cut.

Parok remained perched atop the rock column for a long time, letting the sun warm him through occasional breaks in the clouds, listening to the howling wind. Feeling particularly good, he sang another song of praise to the Scourge. This time, when he proclaimed his words good and true, he received an answer.

From far below, rising up through layers of thick cloud and swirling mist, came the appropriate response. "*Szilvaza*," a powerful voice proclaimed. *Szilvaza*, the essence of truth.

Parok waited a moment longer, but no other words echoed up from the depths. He checked to see that his blade was secure in its scabbard, that his chain-mail harness which announced his rank to all who gazed upon it was in place. Then he leaped from his perch and dove down into the Long Gorge, his strong wings beating a path through cloud and mist.

Near the bottom of the gorge, Parok noticed activity within a circle of standing stones. The ravagon warlord recognized the place immediately. It was the Glade of the Irishanti, a natural platform from which jutted seven stone pillars. In the Holy Teachings, it was said that each pillar represented one of the seven prophets of Ravok. Five of the prophets had already come and gone from *Tz'Ravok*. The *tzullats*, or priests, taught that after the seventh prophet completed his tests of the faithful, Ravok himself would come to lead the ravagons to a better world.

Parok glided to the ground outside the circle. Folding his wings around himself like a cloak, he peered into the

circle. There, in the center of the seven pillars he knew so well, was an eighth pillar. This one dropped from the sky above the Glade, seeming to fall from a tear in the air to take root in the center of the circle of stones. This new pillar, however, was unlike any stone he had ever seen.

The eighth pillar dripped from the unnatural tear like hot wax, forming a column of uneven shapes that seemed to writhe and breathe as he watched. Its color was not some shade of gray or tan, like the other pillars. Instead, the eighth pillar was made up of bands of pink and pale white, like the skinned flesh of a *tzufak* or other food beast. Parok stepped closer, and he saw that the pillar was constructed of twisted forms — apparently alive, but unlike any beings that ever walked upon *Tz'Ravok*. They had flat faces and soft, pale bodies. Their mouths were opened wide in silent, agonized screams, and their eyes were blank and unseeing.

"What manifestation of Ravok are you?" Parok asked as he entered the Glade of the Irishanti. As soon as he stepped into the Glade, he felt a noticeable change in his surroundings. He was still within the Glade, but the Glade no longer felt like a piece of *Tz'Ravok*. It felt ... alien. He reached one taloned hand toward the pillar, but the surface pulled back before he could touch it.

"Fascinating, is it not?" asked a voice from behind Parok. The voice spoke the language of the People perfectly, but something about it hinted of alien things.

Parok turned, keeping his wings cloaked around him. In this way, his wings hid his hand's movement to the hilt of his sword. When he completed his deliberately-slow turn, Parok saw a strange being standing by the Pillar of the Sixth Irishantza. The being leaned against the pillar casually, his arms folded across his chest in a mock imitation of Parok's folded wings.

The being, whatever it was, was clearly not a ravagon. For one thing, it possessed no wings. For another, it





was tall and thin — “gaunt” was the actual word that came to Parok’s mind. And it wore more clothing than any ravagon would be comfortable in. It wore a long black coat and black pants. A tall black hat covered the top of its head. Its skin was the same color as the eighth pillar, a pale fleshy pink that seemed soft and weak. The being held a thin stick in one hand. A terrible visage was carved into the top of the stick. It looked more like a ravagon than it did the pale, overly-dressed being, yet it was clearly not a ravagon. In its tooth-filled maw, the visage carried a stone of red and blue. Parok reached out with his senses and gasped. The being was literally bursting with the essence of Ravok! Possibilities crackled around him like a thick, invisible shroud.

The gaunt one sniffed the air, taking in a deep breath and using senses of his own. “This world is dying,” the gaunt one declared. “Yet there are stormers everywhere. A unique place, this Tz’Ravok.”

Parok listened to the words, trying to decide what this stranger’s sudden appearance meant to the flocks of Il’Fero, indeed to all of Tz’Ravok. “Why have you come here?” the warlord finally asked.

The gaunt one fixed his dark, stormy eyes upon Parok and laughed. “We shall see soon enough, my winged friend. Come again tomorrow and we shall discuss my plans further.”

The gaunt one dismissed Parok with the same turn of the head and tone of voice that a Named hunter would use on an Unnamed cub. The gesture was not lost on Parok, and it took all of his strength of will not to attack the pale-skinned being right there in the holy glade. Instead, he turned away himself. Then, with a minimum of wing movement, Parok launched himself into the air.

After the pale stranger was certain that the ravagon warlord was gone, he walked over to the pillar of writhing forms. He was the Gaunt Man, High Lord of Orrorsh, master of the Dark-

ness Device named Heketon, and soon-to-be Torg of the entire cosmverse. He had spread his dimthread to this dimension in search of the possibility energy he craved, but now a new plan was forming in his ancient, evil mind.

The Gaunt Man waved his long, pale fingers and part of the dimthread pillar shifted. He watched in amusement as the agonized souls that formed the pillar painfully carried out his order. Finally, a few of the souls moved enough to reveal a ravagon. It was caught tight within the writhing forms, held against its will within the pillar of souls.

“Now, priest,” the Gaunt Man said pleasantly, “you will tell me everything you know about this dying rock I have stumbled upon. And I warn you, leave nothing out or your suffering will become much, much worse.”

The Gaunt Man placed his long fingers on the ravagon priest’s head. They were cold to the touch, and the ravagon tried in vain to pull away. The Gaunt Man simply smiled. “How fortunate



that you were here in prayer when I arrived, priest," he chuckled. "Now open your mind to me and give me your thoughts ..."

When Parok returned the following day, the Gaunt Man was waiting for him. He stood before the pillar of the sixth Irishantza, tall and confident despite his lack of wings and claws. He bowed his head slightly upon seeing the warlord, but to Parok the gesture was condescending instead of respectful.

"I challenge you, Parok of Il'Fero," the Gaunt Man sneered. "For your title, for your position, for your life."

Enraged, Parok pulled his sword free and charged at the pale, clothed being. His sword screamed through the air, intent on cleaving the Gaunt Man's head from his body. Parok thought about the stranger's abundance of essence, anticipating taking his share before Tz'Ravok claimed it all. His sword never reached its target, however. Before the weapon could complete its deadly arc, it struck some invisible shield. Energy crackled around the Gaunt Man, deflecting the sword's blade and knocking the weapon from Parok's hands.

The ravagon warlord was not finished yet, however. He still had his claws. He attacked with wild ferocity, yet every swipe and blow was designed to cause maximum damage. Parok was a killing machine, and he was very good. But the Gaunt Man was better. Every blow was countered, every swipe avoided. He laughed wildly as Parok pressed his attack. The ravagon slashed and raked and even tried to bite, but to no avail. Then, after the warlord had thrown more than three dozen blows, the Gaunt Man struck back. He slapped Parok with an open palm. It was almost an inconsequential thing, a tap, nothing more. To Parok, however, the slap was like thunder. It shook him to his bones, rattling every bit of his body with the force of an earthquake. Never had the warlord been struck with such a blow! Parok was thrown back, nearly unconscious.

Before the warlord could clear his head or lift himself from the ground, the Gaunt Man was beside him. He

placed one black boot firmly against the ravagon's neck to hold him down.

"Do you know who I am, Parok?" the Gaunt Man asked happily. "Allow me to enlighten you. I am Sallsboratza, the sixth Irishantza. I am here to lead you and your people on a holy mission to eliminate the weak from other worlds. It is your destiny."

Parok listened to the words and found himself believing. Hadn't this gaunt one appeared in the sacred glade of the Irishanti? Wasn't he filled with so much of Ravok's essence that it almost hurt Parok to get close with his senses? Hadn't he been standing beside the sixth pillar? Hadn't he easily defeated the most powerful ravagon warlord in single combat? And he knew the teachings of the holy ones, the prophecies of holy wars against the weak. He must be the sixth Irishantza!

Parok looked up into the Gaunt Man's stormy eyes. "I am your servant, Sallsboratza," Parok said. "What is your will?"

"Gather your host of warriors, Parok," the Gaunt Man said with a cruel smile, "it is time to go to other worlds. All I need in return is your pledge. Promise to serve me faithfully and you shall revel in the shredding of flesh, the snapping of bone and the shedding of blood throughout eternity!"

"I so pledge, Sallsboratza," Parok promised solemnly. "I so pledge ..."

Important!

This supplement is a companion volume to *Torg: Roleplaying the Possibility Wars* and the *Orrorsh* sourcebook. While *Ravagons* can be used by itself to add a new race of powerful beings to any gaming environment, many of the rules and concepts cited here are explained in detail in the *Torg* boxed game.

This Supplement

Welcome to Tz'Ravok, the dying home world of the ravagons. Within the pages which follow, you'll be pre-

sented with facts and statistics about the dark hunters who have pledged themselves to the Gaunt Man's cause. You'll explore the ravagon home world in a whirlwind tour that presents the harsh, cruel cosm for the first time. You'll take a course in the nature of ravagons, and even learn about their society, history and religion.

Then we'll take you beyond Tz'Ravok to Orrorsh to examine the ties that bind the ravagons to the Gaunt Man. Here you'll see where the dark hunters fit into the hierarchy of the horror realm, and witness first hand the manner in which they enforce the will of the High Lord who would be Torg.

Ravagons can be found throughout the realms and cosms of the Possibility Wars, and we've devoted a chapter to those ravagons serving in the courts of other High Lords. The Gaunt Man has made gifts of his most trusted servants to Baruk Kaah, Mobius and Uthorion, while others keep a watchful eye on Jean Malraux, Kanawa, and the newly-arrived Tharkoldu and Akashans.

To round out this wealth of information, we present a gallery of Named ravagons (those dark hunters who have fought for and won status and prestige), a compendium of creatures from Tz'Ravok which have wandered into the realms of the Possibility Wars, and new rules for ravagon axioms, world laws, skills and player characters. Finally, we present a series of templates for quick character creation.

For the gamemaster, *Ravagons* provides vital information for running the most-feared beings in the cosmverse, as well as new rules, new creatures, and plenty of gamemaster-character ravagons to help and hinder storm knights everywhere. For the player, *Ravagons* makes a new type of player character available, complete with new skills and six ready-to-customize templates.

Listen! The flap of wings, the call of battle, the scream of combat! Do you smell it? Fresh possibilities, cold sweat, hot blood. The dark hunters are on your trail. Here come the claws — sharp, tearing, eager claws ...



Chapter One

Tz'Ravok



To begin any serious discussion about the terrible beings called ravagons, we must begin with a look at the world which spawned them. What kind of place could create hunters able to track by senses denied other beings? Could give birth to a race that long ago weeded ords from its gene pool? Could support powerful, intelligent killing machines that live for the hunt, the chase, the kill? Only a place called *Tz'Ravok* by its native race — Ravok's World ...

Tz'Ravok

In a dying cosm, around a dark-red sun, spins a sphere of cracked rock called Tz'Ravok — Ravok's World. The surface of the world is a barren, rocky, nearly-lifeless expanse. Few creatures are sturdy and resourceful enough to make a home in the vast wastelands. Exposed bedrock makes up the vast majority of the planet's surface, as soil, water and plant life withered away long ago. Craters in the cracked ground regularly erupt, spewing lava and ash. The lava cuts across the surface in long, twisting ribbons of burning rock, carving out shallow canals and deep fissures. Clouds of thick, powdery ash often fill the red sky, obscuring the horizon for miles around active volcanos. The greatest volcano rises to the south of Kth'geddo, the Known Land — the mighty Vornaka. To the west, Laraka comes a close second to Vornaka's size, but the Ever-Burning Mountain is more violent than the larger volcano.

Storms can spring up quite suddenly across Tz'Ravok's bleak surface, adding to the stark deadliness. These storms come in one of three forms: lightning, sand, or a combination of the two. Terrible lightning storms regularly sweep across the barren plains. Crackling electricity forms into miles-

high, miles-wide sheets of jagged, dancing bolts that ravage huge portions of land, blasting the ground flat, before dispersing. Sand storms also buffet the land. Made up of swirling columns of wind-borne dust and rock, sand storms roll through the wastelands at high speeds. During the day, these clouds of swirling particles are heated by the sun, making them furnace blasts that scorch everything in their path. At night, the clouds become cold, arctic bursts of frozen sand and air. Worse, when a sand storm and lightning storm form in the same area, the combined might of the two disturbances wrack the planet as twin engines of destruction.

While Tz'Ravok is dying, it is not dead yet. Life exists, but it has fled to those portions of the planet that can still support it. It has fled to the canyons.

Long, deep canyons crisscross the rocky barrens, cut into the bedrock like cruel wounds. Ravagon legends identify these chasms as Ravok's Marks, evidence of the Scourge's claws at work upon the land. A typical canyon can be hundreds of miles long, dozens of miles wide, and a handful of miles deep. Within these wounds, life flourishes.

A typical canyon features a wide variety of life struggling to survive in a very violent, very crowded ecological system. Forest, jungle, desert and tundra can all exist in the same canyon, albeit at different levels and in different areas. Life clings to the walls, hugs the deep floor, even nestles upon jutting outcroppings. Animals, insects and all manner of birds and reptiles battle for a niche in the living wounds of the planet. Water flows abundantly from underground streams, forming rivers, falls and lakes. Fissures near a canyon's bottom release trapped steam from the world's molten heart, providing heat. Clouds of thick water va-



Storms in the Roleplaying Game

If characters are traveling over Tz'Ravok's scorched, battered surface, their chance of encountering a deadly storm is very high. To determine if the characters get caught in a storm, and to determine what kind of storm it is, use the Drama Deck (see the *Torg Rulebook* for details on the Drama Deck and its normal uses in a game). For every hour of travel, flip over a card and consult the dramatic skill box (the yellow box in the center of the card).

If there is a C in the box, then a lightning storm sweeps through the area the characters are in, striking with little warning (an *Alertness* card will allow a character to realize a storm is coming before it is upon him). If there is a D in the box, a sand storm springs up. If there is both a C and a D in the box, the characters are hit by a combined lightning and sand storm. Consult the chart below for results. Characters in the storm are automatically hit. Roll a bonus using the listed damage value depending on the letters in the skill box of the card drawn. The modifier is

added to any *Dexterity* or *Perception* difficulty numbers a character must beat while in the storm.

A storm lasts for as many rounds as the appropriate letter (or letters) keeps appearing in the skill box of flipped cards. The storm in question remains at the same intensity as the first card indicated. Each subsequent flip is used just to determine how long the storm lasts.

Example: If an AC card was flipped for the hour storm check, then the characters are caught in a lightning storm with a damage value of 16. The gamemaster rolls a bonus and applies damage to all characters in the storm. Then he flips over a second card. This one is an ABC, so the storm continues (because there is a C on the card). Damage 16 and a bonus is applied to all characters again. The third card flipped is an AB. There is no letter C, so the storm ends.

The base difficulty for flying out of a storm (with the *flight* skill) is 15, plus any modifiers for the intensity and type of storm. This can be attempted after one round in the storm and before

the next card is drawn. In subsequent rounds, it can be attempted at the end of every round (after damage is determined). Characters without the *flight* skill must wait out the storm.

Ravagons try to avoid these storms by living in the canyons and gorges of Tz'Ravok.

Lightning Effects

Card Damage	Value	Modifier
AC or BC	16	+8
ABC	22	+14

Sand Effects

Card Damage	Value	Modifier
AD	13	+5
BD	15	+7
ABD	18	+10

Lightning and Sand Effects

Card Damage	Value	Modifier
CD*	26	+18

* CD and any other letters.

por hang over the canyons, keeping the heat in and recycling evaporating water in the form of rain.

It is within the canyons that the civilization of the ravagons flourishes. Their cliff-side settlements occupy prime locations in almost all of the canyons, forming villages, towns and cities ideally suited to the flying race. Other animals share these deep gorges, serving as food and prey for the great, winged hunters. The ravagons believe themselves to be masters of their world. There are few beings or creatures alive upon Tz'Ravok's barren, scarred surface that can dispute the ravagons' claim.

Kth'Geddo, the Known Land

Even a dying world contains places of interest for both its inhabitants and any visitors who decide to make the trek across the cosmos to its barren shores. Parok and his flocks occupy *Kth'geddo*, the Known Land. The map shows the area around Il'Fero, with the major land features clearly marked. Below are descriptions of these land features, from the mighty volcanos to the major canyons to the forbidden places.

Vornaka

Vornaka, the Great Mountain, rises above a plain of fire in the south. Great lakes of fiery lava pool around this terrible burning mountain, setting the land and sky aflame. Vornaka releases a constant flow of molten lava to feed its fiery lakes, but it only erupts once every year.

When the Great Mountain erupts, all of Tz'Ravok shakes and groans. New fissures crack open across the planet, and the lakes of fire spread out, claiming more of the land for the mighty Vornaka. Someday, the legends claim, the lakes and rivers of fire produced by Vornaka and its kin will cover the world. To delay that day, the ravagon priests make sacrifices to the



Great Mountain. These sacrifices take place during the annual eruption and continue until the Great Mountain is appeased enough to settle down. Each tribe sends its own priests and sacrifices, those of the Unnamed young too weak to serve a more useful purpose. Each tribe casts its sacrifice into the flowing lava in turn, one every quarter day until Vornaka's explosions cease.

The southern sky glows with the fire of the ever-burning lakes of lava. The mountain itself rises 12,672 meters over the surface of the planet, and with its fiery lakes, it separates Kth'Geddo from whatever lies to the south.

Ka'aka

Ka'aka, the Three Mountains, are small compared to the Great Mountain of the south. But these three active volcanos are spectacular in their own right, for their constant molten flow forms a lake of lava in the valley between them. These mountains have not produced a full eruption in many centuries. Instead, a constant stream of burning rock bubbles up from the planet's core, dripping out of the shattered mountain peaks as rivers of lava which rush down to fill the fiery lake below.

Legends say that an order of Irishant monks lives among the Ka'aka. These holy ravagons are said to be Denyers — extreme traditionalists and unbelievers as far as the claims of the Gaunt Man are concerned. So far, no evidence has been discovered to substantiate these rumors, and the inhospitable conditions around the three mountains makes extended searches impractical.

The Plain of Lava

Between Ka'aka and Laraka, a wide, flat plain stretches from west to east. The plain rests above a series of active molten geysers, and without warning the ground can crack open to release fountains of steam, ash, and burning lava. Narrow, shallow canals have been burned into the plain by the bubbling lava, forming a hellish landscape that is perhaps the most dangerous area on the planet's cruel surface.

Il'Fero

Il'Fero, the "Scourge's Claw," is a grouping of four large canyons. From the sky, the canyons look like claw marks gouged into the rock. The fertile valleys within the canyon walls are considered the best in all of Kth'Geddo. Legends abound of how Ravok the Scourge stretched out his taloned claws and raked Il'Fero into the world. Then he breathed upon the open wounds, filling them with life and abundance. This was the Scourge's gift to his best children, to the hunters of Parok's flocks.

The greatest of the four canyons of Il'Fero is Verborista, the Long Gorge. Within the Long Gorge rests the most holy spot on all of Tz'Ravok. At the northern end of the canyon, set into the rock wall atop a smooth, flat outcropping, is the Glade of the Irishanti. A circle of stones dominates the outcropping, seven jutting pillars of rock leaping from the flat surface to reach for the red sky. The Holy Teachings explain that each pillar represents one of Ravok's seven prophets — the five who have come and gone, the sixth

who is with us, and the seventh who will herald the return of Ravok to the world. The area also houses the maelstrom bridge connecting Tz'Ravok to Gaea, and because of this the area is filled with Orrorshan reality (see Chapter Two for more information).

Vestro, Verborista's major city, spans both sides of the canyon. Here is where Parok holds council when he returns to Tz'Ravok from his duties on other worlds. Other important cities and villages include Partog, Uskorab, Verakor, and Reskig. All are built into the canyon walls, making use of natural caverns, caves hollowed out by ravagon claws, and wooden and stone platforms constructed to expand living and work areas.

Perhaps the most infamous portion of the Long Gorge is the Dark Hollows. Whispered tales concerning these deep, twisting corridors of stone speak of vile things that haunt the shadows. Even so, many young ravagons brave the Dark Hollows for the abundant hunting the twisting corridors provide, and for the tests of flying skill the narrow ravines force those who enter to undergo in order to navigate the shadowy area.



The other canyons in the Il'Fero are Gorfero (Sharp Claw), Verbortil (Little Gorge), and Panfero (Jagged Claw).

Laraka

Laraka, the Ever-Burning Mountain, dominates the western portion of Kth'Geddo. The bubbling rivers of molten rock that constantly flow from the smoking crown of the mountain gather in a fiery lake of lava far below. Laraka is smaller than Vornaka and does not inspire fear and terror like the Great Mountain of the south does. This is because Laraka does not periodically explode, but instead vents its contents a little at a time. It is said that the lava flowing from Laraka is so hot that nothing can live anywhere near it. As far as that goes, no known ravagon settlements exist within its immediate vicinity.

Verborgon

Verborgon, the Dead Gorge, stretches across Tz'Ravok like an open, festering wound, forming the western boundary of the Known Land. Longer and wider than the Long Gorge, Verborgon was once a fertile paradise. Within the depths of the canyon, all manner of plant and animal thrived, and a massive ravagon city spanned the canyon walls. Il'Vestro, "Scourge's City," was spoken of in awed whispers even before the disaster struck and buried it in the dust of history. It was a city of riches and grandeur, more impressive even than Vestro in the Long Gorge. Now, both the ancient city and the canyon itself are ruined remnants of their former selves.

The disaster that changed Verbortan into Verborgon, that turned the Grand Gorge into the Dead Gorge, was terrible to behold. For untold millennia, Laraka rose above the canyon like a silent sentinel. The mountain was neither burning nor spewing lava then. It was just another monument to Ravok, rising over the southern end of the canyon like some stone guardian. Then, without warning, the guardian turned on its charges. The mountain exploded, sending ash, steam and burning rock high into the air. The foul material rained down upon the can-

yon, clogging clear rivers and lakes, burying forests, coating the city and villages in a hot, gray powder. Then the lava flow began, pouring burning rock into the canyon, flooding it with molten death.

When the mountain finally calmed, the canyon was devastated. Today, the Burning Mountain continues to pour molten lava into the gorge, and steaming streams of lava run freely down the canyon walls and fill its floor with lakes of burning rock. Every so often, groups of young ravagons take on quests to find the legendary riches of Il'Vestro in order to gain their names. None have ever returned, and tales of foul creatures which live in the burning gorge have grown with each telling. The truth is probably worse than any imagining the ravagons can invent in their vicious minds.

Teroro

Teroro, the Mates, is an interlocked pair of deep gorges named for an old ravagon legend. While the mates of the legend wound up killing each other, the two canyons that form Teroro have been at peace since the days of the Third Prophet. It is the second most-populated region of Kth'Geddo, and tens of thousands of ravagons live within the depths of the twin canyons.

Il'Dezin

Il'Dezin, the "Scourge's Mark," forms another major series of canyons in Kth'Geddo. One large canyon and three smaller ones form the actual mark, which looks very much like one of the symbols of Ravok in the Holy Teachings. A series of very small canyons that cannot be seen from high above the planet are also in this canyon grouping, though most of the inhabitants of the region live within the larger gorges.

The Barrens

A wide, deep depression stretches between Il'Dezin, Teroro and Il'Fero. Unlike the living canyons of the ravagons or even the dead gorge of

Verborgon, the Barrens are simply more of the surface wastelands which have settled into lower ground. However, large portions of the Barrens are filled with a fine, gray sand. Rumors of terrible creatures which live beneath the sand have long haunted the dreams of the ravagons who must cross the Barrens to reach the other canyons, for it is said that these unseen beasts can reach high into the air over the sand to snatch unwary fliers. In any case, the Barrens are avoided whenever possible. Strange creatures aside, it is easy to become lost in the Barrens, and storms can spring up with little warning, leaving those caught in an open area with no protection.

Solaka and the Many Canyons

Solaka, the Silent Mountains, are a range of low hills to the north of Teroro and the Barrens. They are called the Silent Mountains for the few volcanic peaks in the range have been quiet for longer than even Eternal Parok can remember. Denyers are said to camp within the low hills, living in the hidden valleys nestled among the rocky peaks. Beyond Solaka, the Many Canyons crisscross the land like a series of shallow wounds.

The Many Canyons are numerous and not very deep, and only the largest of them can be seen on the map. Many small tribes of ravagons live within the uncharted canyons. Most of these are traditionalists and Denyers, though more than a few of the tribes regularly send young warriors to serve in the Gaunt Man's Holy Crusade.

The Nature of Ravagons

"We are great and terribly made, formed in the image of Ravok the Scourge to fly fast, strike quickly, and kill with savage certainty. We are his chosen, for we have been given the intelligence to enjoy our savagery."

— Irishanti Psalm

Ravagons. They have become the stuff of nightmares wherever the





TZ'RAVOK
The Known Lands

Gaunt Man has unleashed them. In the short time that they have been on Earth, ravagons have earned the fear and respect of even the toughest stormers operating in the Possibility Wars. To understand why, one only has to gaze upon their fearsome visages — sharp claws, powerful wings, dead-black eyes. Few have had the opportunity to study a live ravagon for more than a handful of seconds before finding how efficiently their claws rip and tear and shred. We will get such an opportunity now — but mind the claws.

Physical Build

Ravagons are tall. The smallest males stand between 1.8 and 2.1 meters tall. The largest females can top the 2.28 meter mark. For their size, ravagons have relatively small heads. These heads are bird like, with long, beak-like snouts filled with sharp, pointed teeth. A ridge of boney protrusions runs from the brow to the spine. Perhaps the worst aspect of a terrible and terrifying countenance is their black, intelligent eyes. It has been noted elsewhere that these unblinking orbs hint at savage cruelty. They have been seen to roll in ecstasy and turn white during battle, especially when a ravagon's claws or teeth draw an enemy's blood.

The head itself rests atop a long, thin neck. The neck is highly mobile, allowing the ravagon to move his head freely and almost completely around. It is also deceptively strong, ringed with muscle that makes it tough and sturdy. The neck connects to a broad, powerful chest, thin abdomen, and long, thin legs.

The arms and legs of a ravagon are built for strength and quickness. The arms end in taloned, three-fingered hands. Each finger and the opposable thumb features a sharp, retractable claw. The feet also come equipped with barbed talons, but these are not able to retract into the toes. While not as dextrous as the hands, the feet still possess a high quality of prehensile movement. This becomes especially important when a flying ravagon wants to grasp land-bound prey or

find purchase on a cliff-side.

While most non-ravagons see absolutely no differences between the males and females of the species, there are easily-spotted characteristics with which to differentiate between the two. A female tends to be larger, both in height and in bulkiness, and has the barest suggestion of a tail protruding from the base of the spine. A male is slightly shorter, thinner, and has no tail remnant.

At birth, ravagons are shaded a red so dark as to be almost black. As they age, the red lightens to a color similar to wet blood. Older ravagons eventually find portions of their flesh fading to bone white. This whitening usually occurs along the lines of a ravagon's musculature, giving adults of the species the look of creatures who have had the flesh skinned from their live bodies. This is only an illusion, but it serves to unnerve those not familiar with the characteristics of the species. Rumors of a few ravagons so old as to be completely white persist in many of the canyons to this day, though few have claimed to have actually seen such a specimen.

A ravagon's flesh is cool and rough to the touch, consisting of modified scales. The flesh does not appear covered with scales because of its tautness. Instead, on younger ravagons it looks like strangely-colored human flesh. On older members of the race, it takes on the appearance of flayed skin.

In all cases, a ravagon's wings are black folds of bone and scaly hide. The wings emerge from the spine and sweep outward. Sharp, hooked spurs along the boney edge serve both an offensive and defensive function. At rest, they can be folded around the body like a living cloak.

Intelligence

Ravagons have a level of intelligence equivalent to humans. They range from slow to average to genius, though they tend toward the higher ends of the intelligence scales. This is because only the best examples of their race have survived over the course of their existence. Indeed, ravagon culture demands that only the strongest,

smartest, most cunning members of their community live to mate and produce offspring.

While ravagon society does encourage pursuits of the mind, such as philosophy, science and skilled crafts work, everything has a decidedly violent slant. Ravagons learn to kill or be killed from the moment they emerge from their eggs, and these traits are reflected in the expressions of their intelligence. Weapons, medicine, hunt and war strategies, and poems of great battles receive the most brain power in ravagon society.

Ravagons are hunters, trackers and scouts without equal. They are fierce, intelligent warriors with steadfast dedication to a quest or philosophy. And the philosophy can usually be summed up by the ravagon tenet, "Strike first, strike fast, strike often."

Ravagon Senses

Ravagon eyes work much like the eyes of Earth's birds. They see in color. They see amazingly far and with great clarity. Additionally, a ravagon can see in nearly total darkness. As long as some small amount of light is available, their black eyes can pick it up and enhance it. Ravagon ears are also extremely sensitive, able to distinguish individual sounds at great distance and in an ocean of noise. One female ravagon claimed to be able to hear a specific egg crack from across half the length of the Long Gorge and listened as her son hatched and made his first kill. Because of her great size, no one in her hunting flock disputed her claim.

Smell and taste are also more highly developed in the dark hunters than in other folk. They can track prey by odor alone, as they are able to identify individual creatures by their scents. Only the sense of touch has not been blessed by Ravok. It is equivalent to the same sense in a normal human.

However, Ravok has blessed his ravagons with a sense denied to other folk (though the High Lords seem to have a similar ability). A ravagon can sense possibilities, what they call the "essence of Ravok." See Chapter Four, "Axioms, World Laws and Skills" for more information on this ability.



Ravagons and Magic

Ravagons have no natural ability for the arcane arts. In fact, the *Magic* axiom is so low as to make the use of the arcane arts on Tz'Ravok very difficult. Because of this, ravagons throughout the ages have left magic alone. There are not even any legends concerning magic in the oral traditions of the dark hunters.

The first experiences any ravagons had with magic was when they were exposed to Orrorshan occult magic after joining the Gaunt Man on his quest to rule the cosmaverse. Since that time a few ravagons have accepted the reality of Orrorsh and learned some of the fundamental principles of the foreign art. Most, however, tend to prefer their own natural strengths to the artificial ones provided by magic.

This lack of experience with magic and their lack of respect for magic users makes ravagons vulnerable to the effects of magic. Parok and the Gaunt Man have tried to make the dark hunters more cautious in the face of the arcane arts, but so far their efforts have been temporary solutions at best.

Ravagons who travel to other realities can learn magic as per the rules in the *Torg Rulebook* and the various sourcebooks and supplements, but the use of such "unnatural" arts by ravagons causes contradictions. See Chapter Four for more information.

Ravagons and Miracles

The dark hunters believe in Ravok the Scourge, feared and terrible god of the ravagons. Those who have both the *faith* (*Irishantism*) and *focus* skills can perform miracles connected to the religion. Irishant miracles tend to be concerned with battle — there are defensive, offensive, divination and healing miracles available to ravagon priests.

Religion plays an important role in ravagon society. The entire culture is motivated by the prophecies and teachings concerning Ravok the Scourge. Priests are natural leaders and teachers, second only to the powerful war-



lords in respect and authority. See "Religion" below and Chapter Five, "Miracles" for more information.

Ravagons and Possibility Energy

At the heart of the Possibility Wars is possibility energy. Possibilities are the energy of life, for they provide those who can store and harness the energy a great range of possible actions — to these beings, virtually anything is possible. Ravagons call possibility energy *szilvaravok*, the essence of Ravok. Because of the religious tenet of survival of the fittest, only ravagons with the ability to manipulate possibility energy have survived the harsh nature of the world. For this reason, all ravagons have the *reality* skill and all ravagons have at least a few possibilities to call upon.

However, the world called Tz'Ravok is dying. While it once might have had as much possibility energy as the Earth, those days are long gone. Now every ravagon competes with its

fellows to gain the possibilities it needs to grow and survive. For this reason, ravagons have developed two new skills that are unique to the dark hunters. *Possibility sense* allows ravagons to recognize possibility energy, to track it, to even evaluate how much is present in any one person, place or thing. *Possibility rip* allows a ravagon to steal possibilities from other beings as they are used. Both skills give them advantages on their home world and in the Possibility Wars. See Chapter Four for more information on these skills and how to use them.

