

CITY OF THE
TARRASQUE



Carpe Deum: Tales of
Taltasqa

Version 4.0

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Introduction

Once upon a time, a nation decided to end the threat of the Tarrasque once and for all. An army was assembled, led by the greatest heroes of the age. Most importantly, a number of powerful magical weapons were created for the battle. The monster was lured into a tight canyon and the battle began.

At terrible cost, the Tarrasque was defeated. But not slain. It was impaled by fourteen special harpoons, the shaft made of an elongated immovable rod, each attached to a thick adamantine chain sunk deep into the canyon walls by magic. The Tarrasque was restrained.

A fortress, Taltasqa, was built around the Tarrasque, to watch over it. Every day its watchers hack away at the Tarrasque with powerful magic weapons to keep it weakened in case of escape. Even so, there are casualties as they misjudge its reach, or as its angry thrashing causes rock falls.

Thoughtless as a flood, a lightning strike, an earthquake, a brushfire, it doesn't cry out in fear, or pain, or frustration, only mindless rage. This behemoth ceaselessly struggles to free itself from the immovable harpoons. At first Taltasqa was wracked by constant tremors as it clawed away at the rock surrounding it, until all within its reach was ground to dust. Now it hovers unsupported like a grotesque levitating urchin. All that breaks the terrible silence in the canyon is the wet slither of its impaled limbs sliding back and forth along the harpoons that hold it and the occasional slap of its tail against a shaft. Its blood pools in the bowl it ground beneath itself with its own feet. The flensers must be lowered down onto the beast by chains that descend from a gantry just out of reach overhead.

Of course, being a powerful magical creature, the Tarrasque's blood, flesh and other body parts have certain useful properties. A side effect of keeping the Tarrasque imprisoned like this is a never-ending supply of powerful magical components. A city grew up around the fortress to house the various wizards, scholars and alchemists that came to exploit the Tarrasque's bounty. Eventually, it was almost as if the never-ending stream of Tarrasque blood, flesh, and bone was more important than imprisoning the beast itself.

The city is ruled by decadent nobles made nigh-immortal by their continued consumption of Tarrasque flesh. Warrior-butchers wield vorpal greatswords to hack away at the Tarrasque, and channels have been cut into the stone underneath the beast to channel the valuable blood away. The Tarrasque's distant screams and roars are a continuous background noise for the people in the city, with "tarrasque-quakes" common. An industry sprang up of ludicrously expensive magic items crafted from its body parts - tarrasquehide armor, tarrasquebone spears and potions and other alchemical miscellanea.

A delicate balance must be maintained, cut enough to support the populous, the research, and the economy, while leaving enough that the monster can never escape his prison.

The Beginning of the Corruption

The first watchers, when they ran out of food and drink, took to desperately using the Tarrasque for sustenance before discovering that it is surprisingly tasty, even a bit addictive, when prepared properly...

Time went on, and they figured out how to make many sorts of food and drink from the Tarrasque's flesh. Fruit and vegetables were still a commodity, of course, because the tongue eventually desired something else, but there was little need to find any other source of food. The increased desire for flesh, however, had left the beast bleeding far more than previously. Hasty ditches were dug to drain away the red liquid, and a few enterprising guardians decided to see if they could grow grain in this arid place by watering it with Tarrasque blood. The result was... unusual. But tasty, and almost as addictive as the flesh itself.

Later, as the population began to grow vein taps were installed at a great cost of life beneath the beast by hired dwarves who dug in from below. An elaborate pumping and irrigation system was set up, the constant flow of

blood powering waterwheels, conveyer belts, and even a diabolical “Hacking Wheel” which slowly yet constantly scraped hunks of flesh off of the Tarrasque’s back to keep it further weakened, all the while ferrying the blood far and wide to the fields of what was now becoming an empire. Where there was once a desert red grain blew faintly in the breeze, and the red corn was traded far and wide by their farmers.

None needed to go hungry, or thirsty, the blood waters the crops... And there are fountains that all can drink from. The skin and bone of the beast provide powerful magical weapons and armor for their defense... Its organs were found to be even more nutritious than its flesh, though far too useful in magic to be eaten by any but the richest among its people. The crops do well as an export, and no one seems to find it unusual that the people of the Tarrasque empire have eyes just a little more slited, teeth just a little sharper, nails just a little blacker.

The blood, the flesh, affects everyone differently. Most live longer, some heal faster, some become stronger, some even become little more than tiny versions of the Tarrasque; monsters that are quickly put down by the guard. But that is mostly in the city; in the countryside they just eat the crops... And the changes are mostly cosmetic. They are still friendly, helpful, farmers living perfectly ordinary lives. At least to those outsiders who look in on them. They couldn't know about the blood sports in the fields at night. How those who don't change are killed... About the occasional monster born by ripping its way through a farm wives stomach before the rest kill and eat it... and the mother... something that is said to be a good omen for the next harvest. They could not know about the high birth rate, and how it is balanced out by the cannibalism. As far as the outside world knows they are just farmers.

And they want to sell you some fruit... Don't mind the apples; it's perfectly ordinary for them to be red all the way through.

Life in the City

Even with the Tarrasque mostly restrained, getting close isn't a good idea and there are frequent casualties amongst the butchers. Every time a butcher falls, there are ten more waiting for his job. Because of its reflective carapace, magic is not an option so it has to be someone getting in close with a big knife. Every now and then the chains need to be re-planted to make sure they've not been loosened by the tarrasque's thrashing about -an unpleasant duty to be assigned.

Whenever the Tarrasque enters its active phase, the thrashing of a god-beast is enough to stress even the adamantite chains that hold it. The elders incorrectly assumed that the chains would be sufficient. After a few years of struggling, warping was clearly visible.

Fixing the chains conventionally proved nearly impossible due to the thrashing of the beast and it appeared as if it would be free within a few years of capture. Luckily an ancient diabolist provided a solution: the blood of Kytons. They regenerate naturally and have a spiritual resonance with chains. Apply a few spells to their blood and slather it on the massive chains that hold the Tarrasque to regenerate the chains themselves.

The only problem is acquiring the blood of Kytons. Marching off the mutated troops into other planes to capture devils seemed too risky. Making a deal with a Lord of Hell for a few sacrificial Kytons was deemed the better solution. Only the city elders know the terms of the deal they struck.

The Tribunal that governs the city knows that with such a powerful beast nearby, it is only a matter of time until misguided fools deify the creature. And so, Tarrasque Worship is outlawed, the punishment for which is the “honor” of being fed to your new god. Some might argue that the city’s very existence is an example of worship, with the city guards wearing the image of the beast on their uniforms, statues everywhere, and everyone depending on it for their day to day lives.

Criminals in Taltasqa are given a choice - instant death, or working on the Tarrasque harvesting gang; possibly fatal but you get a small chance to live.

And the man power shortage has grown acute enough that there is talk of making this the punishment for *all* criminals.

Criminals who chose death are fed into its open maw. If they cut their way out, they're proclaimed innocent and allowed to go free.

As if the butchery and open-flowing blood wasn't enough, there are all the alchemical experiments going on. Because of this, the city reeks of the unnatural. Since the city wasn't planned, is built across two sides of a canyon with an immovable object in its center, the sewage system is... inefficient. The wind almost always blows from the same direction, causing a clear division of the city into two parts, Breezeside and Stinkside.

Breezeside gets the wind first. It's the high class district where all the well-to-dos live and the most prestigious wizards and alchemists have their private labs.

Stinkside suffers the worst of the smell. Since anyone that can afford it moves to Breezeside, there's little incentive amongst the powers that be to improve the state of the Stinkside sewers. It takes almost as long to get used to the smell as it does the sound of the Tarrasque's rage.

