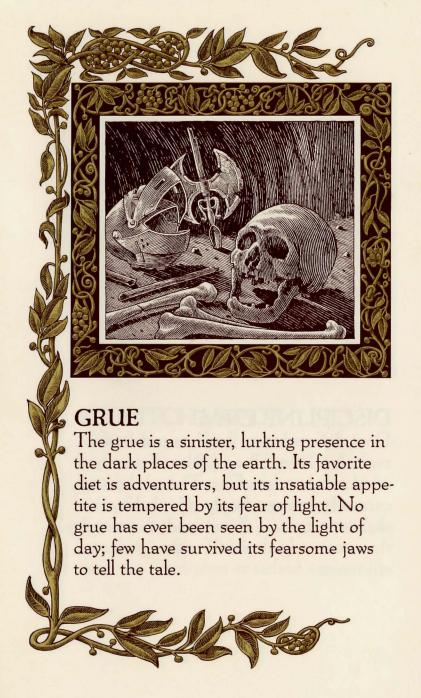


Tore Lore and Legends
Onendar

Within these pages is recorded certain knowledge regarding the flora, fauna, and locales of the kingdom. Although this wisdom has well stood the test of time, I would not wish to see it lost forever in the uncertain mists of the future. Therefore, for the enrichment of our heirs and with homage to our ancestors, I have writ into permanence the lore and legends of Quendor.

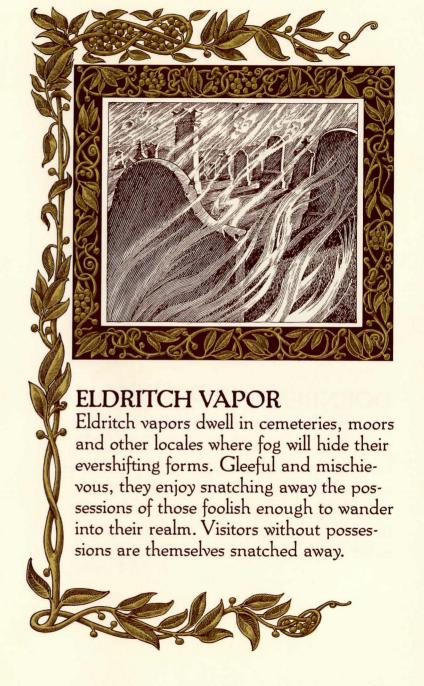
-MNG





DISCIPLINE CRAB

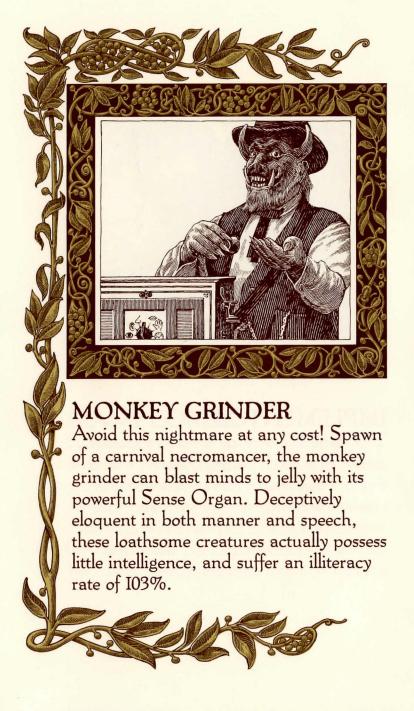
Discipline crabs are small, moral crustaceans found in cellars, fallout shelters and other subterranean lairs. These brooding curmudgeons are deeply offended by the slightest intrusion; if cornered, they employ their razor-edged pincers with righteous efficiency.

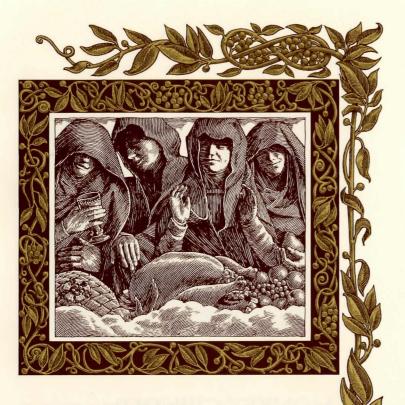




DORNBEAST

Smart adventurers run the other way when they hear "Hurumph," the battle cry of the deadly dornbeast. Its 69 sensitive eyes can paralyze an unwary explorer with a single glare. Captured victims are plastered with round, sticky secretions that never come off.

