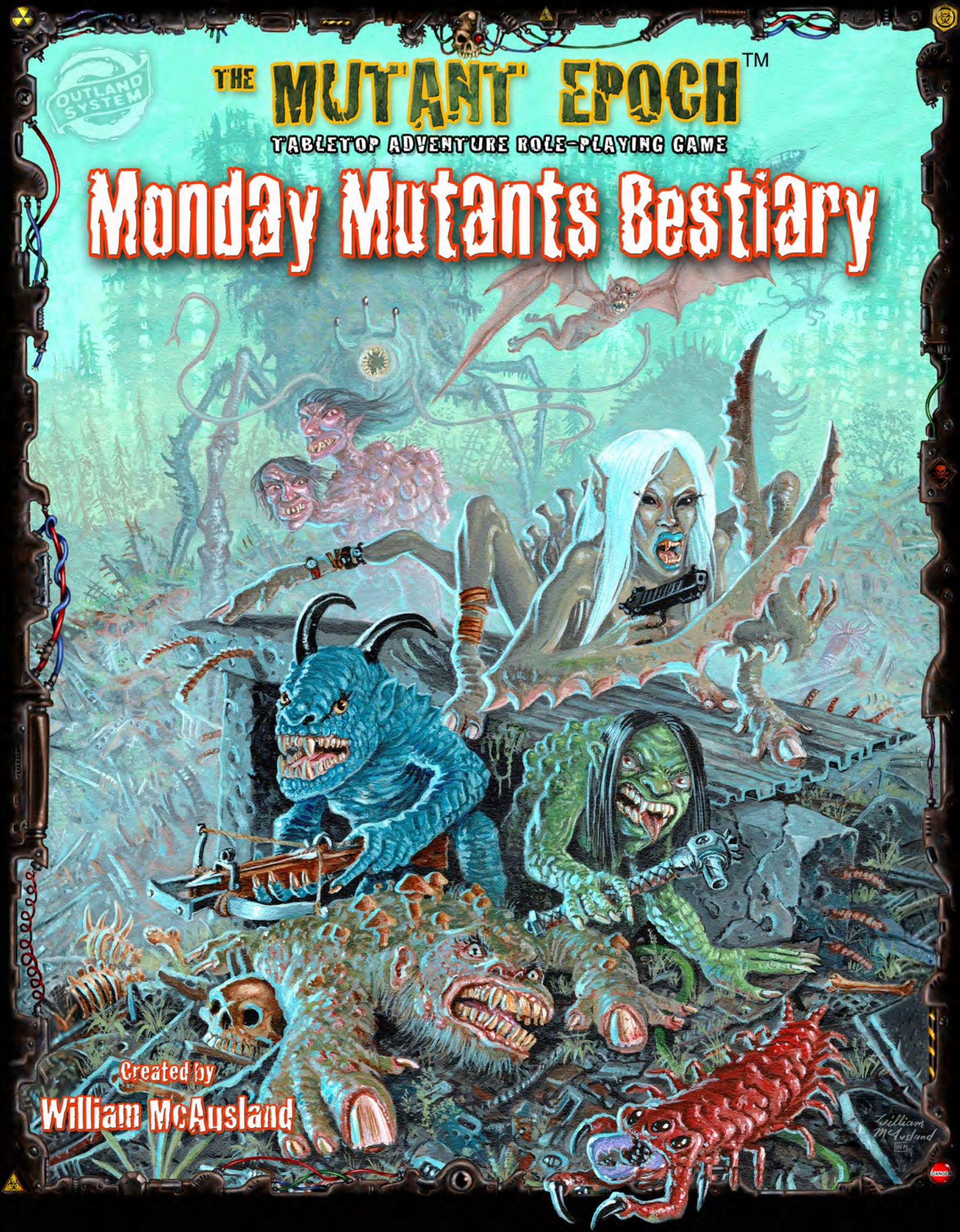




THE MUTANT EPOCH™

TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

Monday Mutants Bestiary



Created by

William McAusland

William
McAusland
2014



MONDAY MUTANTS BESTIARY

Thirty Mutie Monsters to Challenge Every Excavator

THE MUTANT EPOCH™

TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLEPLAYING GAME

Created by William McAusland

Published by Outland Arts

"Putting YOU in the Game"