In the city's university are found the sadistic scholar-butchers, their knowledge gained from vivisectioning the tarrasque. Laboratories wallpapered with speculative anatomical diagrams and white-bearded sages in blood-spattered aprons debating over the Tarrasque's physiology. Planning out where to take the next cuts and where the most alchemically useful body parts are. Among their ranks, the ones with the most knowledge are identified by their white robes. The new initiates have red robes, and the mid-level scholars wear brown. The red robes are worn because they spend the most time buried up to their elbows in Tarrasque viscera, and the blood is all but invisible on their robes.

In Taltasqa the price of beef is unreasonably high. There is a clan of Halflings who herd cows across the desert to be slaughtered. Led by a retired adventurer, he used his wealth to invest in Decanters of Endless Water. These are placed inside a customized tanker wagon. During breaks they open the valve to let the water flow into troughs built onto the wagon for the cows to drink. This is no small business and the Halfling clan is serious about protecting themselves.

The immovable harpoons each have a different command word. The command words are considered state secrets, each recorded in different places in different ways. The people originally entrusted with these words are the ones that became the nascent city's rulers, with three being selected as the ruling tribunal. To this day the 14 nobles in charge of the city are called word-bearers, and each seat's command word is a secret handed down from iteration to iteration. Before each butcher is allowed to take up their enormous flensing sword, their mouths are stuffed with cotton and tight bandages wound across their mouths. Only the most trusted people will be allowed near the Tarrasque without similar measures.

The wordbearers are constantly wearing various magical amulets against scrying, mind reading, and the like. If the cultists can kill all the wordbearers, then nobody can reset the Harpoons, and maybe the Blessed Destroyer can break free.

Even if they can't get them all, maybe they can make all their heirs afraid to take up the title.

Those who possess psionic abilities often have disturbing dreams resulting from proximity to the Tarrasque, which is in constant pain. Its suffering is something psionics pick up whether they want to or not. The constant mental screaming puts the entire city under a constant *Catapsi* effect. Psionics may actually sympathize with the creature, perhaps enough, even, to bring its misery to an end. Maybe not to let it go -- they know how dangerous it is -- but to bring the industrial butchery and vivisection of the creature to a standstill.

Tarrasque-flesh smugglers make quite a living when they are able to get out of the city. A black-market trade in bits of bone and fragments of carapace and pieces of glands can make a person quite rich if they are willing to take the risks. City nobles publicly condemn this; some of them are secretly taking part in it.

Just about every Druid in the world hates this city for keeping the beast in captivity, harvesting it like a field of wheat, never letting it die. Perhaps if they joined together, they could restore the natural order.

The Tarrasque also functions as waste disposal for the city. Since the regeneration requires so much energy, the beast breaks down absolutely everything that goes in.

According to legend, if the Tarrasque eats enough of its own flesh, it will lose the power to regenerate. This is the only way it can be killed. Of course, the nobles don't want that to happen, so garbage shipments are regulated.

There's a never-ending stream of Tarrasque blood. It clots too quickly for it to be traded to other nations like the meat can be and supply outstrips demand for magical purposes. Taltasqa's euphemistically-named "soup kitchens" ration out bowls of Tarrasque blood as if it were gruel. It's not for the squeamish, but a bowl is nourishing enough to keep a man alive for a day and liquid enough to slake his thirst. If it weren't for this service, the down-and-outs of the city would starve to death, or worse; riot.

The Nobles eat the beast's flesh and drink its blood for the power they can gain, taking the finest cuts for themselves and carefully measuring the doses to control their addiction. The nobles eat the delicacies, Tarrasque eyes, organs, the finest cuts of meat. This grants extended life and supernatural mutations (and often madness). They cut these meals with imported food from elsewhere (considered high fare). Thus, the rate of mutation is cut down. Only the powers mad reside on a diet of pure Tarrasque flesh.

The Soldiers literally bathe in the beast's blood and undergo a voluntary overdose in order to empower themselves for a battle.

There's the Poor, who have no idea what it's doing to them but eat scraps and drink blood and who tend to undergo the most unsettling mutations. The poor eat the dregs. Blood, muscle meat- the stuff that is plentiful and easily replaced. This has a gradual mutating property but is less severe than what the nobles eat. The poor also eat what meager crops can be grown from fields fertilized with the Tarrasque's blood.

The state demands that peasants that show obvious signs of dangerous mutations be confined for their own safety by order of the city wizards or clerics. Once taken into custody, they are never seen again.

Effects of Consumption

The benefit of eating the meat is enhanced strength and vitality, extended lifespan, and the ability to better endure the harsh desert environment the city is located in.

Eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Tarrasque is a mortally addictive process. Whoever does it can never leave the city permanently, because they would get weaker each day they go without the life-enhancing meat until they die. They are also immune to the fearsome presence of the Tarrasque, and while the tortured screams would be unnerving for anyone entering the town, they are commonplace for residents. Oddly, this is also something that affects those who leave the city, as suddenly not hearing the constant roaring causes them to slowly go mad, just as those who are left stranded and alone are prone to do.

A steady diet of the meat causes some people to be more prone to outbursts of anger, and to sometimes go into prolonged periods of sleep- usually during the peak of the Tarrasque's dormant cycle. Rare extreme cases

require the subject to be locked up during the monster's peak active cycle, as they often succumb to blood-lust and insatiable hunger. One warrior was found choked to death after having crushed a Halfling with a large rock and trying to swallow the poor fellow whole.

Occasionally, there are bizarre changes that take hold of those that eat the beast's meat. Some have skin a little rougher than most, one's eyes might look slitted and reptilian, teeth may be longer, as well as nails. Hair might fall out, voices become more guttural. These changes all seem harmless enough, and people have over the years come to accept it as a part of life.

If the creature's blood can change a man, what effect might it have on wildlife? The Tribunal insists that the blood flow is meticulously regulated, and that the desert acts as a natural barrier for outside animals wandering into the Flesh Pit. What they don't know is that in the bowl of the pit, small cracks are beginning to form.

The Tarrasque's blood seeping through cracks in the rock has unforeseen consequences on the surrounding environment. Lower life forms are being altered more drastically than the humanoid species feasting on the flesh. The very ground beneath the city is slowly being riddled with the tunnels of its spawn, called forth by the presence of their progenitor. Underground warrens are full of foes. Maybe the most corrupted of the nobles are already aware of the danger, but suppress that knowledge because they have fallen under the sway of the Tarrasque themselves.

To prevent a *Wish* spell from being used to silence the beast permanently, the city has a standing order utterly forbidding the entry of high-level mages. The determination is based primarily on their reputations, which is why the city employs one of the widest-ranging and largest bardic colleges, as well as spy networks within various wizard's guilds to keep abreast of who is dabbling in Ninth Circle sorcery.

The Locust Crusade

Every 20 years the Tarrasque enters its highly active state, and the army of Taltasqa begins what is known as "The Locust Crusade". They pick a direction, and begin marching. For the next month, anything that could possibly be fed to the Tarrasque is loaded into wagons. Prisoners are taken for food, or for training into the army for the next Crusade.

Because the city's people are continually eating meat, they're naturally bigger and stronger than their neighbors. Heightened aggression serves them well in combat, and the underground fight clubs in the city give hands-on experience at said combat. They've got good soldier material even before they take up Tarrasque-hewn weapons and armor.

Politics

The Tribunal is the ruling body of the city. There are fourteen noble houses, descended from the heroes who trapped the Tarrasque with the Immovable Harpoons. After each Locust Crusade is over, the fourteen houses come together and elect the three members of the Tribunal from within their ranks. They often consult with the other houses on important matters, but all decisions are ultimately up to them.

