

Hammerhead Glob Slug of Sibrasus III



Creature

Overview

The hammerhead glob slug is endemic to the moon Sibrasus III but can be found elsewhere in the system as part of illicit trade in highly dangerous creature.

Habitat

The “hammers” are often found in bogs, marshes, and swamps. They are tolerant of a wide variety of temperatures including sub-freezing and in excess of 50 degrees Celsius.

Gravitational habitation: 85% SG

Atmospheric tolerance: Standard 2

Biology

Height: 3.5 meters (adult)

Weight: 815 kilos (adult)

Diet: Everything, with a preference for squishy living beings

Comparative Stats

Body

Strength 300% Avg

Quickness 75% Avg

Mind

Intellect 15% Avg

Wisdom 15% Avg

Spirit

Presence 10% Avg

Resilience 300% Avg

Durability

Health 300% Avg

Bounty Rating- Serious Danger

Key Words: Toughness, Amphibious, A face not even a mother could love, One of them terrifying space maws





Special Key Words & Traits

A face not even a mother could love- This creature is the whole package of disgusting with instantly repulsive visual and olfactory impact. Even the noise its slimy mass makes as it grunts and snarls is off-putting at a primal level. Characters encountering a creature with this trait typically have to test against **Body** or **Spirit** stats or suffer the equivalence of a *POISON/ ENVENOMATION* condition or *FEAR*. Or, if the game master is just as nasty as this critter, both.

One of them terrifying space maws- You know them, a gaping mouth full of viciously sharp teeth the size of swords, each overlapping one another pointing inwardly in a biologically impossible circle of doom. Yeah. Those. Successful bite attacks from a creature with this trait typically require a **Body** stat check or the victim is *HELD*.

Imagine sitting on the idyllic bog beaches of Sibrasus III, feet in the warm mud, getting a tan from the swamp-haze-shrouded blue star, Vorlax Prime. Your cool drink whets your whistle amongst the throngs of bog-beachgoers enjoying this spa destination. There's even a cool little Xilani umbrella sticking out of your Nexaran flatbread... ahhhh... this is the break you've earned after months of putting up with your crewmates in space. That's just when the rumbling starts... in a blur of mottled green-grey putrescence and teeth, the gleebian burger vendor disappears. So does his cart. And the honeymooning couple nearby. Wait, wasn't there a magazine stand there just a moment ago?

That scenario has played out more than once on Sibrasus III. The notoriously ill-tempered hammerhead glob slug is more than happy for the tourism. It's a veritable buffet of interstellar cuisine and you're on the menu. These 4-meter-long beasts sport a pair of eyes at the end of long horizontal stalks on their head. Some rare survivors of encounters with HGs could swear there was intelligence behind those icy blues if you consider thoughts about eating everything and hateful spite for all life to be intelligent thoughts. Boasting several tons of gelatinous body mass and darn near that weight in those horrifying sci-fi worm teeth, the "Hammers" as they're known, are one of the more formidable species of wildlife in the Sibrasian system. If the mass and maw weren't enough, they come standard with a pair of 2-meter-long tentacles with suction cups attached, just in case you had good enough reflexes to avoid the initial shock of a glob slug erupting from the hot mud pit.

Their diet consists of almost anything that isn't nailed down and sometimes even things that are. A hammer's gotta' get their vitamins and iron somewhere... don't be a hater. Their general voracity and hankering for every species known -and unknown- have made them somewhat of a black market specialty. Hatchling hammerhead glob slugs are sometimes trapped in the wild and brought to underground cage fighting pits, secret cult worship centers, and those holiday dinners with that uncle you only see once a cycle and can't get to shut up.

For aspiring spacefarers looking to prove their mettle and have some stories to tell in the mess hall on ship, the hammerhead glob slugs of Sibrasus III are a sought-after achievement.

For veteran spacefarers with a shred of common sense, just avoid Sibrasus III altogether; the spa tourists are even worse than the hammers.

