

Gorgonmilk Community Project: Stuff You Might Find at the Goblin Market

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Goblins are not known for being especially intelligent in the musty, wizardy-sense of the term. However, they are crafty and can be quite shrewd. Every once in a while, when the conditions are just right, they get together to hawk their wares. While there is a certain degree of goblin-to-goblin trade occurring at such markets, these events are in the main intended for outsiders. A goblin market will spring up in a location that is far from the eyes of the Man, as goblins tend to deal in items that are generally considered unsavory, dangerous, or too cryptic to be entirely trusted. The typical customer is one who is not averse to the magical, one who is seeking something outside the scope of what is offered in the stalls of the town's commons.

Goblin markets have a strict no-returns policy. It's a serious case of **buyer beware**, as these creatures have a way of making things seem much more desirable than they actually may be. Minor, illusory enhancements are not at all uncommon.

Table 1

d30 Table of Goblin Market Sale Items

1. Goblin Pellets

Smelly little black balls, taste bitter-sweet but will feed an empty stomach, if you can hold them down. Come in lots of ten, a copper piece for all, and if eaten requires a Save vs. Poison to avoid bringing it back up.

2. Assorted Bone Relics of dubious and heretical saints.

3. A Worn Codex full of startlingly realistic color images of smiling people posing in odd clothing. It's emblazoned with the legend: "SEARS CATALOG" which may or may not have meaning.

4. Pouch O'Glass

It's glass, it's broken glass, you know? It sells very well, as a matter of fact. It's just broken glass, you know? If you hold this up, you know, you see colors, every color of the rainbow—prisms, and that stuff! There's a label on the pouch that says "Be careful—broken glass!" (Coincidentally, the goblins sell a lot of products in the "Pouch O'" line.. like Pouch O' Nails, Pouch O' Bugs, Pouch O' Vipers, Pouch O' Stinking Cloud—all of which are conveniently out of stock at this moment, thank you very much.)

One Pouch O'Glass costs 1d8 cp on overcast days; 1d8 sp on sunny days.

5. Goblin Black-bread

This charcoal infused dough is baked into small hard biscuits. They can be eaten to stop the effects of poisons (basically a neutralize poison). The bread is colored bluish-black and is sometimes mistaken for just moldy biscuits. On a roll of 1-2 on a d6, the character was sold a moldy biscuit and not true Black-bread and must Save vs. Poison or suffer 1d4 damage (Oh, the irony).

6. A bundle of 23 Mismatched Socks tied together with twine.

Made of various materials and all conditions, from new silk stocking to filthy wool and stinky cotton filled with holes. Maybe good for a makeshift coin purse or impromptu puppet show.

7. Swine Pudding

Goblins call this food, but the average passerby may have doubts. It is a delicacy among goblin farmers for its ability to keep them fed during grueling days. Stores that sell this meaty pudding smell like a fetid hog yard. Eating it is a horrible, yet tolerable, experience.

After consuming swine pudding, your breath will smell unholy for 1d2 days. You take a -4 penalty on all social interaction checks for the duration of the stench. Also, living creatures with a sense of smell who are adjacent to you when you're speaking must Save vs. Breath Weapon or immediately become violently ill.

On the up side, the person who consumes swine pudding doesn't need to eat for two days, though that may be due to loss of appetite.

8. Fetcher

A trained small creature, usually one considered vermin or a pest outside a goblin tribe. The creature is trained to enter pockets, packs and places otherwise inaccessible even to a lithe and determined goblet.

Unfortunately, given the nature of the trainer—often a soured, vengeful goblin with little love for fellow living things—and the nature of the food (the cheapest pellet crumbs or worse), the fetcher may be insubordinate, aggressive, even disease bearing. Success may turn out to be dependent on the owner's intelligence or strength, quite possibly endurance, but more likely luck.

Price depends very much on the good behavior of the fetcher during the pitch, and is usually 2d6x10 cp.

9. Trollnip

It's like catnip, only for trolls . . . May allow a Save vs. Spell, or not. Trolls may get amorous intentions under the influence of trollnip.

10. Monkey on a Stick

This goblin delicacy is famed the world over. It is essentially a big juicy piece of rancid monkey rump jammed on a spit that is then naturally cured through an intricate smoking process that goblin cooks do not divulge even upon pain of death (although it is rumored to involve sandalwood, wolf-in-sheep-clothing entrails, manticore slobber, and the toenail clippings of gnomes).

