

# *The Koboldnomicon*

OGC content written by:

Bill Browne, Beau Yarbrough, Chris Field, Chris Guldin, David Sanders, David Starner, Ian Toltz, James M. Spahn,  
K. L. Quick, Gary S. Watkins, Peter Schaefer, Robert Hunter, Scott Moore

Original Fiction and poetry written by:  
Johnathan Richards and Peter Schaefer

Illustrated by Herman Lau  
With additional illustrations by Robert Hunter

Edited by Julie Ann Dawson and Julie Hedge

Copyright 2006 Bards and Sages  
ISBN: 978-1-84728-898-1

## Publisher's Introduction:

I have always been a fan of kobolds. I have long wondered why this race was never given PC status. And it has long been a dream of mine to one day put together a definitive collection on kobolds. So imagine my surprise when, after putting out a general call for kobold submissions, that I received a strange package at my home. Now it is not unusual for me to receive unsolicited manuscripts in the mail, but this one was different from the beginning. The handwriting on the envelope was shaken, as if written by someone in fear of his life. And there were strange brownish-red spots on it. Upon opening the package, I found a half dozen crumpled pages of parchment (not standard paper), also stained with these same brownish-red spots.

It took me some time to determine the exact order the pages were supposed to be in. At first, I thought it was some sort of elaborate joke. The first couple of pages were nothing more than ranting at me for even *considering* calling this collection the **Koboldnomicon**. Threats of awakening sleeping gods and tentacled monsters were strewn between lines of "YIP YIP" and other incoherent nonsense. As my friends know I'm a big fan of H.P. Lovecraft, I immediately suspected some sort of prank. But the postmark on the envelope was from Mexico. That seemed a bit far to travel to pull off a prank.

But as I continued to read, a strange feeling of dread came over me. Something in his words began to take form, real form. That night my dreams were full of nightmares involving kobold zombies and nameless kobold powers. I almost scrapped the entire project out of fear of what I might have awoken.

Then I remembered that the nightmares were probably due to a combination of reading kobold submissions, watching *Return of the Living Dead*, and eating too late at night.

Regardless, I felt I should include some of Simon's words with this collection. Perhaps it is some weird prank. If so, so be it. But if on the slim chance there is something to his bizarre ranting, I should at least share it with you good readers before you delve too deeply into the mysteries of this collection. So enjoy the book, but if some tentacled zombie kobold crawls out of your game bag one night remember:

**YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!**

## Introduction by Simon

YIP YIP YIA YIP YIA YE!  
YIP YIA YU YA YIP YIP!  
YIP YISH YU YIP YIA YE!  
YUG YA YIP YIP YO YI YE YIP!  
YIA YI YISH YIG YIP YIP YIP!  
YU YAN YI YI YEW YIN!  
YA YAN YAGA YIP YIA!  
YIP YIP YIA YIP YIA YE!  
YIP YIP YIA YIP YIA YE!  
YIP YIP!

Sweet Akronimous, protect me! Even now I hear the soft shuffling of Tomanous' priests coming out of the shadows. Rakon! Why did you reveal this knowledge to me? Yet my hand compels me to write down all I have seen! I have witnessed things no mortal man was intended to witness. Why have I been cursed with this burden?

But enough of such lamentations. I have little time left.

This curse befell me by a chance encounter. My companions and I were touring the ruins of Chichen Itza as part of our graduate studies when Harold noticed a small indentation in one of the stones. He lagged behind and waited for the tour guide to move out of sight, then began meddling with the stone. After a moment, the stone wall opened up, revealing a crude stairwell going downward.

Curiosity overwhelmed us. Our tour guide was already overwhelmed with the large group, and would not miss us. We had our own flashlights and supplies. We would just descend the stairwell a short way to see what was there. What harm would come from that?

