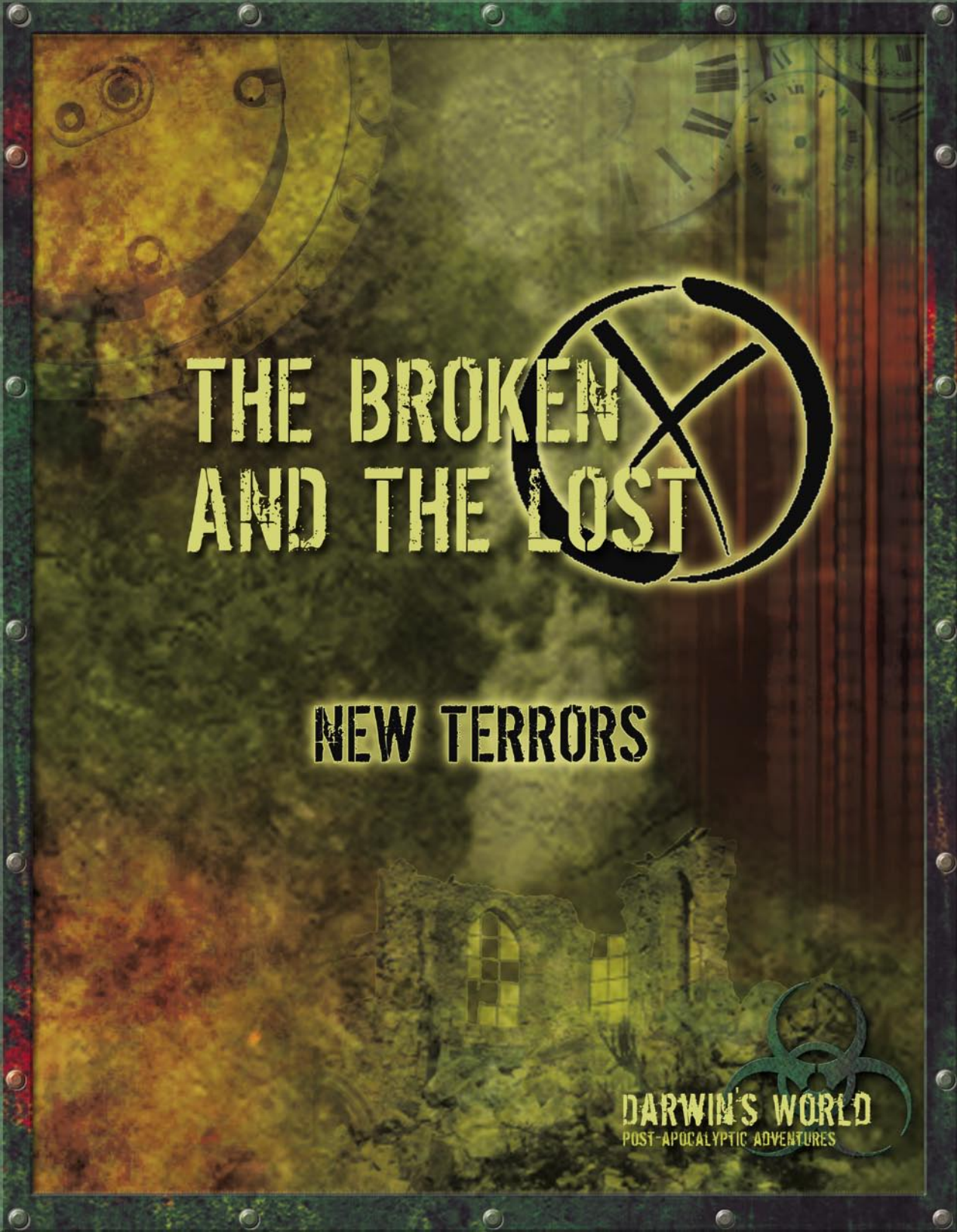




THE BROKEN AND THE LOST

NEW TERRORS

DARWIN'S WORLD
POST-APOCALYPTIC ADVENTURES

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THE BROKEN AND THE LOST: NEW TERRORS

The people of the Twisted Earth are a scattered species, the dying remnants of a race that forfeited its technological claim to the world with the violent upheaval of the great Fall. In the years since the nuclear cataclysm that reshaped the face of the planet, the ruins of the ancient world have been all but erased; by the erosion of time, the slow dying of the climate, and by the barbaric hands of the mutant survivors of humanity whose numbers dwindle every day.

While in this violent world there are powerful groups, known as the great “factions”, who vie for control over their own miserable parts of the planet, these prestigious, feared - or even worshipped - groups are indeed the minority. For every Foundation fortress full of archived knowledge, every Brotherhood Mecca with its new-world religion, and every bustling trade city vainly promising a better life through the buying and selling of the world’s last treasures, there lies hundreds of miles of savage country. While they stand prominent in their corners of the wasteland, these places are dwarfed by the sheer volume of wild and untamed land separating each faction’s lands from another. These lands are the home of the Broken and the Lost.

Every sandwalker of the Twisted Earth has heard at least something of the tribal people of the old American West; the degenerate descendants of the Ancients who now know little or nothing of their long-lost heritage. Living in meager mud huts, or in caves hollowed from desert crags, wearing the furs of wild beasts brutally slain with only the most rudimentary tools, these painfully mutated people have truly been broken by the laws of nature.

Though they all share the same origin, from a technologically advanced civilization burned away in the Fall, time and the changing world have left them altered on a physical level. Few tribes are the same physically; more often than not it is only a few miles of lifeless sand that separate one entirely separate breed of man from another.

Only a handful of sandwalkers know the lore and customs of more than a few tribes, and those that do can testify to the diversity of superstitions and crazy beliefs fostered by these amazingly backwards folk. Some have vague recollections of the ancient world, or of the Fall, woven into their ancestral stories and in many cases forming the backbones of entire tribal religions. More often than not to these people the past is entirely forgotten, however, ultimately irrelevant in the struggle for day-to-day survival that consumes them. The yearning to recreate the past which burns in the hearts of many powerful factions is simply lost to them.

Tribal people on the Twisted Earth can be found virtually everywhere; their kind fill in the uncharted places between the known nexuses of the wasteland. Along the sun-seared trade routes that crisscross the land, among the peaks of distant mountain ranges, in the cool shadow of cliff country just out of sight of trade cities like Tucumcari or Styx. They live like nomads among the lifeless sands of the great deserts, and stubbornly cling to life in the kind of inhospitable places that would make even the most hardened animals think twice. While in this day some tribal cultures (especially those along the trade routes) manage to live alongside the rising powers that are the great factions, their lot is increasingly one

*Fear not the atom in fission:
The cradle will outwit the hearse;
Man on this earth has a mission –
To survive and go on getting worse.
- Samuel Hoffenstein, “Cradle Song”*



without any hope of longevity; their future lies in being made slaves, or paid to die as savage mercenaries fighting endlessly in the wars of their masters, or as dupes for the great traders who exploit their primal innocence for its corium value.

But beyond the trade routes, in the wild places where traders seldom go, where religious cults find little promise of converts, and the technically superior find little to scavenge, the Broken and the Lost thrive. As the new powers of the Twisted Earth rise, and their shadow dwarfs these primitives - the darkness also gives their own way of life a place to thrive. One group, one great “tribe” in particular, has defied the brutality of the centuries, survived the great trials set against man and animal to punish them for the past, and has begun taking up the flag to preserve the innocence of tribal humanity. They call themselves the “Brethren”.

HOW TO USE THESE BOOKS

Welcome to *The Broken and The Lost*, a collection of source materials for *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* that offer a more detailed look at the “Tribal” background presented in the basic rules, bringing to life one of the most integral aspects of the post-apocalyptic genre: the barbarism of the post-Fall world. This series also looks at the “Brethren”, one of the major factions of the Twisted Earth setting detailed in the *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* rules.

In addition to being a gamemaster aid, *The Broken and The Lost* presents new material fleshing out the many aspects of the “Tribal” background as a whole, including new feats, equipment, drugs and poisons, and advanced classes, all with a decidedly “primitive” cast. These new additions will bring new possibilities to the creation of both tribal NPCs and players characters alike, making them more

vibrant and interesting, and allowing these, much misunderstood and maligned savages to play a more important role in your post-apocalyptic games.

The four books in *The Broken and The Lost* series consist of the following:

PRIMITIVE CHARACTERS

This sourcebook presents a more in-depth look at the “Tribal” background, and offers GMs and players alike advice for running low-tech characters in *Darwin's World*, either as allies, villains, or even as player characters. This sourcebook includes suggestions for making characters that are not only tribal-themed, but also make the best use of existing base classes and advanced classes, as well as occupations. But *Primitive Characters* is more than just guidelines and player advice; it also touches on various aspects of “primitive” culture, and how to incorporate these aspects into games to help maintain the savage “feel” of the Tribal background.

Finally, *Primitive Characters* introduces a selection of new and unique advanced classes and feats that are designed to reflect the savage fury and cunning survival instincts of the primitive survivors of *Darwin's World*.

THE BRETHREN

The Brethren brings to life the major Twisted Earth faction of the same name, describing their origins before the Fall, their survival through the apocalypse, and their slow and brutal evolution into the anti-technology “crusaders” that they have become today. *The Brethren* is a detailed history of this movement, and a sourcebook that describes the intricacies of their barbarous politics, philosophies, and organization. Included in this book are the statistics for many sample Brethren agents and foot soldiers,

their “guides” and “prophets”, and the shadowy, epic-level leaders that propel the Brethren's zealous dedication from behind the scenes. A detailed look at San Francisco - the forbidden citadel from which they launch their crusades - is also provided.

TRIBES OF THE TWISTED EARTH

This sourcebook is a veritable “encyclopedia” of the tribes that populate the seldom-visited regions of the Twisted Earth, from the deep deserts of Arizona to the high mountains of the Rockies. Each entry in this book details a specific tribe, with information regarding religion, specific beliefs, bizarre history, and in some cases, their unique role in their particular corner of the world. *Tribes of The Twisted Earth* not only details the vast collection of tribes known to populate the wasteland, it offers rules for making characters from each specific tribe, as well as presents sample NPC stat blocks so that these tribes can be put to use as allies - or enemies - in your existing *Darwin's World* campaigns.

NEW TERRORS

New Terrors offers a sampling of new mutant beasts whose lore is specifically exclusive to the tribal cultures of the Twisted Earth. This GM aid presents a handful of new monsters that are known to exist on the fringes of the known world where only savages dwell, from curious beasts of burden to nightmare horrors that have become legendary in the minds of these primitive people.



NEW TERRORS

While the Twisted Earth's many mutated lifeforms are often familiar to experienced sandwalkers and well-traveled adventurers, the primitive people of the deep wasteland know of many others, some seldom seen outside of the barren borders of their tribal lands. Some of these bizarre mutated creatures are domesticated and used by the tribal folk in the endless struggle for survival, though many more are predatory monstrosities, dangerous to anything that crosses their path.

TABLE 1-1: NEW TERRORS LISTED BY CR

New Terror	CR
Blight Beetle	1/4
Terminal, Half-Men	1/2
Carnage	1
Euphorine	2
Merchant's Menace	2
Bawthok	3
Destined	3
Wall Crawler	3
Boulderhead	4
Caterwauler	4
Ch'kit, Merchant	4
Silverdisc	5
Dust Devil	6
Guanagon	7
Storm Hood	7
Mani'to	8
Pod Guardian	9
Mega Agrobot	10
Sodellis	13
Wendigo	14
Scrapeater	15
Sand Teeth	18

This chapter introduces a few new creatures that generally dwell far from the established trade routes of the Twisted Earth. These creatures are found almost exclusively in the most barren country; only a handful are known to the people of the world's "civilized" settlements, and even these are more often than not considered mythical, mere figments of tribal lore.

BAWTHOK

The wind began to pick up, and the tribal merchants huddled close under blankets as the biting sand whisked about them. Leaning against their huge bawthok, still bearing the same oblivious stare on its blank face that it had before the storm, they had some measure of cover. They consoled themselves knowing they fared far better than the other members of the caravan, who had chosen horses to transport their wares across the desert.



PRICE LIST FOR ANIMALS AS MOUNTS AND COMPANIONS

Darwin's World makes mention of the creatures often trained and used by tribals, either as beasts of burden or mounts in war. This book also details a number of tribes who foster relationships with animals, but up until now there were no real rules for the buying and selling of these beasts. The list below offers some suggested prices for these animals so that characters can now purchase them as mounts and companions.

These prices assume the animal is trained. You may also allow characters to purchase animals with advancement, at your discretion. The suggested cost for each HD of advancement should be equal to the initial price.

Animal	Price
Bawthok ¹	300 cp
Carnage	40 cp
Coyote	15 cp
Desert Horse ¹	150 cp
Dog, Medium	20 cp
Dog, Small	10 cp
Fraxx Steed ¹	120 cp
Goda Worm	25 cp
Gront ¹	300 cp
Herd Animal	50 cp
Horse ¹	200 cp
Lion	250 cp
Othydog	150 cp
Wall Crawler	225 cp
Wolf	100 cp

¹Animal suited to be a mount.

The *Bawthok* is a type of creature that many tribals of the Deserts of Nowhere domesticate as pack animals or even as steeds for riding into battle. A bawthok resembles a heavy-set moose with long angora-style hair, and a hornless deer-like head with relatively small, well-protected eyes.

Most prominent are the Bawthok's *nostrils*, however, which extend outward on two foot long stalks. This feature allows the bawthok to breathe unimpeded even if covered in sand or dust built up during a sandstorm. Since they are so well adapted, Bawthoks can merely lie out in the open during a storm and sleep through it, with their nostrils acting like "snorkels" through which they can breathe normally for hours on end.

It is not uncommon for bawthok riders to camp in the shadow of their sleeping steeds, using them for cover from the blowing winds. Bawthoks have a reputation for being quite oblivious to roaring gales and biting sands, a reputation that has also lent them an undeserved image of stubbornness and even stupidity.