Often served with a minty mango-lime-kumquat whipped cream dressing, this delightful concoction is known to be a powerful restorative. Those buying Monkey on a Stick and consuming it within in 1d4 days will receive a 1d6 permanent increase in HP.

However, if Monkey on a Stick is consumed five or more days after purchase, the eater must make a Save vs. Poison or take 1d20 damage due to intense diarrhea and internal bleeding.

Monkey on a Stick is an expensive foodstuff: 1d24 gp per piece. Goblin cooks do not haggle over pricing for this dish, given the intricate nature of the cooking process.

11. Fried Elf Ears

A delicacy that goblins go crazy for, and cheap too. Only a silver piece per ear. It is said that eating one enhances your hearing, for a time: 1 in 6 chance of tripling listening of the eater, for 1d6 turns (10 minutes).

12. Crackpopper

A fragment of a stolen and magically infused common item used to open a doorway to a remote destination by means of its insertion into a crack in any surface. The nature of the original object determines the nature of the destination, and the size of the fragment the potential distance from the present point, although size clearly also affects range of available cracks.

Large crackpoppers are quickly divided down into shards and thence into slivers by the sneakier tribes prone to using them as currency, reducing range in the case of fine splinters to the very same surface or worse, with this worse being known as “backpopping”.

Price is dependent on size and the nature of the local landscape, higher in urban areas and mountainous regions, but in mixed terrain usually 1–4 sp per yard travelled. It is, however, often lower than might be expected as the stall-holder’s assistant is scurrying to the likely destination with a large club, ready for the test run . . .

Larger fragments are usually not on open sale, but change hands in the bloody scuffling of bitter goblin schemes.

13. Longtoe’s Miscellany (Table 2) [CLICK](#)

14. Dreamscatterer

When hung from a window or door, this fragile-looking assembly of bone and sticks, held together by weird looking turquoise paste that never loses its stickiness (or its odor of snails), will disrupt the magical field that ensures the correct dreams go to the correct sleepers. Anybody in the room will receive the dream of somebody else within a mile’s radius. If there are no humans within that area, the sleeper dreams that they are a randomly determined animal. Price: 1d6 silver pieces.

15. Letter of Indignation from the Goblin King

For 10 cp, Ormondonghrr the Lesser will part with the letter he stole from his permanent file stored in the Goblin Archives. Evidently, Ormondonghrr the Lesser was employed as a boot licker for the third son of the Side-Duke of Grinichsy, a lesser noble in the Goblin King’s court, and the Goblin King didn’t think he was licking boots fast enough. Ormondonghrrr the Lesser really would like the whole episode to go away now that he’s been promoted to chief underwear washer and back hair groomer of the Second Earl of Pensy. The chief archivist knows the letter is missing. So does the Goblin King.

16. Sack of Cats Eye Marbles

It's a sack full of 5d20 cats eye marbles. Every 30 days, a yowling meow will issue from the sack. When this happens, all cats (great and/or domestic) within 1/2 hex will be called to the PC's location. Upon arriving at the PC's location, the cats will surround the PC. (Attacks against these cats play out like normal combat). Cats will continue to show up until the PC removes a marble from the sack and places it on the ground, at which point one of the cats will pick it up in its mouth, and all the cats will leave. This behavior will continue until the sack is empty. If the PC tries to empty the sack any other way—by dumping the marbles, trading the marbles, losing the marbles during a game of ringer, etc.—the PC will find the sack is full again the next morning, as if the marbles never left. Price: 15 cp.

17. Fruit of Goblin Orchards

A plate heaving with an assortment of succulent fruits (apples, quinces, greengages, dewberries, bullaces, pomegranates, damsons, bilberries, etc), all plump, bright skinned, and fragrant. Most surprising results, considering the typical goblin nest is surrounded by poor soils (their secret is that their orchards are feed on goblin-manure). Anyone smelling or viewing the platter must Save vs. Spells; those who fail are overcome with desire to eat the fruit. The taste of the fruit is very sweet and for days to come the victim will think of nothing else. However, no matter how often they check back at the markets, they cannot find the fruit again, even if it is within plain sight of other people. Price: a tress of blonde hair, but the goblins are known to force their fruit on someone who fails to show interest in purchasing it willingly.