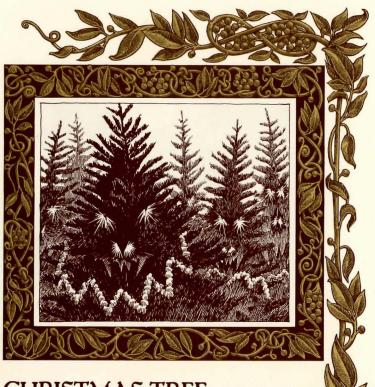




IMPLEMENTOR

The Implementors are a race of minor deities who dwell on the Ethereal Plane of Atrii. Their ample free time is spent on costly luncheons where gossip and sweet nectars flow freely. Implementors do not discourage rumors that the world was created by them as a plaything.





CHRISTMAS TREE MONSTER

Vast herds of these luminous vegetables roam freely amid the glacial valleys of the south. Residents fear the autumn migrations, in which the trees cheerfully trample everything in their path. Christmas tree monsters are repelled by caterpillars, but nobody can explain why.





MINX

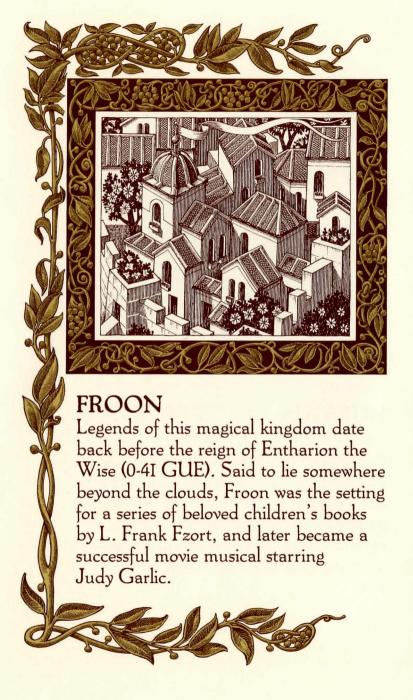
Irresistably cuddly, the minx shares all the most ingratiating characteristics of kittens, koala bears and piglets. Minxes are highly prized for their ability to find and root out chocolate truffles from the ground, and will eagerly devour them if given the opportunity.

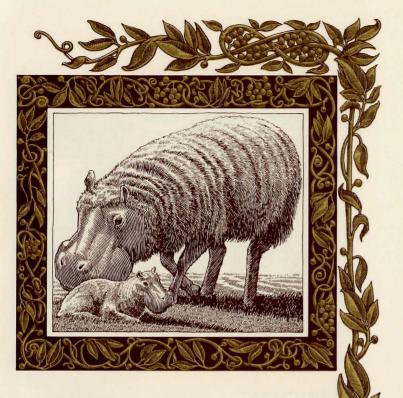




UNICORN

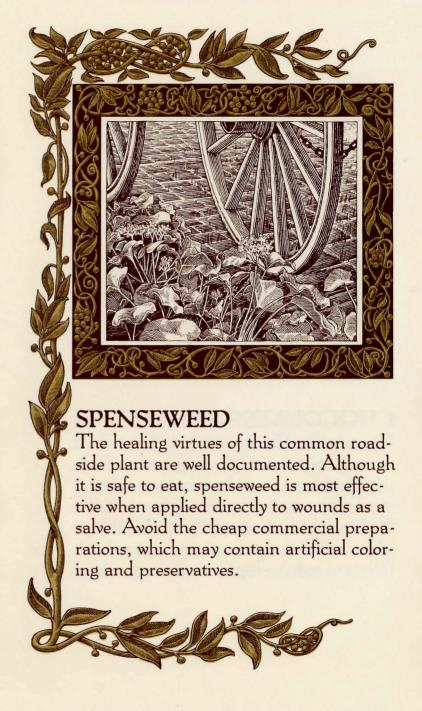
Most unicorns have fled to the Plane of TransInfinite Splendor, where they enjoy a carefree existence free from the cruelty of man. The unhappy few left behind are eagerly sought by zoos and private collectors. It is good luck to kiss a unicorn's horn; but woe to any fool who harms one.