SPECIES TRAITS

Bawthok have the following species traits:

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the bawthok to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Bawthok: CR 3; Large Mutated Animal; HD 5d8+20; HP 42; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 13, touch 9, flatfooted 13 (-1 size, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +11; Atk +6 melee (1d8+6, kick); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+6, kick); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Scent; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 10, Con 18, Int 3, Wis 11, Cha 5.

Skills: Listen +2, Spot +2, Survival +6.

Feats: None.

Advancement: 6-9 HD (Large).

BLIGHT BEETLE

The shaman quietly scoffed at the idea that "evil spirits" were stealing food from the granery. No doubt the villagers were making up tales to cover their laziness and lack of productivity.

As he approached the granery, men were running in all directions in a panic. The fools! But then he turned and couldn't believe his eyes.

The mud walls of the granery suddenly split open, and through the crack came pouring hundreds of gigantic blight beetles.

A common nuisance to the few agricultural tribes of the Twisted Earth are *blight beetles*, large roach-like insects apparently descended from the cockroaches of the pre-Fall world. Females of the species are especially prodigious, even in the insect kingdom, laying millions of eggs each year to replenish their numbers.

Though normally harmless, blight beetles are despised by tribals due to the widespread damage they do when they infest barns, silos, and fields. The poor construction of tribal granaries also makes it easy for a blight beetle population to grow unnoticed, and if not vigilant, a tribe may find itself with a silo full of beetles in a matter of days.

Blight beetles resemble broad, flat cockroaches, up to two feet in length. Their carapace ranges in color from tan to cola brown, and is so large that it dwarfs the creature underneath. Blight beetles largely feed on grains and other agricultural products, but an entire swarm, when roused to defend themselves, can be a potential threat to man-sized creatures.

SPECIES TRAITS

Blight beetles have the following species traits:

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the blight beetle to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Vermin: Blight beetles are immune to mind influencing effects and have dark vision with a range of 60 feet.

Skill Bonuses: Blight beetles receive a +4 species bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks.

Blight Beetle: CR 1/4; Tiny Vermin; HD 1d8; HP 5; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 17, touch 14, flatfooted 15 (+2 size, +2 Dex, +3 natural); BAB +0; Grap -7; Atk +3 melee (1d3+1, bite); FS 2 1/2 ft. by 2 1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ scent, darkvision 60 ft, immune to mind-affecting attacks; AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 10, Int -, Wis 11, Cha 3.

Skills: Climb +4, Hide +17, Move Silently +9, Spot +11.

Feats: None.

Advancement: None.

BOULDERHEAD

The Winged One slavers dropped Brudar onto the precarious mountain path, and pointed with bony fingers towards the mutated beast guarding the trail. Another of the avian hunters unceremoniously dropped a warclub beside him. He wasn't sure why the Winged Ones hated the ugly creature so much; after all, it looked like a simple animal.

A few moments later Brudar found himself flat on his back, his head spinning and his ears ringing from a powerful blow that had knocked him prone. Even

though he couldn't see them he swore he could hear the Winged Ones laughing at him, their crow-like cawing barely concealing their sadistic amusement.

The *boulderhead* is a ram-like mountain-dwelling creature with an oversized armored head covered in bony lumps and aberrant protrusions. This unusual physical deformity was not an adaptation for the creature's survival, but rather a mutation designed to make the boulderhead far more formidable in battles for selecting mates - a task boulderheads seem obsessed.

Fiercely territorial animals, most tribals living among the heights of the Big Rocks loathe encountering boulderheads, as the creatures see all creatures as rivals to their particular domain (and even as possible competitors for mates). As such a boulderhead, if stumbled upon on a rocky trail or even a high peak, will turn to challenge anything that moves, hoping to drive it off or kill it. Boulderheads have even been known to charge rocks rolling past from nearby rockfalls, thinking them to be rivals!

For many generations boulderheads were favored prey of Winged Ones, who flew down from great heights to snatch ornery boulderheads and drop them onto the rocks below for an easy meal. However, over time, boulderheads have evolved to challenge this new threat; they are known to carry a parasitic insect in their thick curls of fur that ravages the fur and feathers of avian creatures. This infestation eats away at a creature's fur, gives it mange, and even robs Winged Ones and other feathered avian of their ability to fly.

SPECIES TRAITS

Boulderheads have the following species traits:

Mange (Ex): Any time a creature sporting fur or feathers comes into physical contact with a boulderhead it must make a Fortitude save at DC 13 or contract its *mange*. On a failed save this mange reduces the creature's natural armor by -1 each day (to a minimum of 0) and reduces its fly speed by 20 ft per day. A creature that loses all speed as a result of mange can no longer fly.

The mange can be cured with a Treat Injury check (DC 15) or by using a UV sterilizer or spore-neutralizing medi-spray. Boulderheads have adapted to this parasite and are thus immune.

Reinforced Batter (Ex): If a boulderhead scores a critical with its head butt attack its foe is automatically *dazed* for 1 round.

Skill Bonus: Boulderheads gain a +4 racial bonus on Balance and Climb checks.

Bonus Feats: Boulderheads gain Weapon Finesse (head butt) as a bonus feat.

Stoicly Stupid (Ex): A boulderhead is immune to fear.

Boulderhead: CR 3; Medium-Size Mutated Animal; HD 5d8+10; HP 32; Mas 15; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 13, flatfooted 14 (+3 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d8+3, head butt); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+3, head butt); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Mange, Reinforced Batter, Stoicly Stupid; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 4.

Skills: Balance +11, Climb +11, Listen +2, Spot +2, Survival +2.

Feats: Weapon Finesse (head butt).

Advancement: 6-10 HD (Large).

CARNAGE

Brother Terras slumped against a rock, one hand clenching his gut where his injuries continued to spout blood. He knew he couldn't staunch the wound from the tribal mercenary's poisoned spear, but he didn't know what he feared more: the lingering venom that even now poisoned his bloodstream, or the knowledge that the leering, slaving carnages kept by the mercenaries as pets would soon be drawn here by the smell of death.

The *Carnage* is descended from the wild dogs of the great American West. The creature gets its name from the tribal mercenaries who first adopted these creatures as pets and companions. Originally considered little more than a nuisance, Carnages were often seen following large formations of men moving through the wasteland, trailing at a safe distance and always skirting at the edge of their musket range. A kind of "camp-following" animal, Carnages would watch and wait in anticipation whenever battle between two armies erupted, only emerging from hiding to feed off of the sea of corpses left behind after such colossal battles.

In time, the mercenaries who fought many of these battles (for one faction or another) grew used to the presence of Carnages, and even began adopting them into their ranks. Much to their surprise, these men found the Carnage to be a loyal companion and a stubborn fighter, willing to lay down its life if only for a few scraps of fresh (and bloody) meat when the battle was won.

Carnages have found a place in other circles as well. Brought home by their tribal masters, Carnages have proven to be uncanny "disease detectors", being able to literally "smell" the sickness affecting people

(a necessity for a creature that feeds off of the dead). As a result many tribal villages require strangers to present themselves to a lineup of Carnages before they can enter the community.

A Carnage typically resembles a large hunting dog in stature, with a thick and bristling coat of fur whose color ranges from crimson to vermillion, with especially vivid hues lingering for a time following its feedings. The creature has a spiky crest along its back (these spikes are in fact made from hardened hair, not unlike a rhino's "horn"), running the length of its spine in a fashion reminiscent of a crested lizard.

Carnages generally prefer fresh meat and blood for sustenance, but can survive on virtually any carrion in a pinch.

SPECIES TRAITS

A Carnage has the following species traits:

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the carnage to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Sense Disease (Ex): Carnages are able to smell the sickness afflicting a living creature with a Survival check (DC 12). A Carnage that smells disease will usually avoid the creature that carries it.

Skill Bonus: Carnages gain a +4 species bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

Carnage: CR 1; Medium-size Mutated Animal; HD 2d8+8; HP 17; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 12, touch 11, flatfooted 11 (+1 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, bite); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Scent, Sense Disease; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 18, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 5.

Skills: Jump +4, Listen +3, Spot +4, Survival +4 (+8 when tracking by scent).

Feats: None.

Advancement: 3-4 HD (Medium-size).

CATERWAULER

Kityana cried out one last time in pain before her body was dragged off into the darkness: "Rodos!". Despite his own wounds Rodos rose to his feet to pursue, but only saw the dancing shadows created by their lantern light.

Steeling himself against his own fears, he pondered what to do. A second later, what seemed to be Kityana's voice called from behind. But something about her tone seemed taunting and distant - just not right.

"Rodos..."

Tribal legends surround the mysterious creature known as the *Caterwauler*, a particularly cunning feline predator said to dwell primarily in rough and uneven terrain where it can move unseen; mountainous terrain, crags, boulder-strewn valleys and crevasses, and even the ruins of old cities are its favored lairs. Many tribal legends claim the Caterwauler is in fact the reborn spirit of a wicked Ancient who died long ago, its telltale mournful cry echoing the misery of its own haunted afterlife. These legends sprout as much as from the Caterwauler's cry as from their own appearance, for the creature's head bears a passing resemblance to a humanoid, its faced etched with agony.

A Caterwauler generally resembles a malnourished wildcat, its ribcage easily visible through its dull black coat, and a somewhat oversized head whose unusual bone structure makes it vaguely reminiscent of a

human face. Its eyes are a cherry red, and seem to gleam with an almost intelligent “malevolence”. A Caterwauler’s favored tactic is to use its eerie cry to lure opponents into readying against an attack from one direction, at which time it strikes from behind before running off and vanishing again, repeating the tactic over and over until its opponents either panic and flee, or are killed.

SPECIES TRAITS

Caterwaulers have the following species traits:

Caterwaul (Ex): The caterwaul often uses its cry ability to confuse its opponents, especially in areas where its voice will echo. This duplicates the ability of the *Ventriloquism* feat, except that the range is 90 feet, and the Caterwauler cannot mimic other sounds (it can only throw its own voice).



Pounce (Ex): If a Caterwauler leaps upon a foe during the first round of combat, it can make a full attack even if it has already taken a move action.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the Caterwauler to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Bonus Feats: Caterwaulers receive Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (bite, claw) as bonus feats.

Caterwauler: CR 2; Medium-size Mutated Animal; HD 3d8; HP 14; Mas 15; Init +4; Spd 40 ft., climb 20 ft.; Defense 15, touch 14, flatfooted 11 (+4 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +2; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d6+3, claw); Full Atk +6 melee (1d4+3, 2 claws), +1 melee (1d6+1, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Caterwaul, Pounce, Scent; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 19, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 9.

Skills: Balance +6, Climb +5, Hide +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +6, Spot +3, Survival +3.

Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (bite, claw).

Advancement: 4-6 HD (Medium-size).

CH’KIT, MERCHANT

The CrystalTime merchant looked leery, maybe even a bit afraid, to which his tribal translator shook his head in disappointment. “Maybe a big bug, but bug got the goods, bug got the amount, and bug got a fair price.”

With a sigh the merchant accepted the ch’kit’s offer.

The *ch’kit* are a species of giant mutant bug that are seldom heard of by people outside the deserts of the world, though the tribal folk of the deep wilderness (especially among the foothills of the Big Rocks) are aware of their existence. Out of respect - and tribal honor - most tribal folk stubbornly refuse to speak of the *ch’kit*, protecting these surprisingly benevolent creatures from the predations of the Twisted Earth’s “civilized” factions.

The *ch’kit* were first introduced in *Darwin’s World 2nd Edition*, which covered the *drone* and *warrior* castes of this curious insectoid society. A third caste has also recently begun to appear, giving rise to the belief that there are possibly others as well. This third caste, one of *merchants*, has begun to be more frequently encountered by tribal folk seeking out the help of these mysterious underground beasts.

Ch’kit merchants are a subspecies of *ch’kit* that has been bred for dealing with the humanoid folk of the surface world. While drones excel at grudge work, and warriors at protecting the community, the *ch’kit* recognized early on a need for a more diplomatic subspecies that would be more readily accepted (or at least not feared) by skittish humanoids. Thus, they began to breed a race whose appearance was somewhat more easing to human temperaments, and who would have abilities that would make them excel at inter-species relations.

A ch'kit merchant resembles a basic ch'kit, a tall mutant insect with many mantid features. Merchants are not chitinous and bulky, however, but are rail-thin and possess a carapace often decorated in more "pleasing" colors: pink, tan, and an almost "benevolent" off-white. A ch'kit merchant's eyes are either pink, violet, or mauve. The ch'kit merchant does not have the wings typical of the ch'kit species (early experience with tribals in the shadow of the Big Rocks indicated that these people had a natural fear and distrust of flying creatures, no doubt due to depravations by Winged Ones), and thus they cannot fly. Furthermore, they do not possess the enormous scything claws of their warrior cousins, but rather segmented hands with opposable digits that can manipulate objects - and handle money.

Though they have been bred to be as non-threatening as possible, ch'kit merchants also have innate abilities that make them excel as traders and go-between for their people's interests. Naturally telepathic, ch'kit merchants can communicate mentally to overcome all language barriers, read minds, detect intentions, and even plant subtle suggestions in the minds of enemies to prevent violence and calm heated emotions.

Ch'kit merchants are happily welcomed in many tribal communities, as their arrival often means herbal medicines and natural remedies are now available. Since the ch'kit demand little in exchange (perhaps a few surface goods that they cannot otherwise manufacture), dealings with them are almost always peaceful and profitable for all sides concerned.

SPECIES TRAITS

Ch'kit merchants have the following species traits:

Regeneration (Ex): Ch'kit of all breeds have the ability to regenerate injuries and lost limbs. For

merchants this ability is 2 hit points per round. They can also reattach severed limbs (in the manner of a troll).

Resistances (Ex): All ch'kit have natural resistances. All ch'kit suffer only 1/2 damage from acid-based attacks, including their own acid attacks. In addition, it takes twice the level of radiation to affect a ch'kit as it does a human or mutant (thus, their Rad thresholds are twice normal).

Skill Bonus: Ch'kit merchants gain a +4 racial bonus to Diplomacy and Knowledge (Business) checks.