Neighboring nations are increasingly uneasy with the idea that the Tarrasque is being kept in captivity next door. Since they're not benefiting from its imprisonment - in fact they're particularly unhappy about the great advantage it gives the Tarrasque's guardians - and there's the chance of it breaking free, they're unanimously in favor of putting the monster down while they have the opportunity

There is an ever-present threat that they're going to decide to send an army to besiege the city and try to kill the beast, or perhaps even capture it for themselves. But if the city fell under siege, would they be able to guard the creature closely enough? Might it finally escape its prison?

Some of these kingdoms realize that the people of Taltasqa could survive indefinitely with a limitless food source, not to mention the great advantage they have in combat from the effects of its consumption. They have decided to be more subtle, bringing the city down from within. Spies are marched into the Tarrasque's maw almost daily, and yet still more remain free to observe and scheme...

People of Note

Cadry Tyrcin, the mage-smith that designed the immovable harpoons had expected the Tarrasque to be killed once it was immobilized. He's appalled at what's been done and now spends most of the day drinking away his memories in cheap bars. People whisper rumors about who he used to be, but mostly they know him as the sad case that always has to be pushed out of the door at closing. His days are nearing an end, and he has yet to pass on the knowledge of how to create more of the special harpoons. Of course, no replacements have been needed before; surely none will ever be needed.

Lucas Gerridos, one of the warriors that planted the harpoons in the Tarrasque, is a celebrity. He serves as a hero to the people, someone all citizens should aspire to be. At the yearly celebration of the monster's capture, he makes a ceremonial cut in its hide - to general applause. Listening to some of the propaganda, you'd think he brought the beast down single-handedly. Master Cadry will tell anyone who will listen that he doesn't remember ever meeting Lucas before the first yearly celebration, but there is much he doesn't remember nowadays.

Others have moved on in their lives, adventuring in far-away parts. Some have risen to positions of power elsewhere. The return of one or more of the original heroes could create quite a stir, especially if they decide that they're not happy with what's being done with their legacy. The city's rulers would have a vested interest in making sure that *their* pet hero is the only one around.

Kefka is another one of the few original warriors from the Day of Chaining. Unlike Lucas Gerridos, though, he shuns the spotlight. In fact, he is only seen around the city when there is trouble, and he is one of the ones taking care of it. A true loner, nobody even knows where his home in the city is.

The current Tribunal is Korus Vangor, Trielae Yassara, and Elnil Larrond.

Korus is a power-driven man who would like nothing better than to see the Locust Crusade become a never-ending campaign. Trielae is a rather reserved woman who tries to stay out of the public eye when possible. She truly wants what is best for the city. Elnil Larrond is a deeply devout man, and he loathes what the city has become, but doesn't say anything out of fear that he will be assassinated for his self-destructive ideals.

Mardil is the leader of the Scholar-Butchers. No one knows more about the Tarrasque than him. He has studied it for the last 80 years, and some say he has learned a way to receive all of the benefits from consuming the beast, without any of the unwanted side-effects.

Roland, the captain of the guard, trusts no one. Everyone he meets is seen as someone that will try to free the monster without a thought. He has friends, and can be quite civilized once he gets to know you, but he'll always insist on sitting with a line of sight to all doors.

Lord Kaelix is the most notable legal scholar in the city. Nobody knows more about the law, or how to get around it, than he does. Korus Vangor and Elnil Larrond don't trust him, because he seems to be friendly with Trielae Yassara, and the two of them seem to share some secret knowledge. Perhaps the two of them are planning to somehow depose Korus and Elnil? He is the one thing that could cause those two men to unite, although it would be against Kaelix. He has a tendency to "slum it" with his bodyguard in Stinkside, and no one knows why, although they never refuse a drink bought by him.

Vincent Michaels is someone that many have heard of, though nobody really knows who he is. The rumors about him are as numerous as the stars in the sky. He is a murderer, he is a priest, he is a spy, he is a king, and he is a man without a past. Vincent awoke in a back alley in Stinkside three months ago, with no memory of who he is. All he knows is that he can do things with his mind that few others can, and he can feel the agony of the Tarrasque as a constant high-pitched hum in the back of his mind.

Gareth and Karai, two of the leaders of the Assassins' Guild, came to their positions of power for their help in saving the guild from near annihilation. One of the Tarrasque worshiping cults killed all but a few of the assassins, and the two of them wiped the cult out in revenge. It is rumored that Kefka was involved in that raid, but no one can confirm it. Few doubt that it is likely. Perhaps the guild owes Kefka a favor.

For those who are willing to deal with her moral ambiguity, and wish to learn about some of the more unsavory aspects of the city's lore, there is no more knowledgeable scholar than Mistress Hiwa. Though not a native of the city, she quickly became an expert in finding obscure and ancient tomes in the city's great library. She is not at all interested in the great killing machine in the center of the metropolis, she lets Mardil and his flunkies swarm over it like a bunch of ants. Now, if you want to know how to graft a dragon's tail onto your bodyguard, or make a faustian pact with a Pit Fiend, she's your lady.

While visiting Mistress Hiwa, you may also enlist the services of her "partner". Lord Cadaver (Pronounced "KAD-uh-ver") is someone you may well be tempted to laugh at when you first meet him, which would of course be the worst and final mistake of your foolish life. Lord Cadaver is master of undeath, commander of legions of ghouls... and a gnome. The supposed history of this mysterious little man is that he used to be a paladin of Pelor, but the death of his wife broke his spirit, and caused him to turn to the dark arts. First becoming a Blackguard, then a Necromancer, he no longer cares about resurrecting his wife, as the dark knowledge has corrupted him and his very soul. So if you require his services for some reason, be sure to show him respect, and take care not to laugh at the sight of a gnome wearing ebon full plate armor, or you will likely become one of his "pets".

The Unknown Truth

Though enraged, in pain, and mad with suffering, the Tarrasque waits, for it remembers the past, and knows that history repeats itself. Long, long, *long* ago, the Tarrasque was captured, just as now, and only escaped (leveling the city in the process) after the nobles became so corrupted by the beast's blood that they got stupid and sloppy.

The former nobles, their home destroyed, became savage nomads. Over generations they've grown even more monstrous. What they called themselves then has been lost to history. Now, all know them as *trolls*

The powers that be are trying to keep this situation on a scientific or academic basis, and know that a cult would lead to trouble. Of course this only keeps the cult underground. This has resulted in the formation of a Tribunal-sanctioned guild of assassins whose mission is to infiltrate these cults and execute all members. They manage to stay busy, as the moment they remove one cult, another cell rises to dominance, with new ideas on how to worship the monster.

About one in ten people that die in the city rise as ghouls. This has resulted in a fairly complex industry of morticians with the purpose of disposing of bodies before they rise and terrorize the populace. Some of the more wealthy (and insane) nobles have elaborate tombs designed for themselves, tombs which keep their risen ghouls locked away far beneath the city, buried with all their wealth and treasure so they can enjoy it forever. The person's slaves are also buried with them, to serve as both servants and food. The process of feeding on the Tarrasque's blood has made the ghouls stronger, and the wealthiest nobles get small fountains of Tarrasque blood diverted into their tomb, leading to some truly powerful things down there.

The catch with these tombs is they are designed to keep the inhabitants *in*. Getting into a tomb is easy. In fact,

every year or two some poor fool band of grave robbers wanders down into the undercity looking for treasure. Authorities make no attempt to stop them, because getting out of the tombs is virtually impossible. Nobody has ever returned.

It is said the morticians know secret routes of escape from the undercity, but that could just be rumor and wishful thinking.