18. Goblin's Milk

Despite its name this salty and lump-filled beverage is not the same stuff coming from the teats of mothering she-goblins. Rather it is the yeasty, concentrated secretions of the subterranean pill bug. While it is extremely high in nutrients—a small quaff will fuel the average adventurer for an entire day's span—most folks (goblins included) find the stuff to be extremely unpalatable. The drinker must make a CON save or find himself retching for the next 1d6 hours [note that no food or drink can be consumed

during this period]. Goblins and their relations have an easier time with the stuff, but not by much. Cost is 8 gp per flask.

19. A Goblin's Kiss

Yagodah the Goblin Hag will bestow a kiss on the recipient's right cheek. The kiss acts as a *Polymorph Other* spell, immediately **transforming the recipient into a goblin for 2d24 days**. As a goblin, the PC gains the special attack known as the **Goblin's Kiss**. The price? If you have to ask, you can't afford it. Still, Yagodah is rumored to be in need of a basilisk's tooth from the King in Yellow's personal collection, but she might also accept a hellhound's claw from the court of the Crimson King.

20. Porkies

Who could resist the charming little figurines that the stall-holder is selling? In fact, if you can resist them, he'll wheel out his daughter, who—he says—makes them. They are supposed to be pigs, he tells you, but to be honest, they look like the sort of pig a goblin would dream about when he's had too much bad applejack. Claws, thorns, teeth like shards of broken glass.

If you buy one, nothing will appear to happen until you are in the middle of a social situation where tact and diplomacy are needed. At which point, roll a d12 for the following contribution from the porkie (effects last for the duration of the social situation in question):

1. A loud belch rings out and a smell of sulphur rises from the area of your nether regions.
2. Both parties start speaking in very strong foreign accents.
3. You find what the other person is saying side-splittingly funny.
4. When you speak, the words come out of the porkie's mouth.
5. A talking cat that only you can see walks onto the table and starts making rude but very funny comments about the other person.
6. Your shadow begins to voice opinions contrary to your own.
7. You can understand the language of mice and they have some very interesting things to say.
8. The other person's utterances provoke uncontrollable crying.

9. The porkie fights its way to the table and demands first rights on all food.
10. You hear the other person's utterance not as words but as the clucks of a chicken.
11. You develop an insatiable appetite for garlic and ripe cheese.
12. Both parties cannot speak but must sing instead.

Price: 2d8 cp.

21. Spectacles with Color Lens

Brass wire frames with round optics, the right side a pale blue and the left a rosy pink. Looking through the right lens (but only the right) allows the wearer to see things as they truly are (*True Seeings*). Looking through the left (and only the left) allows the wearer to see things as they wish them to be.

22. For the Love of Money

An odd-looking stone, carved with tiny figures of goblins in very amorous poses. The stall-holder swears that carrying this stone in your purse or pouch will lead to riches! And so it does—the magical field of the stone causes the coins in your purse to become very aroused and keen to start mating with other coins.

Impregnated coins will give birth to a litter of 1d8 baby coins within 1d12 hours. Unfortunately, there is a 55% chance that the offspring will be of the same metal as the lower denomination coin, 15% the higher, 10% a strange mix of metals that nobody has seen before and is of course not legal tender, and 20% feral coins which will endeavor to get themselves lost as soon as possible (Save vs. Magic daily for each coin or they mysteriously disappear, never to be seen again).

Price: suspiciously cheap at 1d4 copper pieces.

23. Bag of Shh With A Red Ribbon On It

A sack with a bright red shiny ribbon on it. Horrible smells issue from the bag. Inside, a Venomous Shh sleeps & will attack the fool opening the bag, dragging them off to who knows where. Price: 1d6 cps.

24. The Other Stench

A black plumed bird of a very surly nature. The bird is called Polly (in fact every stench is.) They are used for hunting fairies. They will demand the first fairy seen & then point out any others. Sprays a nasty oil that will hinder any fairy's flying ability unless a Save vs. Poison is rolled. Price: 5 cps.

25. Vorpall Needle of Bone

A very, very sharp needle that is made from the pinky bone of a fairy royalty. These needles are used to knit the dreams of 5 or 6 goblins into a rip roaring nightmare that is loosed upon a sleeping group of humans. The needle is constantly being passed around by goblins & sold. Price: 10 cps.

26. Black Flask of Aunty Mimi

An unbreakable flask of black glass that will scream for 1d6 rounds unless asked to be quiet. The flask will pour out a dram of goblin wine or mead made from mold, river slime, & fish guts. The flask must be passed around while singing & passing gas. Price: 5 cps, but only answers to the name Dave on Tuesdays.