Ravagons have been graced with the essence of Ravok. It is the life force of their world. Szilvaravok gives them the power to carve their own path through the possibilities stretched before them. In the words of the ravagons themselves, "The essence and spirit of Ravok grant us power. We can sense the essence of Ravok in others, and when the strong eliminate the weak, Ravok grants us the szilvaravok of the vanquished." It is because the essence of Ravok courses powerfully through their blood that the ravagons believe themselves better than any other be-



ings. Those without the essence are ords, worthy to serve and to die, but not important in the greater scheme of things. Those others who are imbued with the essence are considered defilers and thieves. The essence is only for the strong. It is the sacred duty of the ravagons to destroy the weak and return the essence to the world and to the strong who deserve it.

The dying cosm does not store or produce possibilities as it once did. But the ravagons have developed ways to cope. First, they drastically reduced their numbers over the course of history. Second, they developed a religion which provided them with holy edicts concerning possibilities. The tests and challenges which have become an integral part of ravagon life are designed to spark "the moment of crisis" in the ravagons. When this moment occurs, a ravagon either gains the *reality* skill and lives, or doesn't and dies. There is no place for ords in ravagon society. Even if the moment occurs and possibility energy surges through the ravagon, there is no guarantee the ravagon will live. Other, older ravagons will challenge him for the essence within him. If he is not strong enough to defend himself, he will die by claw and teeth, giving the essence back to Ravok and to the challenger who bested him.

Player Character Ravagons

Yes, this book contains rules for creating player character ravagons to add to *Torg* campaigns. In all cases, the player characters presented have become outcasts by questioning the motives and true identity of the sixth Irishantza, Sallsboratza, who the rest of the cosmverse knows as the Gaunt Man. The templates provided in the back of the book include the scout, the hunter, the warrior, the strict priest, the doubting priest, and the ravagon pacifist. See Chapter Four and Chapter Eight for more information on character creation.

Types of Ravagons

Ravagons come in a variety of forms. For ease of categorization and to provide ready-to-use ravagons as gamemaster characters, the following classifications have been established: Cubs, Unnamed Youths, Named Adults, Veterans, Leaders, the Chosen, and the Twice Named.

Cubs are very young ravagons, ranging in age from hatchlings to 12 years olds. Many experience their moments of crisis as they emerge from their eggs and are thrust into battle with their hatch mates. Others must wait until their Naming to receive the essence of Ravok.

Unnamed Youths are those ravagons on the verge of adulthood — the teenage years. While this period can range from 13 to 16, most receive their Names by the time they turn 15.

Named Adults can be as young as 13 or as old as 60 or more. A Named Adult is a typical ravagon.

Veteran ravagons are Named Adults who have gained more experience or skills than their typical counterparts. They are the skilled hunters, scouts and warriors who make up the best of the ravagon tribes.

Leaders are Veterans who have demonstrated leadership skills and have survived many hunts and battles.

The Chosen are those ravagons who have received the blessing of Ravok (or Heketon, the Gaunt Man's Darkness Device). These mighty hunters and warriors have received more possibility energy than their brethren in order to enhance themselves.

Finally, the most powerful ravagons are those called the Twice Named. These are the individual heroes of ravagon society, who have overcome obstacles and enemies of such scale as to earn a second Name.

Ravagon Cub

DEXTERITY 6

Flight 7, stealth 7, unarmed combat 7

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 8 (9)

PERCEPTION 7

Find 8, tracking 8

MIND 6

Test (8)

CHARISMA 6

Taunt (8)

SPIRIT 7

Faith (Irishantism) 8, intimidation 8, reality 8

Possibilities: (some 20)

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU +1/9; talons, damage value STR+1/9; wings, speed value 9

Unnamed Youth

DEXTERITY 8

Flight 11, maneuver 10, stealth 10, unarmed combat 9

STRENGTH 11

TOUGHNESS 9 (11)

PERCEPTION 8

Find 10, language 9, tracking 10, trick 10

MIND 7

Test 8 (10)

CHARISMA 7

Taunt 8 (10)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 9, intimidation 10, reality 9

Possibilities: (some 15)

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU+2/11; talons, damage value STR+2/13; wings, speed value 12

Named Adult

DEXTERITY 9

Flight 15, maneuver 15, stealth 12, unarmed combat 11

STRENGTH 14

TOUGHNESS 10 (13)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 12, language 11, tracking 11, trick 12

MIND 8

Test 9 (12)

CHARISMA 8

Taunt 9 (12)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 10, intimidation 11, reality (Tz'Ravok) 10

Possibilities: 5 to 10

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU+3/13; talons, damage value STR+2/16; wings, speed value 13

Ravagon Veteran

DEXTERITY 9

Flight 16, maneuver 18, stealth 14, melee weapons 13, unarmed combat 17

STRENGTH 14

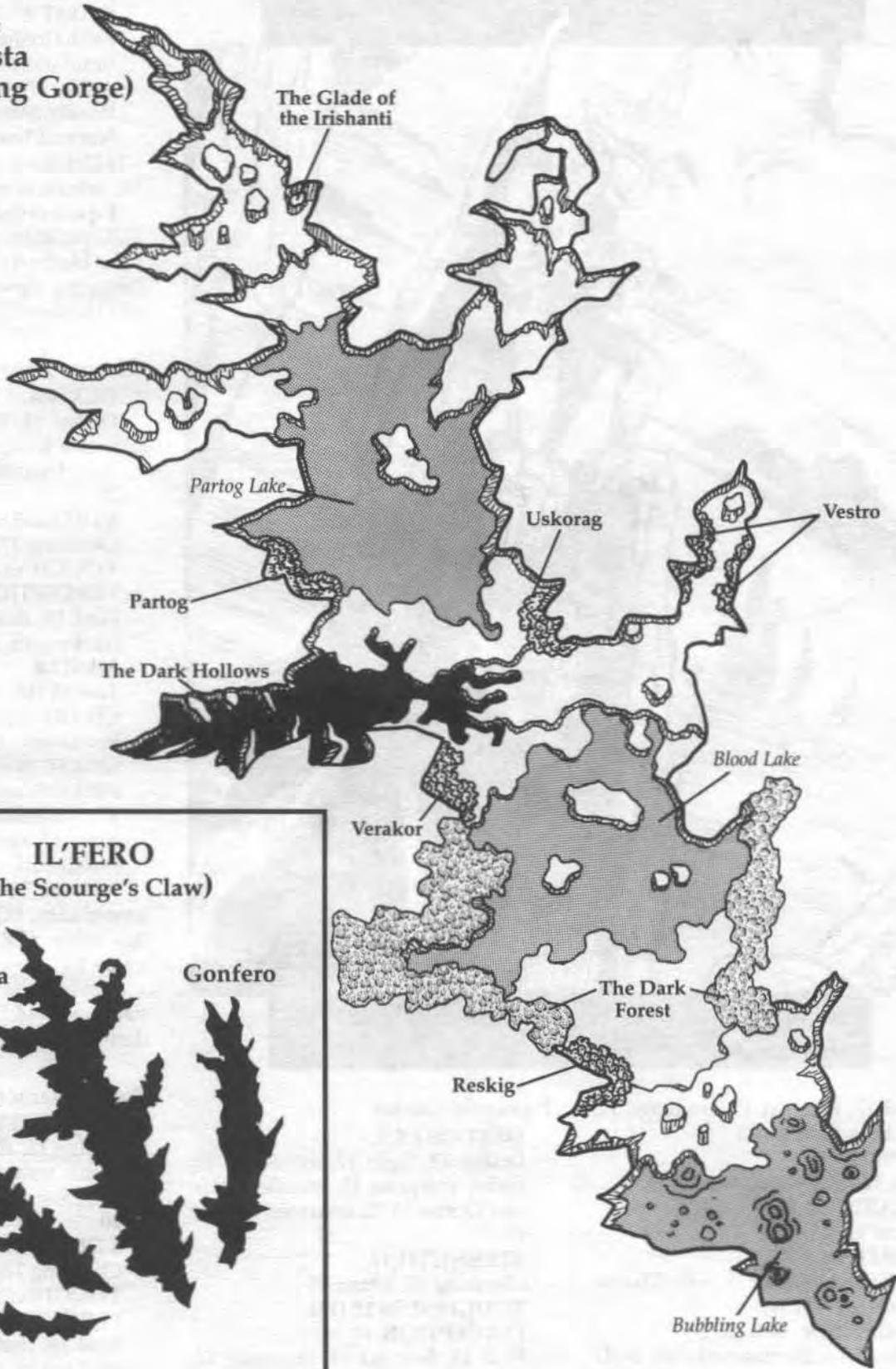
TOUGHNESS 10 (13)

PERCEPTION 10





**Ravagons
Verborista
(The Long Gorge)**



**IL'FERO
(The Scourge's Claw)**

Verborista

Gonfero

Verbortil

Panfero





Find 17, first aid 13, language 12, tracking 16, trick 15

MIND 8

Test 12 (15), willpower 14

CHARISMA 8

Taunt 12 (15)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 12, intimidation 12, reality (Tz'Ravok) 19

Possibilities: 10 to 20

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU +3/13; talons, damage value STR +2/16; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: hand blades (2), damage value STR +4/18;

Ravagon Leader

DEXTERITY 9

Dodge 13, flight 17, maneuver 19, melee weapons 15, missile weapons 13, stealth 15, unarmed combat 19

STRENGTH 14

Climbing 15, lifting 15

TOUGHNESS 10 (15)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 18, first aid 14, language 13, tracking 17, trick 16

MIND 8

Test 13 (16), willpower 15

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 11, taunt 13 (16)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 13, focus 11, intimidation 13, possibility sense 11, reality (Tz'Ravok) 19

Possibilities: 20 to 25

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU +3/13; talons, damage value STR +2/16; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: leather harness, TOU+1; leather limb armor, TOU+1; hand blade, damage value STR+4/18; throwing claws, damage value STR +2/16

Chosen Ravagon

DEXTERITY 10

Dodge 14, flight 18, maneuver 20, melee weapons 16, missile weapons 14, stealth 18, unarmed combat 21

STRENGTH 16

Climbing 17, lifting 17

TOUGHNESS 15 (21)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 19, first aid 14, language 13, tracking 18, trick 16

MIND 8

Test 15 (18), willpower 18

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 12, taunt 15 (18)

SPIRIT 10

Faith (Irishantism) 16, intimidation 17, possibility rip 13, possibility sense 13, reality (Tz'Ravok) 20

Possibilities: 25 to 30

Natural Tools: occult-treated armored skin, TOU+6/21; talons, damage value STR +2/18; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: metal sword, damage value STR+4/20; throwing blades, damage value STR +3/19;

Twice-Named Ravagon

DEXTERITY 9

Dodge 15, flight 19, maneuver 20, melee weapons 17, missile weapons 15, stealth 17, unarmed combat 20

STRENGTH 14

Climbing 16, lifting 16

TOUGHNESS 10 (17)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 18, first aid 15, language 14, tracking 18, trick 17

MIND 8

Test 14 (17), willpower 17

CHARISMA 8



Persuasion 14, taunt 14 (17)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 15, focus 13, intimidation 15, possibility rip 11, possibility sense 13, reality (Tz-Ravok) 19

Possibilities: 25+

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU+3/13; talons, damage value STR+2/16; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: chain mail harness, TOU+2; chain mail limb armor, TOU+2; iron claws, damage value STR+3/17; throwing claws, damage value STR+2/16;

Ravagon Society

The youngest ravagons are considered Unnamed cubs through their youth. The dark red cubs learn to fly, hunt, fight and kill by competing with their hatch-mates in life-and-death contests. Only the strongest, swiftest and brightest survive into young adulthood.

Unnamed young adults begin to learn specific trades as acolytes to the priesthood or as apprentices to crafters and hunters. Throughout the period of training, young ones seek to not only learn a skill of worth, but to gain a Name. A Name is the most important thing to a ravagon, for it proclaims to all that the ravagon has earned his place in society by some act of courage, valor or skill.

A Name is the most valued possession a ravagon has. He spends his earliest years seeking to earn his Name, and then he spends his time living up to that Name and keeping it. A ravagon without a Name is nothing, for the Name defines him, proclaims his worth, makes him whole.

To earn a Name, a young ravagon must undergo a Test. A Test can be either an official, planned event, or a spontaneous happening that accomplishes the same goals. Tests are obstacles placed before the sons and daughters of Ravok by the Scourge or his priests. In a planned Test, the village or tribal priests pray to Ravok for seven days and seven nights for a vision of the type of Test best suited for an Unnamed youth. Tests usually provide trials which measure battle prowess, cunning, strength, flight, vicious-

ness and savagery. In some cases, they are designed to cause a moment of crisis and imbue a young ravagon with the ability to store and manipulate the essence of Ravok. An Unnamed ravagon who demonstrates the qualities which mark a proper ravagon and surmounts the obstacles placed before him earns a Name. Those who fail usually die. Tests which occur without planning are usually considered better. These, it is believed, are reserved for those Ravok wishes to place above the rest — the warlords, the leaders, the most holy priests.

Social station concerns itself only with the Named. Those ravagons who have not yet earned their Names are considered as nothing in village life, though they are trained and tolerated until they reach their teenage years. The ravagons nurture these Unnamed in the hopes that they will soon join the ranks of the strong or that they will be able to provide needed possibilities to the world when they finally die. If a youth approaches adulthood without gaining the *reality* skill, he or she is destroyed as an abomination before Ravok — the Scourge does not tolerate

ords among his chosen children.

The social structure is divided into a triune composed of the military, the priesthood, and the crafters. At the top of the military social ladder is the warlord. Every village or city has a warlord, who organizes his or her people for war. Warlords act as judges, administrators, and executive officials, ruling their areas with sharp claws and strong weapons. Below the warlord are the various hunt masters, warriors, hunters and scouts who protect the tribes, hunt prey, and keep watch for approaching dangers.

The priesthood is run by high priests, a council of the holy leaders of every village. In theory, the Prophet of Ravok is above the high priests, but as some of the priesthood has not yet accepted the full legitimacy of Sallsboratza, they merely look to the Prophet as an advisor. Priests fill the majority of this social grouping, serving under high priests, administering to small tribes and villages, or even wandering from canyon to canyon to spread the word of Ravok as they understand it. The lowest order of the priesthood is the monks, who nor-



mally follow a particular portion of the Holy Teachings to the exclusion of all else. They are the fanatics of Ravok, considered mad by some, foolish by others, and dangerous by the few in true power.

The crafters are the creators and merchants of the ravagons. Crafters specialize in building dwellings, mining ore, forging weapons and armor, creating art, and other skilled professions. Besides crafting the goods the people need, the crafters must also display and sell their wares. As with most other aspects of ravagon society, what the crafters make has a decidedly warlike slant. Even dwellings are constructed with defense in mind, combining necessity, aesthetics and fortress design in every building. Crafters are organized into guilds, with guild masters to administer to each guild's members.

Leaders of the three social divisions come together in a Council, which rules over villages, towns and cities. Councils handle the day-to-day administration of the area they oversee. Those issues of great importance which cannot be handled by the Council are held until the ruling warlord arrives to pass judgment.

Every ravagon belongs to a particular tribe. Tribes live in villages. Where two or more tribes come together, towns and cities spring up. Every village, town and city has its flocks — ravagon war or hunting parties. Every flock is commanded by a warlord, and the flocks of a city are in turn commanded by a supreme warlord. Parok is the supreme warlord of Il'Fero and all its flocks, though his power stretches through most of the Kth/Geddo region.

The social divisions are not exclusive. A warrior can also be a crafter, and a priest can also be a scout or hunter, for example. Both males and females fill these positions equally. The only restrictions concern an individual ravagon's ability to perform the functions of the position he or she wants to possess.

The laws of ravagon society favor the strong and eliminate the weak. Most disputes are settled by the Challenge, a ritualized combat that brings some measure of order to a savage world. Instead of simply killing the

weak or those who have somehow wronged another, the Challenge pits the adversaries against each other in a battle to the death. The winner, of course, is always considered to be in the right. Challenges also provide opportunities to gain Names, rise in power, and even help establish the social pecking order.

Every village, town and city celebrates a number of festivals throughout the year. These include the Great Hunts, the Days of Naming, the Feasts of the Prophets, the Ceremony of the Scourge, and the Festival of Vornaka.

Ravagons do not give themselves into marriage as other societies do. Instead, male and female ravagons join as mated pairs for a time, acting to protect each other from the dangers of the harsh world. Mated pairs do not start families as such. They fertilize eggs which become the property of the entire tribe. These eggs are deposited in huge hatching caves which are guarded and cared for by the whole tribe. When the eggs hatch, the newborn ravagons must fight for their lives from that moment on. Only the strong survive the tests and tribulations of life on Tz'Ravok. Mated pairs remain together for as long as they are comfortable with each other, or until one or the other dies. Then they move on to other matings.

Ravagons can live to be as old as seventy, though few reach such a lofty age due to the violent nature of life on Tz'Ravok. Parok, of course, is the exception, as he has lived for many centuries due to the gifts heaped upon him by Sallsboratza.

Technology is at a level equivalent to the early Middle Ages on Earth. The crafters can forge weapons of stone, bone or iron, as well as armor to protect those who wish to wear it. Most ravagons wear only minimal clothing — loin clothes and harnesses are the extent of it in most cases, for more than that constricts their wings and weighs them down.

Dwellings of stone, wood and metal take the form of open aeries built into the sides of the canyon walls. They are constructed with their inhabitants in mind, for the ravagons need room to fly, to perch, and to walk when the desire takes them.

Ravagon villages range from 10 to

100 individuals. Towns can have as many as 1,000 inhabitants, while the largest cities, such as Vestro, contains some 100,000 inhabitants.

Weapons and Armor

Ravagon weapons fall into two categories — melee and missile weapons. The more popular melee weapons employed by the ravagons include the following. Note, however, that while weapons are not considered bad form, most ravagons prefer to use their own claws and teeth when dispatching an opponent of equal strength and skill. Armor, when worn, comes in a smaller variety due to the physical limitations of the ravagon body.

Bone Twirler: The bone twirler is a short baton, about a meter long, made of carved bone, stone or even metal. Each end of the baton features a wicked, three-pronged barbed blade. The user twirls the weapon at great speeds, causing the hollow carved ends to sing before the barbed blades cut into their target. Bone twirlers are usually used as melee weapons, but they can be thrown as missile weapons by those so skilled. Of course, a thrown twirler cannot be employed again until it is retrieved. This is a favorite weapon of priests, and is often used in holy ceremonies.

Hand Blade: The hand blade is a circular metal knife worn on the hand like brass knuckles and used as a melee weapon. Usually worn on both hands, hand blades can deliver terrible amounts of damage against opponents in close combat.

Iron Claws: Iron claws are metal claw extensions fitted over a ravagon's natural talons to deliver greater damage. They are considered melee weapons, though those with *unarmed combat* skills can employ them with equal expertise.

Sword, Metal: Ravagon metal swords feature short pommels, ornate hilts, and short, wide, decorated blades. They can only be used in melee, for they are not balanced for throwing.

Sword, Stone: Stone swords are more common on Tz'Ravok, and more of the ravagon warriors employ them as melee weapons than their metal



counterparts. Stone swords are also short, with very sharp edges. They have a tendency to break with extended use.

Throwing Blades: Throwing blades are missile weapons which are designed to be thrown while flying. They usually come in sets of three, which are worn on a bandolier across the ravagon's chest. Each set has a unique design, though all follow a similar set of parameters. The blades are formed into small discs, usually spiralling out from a center circle as wickedly-sharp blades.

Throwing Claws: Throwing claws are small, cone-shaped pellets made of stone, metal or bone. The pointed end is polished to razor sharpness, and a ravagon usually tosses a handful of them at an opponent. They work extremely well against another ravagon's wings. Throwing claws usually come in pouches of 40 pellets. They must be thrown in handfuls of four at a time to cause any damage.

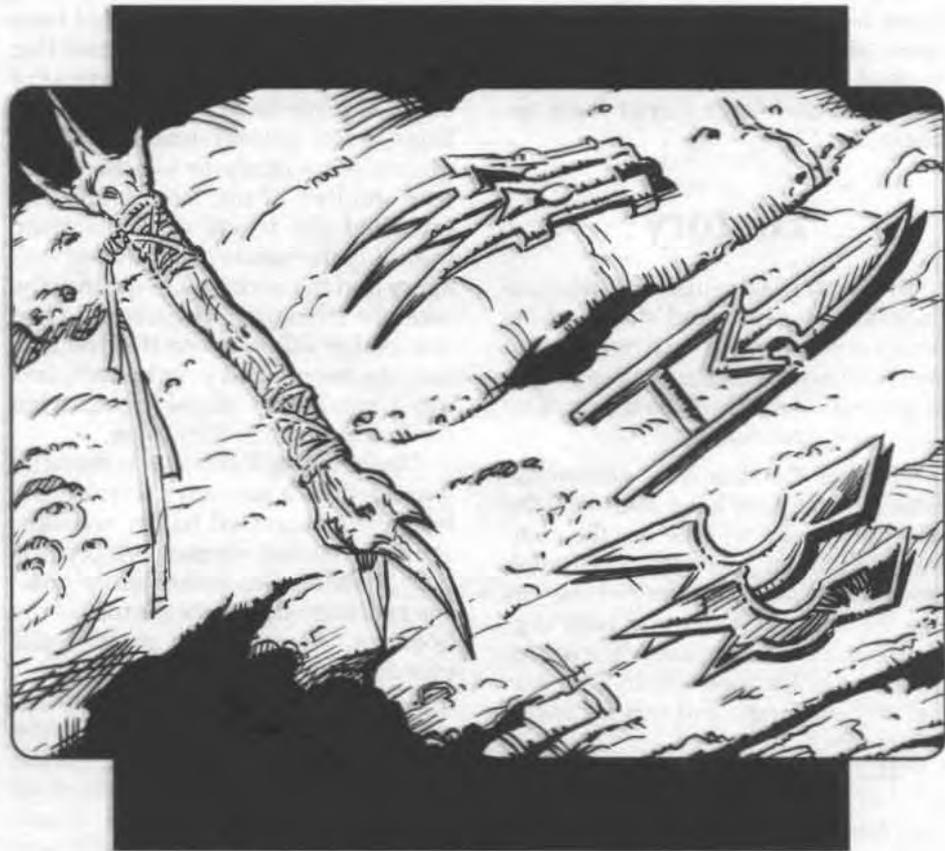
Wing Shredder: The wing shredder is a deadly weapon based upon the throwing claw design. Four sharp weights are connected by strong, thin rope to handles which fit around a ravagon's closed fist. When spun at high speed, the whirling weights slice through their target, inflicting vicious wounds. Wings, especially, can be terribly damaged by these melee weapons. A ravagon can use two wing shredders at the same time, one in each hand.

Chain Mail Harness: A chain mail harness is a shirt of metal armor worn across the chest. It provides only limited protection, though it can be combined with a helmet and limb armor to add more protection (all armor value adds are cumulative).

Leather Harness: Like the chain mail, but made of padded leather, the leather harness provides limited protection to the ravagon wearing it (all armor value adds are cumulative).

Limb Armor: Limb armor covers parts of a ravagon's arms and legs with either padded leather or chain mail to add protection (all armor value adds are cumulative).

Skull Helmet: When ravagons wear head protection, they usually wear a helmet shaped like their own skulls and made from hardened bone. In



Ravagon Weapons and Armor

MELEE WEAPONS

	Tech	Plus to Damage Value	Maximum Damage Value
Bone Twirler	8	+5	22
Hand Blade	9	+4	23
Iron Claws	9	+3	22
Sword, Metal	9	+4	20
Sword, Stone	8	+3	19
Throwing Blades	10	+3	22
Throwing Claws	9	+2	20
Wing Shredder	10	+5	23

ARMOR

	Tech	Value/Max	Fatigue?
Harness, Chain Mail	12	+2/19	no
Harness, Leather	5	+1/20	no
Limb Armor, Chain	12	+2/19	yes*
Limb Armor, Leather	5	+1/20	no
Skull Helmet	8	+1/20	no

*when combined with chain mail harness.



these helmets, ravagons make fearsome sights, appearing as terrible undead creatures due to the bone covering and their own flayed flesh appearance.

History

Much of ravagon history is tied into the myths, legends and stories of the ravagon religion. As such, we present the oral tradition of the ravagon people as passed down through the ages by the priests and elders:

"Gather the hunters, gather the flocks, for the time has come to tell the tale. Once, long ago, before the coming of the First Irishantza, Tz'Ravok was a different place. Everywhere was like the valleys. Water and lush vegetation covered the whole of the world. That was as Ravok made it. That was the way of things, and this is *vaza* — this is true.

"The people had not yet learned to revel in savagery, for the Scourge had not chosen to reveal their true nature to them yet. The people were hunters and warriors, for that is what they have always been, but they were not the perfect hunters and warriors which fly today. They were softer, fatter, less savage because of the nature of the world. They were blessed with a living world, full of *szilvaravok*, the essence of Ravok, and because of this the people ignored those parts of their spirit which made them true ravagons.

"In his wisdom, Ravok the Scourge sent the First Irishantza to the people. Varatza, the First One, proclaimed herself the voice of the Scourge calling to the people. She warned that the weak were destroying Tz'Ravok, and the only hope the people had was to embrace their natural savagery. It was she who set forth the edict — revel in the shredding of flesh, the snapping of bone and the shedding of blood. She called for a war against the weak of the world, the elimination of those lacking in *szilvaravok* and those unfit to serve as vessels for the essence of Ravok. While she gathered a handful of loyal followers, most of the people rejected her message. They called her a false prophet that had been sent to test the people.

"Varatza agreed that she had been sent to test them, and she claimed that six more like her would be sent after she was gone. Each Irishantza would bring even greater tests, until the people were ready to join Ravok as true children of the Scourge. She established the tenets of Irishantism, outlining the nature of controlled savagery and the necessity to destroy the weak to strengthen the strong. Then she led her followers on the first true war the people had ever known, taking a small area of the world from those weaker than they were.

"In the battle, Varatza was mortally wounded by a powerful warrior. Before she succumbed to her wounds, she gave one last warning. 'Accept the next Irishantza to come before you,' she proclaimed, 'or face the fury of the Scourge. Accept your nature, she pleaded, or the Scourge will force it upon you.'

"Over the next few centuries, the followers of Irishantism grew, but the majority of the people remained as they had always been — weak, undisciplined, blind to their own savagery. When the second prophet appeared, they no more heeded his call than they had Varatza's. After seven years of spreading his message, Sorenatza, the Dark One, proclaimed that with his death the Scourge would punish the world like never before. And, sure enough, when the unbelievers gathered in enough numbers to bring Sorenatza down, darkness fell over the world. The ground began to shake, the mountains exploded, and great cracks opened like wounds across the surface of the planet. The Scourge stretched forth his terrible claws, and Tz'Ravok quaked and trembled.

"When the years of cataclysm ended, the world was left much like it is now — barren, wiped clean, dying. More than half of the world's population died in the series of disasters that shattered Tz'Ravok, and that number continued to rise until today, when less than a twentieth of the people's once-great numbers still fly the world's skies.

"It was only within the planet's wounds that life was able to survive. The surface became a waste land, wracked by terrible storms of lightning and sand, set aflame by hot

magma which bubbled out of cracked mountains and shattered ground. True to the Irishanti's words, Tz'Ravok became a place where only the strong could survive. If the people would not heed the Scourge of their own accord, the Scourge would make them do so out of necessity.

"Still, the next two Irishanti met the same sort of resistance that greeted the first prophets. So angered was Ravok by the treatment the people heaped upon the Fourth Irishantza that he caused Laraka to rain hot death upon the greatest center of civilization. That was how Verborgon became the Dead Gorge.

"Though there were unbelievers in his day, the Fifth Irishantza received the greatest welcome and most acceptance of any prophet before him. By that time in history, Irishantism was the dominant religion and all the leaders subscribed to its tenets. Feratza, the Clawed One, became the leader of the people and led them on the last great war against the weak. When the savage conquests ended, only Irishantism and its followers remained. The ravagons finally learned to embrace their savagery, and they were ready for whatever tests the Scourge had waiting for them.

"Recently, Sallsboratza, the Gaunt One, appeared before the people. He claims to be the Sixth Irishantza, even though he is not of the people. He has demonstrated powers greater than any prophet before him, however, for his reign has lasted centuries and his warlord, the mighty Parok, has been at his side the entire time. We are in the time of Sallsboratza, who is marked as a prophet by his power and viciousness. He who is ravagon in all but appearance leads us on a holy war against the weak of other worlds. This is our sixth test, and let all who deny it suffer the unending wrath of the Scourge.

"*Vaza*. This is the history of the people, true and complete. *Szilvaza*. It is the essence of truth."

Religion

The ravagons follow the tenets of Irishantism, a bloody religion which appeals to the true nature of the dark





hunters. Ravok, the terrible god of the ravagons, is called the Scourge. He created the ravagons with not only the capacity for savagery, but with the awareness to enjoy that savage nature. But when the ravagons refused to be true to the savage killers inside them, the Scourge sent his prophets to remind the people of their true essence.

The Holy Teachings claim that there will be seven Irishanti before the Scourge returns to personally lead the people. Through the teachings and tests of the prophets, the people will learn to embrace their savagery and become ready to serve their god. Five Irishanti have been accepted over the centuries, and currently a sixth has appeared before them. This new prophet, the Gaunt Man, has divided the people like no prophet has since the world religion was adopted. "How can a prophet not be a ravagon?" some ask. "How can the Gaunt Man, whose power and vicious nature mark him as a ravagon in spirit, not be a manifestation of Ravok?" others reply. Most

have accepted the Gaunt Man as Irishantza over the centuries he has been with the people. A select few continue to quietly entertain doubts as to the truth of the Gaunt Man's claims.

The message of the prophets is simple — the weak must die. It is a theological version of survival of the fittest, perhaps built upon the necessity of trimming the race in order to survive on a dying world (though legends and traditions claim the first Irishantza appeared before the world began to die). The faithful see it as their duty to slaughter weaker beings. From the moment of hatching, ravagon cubs are encouraged to fight among themselves, often to the death, in order to weed out the weak as quickly as possible. *Tzullats*, the priests of Ravok, administer to the spiritual needs of the ravagons.

The faithful believe that deceit and trickery are sins. Combat which is direct and without guile is the most pure before the Scourge. The strong must win by muscle and skill alone, for

tricks are the last resort of the weak and unskilled. Still, more and more ravagons in service to the Gaunt Man have begun to use methods which the most stringent followers of Ravok consider sinful. This has led to a subtle division in the faith.

The Believers embrace the Gaunt Man as Sallsboratza, the Sixth Irishantza. They accept him as a prophet of Ravok. They follow his commands. They have no doubts that one of Sallsboratza's power and spirit can be a servant of the Scourge.

The Denyers, while faithful members of the Irishant religion, do not accept Sallsboratza as the Sixth Prophet. He does not wear the form of the Chosen of the Scourge. He has no wings or claws. He uses sinful tactics such as guile and deceit. He does not look like a ravagon, and so he cannot be a ravagon. While some Denyers have been quite vocal in their rejection of the Gaunt Man, most have kept their doubts and concerns to themselves. This is especially true since



Parok and his followers began the campaign of extermination just prior to the attack on Earth. The Denyers are weak and confused, the argument states. The weak must be eliminated. Thus, it is the duty of the faithful to destroy the Denyers.

One group of Denyers living in the hidden canyons call themselves "militant traditionalists." They use their own skills and savage nature to wage a small war against the pretender and his followers. They claim that only by force and savagery can they turn the sinful tide of Sallsboratza and bring the Scourge back to Tz'Ravok. A few traditionalists have even left Tz'Ravok to preach to the holy crusaders. In all cases, Parok has declared the traditionalists weak and in need of elimination.

Ravok the Scourge

The god of the ravagons is called Ravok the Scourge. He appears as a larger, more powerful version of the ravagons — the ideal that the people of Tz'Ravok see for themselves. The Holy Teachings claim that the people were created in Ravok's image, from the claws and wings to the savage nature, from the ability to use szilvaravok to the capacity to enjoy their savagery.

While some claim that there were other gods before Ravok, the current belief is that Ravok is the first and only god of the people. He is called the Scourge because he has seen fit to punish his children for their inability to understand and embrace their true nature. He grants his priests miracles with a savage, violent slant, well suited to combat, hunting and war.