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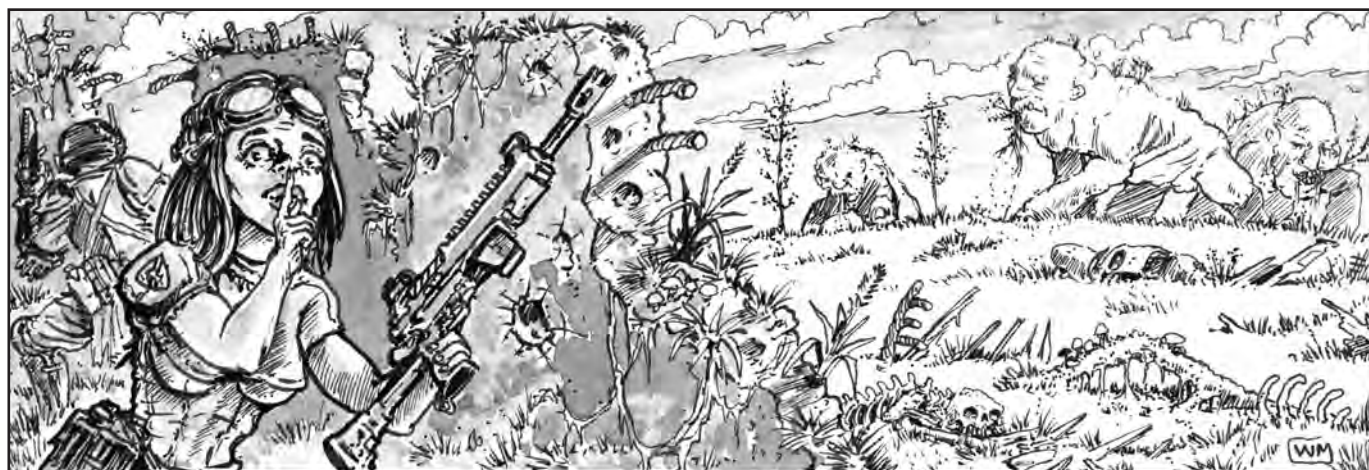
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Introduction and history of Monday Mutants

Many players of The Mutant Epoch RPG own the Hub Rules book, and are therefore familiar with the 104 creatures that are included in that robust bestiary. Exposing players and their excavators to never before seen mutant horrors and npcs, therefore, is always a challenge, and so from time to time requires a fresh batch of bizarre and unpredictable creatures to unnerve and thrill them. This collection of thirty fresh freaks aims to fulfill this purpose, although since the first twenty four critters were previously released as free or *pay what you want* downloads, with the first being made available in June 2019, some game masters might have already subjected the characters to these fiends. With the addition to six all-new monsters, however, I hope the GM can present these oddities to veteran players and elicit some epic challenges.

Originally, Monday Mutants were created to both give something back to the Epochian community and to promote the Mutant Epoch RPG to new gamers on drivethrurpg.com. They were and still are a popular PDF download and even after the release of this tome, we will keep the free variants available at various online venues.

What I discovered though, is that very few gamers I play with actually use PDFs at all, or never grab the online content to print out or use on a tablet or laptop. In some ways, this book is for those who either use printed books only at their game table, TME collectors, or those GMs who simply need more muties to torment the PCs.

At the writing of this intro, I am in the late stages of the much anticipated and way overdue Mutant Epoch Expansion Rules. Following the release of that book, and even as the TME novels are being prepped, we will complete a few more, book exclusive One Day Digs short adventures and compile a compendium for all that content, too. That book will be a bit

of a part two of this book, in that many of the creatures the characters will be exposed to are included in this publication.

