

Black Goat Games
a wellspring of forlorn hope and grim adventure
presents

Bestiarium of the Black Goat
The Black Turr
a small system-neutral offering

by Steven G. Saunders



*"I have no idea what in the seven hells it was! All I know is that it came from no where... making these terrible gubble-gubble noises and before we could react, Dieter Coit was gone! We could here him crying out from somewhere in the bushes... his bones snapping like twigs... oh, gods, the horror... I am so thankful that was not me!" **Bradford Faunce, semi-famous adventurer (retired)***

Type: Enormous Carnivorous Avian

Size: Usually about the size of the average horse

Temperament: Hungry

Intellect: Not altogether too bright

Dealings Difficulty: You can kill it if it doesn't kill you first

Usually Found: Fields, forests, mountains

Times Best Found: When you least expect it-- so, just about anytime

Expect to Encounter: One

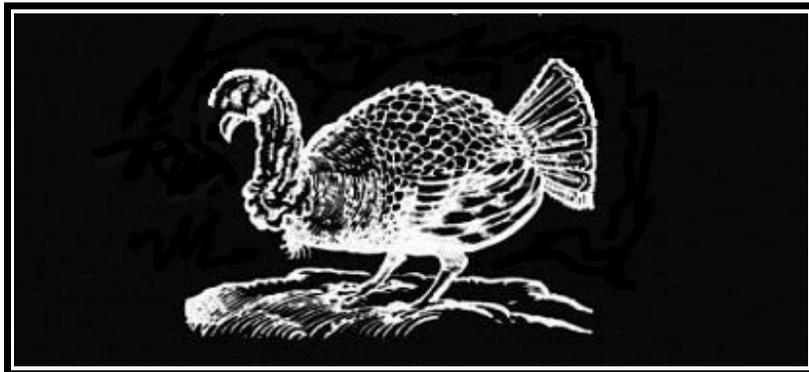
Other Nasty Bits: Its gubble-gubble will haunt you for the rest of your days; it can make you undead; it will give you nightmares

AKA: The Gubble, the Dark Gobbler, the Great Feasting Bird Beast

Cursorry Survey: Not all that much is known about the Black Turrq, other than that it resembles a wild chicken (known as a wild turkey by some cultures), and that when encountered it is always hungry. Some scholars believe the Black Turrq is the result of a "feasting spell" gone horribly wrong, which seems to make the most sense... especially considering "spell gone awry" is often the root cause more many a strange beast.

Arguments about the Black Turrq's biological origins aside, these creatures are no mere hungry giant bird looking for the next meal. They also have a couple of very strange abilities, pushing them categorically from "man-eating bird" to "man-eating bird horror" rather swiftly.

The Black Turrq, as its name implies, is black. But it also has an eerie whitish glow emanating from it, making difficult to miss in the dead of night. Of course, it not caring about all the gubble-gubble noise it makes does shove "bright eerie glow" into mere academia. Still, the glow is easily seen along with wavy blackness-- which is harder to see at night, the Black Turrq's preferred feeding time. Somehow, some disturbing way, this terrible beast naturally produces negative energy.



So *much* negative energy, in fact, that anyone killed by a Black Turrq has a chance of becoming one of the undead. Well, providing the victim isn't all gobbled up, naturally. If they do turn undead whilst being digested, there is a horrifically grim possibility that said poor victim will become a wiggling form of undead feces. It's not all that dangerous on it's own, being wiggling undead dung, but Chambermasters and Dung Collectors find it to be a nuisance, as does the occasional unfortunate farmer.

Environs: This foul fowl can be found in fields, mountains, and in forests, with fields near forests being its preferred habitat. Humans are its preferred food, so anywhere where the Black Turrq can feed and get away with it for as long as possible is fine with them.

Conjugation Habits: Once a year, 30% of all Black Turrq become hosts to spontaneous eggs, which they lay somewhere dark, secret, and forbidding. While the teeny Turrqs mature inside their black eggs, it's parent runs around in a food-finding orgy of destruction.

In the lands between the Shadlesworn Forest and the Direwood (located on the continent of Fylgr), this event is called the Turrqamdin Season, with locals preparing to deal with varying levels of "Turrqcursions" for a week or two. It is a bloody time of survival of the fittest. Should the populations engaged in this annual scourge make it through alright, they will celebrate with a traditional feast, usually full of bird meat and some even eat Black Turrqs, which tastes like "slightly burnt chicken with a touch of spice".

Once this time is over, the little Black Turrqs should be sated with plenty of (hopefully) human meats and will reach maturity within a month. They hatch with full special abilities intact, and start out about the size of a chicken. A very angry, hungry chicken.

Should a non-Turrq parent touch the eggs before they hatch, the eggs suddenly crumble into a black dust, which is often sought out for spell and alchemical components.

Gaming Notes: The Black Turrq is a giant, upset, voraciously hungry turkey. Feel free to make it however you wish in regards to your game. The should have decent speed, an awkward form of limited "hopping" flight, and great tearing strength with their terrible beaks.

As for the negative energy thing, victims can become ghouls or zombies, provided they are fully eaten and just die from wounds sustained by the Black Turrq. There is a 33% chance of this.

The undead feces of Black Turrq is an incredibly rare and valuable commodity that can fetch a pretty pfennig from necromancers, demonologists, alchemists, and others of that particular ilk.



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Happy American Thanksgiving, folks