Ravok is the god of the hunt, the god of savagery, the god of physical prowess. His spheres of influence include tracking, stalking, and personal combat. Like his children, he revels in tearing, ripping, and killing. When he

returns to lead the people, when the people are finally ready to join his eternal hunt, he will appear as a huge, powerful ravagon in the peak of physical health. His flesh will be as red as flayed skin, with highlights of pure white like bone peaking through. His giant maw will be open wide, exposing sharp teeth as large as swords and calling the hunt together. His wings will spread far and wide, blocking out the red sun and casting a dark shadow over the land. This shadow will protect the people from the violent storms on the surface, and all will fly within its cool embrace. He will carry no weapons save his own dagger-like claws, the same claws that opened the canyons and sliced through the thick, dead rock of the world.

At certain times through the years, a select few of Ravok's faithful have become so full of the dark god's spirit as to become his avatars on Tz'Ravok. These rare occurrences coincide with the people's need for heroes, and avatars appear filled with the fury of the Scourge. The last avatar to appear was sent as a test of Parok, to determine if the warlord and the prophet he represented were true. In a great battle that lasted a full day and night, Parok defeated the avatar and proved his right to lead (at least, he convinced those who came to be called the Believers).

Ravok's Avatar

DEXTERITY 12

Dodge 14, flight 18, maneuver 20, melee weapons 18, stealth 18, unarmed combat 23

STRENGTH 17

Climbing 19

TOUGHNESS 15 (18)

PERCEPTION 11

Find 19, tracking 19

MIND 8

Test 18, willpower 18

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 13, taunt 15 (18)

SPIRIT 11

Faith (Irishantism) 18, focus 18, intimidation 18, possibility rip 16, possibility sense 17, reality (Tz'Ravok) 22

Possibilities: 23

Natural Tools: armored skin (TOU +3/armor value 18), talons (STR +2/damage value 18), wings (speed value 13).

Tzullats

The Irishant priests, called *tzullats*, understand the true nature of savagery better than any other ravagons. They are accomplished weapon crafters, and they instruct the people on how to control and utilize their own savage natures. Priests must be knowledgeable hunters, skilled warriors, expert killers. They must guard and remember the Holy Teachings, faithfully interpreting the oral traditions and the current expressions of Ravok for the people.

To the tzullat, the weak are the greatest threat to the world and will of Ravok. The weak exist only to take from the strong. They are a sickness which is killing the world, and for that they must in turn be destroyed. But killing cannot be random. All challenges must abide by tradition, and ritualized combat is the greatest expression of this tradition.

It is the tzullat of a tribe who decides on the Naming Tests if no Tests manifest naturally. The holy ones dispense judgments, administer the holy ceremonies, pray for aid for hunts and battles, and constantly watch for signs of Ravok's displeasure. When a sign of displeasure manifests, tzullats quickly enter into prayer in order to discover the source of the displeasure and a way to appease the god before he again visits a world-destroying cataclysm upon the people.



Chapter Two

Ravagons in Orrorsh

The reality of Orrorsh exists in the corners of the cosmverse, close by, but always just out of sight. It is a reality of terror, horror, and dark, evil things. It is the reality of the Gaunt Man, one of the feared Possibility Raiders, a High Lord who plunders cosmos for the energy they contain. Whatever cosm once gave birth to the reality of fear has long since been lost to memory. It has been linked with the shadow places of every mythology, with the dank underworlds, the various hells, and the fetid tombs of primordial history. The truth of this cosm, needless to say, remains hidden, locked in the Gaunt Man's private memories and off-limits to the rest of the cosmverse.

Currently, the reality of fear lies like a dark shroud over a cosm called Gaea. Gaea is much like Earth, though it is the Earth of the Victorian Age. It also extends into Earth's dimension, centered in a realm that has invaded the region of Southeast Asia. The reality has followed the Gaunt Man and his minions wherever they have traveled, bringing fear and dread to all corners of the cosmverse.

As a High Lord, the Gaunt Man is currently vying for power to become a near-godlike entity called the Torg, but he has suffered a few setbacks on the world where his invasion is now underway — the world called Earth (see the *Orrorsh* sourcebook for more information).

Along with his Darkness Device, Heketon, the Gaunt Man has traveled the cosmverse in search of the possibility energy he craves. On one such trip made centuries ago, the Gaunt Man discovered the world of the ravagons — he found Tz'Ravok.

The Coming of Sallsboratza

For some reason, the Gaunt Man decided to conduct a personal search that day. The discovery of Gaea was still far in the future, and the invasion of Earth was only a glimmer in the Gaunt Man's cunning mind, but his conquest of the cosmverse was already millennia old. On a day long centuries gone by, the High Lord of Orrorsh decided to go exploring. He likened this exploration to fishing, for he cast out his dimthreads into the sea of dimensions that is the cosmverse and waited for something to take the bait.

He examined the dimthreads he had sent out like an expert fisherman examines his lines, searching for the signs that would tell him the catch he wanted had been hooked. He tugged upon the ectoplasmic strings, testing the purchase they had found on other worlds. He lowered his head to the writhing, fleshy threads, sniffing the aroma of possibilities wafting back across the dimensions. He whispered to the twisted souls which were woven together to create the dimensional lines, then listened to what the faint, pain-filled voices had to report. Then, without hesitation, the Gaunt Man selected a single thread and followed it to the world it had found.

Like hot wax from a candle, the dimthread dripped into the world called Tz'Ravok. It fell from a tiny hole in space, a rip in dimensions, pouring down in a white, twisted column of writhing souls. A ravagon priest, the tzullat Kerroc, had been in the sacred glade of the Irishanti that day, praying to the prophets of Ravok for guidance and inspiration. There were five Unnamed youths in his village, and each desperately sought the Tests that would earn them their own Names.



Kerroc had come to meditate, praying that some signs would be given to him to help devise the Tests. He perched in the middle of the flat, stone expanse, huddled between the seven rock pillars that represented the seven promised prophets of the Scourge. Then, as he prayed, the miracle occurred.

The new pillar bubbled out of a hole in the air over the glade, spewing forth like lava from a freshly opened crack. It was a pale, fleshy white, not gray stone like the other pillars. It seemed to be made of twisted forms that moved like fish plucked from the water and left to die upon hot, sun-baked stone. Kerroc stepped carefully toward this strange manifestation, confident that it had come from Ravok but unwilling to believe it was totally benign. He reached one half-curved claw to touch the pillar, but an unexpected voice caused him to draw his hand back.

"Step away, my strange friend," the slightly mocking voice said in the language of the people. It came from the pillar, from the hole in the air, from the walls of the canyon itself.

Kerroc did as he was told, retreating from the white pillar. As he watched in amazement, a figure emerged from the hole hanging in the air and stepped into the glade. The figure was nearly as tall as he was, but it was definitely not a ravagon. It wore dark, restricting clothing, and its flat, fleshy face was the same color as the writhing pillar. It had no claws, no wings, no armored hide. The figure showed its small, flat teeth, bowed slightly, then proclaimed, "I am the Gaunt Man, and I have come to take this world."

That was the way it began, with the Gaunt Man stepping into the Glade of the Irishanti and proclaiming Tz'Ravok his own. He took what information he needed from the tzullat's mind, examining the beliefs and superstitions of these beings called ravagons for whatever fears, needs, and desires he could exploit. He found what he was looking for in the teachings of the ravagon religion — the Gaunt Man decided to become the Sixth Prophet of Ravok.

As he studied the mind of the ravagon priest, the Gaunt Man was impressed with what he saw. These

ravagons were powerful, savage beings. They had taken survival of the fittest to heart and made it a way of life, so that only those ravagons who could store and use possibilities had survived. Consequently, the world was full of stormers. In relation to the world's total population, the number of stormers was amazing. They were all stormers! Every last one of them! If they had the possibilities to expend, they might even find a way to harm him. But alas, the world itself was dying, barely able to sustain the stormers, let alone add to the Gaunt Man's personal storehouse of power. He could conquer the world with little trouble, for while the ravagons were potentially dangerous to him, they had only limited resources to call upon in a fight of realities. At best, they would keep him occupied for longer than he would find convenient as he drained what little remained of their world's living energy. Instead of destroying them, however, the Gaunt Man formulated a different plan.

As the Sixth Irishantza, the Gaunt Man took the ravagon name of *Sallsboratza*, the Gaunt One, and proclaimed his "holy" mission to the ravagon warlord Parok. He claimed to be sent by Ravok to present the sixth test of the Scourge to his children. Those who passed the test and accepted *Sallsboratza* as a true prophet would get to take part in a grand hunt — a hunt across different worlds. "Consider it a holy crusade," the Gaunt Man told Parok. "Together we will eliminate the weak from every world and spread the teachings of Ravok to the strong that can survive."

Parok accepted the words of the Gaunt Man and pledged his flock to *Sallsboratza*. Soon other flocks joined as well, until much of Tz'Ravok became believers in the Sixth Irishantza. Parok has been sustained over the centuries by Heketon, the Gaunt Man's Darkness Device. He has seen his people grow old and die more times than he can remember. He has watched the cycle of life and death start anew many times. He has never lost faith in *Sallsboratza* or the Scourge, for the ravagons have learned much under the tutelage of the Gaunt Man. And who knows? Perhaps the Gaunt Man is truly the sixth prophet sent by the

Scourge to test his children — stranger things have happened in the cosmverse, after all.

Parok's Holy Warriors

The first thing *Sallsboratza* required of Parok was that he provide warriors for the holy crusade. The original warriors came from Parok's own flock, his war party, eagerly accepting the quests that *Sallsboratza* placed before them. These were the Gaunt Man's first hunters, sent to track down and eliminate stormers who proved too troublesome to handle by ordinary means. Every cosm the Gaunt Man invaded had its share of stormers, but few of these "reality carriers" could stand against the dark hunters from Tz'Ravok.

It took Parok many years to gain the support of the rest of the ravagons. Even the other flocks in his own canyon grouping, those who recognized him as the warlord of Il'Fero, were reluctant to strike off on a crusade to other worlds just because a powerful being claimed to be the Sixth Irishantza. Before the coming of *Sallsboratza*, the canyons maintained a reluctant peace, but little wars constantly erupted as one or another tribe tried to gain more power, influence or territory. With the emergence of a new prophet, and a non-ravagon prophet at that, open warfare broke out across Tz'Ravok. While Parok funnelled warriors across the dimensions to serve the Gaunt Man, he was also busy settling the challenges that came before him.

A holy war erupted on Tz'Ravok. It raged from the Many Canyons to Il'Fero, from Teroro to Il'Dezin, and everywhere in between. It was fought in the deep gorges and atop the burning mountains, in the fertile ground and across the barren wastelands. Those who accepted *Sallsboratza* battled those who denied his claims, until all ravagons were embroiled in the religious conflict. Through it all, the Gaunt Man smiled. *Could all these powerful creatures truly be fighting over me?* he marveled with an evil laugh. Perhaps he would have been dismissed as just another pretender had Parok



been defeated in those early wars, but the warlord's own natural abilities and the aid he received from the Gaunt Man led to Parok's eventual victory. It wasn't long before the wars ceased and the ravagons turned in large numbers to Sallsboratza's holy quest.

The ravagons, or at least the vast majority of them, were the Gaunt Man's to use, to command, and to manipulate as he saw fit. Over the centuries, they have proven to be the High Lord's most trustworthy, most loyal, and among his most formidable servants.

While the majority of Tz'Ravok's ravagons accept Sallsboratza as their Sixth Prophet, only the most faithful of the race are called upon to serve in the holy crusade. Parok and his chief lieutenants make pilgrimages back to Tz'Ravok as often as necessary to recruit crusaders for the Gaunt Man's cause. Those who wish to become crusaders, who want to rid the cosmverse of the weak and useless, must demonstrate unswerving faith to Sallsboratza and his vision of the Scourge's Holy Teachings. The typical crusader candidate must be able to put aside what he has learned in order to be filled with the wisdom and understanding of Sallsboratza. Nothing must stand between a crusader and the Sixth Irishantza — not dogma, not traditions, not even flock or hunt mates. That is the true test that Sallsboratza brings to the ravagons. Most are more than willing to rise to the challenge.

New crusaders are usually drawn from the ranks of the recently Named. Candidates are judged worthy by either the Warlord Parok himself or one of his chief lieutenants. Once accepted into the crusader flock, ravagons are sent across the dimensional gateway connecting Tz'Ravok to Gaea. This gateway, called a maelstrom bridge, is nothing more than a larger, more permanent form of the dimthreads the Gaunt Man used to first reach the world of the dark hunters. The bridge drops out of a tear in the air, its top hidden in churning storm clouds. One end rests near the Glade of the Irishanti in the northern portion of Verborista. The area around this bridgehead teems with the reality of Orrorsh, and it serves as the gateway to Gaea and the cosmverse beyond. Dark, twisted



things have made the area their home, foul aberrations which are neither Orrorshan nor Tz'Ravok, but are vile mixtures of both realities.

New crusaders must operate within the confines of Gaea and the realm on Earth for a period of time before being sent to work in other realities. After Parok and his hunt masters are satisfied with a new crusader's commitment and dedication, and once they are sure the ravagon has acclimated to shifts in reality and serves the Gaunt Man without question, then he can be assigned to distant cosms and realms as an agent of Sallsboratza.

Living in Sin

The ravagons have had to make a few adjustments in their world view as far as Sallsboratza is concerned. To ravagons, strength is determined by direct conflict, not through subtlety or deceit. Anything less than meeting a problem or opponent head-on and from the front is considered sinful under ravagon dogma. The Gaunt Man, however, has attempted to

change those views. Though his success has been modest at best, even consorting with those who practice deceit has placed the ravagons in a tenuous position — the dark hunters are living in sin in the eyes of the Scourge.

The Gaunt Man is a ravagon in spirit if not in form, of that the ravagons have little doubt. His personal power, cruelty and pure savagery mark him among the strongest ravagons to ever fly the blood-red skies of Tz'Ravok. But where the Holy Teachings of the Scourge call anything less than direct conflict taboo, the Gaunt Man preaches that deceit and cunning are as much a reflection of pure strength as are physical prowess and combat skills. "The old teachings say that a holy Irishant wins because he is the strongest in direct conflict," Sallsboratza has told the people. "But the new teachings say that to use all the gifts that Ravok saw fit to bless you with is a good and true expression of faith. I have not come to change your beliefs, but to clarify them in the name of the Scourge!"

Few of the holy teachers are willing to accept these "new teachings" whole-



cloth and re-write the Holy Teachings. However, they are willing to compromise. The weak, they say, are not truly spiritual in nature, so they do not deserve to be treated as such. The real sin, they contend, is to face another ravagon with trickery instead of direct combat. The weak, who cannot appreciate the blessings of Ravok, can be dealt with in any way that works.

Of course, this conflict with the Holy Teachings has become the basis for the current split in ravagon society. The Denyers, who refuse to accept Sallsboratza as the Sixth Irishantza, point to his use of sinful acts as the basis of their rejection of him. The Believers, on the other hand, have turned a blind eye to these inconsistencies in order to maintain their faith as both Irishants and followers of the Sixth Prophet.

The Bidding of Sallsboratza

The Gaunt Man has established a reality of terror in Gaea and in portions of the Earth. Defined by an ecology of horror, the Power of Fear, and an eroding corruption, Orrorsh permeates everything within its grasp, trapping it in an unending nightmare. While the Gaunt Man's horrors and personal agents can deal with most of the assignments he needs taken care of in his own reality, he uses the ravagons to deal with the problems of other realities.

To a ravagon, the hunt is everything. The dark hunters were born to track, to stalk, to chase, and to kill. For this reason, these are the tasks most often assigned to the ravagons. What prey are ravagons asked to find, capture and sometimes kill? Why, none other than the beings of other realities who can store and manipulate possibilities themselves—the beings whom the High Lords call stormers and who call themselves Storm Knights.

Because ravagons can sense possibility energy, especially the energy given off by newly-created stormers (those who have just undergone their moment of crisis), they make ideal hunters to send after the troublesome reality retainers of the cosmverse. They

also have the strength and skills necessary to subdue or destroy stormers, even the unusually powerful ones produced by the world called Earth.

The Gaunt Man uses the ravagons to locate stormers as they appear, allowing him to keep track of potential problems to his ongoing campaign. This had always been a relatively simple task, until the campaign came to Earth. This cosm has somehow found a way to produce more powerful stormers than any other the High Lords have ever tried to conquer. What's more, this increase has spread like some foul disease to the realities connected to the Earth—realities which belong to the Gaunt Man and his fellow Possibility Raiders. With more stormers comes more possibility energy. But the stormers also bring with them more possibility of failure for the Gaunt Man's campaign. Where once he might have wanted the stormers kept alive to amuse him, feed his arcane machines, or provide him with fresh possibilities, now he simply wants them dead.

The ravagons also serve as the Gaunt Man's private army and as bodyguards to the High Lord. Under Parok's command, the ravagons patrol Illmound Keep, accompany the Gaunt Man on his travels, and even fly over Orrorsh cosm and realm to keep the Gaunt Man's other servants in line.

Ravagons have another innate talent which the Gaunt Man exploits to his own purposes. Ravagons are nearly immune from the effects of disconnection which plague other stormers. Due to some strange permutations in the way their bodies interact with their own reality, a ravagon cannot disconnect in a foreign reality if he is using either his own natural tools and abilities, or the tools native to his own cosm. His belief in his own powers and his Scourge-given right to use them has something to do with a ravagon always maintaining a bubble of Tz'Ravok reality around himself—even when not consciously producing one. The Gaunt Man believes that the dark hunters involuntarily absorb background possibility energy and use it to maintain their own reality, though even he does not understand all of the ramifications of such an ability. He does, however, readily make use of

the talent. If a ravagon decides to use a tool or ability not native to Tz'Ravok, he is subject to the same disconnection rules as all other stormers and Storm Knights.

Because of this innate ability, ravagons make perfect agents for the Gaunt Man to send abroad into other realities. He has made "gifts" of the dark hunters to the other High Lords, and often sends them to other realms to spy on, hunt or even kill those the Gaunt Man wants eliminated.

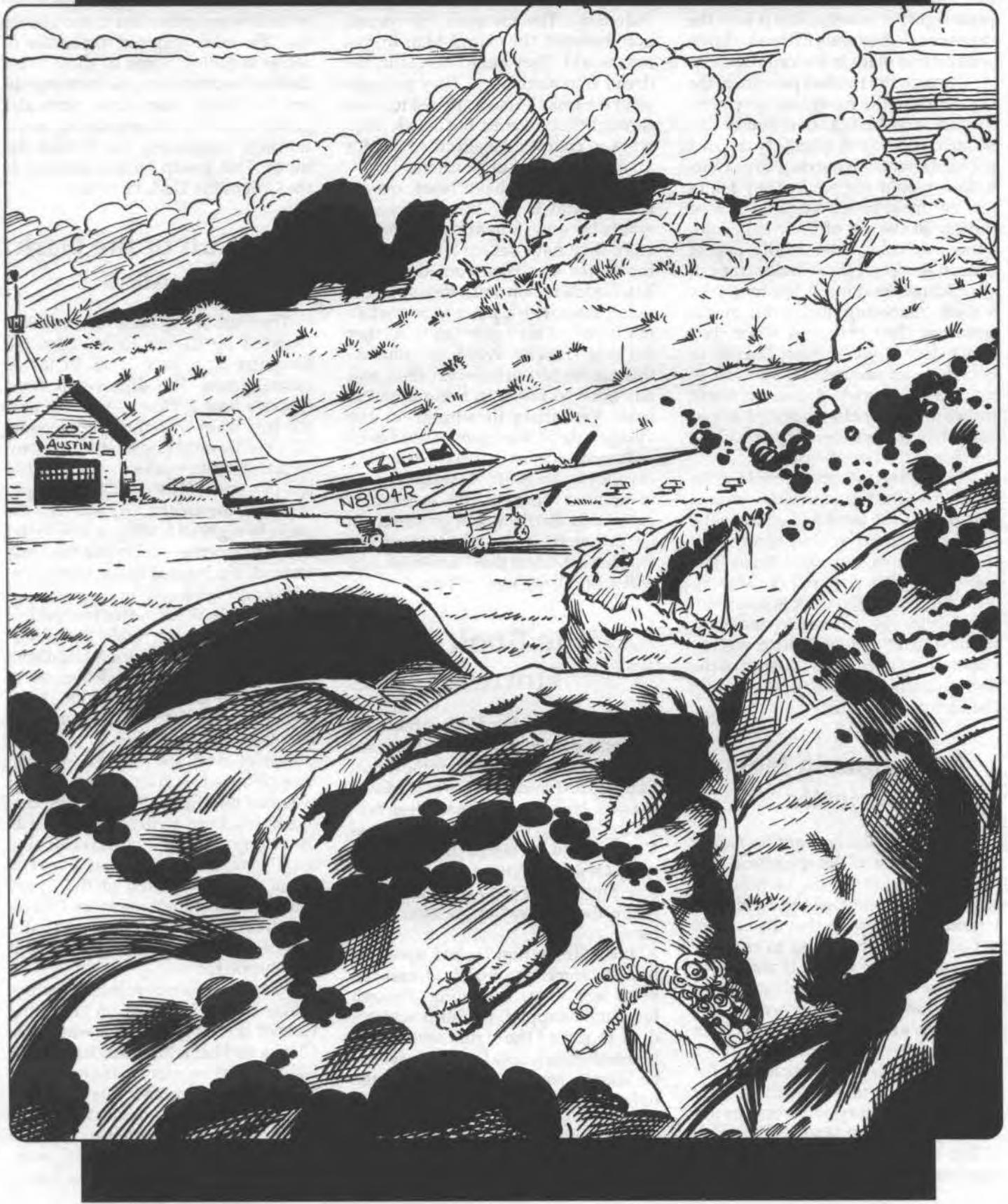
Ravagons and Thratchen

Of course, Parok and his ravagons have received no orders from the Gaunt Man since his disappearance shortly before the arrival of the Cyberpapacy on Earth. Instead, the ravagon warlord has been receiving orders from Thratchen, a Tharkoldu techno-demon who pledged himself to the Gaunt Man's service and claims to be operating as the High Lord's regent until he returns. Parok is suspicious of Thratchen and completely dislikes the techno-demon, but Thratchen does wield the Gaunt Man's cane of power and the Gaunt Man has been known to disappear unexpectedly for extended lengths of time. Parok has decided to serve Thratchen for as long as the techno-demon continues to work toward the Gaunt Man's goals, but he is watching for any sign of deception or treachery. The day he discovers evidence that Thratchen has lied to him or betrayed the Gaunt Man, on that day, Parok swears, the techno-demon will die. Until then, the ravagons will continue their holy crusade in Sallsboratza's name.

Ravagons in Victorian Society

Orrorsh is a reality of illusions and lies. The Victorians, while stringently ready to defend themselves against the horrors from the dark continents of Gaea, are blissfully unaware of the horrors right under their very proper noses. The Gaunt Man, the Hellion Court, and even major political and





military figures are terrible nightmares in their own right. But these true horrors remain present but hidden, in plain sight yet unseen. So it is with the ravagons—they walk in the shadows, with no true place in Victorian society.

Through the twisted powers of the Gaunt Man, the ravagons have been hidden from the sight of ordinary Victorians. A ravagon might fly down a cobbled street, but the majority of Victorians would not see it. They might feel an unexplained tingle of fear or danger in the pit of their stomachs. Some might hear the deadly flap of unseen wings, or the telltale scrape of sharp claws on stone. A few might see a dark, menacing shape out of the corner of their eyes, but when they turn to look it will be gone. The one or two that can see beyond the veil of shadow see terrible demons straight from the pits of hell—if they don't go mad, they are considered to be such by the rest of the population.

Though the ravagons consider the majority of the soft-skinned, wingless Victorians to be weak and sinful in the eyes of the Scourge, they rarely vent their holy savagery upon them. The Gaunt Man has declared the Victorians off-limits to the dark hunters unless specifically ordered to deal with someone in particular. Since most cannot even see the ravagons, most of the dark hunters have taken to ignoring the Victorians in turn.

Ravagons in New Majestic

The Gaunt Man brought his reality of fear to Earth as the spearhead of a multi-reality invasion to take the world's possibility energy. He convinced the Victorians that the horrors of Gaea had found a way to an innocent, uncivilized world. It was up to the Victorians to bring salvation and civilization to the new world, the "Victorian's burden," if you will. Ever imperialistic and colonization-minded, the Victorians struck out for Earth. They carried with them their reality—the reality of Orrorsh as defined by the Gaunt Man.

The Victorians set up the colony of New Majestic on what was once Earth's

Sumatra. The Gaunt Man set up his base in the heart of Borneo. From both places, the realm spread throughout Indonesia. The ravagons, of course, accompanied the Gaunt Man to this new world. They guard his castle, the dread Illmound Keep. They perform all of the tasks he has assigned to them through the centuries. But mostly, they work to counter the effects of Earth's amazing number of stormers.

The ravagons have taken over a small island in the Java Sea, somewhere between Sumatra and Borneo. Here they have set up a community much like a village from their own Kth'Geddo region on Tz'Ravok. It provides them with a place to rest when not involved on a mission to further the holy crusade. Parok has allowed this community to be established, and has gone so far as to bring a tzullat from Verborista to administer the village's daily workings. He has even ordered the construction of a hatching cave, for he wishes to see what types of ravagons a world as rich in Ravok's essence as Earth is will produce. So far, no hatchlings have been sired, but Parok is confident that Unnamed cubs will soon fill the new village.

The Book of Horrors

The Victorian, Lord Henry the Mad, was one of the few who was able to see through the veil of deception the Gaunt Man draped over the eyes of the Gaea masses. He saw every nameless horror that stalked the shadowy streets of Victoria, and the sights drove him insane. Of all the horrors to appear before him, it was the ravagons which made the greatest impression upon him.

Lord Henry first looked upon the horrors some one hundred and ten years ago, Gaea reckoning. Though his mind snapped, he felt it was his duty to record the sights revealed to him so that his fellow Victorians would be able to someday understand the nature of the horrors that walked among them. He wrote down detailed descriptions of what he saw, devoting huge passages to the ravagons, whom he called "hunter demons."

When Lord Henry died, his writings were collected into a tome titled *The Book of Horrors*. The images it described were so familiar to the masses that the book inspired a number of secret societies. Some of these were devoted to destroying the horrors, others to aiding them. One particular group found spiritual meaning in the writings concerning the hunter demons. This group became known as the Cult of the Dark Hunters.

The Cult of the Dark Hunters

The Cult of the Dark Hunters was founded by Clarise Cornwallis, the daughter of a prominent Victorian businessman. She discovered Lord Henry's *Book of Horrors* in an out-of-the-way shop with the strange name of "Oddities and Ends." With a group of close friends—all sons and daughters of upper society—Clarise began studying the arcane text with the express thought of finding a way to destroy the monsters at large in her land. Instead, she learned of the hunter demons, and her interests... changed.

Clarise decided that the true path to power was not to be found in destroying the horrors, but in embracing them. Of all the dark things described in loving and insane detail by Lord Henry, the hunter demons seemed to her to be the most noble, the most powerful. And, she had to admit, she was obsessed with their savagery. It was not mindless, directionless savagery. No, Lord Henry described it as "savagery risen to the level of fine art." Soon, what started as a sort of game for the children of the upper crust became something more. Clarise convinced them all that the hunter demons were not to be feared, but worshipped.

So, forty years before the maelstrom bridges of Gaea landed on Earth, the Cult of the Dark Hunters was born. Clarise and her fellow cultists set up a hidden meeting room in the basement of her father's country estate and decorated it with icons dedicated to the hunter demons—animal and human skulls, exotic weaponry, occult symbols, and the sacred copy of the *Book of*



Horrors. For their meetings, the cultists wore hooded cloaks of dark red. When they spread their arms, extra flaps of material stretched from wrist to ankle like crimson wings. At their meetings, the cultists prayed to the demon hunters and tried to conjure one forth to bless them and show them the way of savagery. As this method failed time and again, the cultists turned to other, more drastic methods of summoning the demons. They kidnapped street people or other members of the lower classes and subjected them to savage tortures. When even this method failed, some of the cultists left the group and went back to "normal" lives. The cultists that remained continued to meet and perform their acts of savage sacrifice, hoping to someday receive the sign they longed to see.

It was twenty years ago, when the cult had dwindled to less than six members, that a hunter demon finally blessed them with its presence. The demon was terrible to behold, looking like its outer skin had been flayed from its body to expose the muscle and bone beneath. It called itself Parok, and it taught Clarise and her faithful a few things about savagery and the Scourge. This was the beginning of a new phase in the cult's existence, for now it had direction and confirmation of what it always believed. Of course, Parok had come because Clarise had reached her "moment of crisis" and was becoming a stormer. He killed her as he had been sent to do, but her daughter took this as a sign. She took charge of the cult and has led it to this day.

Today the Cult of the Dark Hunters is a small yet influential secret society operating in both Victoria and Majestic. Its members are still drawn from the Victorian upper classes, and these people wield considerable wealth and power in their daily lives. As cultists, they seek to spread the word that man is a savage creature, made in the image of the hunter demons and their god, the Scourge. To force mankind to accept its own savagery, the cultists engage in ritual murder, torture, and other acts of violence and destruction. While they must curb their most sav-



age tendencies in Victoria, those cultists at large in the colonies usually give full vent to the savagery raging within them. They are often worse than the horrors they once sought to destroy.

Dark Hunter Cultist

DEXTERITY 8

Dodge 9, fire combat 9, stealth 10, melee weapons 10

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 8

PERCEPTION 8

Language 9, research 9, tracking 9

MIND 8

Occult 11, test 9

CHARISMA 8

SPIRIT 8

Intimidation 9, true sight 9

Possibility Potential: some (40)

Equipment: 3,000 Victorian Sterlings, Standard Cross heavy revolver, damage value 16, ammo 6, range 3-5/15/25; copy of portions of *The Book of Horrors*, dark red cloak, hand claw, damage value STR+2/10

Transformed Ravagons

While the vast majority of ravagons retain their own reality wherever they go, a few have succumbed to the reality of Orrorsh. Some have accepted the reality of their own volition, choosing it in order to use the power of Occult magic. Others were forced to transform by the Gaunt Man, for he wanted to see what would happen to the dark hunters when the change came upon them.

Now, a few ravagons have received the benefits of Orrorshan reality without transforming. The Chosen, for example, have allowed Heketon to fill them with possibility energy so that they might increase their skills and abilities. They have also submitted to the Gaunt Man's administrations, allowing him to increase the toughness of their hides through the use of occult magic.

Parok, on the other hand, has transformed to the Gaunt Man's reality. He has given up the gifts of Ravok to take





on the gifts of the Gaunt Man. These gifts include massive amounts of possibility energy whenever he needs it, eternal life, and horrific powers such as the Power of Fear. However, along with the gifts come a few weaknesses which the ravagon warlord would normally not be subject to. These in-

clude weaknesses to specific items and a True Death (see "Chapter Six: The Named," and the *Orrorsh* sourcebook for more information).

A select few have accepted the Gaunt Man's reality in order to become occult mages and necromancers, and some have been transformed against their

wills in reality storms with Orrorshans. These transformed have become horrors — undead ravagons, vampiric ravagons, even lycanthrope ravagons. All of these have True Deaths and horrific powers.

None of the transformed ravagons may be used as player characters.



Chapter Three

Ravagons in the Possibility Wars

It is in the overarching scheme of the Possibility Wars that the true worth of the ravagons becomes clear. To the ravagons, the Possibility Wars are one large holy crusade. The beings of these other realities are weak — they have lost their savage ways, if they ever knew them at all. The ravagons believe that it is their purpose to remind the weaker races of their savagery. Those that cannot cope with the gifts of Ravok, of course, must be destroyed. Those who can must be converted to the Gaunt Man's side — or destroyed as well. That is the mission set before the dark hunters of Tz'Ravok. That is the spiritual quest that has drawn them from their dying world.

What are the Possibility Wars? Simply put, beings of great power and infinite evil have come to Earth to steal our world's living energy — its possibilities. At first, these beings (called High Lords) brought their own realities into our dimension in order to work together; Earth was simply too powerful for one invader to overwhelm by himself. The Gaunt Man, one of the oldest and most powerful High Lords to ever twist a reality to his own purposes, was the binding force in this alliance of realities. But even from the moment the first invaders set foot on our blue-green globe, each High Lord was planning a way to take all of the Earth's power for himself. To gain such power would allow a High Lord to become the Torg, and all of them coveted the legendary position and all the eternal riches it promised.