Suggestion Gaze (Ex): As a standard action, a ch'kit merchant may make a concentrated gaze at any creature in sight. That creature must make a Will save at DC 17 or become subject to the ch'kit's telepathic insinuation. This ability allows the ch'kit to make requests of the affected individual, who will view all suggestions favorably (an opposed Cha check is allowed for an affected creature to disobey any suggestion; otherwise it will comply happily). A successful gaze also ends any emotion-based abilities and effects currently affecting the individual, such as *rage*. Once a creature is affected, it remains that way for 1 minute.

Bonus Feats: Ch'kit merchants receive Mental Communication as a bonus feat. They are also considered to have the mutation, Neural Telepathy.

Ch'kit Merchant: CR 4; Large Mutant Beast; HD 3d10+3; HP 20; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 9, flatfooted 14 (-1 size, +5 natural); BAB +3; Grap +7; Atk +3 melee (1d4, slam); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4, 2 slam); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Regeneration 2, Resistances, Suggestion Gaze; AL Ch'kit; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills: Climb +4, Diplomacy +9, Gather

Information +5, Jump +6, Knowledge (Business) +5, Listen +5, Perform +6, Spot +4.

Feats: Lie Detector, Mental Communication, Trustworthy.

Advancement: 4-5 HD (Large).

DESTINED

There is a saying among the Shadow People of the Twisted Earth: Revenge is a futile endeavor as poisonous as the Destined's blood.

The "Destined" are a race of nomadic desert dwellers that were driven almost to extinction by the Shadow People. Long competitors for the control of the most isolated parts of the desert, a century of clandestine warfare between the two races shattered the Destined, and scattered their numbers to the far corners of the wasteland.

The Destined are a dying breed of people, whose culture and tribal identity were all but destroyed by the ruthless efforts of the Shadow People, who have long been their racial enemies. As a result, no tribes of Destined exist anywhere on the Twisted Earth. Remarkably, the two races are similar in many respects, but apparently not similar enough. Members of each of the two races keenly feel physical, psychological, and cultural differences unnoticed by outsiders.

An individual Destined resembles a tall, spindly human with marble-white skin and metallic grey or pearl-white eyes. Of course few ever see their true faces, for like Shadow People the Destined prefer to mask their bodies from the eyes of outsiders, either out of some racial modesty or for fear of being easily identified by potential enemies. Living in constant fear of one another, it is quite possible that the two

racers took up disguising themselves out of some misguided attempt to escape each other's wrath.

The Destined have adapted in strange ways not shared by their Shadow People cousins. Though Shadow People have potent neural abilities, Destined have developed an ability to stir feelings of fear and terror in those whom they gaze upon. However, this ability to instill terror was not enough to contest the prophetic mastery of their rivals, and ultimately their race's destruction.

Hunted like animals, the Destined developed another unusual defense: *poisonous blood*. Years ago, when Shadow People began sending *carnages* after them to hunt them and devour them, the Destined began to evolve so that creatures trying to eat them would suffer their "revenge": a slow and agonizing death from the toxins stirred up in their blood.

DESTINED SOCIETY

Though their tribes long ago dissolved, and only individuals now wander the world with only memories of their culture to motivate their hatred, the Destined remind them of a time of former greatness, of when their warriors contested the villainous Shadow People's right to the wasteland. Though adventurers are unlikely to ever meet more than one Destined at a time, these mutants always leave a lasting impression on those whose paths they cross: one of tragedy, of lamentation, and a burning (some say insane) lust to fulfill their racial destiny, to destroy the Shadow People and rebuild their long-dead culture.

DESTINED CHARACTERS

Destined characters start with no background or occupation. They start with the Primitive Technology

feat and the bonus feat outlined in the Destined Traits below. Destined gain Navigate and Survival as permanent class skills. In addition, they have the following racial ability modifiers: +2 Str, +2 Con, -2 Cha.

SPECIES TRAITS

Destined have the following species traits:

Paralyzing Gaze (Ex): As a standard action, a Destined may make a concentrated gaze attack at one opponent with line of sight to her. That opponent must make a Will save or be *paralyzed* for

1d4 rounds. The save DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 the Destined's Hit Dice + its Charisma modifier. This is a *fear* effect and so any immunity to fear abilities apply. The Destined's gaze only affects creatures with an Int score of 2 or greater. A target may deliberately close or avert his eyes to avoid this when fighting the Destined, but doing so gives the Destined total concealment.

Poisonous Blood (Ex): A Destined's blood is poisonous, an adaptation developed in response to being hunted by trained beasts. A Destined must be struck by an attack that does at least 5 points of damage for her poison to be effective. The save DC is 19; initial damage is 1d4 Str, and secondary damage is 2d4 Con. This poison becomes inert once it leaves the body, and thus cannot be harvested.

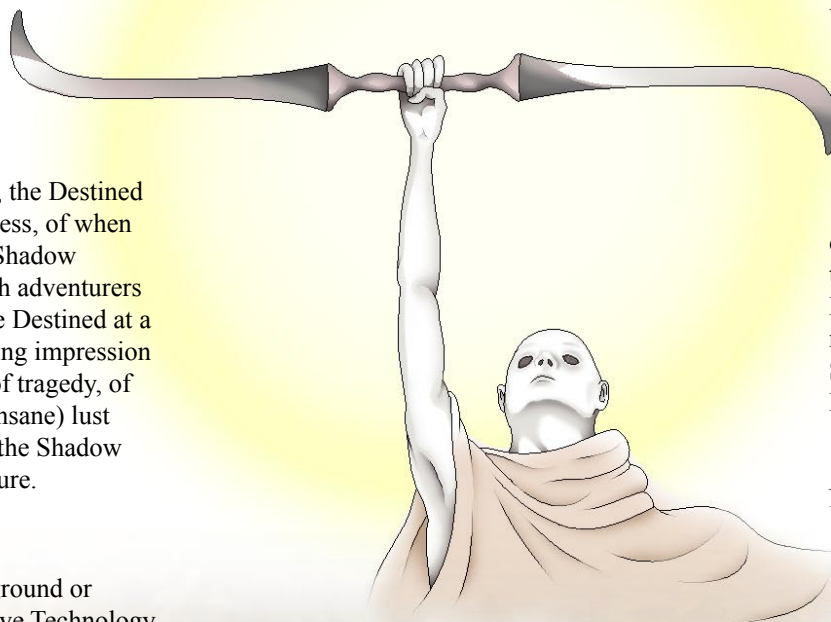
Bonus Feat: Destined receive the Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (two-bladed sword) and Two-Weapon Fighting feat as a bonus feats.

Skill Bonus: Destined gain a +4 species bonus on Navigate and Survival checks.

Destined: CR 3; Medium-Size Humanoid; HD 3d8+3; HP 16; Mas 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 11, touch 10, flatfooted 11 (+1 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d8+1, two-bladed sword), or +2 ranged (1d6+1, javelin); Full Atk +1/+1 melee (1d8+1, two-bladed sword), +2 melee (1d6+1, javelin); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Paralyzing Gaze, Poisonous Blood; AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Hide +1, Listen +1, Move Silently +1, Navigate +6, Spot +1, Survival +6.

Feats: Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (two-bladed sword), Primitive Technology, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting.



Possessions: Two-bladed sword, javelin, thick cloak (+1 impromptu).

Advancement: By character class.

Level Adjustment: +2.

Destined Dedicated Hero 3: CR 5; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d6+3; HP 31; Mas 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class, +1 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +7 melee (1d8+2, two-bladed sword), or +4 ranged (1d6, javelin); Full Atk +5/+5 melee (1d8+2, two-bladed sword), or +4 ranged (1d6, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Paralyzing Gaze, Poisonous Blood; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Hide +1, Knowledge (mutant lore) +2, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Listen +2, Move Silently +1, Navigate +10, Spot +2, Survival +13, Treat Injury +2

Feats: Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (two-bladed sword), Guide, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (two-bladed sword)

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Survival), Aware

DUST DEVIL

Tamrok and the others scattered as the air exploded with sand particles, kicked up by the tramping feet of the beast that was just now emerging into the light from the depths of its dark desert cave. For a moment, just before the sand cloud obscured it completely, Tamrok caught a glimpse of the awful desert spirit they had stirred from its mid-day rest. It looked like a grossly mishappen mountain puma, but with an enormous and ungainly rat-like head with

goggle eyes and jagged teeth, over which its long slick tongue ran back and forth in anticipation of its noon-time meal...

Legends of the elusive mutant beast known to the natives of the Twisted Earth as the *Dust devil* portray it as something of a “Tazmanian devil” figure. The hunting and slaying of this hideous desert predator has been the target of many a young tribal’s trial of manhood.

The Dust devil is an ornery and vicious roaming beast that resembles a monstrous wildcat, but with an oversized rat-like head with great bulging eyes and jagged teeth. Instead of claws its legs end in wide padded feet, not unlike a desert horse, and its ropy

tail continuously writhes back and forth like a living snake.

The Dust devil generally prefers small prey such as rabbits and coyote, but they have been known to attack humanoids and even larger animals such as ravening hounds and Othydont. Once it has decided to attack a Dust devil stubbornly refuses to relent until either it or its prey is slain.

When a Dust devil cannot kill an opponent quickly with its powerful, over-sized jaws, it turns to defending itself by stamping its feet to generate



clouds of swirling dust (hence its name). A Dust devil has thin transparent membranes over its enormous eyes, as well as slitted nostrils, that allow it to see and breathe normally in such conditions.

Dust devils are generally most active during the day, and appear to enjoy hunting during sandstorms when potential prey is confused, disoriented, and most vulnerable.

The Dust devil was originally introduced in High Road To Hell.

SPECIES TRAITS

Dust devils have the following species traits:

Choking Cloud (Ex): As long as it is in a sandy area, as a standard action the Dust devil can pound its feet vigorously to generate a cloud of choking dust that spreads out from it like a cone out to 20 feet. All creatures in the area of effect must make a Fortitude save (DC 13) or be dazed due to sneezing, choking, and gagging. The effect lasts for 1d2 rounds.

Obscuring Cloud (Ex): As long as it is in a sandy area, as a full-round action the Dust devil can pound its wide feet vigorously to produce a cloud of obscuring dust. While it is in the cloud the Dust devil benefits from a 20% miss chance from attacks coming from 5 feet away, and 50% from attacks coming from any distance greater than that. Once a cloud has been generated it will last for 1d4+1 rounds (half that in windy conditions, rounded up).

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the Dust devil to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Screech (Ex): Once per round as a free action the Dust devil can emit a shrill rat-like screech of

tremendous volume that affects all within 30 feet. Those within this area must make a Will save (DC 15) or be unable to coordinate their efforts (receiving no flanking bonuses, and prohibiting the use of such tactics as *aiding another*).

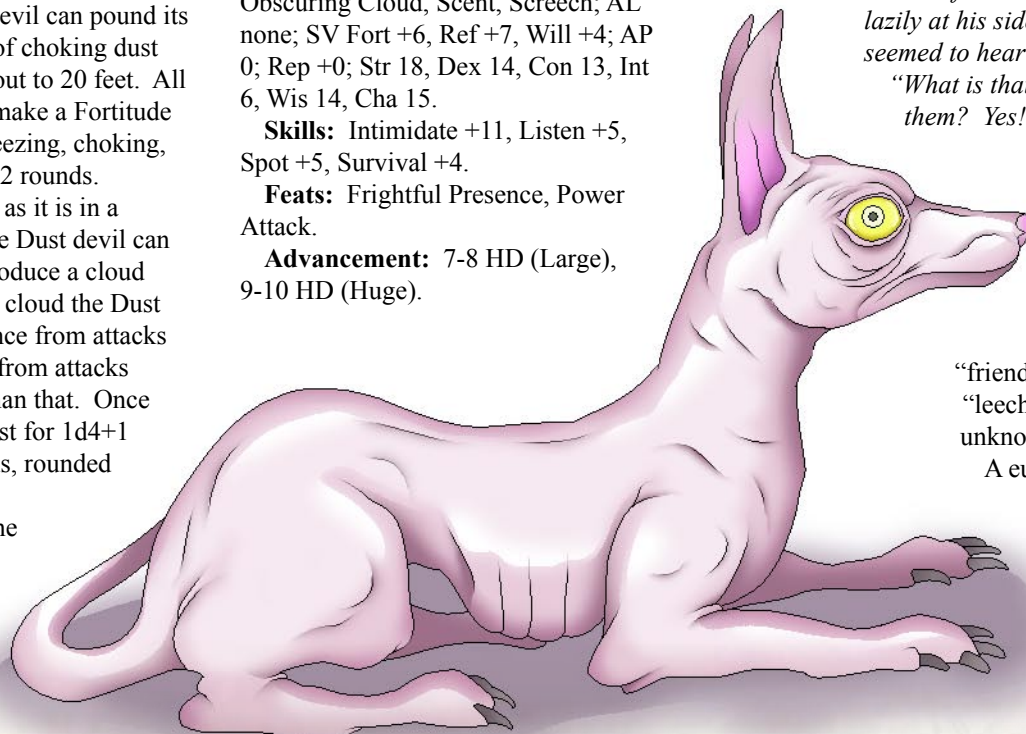
Bonus Feats: A Dust Devil receives Frightful Presence and Power Attack as bonus feats.

Dust Devil: CR 6; Large Mutated Animal; HD 6d10+6; HP 39; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 16, touch 11, flatfooted 14 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +6; Grap +14; Atk +9 melee (1d8+6, bite); Full Atk +9 melee (1d8+6, bite); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Choking Cloud, Obscuring Cloud, Scent, Screech; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Skills: Intimidate +11, Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +4.

Feats: Frightful Presence, Power Attack.

Advancement: 7-8 HD (Large), 9-10 HD (Huge).



EUPHORINE

The three warrior brothers walked into the chief's throne room, trying to hide their fear with a mask of determination despite the madness they saw all around them. The chief's advisors - wandering aimlessly about the room - giggled and whispered conspiratorily to invisible phantoms, while the chief's queen simply sat rocking back and forth on one of the steps of the dais, drooling with an insane grin on her lips. The chief himself sat deep in his throne, his puma-skin cape mangy, dishevelled, and filthy. The brothers could see his eyes were wild with idiocy. The chief reached to the strange white jackal kneeling lazily at his side, and stroked it lovingly. Then, he seemed to hear something they could not.