We began our descent. The walls were adorned with strange markings, but not of the Mayan or Toltec variety we had seen elsewhere. These markings were crude, more primitive, yet exuded malevolence. Soon we came to the end of the stairs, which emptied us into a vacant room. Or so it seemed. We used our flashlights to scan the walls, discovering more of these strange markings. Joshua found what appeared to be a crude handle protruding from the wall. He pulled, and the wall opened to reveal a hidden room. As we entered the second room, I discovered what appeared to be an old set of twelve clay tablets, strung together by tattered rope. Each tablet was between 8 to 10 inches long and about a quarter of an inch thick, and they were covered in similar markings. I went into the first room to examine them more closely, as there was better lighting due to the light coming down the stairwell from our entrance. I sat on the steps and examined the tablets.

Suddenly, I heard Harold scream, followed by Joshua's garbled cry for help. I rushed to the door to see the room flooded with short, reptilian beings armed with spears. They appeared to have come from small holes and crevices in the walls of the room. They swarmed over my companions. One looked over at me and sneered. Gods forgive me! I slammed the door shut and left them there!

I rushed toward the stairs as the door behind me was slowly pushed open. I heard the scrapping of stone and realized the exit was beginning to close! Never have I moved so quickly, with such determination, as I did that day. I barely escaped out the exit before it closed shut.

I fled the ruins in terror, the strange tablets still under my arm. I wandered the Mexican jungle for what felt like an eternity. I soon found myself pitched with fever and inflammations, and feared I would die out in the jungle.

Each night I would try to sleep, only to see the shadows of those creatures lurking, watching me! I could hear their incessant YIP YIP pounding in my head. I eventually passed out.

I awoke in a hospice. The doctors said I had wandered up to the door, delirious and babbling. They treated my fever and my wounds, and after several days decided it was safe to release me. Upon my release, they returned my belongings, including the fell tablets. But between the tablets someone had inserted parchments, parchments that translated the tablets! And this was the true beginning of the end for me, for those tablets have proven my damnation. For that translation was a bit of the history of an ancient race, a race descendent from the mythical dragons.

Thus I began my quest to unravel the mystery. I have since travelled the entire world in search of this ancient knowledge. I had learned the wards to protect myself from them, and I eventually uncovered more of the tablets. I learned of their sub races. Their castes. Their magic. I learned of how low they had fallen, and the abuse they suffered at the hands of the surface races. I learned of their plots and plans of revenge.

And I learned that the wards really only served as a temporary stay against my ordained death. Even now it feels like the stench of their breath burns the back of my neck!

Long have they been abused, misused, and underappreciated. Now, from the depths of the underdark, they come. They come with their weapons. Their magic. Their mastery. They come to take their rightful place among the races of the surface world. I have bore witness to their unholy wrath. Beware! You will not hear them coming. You will not see them coming. But make no mistake...they will see you!



## Table of Contents:

<a href="#"><u>Love Slave of the Kobold Queen, Part I</u></a>	<b>Pg 6-9</b>
<a href="#"><u>Kobolds as Player Characters</u></a>	<b>Pg 10</b>
Kobold Sub-races	<b>pg 11-15</b>
<a href="#"><u>Dragonmarked Kobolds</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Tamarin Kobolds</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Quahali Kobolds</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Ode to a Kobold Sentry</u></a>	<b>pg 16-17</b>
Kobold Classes	<b>pg 18-31</b>
<a href="#"><u>Chosen of the Dragon Father</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Kobold Trapsmith</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Painted Witch Doctor</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Paragons</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Vermin Kin</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Feats &amp; Skills</u></a>	<b>pg 32-35</b>
<a href="#"><u>Kobold Magic</u></a>	<b>pg 36-39</b>
<a href="#"><u>Dinner</u></a>	<b>pg 40</b>
<a href="#"><u>The Trap</u></a>	<b>pg 42</b>
<a href="#"><u>Kobold Equipment</u></a>	<b>pg 43-49</b>
<a href="#"><u>Traps</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Mundane Items</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Kobold Bio-Weapons</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Other Weapons</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>Magic Items</u></a>	
<a href="#"><u>The Kobold Pantheon</u></a>	<b>pg 50-51</b>
<a href="#"><u>Monsters &amp; NPCs</u></a>	<b>pg 52-58</b>
<a href="#"><u>The Things I Love About You</u></a>	<b>pg 59</b>
<a href="#"><u>Love Slave of the Kobold Queen, Part II</u></a>	<b>pg 60</b>

**LOVE SLAVE OF THE KOBOLD QUEEN, Part I**  
**By Johnathan M. Richards**

Let's just get one thing straight up front: I AM NOT A WEIRDO. Things might have gotten a little out of control, but it wasn't my fault.