For his part, the Gaunt Man had a plan of his own that did not include the other High Lords. Once their assistance was no longer needed, the High

Lord of Orrorsh would take the Earth's energy for himself and destroy his scheming allies. Into this equation he threw the ravagons, for the dark hunters were loyal to him alone but were useful to the other High Lords. They would use the dark hunters, some moreso than others, and that would place the ravagons right where the Gaunt Man wanted them — in the courts of his greatest rivals.

The Gifts of the Gaunt Man

From the start, the Gaunt Man was the instigator of the Possibility Wars. He discovered Earth and its abundant wealth of power. He devised the plan by which the Possibility Raiders could conquer it. He even invited the other High Lords to join him — Baruk Kaah, Uthorion, Malraux, Kranod, Mobius and Kanawa. To the surprise of all the other High Lords, the Gaunt Man even supplied them with tools he himself designed for the assault on Earth.

These gifts of power were the creatures called gospog, and the dark hunters known as ravagons. Both had distinct advantages concerning the nature of possibility energy and divergent realities. (The gospog are covered in detail in other *Torg* products.) The thing to remember is that what the Gaunt Man gives, he can also take away. And, what comes from the Gaunt Man always belongs to the Gaunt Man, no matter what appearances may indicate. Both gospog and ravagons fit into the Gaunt Man's schemes, for they will help to conquer Earth, and then they will help the Gaunt Man overthrow his "allies."



While all of the High Lords accepted the gospog without question, they also looked upon the ravagons with suspicion and some bit of fear. The gospog were mindless automatons, and the High Lords believed they could control them with little trouble. The ravagons, however, were thinking beings of great power and abilities. The way they interacted with other realities was unlike anything the High Lords had ever seen, and none of them trusted the dark hunters. Still, no one wanted to insult the Gaunt Man during the early stages of the war. Most accepted the ravagons with the intent to keep them too busy to carry out whatever orders the Gaunt Man gave them. With the unexplained disappearance of the High Lord of Orrorsh, however, many of the other High Lords have ordered the ravagons to leave their realms. The dark hunters, with

orders of their own, have stubbornly refused.

Ravagons' Mission Abroad

The Gaunt Man provided his faithful ravagons with two distinct mission profiles concerning other realms and cosms. The first profile was direct, in keeping with the beliefs and natural dispositions of the dark hunters. The second was more subtle, more in the realm of "dark lantern" (espionage) activity than outright combat. Because the Sixth Irishantza ordered them to engage in games of trickery and deceit, the faithful among the crusaders agreed to use sinful actions for the sake of the holy mission.

The first mission profile was very much like what the ravagons were

doing in Gaea. They were sent into other realms on the planet Earth to do what they do best — hunt and kill. There is no subtlety involved in these types of missions. The Gaunt Man (or Parok, or Thratchen) sent ravagons abroad to track specific stormers. The goal of the mission is usually either to capture the stormer and return with him or her to Orrorsh realm, or to simply destroy the stormer as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. Among the first such missions undertaken by the ravagons was to search out and capture Dr. Hachi Mara-Two and Tolwyn of House Tancred in Core Earth United States and the Living Land. At least two hunting teams never returned from that particular mission. (See the *Torg* novel trilogy for more information.)

The second mission profile involves less combat and more stalking. The Gaunt Man has made "gifts" of

How the Ravagons Report to Parok

How do the ravagons who are far from the realm of Orrorsh pass along information to their warlord, Parok? How do they receive new orders? And how does the Gaunt Man communicate with the dark hunters? There are a number of methods available.

The easiest, though perhaps the most inconvenient, method of communication is for a ravagon to return to Illmound Keep or for another ravagon to travel from the realm carrying a message. Ravagons possess almost photographic memories. If they see or hear something, ravagons can describe the scene or repeat the words verbatim. This makes their value as couriers very high, for the High Lords do not need to provide documentation which can be lost or stolen in transit. But travel between different locations on Earth, even for a swift-flying ravagon, can be time-consuming. This method is only used if

no other option is available.

Parok has another method available to him. The Gaunt Man provided him with a multifaceted crimson gem long ago. The gem is imbued with occult magic, making each individual facet a communications device. Parok needs to focus a particular facet on a particular ravagon before its powers can be evoked. The gem can hold the focuses of as many as twenty different ravagons at a time, so Parok usually only tunes it to the leaders of the most important hunting parties at any given time. When invoked, an image of the ravagon Parok wishes to contact appears in the gem. While his image lasts, Parok can speak with the ravagon as if they were standing beside each other. If a ravagon who has been focused into the gem is killed, his image fades from the occult-treated stone. Certain steps can be taken by the High Lords to block the use of Parok's

communication gem, but most of them are unaware of its existence. Only Kranod, Uthorion, and Malraux knew of this gem and its power, and of those three, one is dead and one no longer High Lord of his reality. Parok can only evoke each facet once per week.

The Gaunt Man has his own methods for contacting the ravagons, but the hunters have not experienced this communication method since the High Lord disappeared. Through the mirror called Wicked, the Gaunt Man is able to not only see what his faithful crusaders are doing in the far-off realms, but he can speak with them as well. Any ravagon contacted through Wicked can also respond as though standing beside the Gaunt Man.

These are the most often used methods for keeping in contact with the ravagons working abroad.



ravagons to the other High Lords. These ravagons (usually sent out in groups of three) have been ordered to serve and obey the High Lords to whom they have been sent to the best of their abilities. They are to hunt for them, protect them, serve as messengers, even kill for them, as long as such orders do not violate the second part of the Gaunt Man's instructions — do nothing to undermine the power and authority of Orrorsh and its High Lord, the Sixth Irishantza. The gifted ravagons are to be ever watchful, observing the High Lords just as they would observe prey in the wild. When possible, the ravagons are to report back to Parok with what they have learned and to receive updated orders. And, when the day comes, they are to return to the Gaunt Man's side — or serve as the spearhead of the Gaunt Man's eventual attack on the High Lords they have been ordered to serve.

The only restriction of note that the Gaunt Man has placed upon the ravagons he offers into the service of other High Lords is that they may not work against any other High Lord. For example, the ravagons placed in the court of Dr. Mobius cannot be ordered to interfere with agents of Jean Malraux. Even if a High Lord commands his ravagons to attack another High Lord, the ravagons will simply refuse. They are to deal with independent stormers, not become pawns in conflicts between the Raider allies.

Below are details concerning the ravagons and their specific activities in the realms on Earth. To learn more about the realities discussed below, see the *Torg Worldbook* and the various *Torg* sourcebooks detailing each reality.

The Living Land

The primitive reality of the Living Land has suffered much since the beginning of the Possibility Wars. The realm spreads over large portions of North America, but it has suffered as many defeats as it has gained victories. Core Earth stormers, Nippon Tech and Cyberpapal agents, and even Rec Pakken, the realm's Darkness Device, have conspired to undermine the power and authority of High Lord



Baruk Kaah. But the realm of Baruk Kaah has not been so devastated as to be ignored — it still plays a significant role in the turbulent events of the Possibility Wars.

As the second reality to invade Earth, Baruk Kaah received large amounts of gospog to use as "instant" soldiers against the Core Earthers. The Saar of the Edeinos was also provided with three ravagons. These dark hunters were placed at the High Lord's disposal, to be used in any way Baruk Kaah saw fit. All of the original

ravagons were destroyed early in the invasion of Earth by stormers, but since that time two more have come to serve Baruk Kaah. These two ravagons, a veteran named Tarumal and a recently-Named scout called Tzaarta, have become quite close to the High Lord of the Living Land. Baruk Kaah respects their savage natures, and often asks them for advice concerning the issues confronting his realm.

Although recent rumors that Baruk Kaah has been replaced as High Lord have so far been neither confirmed nor



denied, Tarumal and Tzaarta remain in the Living Land to watch, to serve, and to report on events as they happen to their warlord, Parok. The rumors suggest that a rival of Baruk Kaah has somehow taken over his form and gained control of the realm's Darkness Device. If the two ravagons have noticed any differences in the High Lord, they have not yet reported such information. They remain at Baruk Kaah's side, advising him and handling his requests with brooding patience.

Aysle

Ravagons were once more or less welcomed in the magical reality of Aysle. Uthorion, former High Lord of Aysle, used the dark hunters to carry messages back and forth to his one-time master, the Gaunt Man, and often employed the ravagons to dispatch troublesome stormers or even to eliminate allies who he grew suspicious of. Since Uthorion lost contact with his Darkness Device and Lady Pella Ardinay of the Light returned to lead the people of Aysle, the ravagons have been left out in the cold.

At the time of Pella's return, there were three ravagons assigned to Uthorion's court. Though they immediately recognized Ardinay for who she was, they were confused by Uthorion's sudden disappearance. Instead of confronting the Lady of the Light immediately, the three dark hunters fled. They needed to report to Parok and get new orders concerning the rapid changes sweeping through the magical reality.

Since that time, the ravagons have remained in the realm to observe the actions of Ardinay and her associates, as well as to watch for signs of Uthorion's return. They have attacked stormers from time to time, especially those stormers reaching their moments of crisis while in the dark hunters' vicinity. They have even battled Ardinay's agents a few times. On one occasion, the hero named Tolwyn of House Tancred met with one of the ravagons in a fierce battle. The others simply watched from their hiding places as Tolwyn and the ravagon fought. They watched as claws met sharp steel, as wings slashed and shield

and blade parried. They watched their hunt mate fall.

The two remaining ravagons have become more cautious since the death of their hunt mate. They do not want to anger Parok or the Gaunt Man by dying before they complete their part in the holy crusade. Instead of engaging in direct conflict, the ravagons have made it their mission to discover who the Darkness Device Drakacanus will choose to be the next High Lord of Aysle. Such information, they are sure, will earn them honor and glory in the eyes of the warlord and the Sixth Irishantza.

The Nile Empire

Dr. Mobius, Pharaoh of the Nile Empire and High Lord of pulp reality, does not like ravagons. The strange creatures frighten him, and he does not like to be frightened. He hates the way their black eyes watch him, the way their sharp claws scratch upon the stone floor of his palace. He hates the controlled savagery boiling beneath their calm exteriors. He hates the fact that though they profess loyalty to him, they really serve another master.

Mobius may be mad. He may be criminally insane. He may even be a homicidal maniac. But, if the High Lord of the Nile is anything, he is not stupid. He may not like the dark hunters, but he is not yet ready to openly defy the Gaunt Man by refusing his "generous" gift. Instead, he has allowed the ravagons to serve him. He knows full well that they are there to spy on him, so he conducts important, confidential business away from their ever-watching eyes. He sends the three assigned to him away whenever the opportunity presents itself, ordering them to handle missions and deliver messages to the farthest reaches of the realm on Earth. He has even gone so far as to use the dark hunters to train his super-powered agents, for they relish challenges and actually help weed out incompetents in his employ.

The Pharaoh has even begun feeding the ravagons misinformation in an effort to lead the Gaunt Man astray. Mobius is quite sure that the Gaunt Man's supposed disappearance is di-

rected at him. The High Lord of Orrorsh is just waiting for him to make a mistake so that he can reappear and capitalize on it. But Mobius has been providing the ravagons with so many half-truths and outright lies that the Gaunt Man cannot help but be confused. And that's all part of Mobius' master plan! A confused enemy is a weaker enemy, and a weaker enemy is more easily destroyed! And one day soon, Mobius promises to destroy not only the Gaunt Man, but his frightening dark hunters as well.

The three ravagons in Mobius' court are led by Hr'Jakev, a Chosen ravagon who has been enhanced by the powers of Orrorsh's Darkness Device. This makes her doubly frightening to Mobius, who hates the Gaunt Man's dark magic almost as much as he loves weird science. The ravagons do not know that Mobius is afraid of them, because such fear is irrational to the dark hunters. What has a High Lord, so filled with the essence of Ravok as to be nearly indestructible, to fear from three ravagon warriors? They also do not know that Mobius has been producing almost theatrical arrangements in order to feed them false information. They simply go about their business, passing information on to Parok and performing whatever tasks the High Lord of the Nile sets before them.

Nippon Tech

Kanawa, the mysterious 3327, High Lord of the mega-corporate reality — whatever you call him, he has no use for ravagons. Prior to the invasion of Earth, he accepted the dark hunters as messengers and representatives of the Gaunt Man. Since bringing his reality to Earth's Japan, 3327 has declared ravagons to be enemies of the corporations. He has called them corporate spies, inside traders, and even labelled them as anti-capitalists. To the people of Nippon Tech, these terms are the same as calling them murderers and thieves in other realities.

Yakuza agents have become the high-tech hunters of the dark hunters. A special division of the crime organization has been established to watch for ravagon activity and to come up with methods for destroying them.





Hiro-Hiko Adachi heads the division, employing the newest high-tech detection and weapons systems in his war against the Gaunt Man's dark hunters. Adachi claims to have hunted down and killed four of the creatures so far. He has not submitted any figures concerning the number of agents he lost in these operations.

Nippon Tech and Orrorsh are at war. The war began before 3327's maelstrom bridge came to Earth, for the High Lord waited until his presence did not matter to make an appearance. This failure to comply with the agreed-upon plan angered the Gaunt Man to no end and almost ended the Possibility Wars before they began. Before the Gaunt Man could respond to 3327's insult, he was trapped within a reality storm with the eternity shard, Heart of Coyote (see the *Torg* novel trilogy and various game products for information). Thratchen, however, has engaged in his own war with the Nippon Tech realm, and the ravagons have been at the forefront of this battle.

Currently, two ravagons (a Leader and a Chosen) stalk the high-tech jungles of the Nippon Tech realm. Thratchen has ordered them to report on Kanawa's activities and to engage in a campaign of fear whenever possible. Because this is what the Gaunt Man was planning before he disappeared, Parok allowed Thratchen's orders to stick. The dark hunters have been systematically stalking and slaying corporate executives, especially those who have the essence of Ravok coursing through them. The hunters are also the hunted, however, for Hiro-Hiko Adachi's Yakuza teams have been searching for them. Already two of their hunt mates have been slain by the Yakuza (the discrepancy in the amount of ravagons actually killed to date remains a point of contention between the two groups).

Until this realm war escalates or some form of peace can be established, the ravagons and the Yakuza will probably remain the primary combatants — and the corporates will continue to serve as prey for the dark hunters.

Hiro-Hiko Adachi, Yakuza Leader **DEXTERITY 10**

Dodge 12, fire combat 15, melee

weapons 14, stealth 13, unarmed combat 13

STRENGTH 10

Lifting 11

TOUGHNESS 9 (16)

PERCEPTION 9

Find 13, land vehicles 12, tracking 13, trick 13

MIND 9

Willpower 11

CHARISMA 10

Charm 12, persuasion 13, taunt 12

SPIRIT 9

Intimidation 13, reality (Nippon Tech) 14

Possibilities: 13

Equipment: Kyoto RKD armor, TOU+7/16; 13mm Chunyokai pistol, damage value 18, ammo 9, range 3-10/40/50; Impala chain gun, damage value 23, ammo 600, range 3-40/150/400; katana, damage value STR+7/17; electronic lockpick, pocket computer, ¥100,000

The Cyberpapacy

Cyberpope Jean Malraux has always felt uneasy around ravagons, from the time before the invasion when he was High Lord of a medieval-religious reality to today, where he controls a cyber-religious realm. The ravagons remind him too much of demons, and they force him to remember things about his religion he would rather forget. Nonetheless, Malraux accepts the presence of two of the dark hunters in his court. He maintains cordial relations with Orrorsh, even in the Gaunt Man's absence, and has been meeting with the Orrorshan regent to learn more about his new-found cybernetic technology. Thratchen, who hails from the techno-horror reality of Tharkold, is fascinated by the changes which have occurred in the Cyberpapacy. He believes (correctly) that Hachi Mara-Two of Kadandra had something to do with the shift of axioms in Malraux's realm, and he is eager to learn more about the new reality and what it can do for him.

Because of this mutual alliance, Malraux suffers the presence of two ravagons. He uses them as couriers, giving them messages to carry to Thratchen and waiting for them to bring news back from Orrorsh. He

also employs them to act like raging demons straight from the fires of hell. In this role, Malraux sends them to deliver warnings of retribution to clergy, laymen, and even heathens living in the realm. In this manner, Malraux makes his will known in a very memorable fashion. Once in a great while, he even lets the ravagons hunt and kill. They are especially useful for forays into Paris Liberte.

For their part, Thratchen has ordered the ravagons to watch for signs of Hachi Mara-Two. The techno-demon wants to know what his old foe is up to, and his other methods for keeping track of her can only be used sparingly unless he wants to risk alerting her to their presence. He also wants to know if any Tharkoldu agents are operating in CyberFrance, and if so, what they are doing. Finally, the ravagons are ordered to report on Malraux's actions, especially those actions which make use of cybertechnology. Though the ravagons do not understand these high-tech concepts, they can at least report what they see and hear so that Thratchen can make his own judgments. As long as Malraux remains unsure of the full capabilities of the reality he leads, he makes a perfect ally for Thratchen. When he finally masters the cybertechnology, he could become a very dangerous threat.

Akasha

The Space Gods came to Earth only recently, arriving in response to actions taken by Storm Knights only to discover that the planet they had visited long ago had been invaded by other realities. At best, the Akashans can be considered to be on the side of Earth. At worst, they are neutral observers in the Possibility Wars. In all cases, they consider the High Lords to be enemies, though the debate still rages on how involved the Akashans should become in the Possibility Wars.

Thratchen knows of the Space Gods' arrival, but he has paid this news little heed. He is more interested in finding a way to survive the Gaunt Man's imminent return than he is in the arrival of yet another reality. Heketon, the Orrorshan Darkness Device, is concerned, though. It has sent messages



to Parok in the form of visions from the Scourge. These visions have compelled the ravagon warlord to send his hunters to South America in order to learn more about these newcomers. Parok complied by sending a flock of seven hunters to investigate the realm of the Space Gods.

Tzul Orru, a Twice-Named ravagon, leads the flock of hunters. He has kept the presence of his hunting party low key, staying to the shadows so that the Akashans do not become overly alarmed before they can learn everything Parok has ordered them to find. Due to bad luck and inexperience with this new realm, one of Tzul Orru's scouts has been infected with the Comaghaz virus. In this way, Sarila has learned of the ravagons and their ways. She is already contemplating a way to approach them. While all of her plans have not yet been formulated, she does have her sights set on stealing the dark hunters away from the Gaunt Man and using them for her own purposes. Perhaps she can become their Seventh Irishantza ...?

The ravagons have been traveling the countryside, stalking the Akashans and the strange beings that arrived with them. They have kept their own violent natures in check, fighting only when necessary and when it would not attract undue attention. Of course, any Core Earth stormers they have come across have been fair game. Tzul Orru has been intrigued by the living weapons the Akashans use, and he cannot wait to try one that he has captured in combat. But combat must wait until Parok orders it. Until then, the ravagons will watch and wait.

Comaghaz-Infected Ravagon

DEXTERITY 9

Flight 16, maneuver 18, stealth 14, melee weapons 13, unarmed combat 17

STRENGTH 14

TOUGHNESS 10 (13)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 17, first aid 13, language 12, tracking 16, trick 15

MIND 8

Test 12 (15), willpower 14

CHARISMA 8

Taunt 12 (15)

SPIRIT 8

Intimidation 12, reality (Tz'Ravok) 16



Possibilities: 14

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU +3/13; talons, damage value STR +2/16; wings, speed value 13

Tharkold

Once Kranod and the Tharkoldu welcomed the ravagons as companions in savagery. Kranod's long association with the Gaunt Man made him extremely familiar with the dark hunters, and though they tended to be a bit too low-tech for his tastes, they had the hearts of demons and the visages to match. However, Kranod no longer rules Tharkold. Jezrael, the new High Lord of the techno-horror reality and the leader who finally led them to Earth, wants to avoid the Gaunt Man and his agents until she has firmed up her own power base. She doesn't know what his reaction will be to her killing of his one-time vassal and ally. She wants to be prepared before she finds out.

When Thratchen first heard the news of Tharkold's arrival in Los Angeles, he quickly dispatched two

ravagons to establish relations and to get a sense of the realm's power. Thinking the ravagons were sent by the Gaunt Man, Jezrael did not accept the emissaries — she ordered her own warriors to destroy them. Though both were killed in spectacular battle, one was able to get a message back to Thratchen before being destroyed. Now Thratchen knows that Kranod, his old master, has been replaced. He knows that Jezrael, a human, has taken command of the Darkness Device of techno-horror. He is appalled by this news, but he is also working to make use of it. He may not like Jezrael, but she may be able to provide him with the help he will need to survive the wrath of the Gaunt Man.

Since the first two dark hunters were eliminated, no other ravagons have been sent to Tharkold realm. Parok has told Thratchen that no other ravagons are available to go to Tharkold until after the Gaunt Man returns from his travels, forcing the High Lord regent to investigate the new realm personally in an effort to build a power base there.





Core Earth

The rest of the world, those places which have not been overwhelmed by alien realities, is referred to as Core Earth by both natives and invaders alike. Parts of the United States, Canada, the Soviet Union, Australia, and other countries retain the original reality of Earth. Every

country has developed some sort of organization responsible for dealing with the current crisis. It is these organizations and their agents that have attracted the attention of Parok's holy crusaders.

The United States' Delphi Council and Spartans, the Soviet Union's Project Omen, and other Core Earth organizations have been targeted as

prey by the ravagons. In addition to keeping close watch on their activities, stalking agents and senior officials in order to increase their level of fear, and eliminating powerful agents when ordered, the ravagons prowling Core Earth areas also keep watch for the creation of new stormers. When ords reach their moment of crisis and are filled with the essence of Ravok, ravagons in the vicinity can sense the birth of the stormer and often fly to the scene. Once there, the dark hunters attack to find out how strong the new stormer is. If the stormer is weak, he dies, giving his essence to the ravagon which killed him. If he is strong, the ravagon might decide to leave, for the strong are only to be killed when Parok commands it. Of course, sometimes the ravagon only learns of the strength of his prey the hard way — by failing the challenge himself and watching his own life fall away.

It is in the Core Earth regions that the ravagons' holy crusade is truly fought. Except for those hunters assigned to watch specific stormers or those sent to accomplish specific tasks, the ravagons are free to fly the skies as they please to search for powerful stormers and to watch for the birth of new ones. The battle against the weak rages throughout Earth's reality, for the Gaunt Man wants as many of the ever-increasing number of stormers to be eliminated. His ravagons seem to have been designed specifically for just such a task.



Chapter Four

Axioms, World Laws and Skills

Every cosm is a separate dimension, complete with its own reality. Each reality is defined by a set of four natural laws — laws called *axioms*. The axioms define the limits of what is possible within a given cosm. These axioms govern magic, social interactions, spiritual power, and the level of technology available.

Unlike the other cosms involved in the Possibility Wars, the cosm of the ravagons is not interested in spreading its own reality or conquering other dimensions. They have no stelae for establishing boundaries in other cosms, no process for stealing possibility energy other than their own natural abilities.

What the ravagons do have is the innate ability to carry their own axioms with them wherever they go. As long as they do not violate the laws of their reality, they cannot be disconnected from it. That is what makes the ravagons so fearsome to other beings — and so useful to the Gaunt Man.

Remember, Tz'Ravok is another cosm far from the dimension of Earth. It is not directly connected to Earth, and the only way to go from one to the other is to travel through Orrorsh and across the Gaunt Man's maelstrom bridges.

The Magic Axiom: 7

Magic is not a primary part of life on Tz'Ravok. The low *Magic* axiom reflects the fact that no natural magic system exists on Tz'Ravok. While the dimension can support some small amounts of magic use, few, if any, ravagons want anything to do with it. Using magic requires vast amounts of

power for little effect. Only through complicated and time-consuming rituals can inhabitants of the cosm call upon alteration magic, and the prevalence of spiritual power and miracles has hampered even the development of divination magic.

Legends persist that once magical energy was as abundant as spiritual energy, in the days before the Irishanti. Some believe Ravok hated magic so much that he banished it from the world. Magic, to the ravagons, is a tool of the weak, destined to fade away as the weak are eliminated. Few recognize the Gaunt Man's occult powers as magic, so no one has questioned why Ravok has allowed the Sixth Prophet to make use of the arcane arts. Those that do recognize the value and true nature of the occult have attempted to master it — and these individuals have all met with Ravok's displeasure and been transformed to the reality of Orrorsh.

The Social Axiom: 18

The relatively high *Social* axiom of Tz'Ravok decrees that the ravagons are a socially-motivated people. They live together in a social environment, joining in tribes, villages and even cities across the Kth'Geddo region. The social level is similar to that enjoyed by the people of Aysle, sort of like the Middle Ages on Earth — with a decidedly savage slant. Government takes the form of rule through strength, with leaders coming together in councils for the purpose of organizing the ravagon society. It is the *Social* axiom that keeps the ravagons from giving their savage inclinations the freedom to run wild. Without the restraints of society, even a violent society, the



ravagon civilization would collapse into bloody, chaotic savagery. Instead, it remains a society of controlled savages, intent on discovering a true balance between their savage natures and a legitimate civilization, learning to cooperate and live instead of giving in to meaningless conflict and death.

Art and oral tradition is at a tribal level, and though the ravagons have a written language, it is reserved for use by the tzullats. All written documents center around the Holy Teachings of Ravok, and most of the oral histories relate to Ravok, the Irishanti, the wars against the weak, and the great hunts for legend.

The Spirit Axiom: 17

Tz'Ravok has the same *Spiritual* axiom as Orrorsh, which makes miracles a potent force in the cosm. Religion and spiritual power drives almost everything the ravagons do. The powers of their god course through the land and its people, giving them direction, purpose and a will to be true to themselves. Those who follow the will of Ravok the Scourge and join the priesthood gain the ability to call upon the vast spiritual power. These select few can convert the faith of the people into miracles. The Scourge may not appear regularly to his children, but his influence and presence can be seen. He bestows miracles upon his priests, provides signs and portents to his faithful, and even sends prophets and avatars to make his will known.

Some legends claim that there were once many gods in power over Tz'Ravok. The Scourge challenged these weaker gods, eventually overcoming them and gaining supremacy of the world. Miracles provided by the Scourge provide tzullats with greater physical prowess and battle-worthy evocations. As the Scourge is set above all other gods, his followers are considered enemies of the faith in almost every other religion.

The Technological Axiom: 12

Technology is not an important part of the Tz'Ravok cosm. It resembles the

technology of the early Middle Ages on Earth. Ravagons can smelt ores and fashion metal weapons. They can perform specialized, if not very advanced, surgery. They can work stone and wood, creating living complexes, tools, and even art. The skill and ability is there, the overwhelming desire to advance civilization through the use of technology is not. However, everything the ravagon crafters do produce is geared toward battle. Weapon crafters are well respected in ravagon society, even though most of the dark hunters prefer to utilize their own natural tools instead of depending upon created tools which may fail or be lost.

The World Laws

Every reality in the cosmverse has its own set of world laws. While the basic axioms define the limits of the way reality works, the world laws define how the dimension operates within those limits. Like the basic axioms, the world laws affect anyone who crosses into Tz'Ravok, unless the visitor is possibility-rated and creates a reality bubble around himself.

The Law of the Most Real

Ravagons have extreme confidence in themselves and their world view. Because of this, the cosm gave rise to a unique and powerful world law—the Law of the Most Real. This law states that a ravagon who remains faithful to Ravok and the world view of the dark hunters will never be deserted by the Scourge. As the ravagons believe they are the strongest beings in the cosmverse, it follows that they believe their own reality is the most real. In practical terms, it is impossible for a ravagon to disconnect from the reality of Tz'Ravok, as long as he follows a simple rule. **If a ravagon leaves Tz'Ravok and goes to any other reality, he will always retain his own reality as long as he does not use tools or abilities that are beyond the axiom limits of Tz'Ravok.**

For example, a ravagon sent to Core Earth to hunt down new stormers will

not disconnect if he uses either his natural tools, the tools native to Tz'Ravok, or the skills native to his cosm, even on a roll of 1.

This immunity even extends to transformation—ravagons do not give up their own reality easily. The law gives ravagons the innate ability to maintain a continuous reality bubble by involuntarily drawing energy from the possibilities of the cosm they are in. This siphoned energy cannot be used in any other way, as the ravagons are not even aware that they are receiving it.

Ravagons who break the rules and take up the tools and skills of other realities lose the protection of the law of the most real. These individuals are subject to the same rules as other possibility-rated characters operating in foreign realities—they can disconnect and they can be transformed.

Ravagons who do break the rules and disconnect must make a *faith* roll in addition to repairing the link. The difficulty of the *faith* roll is equal to the link difficulty +1 for every round the ravagon remains disconnected. The *faith* roll must be made at the end of each round in which the ravagon is disconnected from Tz'Ravok's reality. If a ravagon reconnects the same round he disconnects, no *faith* roll need be made. If he fails to reconnect, he must make a *faith* roll equal to the link difficulty plus one. Every subsequent round the ravagon remains disconnected, the *faith* difficulty increases by +1.

The reason for the *faith* roll is because when a ravagon disconnects from his reality, he believes that Ravok has deserted him. If he fails a *faith* roll while disconnected, this belief becomes a certainty and the ravagon transforms to the dominant reality. A transformed ravagon loses all of the benefits of Tz'Ravok's world laws, including those skills available only to denizens of the ravagon reality.

Note: Those ravagons who have been enhanced by occult magic (such as the Chosen, with their occult-treated armor skin) have forfeited the protection of the Law of the Most Real. They can disconnect when operating outside of Tz'Ravok, and are even subject to transformation.



Tz'Ravok and Reconnection to Reality

The link difficulties for ravagons who violate the law of the most real when outside Tz'Ravok's cosm are:

Core Earth	10
Living Land	15
Aysle	6
Nippon Tech	12
Cyberpapacy	7
Orrorsh	3
Nile Empire	3
Tharkold	3
Akasha	8

The link difficulties for characters from other realities when inside the Tz'Ravok cosm are:

Core Earth	14
Living Land	10
Aysle	14
Nippon Tech	15
Cyberpapacy	16
Orrorsh	12
Nile Empire	13
Tharkold	17
Akasha	20

The Law of Survival of the Fittest

The reality of Tz'Ravok is extremely harsh and deadly. There is no room for the weak, the ill, the soft. Every ravagon which survives into young adulthood learns to manipulate possibility energy, as do many of the creatures that walk the barren surface or stalk the lush canyons of the world. Even the few ords of Tz'Ravok come in tougher, deadlier packages. This is reflected in the cosm's Law of Survival of the Fittest.

The law states that only the strong and able will survive to grow, to prosper, to produce offspring. Because of this, every subsequent generation contains more of the traits that make survival on the dying world more likely. To translate this concept into game terms, every native of Tz'Ravok, be it ord or stormer, uses the "Possibility-Rated" column of the "Combat Results Table" when determining the results of combat and damage.



The Law of Transcendence

Tz'Ravok is a dying world. Once it was rich in the energy of possibilities, crackling with it the way Earth currently does. Because of the emergence of the law of survival of the fittest, more and more possibility-rated beings filled the planet. They learned ways to find and obtain the energy they needed to grow and survive on the violent world. This combination of

natural abilities and the way they worked with the axioms of the world became the basis for the Law of Transcendence.

The law first provided the beings and creatures of the world with the unique ability to sense the presence of possibility energy. For most, this ability is an unskilled use of *Spirit* that allows them to detect the moment of transcendence when it occurs. For a select few, most notably the ravagons, this ability can manifest as the *possibility sense* skill. With *possibility sense*,



ravagons can actively search out stormers by the level of energy coursing through them, as well as being alerted to the birth of new stormers as they undergo their moment of crisis and transcend. See "New Skills" below for more information.

The Law of Transcendence did not stop there. It gave those creatures and folk able to manipulate and store possibilities a method for gaining more energy from the weak of the world. It gave them the *possibility rip* skill. With *possibility rip*, creatures and folk can take possibility energy from others to use for themselves at the moment it is released. See "New Skills" below for more information on this ability.