27. The Dark of the Moon

A bottle of shadows, collected from the dark side of the new moon. If applied to the body, you will become invisible for 1d4 weeks, and be able become that way for an hour each day for the rest of your life.

However, if drunk, you will no longer cast a shadow, for it has become bound to you. You may now hide in shadows as a thief of three levels higher than your own, and turn your body to shadow for an hour a day, for the rest of your life, allowing you to creep under doors, through tiny cracks, and avoid harm from weapons that are not +4 or greater.

How did the goblins get this? Who knows? There is a 10% chance that they will try to cheat you, selling you a bottle of normal shadows, in which case you only gain the benefits for 1d3 months before they wear off. They do sometimes sell these on their own, however, and they are only half-price.

Cost: 6d10x100 gp, or a special request.

28. The Eroticon of Hshrangle

Anthropodermically bound codex of erotic vignettes and advice on the amorous arts from Hshrangle the Well-Endowed, a hobgoblin of unusual . . . uh, *proportion*. Contained herein are helpful notes on the seduction of several non-human monster species which likely dangerous if practiced, but wholly accurate.

It's worth 500 gp in a decent book market, but 3,000 or more to certain fetishistic collectors.

29. Time-Stopper Watch

This broken but untarnished copper pocket watch is a miniature mechanical prison for an angry godling of time. Once per 24 hours, the carrier can wind the watch, and enjoy the effects of *Time Stop*. However, after the effect wears off, the carrier is immediately (no save) affected by *Temporal Stasis* that can only be dispelled by the spells *Freedom*, *Miracle*, or *Wish*. The clock is not affected, and can be looted from the carrier.

30. Molar Tooth of a Dead God

Who knows where it comes from, but the goblin swears it's real. If you stick it in your mouth, replacing your own tooth, you will touch the divine spark inherent in that old, yellowed and rotted molar. And all it'll cost is your arm . . .

Effects: grants the ability to cast spells as a 1st-level cleric once/day (or adds to your level).

Side-Effects: ungodly tooth ache, -2 to all rolls; will attract the dead god's followers after a year and a day, and they want the tooth back.

Table 2

13. Longtoe's Miscellany

Longtoe Greenteeth (purportedly a distant cousin of old Jenny) is a well-known and oft-seen figure at the Market. While he presents himself as an honest dealer in “strange and occasionally ostentatious magics” he is really nothing more than a dealer in stolen wizard-goods of the minor variety. He usually brings two or more such ill-gotten items to a particular market and always asks for far more than they are actually worth. Shrewd adventurers have a 3% chance per point of INT to talk him down to a third of his asking price. Roll a d20 on the table below no more than 1d6 times to see what items Master Greenteeth has on him today.

1. A crown of acorns that banishes all foul odors from a person's body, but is terribly uncomfortable to wear, as it always sizes itself to be about one size too small for its wearer. Prolonged use can cause headaches.

2. Wax earplugs that cause the wearer to hear only what they *want* to hear. Extracting them afterward can be difficult, especially from oddly shaped or hairy ears, and sometimes the wearer will then suffer the opposite effect—hearing only what will upset or distress them.

3. The Long Fork

This strangely twisted fork can be used to untie the lies of men, politicians, & strangers. The fork can also be used to twist the truth in strange & interesting ways. The fork will work 5 times a day, after which only minor white lies can be really worked over.

4. Goblin Mustache Wax

This arcane colored wax will grow the most outrageous mustaches on any surface that wax is spread on in 1 round. Goblins will often pay for the privilege of having these handle bar monstrosities. They gain +2 to Charisma. Humans using the wax will find that the mustache will be one color while their normal hair is changed to a shocking reddish day glow orange or yellow.

5. The Nose Goblins of How

The goblin How is known for his nasal creations & these 12 inch long creations are no exception. Once the command word is spoken ("bogie") the nose goblin will animate as a 2 hit dice golem. These creatures will serve their master faithfully unless destroyed by running water. How can always make more if you know How.

6. The Princess Frog

This dried frog corpse radiates a strong dweomer. All it needs is *Raise Dead* and a kiss from a prince, and you'll have your very own princess. Guaranteed, or your money back.

