

Июль



5E

Three Apparitions

Chris Kitching and Lou DiDomenico had a simple vision: a land with a secret so powerful that it could unite the fantasy genre's most venal and hilarious creatures in bouts of excessive drinking and gambling. When artist James Boyle caught wind of these dark whispers, he was drawn in, and thus, **THREE APPARITIONS** was born.



Hag Flag

SPECIAL PREVIEW EDITION

HAG MAG is the first project from Three Apparitions. **Now on Kickstarter.** It is a zine-style publication full of 5E compatible monsters, NPCs, and magic items, but with a robust adventure setting and story hooks that can be applied to any fantasy genre tabletop roleplaying game. All with a focus on one of fantasy's most underrated creature archetypes - Hags!



THE Eldermop



For centuries, the Coven of the Blackened Rose sought the trickster-demigod known as Shredulactal, rumored to have been exiled from the Realm of the Fae in time immemorial. Though the coven's power had grown to great heights, they still lacked the knowledge of conjuration that would allow them to traverse the planes with impunity, and so they endeavored to enchant a mop with enough power to allow them to do just that.

However, such a task was a monumental undertaking. First, the handle of the mop was carved from the trunk of a petrified Alla-Alla tree, a rare species found only in the Luminal Gorge of Kanront St. Harmonion. Three of the most accomplished human artisans in the land were commissioned for its carving and to craft a likeness of Shredulactal, who, according to

legend, appeared as an enormous bat with a ram's skull, to affix atop the mop head. The hags of the Blackened Rose paid the artisans handsomely and then subsequently killed them, ensuring that no duplicates could ever be made.

Next, the coven collected thousands of phase spider webs to craft into the head of the mop. This endeavor took seven years, spanned several continents, and left scores of dead spider carcasses in its wake, but when the work was complete, the head of the mop glowed with the emanation of ethereal magic. The head was affixed to the handle, and the vessel was complete.

Finally, the sisters called together the largest convocation of hags that had been seen on their world in millenia. Hundreds from across the land gathered in the Unending Ravine to hear the words of the Blackened Rose. The coven lied through their teeth and convinced their sisters that each coven would receive their own Eldermop, and thereby, unlimited

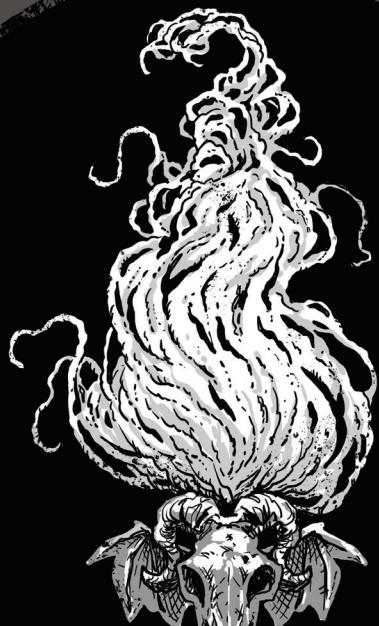
access to the multiverse. But in order to receive this gift, they said, each coven in attendance would have to meet back in the Unending Ravine on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month exactly one hundred and eleven years from that day. During this time, they were told, they would be required to fatten themselves up with the blood of the innocent, eating no less than 111 infants each. Only then, the coven assured them, would the Blackened Rose be able to draw upon enough of their evil power to create the mops that they desired.

And so it was, 111 years later, that the great hag convocation met once again. All present had done as they had been instructed, for so great was their greed. Yet, the Coven of the Blackened Rose had not spent the previous century in idle passing. They had all but supplicated themselves to a dracolich known as Presbaxtaralorg, currying her favor and furthering her schemes in return for one great boon.

And so, as the hags assembled once more in the Unending Ravine, eagerly awaiting the implements that would spread their evil to the infinite beyond, the Blackened Rose called forth Presbaxtaralorg and her undead minions. A bloody battle ensued, but though the hags' spells were limited, the wraith-army of the dracolich seemed to be unending. The ravine echoed with the screams of the hags as they died horribly, and when all was said and done, it ran with rivers of their blood.

The Coven of the Blackened Rose spent 11 days mopping the ravine floor, saturating the Eldermop with the corrupt, powerful blood of the slain hags. When they had soaked up every last drop, the eyes on the idol of Shredulactal opened, and they knew that their enchantment was finally complete.