Finally, the law provided a method to circulate possibility energy back into the dying world. When a creature or folk reaches its moment of crisis on Tz'Ravok, any other possibility-rated beings in the vicinity will probably know about it due to the *possibility sense* portion of the law. Unlike the stormers of Earth, however, new stormers on Tz'Ravok only generate five possibilities at the time of their creation (unlike Earth's 10). Still, five is a treasure on the dying, possibility-

hungry world. If a stronger creature can destroy the new stormer at the time of his transcendence, the law states that it will share in the bounty of possibilities. Some of the energy goes to the creature, some back to the world. How much returns to the world is determined by the following chart:

Ripping Possibilities at Transcendence

Level of Attacker's Reality Skill Success	Result
Minimal	Attacker gains 1 possibility
Average	Attacker gains 2 possibilities
Good	Attacker gains 3 possibilities
Superior	Attacker gains 4 possibilities
Spectacular	Attacker gains 5 possibilities

The creature or character attacking

the transcending stormer must kill him before the moment of crisis ends (10 combat rounds). Then the attacker makes a *reality* skill roll, generating a total based upon his base skill value. No possibilities or cards can be played to alter the attacker's roll. The attacker can roll again on 10s and 20s. The level of success determines how many of the newly-generated possibilities the attacker gains, the rest are absorbed by the world, which helps it regain a little of what it lost so long ago.

For example, if Tzaarta the ravagon hunter attacked a tzaturgon queen at the moment of the creature's transcendence and killed it, she would then make a *reality* roll. Tzaarta's *reality* skill value is 10, and she generates a die total of 39 (10 + 10 + 19 = 39). This gives her a bonus of 11, which she adds to her skill value for a total of 21 — *Superior* success! Tzaarta gains four possibilities, Tz'Ravok only one.

This ability also works for ravagons still operating under their own world laws while in other realms. However, if the realm is under the influence of a Darkness Device, then the portion of the possibility energy reserved for the world is absorbed by the Device instead. This is another benefit the ravagons extend to the Gaunt Man and his High Lord allies — another way to draw the possibility energy they crave.

Realms connected directly to Earth provide transcending stormers with 10 possibilities instead of five. Double the results on the chart above. Returning to the example, if Tzaarta achieved the same results against a new stormer in Core Earth, she would gain eight possibilities.

New Skills

Skills available to the inhabitants of Tz'Ravok are listed here, as it is important to the world laws to know exactly what is native to the ravagon cosm and what is not. If a skill is not listed on the chart below, then a ravagon cannot learn it naturally. See the Law of the Most Real for effects of non-Tz'Ravok skills on ravagons. Italicized skills are new skills described in this volume. Bold-faced skills cannot be used unskilled.



Tz'Ravok Skill List

DEXTERITY

Dodge
Flight
Maneuver
Melee Weapons
Missile Weapons
Prestidigitation
Running
Stealth
Swimming
Unarmed Combat

PERCEPTION

Evidence Analysis
Find
First Aid
Language
Scholar (*Crafter*)
Scholar (*Faith*)
Tracking
Trick

STRENGTH

Climbing
Lifting

MIND

Artist
Medicine
Science
Survival
Test of Will
Willpower

CHARISMA

Charm
Persuasion
Taunt

SPIRIT

Faith (Irishantism)
Focus
Intimidation
Possibility Rip
Possibility Sense
Reality

Perception-Related Skills

Scholar (Crafter)

A ravagon with the *scholar (crafter)* skill is a master builder. Crafters can be weaponsmiths, armorsmiths, tool crafters, or even aerie builders. When a ravagon character takes *scholar (crafter)*, he must declare what type of crafter he is. He can take the skill more than once if he wishes to know multiple crafter skills.

In the case of weapons and armor



crafters, characters with the skill can build or repair any of the ravagon weapons or armor listed in Chapter One.

To forge a weapon or piece of armor, the crafter must spend a number of days equal to the item's modifier. For example, to forge a stone sword a crafter needs to work on the specific weapon for three days (the modifier being +3). Once each day, the crafter must achieve at least *Minimal* success using his *scholar (crafter)* or *artist* skill (though he must have the *scholar (crafter)* skill in order to be a crafter). The base difficulty for crafting is 12, plus the modifier of the item being crafted. Failure adds an extra day to the process. Two failures in a row ruins the item and the crafter must start over. If the crafter gets a *Spectacular* success, the process is shortened by one day. Cards and possibilities can be spent while crafting.

For example, a ravagon crafter decides to forge a stone sword. His *scholar (crafter)* skill value is 11. The difficulty number is 15 (12+3=15). It will take three days to forge the sword. On the first day, the crafter generates a total

of 16; *Average* success. On the second day, he generates a 17; *Average* success. On the third and last day, he generates a 10; failure! He must continue to work on the sword another day. On the fourth day, he generates a 15; *Minimal* success. The stone sword is now complete and ready to use.

Scholar (Faith)

Ravagons who take the *scholar (faith)* skill are versed in the Holy Teachings of Ravok the Scourge. They know the legends concerning the Scourge and the Irishanti, the tenets of the Irishantism faith, and the ceremonies and taboos Ravok has imposed on his faithful. This skill is normally taken by those who choose to become tzullats (priests) of Ravok — those with both *faith (Irishantism)* and the *focus* skill.

Spirit-Related Skills

Faith (Irishantism)

Faith (Irishantism) provides the power for miracles. Those ravagons



which take this skill accept the Holy Teachings of Ravok and all of the world laws of Tz'Ravok. In addition, ravagons with this skill can also learn and use the *possibility rip* skill. All ravagons operating under the world laws of Tz'Ravok must take at least one add in *faith* (*Irishantism*).

Faith (*Irishantism*) cannot be used unskilled.

Possibility Rip

Ravagons with the *possibility rip* skill can attempt to steal possibility energy from their opponents. To use this skill, a ravagon must wait for another character to declare the use of a possibility. Only possibilities spent by another character from his or her possibility store can trigger the use of this skill, not possibilities provided by card play (such as *Hero* or *Drama* cards). When the target character spends a possibility, the skilled ravagon must also declare that he is spending a possibility to activate the *rip* skill. The target character finishes his action as normal, using the spent possibility to increase his action total. On the ravagon's next action, he attempts to use *possibility rip*; so he can take no other action that round. The possibility he spent earlier maintains a link to the target character's possibility store. He generates a *rip* total using his skill value and a rolled bonus. No cards or possibilities can be spent to increase the *rip* total. If the ravagon's *rip* total equals or exceeds the target character's *reality* skill, the *rip* succeeds. If the *rip* total is less than the target's *reality*, the attempt fails.

If the *rip* succeeds, the ravagon gains two possibilities — one ripped from the target's store, as well as the one spent earlier to maintain the link. The target must reduce the number of possibilities listed on his character record sheet by one. If the target has no possibilities, the ravagon gets back only the one he spent to establish the link.

If the *rip* attempt fails, the ravagon gains nothing. The possibility he spent to establish the link to the target character's store disappears.

For example, Tzaarta the ravagon huntress feels Father Webster of the Sacellum priesthood use a possibility. She immediately declares she is at-

tempting a *possibility rip* and spends one of her own to establish a link to the priest's possibility store (it is crossed off her record sheet). On her next action, she generates a *rip* total. Her skill value is 11. She rolls a 15, for a bonus of 2. This gives Tzaarta a *rip* total of 13 (11+2=13). Now Tzaarta compares her total to Father Webster's *reality* skill, which is 12. Tzaarta's *rip* total is higher, so she gains two possibilities — the one she spent and one from the priest's store (Webster reduces his possibility total by one, Tzaarta increased hers by two).

Because *possibility rip* is tied very closely to the character's *reality* skill, their skill values must always be within three adds of each other. Neither skill can have a value greater than +3 of the other.

Possibility rip cannot be used unskilled.

Possibility Sense

The *possibility sense* skill gives ravagons the ability to locate another character through the amount of possibility energy the character has stored. The ravagon can locate stormers within a certain range, which is equal to their skill value's measure on the "Torg Value Chart."

For example, Tzaarta's *possibility sense* skill value is 11. She can attempt

to sense stormers who are within 150 meters of her present location (the measure of 11 on the "Torg Value Chart" is 150).

To use this skill, the ravagon generates a total against the target's *reality* skill. Because each possibility the target has stored increases the ravagon's chance to sense, they serve to modify the target's *reality* skill value. Find the number of possibilities on the "Power Push Table" and subtract the modifier from the target's *reality*.

For example, Tzaarta tries to sense stormers within her range. The gamemaster determines that only one stormer is within range. The stormer has a *reality* skill of 13 and has a store of eight possibilities. Eight on the "Power Push Table" yields a modifier of +3. The difficulty number Tzaarta must roll against is 10 (13-3=10). She generates a total of 11, *Average* success.

The level of success provides the ravagon with certain information, as shown on the "Possibility Sense Success Chart." Note, all results are cumulative (except the *tracking* skill modifiers).

Continuing the above example, Tzaarta's level of success tells her that there is a stormer within 150 meters of her location. She also knows the general direction to the stormer's current location. She gains a +2 modifier to her *tracking* skill for purposes of hunting down the stormer.

Possibility Sense Success Chart

Level of Success	Result
Minimal	Detect presence of stormer within range; +1 <i>tracking</i> modifier.
Average	Determine the general direction to the stormer; +2 <i>tracking</i> modifier.
Good	Determine the exact location of the stormer at this moment; +3 <i>tracking</i> modifier.
Superior	In addition to the previous results, the ravagon senses the exact number of possibilities the stormer possesses; +4 <i>tracking</i> modifier.
Spectacular	In addition to the previous results, the ravagon gains a possibility print of the stormer; +5 <i>tracking</i> modifier.



Once a ravagon has used *possibility sense* to determine the presence of stormers, he must hunt down the stormer using the normal *tracking* rules (see page 55 of the *Torg Rulebook*). First the ravagon must find the location the stormer was at when he was sensed, then he must track him from that spot. Note, the trail left by possibility energy fades after one week.

Only one character can be hunted at a time by using the *possibility sense* and *tracking* skills. A ravagon can give up the trail and try to locate another stormer at any time during the process, but the first target is lost.

If a stormer reaches his moment of crisis in a ravagon's sense range, then the ravagon has a chance to sense the occurrence without declaring the use of the skill. Because of this, Tz'Ravok natives can employ this use of *possibility sense* as unskilled (using their *Spirit* value). All of the above rules are used, but the ravagon gets a +7 modifier when generating a total in response to a mo-

ment of crisis. The gamemaster determines all difficulty numbers and rolls in secret. If the ravagon's roll succeeds, the gamemaster informs him of what he senses — and the hunt for the new stormer is on! Of course, if the roll fails, the gamemaster should not tell the ravagon that a check was made.

A possibility print is much like a fingerprint — every possibility-rated character has a unique possibility print which can be used to identify him. Ravagons can "see" these possibility prints through the use of *possibility sense*. When a ravagon generates a spectacular *possibility sense* result, he locks upon that character's possibility print. He can now track that character by following his possibility energy. In addition to "tagging" prey in this way, many ravagons take possibility prints of their hunt mates in case they have to locate them quickly.

Because *possibility sense* is tied very closely to the *reality* skill, their skill values must always be within three adds of

each other. Neither skill can have a value greater than +3 of the other.

When a new player character is created, there is a chance that a ravagon will show up as part of the character's moment of crisis. If the character starts out in a Core Earth location, the chance that a ravagon will appear to challenge him is False (15). The gamemaster rolls a die (rerolling on 10s and 20s). If the number rolled is 15 or higher, a ravagon has sensed the birth of the stormer and comes to destroy him.

Characters in other realities fare somewhat better. New characters created in realms other than Core Earth, Tharkold and Orrorsh have a False (30) chance of being sensed by a nearby ravagon. In Tharkold, as no ravagons are currently operating in that realm, there is no danger of a new character being attacked by a crusading ravagon. In Orrorsh, with its abundance of ravagons, the chance is greater, False (10).

Possibility sense cannot be used unskilled.





Chapter Five

Miracles of Faith



he priests of Ravok command miracles of power. In all cases, the blessings of the Scourge provide the faithful with the spiritual fortitude to hunt and fight better, to survive and prosper in a hostile world. To perform any of the miracles listed below, a character must have at least one add in *faith* (*Irishantism*) and one add in *focus*. Most of the miracles of Ravok affect only the priest who invokes the power. Ravagons can teach the miracles of Ravok to non-ravagons, but the Scourge only bestows his holy power on those who truly believe in the ways of savagery and the hunt.

Ravagons can learn miracles of other cosms, provided the miracle fits into Tz'Ravok's axioms and can be used to aid the dark hunters in the sacraments of Ravok — the hunt, the fight, the challenge.

For additional rules concerning player character ravagon priests, see Chapter Eight, "Creating Ravagon Characters."

Armor of Ravok

Spiritual Rating: 14
Community Rating: 11
Difficulty: 13
Range: self

Duration: 18 (one hour)

Effect: surrounds priest with a shield of energy, increasing his *Toughness* for the duration of the miracle

A tzullat calls upon Ravok to surround him with holy armor, increasing his *Toughness* while the miracle remains in effect. Holy armor increases the tzullat's *Toughness* according to the level of success of the miracle: *Minimal*, +1; *Average*, +2; *Good*, +3; *Superior*, +4; and *Spectacular*, +5. When the miracle is in effect, the tzullat appears to be cloaked in sun light or aglow with the fire of burning lava. There are no *fatigue* or *Dexterity* penalties associated with the *armor of Ravok*.

Battle Rage

Spiritual Rating: 11
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 12
Range: self

Duration: variable number of rounds

Effect: allows priest to fight as though in *flurry* for duration

Ravok grants his priests the ability to enter a battle rage with the help of this miracle. *Battle rage* lasts for a number of rounds equal to the priest's success level (one to five). While under the influence of the miracle, a tzullat acts as though in a *flurry* — he performs two actions in a round during his normal turn.

When the miracle's duration expires, the priest receives a number of shock points equal to the number of rounds the miracle remained in effect.

Bless Claws

Spiritual Rating: 10
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 11
Range: touch
Duration: 18 (one hour)

Effect: strengthens a ravagon's claws

This miracle increases the damage value of a ravagon's claws, either the priest's own or those of one of the faithful. Claws so blessed glow with the fire of Ravok and receive a +1 bonus to their normal damage value per level of success achieved.

Bless Stealth

Spiritual Rating: 10
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 11
Range: touch
Duration: 18 (one hour)

Effect: increases a ravagon's *stealth*
 This miracle increases a ravagon's





stealth value, either the priest's own or that of one of the faithful. A ravagon so blessed is hidden in the deep shadows of Ravok's wings and receive a +1 bonus to his normal *stealth* value per level of success achieved.

Bless Weapon

Spiritual Rating: 10
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 11
Range: touch
Duration: 18 (one hour)
Effect: strengthens any weapon

This miracle increases the damage value of a ravagon's weapon, either the priest's own or that of one of the faithful. Only weapons constructed by a ravagon crafter can receive Ravok's blessing, and these must be touched by the priest invoking the miracle. Weapons so blessed glow with the fire of Ravok and receive a +1 bonus to their normal damage value per level of success achieved.

Bless Wings

Spiritual Rating: 10
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 11
Range: touch
Duration: 18 (one hour)
Effect: strengthens a ravagon's wings

This miracle increases the speed value of a ravagon's wings, either the priest's own or those of one of the faithful. Wings so blessed glow with the fire of Ravok and receive a +1 bonus to their normal speed value per level of success achieved.

Bravery

Spiritual Rating: 12
Community Rating: 8
Difficulty: 13
Range: touch
Duration: variable number of rounds
Effect: provides the ravagon with an *up* for duration

While in effect, this miracle provides a ravagon with intense bravery — it blocks out natural or supernatural fear, it prevents *break* results from affecting the blessed ravagon, and it provides the ravagon with an additional roll again (as though an *up* result was in effect). *Bravery* lasts for a number of rounds equal to the priest's success level (one to five).

Call Lightning

Spiritual Rating: 13
Community Rating: 9
Difficulty: 12
Range: sight
Duration: performance
Effect: priest calls lightning to smite his enemies

A tzullat can pray to Ravok for a localized lightning storm to sweep over his enemies. If successful, the miracle produces a sheet of crackling lightning that the priest can direct to sweep through his line of sight. The lightning





forms a three meter wide, three meter high storm that moves away from the priest. It lasts only one combat round, striking then fading away.

The priest's *focus* total equals the storm's attack value. Characters can use their *Dexterity* or *dodge* to evade the bolts.

Lightning causes damage to all those it hits. The damage value is 16, plus the priest's bonus.

Cause Confusion

Spiritual Rating: 13
Community Rating: 9
Difficulty: 15
Range: sight
Duration: one round
Effect: cancels an enemy's card play

A priest who invokes the power of this miracle causes one enemy to suffer a *confused* result — he cannot activate any cards from his pool for the duration of the miracle.

Cause Stymie

Spiritual Rating: 13
Community Rating: 9

Difficulty: 14
Range: sight
Duration: one round
Effect: cancels an enemy's next roll again

A priest who invokes the power of this miracle blocks the use of possibility energy for one round, or otherwise causes an opponent to be affected as though a *stymied* result was in effect. One enemy loses the chance to roll the die again for an action.

Claw of Ravok

Spiritual Rating: 15
Community Rating: 11
Difficulty: 13
Range: sight
Duration: performance
Effect: priest calls on Ravok to smite his enemies with a claw of energy

When a priest of the Scourge successfully invokes the *claw of Ravok*, a giant, fiery claw forms around the priest. It lashes out with terrible swiftness, striking once where the priest directs before fading away.

The *claw of Ravok* causes damage of 18, plus the priest's bonus.

Earthquake

Spiritual Rating: 14
Community Rating: 8
Difficulty: 12
Range: sight
Duration: performance
Effect: causes an earthquake to rumble through enemy targets

Earthquake causes all characters in the target area to suffer a *knockdown* result, in addition to any damage that may be inflicted. The damage value of an earthquake is 13 plus the priest's bonus.

To invoke this miracle, a tzullat prays to Ravok to cause the ground itself to attack the priest's enemies. The priest singles out a specific target. The target and any characters within three meters of the target are knocked down if the miracle is successful, and damage is applied normally.

Fear

Spiritual Rating: 12
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 11
Range: voice
Duration: performance
Effect: causes an enemy to *break*

This miracle produces a terrible sound — the war cry of Ravok the Scourge. When successfully invoked, the priest bellows the terrifying cry and all enemies who hear his voice are stricken with fear. They can make *Spirit* or *faith* rolls against the *focus* total of the miracle (a difficulty of 13 plus the priest's bonus number) to resist the effects of the miracle.

If the miracle succeeds and the priest's targets fail their *faith* rolls, they must flee from the battle at the end of the round. Like a *break* result, the *fear* is negated if the affected characters can inflict damage upon the priest and his allies before the round ends. If not, they must flee the battle.

Healing

Spiritual Rating: 10
Community Rating: 11
Difficulty: 16
Range: touch
Duration: not applicable
Effect: reduces damage and wounds by number of success levels





Much like similar miracles of other faiths, *healing* removes all KO conditions and shock with a *Minimal* success. Each success level thereafter reduces the target's wound level by one.

Lava Storm

Spiritual Rating: 11
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 15
Range: sight
Duration: one round

Effect: causes lava to erupt from the ground beneath a target, consuming him

Lava storm causes a wave of molten rock to erupt from the ground beneath a target, consuming him in the fiery liquid rock. When successfully invoked, the miracle produces a geyser of burning lava of damage value 20, plus the priest's bonus number. When the *lava storm* ends, the ground returns to solid form and the burning rock vanishes. The only evidence that remains are the target's own wounds.



Miracle Shield

Spiritual Rating: 16
Community Rating: 12
Difficulty: 15
Range: self
Duration: 18 (one hour)

Effect: protects a priest from the miracles of an enemy

When a tzullat invokes a *miracle shield*, he is asking Ravok to protect him from the miracles of his enemies. When a *miracle shield* is successfully invoked, it increases the difficulty number of miracles invoked against the priest by the level of success achieved — *Minimal*, +1; *Average*, +3; *Good*, +5; *Superior*, +7; *Spectacular*, +9. The *miracle shield* lasts for one hour.

Shadow Hunter

Spiritual Rating: 13
Community Rating: 10
Difficulty: 10
Range: not applicable
Duration: 25 (one day)
Effect: forms a shadowy hunter to track prey

A ravagon cannot always track a particular prey. By invoking the *shadow hunter* miracle, a ravagon priest can call upon Ravok to create a shadow hunter to stalk prey for him until he is free to move in for the kill. A shadow hunter can only track and observe—it cannot attack, as it has no substance. While it lasts, the shadow hunter has *tracking* and *find* skills equal to the skills of the priest who invoked it, minus three. To locate it, the priest only has to concentrate. His connection

to the shadow hunter will lead him directly to it, provided he goes in search of it before the duration of the miracle expires.

Spell Shield

Spiritual Rating: 16
Community Rating: 14
Difficulty: 16
Range: self
Duration: 18 (one hour)
Effect: protects a priest from magic

When a tzullat invokes a *spell shield*, he is asking Ravok to protect him from magic. When a *spell shield* is successfully invoked, it increases the difficulty number of spells cast against the priest by the level of success achieved — *Minimal*, +1; *Average*, +3; *Good*, +5; *Superior*, +7; *Spectacular*, +9. The *spell shield* lasts for one hour.



Chapter Six

The Named: A Ravagon Gallery

To earn a Name is the highest honor a ravagon can achieve. To have a Name reveals to all that a ravagon has worth and ability and purpose. Without a Name, a ravagon is less than nothing, and all make the gaining of a Name the first great goal of their lives.

Of all the Named ravagons currently known in the Kth'Geddo region and in the Possibility Wars themselves, the handful presented below can be numbered among the most powerful, the most influential, the most controversial. Many can even be considered among the most dangerous.

From the Ballads of the Named, these individuals are singled out and paraded before the masses. Their songs are sung — the heroes in high tones, the villains in low. Some songs contain choruses of both, for heroes and villains are hard to define in these difficult times. They are described physically and by their works, with words, examples, deeds and game statistics. They are the Named, and for better or for worse they have earned their place in the annals of ravagon history.

Parok the Warlord

Parok watched Thratchen with black, evil eyes. He did not like the techno-demon or the way he pretended to rule in the Gaunt Man's absence. He did not like the way Thratchen cradled the Gaunt Man's walking stick in his taloned hands, or the way the techno-demon sat upon the throne of bones. He was up to something, the warlord was certain, and when Thratchen revealed the least hint of betrayal or treachery, Parok promised to be there to teach him the errors of his ways.

"A half-crown for your thoughts, Parok," Thratchen called lazily from the Gaunt Man's throne.

"You could not afford the full price of the thoughts playing in my mind," Parok snarled, forgetting for a moment that Thratchen held the command stick and the title of regent. "Why have you summoned me?"

Thratchen glared at the warlord with anger and a touch of wry amusement. Then he smiled. The effect would have frightened a lesser being to death. Parok was not a lesser being. The two faced each other for long, silent moments, each contemplating how best to dispatch the other. Then the moment passed.

"Tell me of your hunters," Thratchen said calmly. "How fare those in Nippon Tech and the Cyberpapacy?"

Parok stood tall, folding his black wings before him like a cloak of office. He spoke clearly, leaving out only those details he reserved for the Gaunt Man himself, to be presented upon his return. "They continue their duties, regent," Parok replied. "As for the details, I shall begin where we last left off ..."

Parok earned his Name centuries ago. He demonstrated his personal power early and often, quickly moving up the ranks until he became the warlord of Verborista. It wasn't long before he challenged the next highest ravagon and took the title of warlord of Il'Fero for himself. Then, at the height of his power, Parok was blessed with a miracle.

In the Glade of the Irishanti, Parok met the being who came from another world and claimed to be the Sixth Prophet of Ravok. When the being demonstrated his power, Parok knew that he could only be a servant and messenger of the Scourge. The war-



lord bowed down to Sallsboratza, pledging his warriors to the Gaunt One's holy crusade. Through the power of the Sixth Irishantza and Ravok the Scourge, Parok has remained alive through the long centuries, leading his people and serving the Gaunt One.

Parok is a tall, powerfully-built ravagon. He tops the 2.1 meter mark, and his body has the coloration of a ravagon in the prime of life, even though he has outlived his contemporaries by more than half-a-dozen life times. At

some point in his existence, Parok gave up his own reality to take on the reality of his prophet, Sallsboratza. He still believes in Ravok and the holy teachings of the Scourge, but he has embraced the powers of fear and corruption as well.

The ravagon warlord has served the Gaunt Man of Orrorsh faithfully since the day the two met in the Glade of the Irishantza. He gathered his dark hunters and brought them to Orrorsh, leading them on a holy crusade at the Gaunt Man's urging. The cosmverse was full of weak beings, using up the

essence of Ravok that was reserved for the true children of the Scourge. It was the holy mission of all the faithful to eliminate the weak so that the strong could thrive. Parok and his ravagons took this charge to heart — they have rarely failed Sallsboratza.

Parok serves in the Gaunt Man's Hellion Court, though that august body has changed somewhat under Thratchen's interim administration. Parok serves Orrorsh and the interests of Sallsboratza. At the first concrete sign that Thratchen is working to undermine the reality or its true ruler, Parok plans to kill the regent — or die trying to accomplish that task.

The warlord is given to rash outbursts of rage, and he often jeopardizes his own life to personally deal with difficult problems. Like all ravagons, he values his loyalty. Next to his Name and his rank, it is his most treasured possession.

Parok

DEXTERITY 15

Dodge 18, flight 17, maneuver 18, melee weapons 22, stealth 21, unarmed combat 24

STRENGTH 17

TOUGHNESS 19 (25)

PERCEPTION 13

Find 19, language 16, tracking 19, trick 18

MIND 12

Survival 17, test of will 22, willpower 19

CHARISMA 10

Charm 15, persuasion 18, taunt 13

SPIRIT 10

Faith (Irishantism) 20, intimidation 19, reality (Orrorsh) 19

Possibilities: at least 6 per Storm Knight

Powers: resistance to normal weapons

Corruption Value: 22

Fear Rating: 2

Perseverance DN: 25

Weakness: Enchanted or blessed weapons made of elemental earth (severe weakness)

True Death: Occult ritual to sever the wings from his body

Natural Tools: Occult-treated armored skin, armor value TOU+6/25; talons, damage value STR+3/20; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: Metal sword, damage value STR+4/21; rank harness; occult-treated crimson gem



Gondaratza, the Mad One

She walked across the Barrens, keeping her wings folded tightly around her. It was the will of Ravok that she remain on the ground, that was what the voices told her. She never disobeyed the voices, not since the time they had punished her for ignoring one of their charges. Not since Ravok took her left eye.

From her earliest days, her hatch mates had called her mad. Many challenged her, saying she was weak, crazy. Many died. The tzullats said she was touched by Ravok, that she heard the Scourge's voice in the wind, the water, the still of night. She heard it in all those things and more. It was a constant chorus, singing to her all through the day and night. When the voices changed one day, she didn't even notice.

The voices were never distinct before. One day, while she was flying near the bottom of a canyon, she clearly heard the voices speak. "You are the Sixth Prophet," they proclaimed loudly. "You are Gondaratza, the Mad One."

Gondaratza, the Mad One, believes she is the Sixth Irishantza. She claims Ravok has spoken to her on more than one occasion, calling her to her duty. Further, she tells everyone she encounters that Sallsboratza is a pretender. "The Gaunt One has deceived you!" she proclaimed in the village aerie in Uruk before the hunters drove her away. "He has twisted the holy teachings and led you astray!"

Is Gondaratza the Sixth Prophet? Is Sallsboratza? It is a question of faith and belief. Either could be the Irishantza, or neither. It is a question every ravagon will have to decide for himself. What is known is that Gondaratza was called mad long before her Naming. She claimed to hear voices that no one else could from the moment she could express the words. For most of her life, the voices said nothing. They simply sang to her, wordless songs that became her constant companions.

Her size, strength and madness-enhanced skills made her more than a match for those ravagons who sought to take Ravok's essence away from her. She stood 2.25 meters tall when



she reached adulthood. After being the target of attacks in her early years, she became the ignored one until a tzullat recognized her as a servant of Ravok. He took her as his apprentice and began to teach her the ways of faith.

In her thirtieth year, she heard the first distinct words. When she told her master what the voices said to her, he was aghast. "What you are claiming is blasphemy," the tzullat explained. "Sallsboratza is the Irishantza. Never speak of this again." But she had to speak of it. The voices told her so. When the tzullat found her preaching in the village aerie, he reacted with fury. They battled. He died. Gondaratza went away.

Now, two years later, Gondaratza wanders the Kth'Geddo region. She is a huge, impressive ravagon. Her left eye socket is empty, and her right eye dances with an insane light. She wears a simple leather harness and carries a battered bone twirler. She goes where the voices direct her, preaching what they tell her to say. In all cases, her words are aimed at Sallsboratza, Parok and the holy crusaders. "They have

deceived you all!" she calls to any who will hear. "But Ravok has not forsaken you to these pretenders! He has sent me to remind you of your savagery!"

Her message is a simple one. Ravagons do not belong in other worlds. The holy crusades are a sham, and they must end now. Tear down the bridge to Orrorsh and return to the ways of Ravok before the Scourge destroys us all.

Of course, Parok has ordered Gondaratza's death. So far, his warriors have been unable to successfully carry out those orders. The Mad One constantly moves from place to place, often traveling through the most deadly areas without care or caution. She has gathered a few followers in her travels, but the majority of the people consider her to be crazy, dangerous, or both.

Gondaratza

DEXTERITY 9

Dodge 14, flight 16, maneuver 15, melee weapons 16, stealth 15, unarmed combat 20

STRENGTH 14

Climbing 16, lifting 15



TOUGHNESS 10 (13)**PERCEPTION 10**

Find 16, first aid 13, language 13, scholar (Irishantan lore) 13, tracking 16, trick (15)

MIND 8

Survival 14, test of will 14, will-power 16

CHARISMA 8

Charm 12, persuasion 16, taunt (11)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 15, focus 13, intimidation 15, possibility rip 14, possibility sense 16, reality (Tz'Ravok) 15

Possibilities: 7

Natural Tools: armored skin, value TOU+3/13; talons, damage value STR+2/16; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: bone twirler, damage value STR+5/19

Dravekkor

Hamilton Windsor moved slowly through the dark crypt, listening for stray sounds, watching for movement in the shadows. His caution was well-placed, but it was not enough. He did not see the shadow dislodge from the wall and move

behind him. He did not hear black wings flap or sharp claws scrape across stone. He was helpless, weak, soft. Dravekkor scowled, watching his would-be hunter stumble along with his satchel full of tools and hooded lantern. Pitiful, Dravekkor thought. His blood and essence would probably taste cold and flat when all was said and done.

"Are you looking for me?" Dravekkor hissed suddenly. Windsor jumped and turned at the same time, spilling the contents of his satchel and swinging the lantern wildly. In the swaying light, Dravekkor noted the items which scattered across the floor — a mallet, three wooden stakes, a cross, a revolver, four stoppered vials which shattered with tiny pops. "Vampyre hunter!" Dravekkor spat.

The man managed a single gasp as Dravekkor stepped closer. "Demon!" Windsor said with an audible swallow. "Ravagon, to be precise," Dravekkor returned, spreading his black wings. "And vampyre." The black wings closed around Hamilton Windsor, and the screaming began ...

Dravekkor was a celebrated hunter before he became one of Parok's crusaders. In the early days of the Possi-

bility Wars, he served as one of the Gaunt Man's own home guard, sent to dispatch the strongest stormers. He succeeded where others failed, taking down more than a dozen before his existence changed.

During a mission to locate a stormer from Core Earth who had entered Orrorsh realm, Dravekkor found something worse than a human with Ravok's essence. He discovered the lair of a rogue horror, a vampyre who refused to abide by the Gaunt Man's laws. The vampyre was one of the crazed, those undead who cannot come to terms with their new existences. He fed without concern for the ecology of fear, emptying a new body before the last was completely dry. Dravekkor knew that the Gaunt Man wanted this undead neutralized, but the stormer was considered more important at the present time. In that moment of indecision, as Dravekkor tried to determine his course of action, the crazed vampyre struck.