Tarrasque flesh armor is incredibly strong, flexible, light- very, very good armor. But there's a drawback. When Tarrasque armor gets close enough to the still living Godbeast, the Tarrasque flesh... awakens, in preparation for being rejoined with the main body of the beast. Except it can't get to the Godbeast, because it's been hammered and riveted together and wrapped around something else. You, in fact. Tales are told of dead soldiers found fused to their armor after a battle; of old veterans who tore off their armor after a protracted siege, only to be left with hideous scars (or fatal wounds) as the new bond is sundered. The Tribunal has standing orders that forbid any soldier from wearing Tarrasque armor within the city for more than 3 days without at least a 16 hour break. No one is told why. Doing so has terrible consequences.

After one week, the awakened Tarrasque flesh has formed a superficial bond with its wearer's body. Pain tolerance of the host is greatly increased. Removing the armor results in major flesh wounds, more debilitating than fatal.

After two weeks, the awakened flesh has sent tendrils into the host, feeding a small but steady supply of Tarrasque energy directly into the body. Host no longer needs to eat. Hosts strength and vitality is increased along with a high degree of bloodlust, but the armor cannot be removed without risking serious physical injuries. The host has started to become a bit unhinged, more so if they are aware that they have bits of Tarrasque growing into them.

After three weeks, the host no longer feels pain in any noticeable sense. Strength and vitality are further increased, as is bloodlust. Host is a bloodcrazed loony. Removal of armor at this point is fatal - there are bits of Tarrasque flesh in major organs, and the host has become highly dependant on Tarrasque juices in their veins.

The city's prison has a number of people who have - either by accident or by design - worn the armor whilst within range of the Beast. They are kept alive and imprisoned, mostly out of curiosity over how far the human/Tarrasque bonding can go.

The superior blood of the Tarrasque attracts all kinds of bloodsuckers and carrion feeders, including vampires. Noble sophisticates integrating themselves into the human power structure so they can spike their vintage with Tarrasque blood for a particularly high kick. But there are also savage, feral vampires who dwell in the undercity and routinely make raids to drink Tarrasque blood because they have acquired a taste for it. These evil bastards have been competing with humans corrupted and transformed by lifetimes of exposure to Tarrasque blood- the neo-trolls. And somewhere, deep within the undercity, the vampires and trolls have become bitter enemies, killing each other where they stand in an endless cycle of bloodshed from which all the fallen rise again to fight the next day.

This is why the undercity is such a dangerous place to explore, despite the fabulous riches and enticing mysteries said to be stored there. But in recent months, there have been those who have delved deep once more, and now they are coming back with more than the usual horror stories. Now, it seems, the feral vampires and the devolved trolls have made their peace, and allied together.

Trolls crave the meat of the Tarrasque, because they crave unity with their origin - so they'll eat people from the city if they can, and gorge on the meat if they can, but their ultimate aim is to find the Tarrasque and join its body. This means the city is under constant attack by trolls, which are stupid and disorganized but still very

dangerous. Trolls also tend to eat each other if they're far enough from the city that the urge to reach the Tarrasque is sufficiently diminished.

It also means that if a large group of trolls were to reach the Tarrasque, they would rejoin its body and add their mass to its whole. Seeing a troll rejoin the whole is disturbing to say the least.

Some of the outlying villages are trying to replicate the effects of Tarrasque flesh by capturing and harvesting trolls.

Once people learned that consuming the flesh of the Tarrasque had such horrific consequences, the first thing they tried to do was cast *Purify Food and Drink* on it- it didn't work.

Eventually, a small group became desperate to avoid the corruption of the beast, and they cast *Purify* on the only other meat available to them- the bodies of those who died of the corruption. Surprisingly, it worked. Now, the Eaters of the Dead face a terrible choice, become the monsters they fear most, or feast upon their neighbors, friends, and possibly even family? And how can you convince a cleric that what you are asking him to do is a good thing?

The Tarrasque powers its eternal regeneration by tapping into the forces of the Elemental Planes. Not that there are direct portals in its body, but various organs are dedicated to pulling in and channeling elemental power.

An enterprising group of mages researching ways that Tarrasque parts can be used for spell components eventually recognizes how the regeneration operates - and the constant butchering of the creature is flooding the world with excessive amounts of the Elements.

If something isn't done soon, the boundaries between the Planes may be breached completely, and local reality flooded with the raw power of creation, destroying everything and everyone.

Lord Kaelix and the warrior, Kefka, are not only one and the same, but they are both alternate identities of Gul Kaden, a Silver Dragon. Also known as Freezing Cloud, Kaden was involved in a magical mishap that threw him back in time four hundred years. The only person who knows the truth about him is Trielae Yassara.

Vincent Michaels is actually a man on the run, with no idea who he is running from. He and his sister, Cora, were thralls of a powerful Mind-Flayer. They were sent out to find other psionics, and bring their heads to him so he could pursue scholarly endeavours. These twin head-hunters each use two large Kukri (Cora's are not made of steel, but rather ectoplasm, as she is a very talented Soulnife.) to take the heads of their victims back to their master. When Vincent found a way to escape the control of the Illithid, he jumped at the chance, intending to then bring his sister with him. Before he could retrieve her, however, his memory was taken away.

Other Uses

One of the early creations to come out of the studies was a Tarrasque-flesh golem. The older the Tarrasque flesh golems are, the more they morph to look like a miniature tarrasque. No matter what is done to disguise it, no matter how much the mages assure the citizens that the creatures are perfectly safe, they can't shake the feeling that these constructs are intelligent, linked to the great beast itself, and ANGRY. Good thing that golems almost never break their bindings... of course, the old ones seem to always disappear. Are the mages hiding something about their servants?

The airshipwrights guild pays handsomely for Tarrasquehide, as it makes an ideal construction material. Lightweight, the ships can travel faster, damage is greatly reduced, and minor damage can even heal itself for a few months before the panel needs to be replaced.

Although Tarrasque meat is incredibly plentiful, it's also incredibly boring. When everybody can eat it, it has no high value anymore. Besides, if you eat it all day long, it's going to get old, fast, so spices carry a premium. The common folk pay through the nose to have extensive spice collections to make their daily ration of Tarrasque taste differently enough to stave off boredom.

A corps of clerics tried to create a set of magical public fountains, but it seems that there's never *quite* enough. And various *emanations* of the Tarrasque affect the magical fountains, not making it undrinkable, but just enough to give it a slightly reddish color and unmistakable tang.

Cults

The Pierced Ones emulate the Tarrasque. They pierce themselves with tiny silver replicas of the immovable harpoons, and flay themselves before bathing in Tarrasque blood. They often dress in all red clothing; carry few possessions other than a spiked chain worn like a sash under their clothing. The spikes dig into their flesh, making them feel closer to their god. This is why they tend to wear red, like the scholar-butchers. They keep their heads shaved and strange piercings cover their faces.

Servants of the Blessed Destroyer seek to free the monster, believing that it is a force of nature required to keep the world in balance. Rumor has it that they have formed an alliance with a clan of Duergar to tunnel through the rock the chains are anchored in and let loose the Destroyer.

"The lords of the city are blind! They cannot see that the Blessed Destroyer was sent by the gods, not as a scourge, but as a gift! A fire sweeps through the forest, and the tall and proud trees become naught but smoke. But when the smoke clears, new seeds sprout, growing into new trees, taller and prouder trees! So it is with the Destroyer! He is to sweep away the trash of the old world to make room for the new, as he has swept away worlds without number before. But the lords of the city keep the Blessed Destroyer chained like a beast! They break the cycle! Look around you! Can you not see the world is sinking into decadence and stagnation? The world thirsts for the Destroyer, but they deny it! They deny the gift! It falls to us! We must free the Blessed Destroyer from their pit of evil!" -First and only sermon of Brother Athol

The Cult of the Magnificent Beast Everybody in Taltasqa has had a taste of the beast's flesh, but what none but the alchemists, flesh-renders, and flesh-tenders know is that a sufficient quantity of Tarrasque flesh, bathed in its own blood for a long enough time will begin to grow. The Cult of the Magnificent Beast recently learned this and stole a man-sized hunk. They have diverted a minor blood fountain, and have managed to create a sizeable pool for the flesh to sit in. Within a day, all of the rot that had begun to eat at it was gone. By the next day, small limbs had sprouted all over it.