*Oh, you're a weirdo, all right, Mallen!*

Shut up, Jack!

*Down on your hands and knees, wearing your skimpy little leather loincloth...*

Shut up!

*...barking like a dog...*

Shut up! That never happened! Just shut up!

*Fine, fine, it never happened. You tell it your way, then.*

I will. You just keep your mouth shut over there. You too, Sustalus - not a word. Okay?

Okay, then: my story.

There were five of us adventuring that day: Sustalus, a priest of the Dawn God; Jack, the loud-mouthed bard; Marco, a half-elven wizard-priest of the Goddess of Magic; Witt the thief; and, of course, myself, Mallen Ryris--

*...the Love Slave of the Kobold Queen!*

Shut up! I told you guys not to call me that!

*Sorry. Go on with your story.*

No more interruptions!

*None. Go ahead. I'm sorry.*

All right. We were in the Ghost-Infested passageways of, um, Nightsun, tracking down a rumor of an evil artifact hidden there. I won't go into detail about everything we found there; let's just say that there's plenty in the Passageways to keep an adventuring band busy, okay?

Bartender? A beer. Thanks.

So, anyway. We're traveling down this corridor filled with statues. Suddenly, Witt lets out this little yelp and falls backwards. "I'm hit!" he cries, and sure enough he is, but it's just a tiny little dart that barely made it through his leather armor. That's enough for him, though; all of a sudden he doesn't wanna be up front any more.

So I push him aside and take the lead. The others, brave adventurers that they are, they stay behind to see if I make it okay. I go up ahead twenty, maybe thirty feet with no problem. So I turn around to tell them the way is safe, and as soon as I do, I get a dart in the butt.

As if that was some sort of signal, all of a sudden there's darts flying everywhere. I must have been hit at least three or four times, but like I said, they were only tiny little things that hardly stung at all. So I charge the area where the darts are coming from, lantern in one hand and sword in the other. I'd like to say I led the charge, but I was the only one doing any charging - my "associates," as usual, held back.

So anyway, I make it to where the darts are coming from, and it's a solid wall. Well, not totally solid, 'cause by the light from my lantern I can see a couple of slits in the wall, and a couple sets of glowing, red eyes behind them. I also hear the unmistakable *twanging* sound of crossbows as those little darts are shot at us through the peek-holes.

The nasty little buggers think they're nice and safe behind their narrow slits, shooting at us like fish in a barrel. So I do what I can: I take my sword and poke it into the nearest slit. I must've got somebody when I did that, 'cause there's this yelp of pain and my sword comes back out covered in bluish blood.

"Come on out here and fight!" I scream. Since I poked one with my sword they've apparently backed away, and the corridor is suddenly dart-free. My companions take this opportunity to scoot up close by me, now that it's safe.

Only it isn't safe for long. The lousy bums have got another slit further down the wall, and all of a sudden another batch of darts comes flying our way. Fat old Sustalus, he stumbles off into a side room and collapses. Jack looks like a black-clad pincushion. As usual, it looks like it's up to me to get the job done.

I figure there's gotta be a way into that room, so I head back down the corridor and keep veering right, figuring I'll come across an entrance. Well, it took finding my way through two secret doors (one of which was trapped), but I made it there all right.

So there I am, my goal right in front of me: a wooden door, behind which I can hear the sniggers and chuckles of the little pests. I can't wait to see their faces as I smash my way into their little hideout. It's gonna be great!

So I kick in the door. It takes a little while, but I do it. The door bursts open, and by the light of my lantern I can see what I'm up against: kobolds. I laugh out loud. Kobolds! Three feet tall if they're lucky! Dinky little horns sticking out of their dinky little heads! Kobolds! What a joke!

Well, they get a good look at me and they're scared. Can you blame them? There must be six or eight of 'em in there, all piling up against the door, trying to close it again to keep me out. I laugh at their feeble efforts, force the door back open, open, wider...