In closing, I just want to thank all of you who over the years did 'Pay what You Want', and often very generously, too! As an indie publisher, who at this stage in my career makes ends meet by also freelancing as an illustrator, those donations really helped keep the lights on.

That said, I feel a pang of guilt in offering this book for sale after already accepting coin from those who previously purchased those creatures as PDFs. By adding six new creatures, and adding more art to many of the previously offered abominations, I hope that the price for this book in print or pdf is worth it. I myself need a printed book at my game table... but that might be because I am older than many of you and didn't grow up with tablets or even cell phones. At the very least, I can have a copy of this bestiary at my next session.

If you like what you see here, please leave a review out there on the interweb, and let me know so I can link to it or add it to this book's permanent web page at <https://www.outlandarts.com/mondaymutantsbestiary.htm>

Finally, at the end of this book are the player hand out versions of the main creature art from within the book, without the stat blocks visible so your players can't sneak a look at what they are up against. All these images, plus all the maps from this book, are available for free download in the SOE members area of our website at this link <https://www.outlandarts.com/membersonly/TME-SOE-mondaymutantsbestiary.htm>

Happy gaming,

William McAusland
WM

William McAusland



Arm-Gunn

Defense Value: -22

Endurance: 70+2d20

Movement: 8m

Initiative: +0

Attacks: 1 bone lump per round /

5 melee: 4 clubs + 1 bite

Strike Value: Bone lump, range 60m,
rate 1, 01-80 / club or bite 01-70

Damage: Bone lump 1d20/
club d12+8 each, bite d20+8

Strength: 72 (+8 DMG /
+40% throw range)

Agility: 42

Accuracy: 88 (+12 SV)

Intelligence: 2d6

Willpower: 46

Perception: 33

Appearance: 3

Valuables: None carried/ trophy pole discoveries

Experience: 76

Morale: Excellent

Size: 2.3m tall

Weight: As END in kilograms +100kg

Implants: Normally none

Mutations: 3 in 10 chance each exhibits
1 mutations from the list on [page 9](#).

Arm-gunns are grayish red, low intelligence savage mutants. They stand well over two meters, or 7 feet, 6 inches tall and weigh in at a hefty 190kg or 418 pounds. They can pulverize most other strains of mutant humans in a one-to-one match-up, although they almost never wear armor or wield any weapon more advanced than a pair of clubs and so are sometimes vulnerable to long ranged attacks.

They're primarily known for their weird lower arms which from the elbow down end in bone-hard, tube-like organic rock spitters that use muscle tension to propel lumps of material at targets up to 60 meters away. These cartilage encased orbs are formed from stomach residue made from compressed bone fragments, sand, and indigestible bits of metal and plastic. A maximum of 14 bone lumps are ready to fire per arm, per hour, to a maximum of 56 per 24 hour period.



When engaging distant prey animals or enemies, this humanoid can expel one lump stone per round from one arm, and then, on the next round, discharge another from the second. In short, it must alternate firing one tube arm and then the next.

While feared for their barrage of skull breaking projectiles, arm-gunns are equally dreaded for their brutal close quarters fighting ability. Besides its two gun arms, which can only be used as clubs in melee range, this hideous creature also wields some sort of bludgeoning tool in each of its very human-looking upper arms. Besides these four club attacks, which the beast can

elect to use to unleash stun damage if it decides to take a living victim alive, it can also add a bite attack with its massive, toothy maw; a bite similar to that of an enormous bear, and capable of tearing a human's head off.

Arm-gunns appear as males about 75% of the time, with females of the species easy enough to distinguish on account of their pendulous breasts, more rounded figures and garish, tangled mops of steel-blue hair. These she-mutants seem to lead any pack of their kind, being more belligerent, bad tempered and cruel than even the notoriously savage males.

Young arm-gunns have been seen near the bone strewn, stinking dens of these foul things, although their lump throwing appendages are underdeveloped and hang uselessly at their sides (GM: treat these youths as skullocks for stats with 3 melee attacks per round doing 1d8 damage per strike). Arm-gunn dens are always subterranean affairs, and while there are plenty of bones strewn about, such dingy places almost never hold worthwhile loot — unless these creatures are in the service of some powerful master.