"What is that, my friend? You say we should kill them? Yes! Yes!!!"

The euphorine is a curious canine that has developed a relationship with post-Fall humanity in much the same manner as dogs of the ancient world. However, the euphorine is less of a benevolent "friend", and more of an insidious "leech" that saps and taxes the men who unknowingly allow it to live among them.

A euphorine resembles an ugly, naked-skinned jackal, with oddly hypnotic eyes that range from lemon to electric yellow in color.

These eyes are the only striking feature of this otherwise unremarkable beast, a creature whose

true threat to humans is rarely appreciated. To anyone even slightly empathic, however, these eyes seem to hide an almost selfish intelligence: quiet, calculating, and cool.

Euphorines are drawn to human (and mutant) company for the protection that their tribes and communities can offer. Catty and territorial creatures, euphorines actually despise their own kind and instead prefer to seek out other, more emotional creatures to endear themselves to. Lazy, they like to be fed and pampered, and avoid physical efforts when possible.

Remarkably, many primitive people willingly open their doors to these wretched creatures. The reason is not so much sympathy (few tribals will take in stray beasts that do not in some way earn their keep), but an actual physical quality of the euphorine: the animal produces a unique form of pheromone that induces positive feelings, happiness, euphoria, and fearlessness.

Tribes that take in euphorines slowly change from sensible creatures into idiotic madmen living in a half-sleeping world of delusions and euphoria. As the former tribesmen wander aimlessly among the decaying confines of their village (for they no longer care to maintain their homes), they erupt into wild laughter, moronic song, and sudden outbursts of violent behavior - especially if their beloved "pet" is endangered. At the center of all the madness the euphorine rests, secure in knowing that the entire tribe will protect it from harm...

SPECIES TRAITS

Euphorine have the following species traits:

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the euphorine to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Thralls (Ex): A euphorine emits an aura of pheromones at all times that slowly transform living creatures around it (i.e. living in the same complex) into thralls. Every 24 hours spent in the euphorine's presence requires a Fortitude save at DC 15 or the loss of 1d6 temporary Charisma; note that a creature drained in this manner does not know it has been adversely affected. When a creature's Charisma is reduced to 0, it effectively becomes the euphorine's *thrall*, which then allows the creature to gain the *thrall benefits* and *thrall penalties* outlined below. A euphorine's thralls will also fight to defend the creature at all costs, even if their actions would normally be considered suicidal.

Charisma damage inflicted on potential thralls is not healed naturally, requiring two full days of rest (instead of one) for each point to be healed. A creature cannot heal this Charisma damage while it lives with the euphorine.

Thrall Benefits (Ex): A euphorine's pheromones make its thralls immune to *fear* and all mind-affecting abilities that would prevent or hamper their ability to defend the euphorine. In addition, thralls of the euphorine may enter a *rage* once per day (as the barbarian ability of the same name). Finally, a thrall gains a +2 insight bonus to Initiative rolls.

Thrall Penalties (Ex): A euphorine's pheromones make its thralls subject to idiocy. At the start of each thrall's turn, it must make a Will save at DC 11 or be unable to act. If it succeeds, it may act normally.

Euphorine: CR 2; Medium-Size Mutated Beast; HD 5d10; HP 27; Mas 10; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+3 Dex, +3 natural); BAB +5; Grap +5; Atk +8 melee (1d6, bite); Full Atk +8 melee (1d6, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Scent, Thralls, Thrall Benefits, Thrall Penalties; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str

10, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 11.

Skills: Bluff +4, Hide +7, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Sense Motive +5, Spot +5, Survival +5.

Feats: Stealthy, Weapon Finesse (bite).

Advancement: 6-7 HD (Medium-size).

GUANAGON

The rocks crumbled underfoot, and the heroic tribal warrior fell into the depths. The eager, dry croaking of dozens of guanagons echoed from the unseen pool of water below, accompanied by a loud splash.

The chief's daughter ran to the edge, but the shaman grabbed her and held her back. "The people that once lived in these mountains fed the unwanted and the elderly to the guanagons - they have developed a taste for human flesh. Mourn him later; we must flee!"

Guanagons are enormous amphibian creatures that resemble giant iguanas, with large blocky heads that they elevate to look around when startled, or to investigate strange sounds. Spade-like incisors bristle from their mouths, curving outwards and over their chins in a terrifying overbite.

Guanagons are normally complacent creatures, given to extreme lethargy and preferring to spend their time lazing, basking on rocks warmed by the torturous sun. However, this normally harmless species has grown dangerous in the past few generations, developing a taste for human flesh.

Guanagons were not normally man-eaters, but this changed as a result of extended contact with certain tribal groups. In years past many tribals, not wanting to bear the burden of mutated children and the elderly, began feeding unwanted births and the crippled (as well as war captives) to the

congregations of guanagons often found basking near the rivers lying in the shadow of their villages. Over time, the guanagons gained a liking for humanoids, and even came to expect regular feedings.

Most of these more savage tribes have long vanished (their ways replaced by the “covenant of exile”), but guanagons are still a danger to humanoids. When encountered these normally quiet animals will snap to attention and gather around, waiting for a sacrifice to be thrown to them. They will not immediately attack humanoids - they expect to be served, after all - but if made to wait they will

likely grow impatient and attack, hoping to take a chunk of flesh from a nearby character before submerging underwater.

SPECIES TRAITS

Guanagons have the following species traits:

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the guanagon to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Terrible Bite (Ex): A guanagon’s snapping bite causes crippling injuries, taking whole chunks of meat with it. A living creature struck by a successful bite attack suffers a temporary reduction of -1 to either her Strength, Dexterity, or Charisma score (determine randomly each time the character is bitten). This ability score damage can be healed normally through rest.

Guanagon: CR 7; Large Mutant Beast; HD 7d10+21; HP 59; Mas 17; Init -1; Spd 20 ft., swim 20 ft.; Defense 21, touch 7, flatfooted 21 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +14 natural); BAB +7; Grap +19; Atk +15 melee (1d8+12, bite); Full Atk +15 melee (1d8+12, bite); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Scent, Terrible Bite; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 26, Dex 8, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 3.

Skills: Listen +7, Spot +7, Swim +9.

Feats: Power Attack, Weapon Focus (bite).

Advancement: 8-12 HD (Huge).

MANI'TO

Gorak charged headfirst into the bushes - the thing that had stalked them for days had run his patience into the ground. Though the cries of his fellow hunters were now alarmingly far away, he grasped his spear tightly in defiance. It was now or never!

As the trees shook in the weak moonlight, and pinecones scattered to the earth, he spun on his heel to meet the oncoming attacker, whatever it might be. He found himself staring dumbly into a glaring pair of beaming lights, so bright that they blinded him, causing him to hesitate in that one vital moment before the malevolent forest spirit pounced...

The so-called *Mani'to* is a bizarre creature that is said to inhabit the dry forests at the foot of the Big Rocks, and in a few other wilderness areas in other regions. Named after the mysterious spirits of ancient Indian lore, the *Mani'to* is a tricky hunter, who has adapted to the new environment of the post-apocalyptic earth in a unique way.

Resembling a large over-sized badger or polecat (often growing to the size of a tiger), the *Mani'to* has black fur streaked with alternating bands of silver and gray that gives it an almost ghostly appearance. Its real adaptation is in its eyes - large and glassy orbs that have a coating of photo luminescent cells that cause them to glow brightly under moonlight. The intensity of the glow has the equivalent candlepower of a modern-era vehicle headlight, casting beams that can be seen from a great distance.

The *Mani'to* uses the luminosity of its eyes to stun prey, typically deer and other skittish forest creatures. Entranced by its glowing eyes, its quarry is usually mesmerized and frozen in place, unable to flee until



it is too late and the Mani'to is upon them. Once a Mani'to strikes, it fights until its prey is literally torn to pieces.

SPECIES TRAITS

Mani'to have the following species traits:

Eyeshine (Ex): As a free action each round, the Mani'to can attempt to blind a single target with its glowing eyes as a ranged touch attack. The target must make a Reflex save (DC equal to the Mani'to's attack roll) or be blinded for 1d6 minutes. A target may deliberately close or avert his eyes to avoid this when fighting the Mani'to, but doing so gives the Mani'to total concealment.

Creatures with an Int score of 2 or less must also make a Will save (DC 15) or be *dazed* for the duration.

Rend (Ex): If a Mani'to hits with both claw attacks it latches onto its opponent's body and tears the flesh. This attack automatically deals 2d8+6 points of damage.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the Mani'to to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Bonus Feat: A Mani'to receives Power Attack as a bonus feat.

Mani'to: CR 4; Large Mutated Animal; HD 4d8+12; HP 30; Mas 16; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 10, flatfooted 13 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +11; Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, claw); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, 2 claws), +1 melee (1d8+4, bite); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Eyeshine, Rend, Scent; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 15, Cha 5.

Skills: Listen +9, Spot +9, Survival +3.

Feats: Power Attack.

Advancement: 5-6 HD (Large).

MEGA AGROBOT

What seemed like a wild and unkempt wheatfield stretched from horizon to horizon. The three young tribals, all hoping to return alive from their test of adulthood, sighed a breath of relief at this peaceful, pastoral scene.

Suddenly the sky erupted with a thunderous, inhuman rumble; crows hidden in the wheat took instantly to the air; their panicked fluttering matching the skip in each man's heartbeat. All of a sudden there was a clanging mechanical noise, the bite of diesel exhaust in the air, and the wheatfields began to part as a monstrous construction of blindingly-polished metal rolled through the tall vegetation towards them.

Though in other parts of the Twisted Earth *robots* - even mundane models - are known to exist, in the vast reaches of the Deserts of Nowhere they are still something feared by the superstitious tribals of the wasteland.

Long ago, the Deserts of Nowhere were at the heart of America's breadbasket, a vast "belt" where corporations bought up every inch of wilderness and turned them into miles and miles and miles of contiguous cropland. Left to monitor these colossal agricultural farms (some covering up to two-thirds of an entire state) were robotic creations of the Ancients, known as *mega agrobots*. Unlike smaller agricultural models, these enormous metal monsters were designed to be able to reap hundreds of miles of grain and store the crop internally, while also surviving the



increasingly caustic elements and the rare instance of domestic terrorism performed against them by out-of-work farming folk living on the edges of corporate-owned lands.

Mega agrobots still exist out in the Deserts of Nowhere, though in many cases the vast farm country they once worked has turned to desert. They are still very much a danger, as occasionally these mindless automatons come to life and begin moving haphazardly about the wasteland in a wild and unpredictable manner. Tribal folk revere them as angry “gods” and walk cautiously in their shadow; always afraid these metal giants will awaken and slay those who tread too near their resting places.

Mega agrobots resemble huge wheeled contraptions, their aging metal burnished to a fine gleam by the sun and hundreds of years of caustic sandstorms. With forward-sprouting spidery arms bristling with razor-sharp shears to clear obstructions, the agrobot pushes before it a turf churning spiked roller that tears up the ground and pulverizes any creatures unfortunate enough to fall in its path.

SPECIES TRAITS

Mega agrobots have the following traits:

Robotic Construct: Mega agrobots have the traits and immunities common to all robotic constructs.

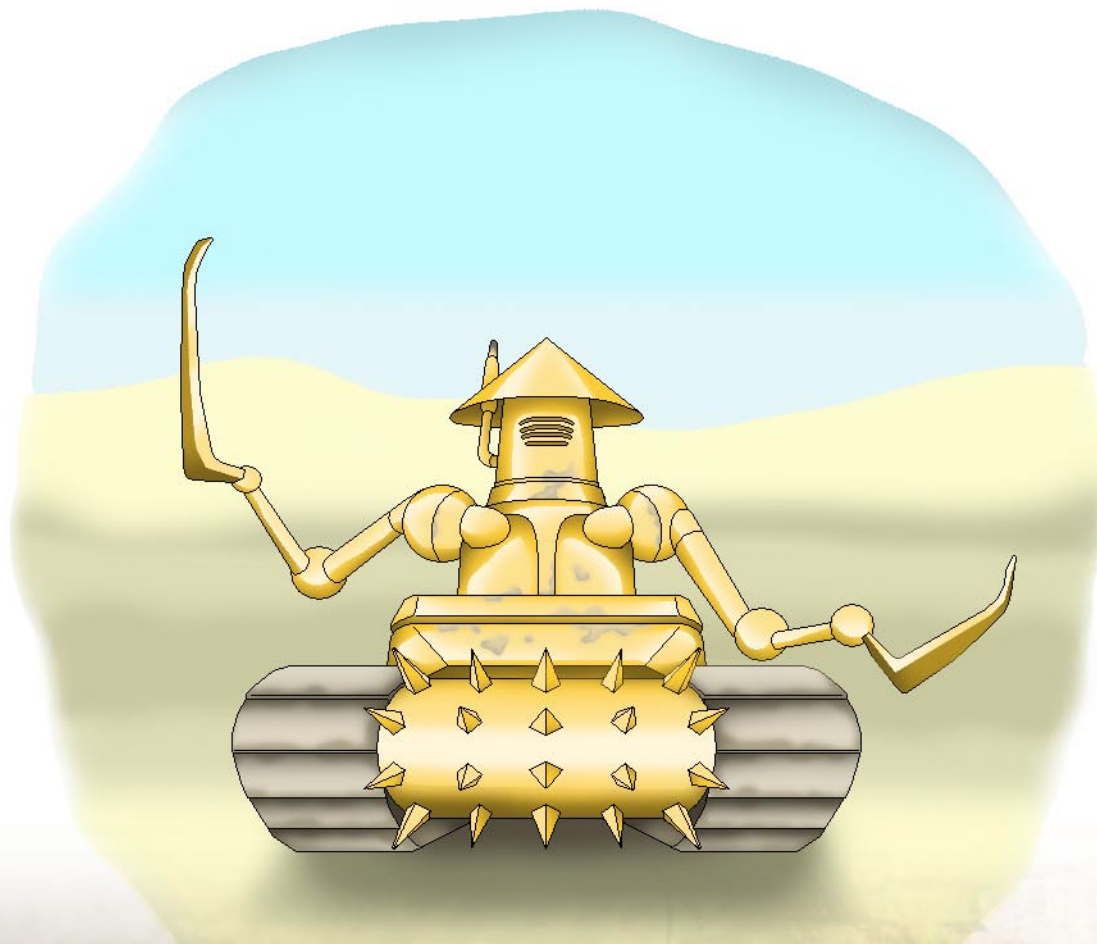
Advanced Materials: Mega agrobots are made of advanced materials in order to withstand potentially dangerous environments. These materials grant the mega agrobot damage reduction 4/- to non-energy attacks.