...and then, suddenly, I can't move.

I mean it. Not a muscle. First thing, I'm only puzzled - you know, like, why is this happening? Then, the realization sinks in. I'm screwed.

Of course, it would have been a different story if my so-called "companions" were there with me. But no, I had to storm the kobolds' hideout alone. And now, I'm at their mercy. It doesn't take the little maggots long to realize that I'm not struggling with the door anymore. I see a wicked gleam in their eyes, and

nasty smiles spreading across their nasty faces. Then, all at once, they jump back from the door, and I spill into the room. I land flat on my face, unable even to turn my head. I don't even want to think what I land in.

That's pretty much the beginning of the end for me. The kobolds close the door and block it with a heavy table. They scrounge up a rope from somewhere, and tie it around my left ankle. I am unceremoniously dragged down a corridor by half a dozen of the little creeps. Mind you, I'm still completely paralyzed, as rigid as one of those statues we passed in the corridor before running into the kobolds' darts. As luck would have it, the corridor leads to a vertical shaft with ladder rungs secured to one wall. The kobolds scamper up with the end of the rope, and then I'm hauled up as well, dangling upside-down. Each time my face bounces against one of the metal rungs of the ladder, I curse my so-called friends.

So they drag me to the top of the shaft and take me to a little cell. There they plop me on my back and start cutting off my chain mail armor. After that's been snipped into several pieces, they start hacking away pieces of the leather armor I wear underneath. I'm finally left with little more than a leather G-string covering up my, uh, essentials. The whole time, they're talking back and forth in their stupid little doggy language.

While I'm lying there, paralyzed and helpless, I notice a few things about my captors. First of all, they stink - like a shaggy, wet dog that's been playing out in the swamp. I get a good look at some of them, as well - they brought my lantern in and set it in the corner, although they turned it down to a low glow.

Kobolds are covered in tiny scales, but they come in several colors, which is something I never knew before. Some kobolds are a dark, rusty brown, while others are almost black, but some of their tails are an ugly pinkish-tan, almost like a rat's. They've all got two little horns on their heads, some of 'em tan, some of 'em white.

And their clothes - I've never seen such an odd mixture! Most of them were garish colors - bright reds and oranges, even some yellows. Nobody wears anything the same - some have only got pants on, some wear only shirts or vests, some wear hats or kerchiefs on their heads, and some have a combination of the above. All their clothes are raggedy and torn, and filthy to boot.

I also notice that they're all armed. Most have a short sword or a dagger, but two of them carry miniature crossbows.

Finally, the paralysis starts to wear off, but by this time my arms and legs are all pins and needles. A couple of the kobolds notice my initial feeble

movements, and rush out the door of my cell. As I stumble about, trying to stand, two of the kobolds slam me back to the floor of my cell. I try to get up again, but they push me back down. I'm allowed to get up on my hands and knees, but that's it.

Then one starts yapping at me. Sounded something like "Yip-YIP-yap." He gets right up in my face, says "Yip-YIP-yap" like it's supposed to mean something to me, then whaps me a good one with a willow stick when I don't respond. That happens two more times before I realize he wants me to repeat what he's saying.

"Yip-YIP-yap," he says to me.

"Yip-yip-yap," I repeat.

*Whap!* he goes with the stick - apparently he didn't like my accent. "Yip-YIP-yap," he says again, emphasizing the second syllable.

"Yip-YIP-yap," I say.

"Yarp-yip-ARK-ARK!"

"Yarp-yip-ARK-ARK!" I repeat.

"Yip-YIP-yap-yarp-yip-ARK-ARK!" he says, putting it all together. I repeat the whole thing to his satisfaction, and he breaks out in this evil grin.

Then there's a commotion at the door, and my captors stand at attention as this larger kobold walks in, a giant of a kobold, standing maybe a good four inches above the others. They all lower their heads in respect, and the tall one nods approval. My "language tutor" gives me a whack with his stick, which I take as my cue, so I spurt out my "Yip-YIP-yap-yarp-yip-ARK-ARK," to the sounds of appreciative kobold laughter. Beats me what that's all about.