The nobles are, of course, alarmed that such a large mass of meat was stolen. While they don't know what happened to it, they know they have about a week to find out. Where did it go? Who took it? What is it growing into?

The Avengers of the Devourer routinely kidnap some poor unfortunate and, in a series of rituals that may take place over weeks, bleed the victim and carve away their flesh in parody of the Tarrasque's imprisonment. When they are done, they ensure the body is prominently displayed where it will be found at dawn. Usually there is a message written in the victim's blood saying that the killings will continue until the Tarrasque is freed.

Scions of the Beast. Over a hundred children, all 5-6 years old, have been kidnapped over about 3 weeks.... No one knows who's behind it. It turns out; it is the doing of a Tarrasque-worshipping cult. The cult has been stealing, buying and begging vast quantities of Tarrasque blood, and drowning the children in it.

As a weary, screaming child, being submerged into a pool of the beast's blood gasps her last breaths, bubbling to the surface as black-hooded cultists hold her under until the wriggling stops, something new arises.

Something corrupted beyond recognition.

These horrific creatures are mindless enough that they can't be reasoned with, but have enough memory of being human to say words like "mommy" with disturbingly childlike voices while they try to eat your legs off. These once-children have horrible scarring and a permanent red tint to the face and neck from being submerged in boiling blood. Their vocal cords are scarred, making anything they say sound chillingly like their claws scraping on bone. The eyes often burst from the exposure to the boiling heat. *The Dan's Note: My version of this is different- anyone read Wizard's First Rule? Remember how Darken Rahl was able to travel through the Underworld? Replace molten gold with boiling Tarrasque Blood... Visually, this makes them less scary, but I find the process more bone-chilling.*

Rumors

Some of the people react badly to eating Tarrasque meat, and go feral. Some of them are supposedly fleeing into the undercity and expanding it.

The city is taking too much from the Tarrasque. The only way they can step up production is if the city leaders put a ring of sustenance on that monster... and how likely is that?

One of the researchers was found in his laboratory, curled up in a ball, muttering something about the Tarrasque and trolls... Apparently the stress finally caused him to go mad.

Stirges were once mosquitoes that fed on the Tarrasque.

Wearing Tarrasque armor will make you sleepy, violent, and voraciously hungry.

Some of the researchers have trapped a demon and are feeding it Tarrasque flesh.

Black Pudding could just be a pool of the Tarrasque's blood that's begun to regenerate and in doing so became mobile.

One of the guards swears he chased off someone trying to cut into the Tarrasque's brain the other night. The crazy thing is, it looked like the guy had *tentacles* on his face...

A woman named Cora has been visiting each of the taverns and inns in the city, asking about anyone that may exhibit psionic talent. The proprietors are eager enough to trade information for coin, and who cares that these people tend to go missing shortly after their names are given up?

Possible Threats

There once was a dwarven empire whose economy was largely based around their monopoly of the world's largest diamond mine...until the heroic army trapped the Tarrasque on top of it. Now they seek revenge. Will they outfit the other rivals of Taltasqa in the best weapons & armor that dwarvenkind can produce? Will the dwarves, who have for centuries served as a barrier between the surface world and the monsters that lurk beneath, ally with the subterranean horrors in a desperate attempt to destroy the Tarrasque? Will the dwarves tunnel a passage into the sewers of Taltasqa and then hire a party of adventurers to sneak in and slay the great beast?

After years and years, the subsonic distress cries of the imprisoned Tarrasque have finally called its brethren across the planes of existence. Gigantic forms like and yet unlike the tortured beast, emerge from the subtle realms and advance towards the city. Do they intend to free the beast? Or to destroy it utterly, and silence its maddening cries?

And in the city, a young warrior climbs into a monstrous suit of armor, crafted from the flesh, scale and bone of the tarrasque. This is not his fight by choice. He was called to it as surely as the beasts that now stride towards the city, driven by the relentless demands of his father, the King, and his necromancer servants who fashioned this hideous armor. He sees the creatures approaching, and knows his heart is not in this fight. But he also knows, *he mustn't run away*.

Maybe one day as meat is being hacked from the great beast for the market; the Tarrasque gives a great shudder and dies. In the shock of what happens some of the Tarrasque meat gets lost in the shuffle. The Tarrasque has figured out a way to get a different part of his body to regenerate. Instead of the main bulk regenerating, one of the lost pieces of meat begins to regenerate.

How long would it take before it became ambulatory? What would it look like in a much diminished form? What could it do or where would it go? Would it seek revenge or escape?

The ambulatory meat will probably keep to the shadows as much as possible, but otherwise it might stay nearby for hunting. Tarrasque baby could possibly directly absorb fresh Tarrasque steaks when it can get them. It might attempt to forcibly unify with the Tarrasque-tainted and/or trolls.

The Tarrasque is the only way to dispose of certain artifacts. When one is accidentally thrown down its gullet instead of being sent to the city vault, someone must volunteer to be reduced in size and enter the beast's bowels to retrieve it.

Rulesy Bits

Three prestige classes for the Tarrasque:

GUARDIAN OF THE BEAST - modified from the "Waker of the Beast" prestige class in *Dragon #296*.

A guardian of the beast is a humanoid who has been selected to protect the beast both from itself and others. In an excruciatingly painful rite of passage, the specially selected guard spends one night in a cavity carved into the monster's skull. As he sleeps, the beast heals the wound- over the guard. When he awakens, he is empowered with the most direct possible infusion of its power. However, he also becomes part of the Tarrasque, feeling its power, its hunger, and its lust for destruction. When he awakens, the person is ... changed. From that moment on, he is drawn to the Tarrasque, as a moth to flame, doing whatever he can to be near the beast. The first guardian was created as a dark experiment. Scholars suggested that the power that created the Tarrasque in the first place can be tapped by anyone willing to relinquish their sanity and identity. As a guardian grows in power, he also becomes more like the beast that he protects, growing a thick carapace and bulking up with huge muscles. However, the alien mind of the Tarrasque destroys the intellect, and the guardian becomes more a creature of instinct and brutality than reason. Only the truly insane and deluded would want to become a guardian.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the guardian of the beast prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A guardian of the beast gains no new proficiency with any weapons, armor, or shields.

Natural Armor (Ex): At 1st level, a guardian of the beast begins to grow a tough carapace that provides him with natural armor. This increases the guardian's natural armor by +1 and increases it by an additional +1 at 3rd and 5th level.

Locate the Beast (Su): A 1st-level guardian of the beast begins having visions about the Tarrasque. Through these visions, the guardian of the beast learns the current location of the Tarrasque. These visions also indicate when those corrupted by the beast are nearby. By making a DC 15 concentration check, the guardian can sense creatures that have consumed the Tarrasque's meat or blood within 10 ft for each level of guardian of the beast they have taken.

Strength of the Beast (Su): At 2nd and 4th level, a guardian of the beast begins turning into a terrible monster increasing in strength, but losing intellect. The guardian gets a permanent +2 increase to Strength and -2 decrease to Intelligence. This also results in the loss of skill points.

Claws and Bite (Ex): At 3rd level, the guardian of the beast gains claw and bite attacks if he does not already have them. Use the values below or the guardian's base claw and bite attacks, whichever are better.