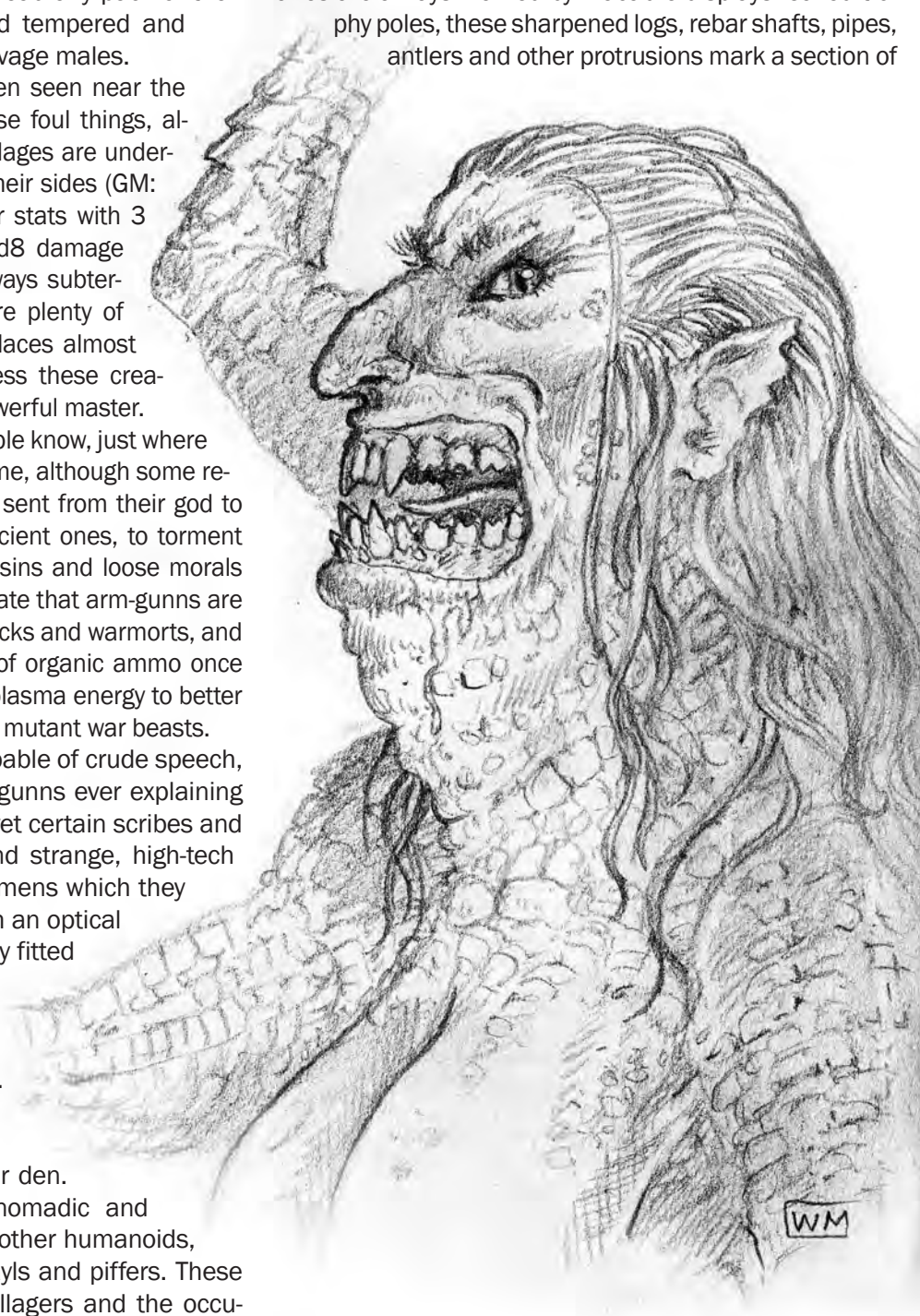
As far as most new era people know, just where these things came from is lost to time, although some remote tribes claim arm-gunns were sent from their god to punish the descendants of the ancient ones, to torment and terrorize the survivors for the sins and loose morals of their fore bearers. Others speculate that arm-gunns are engineered beings, similar to skullocks and warmorts, and built for battle, their ready supply of organic ammo once enhanced with either explosive or plasma energy to better annihilate robots, rioters, and other mutant war beasts.

