

Klatou

The Goblin Death God

Other Names Known By:

Death God

Oleg

Ulgur

The followers of Klatou believe in the supreme power of the Death God. His main shrine is built about the Death Rock. It is a huge stone that the Death God touched and used as a means to communicate with his first priest, a Goblin named Wiff.

When he spoke with Wiff, he gave to him the First Wolf. This wolf completely obeyed Wiff's commands and later breed with normal wolves. Whenever it bred with a normal wolf a Goblin wolf was born. The population of these wolves is now sufficient that it is self-sustaining.

Only a small percentage of goblins follow the god Klatou. Generally, the Death God is worshiped by the goblins that breed the great wolves. This is despite the evidence of his actual existence. Goblin worshippers have made a shrine around the Death Rock where the Death God first manifested itself. The rock is checked frequently by forcing captives to touch its surface. When the captives die, the goblins know that the Death God's power is still there.

The other item enshrined by the Goblin worshippers is the remains of the First Wolf.

The First Wolf

The First Wolf refers to the wolf the Death God gave to Wiff (his first follower). From it, all goblin wolves are descended. The wolf's remains lie in the back of a deep cave that is guarded by the most devoted followers of the Death God. It is said that the head of the first wolf is missing from the body. Legend has it that if the head is found and reunited with the body of the beast, then it will live again. On the day it rises it will find its master and he will rise from the dead as well. Once risen he will be more powerful than he ever was in life and will unit the

goblin nations into a single force that will swarm out from their places within the mountains to conquer all the lands to the very edge of the world. Blood will flow for the Death God then!

The Legend

Wiff is very worried. Since his parents death the clan was being more and more hostile towards him. He tried. He really tried hard to fit in, but it was no good. They had even taken his home away, his home where he and his parents had lived.

He let out a big sign. That had happened yesterday. He had spent the night beneath the shelter of a large rock. He did not know what to do. He was hungry but at least he was not cold now. The sun beat down upon his face and warmed him and his little friend.

His friend, a small wolf pup he had found the day before. A hunting party had killed its mother. He was there when they had found the lair and brought the beast down. Others in the party had entered the lair and pulled the pups out. Most had been cut up and eaten on the spot. It was a bonus to those who had found the food. They were about to leave when Wiff had heard a strange noise, a little squeak that came from the burrow. He walked back and went inside to discover the pup. It was so young, so little. He took it with him and ran to catch up with the others.

"Look," he told the others. "Look what I have found."

Gorlan looked him up and down. "Give it me!" he demanded. "You did not help with the kill!"

"No," Wiff Said, "I keep"

The others laughed, "The weird one is brave today," snickered one. "Perhaps not so weird after all" laughed another, "he wants the morsel for himself."

Grob was the leader of the hunting party. He looked at Wiff and then at Gorlan. "You missed it," he told Gorlan. "It is yours to eat Wiff."

The others hooted and hollered at this. All thought he was very lucky. Not often did you get such a tasty morsel. They waited for him to eat it.

Wiff looked at the pup he was holding. He told them that he wanted to keep it, not eat it.

No one made a sound for a very long time. Finally Gorlan said what they were all beginning to realize “he mean it.”

Grob turned three shades of deeper green before he spoke again. Lines popped out on his forehead and on the sides of his face “you wasteful stupid creature” he screamed. “For a long time we tolerate you. Your father always said he should have killed when you born. I should kill now for him. Get out of my sight! Next time I see I kill you!”

Wiff ran off, not daring to be seen by the group. He followed from a distance to see them enter the village. Even as he watched he saw Grob assemble the villagers. Screaming the whole time, he pronounced banishment on Wiff. Wiff’s home was handed over to new owners and Wiff knew he could never go back.

The pup was still in his lap, dozing. He did not want to kill it, but he was terrible at the hunt. He did not even have a weapon. He had dropped it as he ran with the pup. What type of life was he to have? He signed deeply. He was hungry and stiff and knew the pup was hungry and needed food as well. How could he feed it if he couldn’t even feed himself.

“Wiff,” the wind whispered.

Wiff continued to pet the small helpless animal.

“Wiff,” the wind repeated his name.

Wiff’s head jerked up, fear in his eyes. If someone from the village saw him! He looked around to see who had called his name. He could see no one.

“Wiff,” the whisper filled the air around him “would you like my help?”

Wiff turned and realized it was the rock that had whispered his name... the rock that he had slept beneath. He reached his hand out to touch it.

“Do not do that,” it whispered in warning. “This stone before you is now my voice. I have touched it with my power and any that touch me die. If you wish to die... touch me.” The voice soft and sweet trailed off.

Wiff pulled his hand back and asked, “Who are you?”

I am Klatou and I have lived in these mountains for untold eons. I was here before your tribe was here. I watched as the first goblins came to this area and I have watched as your tribe has grown big and strong. I watched yesterday and saw you take the pup and read your heart and the hearts of the other goblins on the hunt. You know how different you are from the others of your kind do you not? You do know that you will die without my help?”

Wiff’s face tightened as he pinched his eyes shut. “Yes,” he thought to himself, he knew.

Klatou spoke again, his voice soft and sweet “then I give you a gift...”

For a moment the air was very still. Wiff could hear nothing, no sound around him. Then he saw it. An apparition came forth from the rock. It looked like an animal of some type but none that Wiff had ever seen. Half of its head was skull while the other half was beak. Two of its four legs ended in paws, one in a stump and one in a hoof. It seemed to have parts of many animals mixed into one.