Size	Bite Damage	Claw Damage
Small	1d4	1d3
Medium	1d6	1d4
Large	1d8	1d6

Tarrasque Apotheosis (Su): At 5th level, the guardian of the beast's type permanently changes to "monstrous humanoid." All special abilities, spells, or effects treat him as a monstrous humanoid. In addition, the guardian of the beast grows larger by one size category, which affects many of its statistics. See "Size Increases" in the introduction of the Monster Manual for more information on the effects of increasing a size category. Note that this will change the guardian's claw and bite damage. However, this final transformation decreases the guardian of the beast's Intelligence by an additional -2.

Ex-Guardians: A guardian of the beast who willingly stays out of close proximity (within the city) to the Tarrasque for a month loses all class features except that the guardian's Intelligence remains decreased and he retains the monstrous humanoid type.

Guardian of the Beast Class Requirements: To qualify to become a guardian of the beast, a character must fulfill all the following criteria:

Been assigned as a guard for the Tarrasque

Race: Any humanoid or monstrous humanoid.

Base Attack Bonus: +6.

Feats: Power Attack, Toughness.

Guardian of the Beast Class Skills: The guardian of the beast's class skills (and the key abilities for each) are: Str: Climb. Dex:- Con: Concentration Int: Craft. Wis: Listen, Spot, Survival. Cha: Intimidate.

Skill Points at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Hit Die: d12

Level	Base Att Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+0	+0	Natural Armor +1, Locate Tarrasque
2nd	+2	+3	+0	+0	+2 Str, -2 Int
3rd	+3	+3	+1	+1	Natural Armor +2, Claw and Bite attacks
4th	+4	+4	+1	+1	+2 Str, -2 Int
5th	+5	+4	+1	+1	Natural Armor +3, Tarrasque Apotheosis

BREAKER OF CHAINS

There are those in the world who truly know the horror of being bound against your will. The helplessness of being chained, the chill of the metal, the links pinching your flesh. Some people even lose their sanity as a result of being captive too long. Those that vow to never again let themselves be restrained feel a special sympathy with the Tarrasque, a being doomed to eternal imprisonment. They make it their mission in life to work toward setting the Tarrasque free.

Rogues are the most likely to become breakers of chains, but some barbarians also follow that path and become unstoppable juggernauts.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the breaker of chains prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A breaker of chains gains proficiency with spiked chains as well as all types of flails.

Burrow (Ex): A breaker of chains gains a burrow speed equal to half of his land speed.

Rush (Ex): Once per minute, the breaker of chains can move up to four times his normal land speed.

Slip Free (Ex): Breakers of Chains get a +4 bonus to Escape Artist checks, and always can choose to take 10 even if rushed or threatened.

Claws and Bite (Ex): At 3rd level, the breaker of chains gains claw and bite attacks if he does not already have them. Use the values below or the guardian's base claw and bite attacks, whichever are better.

Size	Bite Damage	Claw Damage
Small	1d4	1d3
Medium	1d6	1d4
Large	1d8	1d6

Rage (Ex): At fourth and fifth level, a breaker of chains lets go of his inhibitions, and can enter a rage once and twice per day, respectively. This is in addition to the number of rages gained from other classes, such as barbarian.

Augmented Critical (Ex): At fifth level the breaker of chains' bite and claw attacks threaten a critical hit on a natural attack roll of 18-20, dealing triple damage on a successful critical hit.

Breaker of Chains class requirements: To qualify to become a breaker of chains, a character must fulfill all the following criteria:

Base Attack bonus: +6

Skills: Craft (Chainmaking) 8 ranks

Breaker of Chains Class Skills: The breaker of chains' class skills (and the key abilities for each) are: Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disguise (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Open Lock (Dex), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis),

Sleight of Hand (Dex), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex), and Use Rope (Dex).

Skill Points at Each Level: 7 + Int modifier.

Hit Die: d8

Level	Base Att Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+1	+2	+0	Burrow, Rush, Slip Free
2nd	+2	+1	+3	+0	
3rd	+3	+2	+3	+1	Claw and Bite attacks
4th	+3	+3	+4	+1	Rage 1/day
5th	+4	+3	+5	+1	Rage 2/day, Augmented Critical

SPEAKER FOR THE BEAST

Most people don't believe that such a mindless killing machine as the Tarrasque can have anything resembling a "language", but it does. It may be more a communication of feelings and images, but the beast does indeed communicate. For those willing to learn the meaning behind the terrible noises the Tarrasque makes in its captivity, great power, and even magic can be learned. There are many reasons one might try to understand its howls of anguish. Some feel sympathy for the beast, and wish to enlighten others so that the monster will be freed or put out of its misery. Some wish to understand the motivations behind the world's most destructive entity, and hope to convince it to serve mankind. Sometimes the maddening roar just attracts crazies.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the speaker for the beast prestige class.

Roar of the beast (Su): The speaker of the beast can communicate with the Tarrasque through feelings and images, much like a familiar. The roar itself can be used as an attack, and functions the same as a warlock's *Eldritch Blast* ability. The speaker can also use roars that have different meanings as invocations.

Invocations: A speaker does not prepare or cast spells as other wielders of magic do. Instead, through his roar, he uses invocations in a way similar to warlocks. A speaker can use any invocation he knows at will, with the following qualifications:

A speaker's invocations are spell-like abilities; using an invocation is therefore a standard action that provokes attacks of opportunity. An invocation can be disrupted, just as a spell can be ruined during casting. A speaker is entitled to a Concentration check to successfully use an invocation if he is hit by an attack while invoking, just as a spellcaster would be. A speaker can choose to use an invocation defensively, by making a successful Concentration check, to avoid provoking attacks of opportunity. A speaker's invocations are subject to spell resistance unless an invocation's description specifically states otherwise. A speaker's caster level with his invocations is equal to his speaker level. The save DC for an invocation (if it allows a save) is 10 + equivalent spell level + the warlock's Charisma modifier.

Frightful Roar: Target must make Will save or become shaken.

Echoing Roar: Roar jumps from initial target to secondary targets.

Repelling Roar: Target must make Reflex save or be knocked back.

Destructive Roar: Blast ignores spell resistance and deals sonic damage for several rounds.

Roar of Fury: Does no damage, target enters a *Rage*, as the barbarian class feature

Roar of Madness: Target must make will save or take 1d6 points of wisdom damage.

Ageless Wisdom: With understanding of the Tarrasque's language comes the understanding of a creature which has been around since the dawn of time. At second level the speaker gains a +3 bonus on all knowledge checks. This bonus improves to +5 at fourth level and +7 at sixth level.

Sleep of the Beast (Ex): At third level, once per day, a speaker can enter a deep state of dormancy, granting him fast healing 1 for a period of 2 minutes.

Level	Base Att Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Roar of the Beast, Frightful Roar
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	Ageless Wisdom +3
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+3	Sleep of the Beast, Echoing Roar
4th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Ageless Wisdom +5
5th	+3	+1	+1	+4	Repelling Roar
6th	+4	+2	+2	+5	Ageless Wisdom + 7
7th	+5	+2	+2	+5	Destructive Roar
8th	+6/+1	+2	+2	+6	
9th	+6/+1	+3	+3	+6	Roar of Fury
10	+7/+2	+3	+3	+7	Roar of Madness

DISCIPLE OF THE BEAST WITHIN

The Disciple of the Beast Within is a student of the dark potential buried inside the mind of every sentient creature. In addition to standard psychometabolism powers, disciples learn to augment themselves with ectoplasm, effectively embedding themselves inside an astral construct and wearing it as a suit of living armor. The disciple's embodiment of rage becomes so complete that he can even ignore the effects of catapsi fields. External psychic static is as nothing beside the haze of anger inside.