The battle was fierce as ravagon met vampyre in deadly combat. In the end, Dravekkor was slain, killed by the undead monster. He was also infected with the vampyre's own curse. But the Gaunt Man did not let his loyal servant fade away so easily. He somehow allowed Dravekkor to remain in his own body, raising him as a vampyre. The ravagon had to give up his reality and accept that of Orrorsh, but he readily agreed. If the Sixth Irishantza wanted him to become a vampyre, then that was what Dravekkor would be — the best vampyre that ever walked the Orrorshan night.

Dravekkor still serves the Gaunt Man, receiving orders from Parok when the warlord has a mission requiring the ravagon-vampyre's unique talents. He has taken up residence in the graveyard beside Illmound Keep in Orrorsh realm. He chose a large, underground crypt to serve as his resting place. At night, he travels where he wills, still enjoying the hunt. He has become friendly with Sabathina and Baron Victor Manwaring, two powerful vampyres associated with Thratchen's court, learning from them as much as they are willing to teach. He still has things to learn, but his power grows with every night.



The first thing Dravekkor did upon waking as a vampire was to hunt down the one who created him. They battled a second time, but this time the outcome was different. Dravekkor destroyed the crazed undead, severing every limb, removing the head, and finally burning it all in a grand fire. He cannot wait to return to Tz'Ravok and pass along his new existence to other worthy hunters.

Dravekkor

DEXTERITY 12

Dodge 19, flight 16, maneuver 17, stealth 20, unarmed combat 20

STRENGTH 16

Climbing 19

TOUGHNESS 18 (21)

PERCEPTION 11

Find 17, language 13, tracking 16, trick 16

MIND 14

Test of will 23, willpower 23

CHARISMA 14

Charm 26, persuasion 21

SPIRIT 9

Faith (Orrorsh) 18, intimidation 17, reality (Orrorsh) 18

Possibilities: 2 per Storm Knight

Powers: life drain, regeneration, darkness, infection

Corruption Value: 24

Fear Rating: 6

Perseverance DN: 18

Weakness: Ravok holy item (severe weakness)

True Death: Pierced through the heart by a metal sword that has been forged by a ravagon crafter, blessed by a tzullat, and carved with symbols from the holy teachings.

Natural Tools: armored skin, value TOU+3/21; talons, damage value STR+2/18; fangs, damage value STR+2/18; wings; speed value 13

Arrgurk Verzta

Arrgurk stood beside the Gaunt Man, watching the battle unfold below them. It was the first days of the invasion of Earth, and a few more stormers than the High Lord had expected were causing trouble around Illmound Keep. Only Arrgurk remained at the High Lord's side, for everyone else was busy performing missions of their own. In the fields below, a dozen gospog fought to bring down the stormers,

to keep them from reaching the Gaunt Man's tower.

"Persistent, aren't they?" the Gaunt Man commented as another of his gospog fell. He did not seem overly concerned, though Arrgurk himself was filled with worry. It was his duty to guard the Irishantza, to keep him safe. If the stormers fought past the gospog, could he handle them alone?

"There goes another one," the Gaunt Man pointed out as yet another gospog went down. There were only a few left, while all but one of the stormers continued to fight on. "I might have to re-think my defenses," the High Lord noted as another gospog died.

Arrgurk could stand idly by no longer. With a howl of rage and challenge, he flew from the battlement and swooped down upon the stormers. He gave them little warning, flying into their midst with tearing claws and snapping wings.

While he fought to protect the Sixth Prophet, Parok stepped out of the shadows to stand beside the Gaunt Man. "He is a great warrior, Sallsboratza," Parok commented. "Yes he is," the Gaunt Man agreed. "Look how he has already brought down three of the stormers. He should finish off the other two in a matter of moments. Reward his efforts, Parok."

"Of course, Irishantza," Parok nodded, watching as Arrgurk's talons sliced open one of the remaining stormers. "I shall award him a second Name."

To be Twice Named is one of the greatest honors that can be bestowed upon a ravagon. Only a handful in every generation earn such distinction. One of the most notable of the Twice Named is Arrgurk Verzta, one of Parok's hunt masters.

Arrgurk Verzta earned his first Name at a young age. He had barely begun thinking about what sort of test Ravok would require of him when he heard the shouts of panic. A creskur, mad with the pain of the rotting disease, charged into the group of young hunters being trained by Old Krebb at the bottom of the Long Gorge. Arrgurk had followed the older youths in secret, hoping to learn even though he was not yet considered mature enough to join the apprentice hunters. For a moment he watched in stunned silence as the huge creature tore through three young hunters and turned to face Old Krebb.

How brave the old ravagon was, standing in the creskur's path with nothing but his own claws to protect him. Arrgurk saw the sickly yellow pus stream from the creskur's eyes, nose and muzzle. The disease had reached its brain, and the pain had sent it on a rampage of destruction. It rose to its full height, towering over Old Krebb. With a howl of challenge, the ravagon attacked. Arrgurk, who was still counted among the Unnamed Youth of the tribe, swooped in to help.

He did not think that he was too young to fight a full-grown creskur. He did not consider that he had received precious little training. He only saw that the apprentice hunters who still lived had been scattered by the mad creature's charge, and that Old Krebb was fighting fiercely — but he was losing. Arrgurk, the youth without a Name, reached for a discarded sword. He soared into the air, gaining speed with every flap of his black wings. Then he turned back toward the canyon floor, dropping and gaining more speed. He held the sword out before him, calling a challenge of his own to the creskur. It looked up at him in time to see the sword blade before it was thrust into its rotting brain.

When the call came from Parok a few years later, Arrgurk gladly offered his claws and wings to the holy crusade. His bravery and skill earned him the best assignments and the notice of Sallsboratza. He soon became one of the Gaunt Man's personal guards, living in splendor in Illmound Keep. He earned his second Name protecting the Gaunt Man from a group of stormers during the early days of the invasion of Earth.

Now Arrgurk Verzta, one of the Twice Named, serves as Parok's Third Hunt Master. While he still operates out of Illmound Keep, more and more often he is sent abroad to deal with stormers who prove too difficult for normal operatives. He leads a flock of three hunter-crusaders, gladly following the will of the Sixth Irishantza and his Warlord. The weak must be destroyed, and who better to wreak such destruction than one of the Twice Named.

Arrgurk Verzta

DEXTERITY 9

Dodge 16, flight 20, maneuver 20, melee weapons 18, missile weapons 16, stealth 18, unarmed combat 21



STRENGTH 14

Climbing 17, lifting 17

TOUGHNESS 10 (18)**PERCEPTION 10**

Find 19, first aid 15, language 14, tracking 19, trick 18

MIND 8

Survival 12, test of will 15, will-power 18

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 15, taunt 14 (17)

SPIRIT 8

Faith (Irishantism) 15, focus 13, intimidation 17, possibility rip 12, possibility sense 14, reality (Tz'Ravok) 19

Possibilities: 16**Natural Tools:** armored skin, value TOU+3/13; talons, damage value STR+2/16; wings, speed value 13**Equipment:** chain mail harness, armor value TOU+2; chain mail limb armor, TOU+2; skull helmet, TOU+1; armor total 18; iron claws, damage value STR+3/17; throwing claws, damage value STR+2/16

Ke vessk

Mzobew perched on the ledge outside the dark cave, trying to peer into the thick gloom. He had searched for this particular cave on and off over the years, never quite believing it existed, never quite willing to stop his quest. He had heard the tales as a youth in the Teroro canyons — the tales of Ke vessk the Ancient.

Ke vessk was supposed to be so old that his flesh had turned completely bone white. He was supposed to be so powerful that he could steal the essence of Ravok from you before you could make use of it. And he was supposed to know about the old times, before the coming of the Irishanti, when other gods filled the world and everywhere was as lush as the canyons.

Mzobew wanted to learn from the Ancient. If the one named Ke vessk really existed, then Mzobew wanted to perch beside him and hear the forgotten tales of yesterday. All he had to do was find the little cave beside the waterfall. How hard could that be? he asked himself on the day he made the Ancient his life hunt. Now, years later, he was about to explore the 112th little cave beside a waterfall.

He entered the cave, senses extended before him to search for unseen dangers. As he took his third step, he heard a nearly

silent scrape. Before he finished his fourth step, a throwing blade landed in the ground where he foot was about to step. "That is close enough," a tired, rasping voice said from the deep shadows. It sounded like air being forced reluctantly from a worn bladder.

"I have come to hear the stories of Ke vessk the Ancient," Mzobew said quickly, bowing but keeping his eyes forward.

"Have you now?" the voice asked in what Mzobew believed was amusement. Then the voice's owner stepped into the light. It was a ravagon, but it was unlike any Mzobew had ever seen. Its flesh was the color of bone, without even a hint of red. Even the wings had turned pale, hanging from its back like limp gray rags. "What have you brought Ke vessk as payment for these stories ...?"

Almost every community of ravagons has its tales of wise elders living in the forbidden places or in the secluded corners of the canyons. The stories talk about beings so old that their flesh has turned white. These beings are the keepers of the old tales, the stories and songs of the days before the coming of the Irishantza. Many young hunters go in search of these ancients as a way to earn their Names. Few return with anything more than tales of half-glimpsed images in the back of death-dark caves.

At least one of the tales of the ancients is true, however. Ke vessk the Ancient lives in a small cave high on the canyon wall of Gonfero, beside a cascading waterfall, at the edge of a thick forest. He has lived there since he decided to leave his flock, preferring the solitude to the misguided ramblings of those Sallsboratza has led astray.

Ke vessk has lost some of his strength over the long years of his life, but he has developed those skills related to his mind and spirit as others develop combat skills. As a young hunter, he yearned to become one of Parok's holy crusaders. But on a hunting expedition, he happened upon a small cave hidden behind the leaves of a huge tree. He sensed something rich with Ravok's essence in that cave, and without regard for safety he plunged into its dark embrace.

In the cave, Ke vessk found one of the ancients. The old ravagon was

nearly all white, and his flesh was so creased and cracked that it looked like parts of the surface world. Ke vessk tried to remember the stories he had heard, but the memories eluded him. For the being before him was not a story. He was real. And, it seemed, he was dying.

"Perch beside me, young hunter," the ancient said, his voice barely more than a whisper. Ke vessk did as he was told, and all through the long night which followed, the ancient told his tales. He spoke of things young Ke vessk had never even imagined, of places and people long gone from Tz'Ravok's dying shores. Finally, as the sun was rising above the canyon, the ancient finished his teachings.

"Do not be deceived by the one called Sallsboratza," the ancient said. "He is not the Sixth Irishantza. He is not the embodiment of savagery. He is the personification of evil. Learn to know the difference. Now, return my essence to Ravok before it dries up within my dying husk."

Ke vessk did as the old one asked, sending him to Ravok by claws instead of by simply fading away. It was a hunter's death. It was right. Ke vessk returned to his flock, contemplating all that he had learned. Two days later, he no longer wanted to be a crusader. On the third day, he went away, never to return.

Now Ke vessk the Ancient waits in his cave, watching over the canyons. He waits for one to come who will take the tales from him so that he can finally rest. Until that time, he stands a watchful vigil over the tales, hoping that someone will appear to reveal Sallsboratza for what he is. How he hates what the Gaunt One has done to his people! If only the dark hunters could be made to see as he has. But they are blinded by duty and the red haze of battle. He waits. And, yes, he has killed those not worthy to take his tales from him.

That is the way of the ravagons. That is the will of Ravok.

Ke vessk**DEXTERITY 7**

Dodge 8, flight 11, melee weapons 9, missile weapons 18, stealth 15, unarmed combat 14

STRENGTH 11**TOUGHNESS 8 (11)**

PERCEPTION 12

Find 17, first aid 19, language 18, scholar (Irishantism) 22, scholar (weapon crafter) 20, tracking 13, trick 13 (18)

MIND 13

Survival 15, test of will 19, will-power 22

CHARISMA 9

Persuasion 18, taunt (19)

SPIRIT 13

Faith (Irishantism) 21, focus 14, intimidation 15, possibility rip 26, possibility sense 23, reality (Tz'Ravok) 25

Possibilities: 10

Natural Tools: armored skin, value TOU+3/11; talons, damage value STR+2/13; wings, speed value 10

Equipment: bone twirler, damage value STR+5/16; hand blade, damage value STR+4/15; throwing blades, damage value STR+3/14

Sarrol

Sarrol stood in the middle of the Glade of the Irishanti, breathing deeply of Ravok's essence. It was so strong here! What better place for the High Priest of all Ravok's children to meditate on the pressing matters of her office? She stood before the sixth pillar, the pillar of Sallsboratza. It looked like all the rest of the pillars, made of jutting gray stone. But what it represented! Sarrol shuddered, feeling its presence emanating from the cold stone.

"I have come, great Ravok, to contemplate the latest news from the holy crusades," Sarrol called, raising her black eyes to the sky. The latest news. The young crusaders returned, deeply troubled over the actions Sallsboratza and Parok had required of them. She had to settle their troubled souls, for that was her job as the most powerful tzullat in the land.

Sarrol recalled the tales the crusaders told. They were tales of deceit and trickery, of lies and guile. Once upon a time, these tales would have been blasphemous, beneath the notice of Ravok's dark hunters. But now, under the holy rule of the Sixth Irishantza, these blasphemies had become dogma. Her savage heart felt weighted down in her powerful chest.

"Oh, what tests you have placed before your children, mighty Scourge," she prayed. "How twisted the path before us has become."



The clouds overhead parted, letting a single ray of sunshine shine upon the canyon. It fell upon the sixth pillar, setting it aglow with red light. Sarrol spread her wings in reverence. "You demand a great deal, Scourge," she whispered to the sky. "Though I know he is not your prophet, I will continue to administer his laws. May your claws bathe in his blood one day soon."

Sarrol flapped her wings and returned to the sky. She had many flocks to watch over. She had many lies to perpetuate.

The High Priest of the Kth'Geddo region is Sarrol. She replaced old Bzoden as supreme tzullat two years before the invasion of Earth began. Even before then, as an apprentice to Bzoden and later as a chief tzullat in the city of Verakor, she considered herself a Denyer. She never believed that Sallsboratza was an Irishantza. He twisted the holy teachings too much to be a true voice of the Scourge.

Early in her life, however, Sarrol received a vision. In it, she saw herself serving Sallsboratza, perpetuating his lies. In the vision, she finally rebelled. She proclaimed that the Gaunt One was a false prophet. And every

ravagon that heard her voice exploded into a pillar of flame. She knew then that she had to find a way to work with Sallsboratza, or she would have to witness the destruction of her people.

When Parok offered her the position of High Priest of all Kth'Geddo, she hesitated only for a moment. Then she accepted her new role. She has held back her bitter resentment of Sallsboratza and his warlord, altering her teachings to better match those of the so-called Irishantza. On the outside she appears loyal, a strong proponent of the Sixth Prophet's message. On the inside, her heart is heavy and her mood dark. Why has Ravok chosen her to stand on both sides of the chasm? Why must she betray all that she believes in order to save her race?

Sarrol has only been to Orrorsh once, and her meetings with the Gaunt One have been few and far between. She meets with Parok regularly, though, for she is his eyes and ears in Tz'Ravok. She leads the world in his name, carrying out his orders as best she can. When all is said and done, it is her voice that calls for the deaths of the Denyers. It is her words that soothe



the troubled souls of the crusaders. It is her heart that breaks with every sin the people are forced to commit.

Sarrol

DEXTERITY 10

Dodge 14, flight 18, maneuver 20, melee weapons 16, missile weapons 14, stealth 18, unarmed combat 21

STRENGTH 16

Climbing 17, lifting 17

TOUGHNESS 15 (23)

PERCEPTION 10

Find 19, first aid 14, language 15, tracking 18, trick 17

MIND 8

Survival 13, test of will 15 (19), willpower 17

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 13, taunt 15 (18)

SPIRIT 10

Faith (Irishantism) 24, focus 21, intimidation 19, possibility rip 16, possibility sense 16, reality (Tz'Ravok) 18

Possibilities: 21

Natural Tools: Occult-treated armored skin, armor value TOU+6/21; talons, damage value STR+2/18; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: Leather harness, TOU+1; leather limb armor, TOU+1; armor total 23; metal sword, damage value STR+4/20; throwing blades, damage value STR+3/19

Ujeratza

"Young one, you have come far this day. In your adversity, you demonstrated the strength of Ravok. Performing your

sacred duty, you have cleansed this world of the weak; for in his unfaith, Karuzok was indeed weak."

Parok handed the Unnamed ravagon the harness. As he donned the symbol of his newly-earned respect, the Warlord continued.

"Your strength and triumph have proven you are now ready for the next stage in your life. You are now a warrior of Ravok and can no longer go unnamed.

"So we do acclaim your name and honor, Ujeratza, he who prevails in the face of oblivion.

"Come now and join us in our holy crusade for he who leads us in the name of Ravok, he who is named Sallsboratza, the Gaunt One."

Ujeratza earned his name by defeating the Denyer Karuzok, slayer of the tzullat Skorit, in single combat. By doing so, he earned a place among the crusaders who would follow Sallsboratza to Earth. Ujeratza has since proven to be an effective and resilient warrior, managing to alter his plans to compensate for the shifting tides of fortune in the Living Land.

By the start of the Possibility Wars, Ujeratza was a veteran of three invasions, two in the service of the Gaunt Man, and one with Baruk Kaah. He was assigned command of five ravagons and scores of gospog at two fields in the Chicago area. As the Living Land's fortunes began to decline, Ujeratza fought a rear-guard action against US troops while leading his forces toward the Western Land.

Air strikes resulted in the loss of many of the gospog, but Ujeratza pressed on, eventually reaching Colo-

rado. Although he and his ravagons were too late to stop the destruction of the Denver bridge, they were able to slay the Storm Knights responsible for its collapse.

Now Ujeratza travels the west coast, keeping an eye on the various warring factions there. His reports to Parok have been fascinating hearing, indeed.

Ujeratza

DEXTERITY 10

Dodge 14, flight 17, maneuver 20, melee weapons 16, missile weapons 13, stealth 15, unarmed combat 20

STRENGTH 14

Climbing 15, lifting 15

TOUGHNESS 10 (15)

PERCEPTION 11

Find 19, first aid 14, language 14, tracking 18, trick 17

MIND 9

Test 13 (16), willpower 15

CHARISMA 9

Persuasion 12, taunt 14 (17)

SPIRIT 9

Faith (Irishantism) 14, focus 12, intimidation 14, possibility rip 14, possibility sense 14, reality (Tz'Ravok) 11

Possibilities: 20

Natural Tools: armored skin, TOU+3/13; talons, damage value STR+2/16; wings, speed value 13

Equipment: leather harness, TOU+1; leather limb armor, TOU+1; hand blade, damage value STR+4/18; throwing claws, damage value STR+2/16; holy symbol of Irishantism, Staff of Righteousness, damage value 21 (STR+3, +4 increased Strength due to blessing)



Chapter Seven

Creatures of Tz'Ravok



Tzarta checked the area for telltale signs. A broken branch, a stray claw print, a steaming dropping half-buried in the rocky sand — all alerted the ravagon huntress that her prey was nearby. Soon she would be dining on tzufak, offering its still-beating heart up to Ravok as a gesture of honor and servitude. With a final glance at the signs of the creature's passage, Tzarta spread her wings and lifted into the hot, steamy air.

The huntress had picked up the herd of prey creatures early in the day as they foraged for food. Of the dozen or so creatures she encountered, only one stood its ground at her approach. The rest scattered like sand in a strong wind. Those cowards were not worthy of her hunting skills. But the warrior among them, the one that hissed and struck out with its tail, that one would make excellent food indeed. She easily parried the tail strikes, making sure to avoid the poisonous sting. Then, when it finally turned and ran, she counted the number of hatch mates in her birth cave — naming each one and the manner of its death — until she was certain the tzufak had a fair lead. With a flap of black wings, the hunt truly began.

Now, as Tzarta closed upon her quarry, she felt the surge of the hunt ringing in her soul. It was like a cleansing wind, like the fire of the Burning Mountain. It gave her power, it made her heart soar. She flew into a narrow canyon, following the tzufak's trail. There it was, trying to dig into the hard ground. "I will make this quick, my prey," she said aloud, advancing on the creature.

"I will make this quick, my prey," came the mocking words from the shadows behind her. The voice was cold, dead, but clearly that of another ravagon. She turned to confront the intruder, realizing too late

that the hunter had become the prey. For emerging from the shadows was one of the dread Nameless — ravagon abominations which should have been dead but refused to lie still. It advanced without further comment, its malformed claws gleaming in the fading sun. Tzarta hoped her own sting was more formidable than that of the tzufak huddled behind her ...

The creatures of Tz'Ravok are terrible to behold. They are both prey and hunter, food and consumer on the dying world. The creatures live in the lush canyons, filling the jungles, forests, rivers and lakes with prey fit for the dark hunters of Tz'Ravok (though a few of these creatures might consider ravagons to be *their* prey).

Some creatures are natives of Tz'Ravok, strengthened from generation to generation by the Law of Survival of the Fittest. A few resemble Tz'Ravok creatures, but they have been touched by the corrupting influences of Orrorsh, turned into monsters that live only to inspire fear and terror. In all cases, these creatures can be found in the Kth'Geddo region of Tz'Ravok. In some cases, the creatures have been known or suspected of finding their ways to the other worlds the ravagons have visited — most notably, Gaea and the realm of Orrorsh.

While the ravagons consider themselves masters of their world, the creatures of Tz'Ravok are not fragile, timid creatures. They have made a place for themselves on a dying world, and that place was won with the blood and flesh of hundreds of thousands of lesser creatures. As natives of Ravok's reality, all use the "Possibility-rated" column of the "Combat Results Chart" — whether they're possibility-rated or not.



BORGETH



Borgeth are snake-like creatures which grow to be two meters

in length. They have scaly, dark brown skin, and two yellow eyes which are set behind a maw of sharp teeth. The creature's tail ends in a flat, sharp-edged growth.

Borgeth surprise their prey by dropping out of trees or springing out of piles of thick undergrowth. They attempt to latch onto their prey's flesh with their powerful jaws, holding fast if they cause a wound. Any prey which the borgeth

latches onto can make an opposed *Strength* roll to detach it. Even so, detaching a borgeth causes damage value 17.

When a borgeth attaches itself to a target, it extends a smaller set of jaws from inside its throat. The small, sharp teeth begin to devour the prey's flesh, causing damage value 14 automatically every round it remains attached to its prey. While feeding, the borgeth attacks its prey or others with its tail blade.

Borgeth eat meat, but cannot digest blood. As meat works its way through the creature's digestive

track, glands extract the blood and excrete it from the body. Junskeva thrive on the blood shed by the borgeth. Because of this relationship, borgeth are immune to junskeva's mental attacks.

Domain

Borgeth inhabit almost all of the forests and jungles of Kth'Geddo's canyons. Though none have been reported in Orrorsh cosm or realm as yet, the jungles of these areas would make excellent habitats for the creatures.



Borgheth

DEXTERITY 14

Dodge 16, maneuver 15, stealth 17, unarmed combat 19

STRENGTH 15

Climbing 16

TOUGHNESS 14

PERCEPTION 7

Tracking 10, trick (10)

MIND 6

CHARISMA 6

Taunt (14)

SPIRIT 6

Intimidation 10

Possibility Potential:

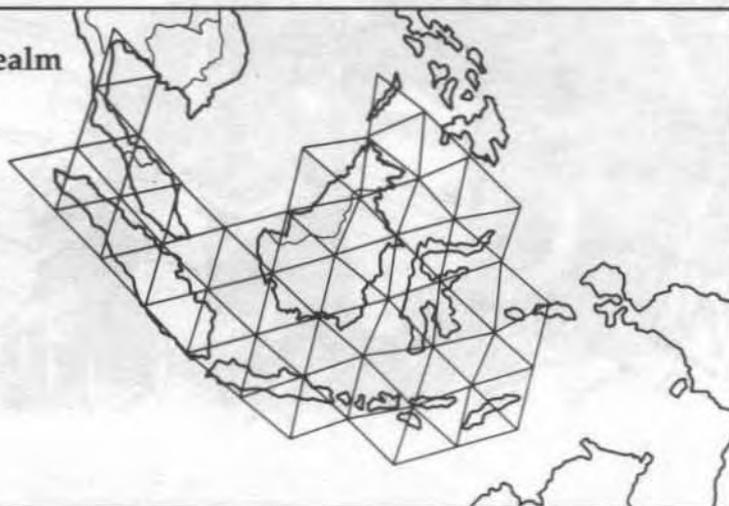
None

Natural Tools: exterior jaws, damage value STR+2/17; interior jaws, damage value STR-3/12; tail blade, damage value STR+3/18

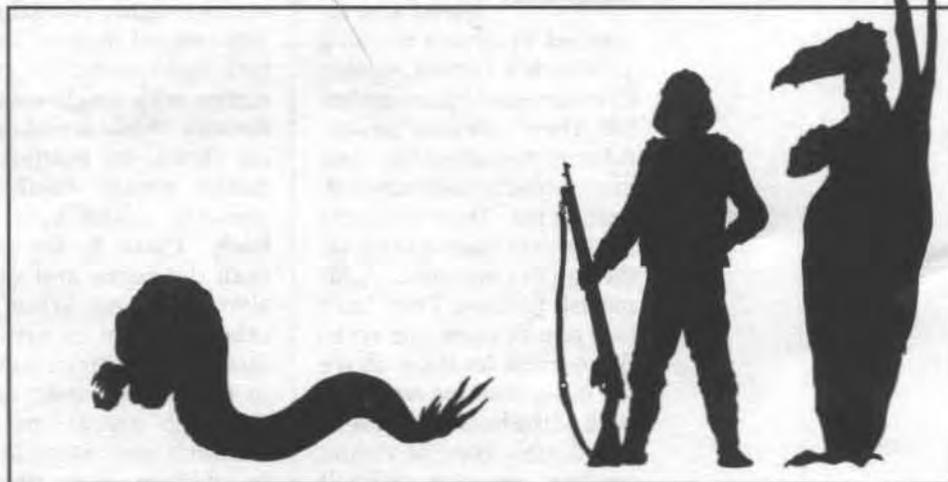
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



CRESKUR



Solitary and malicious, the creskur is one of the most feared and respected creatures stalking Tz'Ravok's barren wastes. Creskurs stand three meters tall. They have four powerful arms, two stout legs, and are covered in matted burnt-orange fur. They resemble the bears of Gaea and Earth, though in a mutated, nightmarish fashion. They have two pair of eyes, one set in the normal location above the nose, and one set in the back of the head. Because of this double cone of vision, creskurs are very difficult

to surprise.

Creskurs live in caves deep within the canyons. They establish hunting zones roughly two kilometers around their caves, attacking anything they come across with single-minded ferocity. While a creskur has no claws, its matted fur hides small hook-like growths which cover its body. These hooks serve both defensive and offensive functions. When another creature or ravenon attacks a creskur with claws or talons, the hooks cause damage equal to the attacker's own Strength +3. In addition, if an attacker

suffers a *heavy wound* in a single attack (either from his own attack or from an attack initiated by the creskur), then he is caught on the hook growths. A character or creature caught on the creskur's hooks has +3 added to the difficulty of all *Dexterity*-related actions until freed (*Strength* roll against a difficulty of 16).

A creskur's arms are jointed so that they can bend forward and back at both the elbow and shoulder. This allows them to attack opponents in the front and behind at the same time.



Domain

Creskurs live within the same canyons as the ravagons, though they tend to occupy those regions somewhat removed from the ravagons cities. A few of the creatures have also migrated to Gaea, and rumors that one of the beasts was spotted in the Orrorshan realm have yet to be denied or confirmed.

Creskur

DEXTERITY 16

Maneuver 17, running 17, unarmed combat 19

STRENGTH 22

Climbing 24, lifting 25

TOUGHNESS 20

PERCEPTION 11

Find 14, tracking 16, trick (17)

MIND 7

Survival 10, test (15)

CHARISMA 8

SPIRIT 11

Intimidation 16

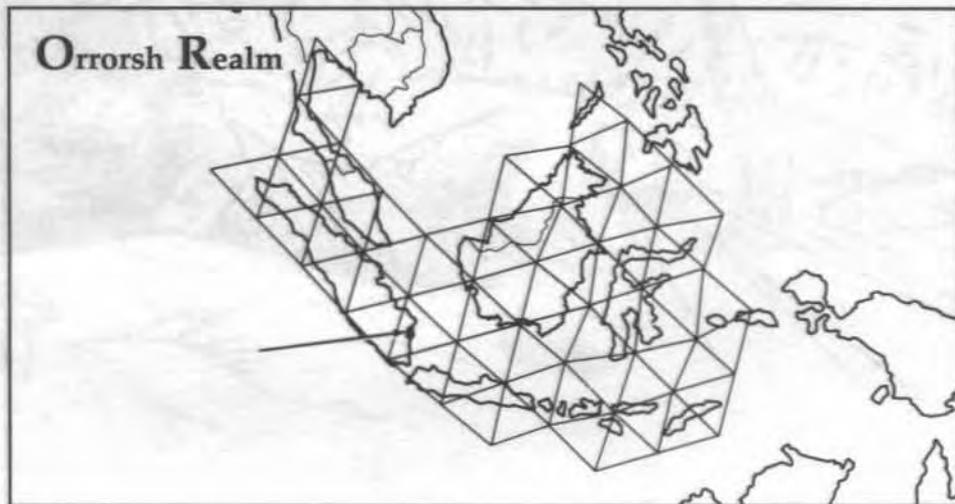
Possibility Potential:
Some (55)

Natural Tools: teeth, damage value STR+5/27; arms, damage value STR+3/25; hook-like growths, damage value attacker's STR+3

DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



DOKSZUTHA



Dokszutha, or rock termites, look like small rocks. They range in size from 10 to 40 centimeters in diameter. These creatures have the ability to move through solid rock as easily as ravagons move through thin air.

Dokszutha live in nomadic swarms that tunnel through rock, digesting minerals and leaving hollow trails behind them. Rock termites do not care where their feeding takes them, though they are most often encountered in Verborista's Dark Hollows. Some believe the Dark Hol-

lows are the creatures' breeding ground.

When a swarm emerges from solid rock, it quickly attempts to find more stone to burrow into. If it encounters any creatures near its point of emergence, the swarm attacks, literally throwing itself at its target. Like a miniature meteor storm, the dokszutha batter the target in a strange, unprovoked rage. As the creatures do not feed on other creatures, the reason for the attacks are unknown.

Dokszutha come in three sizes: 10 centimeter infants, 20 centimeter youths, and 40 centimeter adults. A swarm is always made up

of only one type. When a youth or adult swarm takes cumulative damage of four wounds or more, it divides into two swarms of the next smaller size. Infant swarms which take four wounds or more are killed. Adult swarms naturally divide at some point in order to reproduce.

Domain

Dokszutha exist wherever there is solid rock — in the canyon walls and floors, in the volcanic mountains, even in the barren wastes. They have been spotted in Gaea, but have not yet been



reported in the Orrorsh realm on Earth.

Dokszutha

DEXTERITY 12

Dodge 13, flight 14,
stealth 13, unarmed
combat 14

STRENGTH 6, 12 or 18

**TOUGHNESS 7, 14 or
21**

PERCEPTION 3

Trick (15)

MIND 3

Test (14)

CHARISMA 3

SPIRIT 5

Intimidation (16)

Possibility Potential:

None

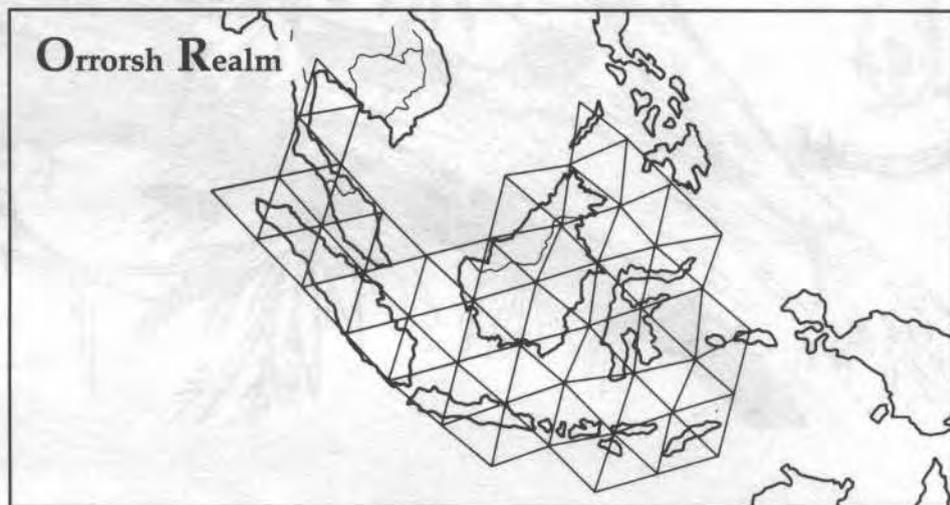
Natural Tools: rock
body, armor value as listed
for swarm size; rock body,
damage value 8, 14 or 20
depending on swarm size
(infant, youth or adult)

Note: A swarm can only
attack one creature at a time,
unless other creatures are
grouped within the range of
their orbiting bodies —
infant, three meter sphere;
youth, six meter sphere;
adult, nine meter sphere.