The sisters used the Eldermop to create a gateway and stepped through into the beyond. Their deeds and whereabouts since that day have remained a mystery.



THE
Eldermop

WONDROUS ITEM, LEGENDARY (REQUIRES ATTUNEMENT)

MAGIC WEAPON

This two-handed greatmop bestows a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with it.

SLOP CHARGES

The Eldermop contains infinite slop charges. When a charge is automatically expended on a successful hit, the wielder may choose whether the extra 1d6 damage dealt is poison or acid.

FLIGHT

The Eldermop bestows a fly speed of 30 ft. to a creature that is attuned to it for as long as it is on their person. For example, a creature may hold it, sit upon it, or attach it to themselves some other way and gain this benefit.

MOP THE MULTIVERSE

While attuned to the Eldermop, a creature may swing it in a complete circle to create a **GATE**, as per the spell, for a duration of 1 minute. The diameter of the gate is equal to the diameter of the circle in which the head was swung. Once this power has been used, it may not be activated again until the attuned creature finishes a long rest.

CRYES OF THE MURDERED

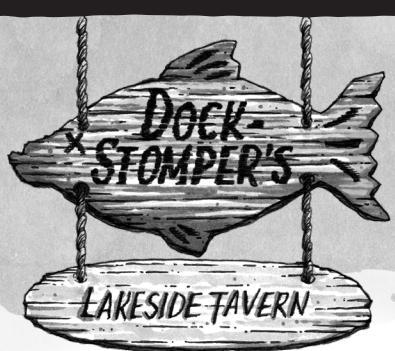
While attuned to the Eldermop, a creature experiences auditory hallucinations, hearing the screams of infants and dying hags at random times. This makes resting difficult, and adds two hours to the time required for the creature to gain the benefit of a short or long rest. (If alternate rules for resting are being used in your game, adjust the length of time accordingly).

THE Bog Taverns

The bog taverns used to be places
that the folks from the towns could go
to get a little rest and relaxation,
or to get blackout drunk, punch it out
in the pines, and buy each other
a breakfast special soon's the sun
come up. Of course, these days they're
all overrun with hags trading hag
cocktails and carousing on what ought
to be other folks' property.



THE
CHURN
HOLE



THE Bog Taverns

Dockstomper's was the biggest and most popular spot by far. It was right on the lakeside with a nice big deck you could walk out and sip your mead on. Nowadays you can hear them hags out there cackling on it clear across the bog every single night. It was owned by a dwarven fella named Doc Stomper. He lives in Truggman's Crossing now, and believe you me, he's got a chip on his shoulder about it. He's always looking for an opportunity to stick it to the hags and maybe, one day, to get his bar back.

Gulligan's was a small tavern on the north side of the bog. It's got no deck or nothing so fancy as Dockstomper's, but it was the place to go if you had a few extra silver in your coin purse and were keen to lose it in a game of chance. Gamblin's for fools, that what I say, but those that did sure loved it there. It was owned by a human named Reggie, also known as Sir Ferdinand Reginald Gulligan. There's a bit of mystery surrounding that fella. They say he's a former knight who disgraced his kingdom somehow and



Now **The Churn Hole** was a mid-sized tavern on the west side of the lake, and - how do I put this delicately - was friendly to those who were drinking on a more modest budget. "The Poors", if you will. But be that as it may, they made a hells of a specialty cocktail called "The Slough Gin Fizz" that kept 'em coming through the doors every night.

The former owner is "Pirate" Millie Von Vanderhampton. Folks say she got that nickname either on account of an eye patch she wore for a week to cover an infection when she was a wee lass, or because she captained a crew of 75 bloodthirsty orcish buccaneers through the eye of a hurricane to sack three of her majesty's largest warships during the Battle of Drakesbane Gulf. She and I were good friends for many years, and in all that time she never set the story straight. Once the hags took the place over, she skipped town and hasn't so much as sent a letter since.

moved here to live out his days as a tavernmeister. Of course, that didn't work out for him either, and last I heard he was in Truggman's Crossing selling bathtub gin rick-ey's out of the basement window of a disreputable flophouse. Sad story.

Anyway, the hags pulled out all the dice and card tables to make room for their snail racing tracks, and now every night they gamble away their magical cocktails and components betting on the creatures. What a slap in the face to poor old Sir Reggie.