Programs: Mega agrobots are generally programmed with *skill*, *slave unit*, and *task* programs.

Razor Shears (Ex): If a mega agrobot scores a critical hit with either of its shear attacks, do not roll to confirm; the critical damage is automatic.

Spiked Roller (Ex): A mega agrobot may move into a square occupied by an enemy (or any number of enemies) up to one size category smaller than it (but no larger), and doing so causes damage to the creature(s) being trampled. Anyone trampled is allowed a Reflex save at DC 18 to avoid the damage and being pinned. Otherwise, the opponent is automatically knocked prone and is considered

pinned so long as it is in the same square as the mega agrobot. In addition, a creature trampled in this fashion takes damage as if it had been *slammed* (half of this damage is piercing, half is bludgeon) when it is first pinned, and each round that it remains underneath the mega agrobot.



Mega Agrobot: CR 10; Huge Robotic Construct; HD 13d10+40; HP 111; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 16, touch 6, flatfooted 16 (-2 size, -2 Dex, +10 natural); BAB +9; Grap +27; Atk +17 melee (2d8+10, razor shears), or +12 melee (2d6+5, slam); Full Atk +17 melee (2d8+10, 2 razor shears), or +12 melee (2d6+5, slam); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, DR 4/-, Razor Shears, Spiked Roller, Command Level (IIC); AL none; SV Fort -, Ref +3, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 30, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Sunder.

Advancement: none.

MERCHANT'S MENACE

The tribal caravan guard started to load his crossbow as the wagon jostled along down the dusty trail.

The new hire looked incredulous, and picked up his looking glass, staring off into the swirl of dust kicked up behind the wagon train.

"All I see are some mangy-looking dogs," he said, "Don't waste your quarrels."

The more experienced guard lifted the crossbow and stared down the sight. "They may look harmless, but the 'merchant's menace' has killed more men than any other beast its size. Not with its jaws, but with its appetite..."

The annoying beasts known as the "merchant's menace" are common along the dry dusty trade routes of the Far Desert, and up along the northern routes headed towards the Deserts of Nowhere. These creatures get their name from their uncanny ability to trail merchant caravans and convoys with their potent

olfactory senses. Dwelling just at the edge of the light of a camp's fires, these opportunistic scavengers wait for just the right time to scamper in and make off with *food*. In recent years, they have shown even more ingenuity, forgoing their normal rushing raids to sneak into camp under cover of darkness, stealthily slipping into tents, and gorging themselves on trail rations and other foodstuffs left unattended. These creatures are often driven off on first sighting them as they pose a very real danger to the survival of caravans heading on long voyages into the deep deserts of the Twisted Earth.

A merchant's menace resembles a giant rodent with bony spines along its back and an elongated, lizard-like snout filled with blade-like teeth. A thin, pinkish rat's tail whips behind the creature, stirring up clouds of flies that swarm around the mangy creature practically every minute of the day. A menace is also prone to carrying particularly annoying ticks and fleas that seem only eager to transfer from their current pathetic host to more mobile prey such as humanoids.

Most merchant's menaces do not attempt to attack men, but if directly prevented from getting at food, they have been known to bite any obstacle standing in their way.

SPECIES TRAITS

Merchant's menaces have the following traits:

Infestation (Ex): A merchant's menace carries swarms of insects that jump from host to host. Any creature coming within 10 ft of a merchant's menace must make a Reflex save (DC 14) each round or become *infested*. Starting on the round following a failed save, the character suffers a cumulative -1 penalty to all attack rolls, Initiative rolls, attribute checks, and skill checks, due to uncontrollable itching. This penalty increases by -1 each day

thereafter (maximum -4). This penalty only goes away if the character bathes completely or when she dies.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the merchant's menace to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Skill Bonus: Merchant's menaces gain a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

Bonus Feat: A merchant's menace receives Weapon Finesse (bite) as a bonus feat.



Merchant's Menace: CR 2; Medium-Size Animal; HD 3d8; HP 13; Mas 11; Init +4; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+4 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +6 melee (1d6+3, bite); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+3, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Infestation, Scent; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 11.

Skills: Hide +8, Move Silently +8, Listen +3, Spot +3, Survival +3 (+7 scent).

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

Advancement: 4-6 HD (Large).

POD GUARDIAN

For all his equipment and fancy armor, the field scientist felt he'd lost his way. Not only that, but he somehow sensed he was in great danger. The ruins of San Jose were utterly lost, and the expedition to look for forgotten treasures had been a fool's errand. Everything was overgrown, the ruins buried under heaps of vegetation and hidden by the unnatural jungle of colossal trees and vines.

As he came into an old intersection, through which his first glimpse of sunlight could be seen coming through a gap in the foliage overhead, he was surprised to see bones littering the ground beneath what seemed to be a small colony of strange plants. These slender, vase-like plants rose high into the



air, around which twirled numerous tendrils and vines, each bearing a strange pod, plump with seeds. He stepped back in surprise when slowly the plants unfurled their tendrils, as if in response to his intrusion upon this lost jungle sanctuary...

Pod guardians are a species of plant bred and cultivated by the bizarre tribe known as the "Plantmen of Paradise". Though pod guardians are their most common creations, it is believed that these industrious gardeners have the talents of many more specialized plant creatures at their disposal.

Pod guardians are towering leafy stands possessed of an elongated vase-like trunk, topped by a scaly, ridged "cone". Tendrilous vines sprout from this central vegetable mass, curling about the plant like a maze of spider webs, and draping nearby structures - including the remains of past victims, which stand out as a warning to those who would intrude on the plantmen's domain. At the end of each of these tentacle-like extensions is a plump, ovular *seed pod*, which the pod guardian can detach and hurl in the exact same manner as a grenade.

Pod guardians are unintelligent, but they react to the intrusion of non-plant creatures as their creators intended, hurling their seed pods as ranged missiles. When a seed pod impacts its target (or the ground, or a similar obstacle) it splits open, releasing the pod's contents.

Individual breeds of pod guardian have been created by the plantmen, with different types of seed pods. Some seed pods contain poisonous vapors, while others contain irritant gas. Still others explode, sending sharp, syrup-hardened fragments with high force into the flesh of anything within a certain radius.

SPECIES TRAITS

Pod guardians have the following species traits:

Blindsight (Ex): Pod guardians have blindsight with a range of 60 ft.

Plant: Pod guardians have the traits and immunities common to plants.

Seed Pods (Ex): A pod guardian may hurl its seed pods as grenade-like weapons, following the same rules governing the use of actual grenades. However, a pod guardian may hurl up to *six* seed pods each round at its normal ranged attack bonus (without penalty). A pod guardian typically has 3d6+6 seed pods available for throwing; these grow back at a rate of 1 per week, and may be harvested for use once the plant has been killed. A pod guardian's seed pods may have any of the following qualities (chosen by the GM):

Choking Vapor: When this pod cracks open it releases a cloud of choking vapors in a cloud 10 ft. in diameter. Anyone caught in the area of effect must make a Fortitude save at DC 21 or become *nauseated* for 2d6 rounds (success indicates being *sickened* for the same duration). On the following round, this cloud of gas expands to 20 ft. in diameter. On the third round the gas cloud dissipates harmlessly.

Poisonous Mist: When this pod cracks open it releases a cloud of mist in a cloud 10 ft. in diameter. Anyone caught in the area of effect must make a Fortitude save at DC 17 or become poisoned (initial

1d3 Con, secondary 1d3 Con). On the following round, this cloud of gas expands to 20 ft. in diameter. On the third round, the gas cloud dissipates harmlessly.

Irritant Gas: When this pod cracks open it releases a cloud of fumes that duplicate the effects of *tear gas* (DC 15 or be blinded for 1d6 rounds) in a cloud 10 ft. in diameter. On the following round, this cloud of gas expands to 20 ft. in diameter. On the third round the gas cloud dissipates harmlessly.

Explosive: When this pod cracks open it explodes in a 20 ft. burst, inflicting 2d6 points of fire damage. Anyone caught in the area of effect may make a Reflex save at DC 18 to suffer half damage.

Pod Guardian: CR 9; Huge Plant; HD 9d8+45; HP 85; Mas 21; Init +3; Spd 5 ft.; Defense 22, touch 11, flatfooted 19 (-2 size, +3 Dex, +11 natural); BAB +6; Grap +16; Atk +6 melee (2d6+2, slam), or +7 ranged (seed pod); Full Atk +6 melee (2d6+2, slam), or +7 ranged (6 seed pods); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Plant, Seed Pods; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 21, Int 2, Wis 2, Cha 2.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

Advancement: 10-15 HD (Huge), 16-21 HD (Gargantuan).

SAND TEETH

The two scavengers walked across the tall sand dunes, driven on by the power of their greed. They had discarded the advice of their fellow scavs, and scoffed at the tribal shaman who warned them of the "dunes that eat men". Their prize, a great treasure, waited just a few miles ahead.

Just then the wind picked up with sudden strength, yet over the gale the first of the two swore he could hear the sudden buzz of angry bees. Spinning to ask his companion if he'd heard the same thing, his eyes widened in horror at the sight before his eyes. Sliding down the dune, not ten paces behind him, were the freshly-picked bones of the man who had just moments before been travelling with him...

The tribals of the Deserts of Nowhere speak of the "sand-that-eats-men", also known as *sand teeth*. Though many outsiders scoff at the legends of these tribals (which tell of "invisible devourers of men"), sand teeth do in fact exist. In reality, these creatures are not individual terrors, but rather swarms of millions of microscopic flea-like insects that have a ravenous appetite for warm flesh.

Sand teeth congregate in sprawling swarms, usually hiding under a fine layer of sand skirting the top of a dune, or a dry sandy riverbed, just beneath the surface. Millions of the miniscule creatures comprise a single swarm, which can cover an area up to twenty feet in diameter. Effectively invisible, they are only roused when they sense a meal, at which time they erupt in a swirling mass that momentarily resembles an animated cloud of sand particles.

It is said a swarm of sand teeth can strip a man's flesh from his bones in mere seconds. They are known to dwell passively among sandy regions, waiting for prey to stumble on then, but when sandstorms hit their habitat, they often drift unseen in the storm, ripping away at unprotected creatures who do not find cover in time.

SPECIES TRAITS

Sand teeth have the following species traits:

Invisible (Ex): A swarm of sand teeth is effectively *invisible*.

Scattering Mass (Ex): As a swarm, sand teeth can only be harmed by attacks that affect an area, such as *grenades*. All other attacks forms do nothing to them.

Swarm Feeding (Ex): Anyone caught within the dimensions of a sand teeth swarm at the end of the swarm's movement automatically suffers damage from millions of slashes and bites. The damage inflicted is equal to half the swarm's current hit points (this damage is considering slashing). If more than one creature is caught within the area of the swarm, divide the damage equally between them.

Creatures that wear armor, or have natural armor, are partially protected. Subtract the bonus of any armor worn or possessed from the damage inflicted by the swarm (though the minimum damage done will always be 1). Armor specifically intended to keep out foreign particles (such as an *NBC suit* or *environment suit*) provide double their normal bonus for the purposes of this protection.

Tremorsense (Ex): Sand teeth can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

Vermin: Sand teeth are immune to mind influencing effects and have dark vision with a range of 60 feet.