7. An invisible bottle of invisible ink. Price: 24 cp.

8. Fermented Mule Milk of Wonder

Guaranteed to restore a bald head to a raging mane of silken black locks. Roll 1d6 for side effects:

1. **Rapunzel Effect:** The hair keeps growing at 1 foot per day no matter how much gets cut off.
2. **Mule Musk:** All mules and hinnys within 20 feet of the PC become sexually aroused and attempt to rut with the PC.
3. **Sunny-side Up:** The PC remains bald on top, but sprouts hair everywhere else.
4. **Fallout:** The PC loses all body hair excepting the scalp, including eyebrows & eyelashes.
5. **Murk of Doom:** The PCs loose all eye color and special eye-sight abilities (infravision, etc.) for 1d8 days.
6. **Hee-haw:** Every time the PC laughs, the PC sounds like an ass.

Price: 9 sp.

9. Flamebrick

A deep red, marble-like rock about the size and shape of a dwarf's fist, a flamebrick has the ability to bring a tankard-size volume of water to boiling, but only if the flamebrick is immersed in water contained in an iron pot or skillet. Price: 5 gp

10. The decapitated head of a small fey-creature delicately cocooned in the purest hand-wound spider silk and suspended over an octagonal smoked mirror edged in flaking black metal.

Up to three times a day, this device can answer questions expressed in one of the various goblin tongues as though it were casting the appropriate divination spell. However, prolonged exposure to this device results in a cumulative -1 to one's reaction with all Fey-blooded beasts and beings for every lunar month it is kept in one's possession. An insidious glamour hangs about the thing, making it difficult to let go (WIS check at -2), and it also acts as a locus that attracts free-floating nightmares that often deprive the owner of their sleep, keeping them more susceptible to the whims and unsavory intentions of the cruel device . . .

11. Groggie

A minor found and bound spirit formerly of another goblin, perhaps a lost innocence, a freed inhibition or a discarded conscience, occasionally also magically stolen from another creature. The groggie gifts understanding of the complex behaviors of realms beyond goblindom, boosting by a given number of degrees either intelligence, wisdom or charisma, the precise characteristic depending on the groggie's nature and the needs of the moment. This is a boon which tends to be used regardless primarily within goblindom in order to better outmaneuver rivals. With each use roll 1d6 and consult the following table:

1. The spirit is growing ever less, and its future effect is reduced by one degree, and by one additional degree if far in time and space from its origin and a like goodness.

2-3. The spirit is tired as in 1 and exerts a soporific effect on the user, reducing concentration and potentially inducing sleep.

4. The spirit cries out for mercy; if used again within the next day, modify the result of future rolls on this table by +1.

5. The groggie—consciously or not, who can say?—draws the attentions of a far greater spirit of the nether realms . . .

6. The spirit escapes, into either a) a nether realm, in which case also apply 5, or b) the possession of the nearest living thing, binding itself to the item most reflective of its original owner.

The number of degrees of initial effect is d3, plus 1 per full 100 gp of price, rolled after purchase. The price is related to the nature of the object to which the groggie is bound as well as its power, but is usually 3d10x10 gp.

12. The Underpants of Pthruuu

These slick green underwear garments add +1 to charisma to any goblin wearing them for seduction rolls. To all other races the wearer is at -2. The underpants also occasionally talk to themselves in a strange Latin American Dialect that no one understands. There are 8 to a package. 12 pennies. Many owners try to get rid of these after awhile.

13. The Stuffed Chimera (Table 3) [CLICK](#)

14. The Mocking Crystal

A crystal of purest cut quartz that is so achingly beautiful that it hurts. The fey spirit that lives within will give the most hideous insults to a person's self esteem that it actually does a point of damage every 4 insults. The spirit uses the voice of Don Rickels, Roseanne Barr, & many others. The crystal also knows many secrets of the arcane & for those who listen it will whisper incredible secrets as well. 20 gold coins will buy it for awhile & then you'll want to give it back.

15. The Watch of Uncounted Time

This strange time piece holds a spirit of time within. The watch looks like a mechanical puzzle made of gears & spun night dreams. Once a day it will add an hour on to the user's day. With a simple depression of the button, you have the hour you need to get something done. The watch simply steals it from your life one hour at a time. The watch sells for 30 gold pieces.

16. The Octagon of Sir Christopher

This strange wooden octagon box contains the head of Sir Christopher, a most honorable hero to the goblin world. He who slew the multi-headed Worm of Omm, the ravager of the Leering Troll, the protector of the Realm of Undreamt Dreams, etc. The head has *true sight* & will rapidly know the true intent of any politician it sees. It shall show all of his faults, vanities, & secrets. Many in the goblin world want to see this thing lost forever, but it can be yours for 20 gold pieces.