Cinderolga

DEMON-WITCH
OF HATTSOME FLATTS

Olga Fenestrere was a school-marm in the small town of Hattsome Flatts. With a penchant for tanning hides and being quick with a switch, she was universally hated by children and parents alike. She ruled over her school-house with an iron fist, and the

only lasting lesson that stayed with the students of Hattsome Flatts was to never earn the ire of Ms. Fenestrere lest they receive a beating for the ages.

When her former students reached the age when their own children would begin school,

Olga was still there, just waiting to strike terror into the hearts of the next generation. Rather than stand by and let this happen, the townsfolk, with memories of their all-too-recent trauma still haunting them, gathered together to hatch a plot.

The Arch-Viscounty in which Hattsome Flatts was located had forbidden magic to all but the most powerful clergy members, and its study among the common people was swiftly and severely punished. The penalty for its practice was death.

Fully aware of this fact, several of the parents broke into the schoolhouse under the cover of night and placed the carcasses of dead frogs and rodents upon the rafters. With lines of thread, they rigged up a system that would cause the carcasses to fall as soon as Olga or any of her students sat in their chairs. The system worked perfectly, and the next morning, villagers were greeted with the shrieks of children pouring out of the schoolhouse, screaming through their tears that their teacher was a witch.

The scheme had the desired effect, and it was not long before rumors of a witch in the guise of a schoolmarm who had ceremonially rained animal carcasses down upon children reached the clergy inquisitors. They rode out from the Voluminous Temple in the Arch-Viscounty seat with an

escort of Blessed Incinerevereds alongside them. When the inquisitors arrived, they found no dearth of firsthand testimonials condemning the “Witch of Hattsome Flatts”, as the children, urged on by their parents, gave account after account of Ms. Fenestrere’s apparent necromancy. The parents responsible for the chicanery had made sure to remove any evidence of their meddling from the schoolhouse, so when the inquisitors searched the premises, they found nothing out of the ordinary.

And so, by the mouths of babes and with nothing to show in her defense, Olga Fenestrere was condemned to be burned at the stake until dead. It was a grand spectacle, with nearly the entire population of Hattsome Flatts convening to watch their hated school teacher be immortalized in unimaginable agony. As the Incinerevereds performed their sacred and fulfilling obligation, Olga shrieked out and cursed every man, woman, and child in the town with such pure and authentic hatred that the sentiment psychically rippled out across the planes and caught the attention of the powerful demon lord Arbekumonicklak. His interest piqued, he immediately descended into his amputorium to peer into The Toothen Orb, a great artifact that allowed him to see and eat across the great distances that separate the multiverse.

Through the orb, Arbekumonicklak witnessed Olga slowly burning, and sensed in her a potentially unrivaled opportunity to expand his reach of death and chaos. Seldom had he seen such black and unmitigated contempt in a mortal, and its profound beauty nearly brought a tear to his eye. Calling on the world-sundering magical might available to him, Arbekumonicklak infused Olga with staggering demonic power just before what would have been the moment of her death.

As the pyre to which Olga was strapped began to burn out, the townsfolk, with their thirst for bloody revenge quenched, began to amble and disperse. However, before they had gotten clear of the town square, Olga, quite alive, astonished them by walking down off of the pyre. Her body was intact save for her hair, but her skin had the texture of a burnt log that continues to smolder - black cinder and white ash with the occasional flare of an orange burning glow from within. The townfolk stood in shock as the now demonic Olga surveyed her surroundings with her glowing red eyes.

With a wave of her hand, the inquisitors burst into columns of flame, their bodies exploding into fireballs of gore. Suddenly, the collective shock of the townspeople was broken and they began to run screaming. Olga turned to the Incinereverends who had pre-

sided over her supposed demise and lifted them magically into the air where they spun helplessly around. They watched as she raised her arms and called a storm of flaming meteors down from the sky, reducing the entire town of Hattsome Flatts and all of its inhabitants to a smoking crater.

As Cinderolga proudly surveyed her handiwork, a portal opened and an avatar of Arbekumonicklak stepped through. He explained that it was to him that she owed her now near-immortal life, and that as long as she spent her days spreading fiery death and carnage throughout the planes, she would be given freedom to go where she pleased. Cinderolga's response was to attempt to incinerate the demon lord with gouts of flame, but soon his proud, triumphant laughter made her realize that she would be, to some extent, forever in his thrall. She followed Arbekumonicklak back through the portal with the Incinereverends in tow.