While these things are capable of crude speech, no reports have surfaced of arm-gunns ever explaining where they originally came from, yet certain scribes and wasteland researchers have found strange, high-tech bar code tattoos on several specimens which they killed, while one was a cyborg with an optical implant and communications array fitted into its head.

Regardless of their origins, these terrible beast men are ferocious and fearless adversaries. Most are highly territorial savages who seem content to dominate a few dozen kilometers around their den. Other groups, meanwhile, are nomadic and known to work with war bands of other humanoids, including skullocks, moaners, skayls and piffers. These raiding parties are dreaded by villagers and the occu-

pants of outposts, for an attack by arm-gunns and their smaller, yet equally vicious allies, are among the most cruel assaults most people ever hear of. The aftermath of such attacks usually leave a village in flames, most of the populace butchered and a handful of choice captives taken away in chains.

For stationary arm-gunn packs, which often war with other bands of their own kind, their territorial boundaries are always marked by macabre displays. Called trophy poles, these sharpened logs, rebar shafts, pipes, antlers and other protrusions mark a section of



ruins, woodland, swamp or tangled forest — the favored habitats of these brutes — and erected on high ground for all to see. These poles are gruesome affairs, with the severed heads, body parts, bones and yellowed skulls of past victims, along with shiny objects, packs, and the weapons of the vanquished hanging from them.

These markers also include fine relics or still-living victims and serve as bait to draw in either scavengers, other humanoids, or would-be rescuers. Those familiar with these horrendous, cruel brutes know to steer clear of such boundary displays as it's highly likely that arm-gunns are in the vicinity. So too, veteran scavengers and diggers who are familiar with arm-gunns will know that if they come across a trophy pole collection, that the filthy lair of these barbaric, man-eating monsters is always within a kilometer.

Only those who have seen other horrors and aren't squeamish, as well as being brave, will dare approach a series of trophy poles. For those that do, they discover 4d6 scalps, 3d6 human and humanoid skulls and rotting, severed heads, 2d6 full human and sub-human skeletons, dozens of dried and barely identifiable body clippings, assorted remnants of clothing and common armor, along with 4+1d6 other 'things' of interest.

Things of Interest Among Trophy Poles Table

Roll 2d20, 4+1d6 times, on the following table for what a group of characters discovers at an arm-gunn trophy pole cluster:

2. Android head with lashing, tentacle-like cables hanging from its neck. Its beautiful face is marred by lacerations and the thing's twitching mouth is stitched shut by wire. If wire removed, this good-looking mockery of a young woman talks endlessly about old world fashion trends, pop music, candy, and Hollywood gossip. Worth 400+ 2d100 to a collector or robotics dealership.
3. Advanced fragmentation grenade
4. Silver ring with Celtic pattern, worth 20+1d20sp
5. Power cell, 90% drained
6. Pair of old prescription eyeglasses, worth 30+1d20sp
7. Magazine for an assault rifle with 0 to 5 rifle rounds inside (1d6 -1)
8. Landmine, standard (see page TME-196)
9. Thermos with lid and handle, filled with a liter of vodka. Thermos worth 26+1d12sp.

10. Skullock child hanging by one leg, nearly dead, badly beaten and incoherent. If touched, roll 1d6: 1,2. It wakes and screams bloody murder, which alerts one or more arm-gunns to the character's presence./ 3,4. It takes one look at you and then expires from the shock. Dead. /5,6. The 30cm long pesky stretches out a hand and mutters. "Free me, Hume." GM: If freed and given food and water and not mistreated, it will follow the character party, try to gain clothing to make it better blend in among human society, learn the proper way to talk, and seek to become an adventurer, too. This fella is named Skatphuk, and says his people were wiped out by arm-gunns who worked for a golden robot god. He is 3 years old and will reach adulthood at 8, and die of old age around 25.