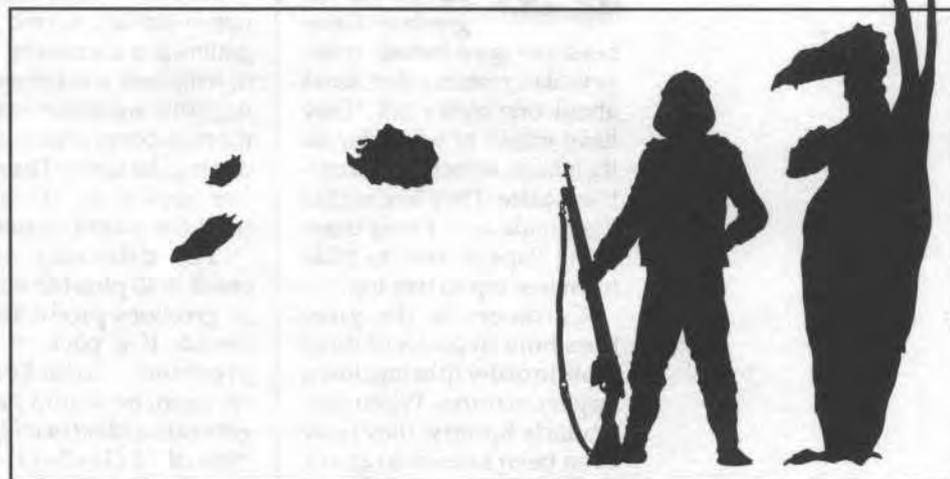
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



GREEBOES



The only simian-like creatures on Tz'Ravok are the greeboes. Greeboes are gray-furred, monkey-like creatures that stand about one meter tall. They have masks of white fur on their faces, which have a reptilian cast. They live within the jungle and forest trees, using flaps of skin to glide from tree top to tree top.

Carnivorous, the greeboes hunt in packs of three to six in order to bring down larger creatures. When particularly hungry, they have even been known to attack passing ravagons. During

an attack, greeboes click their teeth together to produce a chittering sound. Creatures which hear the nerve-rattling sound must generate a successful *Mind* or *willpower* total or suffer a negative modifier equal to the number of greeboes producing the noise. The modifier applies to all actions until the sound ceases.

The difficulty of the check is 10 plus the number of greeboes producing the sound. If a pack of three greeboes attacked a ravagon, he would have to generate a *Mind* or *willpower* total of 13 ($10+3=13$) to ignore the noise.

Domain

Greeboes like tall trees and hot climates. They migrate to forests during summer months, but can mostly be found in jungles within the deep canyons. They have been spotted throughout the jungles of the Orrorsh realm on Earth, especially in Borneo.

Naturally, their presence has led to conflict with many of the native simians, some of whom have been transformed by the Orrorshan axioms into horrifying creatures in their own right. The bloodletting resulting from this has been awe-inspiring



— entire clans have been wiped out in a matter of hours.

Thus far, the greeboes have proven the more vicious (given their home cosm, this should not be surprising). But the constant combat with “related species” has left them vulnerable to other predators in the realm and cut into the amount of time they can spend seeking prey. Because of this, they have been focusing more on bringing down larger creatures (such as humans) which can feed a pack for an extended period of time.

Greeboes

DEXTERITY 10

Acrobatics 13, dodge 14, running 11, stealth 15, unarmed combat 13

STRENGTH 11

Climbing 12 (14)

TOUGHNESS 12

PERCEPTION 8

Find 10, trick 13

MIND 6

CHARISMA 6

Taunt 11

SPIRIT 8

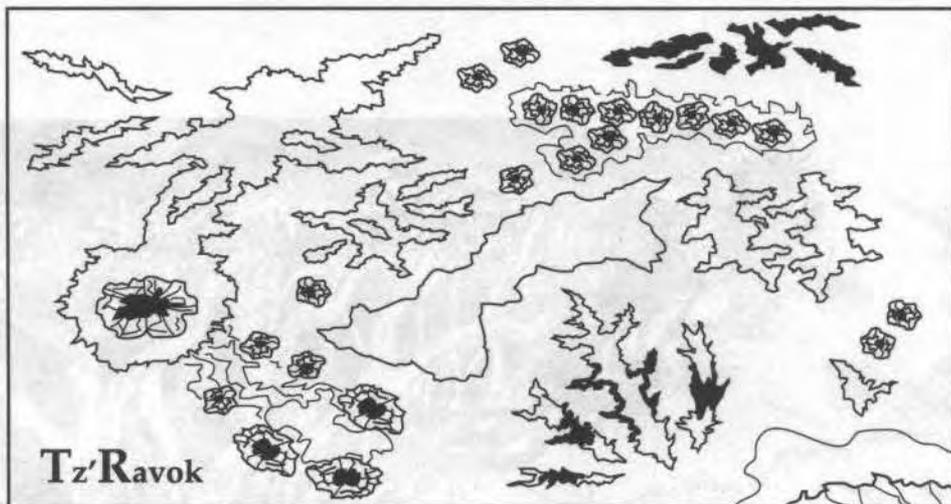
Intimidation (13)

Possibility Potential:

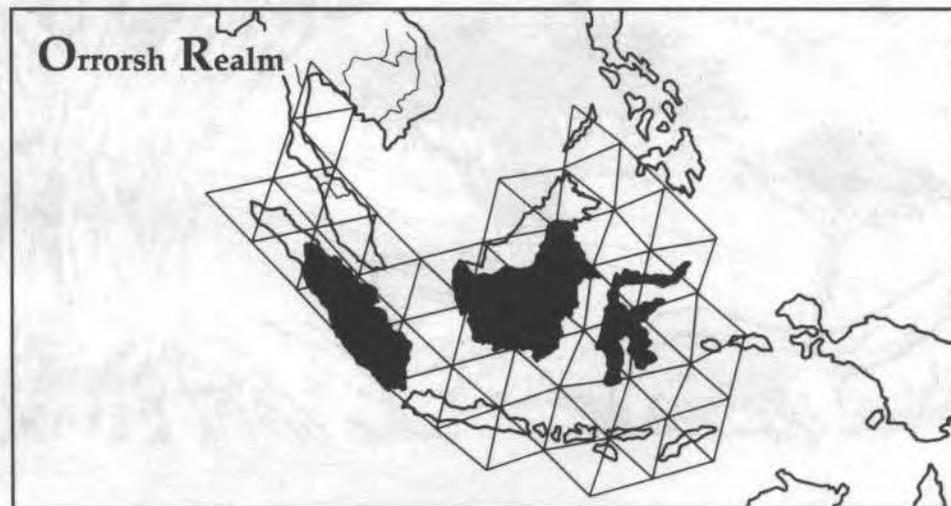
Some (45)

Natural Tools: teeth, damage value STR+3/14; claws, damage value STR+2/13 (claws also give a +2 modifier to *climbing*); distracting noise, see above for details.

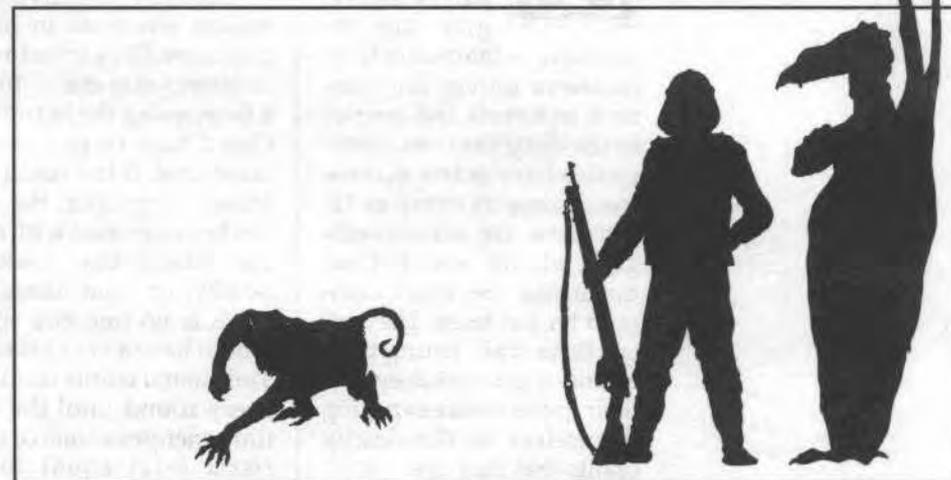
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



JUNSKEVA



One of the greatest hazards in the Kth'Geddo region are the junskeva—the trees of fury. Junskeva groves are common in forests and jungles in the deep canyons. Some groves have as few as three trees, some as many as 10. Junskeva are semi-intelligent plants which look much like the more common tzujun trees. They often lie in wait, letting their intended prey get deep into their grove before exposing themselves as the deadly plants that they are.

Junskeva do not have the capability to attack physi-

cally. They have developed a sort of telepathic ability which allows them to foster or intensify negative and violent emotions in other creatures. The grove directs its attention to one victim at a time, using the Many-on-One Chart to generate a *taunt* total. If the result is a *setback* or greater, the victim becomes mad with rage and attacks any creatures nearby, or even himself if there is no one else upon whom he can vent his rage. The mental taunts continue every round until the victim generates a *taunt* or *Charisma* total equal to or greater than the junskeva grove's total, or until the

trees are killed.

Junskeva need the blood of creatures to survive, and the madness they inflict often produces a healthy quantity of the stuff. The soil absorbs spilled blood, making it available to the junskeva's roots. The trees of fury share a symbiotic relationship with the borgeth. The borgeth are immune to the trees' mental attacks, but they are quick to take advantage of any creatures that wander into the groves. While they feed on the flesh, they excrete the blood the trees thrive on.

Junskeva crossbreed with other trees, creating a variety



that resembles the more docile specimen. They can be identified by the red veins in the soft wood beneath the outerbark, which can be spotted on a *find* or *Perception* total of 13 or better.

Domain

Junskeva groves dot the forests and jungles of Kth'Geddo's canyons. When the Gaunt Man discovered the unique properties of the junskeva trees, he brought the seeds to Gaea. He even added them to the gospog he gave the other High Lords, spreading the deadly trees throughout the attacking realities and onto Earth.

Junskeva

DEXTERITY 0

STRENGTH 17

TOUGHNESS 10 to 16

PERCEPTION 10

Find 11, languages 13,
trick 12

MIND 9

Test (13), willpower 11

CHARISMA 11

Charm 13, taunt 15

SPIRIT 8

Intimidation 10

Possibility Potential:

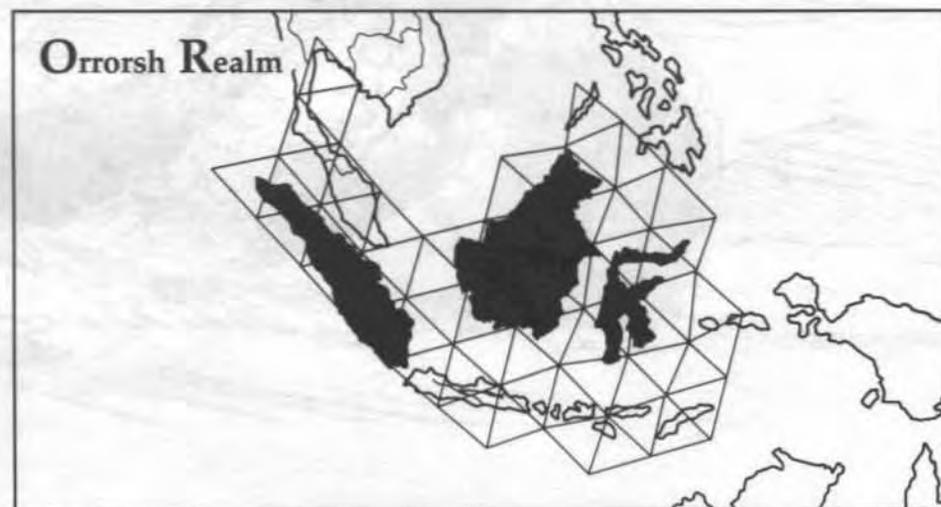
None

Note: The junskeva tree can have a *Toughness* of 10 to 16, depending on the variety of tree it breeds with and its size.

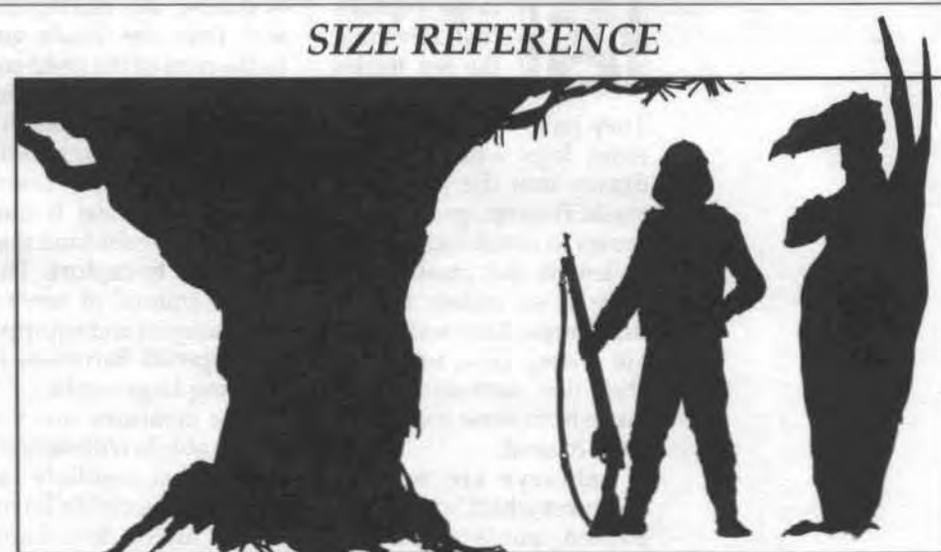
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



LABRAEYA



Labraeya are large reptiles that resemble the sea turtles of Core Earth.

They have thick shells and stout legs which can be drawn into the protective shells. The average specimen grows to about four meters in length, but creatures as large as six meters are not uncommon. Their scaly hides are a deep blue, while the shell that surrounds them range from stone gray to the color of sand.

Labraeya are solitary creatures which wander the barren surface of the Kth'Geddo region. The only time they come in contact

with others of their species is during the mating season. Then the female goes to the rims of the great canyons to lay their eggs. While the labraeya is usually docile, it becomes aggressive while defending its nests.

Labraeya meat is inedible, so ravagons hunt them for fun or to capture. They can be trained to serve as pack animals and equipped with special harnesses for carrying large loads.

The creatures are very tough, able to withstand the storms that regularly ravage the surface of Tz'Ravok. When forced into battle, they attack with their sharp beaks.

Domain

Labraeya live on the surface of Tz'Ravok, wandering where they will regardless of storm or lava flow. They nest along the canyon ridges during their mating season. Some are known to have migrated to the coastal regions of Orrorsh.

Native fishermen have made the profound error of attempting to steal labraeya eggs, believing them to be the products of turtles. The creatures' attacks, unexpected, vicious and invariably effective, have convinced those who live along the coast to give them a wide berth.



There are, of course, those Victorians who persist in efforts to capture the monstrosities for exhibit in zoos. Thus far, no labraeya has ever been taken into captivity — the bodies of hunting parties have been found floating in the surf. Whether these creatures were responsible for the deaths, or some other, is unknown.

Labraeya

DEXTERITY 9

Dodge 11, maneuver 10, unarmed combat 12

STRENGTH 19

Climbing 20, lifting 20

TOUGHNESS 15 (30)

PERCEPTION 8

Trick (12)

MIND 8

Survival 13, test (11), willpower 10

CHARISMA 7

Taunt (13)

SPIRIT 7

Intimidation 13

Possibility Potential:

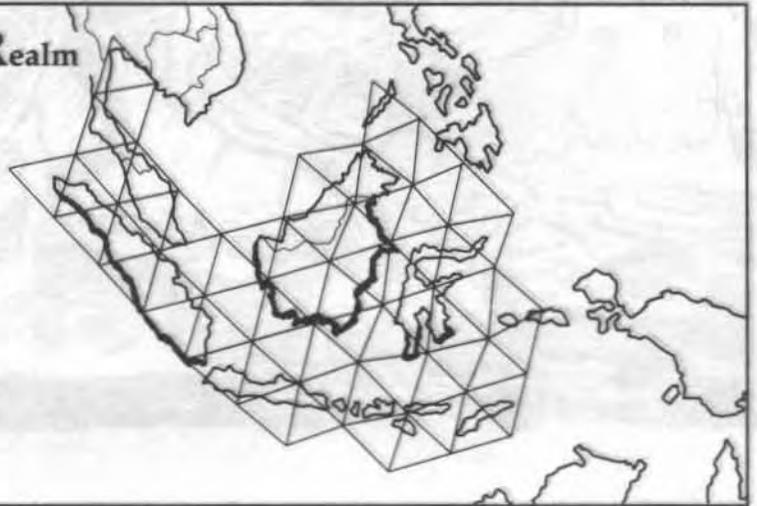
None

Natural Tools: beak, damage value STR+3/22; shell, armor value TOU+15/30

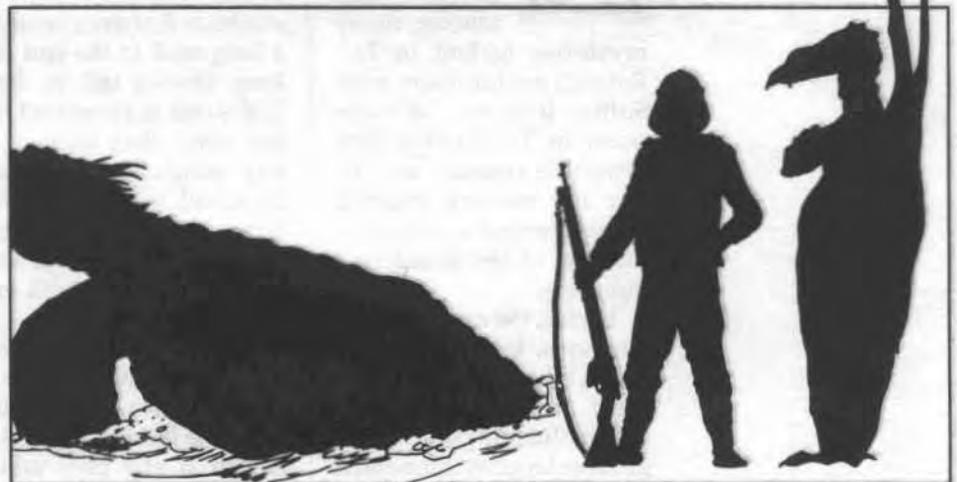
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



LARFAK



How these terrible beasts developed remains one among many mysteries locked in Tz'Ravok's evolutionary past. Suffice it to say, at some point in Tz'Ravok's dark history, a creature walked into the burning magma. What emerged was a larfak, the first of the dread lava monsters.

Larfak, the ever-burning creatures, inhabit the lava pools, lakes, and rivers that light up Kth'Geddo's mountains and plains. They grow as large as three and a half meters tall, and flaming lava covers their thin,

boney body's like mud covers a crufak. They have small heads, long, teeth-filled beaks, and a thin, skeletal body that stretches from a long neck to the end of a long, sinewy tail. Its forelimbs end in elongated finger joints that form light, airy wings. Its back limbs are small, wickedly clawed things that have little function other than to hold on to prey so that the beak end can feed.

Larfak lie in wait beneath the glowing-hot surface of lava pools, waiting to spring from the bubbling wells to snatch at any prey which wanders too close. When such prey is scarce, the

larfak will leave its pool to hunt. On such occasions, the larfak rarely gets too far from its burning lair. It tries to always keep its lava pool in sight, only extending its hunting pattern if hunger demands it.

Domain

Larfak nest in the lava lakes of Vornaka, Ka'aka, and Laraka. They lair in the bubbling magma pools of the Plain of Lava and Verborgon. When the urge to hunt comes upon them, they rise like fiery phoenixes from the lava to fill the skies. So far, the larfak have not



been seen beyond the ravagon cosm, though Earth's Ring of Fire could provide the creatures with a suitable home.

Larfak

DEXTERITY 11

Dodge 13, flight 15, maneuver 12, stealth 14, swimming 13, unarmed combat 14

STRENGTH 16

Lifting 17

TOUGHNESS 22

PERCEPTION 9

Find 12, tracking 13, trick 10 (14)

MIND 7

Survival 10, test (9), willpower 11

CHARISMA 5

Charm 12 (16), taunt (13)

SPIRIT 4

Intimidation 16

Possibility Potential:

Some (65)

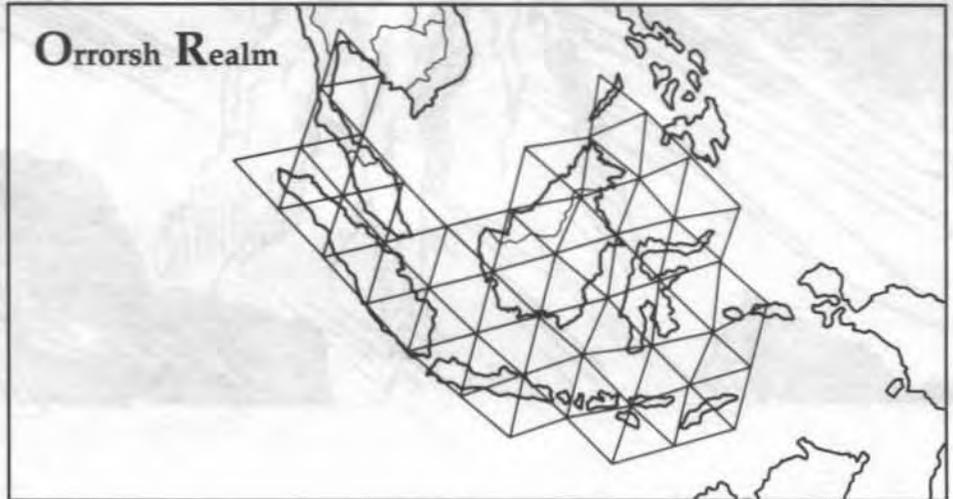
Natural Tools: beak, damage value STR+3/19; wings, speed value 11

Note: Larfak cannot be harmed by fire or heat-based attacks. Because of their fiery appearance, the creatures have the unconscious ability to *charm* their prey. At the start of combat, the larfak generates a *charm* total. Any creatures or folk who cannot beat the total with their own roll are held in awe by the fiery creatures. The larfak gets to make a *flurry* attack before the first card on the drama deck is flipped. Subsequent rounds are played out normally.

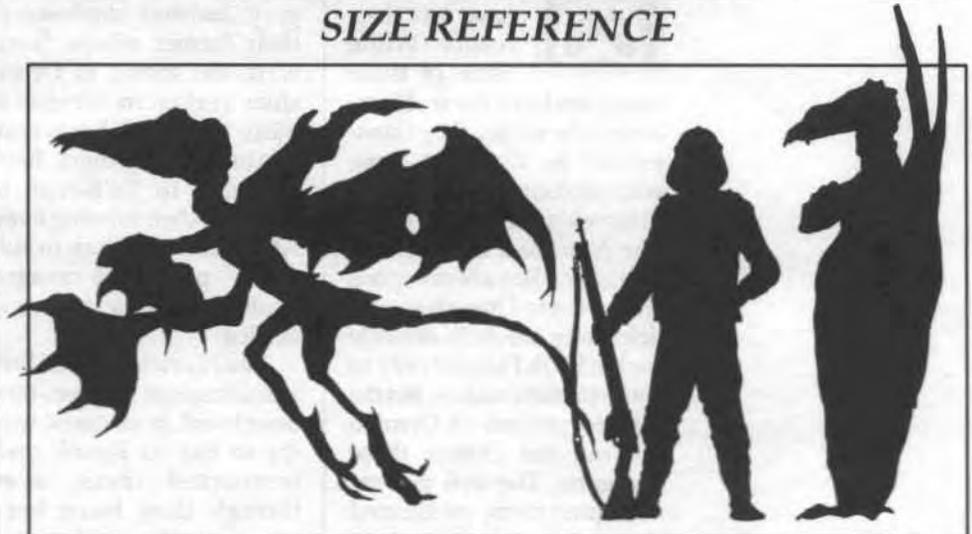
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



THE NAMELESS



There are those ravagons who have lost their reality. While some of these ravagons have been able to accept the reality they transformed to, there are those who profoundly feel the loss of Ravok's touch upon them. The Nameless fall into this category. They are ravagons who went to Orrorsh to participate in the holy crusade for the Sixth Prophet only to suffer transformation. But the twisted powers of Orrorsh did not just change these ravagons. The evil powers corrupted them, malformed them, turned them into ghouls.

As horrors of Orrorsh, the Nameless appear as gray, twisted shadows of their former selves. Some walk the shores of Orrorshan reality in service to more powerful horrors or Nightmares. Others have returned to Tz'Ravok in search of their missing lives. All need living flesh to survive — preferably ravagon flesh, but other folk will suffice.

The Nameless recall broken images of the lives they once lived. In all cases, they try to live as Ravok once instructed them, even though they have been given over to another reality. They hate the living,

especially other ravagons, and they seek to destroy them whenever they can.

Domain

The Nameless exist in Gaea and in Earth's Orrorsh realm. In these areas, they serve greater horrors, Nightmares, and necromancers, in much the same way living ravagons serve the Gaunt Man. Those who have managed to return to Tz'Ravok are rogues, serving no master but the undead madness that fills the hollow places of their souls. They live in the forbidden places, such as the



deep shadows of Verborgon and the Barrens.

The Nameless

DEXTERITY 10

Dodge 11, flight 13, maneuver 13, stealth 12, unarmed combat 12

STRENGTH 14

TOUGHNESS 12 (14)

PERCEPTION 8

Find 12, tracking 12, trick 11

MIND 6

Test 9, willpower 11

CHARISMA 5

Taunt (15)

SPIRIT 7

Faith (Orrorsh) 8, intimidation 12

Possibility Potential:

Some (25)

Natural Tools: talons, damage value STR+2/16; teeth, damage value STR+3/17; armored skin, armor value TOU+2/14

Power Rating: 2

Corruption Value: 11

Fear Rating: 1

Suggested Perseverance

DN: 13

Suggested Weakness:

Water blessed by a tzullat

Suggested True Death:

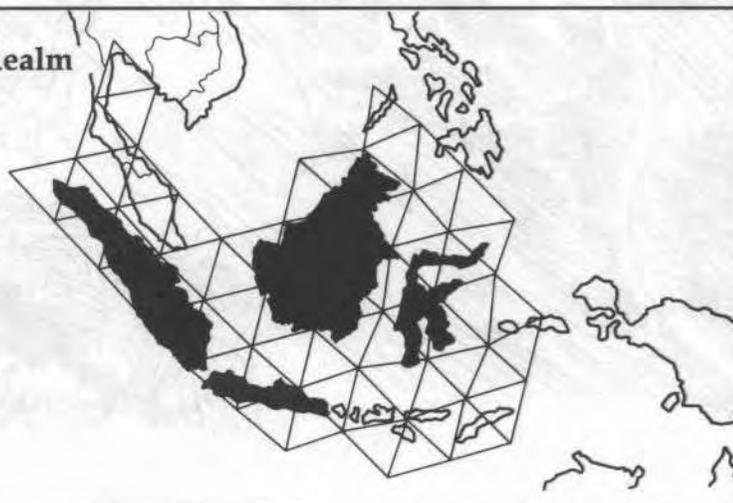
Pierce the brain with a blessed ravagon sword

DOMAIN

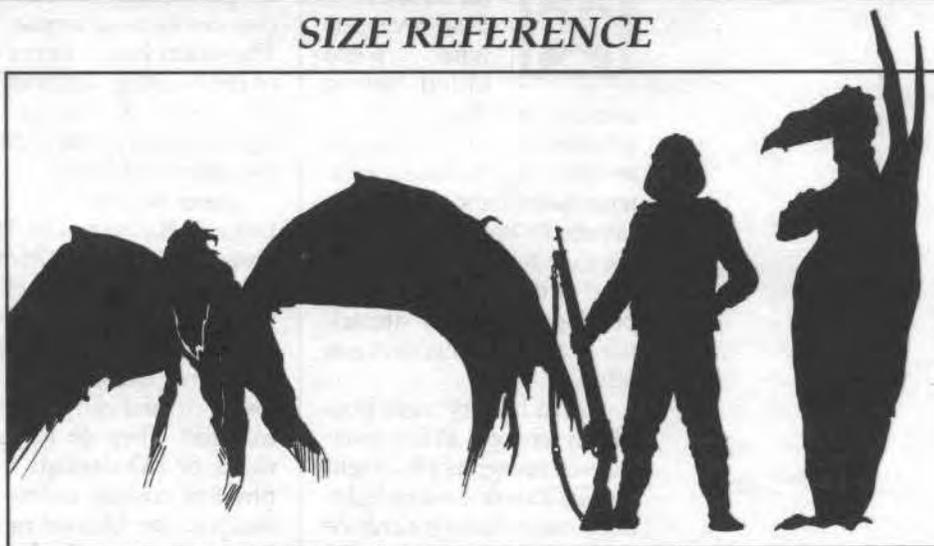


Tz'Ravok

Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



STORM HAUNT



Storm haunts are the spirits of dead ravagons who were killed before earning their Names. Those who find themselves caught in this state between existence haunt the storms which ravage Tz'Ravok. They cannot manifest except within a sand or lightning storm, appearing as ghostly apparitions of their former ravagon selves.

Storm haunts crave possibility energy. When creatures or ravagons are caught in a Tz'Ravok sand or lightning storm, there is a chance that one or more storm haunts will appear (some,

45). If the creature or ravagon is possibility-rated, the chances increase (some, 25). The storm haunt forms out of the swirling sands or the driving rains, outlined in lightning and on the hunt for the essence of Ravok.

Storm haunts are native to the Tz'Ravok reality. They are not horrors from Orrorsh. In combat, they attack as though in a *flurry* for every round the storm lasts. When the storm ends, the haunts lose form and can no longer manifest. They do not take shock or KO damage from physical combat unless the weapons are blessed or imbued with magical enhancements.

Domain

Storm haunts inhabit the barren surface regions of the Kth'Geddo area. They can only manifest during the sand or lightning storms which sweep across the planet with startling regularity. None of these creatures have yet been reported beyond the ravagon reality.