It came over to Wiff and stopped. Looking down, the apparition bent to touch its nose against the sleeping pup. Over the next few moments it seemed to drain into the little animal. The pup stiffened and began to twitch. Wiff felt it go limp in his hands and was sure the little animal had died. He was struck dumb. Wiff wanted to shout at the death rock. Gift? You call this a gift? But no words would come out. Then the pup moved and he realized that the little animal was

growing. As Wiff watched it grew to the size of a full wolf and took the form of the apparition that had come from the rock. It rolled around on the ground, grinding the dirt into the teeth you could see on the skull side. Its eyes burned like fire and it staggered a bit as it got up. Shaking itself seemed to steady it. It looked to the left and then the right and then at Wiff as if expecting something.

Wiff looked towards the death rock. "Why?" he asked.

"I want you to know me Wiff. If you know me and worship me I will grant you power..." the rock whispered.

"But how will I know you?"

"Sleep by me," it whispered. "Worship meeee," it hissed. "I shall come to you in your dreams and you will know me. When you are strong I will touch you and you will love me... and will teach others of me and they will love me as well." The rock continued to whisper and hiss. Its voice was so seductive and so pleasing that Wiff could do nothing but sway in the breeze waiting for the next word. It continued, "The wolf is yours. It will insure your place in the village and will breed with others so that all who follow can gain benefit from me. It will follow your command and do as you will. It will hunt for you and provide food..."

Klatou paused for a few seconds before continuing, "Send it now into the village... tell it to bring Grob to me." Klatou's voice became softer, slower "yesssssss, tell it to bring Grob toooooo meeeeeeee".

The rock fell into silence.

Wiff felt as if he were coming out of a sleep. He felt good. With a wicked little smile he looked down at the wolf and told it to get Grob and bring him to the rock. The wolf seemed to instantly understand and with a howl the animal disappeared into the woods. For a while Wiff just sat and stared at the Rock. He had never worshipped a god before and did not know what to do. He was brought out of his thinking when he heard the screams. The wolf was dragging the

helpless Grob as the whole village followed. Many of the village hunters were trying to fight the beast, but it seemed to completely ignore the dozen arrows and the spear that were sticking out of it. Grob himself was bleeding from a dozen wounds and Wiff could tell that he did not have much life left in him. The wolf dragged him to the rock and stood back for a moment as Grob staggered to gain his feet. Half way up the wolf lunged and Grob instinctively jumped back to fall against the rock.

Most of the village had reached the edge of the clearing and saw what happened. Even those that had not come heard despite the great distance back to the village. Grob died in an agony that none of the goblins had ever seen or felt was possible. When his screaming ended, a hush descended upon the area that had never been there before.

The wolf broke the silence with a howl that nearly shattered their eardrums. For Wiff, it was the sound of sweet music. With a smile he walked over the animal thinking to himself ... it's going to be a fine life after all...

Worship

Each deity in the world of Panjere is treated as a separate independent entity. As such, each deity has its own special background and worship requirements. Some deities require vast amounts of affinity if you want to worship them; others require vast sums of money. It all depends on the deity.

Like all skills, worship is a skill. You have a base value in it, plus a bonus. When a goblin starts his worship of Klatou he must pay 100 affinity points. Once the goblin has started to worship Klatou he must put 75% of all earned affinity into the worship of Klatou. The goblin must also buy the Animal Husbandry adventure skill but this skill may never be more than four points higher than the Goblin's worship skill.

In addition to the affinity penalty, a Goblin that worships Klatou must make or partake in a sacrifice to him once each month. A

being with a soul is considered the best sacrifice possible but it is really possible to sacrifice anything so long as it is not a wolf (of any type). In a pinch, the goblins will sacrifice their own kind.

When these worship requirements are met, the goblin will get to roll once on the favors table each time he / she gains one level in bonus synergy in his / her worship skill to the Death God.

Getting a roll on the favors table

Each time the character's synergy bonus in worship (to Klatou) goes up by one point, roll 1d5 on Klatou's Favor Table (see below).

Klatou Favors Table

- 1 The normal range to which a goblin can control his pack is 100 feet. This extends that range by 10 feet each time the goblin worshiper rolls this favor.
- 2 The Goblin controller may take direct control of one wolf during the battle. Normally, the entire pack does one action as determined by the goblin. This allows the goblin to take control of one animal and actual have it do a separate task. The control lasts until the goblin decides to end the control or the goblin dies. While in control of an animal, the goblin is allowed to have the controlled animal re-roll one of its to-hit rolls each 1d4 combat rounds. The Goblin can switch his control to a new wolf at any time. The to-hit benefit of being controlled switches to the new animal controlled by the goblin (i.e., if he rolled a four and switched on round two, then two rounds later the new animal would get to re-roll its attack).
- 3 The goblin may bless one animal during the battle. Every 1d4 combat rounds the animal gets to re-roll its to-hit roll (if it missed on its first check). In addition, if the animal does hit then it can roll damage twice and apply the greater of the two rolls to the damage it does. Each additional time this is rolled, the Goblin can "bless" one more of his wolves during a battle. A given wolf may only benefit once from this favor. If the goblin takes control of a blessed wolf, he still only ever gets to re-take a single failed to-hit dice roll once, regardless of the number of sources that allow for such a thing.
- 4 The Goblin can heal 2d10 wounds on one of his wolves that are within 10 feet of him. Each additional time this is rolled, add 10 feet to the range and one additional healing (if you roll it five times the goblin can cast the spell up to five times on wolves that are up to 50 feet away). The spell has a cast speed of 24/2d12.
- 5 The goblin may summon a forest animal. Make a roll on the area's random encounter table to see what comes. Re-roll if until you get an animal (if it is not possible for an animal to come, then nothing shows up). Goblins normally do this as a way to feed their wolves, but actually have total control over the animal and can use it to aid in their attack, if they feel it is needed. The animals will show up after 2d6 combat rounds. Each time you roll this, the goblin can summon another randomly determined animal.