11. A pump shotgun with pistol grip and folding stock hanging by a nylon shoulder strap. Has 0 to 6 (1d8 -2) shells in the tube.

12. A gut bag knotted to a cross brace of steel. At your approach, something thrashes about inside it. If you tear it open, roll 1d6: 1,2. A spotted scorpion leaps out and tries to sting the nearest character once before it scuttles off into a deep crevice (scorpions listed on page 169 of the TME hub rules)./ 3,4. A baby skullock that seems to immediately recognize that the PCs are not arm-gunns, and clings to whoever freed it and calls him or her 'matha' and thereafter considers the PC its parent./ 5,6. It's an android head with several manipulator cables hanging from its neck cavity.

The severed head smiles when it is freed from the stinking guts. This is a male patterned service industry android who says "Those atrocious monsters asked if I'd like to stay close to my master. Foolishly I said 'yes' and they stuffed me into his abdomen while he was still alive, poor fellow. Been in there for months. But where are my manners? I am Jordy44, at your lifelong service. My body is around here someplace and if you could get my head and frame back to an authorized dealership, I could be a most useful employee even in this mad, inconceivable world."

13. A dead chicken, fresh.

14. A wine skin filled with blood.

15. A severed cyborg's arm with a gore smeared ethanol powered chainsaw arm. See the listing on page 186 of the hub rules, with the stats on page 100. This unit has enough fuel in it to operate for 20+1d100 rounds and can be modified for hand held use by non cyborg characters.

16. A silver necklace with strange hammer-like pendant on end (Mjölnir or Thor's Hammer). Worth 30+3d12sp.

17. An old cell phone with a cracked screen. Strangely, the thing has power, and the screen is on! On closer inspection you see that while there is no service because most of the orbiting satellites were put out of action or burned up in the atmosphere a century ago... still, this thing has a thousand songs, several games, somebody's family photos, a clock that needs to be adjusted, writing programs and an excellent photo and video camera. The power comes from a built-in solar panel on the back of the armored case. This is a remarkable find and would sell for 300+3d100sp.

18. A mountain bike with huge knobby tires and snap on air pump. It's painted desert camo and seems to be in great condition. A half filled, 1 liter, leather water bottle in the cup holder has the initials 'M.L.' stitched into it. Worth 500+3d100sp.

19. Wide-back folding camp chair with pop out, side table and shoulder strap. Bright orange. Worth 30+2d20sp.

20. Headlamp flashlight with 3d6 minutes of light remaining in battery.

21. Small, active humanoid shaped robot the size of a teddy bear hanging by its neck. It kicks and beeps madly as you approach and stretches out its metal hands and swipes at any pure stock appearing characters as if it wants to rip out their throat. This is a pocket-bot (see page 180 of the TME hub rules if you need stats) infected with the Mecha human eradication virus. Its laser eye has been smashed in and is useless. If restrained and a robotics or computer technician works on it, the unit could be reprogrammed — theoretically.

22. Metal detector with 3d6

hours left in battery pack. Uses 1 power cell to yield 60 hours operation. It will locate buried metal to 1 meter depth and more importantly, land mines. Worth 500+4d100sp.

23. Fragmentation grenade

24. Rotting human hand with a gold wedding band on finger, ring worth 50+1d30sp

25. String of human and subhuman eyes beaded on a string. This fly covered, hideous mess is indeed sickening to behold, but any character with 70 or higher intelligence and at least 40 perception will notice that one eye is a cybernetic implant eye complete with its optic nerve connector wires. Roll for the sort of cybernetic eye discovered from the listing in the hub rules on page 89.

26. Serrated relic fish fillet knife with wrist strap and bright orange handle. No sheath. Treat as a dagger doing +1 DMG and +1 SV. Daggers normally do 1d10 damage and have no SV modifier.