17. A Dirty, Tattered, Paper Fan

Close inspection reveals a delicate depiction of the holder's last crime.

18. 1d4 White Plums of Perfection

These small, nearly ripe white plums are perfect. They look perfect. They smell perfect. They feel perfect in the hand. Anyone who has seen the White Plums of Perfection will never be able to look at a normal plum in the same way again. They will always remember fondly the White Plums of Perfection they once glimpsed or held in their hands.

Unfortunately, they taste like feet.

If not eaten within 1d20 days, the White Plums of Perfection will become the White Prunes of Purgation.

Anyone eating **all** the White Prunes of Purgation will immediately start smelling like a malodorous, maggot-infested pile of raw sewage. This will result in a -5 to CHA. After 1d20 days, the smell dissipates, and the character will find themselves with a permanent +1 to CON. Price: 75 gp

19. Koojoo's Phalanges

1d12 gnarly old bones taken from the left hand of a long dead criminal that have been inscribed and etched with a seemingly random pattern of scratches now worn smooth from all the hands of gamblers who've tempted their fate by using these accursed things in lieu of legitimate dice.

When cast, each die will gladly produce the number(s) specified by the user, but in return for this assistance, the finger bones drain the user of an equal amount of hit points as the number(s) needed to win. At least the first 1d4 throws are at that rate; it doubles every other throw afterwards.

Denying the bones their due will produce no numbers whatsoever--literally the numbers will no longer be visible on the surfaces of the dice and everyone viewing them will receive a -4 penalty on their reaction rolls . . .

Some gamblers have died for the sake of one last toss of these dice . . .

20. The "Witch's Friend" Pot-stirrer

A simple ladle or spoon enchanted to stir a pot by itself—ideal for the busy witch who wants to get a second cauldron started while the first is cooking!

It's started and stopped by a special rhyme, which Longtoe didn't quite catch, but he's sure he got the gist of it. This could be a problem as, once started, the stirrer lives only to stir pots—while active it will fight against attempts to remove the contents of its pot, growing increasingly agitated and stirring faster and faster.

What would happen if such a ladle were cast into a well, a pond, or (heaven's forbid!) a lake is anyone's guess.

Table 3

13. The Stuffed Chimera

This item initially appears as a shapeless, occasionally twitching blob of woven cloth—not unlike a pillow stuffed with rabbit’s entrails. Its hypnotically patterned surface appears to be cut from an old curtain or tapestry and is quite supple and touch-worn. It smells like cloves and old honey. After the chimera spends at least a round in the hands of its current owner, it randomly assumes a shape from the list below. It will have all the properties of its assumed form except on the surface, which retains the old cloth texture and appearance. Cost: 100 gp and not a copper bit less.

Roll 1d10 on the list below to determine the Stuffed Chimera’s current shape:

1. Ginger Donkey

A small donkey, that smells of ginger and if licked tastes of ginger, too, which will cure nausea. The donkey can carry a load half that of a normal donkey, until it deflates and returns to its original shape, after 3d6 turns.

2. Daddy,s Little Cutie

It,s an exact rag doll replica of the PC holding the chimera. Lasts for 2d6 hours.

3. Tentacled Trapezohedron

An unsettling sight, about the size of an adult monkey, that will float near its master,s head until it grows weary (2d6 turns) and retires to the nearest damp, dark place.

4. Ultharian Sack of Cats

The chimera sags down into the form of a loose bag that seems to have something small, pitiful and mewling within it. Perhaps it is a lost kitten. Opening the bag will release (1d4) Ultharian Cats who will take a look around (make a Reaction Roll), and if left unmolested, they,ll simply jump upwards and outwards, leaving the PCs holding an empty bag.

5. Velveteen Gorgon

It's a cuddly gorgon made of velveteen. Makes a great pillow as long as you don't look at it. Will retain this shape for 1d12 hours.

6. Orchitis, the Raccoon Dog

An obese, wide eyed furry critter that walks upright dragging its bloated scrotum between its legs. It wears a huge floppy hat and carries a black wine bottle.

The chimera will retain this form for 1d4 hours and provides various boons to its owner including +1 to all saving throws and the use of its hat to protect against foul weather. Orchitis is never surprised and will warn of any immediate danger. A sip of its wine will result in the imbiber being incapable of speaking a lie for 1d8 hours.