Class Features

All of the following are class features for the Disciple of the Beast Within prestige class.

Call Forth The Beast: At 1st level, a disciple becomes more easily able to don the skin of the construct. Instead of creating an astral construct, he can instead grant himself any Menu A or Menu B abilities that the base construct would have gained. This does not include abilities that are granted by feats or other class features. At 3rd level, the disciple can also grant himself any of the free Menu A or Menu B abilities given to the construct by the Ectopic Adept feat. At 5th level, the disciple gains access to any bonus Menu A or Menu B abilities given by the Boost Construct feat. At 7th level, the disciple can also grant himself any Menu C abilities that would be available to the base construct, or available through Ectopic Adept or Boost Construct.

Powers Known: Beginning at 2nd level, a disciple of the beast within gains additional power points per day and access to new powers as if he had also gained a level in whatever manifesting class he belonged to before

he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit a character of that class would have gained (bonus feats, metapsionic or item creation feats, psicrystal special abilities, and so on). This essentially means that he adds the level of disciple of the beast within to the level of whatever manifesting class the character has, then determines power points per day, powers known, and manifester level accordingly. If a character had more than one manifesting class before he became a disciple of the beast within, he must decide to which class she adds the new level of disciple of the beast within for the purpose of determining power points per day, powers known, and manifester level.

Damage Reduction (Su): At 2nd level, the disciple of the beast within gains the supernatural ability to shrug off physical attacks, granting him damage reduction 1/--. This increases by 1 every other level, up to a maximum of damage reduction 5/-- at 10th level.

Blessing of the Howling Beast: At 9th level, the disciple of the beast within becomes immune to the effects of the catapsi power, and psi-like abilities derived from catapsi.

Disciple of the Beast Within class requirements: To qualify to become a Disciple of the Beast Within, a character must fulfill all the following criteria:

Skills: Craft [any] 9 ranks.

Feats: Mind Over Body, Psionic Body, Skin of the Construct

Psionics: Manifester level 5th; ability to manifest astral construct,

Disciple of the Beast Within Class Skills: The breaker of chains' class skills (and the key abilities for each) are: Autohypnosis (Wis), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (any) (Int), Psicraft (Int), Spot (Wis), and Swim (Str).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Hit Die: d6

Level	Base Att Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Powers Known	Special
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	+1 Lvl	Call Forth the Beast (Menu B)
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	+1 Lvl	Damage reduction 1/--
3rd	+2	+1	+1	+3	+1 Lvl	Call Forth The Beast (Ectopic)
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4	+1 Lvl	Damage reduction 2/--
5th	+3	+1	+1	+4	+1 Lvl	Call Forth The Beast (Boost)
6th	+4	+2	+2	+5	+1 Lvl	Damage reduction 3/--
7th	+5	+2	+2	+5	+1 Lvl	Call Forth The Beast (Menu C)
8th	+6/+1	+2	+2	+6	+1 Lvl	Damage reduction 4/--
9th	+6/+1	+3	+3	+6	+1 Lvl	Blessing of the Howling Beast
10	+7/+2	+3	+3	+7	+1 Lvl	Damage reduction 5/--

Scabrous Weapons: A sufficiently skilled smith can perform the final quenching of a sword in Tarrasque blood. The heat of the metal clots the blood around it almost instantly and comes out with a thick, scabrous coating. The sword slides out with little effort, leaving the bloody sheath intact, which is used to make the scabbard that the swords are named for.

At a distance the scabbard can pass for red leather, but the feel is unmistakable. The sword will always slide easily into its scabbard as if it recognizes home. Something about them also keeps the blade lightly greased.

The real prize though, is the sword itself. Scabrous swords are seldom masterpieces, but they are especially suitable for enchanting. There are even certain magical enhancements that will only take hold on a blood-quenched sword.

Any edged weapon made with this process is automatically masterwork, and also has the *Keen* enhancement, in addition to any other enhancements.

The cost of a scabrous item is its base cost x2, plus 8,000gp. For example, a masterwork adamantite longsword normally costs 3,315gp; a masterwork scabrous adamantite longsword costs 14,630gp.

Tarrasque Bone Weapons and Armor:

Tarrasque bone can be used to make extremely effective weapons or armor. Treat weapons and armor crafted from Tarrasque bone as adamantine, except for hardness (30), hit points (60 per inch of thickness, or twice as many hit points as a typical item), and price (twice the listed price for adamantine).

HP: 60 per inch of thickness; Break DC: 48 + 4 per inch of thickness.

Armor made of Tarrasque bone gives If sundered, the item can regenerate by being held together. The item fully reforms with a full-round action, but its hardness is set equal to 0. It regains 1 point of hardness per hour until it reaches the hardness it had before it was broken. The cost of a Tarrasque Flesh item is its base cost x2, plus 8,000gp.

Elixir of Regeneration:

This elixir heals the living creature who consumed it of 4d8+13 damage, as well as restoring lost body parts within 2d10 rounds. If the lost part is placed where it was removed from, this takes one round instead. This elixir also removes exhaustion/ fatigue, and all non-lethal damage. If created with Tarrasque blood as an additional ingredient, the elixir is treated as though it were Maximized, and the lost part(s) regrows in 2 rounds. Strong Conjunction. CL 13; Craft Wondrous Item, regenerate; Price 4,550 Gp. Cost 182xp, 2275 Gp, four days. Second version requires a gallon of Tarrasque blood, and an additional day to create.

Grafts:

Tarrasque's Legs:

This graft replaces a creature's legs, providing a five foot bonus to the creature's base land speed. In addition, the creature can double its land speed once per minute.

Graft Flesh, haste; Market Price: 8,000 Gp.

Tarrasque's Skin:

This graft replaces (or augments) a creature's skin. It adds 4 points of natural armor, as well as having a 10% chance of reflecting ray, line, cone spells, powers, and other assorted abilities, as well as magic missile spells specifically. It also makes the creature with the graft immune to poisons.

Graft Flesh; Market Price: 12,000 Gp.

Tarrasque's Arm:

This graft replaces a creature's arm. It grants a claw attack that deals 1d8+2 damage (Str mod not included), with a critical range of 19-20, and overcomes DR related to metals. In addition, the creature gets +4 Str.

Graft Flesh; Market Price: 15,000 Gp.

Tarrasque's Eye:

This graft replaces a creature's eye. It grants the Frightful Presence ability, with a save DC equal to 17 plus Cha modifier, to the creature, along with a perpetual arcane sight spell.

Graft Flesh, arcane sight; Market Price: 5,000 Gp.

Tarrasque-Corrupted

These humans have been severely mutated from a steady diet of Tarrasque Flesh. They stand taller than a human, 7 to 8 feet tall. Oddly, some people think they resemble trolls more than humans...

Their skin is often pebbly and rough. Their faces are humanoid, but their heads are differently shaped. Their

jaws are over-sized and their noses are little more than slits above their mouths. They have holes on the sides of their heads where their ears should be, but they can hear even better than a human. No hair grows on their bodies.

Their bodies are humanoid, but more widely and thickly built than a human. Their shoulders often, but not always, have bony protrusions sticking up and outwards, as do their elbows. Their hands are three-fingered and have opposable thumbs. Each finger and thumb ends in razor-sharp claw.

Racial Traits:

Strength +3, Constitution +4, Intelligence -3, Charisma -4: The tarrasque-corrupted are inhumanly strong and tough, but they are not as bright as humans, and are often considered ugly and monstrous.

Large: As Large creatures, tarrasque-corrupted gain all the advantages and disadvantages of that type.

Tarrasque-corrupted's base land speed is 30ft.

Fast Healing 10: Tarrasque-corrupted recover 10 points of damage each round so long as they have at least 1 hit point.

