

# DIASPORA OF THE DEATH ORMS

*The Worms are in ascension. The Age of the Kith has passed.*

*— Self-reading from the intestines of Sorloth the Haruspex*

**S**ages have shown us how the Purple Planet is awash in warring factions, each vying for supremacy. But what may appear an eternal struggle is merely a function of the limited lens of the viewer. In the broader scope of time – one that encompasses eons rather than centuries – there is an end, indeed to all life inhabiting the multiverse, and that end will begin on the Purple Planet.

We only know of this thanks to the sacrifice of Sorloth of Archbridge, who divined our collective doom through the inspection of his own entrails. Fearing his prophecy would inspire doomsday cults exalting the Worm, it was declared that Sorloth's dying prophecy would be carried by a single emissary. And so it came to be that the remainder of Sorloth's apostles bricked themselves inside the Tomb of the Haruspex, while their chosen agent was dispatched to Pungar to be ensconced in the City of the Gods.

In this way, his prophecy has passed down through the ages, from sole emissary to emissary, until it found its way to you.

The content of Sorloth's work has not been shared with any others, not even the sage-savants dictating their divinations to the scribes of the Purple Planet. The question before you now is the same question that has been put to a thousand emissaries before you. What you do with the knowledge contained herein is left to your best judgment.

Perhaps this scroll is best destroyed, so that we might live in the peace of false security until our doom is nigh. Or perhaps criers should share it far and wide, so that mighty armies of every race might be raised to combat the worms. Or perhaps it should be simply passed to another, as has been done so many times before. The choice is yours.

**A**n enduring mystery of the Purple Planet is the death orm's all-consuming lust for the greenstone. Sorloth's divination revealed that the orms' titanic, worm-like form is not their adult form, but merely their larval stage. The orms seek the greenstone to fuel their metamorphosis.

Transformation from an orm's larval form to the imago stage is sudden and a thing of terror. Its chitinous shell hardens over the span of 1d5 rounds, rendering the orm immobile and easily mistaken for dead. A heat, not unlike the birth of several suns, erupts from within the belly of the orm, charring the outer shell. Nearby flammable objects catch fire, and characters take 1d5 points of heat damage every round they remain within 100' of the larval orm. On the 10th round, the heat intensifies, reducing the charred shell to ash, and the orm's imago form emerges: a colossal winged serpent, wreathed in flames, shrieking with deafening wails, and reeking of melted fat.

Driven by a blind need for destruction, the orm sweeps over the world, charring all in its wake.

The imago orm triggers the same transformation of other orms it encounters, which then awaken other orms, igniting a worldwide conflagration. Oceans evaporate, deserts melt into glass, and all else is reduced to cinders and soot.

Once nothing remains, the imago orms take to the space between the planets, spreading like an interplanetary plague, awakening and igniting orms in their conquest of the multiverse.

It is believed that the Vaty-Ib did is drawing near her apotheosis. A mere handful of greenstone shards will trigger her transformation.

The imago form of the Vaty-Ib did defies comprehension. Over a mile in length, her sheer mass is so great the PCs' armor is rendered worthless.

Simply coming within 100' of the imago subjects the PCs to her terrible heat: each round the PCs must make a DC 20 Fort save or suffer 1d16 damage from the intensity of the flames. On a failed check, mundane items catch fire or begin to melt, rendering weapons and armor useless. Spells granting resistance to heat are rapidly exhausted (reduce durations in turns to rounds; if already measured in rounds, reduce the duration by half).

The Vaty-Ib did does not attack the PCs so much as threaten them blindly. Each round, have the PC with the worst Luck make a DC 25 Luck check. If the check is successful, the PCs suffer no attacks that round. However, if the PC fails, roll 1d12 on the following table. Roll again for every 5 points difference in the failed check.





*Example: Sandor rolls a 24 on his Luck check, a difference of 1, granting the Vatya-Ibdiid one attack. On the next round he only rolls a 13, for a difference of 12, granting the orm two attacks. If he had rolled a 10, the orm would have made three attacks.*

#### **1d12    Attack**

- 1        The gods protect the PCs. No attack.
- 2-4     The flap of the great wings drives a maelstrom of heat and flames at the PCs. All must make DC 20 Fort saves or suffer 1d16 damage. Flammable items are incinerated, non-magical metal is reduced to slag.
- 5        The Vatya-Ibdiid shrieks its undying hatred of all living things; DC 15 Fort save or deafness and blindness for 1d5 rounds as blood erupts from PCs' eyes and ears.
- 6        The orm's tail lashes the ground. PCs in contact with the earth within 100' of the impact must attempt DC 10 Fort saves to maintain their balance, and a billowing dust cloud obscures all sight until the end of the next round. Those failing the save on a natural 1, 2 or 3, slip into a crevasse unearthed by the attack, tumbling some 30' into the earth and crashing amid the rocky rubble for 3d6 damage.
- 7-9     The orm swats at a single PC. DC 20 Ref save to avoid, or 10d6+20 damage as the PC is hurled 100' through the air before crashing back to earth.
- 10      The Vatya-Ibdiid exhales a cone of flame towards the PCs. The cone starts as 20' wide, extends 500' feet and is 100' wide at it terminus. Those caught within the cone take 2d24 damage (DC 15 Fort save for half).
- 11-12   The orm bites at a group of PCs, targeting all within a 20' radius (DC 15 Ref save to avoid). Those that fail are swallowed and begin taking damage each round: 1d20 points of heat damage plus 1d16 points of constriction damage. The PCs can cut themselves free by inflicting 50 or more points of damage.

**Treasure:** The death orms bear no treasure, but if the PCs somehow succeed in arresting the spread of the imago orms, all the gods in the heavens owe them their thanks. Each PC receives +3 to his Luck, an additional 5 points to be spread over no less than 2 stats, and 1 wish.

**Death Orm, Imago:** Init +10; Atk see text; AC 25; HD 40d24; hp 750; MV 1,500'; Act 2d12 (see above); SP Immune to normal-sized critical hits and all fire-based damage, flame aura; SV Fort +30, Ref -20, Will +25; AL C.