Rolled within the bottle is a promissory note issued by a random party for some amount of treasure that the owner of the chimera may attempt to collect upon.

7. Candy Apple Grey

Although the chimera appears to morph into an inedible gray candy apple with a cloth-like surface, it's actually a **Grey**, an alien visitor from beyond the stars magicked into its current form by a long-deceased necromantic worshipper of **Vorvadoss**.

If the PCs can find a way to transform the Grey back to its original shape, it will reward the party with the floor plans of a spaceship rumored to have crashed somewhere in the Obstruction Mountains and the secret of non-magickal inter-planar travel.

8. Teddy Bear

A small children's toy that when squeezed growls as loud as a real bear—a useful deterrent during night-time camping trips. Will retain this shape for 2d6 hours.

9. Satin Web Pillow of the Dreamlands

A satin pillow made of spider webs that when used by someone to sleep immediately transports the user to the Dreamlands. The sleeper appears somewhere in the Dreamlands lying on the pillow, and can return to the real world again sleeping on the pillow. The chimera will retain this form for 2d12 hours.

10. Readjustment

The Stuffed Chimera is mostly inactive and cannot be activated for 2d6 turns. It makes very gentle sounds and some small movements, but nothing else.

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Goblin Market Table

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10. Matthew @ [Rended Press](#)
11. Simon @ [... and the sky full of dust](#)
12. Porky @ [Porky's Expanse!](#)
13. Various
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17. PCB @ [There's a Game in That](#)
18. Greg @ [Gorgonmilk](#)
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Goblin Market

by Christina Rossetti

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
“Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpeck’d cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheek’d peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.”

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bow’d her head to hear,
Lizzie veil’d her blushes:
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
“Lie close,” Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
“We must not look at goblin men,

We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?"
"Come buy," call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.

"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men."
Lizzie cover'd up her eyes,
Cover'd close lest they should look;
Laura rear'd her glossy head,
And whisper'd like the restless brook:
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
"No," said Lizzie, "No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us."
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisk'd a tail,
One tramp'd at a rat's pace,
One crawl'd like a snail,
One like a wombat prowl'd obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretch'd her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turn'd and troop'd the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
"Come buy, come buy."
When they reach'd where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One rear'd his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heav'd the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Long'd but had no money:
The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-faced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
"Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answer'd all together:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipp'd a precious golden lock,
She dropp'd a tear more rare than pearl,
Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,

Clearer than water flow'd that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She suck'd and suck'd and suck'd the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She suck'd until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gather'd up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turn'd home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Pluck'd from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the noonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so."
"Nay, hush," said Laura:
"Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
To-morrow night I will
Buy more;" and kiss'd her:
"Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold

Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtain'd bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipp'd with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gaz'd in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapp'd to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Lock'd together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crow'd his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetch'd in honey, milk'd the cows,
Air'd and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churn'd butter, whipp'd up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sew'd;
Talk'd as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.

They drew the gurgling water from its deep;
Lizzie pluck'd purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said: "The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turn'd cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life droop'd from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;

But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon wax'd bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watch'd for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dream'd of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:

"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The yoke and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,
But fear'd to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seem'd knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weigh'd no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laugh'd every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—

Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:
Squeez'd and caress'd her:
Stretch'd up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
"Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs."—

"Good folk," said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
"Give me much and many: —
Held out her apron,
Toss'd them her penny.
"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,"
They answer'd grinning:
"Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry:
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."—
"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I toss'd you for a fee."—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,

Grunting and snarling.
One call'd her proud,
Cross-grain'd, uncivil;
Their tones wax'd loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbow'd and jostled her,
Claw'd with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soil'd her stocking,
Twitch'd her hair out by the roots,
Stamp'd upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-vein'd stone
Lash'd by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topp'd with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguer'd by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuff'd and caught her,
Coax'd and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as ink,
Kick'd and knock'd her,
Maul'd and mock'd her,
Lizzie utter'd not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,
And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,
And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.

At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writh'd into the ground,
Some div'd into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanish'd in the distance.

 In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she fear'd some goblin man
Dogg'd her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she prick'd by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

 She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeez'd from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

 Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutch'd her hair:
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?

Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruin'd in my ruin,
Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?"—
She clung about her sister,
Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd her:
Tears once again
Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loath'd the feast:
Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks stream'd like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense fail'd in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topp'd waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."