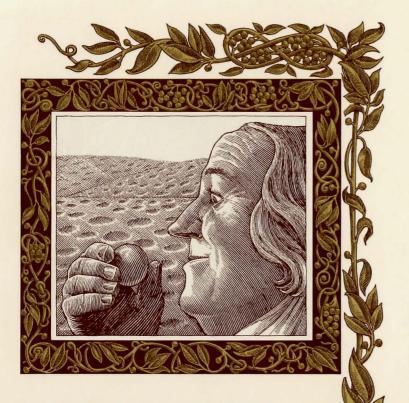




HUNGUS

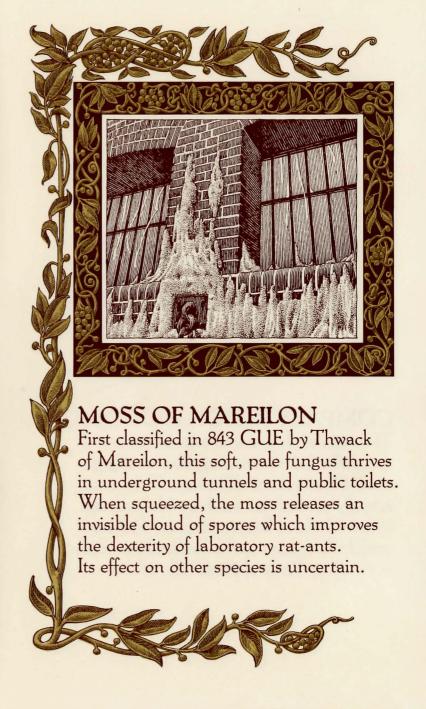
Part sheep, part hippopotamus, the hungus builds its nest in jungle swamps and other hot, squishy places. Normally docile and eager to avoid conflict or activity of any kind, the hungus is fiercely clannish, and will instantly charge at anything that dares to threaten its kin.

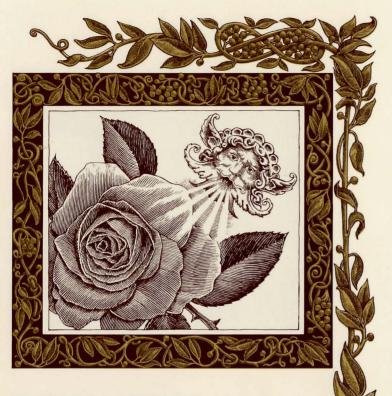




CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE

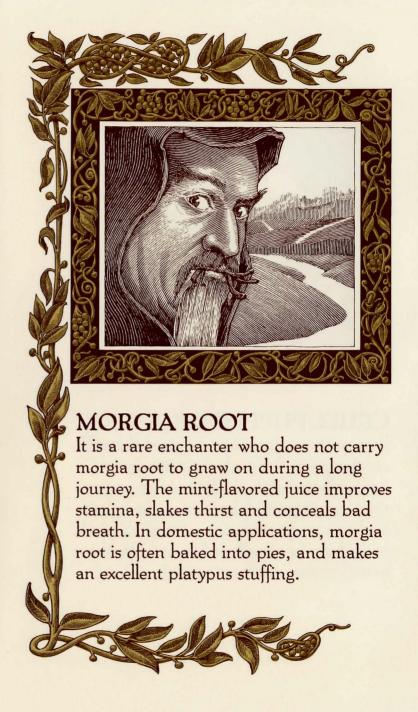
Chocolate truffles grow only between the roots of oak trees. Dark brown when fresh, they decompose rapidly once exposed to air. Truffles were a favorite of Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive (770-789 GUE), who ordered the excavation of entire forests to indulge his bottomless appetite.