The larger kobold waves a hand towards the door, and the others leave, slamming a bolt home in the door with a metallic clang. Now it's just me against a single kobold, and I start thinking about escape. This one doesn't seem to be armed, but then, neither am I. It watches me curiously, as if reading my thoughts.

"It wouldn't do you any good," the kobold says. "There's still no way for you to escape this cell."

I stare at amazement - I wasn't expecting to find a kobold that speaks the Common tongue. And I wasn't expecting it to speak in such a sultry, feminine voice, either.

"Besides," she says in a husky whisper, "You wouldn't want to hurt me, would you?" She runs a scaled hand lovingly across the side of my face.

I just stare at her. What's going on? She's obviously a kobold - maybe a good-looking one at that, who knows? - surely she isn't trying to seduce me, is she? I mean, c'mon, she's a reptile! Sure, she's wearing this slinky red dress, even looks like it may be silk, but the tail poking out the back isn't much of a turn-on. Neither are the scales.

Then she offers me a drink from a wineskin. I accept; who knows how often they're planning on feeding me? Plus, it's been a pretty rough day so far. I drink it down.

And then, suddenly, everything makes sense to me. It's funny I didn't fit the pieces together before. I mean, when you stop to think about it, it's obvious: she speaks Common, wears a red silk dress, and is taller than the other kobolds. Why? Because she isn't really a kobold, that's why! I've heard of wizards turning themselves into other creatures through their spells; obviously, this is the case here.

I tell her what I've figured out, and she confirms it. She's been running the place as Queen of the Kobolds. And then, it's as if knowing her secret lets me see past her disguise, I can see her for who she really is. And let me tell you, she's a real babe!

Hey, bartender, another beer here! Thanks.

So where was I? Oh yeah. She's obviously attracted to me; can you blame her? I'm a good-looking guy, and I'm wearing practically nothing, so she can get a good look at my rock-hard abs and my statuesque physique. Plus, she's been living among *kobolds* for who knows how long? She must be starved for someone of her own race.

I'm a gentleman, so I won't go into details of our brisk little affair. Let's just say that we were mutually satisfied, and leave it at that.

Once I met the "Kobold Queen," things went a little smoother for me. Sure, I had to stay in the tiny cell, being fed once a day and having to "do my business" over in the corner, but that was because the Queen said it would make the others suspicious if she treated me any different than a real slave, and that made absolutely perfect sense to me. I was happy enough just knowing that she was my girl, and thoughts of her kept me happy during the hours of darkness in my little cell. (They didn't let me keep the lantern.)

But it wasn't like I stayed there all the time! No, no, she let me out, and we went for long walks. Sure, she made me wear a leash and crawl around on my hands and knees, but so what? Be reasonable: It would have made it pretty obvious that I was getting special treatment if she didn't, now, wouldn't it? And that could have endangered her life. Who knows what the kobolds would have done if they even suspected that their queen was really a beautiful human woman?

I got to see some of the sights in the kobold lair. We went to see their shrine, where the kobolds worshipped images of their gods, roughly carved from slabs of stone. There were only a couple of them, including one little guy with wings.

She also took me to see the hatching chambers, where the kobold females deposited their

eggs. They were brown, leathery-looking things, maybe three or four inches around, kinda looking like some sea turtle eggs I saw at the beach once. And we saw the food-stocks, where the kobolds kept their food - some special fungal growths they harvested, and the dead bodies of slaves and other creatures they had killed. The Queen didn't offer me any food during our walks, though, 'cause it would have looked funny, her giving me special treatment and all. I wasn't all that hungry, anyway.

And, of course, we spent quite a lot of time in my cell, just the two of us...I think you get my meaning. Say what you will, but I loved that woman, and I love her still.

But my newfound love was to be cut short. My so-called friends, who were nowhere to be found when I desperately needed them, finally showed up when they were no longer needed. They had healed up their wounds, gathered up their spells and weapons, and stormed their way back into the Haunted Ha--I mean, the uh, Ghost-Infested Passageways - and, specifically, the kobold lair. After a fierce battle, they apparently made the kobolds realize they were better off returning me to my companions than continuing to fight. They took fewer casualties that way.