27. Clear baggy of ammo: 1d6 each of standard rifle, standard pistol, high caliber rifle and pistol, shotgun shells, .22 cartridges, and fifty caliber rounds.

28. Rubbery fishing lure, looks like a minnow. Worth d4+6sp.

29. Standard hand held communicator with 2d6 minutes of use left in nearly drained battery.

30. Power cell, drained entirely but in good enough order otherwise.

31. Compound crossbow of relic design. 4d6 quarrels scattered about mound.

32. Box of ammo in olive green, airtight case that hangs by a shoulder



strap. Roll for what's inside this latched but unlocked case, roll 1d6: **1.** Empty. / **2.** Ears, eyes, noses, fingers, and other body clippings, all dried out and laced with pretty feathers, bits of colorful plastic and spent ammo casings. / **3.** .22, caliber ammo, 1000+1d1000 rounds. / **4.** Standard pistol rounds 100+1d100. / **5.** Standard rifle rounds, 100+1d100. / **6.** Rare alloy tipped, soft core, advanced rifle rounds, 20+2d20. These fit any weapon that fires normal standard rifle rounds but have a higher velocity and mushroom magnificently in targets, SV +10 bonus plus inflict +5 damage.

33. Army helmet, desert tan (-5 DV, -0.25m movement, worth 200+1d100sp)

34. Football helmet with the logo of a pirate character painted on the sides on a red flag. Treat as sports helmet -3 DV, -0.25m move. Worth 100+1d20sp

35. Dozens of old milk, salad dressing and cola bottles. These are knotted to a trip line around the trophy poles and the first character to approach the mound must make a type D perception based hazard check to spot the line otherwise snag it and cause the collection of containers — which are filled with pebbles — to bang about and make an awful racket.

If so, there is a 2 in 6 chance that a nearby arm-gunn wakes from its nap and looks across the wastes to see the intruders, and from 100+1d100m away, makes its approach (GM's scenario permitting).

36. Tackle bag with shoulder strap. Inside are hundreds of ancient fishing lures, flies, hooks, several rolls of line, pliers and other fishing gear. The entire case and contents are worth 400+3d100sp if sold.

37. Machete hanging by strap.

38. Automatic pistol, nickel plated with a standard 20 shot magazine. Loaded with 0 to 10 rounds (1d12 -2).

39. High caliber assault rifle hanging by a strap. 'Jungle clipped' pair of magazines stuck into the underside, barrel flashlight with 10+1d30 hours of light remaining in charge. Each of the two taped together magazines have 0 to 15 rounds inside the thirty round mags (roll d20 -5 for each). High caliber ammo inflicts d20+10 damage each instead of d20.

40. Young human female hanging upside down by her feet. Gagged and wearing torn, simple commoner clothing. She's clearly in awful shape but wakes as you approach and thrashes about, shakes her head and tries to call to you through the rag over her mouth.

If you undo the gag, she says, roll 1d6: **1-4.** "No, you idiots! Leave me and run! They are using me as bait! Get the hell outa here now, you — !" All at once you hear the crunch of gravel and snapping of twigs from the thicket

and rubble all around the mound. (GM note, unless you have some current campaign encounter planned, then 1 arm-gunn will emerge, 30 meters away, for each 3 player characters (rounded up). / **5,6.** "Sweet Jesus! You need to cut me down quick! Take me with you, 'cause I'm dead out here without you! And crap! Those damn giants with their rock thrower arms and nasty clubs are watching us here! Please hurry!"

Treat this NPC as a commoner teen as per the listing on page 137 of the hub rules for stats (DV -7 / End 10+d20 / move 5.75m / SV 01-43 / unarmed). Her name is Krystun, and she is the last of her people from a nomadic water trading caravan. She has 2 skill points as a medic and 3 in weapon expert with a bow.