Sand Teeth: CR 18; Gargantuan Vermin; HD 20d8+160; HP 250; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect); Defense 4, touch 4, flatfooted 4 (-4 size, -2 Dex); BAB +15; Grap -; Atk special; Full Atk special; FS 20 ft. by 20 ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Invisible, Scattering Mass, Swarm Feeding, Tremorsense, Vermin; AL none; SV Fort +20, Ref +4, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 42, Dex 6, Con 26, Int -, Wis 11, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

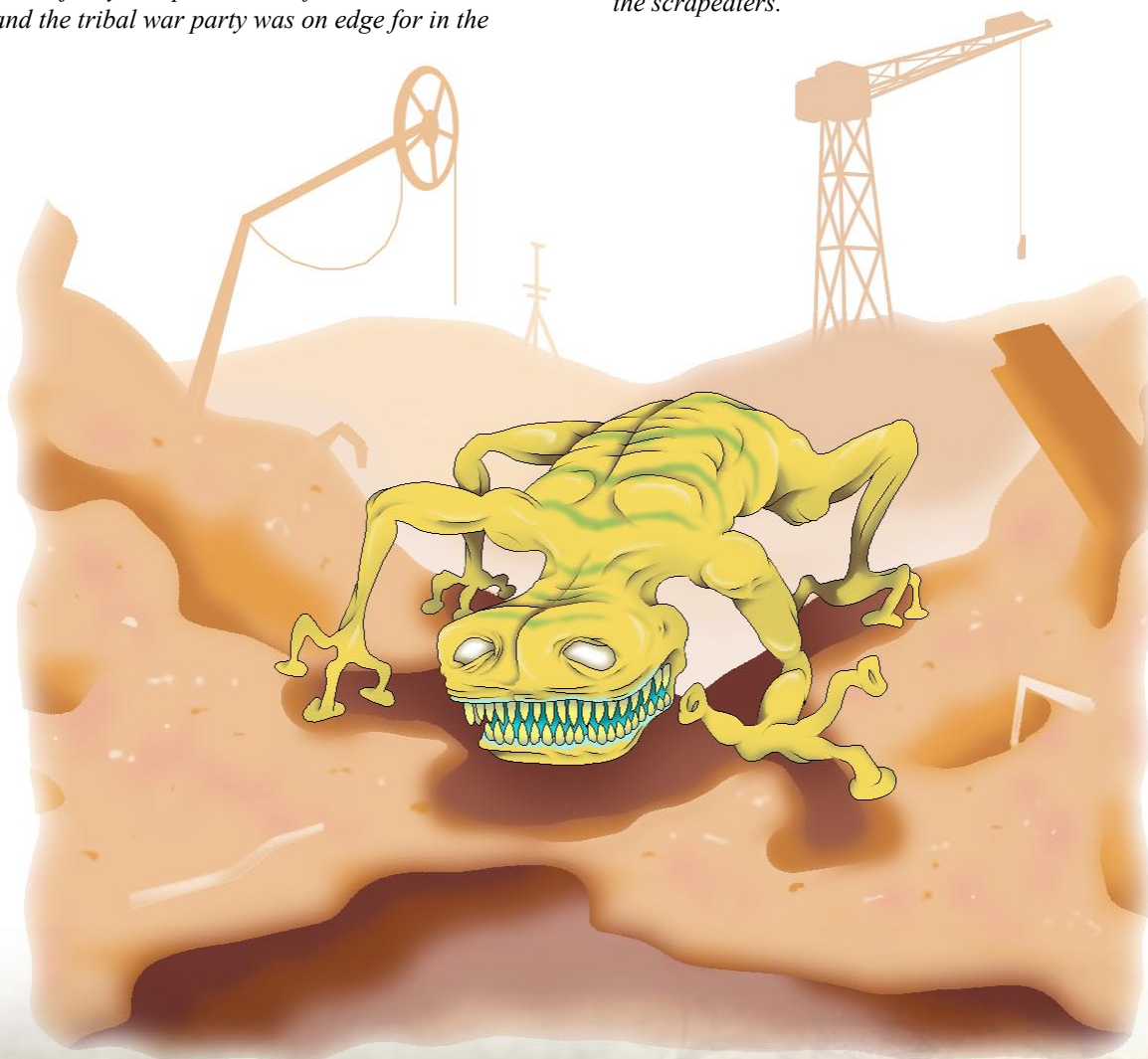
Feats: None.

Advancement: 21-25 HD (Gargantuan).

SCRAPEATER

A strong wind blew through the broad valley, carrying with it a curious smell of chemical acid. A vast junkyard spread out before the onlookers, and the tribal war party was on edge for in the

distance they heard a great groan sounding like the metal hulk of a ship sinking to the ocean's bottom. This monstrous noise was almost reminiscent of a dinosaur's roar, but it was something far stranger: they now knew they had wandered into the domain of the scrapeaters.



The *scrapeater* is a rare and legendary monster said to dwell in only a few spots in the Deserts of Nowhere, and on the edges of the Burning Lands. The colossal monsters get their name from their unique ability to consume metal for sustenance, and as such they are almost exclusively found dwelling in old scrap yards, rail yards, and automobile junkyards where a supply of rusted metal is in abundance.

A scrapeater resembles an enormous four-legged colossus, covered in glimmering skin that gives it either a brass or bronze color, depending on its age (older specimen turn darker, with flecks of green reminiscent of verdigris). The creature's heavy oval-shaped head is unlike any creature of the natural world, with two enormous cat-like eyes and a maw splitting it from side to side and ringed with double rows of serrated, shovel-shaped teeth. A blue-white corrosive spittle - one of the most caustic substances known to the inhabitants of the Twisted Earth - oozes from a scrapeater's mouth at all times, helping it to break down and consume the metal that it eats.

Scrapeaters entirely subsist on metal, and nothing else. Though they may break a tooth now and again on a particularly hard substance, they have no nerves in their maws and quickly regrow teeth within hours to replace ones lost. And while their size is tremendous, they are relatively harmless to humans and other "diminutive" creatures - unless they find themselves carrying any amount of metal, that is. Though they usually overlook organic prey, anything made of metal or carrying a significant amount of the stuff will likely draw their attention and their predatory hunger. Scrapeaters are thus more of a terror to robots (who are more often than not made entirely of metal), scavengers (who often carry a collection of junk treasures), and anyone who happens to wear heavy metallic armor (including war parties from more advanced communities).

SPECIES TRAITS

Scrapeaters have the following species traits:

Caustic Spittle (Ex): A scrapeater's milky drool is highly corrosive. In addition to normal damage, any creature or object hit by a scrapeater's bite takes an additional 8 points of acid damage. This damage ignores the hardness of objects.

Immunities: Scrapeaters are immune to acid.

Metal Scent (Ex): This specific ability allows the scrapeater to detect metal with its sense of smell. Any creature or character made of or carrying a substantial amount of metal can be tracked with the scrapeater's sense of smell.

Monstrous Sunder (Ex): When a scrapeater uses the *Sunder* feat to sunder a metallic object (such as a weapon, a vehicle, or armor worn by a character) it does quadruple damage. This does not work against creatures made of metal, however.

Swallow Whole (Ex): A scrapeater can swallow a grabbed creature two size categories smaller than it by making a successful grapple check. The swallowed creature takes 2d8+8 points of crushing damage plus 8 points of acid damage per round from the scrapeater's gizzard. This acid damage also affects everything worn or carried by the creature swallowed. A swallowed creature can cut its way out by using claws or a Small or Tiny slashing weapon to deal 25 points of damage (AC 20). Once the creature exits, muscular action closes the hole; another swallowed opponent must cut its own way out.

Alternatively, a creature may strip itself of any metallic objects and leave them in the gizzard, at which point the scrapeater will automatically vomit the organic creature out on its following action.

Tremendous Strength (Ex): A scrapeater is able to lift objects of Gargantuan size or less with

its mouth and powerful neck muscles, even if they would otherwise seem unwieldy to a creature of its size.

Scrapeater: CR 15; Gargantuan Mutant Beast; HD 17d10+119; HP 212; Mas 25; Init -1; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 27, touch 5, flatfooted 27 (-4 size, -1 Dex, +22 natural); BAB +17; Grap +41; Atk +25 melee (2d8+18, bite); Full Atk +25 melee (2d8+18, bite); FS 20 ft. by 20 ft.; Reach 15 ft.; SQ Caustic Spittle, Immunities, Metal Scent, Monstrous Sunder, Swallow Whole, Tremendous Strength; AL none; SV Fort +17, Ref +10, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 35, Dex 9, Con 25, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills: Listen +7, Spot +7, Survival +8.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Power Attack, Sunder, Track.

Advancement: 18-20 HD (Gargantuan).

SILVERDISC

The mountain tracker looked about for signs that would identify the unknown attacker. The corpses of the Winged One warriors lying strewn about the mountain glade had been torn apart, leaving vicious wounds where whole chunks of meat had been eaten. Whatever it had been was certainly a force to be reckoned with.

Long believed to be the sole masters of the Twisted Earth's tall mountain ranges, protected and isolated by the towering treacherous peaks, in recent years the small but arrogant tribes of Winged Ones have come under threat from a new avian inhabitant of the Big Rocks. These creatures, known by the people of the lowlands as "silverdiscs", are bizarre, lizard-like "gargoyles" that have adapted in stunning ways to

carve out their own niche in the dangerous skies over the Big Rocks.

A *silverdisc* resembles a large lizard, with long, thin, fragile limbs. Between these arms and legs stretch satiny membranes of loose skin, which allow the silverdisc to soar gracefully through the sky. A willowy tail, complete with a diamond-shaped fin at the terminus, allows the creature to steer itself on the air currents, and provide momentary bursts of stunning maneuverability. From below the creature looks very much like a flying “disc”.

Most intriguing, however, is the creature’s mechanism for attack. Coating the underside of its membranous wings is a layer of highly-reflective silver skin, which catches sunlight and reflects it brilliantly like a silvered mirror so that its prey is blinded when it descends to attack.

A silverdisc hunts anything and everything it spots, including other avian, mountain animals, and even Winged Ones and lowland humanoids. When it strikes, it descends at high speed, dropping on its blinded victim and sinking its jagged teeth into its vitals.

SPECIES TRAITS

Silverdiscs have the following species traits:

Blinding Wings (Ex): During the daylight hours a silverdisc attacking from above causes creatures below it and within 30 ft of it to be *blinded* for 1d4 round. A successful Reflex save (DC 17) negates it. A creature may avoid looking at the silverdisc to prevent being blinded, but doing so provides the normal penalty.

Vital Strike (Ex): If a silverdisc bites an opponent that is currently *blinded* by its wings, it inflicts an additional +2d6 damage. Creatures immune to critical hits are not affected.

Silverdisc: CR 5; Medium-Size Mutated Beast; HD 5d10+15; HP 42; Mas 17; Init +5; Spd 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (good); Defense 20, touch 15, flatfooted 15 (+5 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +5; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+5, bite); Full Atk +8 melee (1d6+5, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Blinding Wings, Vital Strike; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 17, Dex 20, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 13, Cha 4.

Skills: Listen +7, Spot +10.

Feats: Flyby Attack, Wingover.

Advancement: 6-7 HD (Medium-size), 8-9 HD (Large).

SODELLIS

Humag led the team of salt miners across the broad open plain, the sound of crystalline sand crunching underfoot. Wearing a headdress of rags to shield their eyes from all but a narrow slit of sunlight, they were still almost blinded by the light reflected off the flats that stretched around them for miles in each direction.

Suddenly the earth rumbled, and the men screamed. Humag fell to the ground, showered with chunks of semi-solidified salt that stung his skin. The last thing that came to his stunned ears were the cries of his fellow slaves: “Sodellis! Sodellis!”

The *sodellis* is a gargantuan monster believed to live almost exclusively in the Cursed Sea region of the Twisted Earth. Few inhabitants of the wasteland even know these creatures exist, their existence kept secret by the ruthless salt merchants that rule the region. Sadly tribal slaves, taken captive by these ruthless overlords and put to work mining salt from the vast flats of the Cursed Sea, often fall prey to these cunning hunters largely due to their ignorance of their



presence under the very salt fields they walk on.

The sodellis resembles a gigantic crocodilian creature that appears to be made from a living, grayish rock, but in reality this stony exterior is merely a covering of built-up salt and sand that gives it an almost impenetrable encasing of rock-hard armor. This salt shell glimmers brilliantly in the sun as the sodellis emerges from underground; some particular growths grow so large that they resemble clusters of beautiful quartz crystal on the beast's back. When a sodellis emerges fully onto the surface it proves to be far longer than an ordinary crocodile, however, supporting its elongated body with over two dozen legs that end in sharp burrowing claws.

The sodellis is primarily a burrower, and lives most of the time underground, enjoying the cool air channeled into the tunnels it digs just a few feet under the surface. When it senses prey, it lunges upwards, erupting from the earth in an explosion of sharp sand particles that stun nearby prey, allowing it to snatch the unsuspecting victims with a powerful bite.

SPECIES TRAITS

Sodellis have the following species traits:

Blinding Explosion (Ex): On the first round of combat, the sodellis usually emerges from beneath the ground in an explosion of gleaming salt and sand particles. All creatures within 20 ft of the sodellis must make a Reflex save at DC 17 or be *blinded* for 1d4 round.

Razor-Sharp Hide (Ex): A sodellis' crystalline hide gives it an abundance of razor-sharp edges that slash and cut those who get too close. Each round all creatures within 5 ft of a sodellis must make a Reflex save at DC 13 or be injured, suffering 2d6 points of slashing damage.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the sodellis to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Salt Wounds (Ex): Wounds caused by a sodellis' bite attacks, as well as by contact with its *razor-sharp hide*, are excruciatingly painful and difficult to staunch. In addition to normal damage, these wounds also cause bleeding at the rate of 1 hit point per round. Cumulative wounds cause cumulative bleeding (i.e. two hits cause the victim to bleed at a rate of 2 hit points per round). Bleeding wounds will continue to bleed for 10 rounds (or until healed through healing medicine or a Treat Injury check at DC 15).

Sodellis: CR 13; Huge Mutant Beast; HD 12d10+60; HP 126; Mas 21; Init +0; Spd 30 ft., burrow 10 ft.; Defense 28, touch 8, flatfooted 28 (-2 size, +0 Dex, +20 natural); BAB +12; Grap +28; Atk +18 melee (2d6+12, bite); Full Atk +18 melee (2d6+12, bite); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Blinding Explosion, Razor-Sharp Hide, Scent, Salt Wounds; AL none; SV Fort +13, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 27, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 4.

Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6, Survival +3.

Feats: Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack.

Advancement: 13-15 HD (Huge), 16-20 (Gargantuan).

STORM HOOD

The band of men trudged painfully through the biting sandstorm, pressing on despite the deafness in their ears from the howling wind and biting sands. None could see more than a few feet in front of his face, and had to shout with increasing hoarseness to be

heard.

Suddenly one of the men stumbled back - something had struck his face. Blind and choking, he flailed his arms about trying to clear whatever it was that had come out of the storm and attached itself to his face. As his fingers touched the cold clammy skin of this living "hood", he felt the abomination's needle-like teeth begin burrowing into his skull.

The other men pushed on, unable to hear the man's screams, muffled as they were by the winds and the storm hood smothering his face.

The *storm hood* is a particularly nasty danger of the deep deserts, though thankfully they are said to only dwell in the Burning Lands, the Graveyard of Bone Cities, and the fringes of the Purple Desert. The creature resembles a "sheet" of loose skin, carried aloft on the raging winds of a storm. Effectively invisible as they soar by in the tempest of a sandstorm, even when they are spotted racing past they are often mistaken for garbage churned up by the winds.

A storm hood is an opportunistic hunter; swarms of individual storm hoods will soar through a given sandstorm on the off chance that the wind blows them onto prey that happens to be moving below. Once the storm hood strikes its unfortunate prey (usually around head level), it attaches itself securely with a number of tiny claws, covering the head completely. Its membranous skin is highly resilient, and with powerful muscular action, it stretches itself firmly around its prey to deny it any breath (or cries for help).