Immunity: The tarrasque-corrupted has immunity to fire, poison, and disease.

Damage Resistance: A tarrasque-corrupted has DR 4/scabrous weapons.

Flesh of the Beast (Ex): A Tarrasque-corrupted creature is diet dependent on flesh from the Tarrasque, or from other Tarrasque-corrupted. If a Tarrasque-corrupted goes more than three days without flesh, it must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or take 1d4 point of Constitution damage, and make a DC 15 Will save or take 1d4 points of Wisdom damage. It must continue making this save every day until it feeds; the DCs increase to 16 on the sixth day, and to 17 on the ninth, and so on until the Tarrasque-corrupted feeds or is reduced to 0 Wisdom. A Tarrasque-corrupted reduced to 0 Wis becomes a ravening, mindless wretch, going to any lengths (including blatantly suicidal ones) to obtain Beast-flesh. A Tarrasque-corrupted who's Fortitude save modifier is lower than the save DC by 10 points instead falls victim to the ability below.

Unify (Ex): A Tarrasque-corrupted creature who's Fortitude save modifier is sufficiently lowered by starvation begins to feel an undeniable compulsion to rejoin its flesh with the Tarrasque. It attempts to move closer to the Tarrasque by any means necessary. If an affected creature remains adjacent to the Tarrasque for one full round, it dissolves into a gelatinous flood of viscera and merges with the Tarrasque. There is a 50% chance that a *wish* or *miracle* can reclaim the creature's soul; otherwise, the Tarrasque must be slain before a *wish* or *miracle* will restore the subject's soul and allow resurrection by standard means.

Automatic Languages: Common

Favored Class: Barbarians.

Level adjustment: +6

Skills: A tarrasque-corrupted has a +4 bonus to Spot and Listen checks.



A Tarrasque-blooded is created when someone (almost solely members of Tarrasque-worshipping cults) undergoes a ceremony called "Caging the Beast". The victim's heart is cut from their chest and replaced with a piece of the Tarrasque's heart, which then grows and binds with their own body. If the victim survives (and very few do) they transform over the course of a month into an unnatural hybrid.

Tarrasque-blooded

These creatures stand taller than a human, 7 to 8 feet tall, and they are massively built with a flexible, half-plated tail.

Their skin is various shades of brown, and often pebbly and rough. Their faces are humanoid, but their heads are differently

shaped. Their jaws are over-sized and lipless, lined with sharp, pointy teeth. Their noses are little more than slits above their mouths, and their eyes are spaced far apart, almost on the sides of their heads. They have no identifiable ears, but they are not deaf and can hear better than a human. Their crowns are bald, and two horns protrude from their foreheads.

Their bodies are humanoid, but more widely and thickly built than a human. Their shoulders often, but not always, have bony protrusions sticking up and outwards, as do their elbows. Their hands are three-fingered and have opposable thumbs. Each finger and thumb ends in razor-sharp claw, and the hands are proportionately stronger than a human's.

Picture by [Antonio Cardenas Lopez](#)

Their backs are covered in a shell-like layering of bony plates, and these plates are often adorned by inch long spikes. This plating extends down and covers the top of their tail, a several foot long appendage that is surprisingly flexible and aids in balance.

Racial Traits:

Strength +10, Constitution +8, Intelligence -4, Charisma -6: The tarrasque-blooded are inhumanly strong and tough, but they are not as bright as humans, and are often considered ugly and monstrous.

Large: As Large creatures, tarrasque-blooded gain all the advantages and disadvantages of that type.

Tarrasque-blooded's base land speed is 40ft.

Scent: A tarrasque-blooded can detect hidden and invisible foes within 30ft by scent. They also get a +2 circumstance bonus on tracking if the trail is no more than a day old.

Spell resistance: 16. The spell resistance check cannot be intentionally failed.

Regeneration: A tarrasque-blooded has regeneration 10 and can regenerate lost limbs in 1d6 minutes, or instantly if the limb is held against the stump.

Carapace: The tarrasque-blooded's skin and carapace is reflective to magic. All lines, rays, cones, and even magic missile spells have a 50% chance of being negated. If the spell is negated, there is a 15% chance that the spell will be reflected upon the caster. Check for negation before spell resistance.

Immunity: The tarrasque-blooded has immunity to fire, poison, and disease.

Damage Resistance: A tarrasque-blooded has DR 7/scabrous weapons.

Tarrasque-blooded: For all effects regarding type, tarrasque-blooded are considered magical beasts and humanoids.

Automatic Languages: Common

Favored Class: Barbarians.

Level adjustment: --

EDIT: Skills: A tarrasque-blooded has a +4 bonus to Spot and Listen checks.

Children of the Beast

When the Tarrasque worshippers capture children and drown them in boiling Tarrasque blood, it creates the horrible creature known as a Child of the Beast.

Children of the Beast possess the following racial traits.

+2 Str, -4 Int (Min 2), +2 Wis.

Small size. +1 bonus to Armor Class, +1 bonus on attack rolls, +4 bonus on Hide checks, -4 penalty on grapple checks, lifting and carrying limits $\frac{3}{4}$ those of Medium characters.

A Child of the Beast's base land speed is 30 feet.

+2 racial bonus on Climb, Jump, and Move Silently checks.

+1 racial bonus on all saving throws.

+1 racial bonus on attack rolls with thrown weapons and slings.

+2 racial bonus on Listen checks.

Automatic Languages: Common.

Favored Class: Rogue.

Children of the Beast,

Size/Type: Small Undead Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 1d12 (7 hp)

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares)

Armor Class: 13 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +1 natural), touch 13, flat-footed 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/-3

Attack: 2 Claws (1d6+2) melee, or Slam (1d4+3) melee

Full Attack: 2 Claws (1d6+2) and Slam (1d4+3) melee

Space/Reach: 5 ft. /5 ft.

Special Attacks: Pounce

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60ft, Fast Healing 2, undead traits

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 11, Con -, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8

Skills: Climb +2, Hide +4, Jump -4, Listen +3, Move Silently +1

Feats: None

Environment: Taltasqa

Organization: Solitary, pair, gang (3–5), or tribe (61+).

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: +1

Pounce (Ex): If a Child of the Beast leaps upon a foe during the first round of combat, it can make a full attack even though it has already moved.

Fast Healing (Ex): A Child of the Beast regains lost hit points at the rate of 2 per round. Fast healing does not allow the Child of the Beast to regrow or reattach lost body parts.

Undead Traits (Ex): A Child of the Beast is immune to mind-affecting effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, necromantic effects, and any effect that requires a Fortitude save unless it also works on objects. It is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, ability drain, energy drain, or death from massive damage. A Child of the Beast cannot be raised, and resurrection works only if it is willing.

If you want to go the extra mile, apply the Spellwarped template if you really want, plus whatever Terrasque-esque properties you can think of to these little buggers. The idea is to have a huge undead army of WHAT ONCE WERE CHILDREN, born out of boiling blood. And they're ALWAYS HUNGRY, just like the Tarrasque. And they will only eat live flesh.... and, in desperate times, each other.

Thanks for reading this. Most of the ideas weren't mine, especially the original concept.

All I did was copy, paste, edit, add my two cents, and send to Acrobat. Too many people contributed to list them all, so I'll just direct you to the link at the bottom of the page here.

-The Dan,

A.K.A. Waelfwulf,

A.K.A. Dan Akers.

"I'd choose to be pretty monstrous if it meant being able to toast the death of the sun."

-Vrugor Talok, Scholar who originally discovered the corruption of the Tarasque food.

Source:

For the original concept, who contributed what ideas, and all of the bits that were left out, go to:

<http://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?t=261519>.