Arm-Gunn Mutations

There is a 3 in 10 chance each arm-gunn will feature one random mutation from the following list **Roll 1d12**

1. Smart specimen: this one has an intelligence score of 4+3d6 and wears a hip pouch with assorted collectibles. The contents includes many gross things like ears, scalps, fingers, toes and other unmentionable clippings. But of genuine interest are 3d6 silver and 2d6 gold coins, plus 2 rolls on table PT (primitive trophy) on page 208 of the hub rules for items carried. This freak can talk like a regular human, which it will do to taunt and intimidate, barter, and negotiate to better its position. This oddity will hang back in any engagement, use cover, make false retreats and other complicated tactics to either traumatize or defeat the enemy. It will try to take captives when possible and delights in all manner of humiliation and torture. This individual will always be the leader in an arm-gunn group unless a cyborg variant is also present.

2. An extra pair of gun arms, one beneath each of the existing shooters. This freak now makes 2 shots per round and adds an additional 2 melee attacks per round.

3. Two headed freak, gains +2 initiative and an extra bite attack.

4. Robust fella: half a meter taller, hunched back and much thicker. Increase endurance by +30, and damage from all melee attacks by +4.

5. Bone studded: increase this mutie's defense value by +10.

6. Toxic balls: this specimens bone projectiles are coated in an unnaturally garish green goo. When impacting a target, this jelly spatters onto the victim's skin, or is inhaled. It might cause weakness, and every strike on the target forces the victim to make an endurance based Type C hazard check or become exposed to some of this goop. Those who fail become weakened and take an additional -10 stun damage, and a reduction of -0.5m movement per round, per successful exposure. This specific stun damage and speed reduction fade entirely after 30 minutes.

7. Bone plated: covered in articulating, thick bone plates, this freak moves -3 meters per round but has an impressive -30 DV bonus on top of its usual -20 (now -50 DV).

8. Vast bat wings: this freak is much lighter in build and has a reduction of -40 endurance, however it has enormous leathery wings similar to a bat. It can fly at a rate of 14m per round and while moving in the air enjoys a defense value bonus of -18 (now -40).

9. Plasma balls: this arm-gunn's stone spitters are elongated, have odd lumps about the muzzle and light up a brilliant purple before they fire. Each ball it launches is encased in a blazing purple light and the orb itself a sizzling mix of rock and destructive plasma. This ball has a range of 500 meters and inflicts 2d20 damage on a hit, often igniting fires on, or near, the target even if it misses or cannot penetrate.

These orbs are slow to charge up and fire, however, and each arm can expel only once every fourth round.

10. Balls of fire: The gun appendages on this beast are dark red, extra lumpy and blackened with soot around the orifice. When angered or on the attack, the limbs make a

distinct hissing noise and then, one after the other, can fire super heated, flaming stones. While these have the same rate of fire and range as regular bone lumps, and do identical initial damage, they will ignite any target they hit and unless the victim is wearing fire proof attire, will burn for 1d6 rounds and inflict 1d6 damage per round. Deflections and misses will cause the flaming orb to impact bystanders or vegetation and likely ignite them instead.

11. Cyborg! Not a mutation at all, but instead somebody has cybernetically augmented this brute. The thing has a cluster of red and black eye implants on the right side of its head, and behind that, a series of assorted,

stoutly built flexible wand antennas. One of its upper human arms is knotted with cables and pistons and ends in a drum fed assault rifle. To conserve ammo, it will only use this relic if engaging opponents at long range, if its life is in danger, or the intruders are heavily armed with relic fire-power themselves.

Somebody seems to control this arm-gunn from afar through radio transmission, and sees through its eyes and directs it to bark commands to the others.

The drum magazine can hold 100 rounds of ammo, but presently has 2d20+50 rifle rounds inside. Assault rifle implant arm: rate 3 / range 900m / SV 01-74 / DMG 1d20. It will fire this weapon in conjunction with the rotating expulsions of bone lumps, while in melee it uses this heavy implant like just another club.

12. Two mutations, one from this list, rolling 1d10 instead of 1d12, plus random one deviation from the prime mutation list in the hub rules, page 58.