So I was unwillingly dragged from my cell by my teammates, with me calling out to my true love all the while. It's obvious to me that they were just jealous, since none of them would ever have a chance of capturing the heart of such a beautiful woman on their own. I struggled to escape their clutches, to return to the arms of my beloved.

Finally, one of them conked me on the head. I think it was Jack. The next thing I knew, I was back at the inn in Nightsun, being slapped awake by my so-called "friends."

And that's my story. It's all true, too, every word. To hear Jack tell it, I was messing around with a real-life kobold. Yeah, right! Like the others, he's just jealous that I got the girl for once.

*All right kid, you got me pegged all right. Drink up, and let's go home.*

So you admit it?

*Sure, sure, whatever you say.*

I'm gonna go back there some day, you know. An' she'll be waiting for me. An' you know why? Huh? You know why, Jack? 'Cause she loves me, tha's why.

*Right, kid. C'mere, Sustalus, give me a hand with Love Slave here.*

I thought I tol' you not t' call me that, Jack.

*Right, sorry, Mallen.*

## Kobolds as Player Characters:

Though every DM's favorite low-level opponent for their starting adventures, there is no reason why a kobold cannot be a player character. The general evil alignment of kobolds can be more a matter of circumstances than innate nature. After all, as one of the smallest and physically weakest of the dark-dwelling races, their viciousness and evil actions could be construed as more a matter of survival than as pure unadulterated evil.

For player characters, playing a kobold means living with the fact that you are generally going to be looked down upon by members of other races. This will have some impact on how the player interprets his character and how he relates to his selected class. The kobold PC needs to make a choice. Does she rise above the race's history and seek to integrate into the greater society? Does she settle for living on the fringe of society? Or does she rebel against the society that has rejected her?

A kobold can select any class, just like any other race, but the reasons will most likely be far different. While sorcerer is the favored class of the race, as generally lawful creatures the brightest of the species will prefer the more formal study of wizardry. This is particularly true with kobolds that have decided to live in the cities of humans and other races.



Kobold fighters will favor feats and abilities that enable them to take full advantage of their dexterity, such as Quick Draw and Weapon Finesse. For the kobold who seeks to overcome the primitive savagery of his people, the monk class is a natural choice, and it is perhaps among a monastery order that the kobold would have the opportunity to achieve inner discipline and harmony.

A kobold cleric or paladin is often one of the most devoted of his church. Most kobolds that follow these paths do so because they were saved, literally and figuratively, by someone who not only looked past the fact that the kobold was a kobold, but also didn't care. Acts of personal sacrifice and mercy performed for a kobold by those they would normally consider a threat have a profound impact on them. There are few preachers with as much fervor as a born-again kobold (see Bartlebey Snotgrass in the *Monsters and NPCs* section for an example).

The majority of kobolds, however, will do what they know how to do, and that is survive. In the cities, kobolds will often fall in with the shady underbelly of society. Curiously, it is in a well-organized thieves' guild many kobolds earn the most respect. Their natural abilities are a boon to their guildmates, and their generations of practice at hiding and protecting their villages makes a guildhouse with a few kobolds one of the most difficult, and dangerous, to find. Kobolds have little trouble earning a high rank within such organizations, and many begin to view their guild as their new family unit.

Solitary kobold rangers and druids are uncommon, mostly due to the kobold mentality of safety in numbers. When a kobold ranger or druid is found, one can be sure there are others waiting in the shadows to protect their brother.

Kobold characters possess the following racial traits.

- -4 Strength, +2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution.
- Light Sensitivity (Ex):** Kobolds are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of a daylight spell.
- Small size:** +1 bonus to Armor Class, +1 bonus on attack rolls, +4 bonus on Hide checks, -4 penalty on grapple checks, lifting and carrying limits 3/4 those of Medium characters.
- A kobold's base land speed is 30 feet.
- Darkvision out to 60 feet.
- Racial Skills:** A kobold character has a +2 racial bonus on Craft (trapmaking), Profession (miner), and Search checks.
- +1 natural armor bonus.
- Automatic Languages:** Draconic. Bonus Languages: Common, Undercommon.
- Favored Class:** Sorcerer.
- Level adjustment +0.