Within moments, its circular maw opens and begins feasting on the contents of its victim's unprotected skull.

SPECIES TRAITS

Storm hoods have the following species traits:

Blindness/Deafness/Suffocation (Ex): So long as a storm hood is attached to its prey its victim is considered blind, deaf, and unable to breath, and will begin suffocating (see page gamemastering in *d20 Modern*).

Grappler (Ex): A storm hood receives a +12 racial bonus to grapple checks.

Grappling Bite (Ex): Once a storm hood successfully grapples an opponent, it can attack with its needle-like teeth. It can attack once per round and damage is automatically inflicted.

Keen Sight (Ex): Storm hoods have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

Special Defense (Ex): So long as a storm hood is attached to its prey, any attack against it causes its prey to also suffer one-quarter the damage inflicted upon it.

Vampirism (Ex): A storm hood replenishes itself by draining blood from the wounds it inflicts. Each time it does damage with its *grappling bite* it heals 1 hit point for every two points inflicted. It cannot go above its normal maximum hit points, however.

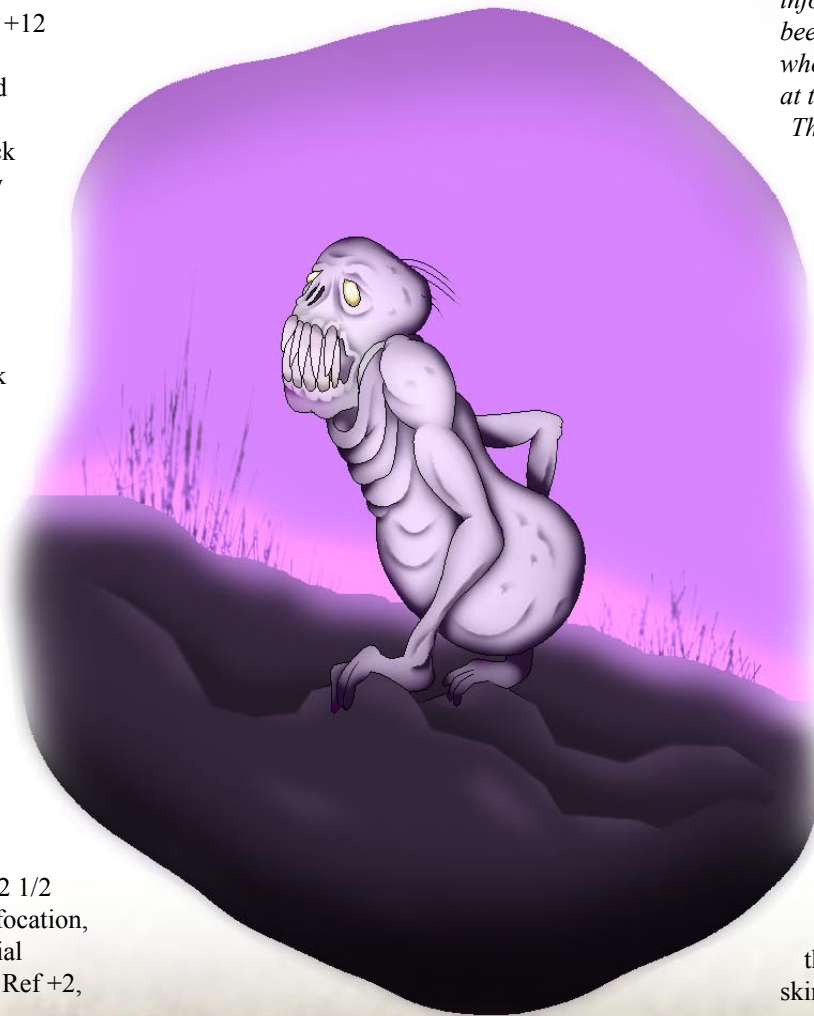
Storm Hood: CR 7; Tiny Aberration; HD 6d8+24 plus 3; HP 54; Mas 11; Init +0; Spd 5 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor); Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+2 size); BAB +4; Grap +11; Atk +7 melee (2d4+3, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (2d4+3, bite); FS 2 1/2 ft. by 2 1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Blindness/Deafness/Suffocation, Grappler, Grappling Bite, Keen Sight, Special Defense, Vampirism; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +2,

Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 18, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 2.

Skills: Spot +14.

Feats: Toughness.

Advancement: 7-8 HD (Small), 9-10 HD (Medium-size).



TERMINAL, HALF-MEN

The exile hunter stooped down to look the madwoman in the eyes, still clutching her baby tightly as both wept uncontrollably from the horrors they had witnessed. It took him a few moments to get the information he sought out of her: the village had been overrun the night before by horrible creatures, who took the bodies of the men with them to devour at their leisure under the moon's haunting light. These awful things she could only refer to as "half-men"...

The "half-men" are a particular subspecies of *terminals* known to exist almost entirely along the fringes of the Burning Lands, where individuals of their kind prowl about in the darkness searching for prey to devour. Born of human wombs, these poor degenerated creatures are among the most ghastly mutants, whose deformities seemed to promise no possibility of a long life. Cast out by their people, like most terminals the majority of half-men die in their first few years, but some grow to maturity to become savage, bloodthirsty killers.

Half-men are repugnant creatures that when fully standing only reach the level of a grown man's waist. The creatures are humanoid, yet though they have heads, torsos, and arms, any similarity to humans ends there. Half-men have nothing from the waist down (hence their name: "half-men").

A half-men terminal is terrible to behold; the head is usually misshapen, with large broken teeth, shriveled lips, and a skull-like face that looks malnourished from the way its grayish skin seems stretched against its bones. The creature

moves along using its two spindly arms, which are surprisingly strong, allowing it to “walk” with a strange but nimble gait. It has a body shaped roughly like a pear, with a bulbous, extended belly sagging down between its arms, lacking the support of hips or legs. This belly quivers and wobbles as it walks, and often writhes noticeably from parasites thriving in the creature’s stomach.

SPECIES TRAITS

Half-men have the following species traits:

Parasitic Infestation (Ex): A creature consuming a half-men terminal’s flesh risks contracting a parasitic infestation (see environmental dangers of *Darwin’s World 2nd Edition*). The save DC is 16.

Vulnerability to Slashing Weapons (Ex): Because of its large stomach, a half-men terminal is particularly vulnerable to slashing weapons. It suffers twice as much damage from slashing attacks.

Keen Sight (Ex): Half-men terminals have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

Half-Men: CR 1/2; Small Humanoid; HD 1d8+1 plus 3; HP 8; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 10 ft.; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 11 (+1 size, +2 Dex); BAB +0; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d4+2, bite); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4+2, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Parasitic Infestation, Vulnerability to Slashing Weapons; AL none; SV Fort +1, Ref +4 Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 5.

Skills: Balance +3, Listen +0, Spot +0, Survival +0.

Feats: Toughness.

Advancement: 2-5 HD (Medium-size).

WALL CRAWLER

The well-armored men stood their ground, surveying the blasted cityscape before them, their hunting rifles in one hand, and in their other the taught chain links of the leashes tethering their hunting beasts to them. Making a strange “trilling” noise, the lizards seemed to come to life, tugging at their chains as they lunged forward at some unseen prey. At the same time the bristles adorning the large lizards suddenly stood erect. The men grinned and readied their weapons, knowing that tonight they’d split a healthy bounty on the heads of the wild men they’d been sent to kill.

Wall crawlers are large lizards that dwell almost exclusively in the old necropoli that dot the Twisted Earth. Apparently evolved from small geckos, they have grown to roughly man-size.

Wall crawlers are stealthy hunters, who use their keen senses to track some of the most elusive prey of the Twisted Earth: *wild men*. Having grown accustomed to the lightning speed and split-second agility required to hunt wild men, wall crawlers almost exclusively eat these savage humanoids - when they catch them. This fact has not been lost on the more civilized inhabitants of the old cities, who have begun to capture and use these beasts to help them hunt down and eradicate wild men infestations near their community compounds within the ruins.

Wall crawlers resemble hunchbacked lizards with short-nosed, serpentine heads. These heads possess large bulbous eyes that almost appear comical, and a mouth of mismatched yellow fangs from which a long

green tongue constantly slips out to tease the air. The wall crawler skulks about on four nimble legs, but all along its back are abundant clusters of sharp quills. These quills not only protect the wall crawler from predators, they also glow radiant colors when the creature wanders near to sources of radiation.

Wall crawlers are not entirely capable of being domesticated, and stories abound of would-be handlers being turned on by these large lizards in the middle of a hunt, themselves being eaten alive instead of their wild men quarry.



SPECIES TRAITS

Wall crawlers have the following traits:

Keen Sight (Ex): Wall crawlers have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

Quills (Ex): A wall crawler's quills are purely defensive; any creature making an unarmed or natural attack against a wall crawler takes 1d4 points of damage with each successful hit.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the wall crawler to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Sense Radiation (Ex): A wall crawler's quills glow faintly whenever the creature nears a source of radiation of *Moderate* intensity or greater.

Skill Bonus: Wall crawlers gain a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

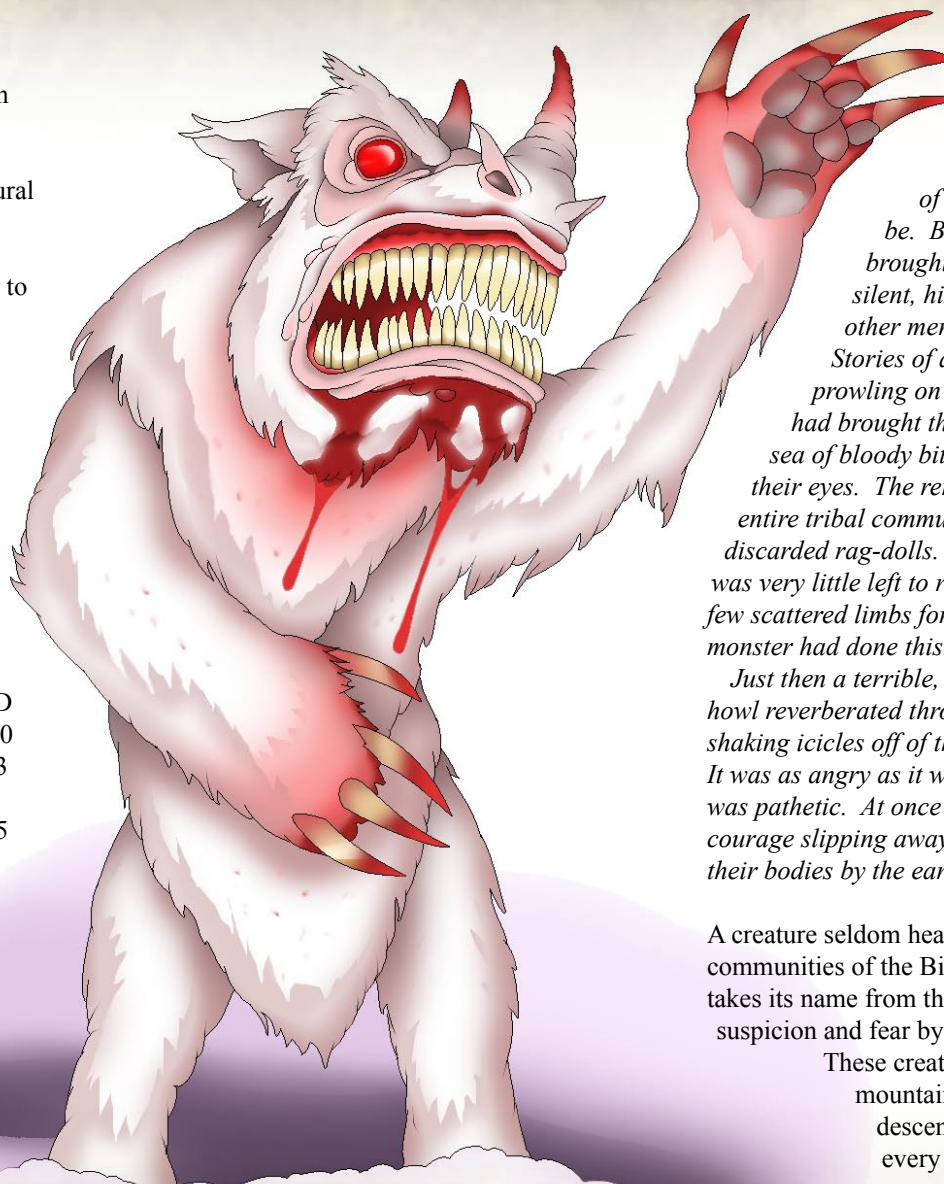
Spider Climb (Ex): Wall crawlers can literally climb up sheer surfaces, at will, at their ground base speed.

Wall Crawler: CR 3; Medium-Size Animal; HD 3d8+9; HP 22; Mas 16; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+3 Dex, +3 natural); BAB +2; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d8+4, bite); Full Atk +5 melee (1d8+4, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Keen Sight, Quills, Scent, Sense Radiation, Spider Climb; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 2.

Skills: Climb +9, Listen +4, Spot +4, Survival +1 (+5 scent).

Feats: None.

Advancement: 4-6 HD (Medium-size).



WENDIGO

The band of adventurers arrived in the snowy clearing where the village of log huts was supposed to be. But their tribal guide, who had brought them here, was unusually silent, his lips drawn so tight that the other men thought they would split. Stories of a strange nocturnal beast prowling on the outskirts of the village had brought them here, but now only a sea of bloody bits and broken bones greeted their eyes. The remnants of the families of an entire tribal community lay scattered about like discarded rag-dolls. Devoured, one and all, there was very little left to recognize them by except for a few scattered limbs forgotten by whatever voracious monster had done this.

Just then a terrible, blood-curdling, nightmare howl reverberated through the mountain valley, shaking icicles off of the nearby eaves of a log cabin. It was as angry as it was pained, as threatening as it was pathetic. At once the party of men found their courage slipping away like the heat being bled from their bodies by the early winter frost...

A creature seldom heard of outside of the tribal communities of the Big Rocks, the *Wendigo* takes its name from the evil spirits regarded with suspicion and fear by ancient native Americans.