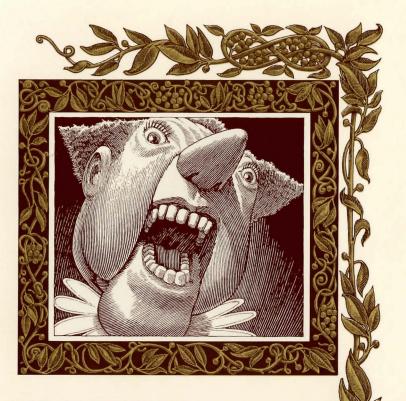




COMPASS ROSE

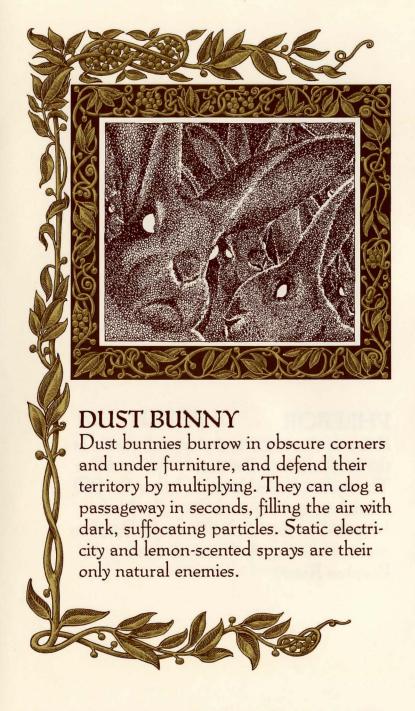
The stem of this rare annual always droops in the direction of the prevailing wind. Rumors that the compass rose can actually control the wind are hotly denied by the Guild of Meteorologists, who harvested the species to the brink of extinction in the Rose Riots of 8II GUE.

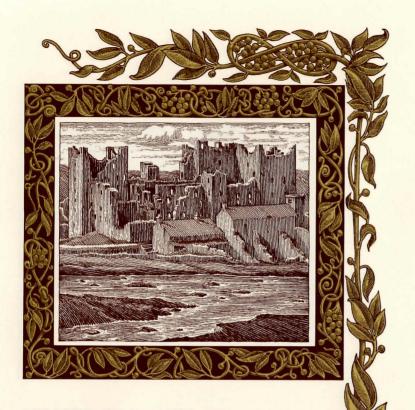




CRUEL PUPPET

Few creatures are more despised than the cruel puppet. It attacks by twisting itself into unflattering caricatures of its opponent, accompanied by jeers, rude noises and shocking accusations. Staunch monarchs have been reduced to tears by these merciless shapeshifters.

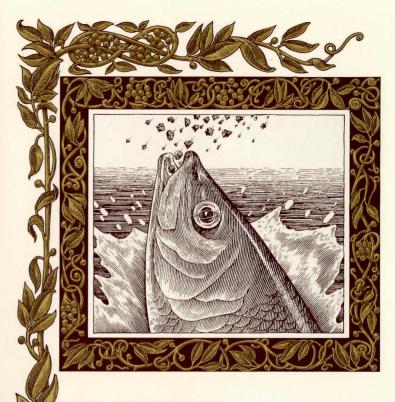




PHEEBOR

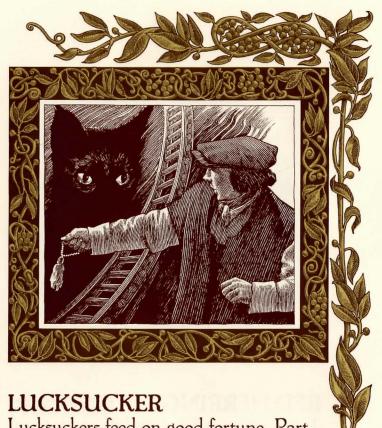
Ruins of this ancient city are still visible at the confluence of the rivers Phee and Bor. The reason for its downfall (circa 400 BE) is unclear, but minstrels sing of a feud between Pheebor and its sister city Borphee over the naming of what is now called the Borphee River.





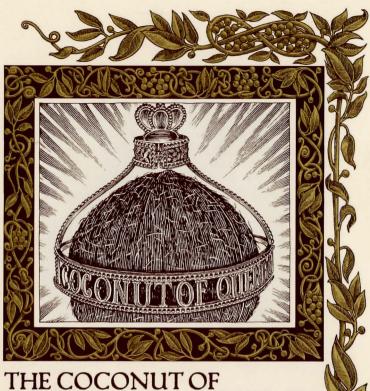
RED HERRING

These common fish patrol the dark recesses of freshwater pools and streams. But a handful of granola brings them racing to the surface, a fact known by every rural schoolboy. The old adage about red herrings being "good brain food" has no scientific basis.



Lucksuckers feed on good fortune. Part physical entity, part mental phenomenon, the sucker's appearance is based on the laws of probability, and may change without warning. Good luck charms provide only a temporary shield against attack. The best strategy is to run!





THE COCONUT OF QUENDOR

Though reluctant to dismiss the Coconut outright, most historians regard its historical existence as dubious at best. Orkan of Thriff has suggested that if all the "Shards of The One True Coconut" and "Vials of The Blessed Milk" were gathered in one place, they would form a stack nine bloits high.

Inform