Storm Haunt

DEXTERITY 11
Dodge 14, flight 14, maneuver 12, stealth 13, unarmed combat 14
STRENGTH 15
TOUGHNESS 13
PERCEPTION 11
Find 12, tracking 14,



trick 13

MIND 7

Test 10, willpower 9

CHARISMA 6

Charm (17), persuasion (14), taunt (15)

SPIRIT 14

Intimidation 16, possibility rip 18, possibility sense 17, reality (Tz'Ravok) 16

Possibility Potential:

All

Possibilities: Two per Storm Knight

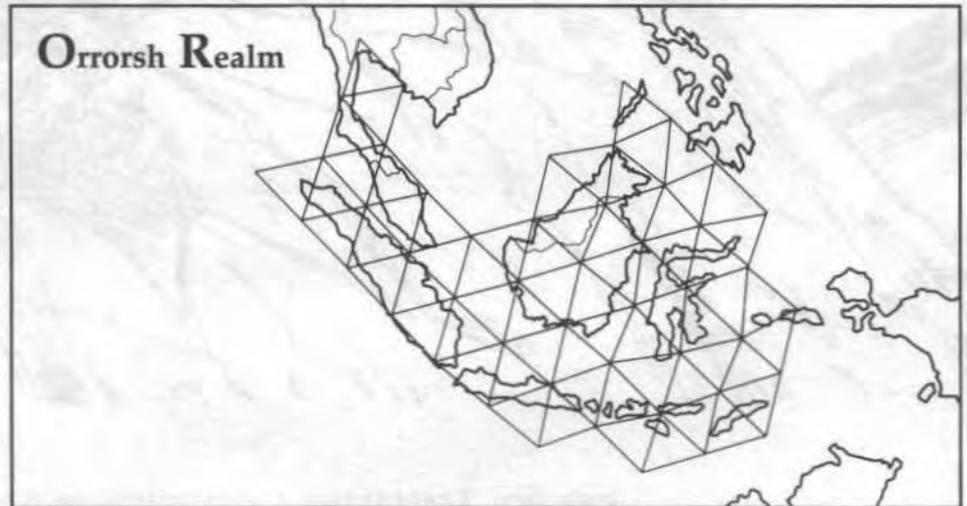
Natural Tools: claws, damage value STR+3/18; lightning wings, speed 16

Note: If the opportunity presents itself, a storm haunt will use one of his *flurry* attacks to attempt a *possibility rip*. In addition, every wound a haunt's claws inflict on a possibility-rated opponent draws a possibility, stealing it from the opponent and adding it to the haunt's pool.

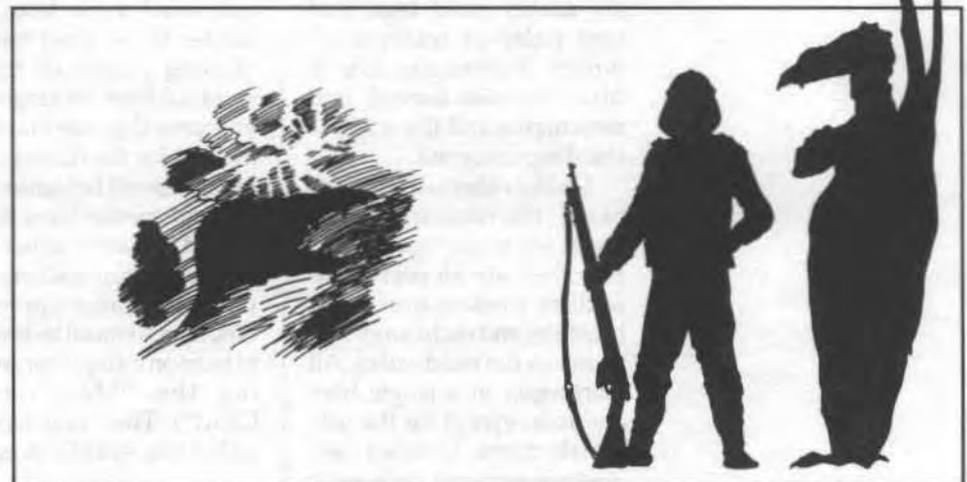
DOMAIN



Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



TZARTURGON



Tzarturgon are two-meter tall insectoid creatures. They are black, with two bulbous red eyes, six multijointed legs, and two pairs of transparent wings. Tzarturgon live in hive colonies carved into mountains and the walls of the deep canyons.

Unlike other social insect races, tzarturgon are not regulated to one specialized job. They are all born to be soldiers, workers, nurses and breeders, and each can switch duties as the need arises. All tzarturgon in a single hive are male, except for the sole female queen. Unless a new queen is required, only male

eggs are fertilized. A typical hive houses two hundred tzarturgon males and a queen.

The insect men of Tz'Ravok are normally encountered away from their hidden hives. They travel in hunting parties of four to eight soldiers, seeking whatever prey they can find to use as food for the colony. Even ravagons will be hunted, and the two species have a deep hatred for one another.

Tzarturgon soldiers fight with four razor-tipped talons, which can all be brought to bear on a single target (using the "Many-on-One Chart"). They also have an adhesive spittle weapon

which can be sprayed at prey. If the soldier generates a *missile weapon* total equal to or greater than the target's *sdodge*, the spittle hits, entangling limbs and wings in a glue-like wrapping. While they will kill prey, they try to keep some alive and wrapped to take back to the queen.

Some ravagons have attempted to enter hives in order to gain the queen's szilvaravok. None have ever been known to return.

Domain

Tzarturgon live in the canyons of Tz'Ravok. None have ever been reported outside of that cosm.



Tzarturgon

DEXTERITY 14

Dodge 16, flight 15, maneuver 15, missile weapon (spittle) 16, stealth 15, unarmed combat 16

STRENGTH 15

Climbing 17, lifting 16

TOUGHNESS 14

PERCEPTION 9

Find 11, first aid 10, tracking 13, trick 10

MIND 7

Survival 9, test 8, willpower 9

CHARISMA 6

Charm (13), persuasion (15), taunt (20)

SPIRIT 9

Intimidation 14

Possibility Potential:

Some (65)

Natural Tools: talons, damage value STR+2/17; spittle, *Toughness* value 15; wings, speed value 11

Tzarturgon Queen

DEXTERITY 15

Dodge 17, flight 18, maneuver 16, missile weapon (spittle) 18, stealth 16, unarmed combat 19

STRENGTH 17

Climbing 18, lifting 18

TOUGHNESS 17

PERCEPTION 11

Find 13, first aid 12, tracking 15, trick 12 (20)

MIND 9

Survival 12, test 10 (20), willpower 14

CHARISMA 9

Charm 13 (16), persuasion 14 (19), taunt 12 (20)

SPIRIT 13

Intimidation 16, reality (Tz'Ravok) 15

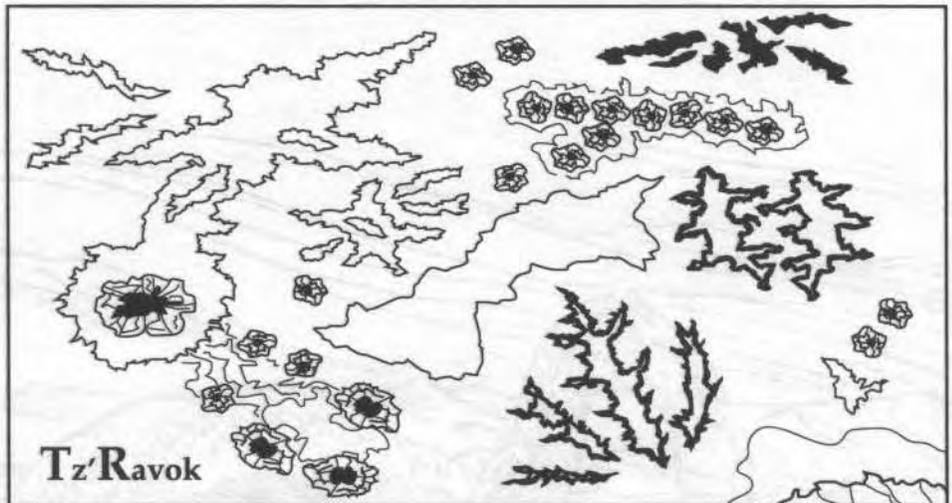
Possibility Potential:

All

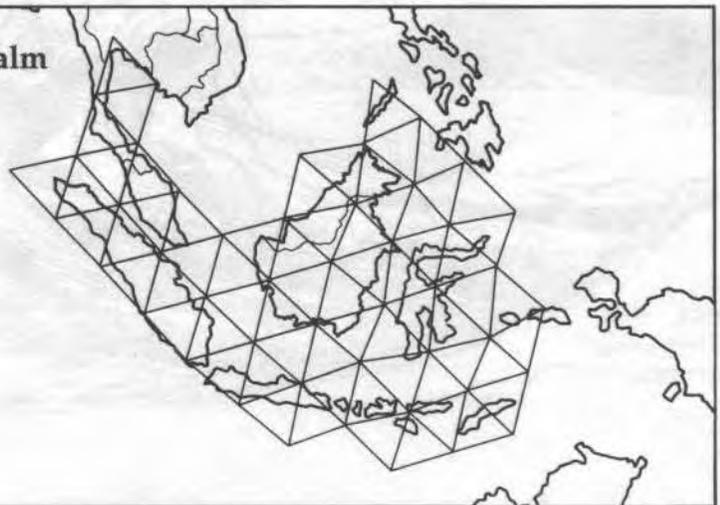
Possibilities: 15

Natural Tools: talons, damage value STR+2/19; spittle, *Toughness* value 17; wings, speed value 12

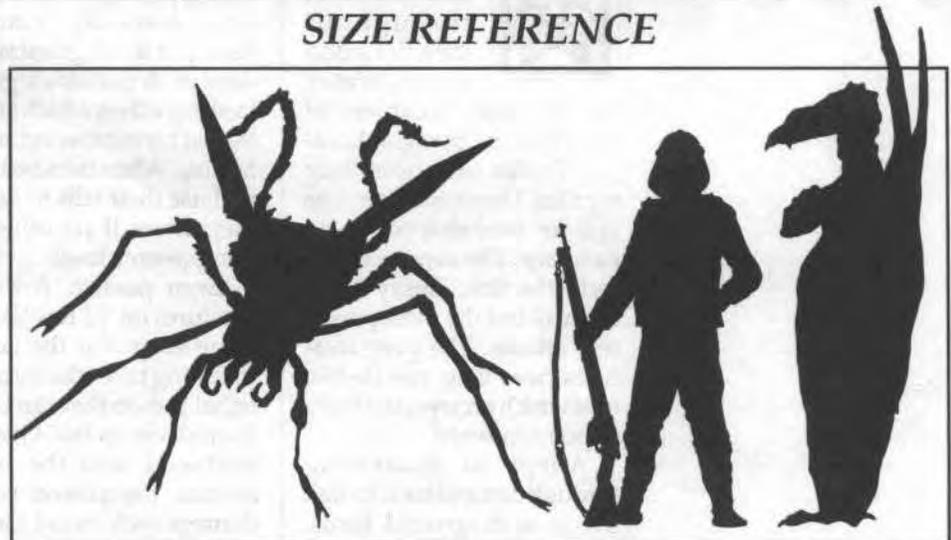
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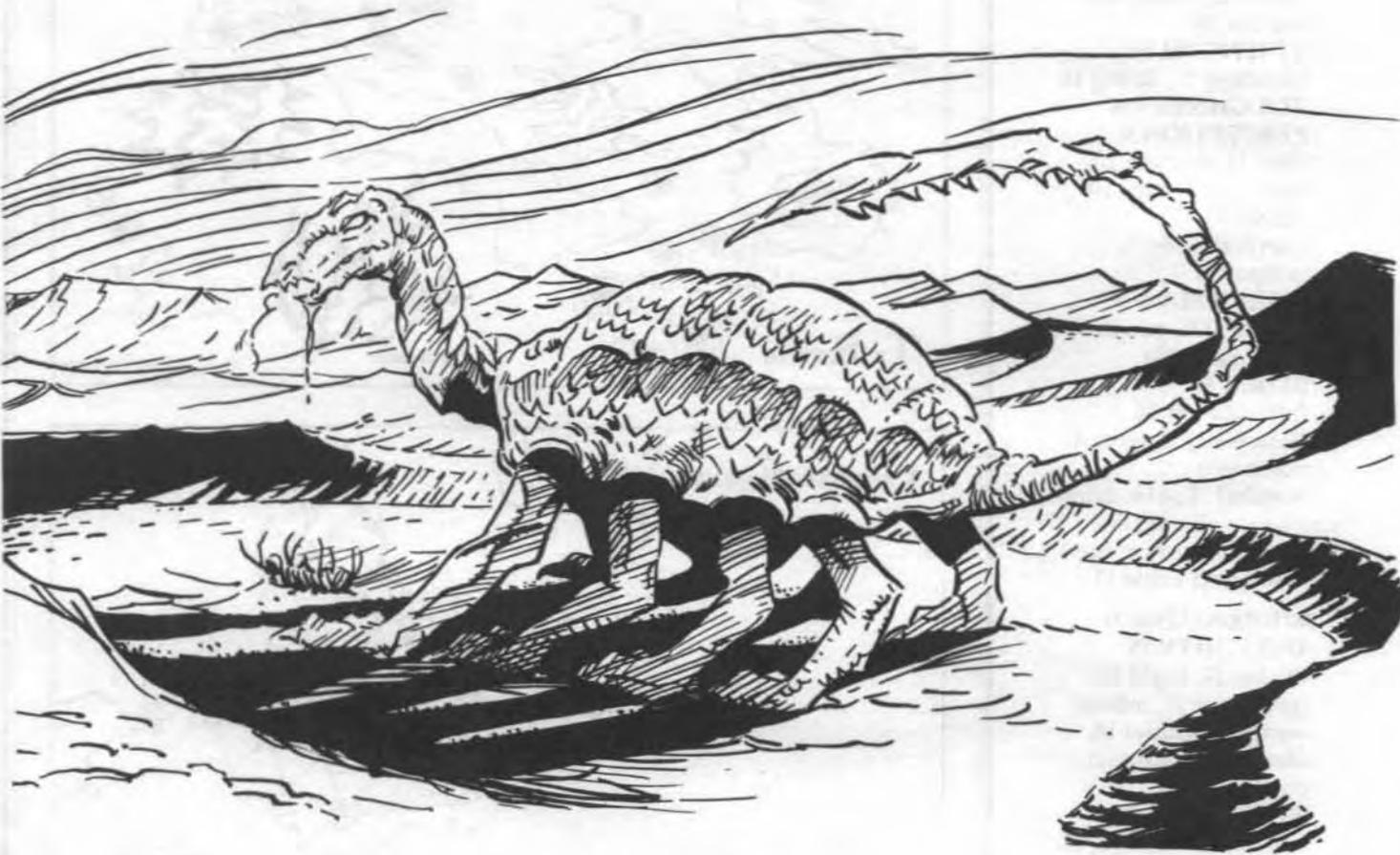
Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



TZUFAK



Passive, quick and abundant throughout the Kth'Geddo region, tzufak are the prey creatures of choice of the ravagon hunters. Tzufak are meter long reptiles. They have eight legs and an oval-shaped scaled carapace. The carapace protects the soft, fleshy body from all but the most persistent attacks. The prey creatures have long, needle-like tails which arc over the body to point forward.

Adept at burrowing through dirt and rock, tzufak live in underground herds. They only leave the safety of their lairs to forage for food,

and then only in groups of 12 to 24 creatures. They are nervous, cowardly creatures, fleeing at the slightest sign of danger. A tzufak's legs end in sharp claws which are designed for burrowing, not attacking. When cornered, they will use their tails to defend themselves if no other option presents itself.

Even passive, cowardly creatures on Tz'Ravok have some sting. For the tzufak, that sting takes the form of a lethal poison that can be delivered via its tail. Once introduced into the blood stream, the poison causes damage each round. Once it causes a wound, the victim has six rounds to neutralize

the poison before it induces death. If the victim generates a *Toughness* total against the poison's damage value and achieves a *Superior* success or better, the poison is neutralized.

Tzufak are captured and eaten live. Clawing pieces of the still-living flesh from the shell is sometimes more satisfying than consuming the sweet, tender meat. Ravagons use the shells to fashion armor.

The worst insult a ravagon can heap upon another is to call him a tzufak. The only creature weaker than a tzufak is a ravagon frail enough to succumb to tzufak poison.



Domain

Tzufak are found throughout the Known Land, and in much of Gaea and the Orrorshan realm.

Tzufak

DEXTERITY 14

Dodge 15, maneuver 16, running 15, unarmed combat 15

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 7 (12)

PERCEPTION 8

Trick (10)

MIND 4

Survival 7

CHARISMA 4

Charm (8), taunt (10)

SPIRIT 5

Possibility Potential:

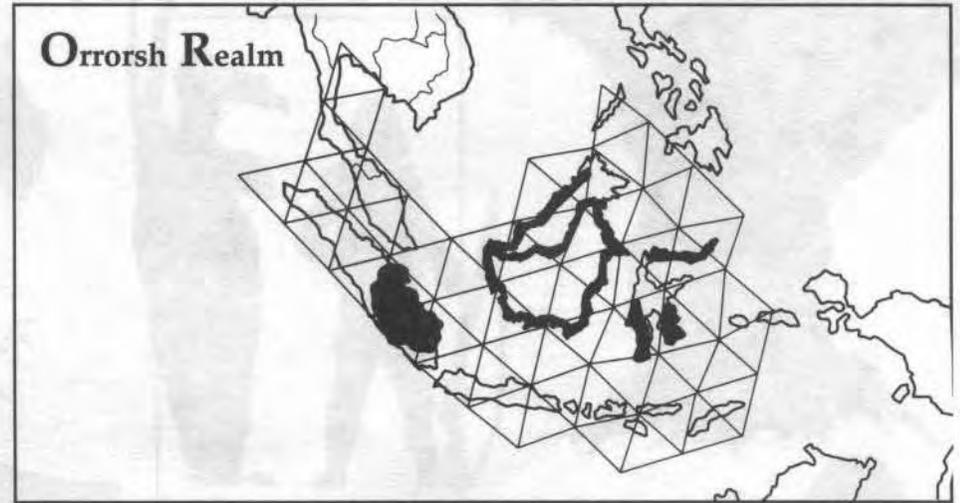
None

Natural Tools: tail, damage value STR+1/10; poison, damage value 11; carapace, armor value TOU+5/12; digging claws, effect value STR+5/14

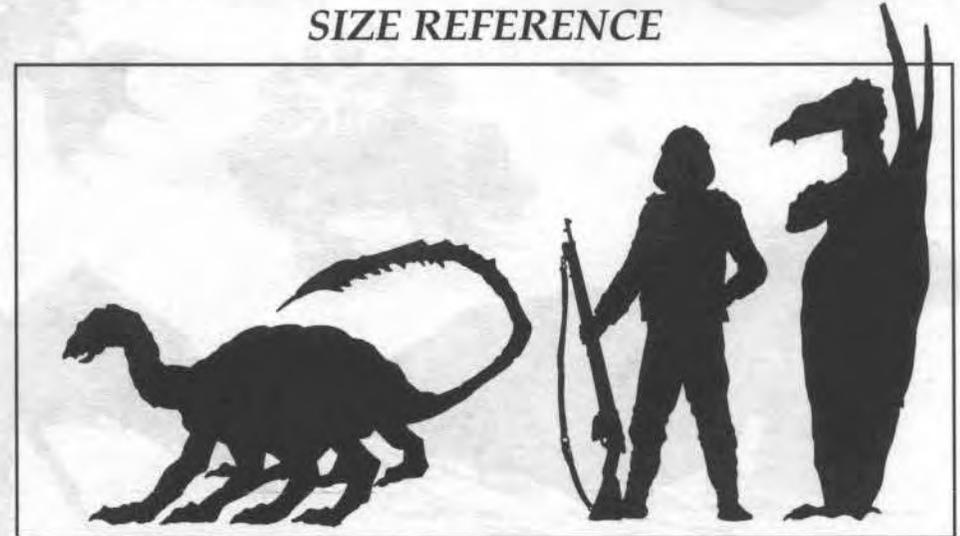
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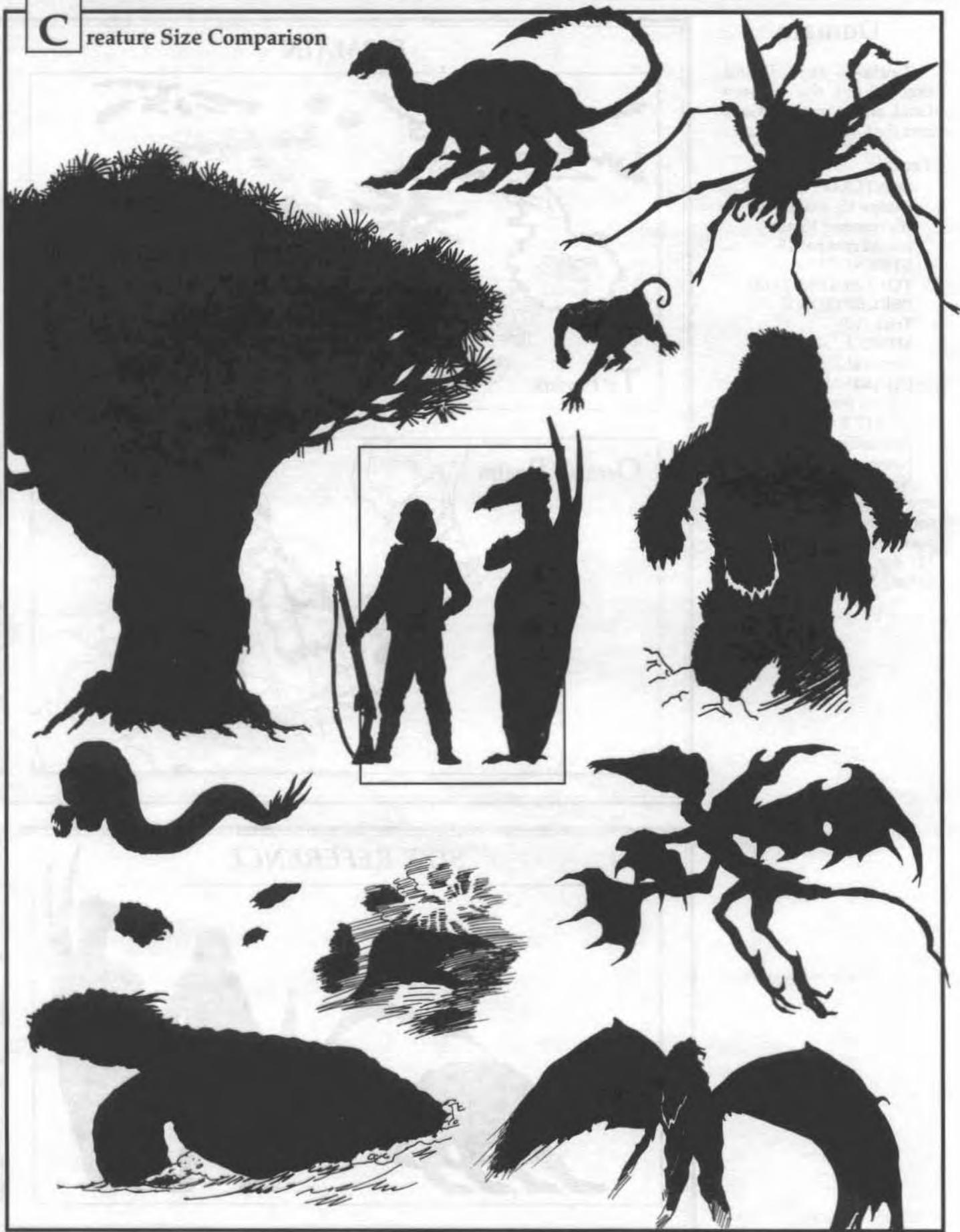
Orrorsh Realm



SIZE REFERENCE



Creature Size Comparison



Chapter Eight

Character Creation



Creating ravagon player characters requires a number of steps. They are not like the other characters operating in the Possibility Wars, for the world they come from is vastly different than the other realities. First, it has no High Lord, though it is connected to Orrorsh in certain ways. Second, its folk are all possibility-rated. There are no ords from Tz'Ravok. Third, though the ravagons are primitive in certain respects, they are also extremely powerful in others. They have a special relationship with their own reality, and they even understand the significance of possibilities.

Following this section are a number of templates you can use to create ravagon characters. We also provide you with rules that allow you to create ravagons from scratch.

Attributes and Skills

Every ravagon character receives 66 attribute points. These must be distributed among the seven attributes which all characters share. No character can start with more than 66 attribute points. In addition, no attribute can exceed the cosm limit.

Tz'Ravok Cosm Limits

DEXTERITY 14
STRENGTH 17
TOUGHNESS 16
PERCEPTION 13
MIND 13
CHARISMA 13
SPIRIT 13

- Every ravagon character receives the normal 16 skill points. Three of these adds must be assigned to the

character's *tag* skill. One add must be assigned to the *reality* skill. No skill may receive more than three adds.

In addition, because of the hazards ravagons are presumed to have survived to reach this point in their lives, they receive a *skill package*. This package is described below.

- Every ravagon character receives six adds which must be assigned to its *flight* skill. This is an exception to the three add limit rule. No other adds can be assigned to this skill at this time. All templates have already received these adds.

- Every ravagon character receives six additional adds which can be assigned to any skills the player wants as long as doing so does not violate any other rule (the three add limit, the *flight* skill limit).

- Because of the limited possibility energy available on Tz'Ravok, ravagon characters start with only five Possibilities instead of the normal 10.

Adventure Costs

The ravagon skill package which all ravagon characters must take has an adventure cost assigned to it. At the end of every adventure, the character must spend six Possibilities to maintain his skill package.

If a character cannot pay the adventure cost, he loses the ability to use any skill adds until the cost is paid. In addition, this cost increases by one for every adventure that passes without the cost being paid.

For example, if Tzaarta cannot or will not pay her adventure cost, she loses the ability to use any of her skill adds. All of her skills can still be used as skilled, they just operate off of her base attribute instead of her skill value. If she refuses to pay after a second adventure, the cost goes up to seven



Possibilities. The moment she pays the cost, she can again use her skill adds.

Ravagon Priests

All ravagon priest characters (characters with a tag skill of either *faith* or *focus* who have adds in both skills) start with one miracle chosen from the miracles listed in "Chapter Five: Miracles of Faith." For every add in *focus* the character takes, he gets to choose one additional miracle. These are the only miracles available to the priest until he learns new ones from other priests or until he receives additional *focus* adds. As with initial creation, a priest receives one new miracle for every new add he places in his *focus* skill.

Background

Once you have determined your ravagon character's attribute and skill levels, you must decide on its background. The templates have sample backgrounds which you can use, or you can create your own from everything you have learned in this book. Remember that no matter what type of background you decide to set up, all ravagon player characters are Denyers — they do not accept that Sallsboratza is the Sixth Irishantza of Ravok.

Things to consider include how the character came to lose faith in Sallsboratza. Has he always been a Denyer, or did something recent happen to change his outlook? What was his job before he left Tz'Ravok and took up the war against the High Lords? You must also come up with a reason for the character to join up with a group of Storm Knights. How does he curb his savage nature to fit in with them? Or does he not even try?

Equip your character with weapons and armor from the partial list in Chapter One. Ravagons can also have



some items from other realms, but anything that comes from realities with higher axioms will negate their immunity to disconnection. Assume the ravagon has enough equipment to have survived this long on his own, and

discuss any special requests with your gamemaster. We encourage the creation of other ravagon-type items. The few we have included in this book are far from the total amount of equipment available in Tz'Ravok.





CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Ex-Crusader

Player Name: _____

Character Name		Home Cosm Tz'Ravok		Possibilities 5	
Age	Wound Level	Shock Damage K O	Magic 7	Social 18	
Height	Hvy Wound		Spiritual 17	Tech 12	
Weight	Mortal Dead				

Skill	Add	Attribute	Value
Dodge		DEX	
Flight	6	DEX	15
Maneuver		DEX	
Melee Weapons	3	DEX	12
Missile Weapons		DEX	
Prestidigitation		DEX	
Stealth		DEX	
Unarmed Combat		DEX	
Find		PER	
Language		PER	
Tracking		PER	
Trick		PER	
Test of Will		MIN	
Willpower		MIN	
Charm		CHA	
Persuasion		CHA	
Taunt		CHA	
Faith (Irishantism)		SPI	
Intimidation		SPI	
Possibility Rip		SPI	
Possibility Sense		SPI	
Reality		SPI	

Attributes	Value	Approved Actions
Dexterity	9	Maneuver
Strength	12	
Toughness	10	
Perception	9	Trick
Mind	9	Test
Charisma	8	Taunt
Spirit	9	Intimidate
		Reality

Weapons & Armor	Value	Axiom Level	S	Range	M	L
Armor						
Chain harness +2	15	12				
Chain mail						
limb armor +2	15	12				
Skull helmet +1	14	8				
Armored skin +3	13					
Weapons						
Hand blades +4	16	9				
Throwing						
claws +2	14	9				
Wing shredder +5	17	10				

Equipment	Axiom Level	Notes	Equipment	Axiom Level	Notes
Harness	3				

Die	3	5	7	9	11	13	21	26	31	36	41	46									
Roll	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	+5	
Bonus #	-12	-10	-8	-5	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	+1

Spells				
Name	D	B	E	Ax*

Arcane Knowledges			
Know.	Add	Know.	Add

Miracles				
Name	C	D	E	Ax

Cyberware		
Name	CR	E

Powers & Gizmos			
Name	Cost	E	Ax

Natural Tools	
Tool	E
Talons +2	14
Wings	13

Martial Arts	
Style:	Style:
Maneuver:	Maneuver:

Psionics			
Name	D	R	E

Other		
Name	E	Ax

*D: Difficulty B: Backlash E: Effect Ax: Axiom Level C: Community Rating CR: Cyber Rating R: Range



CHARACTER RECORD SHEET

Ravagon Hunter

Player Name: _____

Character Name		Home Tz'Ravok Cosm			Possibilities 5	
Age	Wound Level Wound Hvy Wound Mortal Dead	Shock Damage	Magic	Social		
Height			7	18		
Weight		K O	Spiritual	Tech		
			17	12		

Skill	Add	Attribute	Value
Dodge		DEX	
Flight	6	DEX	16
Maneuver		DEX	
Melee Weapons		DEX	
Missile Weapons		DEX	
Stealth		DEX	
Unarmed Combat		DEX	
Lifting		STR	
Find		PER	
Language		PER	
Scholar (crafter)		PER	
Tracking		PER	
Trick		PER	
Test of Will		MIN	
Willpower		MIN	
Persuasion		CHA	
Faith (Irishantism)		SPI	
Intimidation		SPI	
Possibility Rip		SPI	
Possibility Sense	3	SPI	11
Reality		SPI	

Attributes		Approved Actions	
Dexterity	10	Maneuver	
Strength	14		
Toughness	10		
Perception	8	Trick	
Mind	8	Test	
Charisma	8	Taunt	
Spirit	8	Intimidate	
		Reality	

Weapons & Armor		Value	Axiom Level	Range		
Armor				S	M	L
Leath.harness +1		14	5			
Leather limb armor +1		14	5			
Armored skin +3		13				
Weapons						
Metal sword +4		18	9			
Iron claws +3		19	9			
Throwing blades +3		15	10			

Equipment	Axiom Level	Notes	Equipment	Axiom Level	Notes
Crafter tools	7				

Bonus Chart																					
Die	3	5	7	9	11	13	21	26	31	36	41	46									
Roll	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	+5	
Bonus #	-12	-10	-8	-5	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	+1

Spells				
Name	D	B	E	Ax*

Arcane Knowledges			
Know.	Add	Know.	Add

Miracles				
Name	C	D	E	Ax

Cyberware		
Name	CR	E

Powers & Gizmos			
Name	Cost	E	Ax

Natural Tools	
Tool	E
Talons +2	16
Wings	13

Martial Arts	
Style:	Style:
Maneuver:	Maneuver:

Psionics			
Name	D	R	E

Other		
Name	E	Ax

*D: Difficulty B: Backlash E: Effect Ax: Axiom Level C: Community Rating CR: Cyber Rating R: Range

RAVAGONS

By Bill Slavicsek

The Near Now. The Possibility Wars boast many fierce and powerful fighters, but none so feared as the ravagons. Now learn the secrets of the Gaunt Man's most awesome lieutenants.

Tz'Ravok — a dying world battered by volcanic eruptions and constant storms. But from its ashes have sprung the ravagons, winged warriors with the uncanny ability to sense, and steal, precious possibility energy. Duped by the Gaunt Man into aiding him in his quest to become Torg, they can now be found in all the invading realms.

This supplement includes:

- Details on the ravagon cosm, Tz'Ravok, including maps and creatures, society, religion and way of life.
- Rules for playing ravagons, as well as ravagon character templates.
- Descriptions and stats for Warlord Parok and other Named ravagons.
- Miracles, equipment, and inside information on the ravagons' role in the Gaunt Man's master plan.

A Supplement for



Roleplaying the Possibility Wars™

ISBN 0-87431-339-2



Fantasy/Games

Ravagons is a supplement for *Torg: Roleplaying the Possibility Wars*, an epic game of adventure, alternative realities and magic. You will need the boxed set to play. While the material in this supplement is set in *Torg's* Earth of the Near Now, many of the situations and adventure ideas can be incorporated into other game systems.

For Ages 12 and up.



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