These creatures are legendary among the mountain tribals, who claim the beasts descend from the frozen heights every generation or so to massacre

entire villages as punishment for their wickedness.

By all accounts the Wendigo appears to be nothing more than a mutated bear, and stories depict them as terribly deformed. Apparently these Ursal creatures hibernate for abnormally long periods of time, waking only once every decade or so. When they do, they are possessed of a terrible hunger, and so go hunting for prey to sate their tortured appetites.

Wendigo are never seen by humanoid communities except in the worst mountain winters, when they are driven to lower elevations by the lack of wildlife to hunt among the icy peaks. Descending into lower forest country they hunt virtually anything and everything that comes across their path, often being bold enough to attack and slaughter entire tribal villages in a single night of bloody terror.

SPECIES TRAITS

Wendigo have the following species traits:

Rend (Ex): If a Wendigo hits with both claw attacks it latches onto its opponent's body and tears the flesh. This attack automatically deals 2d8+12 points of damage.

Scent (Ex): This ability allows the Wendigo to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Snowy Coat (Ex): A Wendigo's gray-white coat bestows a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks in snowy areas. It loses this bonus once its *Terrible Hunger* has been sated (it becomes streaked with blood and gore).

Terrible Hunger (Ex): A Wendigo will attack all living creatures it senses until it has killed and consumed an amount of prey whose total hit points equal twice its own. It then feeds (if able), gorging itself in the process. Once satisfied, the Wendigo usually becomes passive, abandoning its usual rampage to return to its lair high in the mountains.

Wendigo: CR 8; Huge Mutated Animal; HD 10d8+40; HP 95; Mas 19; Init +1; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 14, touch 9, flatfooted 13 (-2 size, +1 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +7; Grap +22; Atk +13 melee (1d8+8, claw); Full Atk +13 melee (1d8+8, 2 claws), +8 melee (2d8+4, bite); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Rend, Scent, Snowy Coat, Terrible Hunger; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 27, Dex 13, Con 19, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3, Survival +12.

Feats: None.

Advancement: 11-14 HD (Huge).



PARASITES

The Broken And The Lost introduces a new type of creature, referred to here as the "parasite". *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* presents

rules for *parasitic infestation* (see page 171 of the rulebook), and these rules are fine for more common parasites, but the Twisted Earth has examples of other parasitic and symbiotic life forms that aren't so easily lumped with the mundane.

The new and unusual parasites introduced in this book comprise a new type of entity that is only encountered with (or more accurately, *inside*) another creature. These parasites either modify the abilities of the given creature, enhance its strengths, or increase the potential danger of dealing with its host. As a result, these parasites do not have a Challenge Rating (CR) of their own, but rather modify an existing creature's Encounter Level.

GODA WORM

Camaris, the tribal prince, stared out across the sea of dunes. Somewhere out there the raiders who had sacked his village were riding hell for leather, taking with them the bride he had been poised to marry just two days past. Members of a rival tribe, they were taking his beloved to the camp of his people's most hated enemies.

But the desert was a wide and inhospitable gulf. His enemy had horses, and slaves to carry their supplies. He was but one man, with only enough water to see him a few leagues. With a deep sigh he uncorked the jar and lifted the goda worm between his two fingers, and even now it wriggled towards his open mouth.

The goda worm is a curious creature, the knowledge of which is almost exclusive to the tribal people of the Twisted Earth's great deserts. The goda worm is a parasitic creature that, over the centuries (and due to the strange new properties of the world's mutated ecology), evolved to rely on humans to transport them across the wasteland to new regions. Of course, these ugly little grubs would seem to offer nothing in return for such a reliant relationship, but this is simply not the case.

When a goda worm is consumed by a humanoid, it nestles in its host's digestive tract, where it remains unobtrusively. Once it has accepted, a host the creature begins to take what it needs from its carrier, while in return conferring its own unique benefits.

The creature consumes a surprisingly minor amount of nutrients and moisture consumed by its host, instead thriving mostly off of electrical impulses passing naturally through the human body. It is unclear how this process works, but it is neither taxing on the carrier nor even felt. The impulses

stimulate the goda worm's metabolism, and as a result, the creature itself begins to create nutrients and moisture for its host like an internally carried "factory".

A goda worm typically remains in its host for up to two to three weeks, at which point it begins to make its carrier mildly ill so that he vomits it up whole, effectively introducing it to a new region.

Tribals of the Deserts of Nowhere have learned the virtues of the goda worm, and often consume them when there is a desperate need to cross vast regions of dust and desert, and little water is available. When the time comes the tribal carrier knows not to resist the urge to vomit, just being thankful that the little creature accepted him as its host.

SPECIES TRAITS

Goda worms have the following species traits:

Immunities (Ex): Goda worms are immune to electricity and acid.

Nutrient Factory (Ex): A goda worm requires little or no nutrients to stay alive, only the natural body electricity of a living humanoid host. In exchange, the goda worm provides for all water and food needs while it is alive. The goda can only provide for the amounts needed by a regular human (see page 171 of *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*); thus a creature that has abnormal nutrition needs will only be partially taken care of by the goda worm.

Removal (Ex): A goda worm can be surgically withdrawn from its host with a Treat Injury check (DC 20). A short of filter-dose will flush it from the body as well.

Special Sensitivity (Ex): Because the goda worm rests inside a living creature, if its host is poisoned, the goda worm suffers the effects of the same poison. Similarly if the host is struck by a sonic attack, the

goda worm suffers damage equal to half the amount inflicted on its carrier.

Timed Illness (Ex): After 2-3 weeks the goda worm begins producing a mild poison that forces its host to make a Fortitude save (DC 15) each day or become *sickened*. This sickness lasts until the goda worm is removed (either surgically or by letting it come out naturally).

Goda Worm: CR N/A; Fine Aberration; HD 2d8; HP 9; Mas 11; Init +0; Spd 5 ft.; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 18 (+8 size); BAB +1; Grap -15; Atk +9 melee (1, bite); Full Atk +9 melee (1, bite); FS 6 in. by 6 in.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Immunities, Nutrient Factory, Removal, Special Sensitivity, Timed Illness; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 1, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 2.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: None.

Advancement: None.

CR: +0. Though it increases a creature's ability to survive in the wild, the goda worm does not add any appreciable combat abilities.

PUS SWIMMER

The tribe's most beloved warrior lay dying among the bed of furs. The other warriors of the lodge watched with wide eyes as their great champion withered away, fitfully turning in his delirium and whimpering with internal pains they could only imagine.

The witch doctor had burnt all his offerings and said all his prayers, but to no avail. This year's hunt of the othydont had claimed the greatest of their warriors; not by the creature's terrible bite, but by the tiny things living unseen in its protective pustules.

In the Deserts of Nowhere, tribals hunt the great *othydont* for its jawbones, which make prized weapons used in many tribal rituals. In recent years, the hunting of the othydont has become more dangerous, with the appearance of a strange parasitic creature reported to live in the warm fluids contained in the fleshy pustules of that powerful nomadic creature.

A mature pus swimmer is generally only found living inside an othydont, in particular in one of the many globes of congealed pus that dot the creature's hide like enormous pimples. When an othydont's pustule ruptures - usually due to being attacked - the pus swimmer is usually ejected in the stream of pus. When this happens, there is a good chance the pus swimmer is able to transfer to its new host, the attacker (often through an open mouth or bleeding wounds). Once it enters its new host the pus swimmer digs deep and lays its eggs before dying. Up to two weeks later the eggs hatch, the grubs consume a good part of the sickened host, and then exit, skittering away to find a new othydont to infest.

A pus swimmer looks like a tiny-segmented grub with dozens of whisker-like legs running its entire length, much like a centipede. The 'swimmer is entirely white, making it easier for the creature to remain undetected in the fluid of an othydont's pustule.

SPECIES TRAITS

Pus swimmers have the following species traits:

Grappler (Ex): A pus swimmer receives +13 racial bonus to grapple checks.

Impregnation (Ex): If a pus swimmer succeeds at a grapple check, on the following round it may enter its victim's body and attempt to transfer its eggs. When the pus swimmer enters the victim's

body she suffers 1d4 points of damage each round for 1d4 rounds, at which point the pus swimmer stops burrowing (no further damage). However, when the damage stops the pus swimmer lays its eggs, which can only be surgically withdrawn with a Treat Injury check (DC 20). A short of filter-dose will flush the eggs from the body of the victim as well. Otherwise, the victim dies in 2d8 days.

A pus swimmer automatically dies after it successfully lays its eggs.

Pus Swimmer: CR N/A; Fine Aberration; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 11; Init +1; Spd 5 ft.; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 18 (+8 size, +1 Dex); BAB +1; Grap +0; Atk +11 melee (1, bite); Full Atk +11 melee (1, bite); FS 6 in. by 6 in.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Impregnation; AL none; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 6, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 2.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: None.

Advancement: None.

CR: +1. A pus swimmer's presence in an othydонт host makes fighting the beast a little more dangerous.

TENDRILIOUS SYMBIONT

Drums thundered through the village, as the entire clan gathered at the sacred ring of stones. Warriors dressed with paint, women adorned in their finest, and the chief and his peers all gathered to watch the ceremony unfold. The young champion the witch doctor had selected from the lodge (through his various mysterious divinations) knelt before the high priest, ready to accept the blessing of the gods. The high priest raised his arms up high, holding the

sacred spirit's material manifestation in his hands, and slowly it writhed to life...

Similar to the worm that allows men to cross the deep deserts without food or water (see the *goda worm* entry above), the *tendrulous symbiont* is an unusual creature whose existence has been a well-kept secret of many tribal groups across the deserts wasteland of the Twisted Earth for many years.

Tendrulous symbionts resemble tiny living masses of tissue, and it is unclear where they first came from, though they are rare to say the least. Tribal shamens know the potential power of these strange parasites, who according to legend have helped many heroes of legend overcome more powerful enemies ever since the first tribes fled to the wilderness in the years following the Apocalypse.

A tendrulous symbiont is a kind of parasite that, when allowed to infest a new host (usually through entering the mouth), attaches itself firmly to her spinal column, sending its microscopic tendrils throughout her body. Once it has been incorporated in this fashion, the parasite begins to feed off its host, sapping her slowly over time. In exchange for being fed, the tendrulous symbiont confers upon its host remarkable abilities intended to keep her - and thus the parasite - alive, and on top of the food chain.

Though it is a creature belonging purely to the Twisted Earth's bizarre natural order, tribal folk have come to revere tendrulous symbionts as the "instruments of the gods" - in some instances even believing they are sentient spirit-creatures who have come to the earth to give tribal people the strength they need to overcome more powerful foes. As such, the planting of a symbiont into the body of a host is often done with great ceremony and ritual, as if the recipient were truly blessed to be "chosen" as the symbiont's new host.

SPECIES TRAITS

Tendrulous symbionts have the following species traits:

Ability Drain (Ex): At the start of each day a creature who hosts a tendrulous symbiont suffers a temporary loss of 1 Charisma. This ability loss is healed normally.

Symbiotic Benefit (Ex): A tendrulous symbiont confers on its host the ability to manifest certain powers usable at will, each as a standard action. Depending on which power is used, the tendrulous symbiont drains more from its host (in the form of attribute points; see below). This loss is on top of the daily ability drain normally incurred by the symbiont's presence in a host. A creature reduced to 0 in any attribute as a result of using any of these abilities falls unconscious for a full 12 hours and kills the tendrulous symbiont.

Darkvision: The symbiont can be called on to change the host's eyes so that she can see in the dark. This grants the host darkvision with a range of 60 ft, and low-light vision. The effect lasts for 30 minutes.

Detoxification: When the symbiont is called on, it attacks foreign organisms in the body and detoxifies poisons in the system. This allows the symbiont's host to re-roll a single failed saving throw vs. chemicals, poisons, drugs, and diseases.

Energy Burst: The symbiont can be called on to collect natural electrical energy in the host's body, allowing her to discharge it as a single arc of lightning from her outstretched arms. This counts as a ranged touch attack inflicting electrical damage equal to 2d6+1 per character level.

Fast Healing: When the symbiont is called on, it begins healing its host at a rate of 2 hit points per round for ten rounds (as fast healing). This healing is limited to wounds caused by bludgeoning, ballistic, piercing, and slashing weapons.

Mind Powers, Minor: The symbiont unlocks its host's dormant neural abilities, granting her the use of any of the following mutations: Neural Precognition, Neural Telekinesis, or Neural Telepathy, for the duration of the day.

Mind Powers, Major: Once the host has activated *Minor Mind Powers*, she may also call upon the symbiont to unlock more potent mind powers during the same day. When this is done she gains the use of the following feats: Danger Sense, Flight Trigger, Foresight, Lie Detector, Mental Communication, Telekinetic Hand, and Telekinetic Mastery.

Symbiont Benefit	Ability Loss
Darkvision	1d2 Cha
Detoxification	1d2 Str
Energy Burst	1d4 Con
Fast Healing	1d2 Str
Mind Powers, Minor	1d3 Con
Mind Powers, Major	1d3 Con

Removal (Ex): A tendrilous symbiont can be surgically withdrawn from its host with a Treat Injury check (DC 20). A short of filter-dose will flush it from the body as well.

Special Sensitivity (Ex): Because the tendrilous symbiont rests inside a living creature, if its host is poisoned, the symbiont suffers the effects of the same poison. Similarly if the host is struck by a sonic attack, the symbiont suffers damage equal to half the amount inflicted on its carrier.

Tendrilous Symbiont: CR N/A; Fine Aberration; HD 2d8; HP 9; Mas 11; Init +0; Spd 5 ft.; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 18 (+8 size); BAB +1; Grap -15; Atk +9 melee (1, bite); Full Atk +9 melee (1, bite); FS 6 in. by 6 in.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Ability Drain, Symbiotic Benefit, Removal, Special Sensitivity; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 1, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 2.

Skills: Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: None.

Advancement: None.

CR: +2. While it does drain ability points by its presence in a creature, the tendrilous symbiont gives its host the ability to draw on considerable powers.

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