Cinderolga now fulfills her duty, shifting from plane to plane from her lair in Arbekumonicklak's abyssal palace. Though her fiery rage knows no limits, she has a particular hatred of clergy and schoolchildren. On many worlds, parents caution their children to respect their teachers, lest Cinderolga and her Incinereverends learn of their bad behavior and detonate their schoolhouse.



Cinderolga

DEMON-WITCH
OF HATTSOME FLATTS

MEDIUM FIEND, CHAOTIC EVIL



ARMOR CLASS
20 (natural armor)



SPEED
60ft.



HIT POINTS
268 (25d12 + 105)

22
(+6)

15
(+2)

20
(+5)

16
(+3)

22
(+6)

26
(+8)

STR

DEX

CON

INT

WIS

CHA

SAVING THROWS Con +11, Wis +12, Cha +14

SKILLS Intimidation +14

DAMAGE RESISTANCES cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

DAMAGE IMMUNITIES fire, poison

CONDITION IMMUNITIES poisoned

SENSES darkvision 120ft., passive perception +16

LANGUAGES Common, Abyssal

CHALLENGE 20 (25,000 XP)



MAGIC RESISTANCE

Cinderolga has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

FIRE AURA

At the start of each of Cinderolga's turns, each creature within 10 feet of her takes 10 (3d6) fire damage, and flammable objects in the aura that aren't being worn or carried ignite. A creature that touches Cinderolga or hits her with a melee attack while within 10 feet of her takes 10 (3d6) fire damage.

INNATE SPELLCASTING

Cinderolga's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 22, +14 to hit with spell attacks). She can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material component:

AT WILL: burning hands, flaming sphere, fireball, scorching ray, fire shield, wall of fire, hellish rebuke

3/DAY EACH:

delayed blast fireball, incendiary cloud

1/DAY: meteor swarm

MULTIATTACK

Cinderolga makes two Smoulderclaw attacks.

SMOULDERCLAW

Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 19 (3d8 + 6) slashing damage plus 13 (3d8) fire damage.

SUMMON INCINEREVEREND (1/DAY)

Cinderolga has a 50% chance to summon 1d6 Incinereverends. Incinereverends use the stats of a **MAGE** with the following spells prepared:

CANTRIPS (AT WILL) Fire Bolt, Light, Mage Hand

1ST LEVEL (4 SLOTS) Burning Hands, Mage Armor, Magic Missile, Hellish Rebuke*

2ND LEVEL (3 SLOTS) Flaming Sphere, Scorching Ray

3RD LEVEL (3 SLOTS) Fireball

4TH LEVEL (3 SLOTS) FIRE SHIELD, WALL OF FIRE

5TH LEVEL (1 SLOT) Conjure Elemental (Fire only)

*Incinereverends may use this Warlock spell as though it were on the wizard spell list.

Incinereverends make liberal use of casting fire spells with higher level slots to maximize damage.

Cinderolga can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Cinderolga regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

SMOULDERCLAW ATTACK

Cinderolga makes a smoulderclaw attack.

CAST SPELL (COSTS 2 ACTIONS)

Cinderolga casts a spell.

	Title	First Name	Last Name
1	Drippy	Mary	Bogsocks
2	Twice-rotten	Shmurnah	Yestermung
3	Everdripping	Gertie-May	Bucket
4	Gutter	Sue	Grumpslosh
5	Spindly	Golga	Dimplecrust
6	Cankerous	Hattie	Guttergoop
7	Pustulent	Brownhilda	Krinklecut
8	Creepin'	Griswalda	Skeeterpuke
9	Wretched	Slursula	Wormcolon
10	Grizzled	Gretchendra	Puspuker
11	Cock-eyed	Nyrtle	Yakgrinder
12	Murky	Grunda	Slugslap
13	Lurky	Crudgelinda	Puddlecrust
14	Grim	Drebbie	Beetletooth
15	Vomitous	Mulga	Slugtongue
16	Neverdry	Girtha	Mopslop
17	Bow-legged	Bertrid	Gutcruncher
18	Grimy	Dirtrude	Cudgelslump
19	Slurpy	Cranbbitha	Underdirt
20	Slimey	Smellsa	Bundlebottom



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