

Tome of Horrors 4



By Scott Greene



NECROMANCER
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Swords
& Wizardry



FROG GOD
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The Tome of Horrors 4

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Dedication

**This book is dedicated to Eric “Shade”
Jansing (1971–2012). Thanks for keeping the
Creature Catalog flame burning at ENWorld.
You will be missed my friend.**

Dedication

**This book is dedicated to Ransom Jones
(1958–2012); one of the best people I’ve ever
known. Always missed; never forgotten.**

INTRODUCTION

One can simply never have enough monsters. The greatest trick a Referee can play is to show up with something new that the players have never heard of before. Anyone who has been doing this for very long knows the drill, “Goblins, ok, fighters to the front so they get multiple attacks”, or “a troll! Get fire and acid ready!”.

Imagine what happened to the first group of players that encountered a nilbog—and watched it grow in size as the fighters each hit it 5 times. What about a pyrohydra—fire had no way to stop it from growing new heads... “Oh my, what do we do now?” may have been the next battlecry.

It's not always necessary to make every monster a death-dealing enigma, however fear of the unknown is one of the strongest tools in the Referee's arsenal. It keeps players on their toes and makes the game more fun. Certainly the old mundane standby's need a place at the table (and the miniature case). After all, what is a dungeon without a troll or ten?

One of the things I have been most proud of about my career in the game industry has been my company's ability to bring new and interesting denizens to light. Starting with our collaboration with White Wolf on the Creature Collection in 1999, and continuing with our award winning Tome of Horrors series and Monstronomicon, Necromancer Games, and its spawn Frog God Games have always been at the leading edge of the new monster game.

Thus we are proud to bring you Tome of Horrors IV, fresh from the mind of that evil genius Scott Greene and his henchwoman Erica Balsley (otherwise known as D&D Chick). This book will be our first foray into the world of color monster books. All of these critters are never seen before and new to the table, and I am told, are anxious to get off the page and onto what they do best...eat adventurers.

Much in the same way I like my monsters to use the unexpected tactics my dungeons are so famous for, Scott and his crew have come up with a vast array of new beasts and demons to frighten and challenge your players. I personally cannot wait for this book to ship, as there are several creatures I cannot wait to add to my bi-monthly Rappan Athuk updates!

Enjoy this new trove of monsters, and feedback is, as always, welcome!

— Bill Webb
CEO Frog God Games

Table of Contents

Introduction	2	Daochyn	46	Fountain Fungus	90
Addath	5	Dark Custodian	47	Fungus Man	
Algidarch	6	Death Knight		Fungus Man	91
Amalgamation	7	Death Knight.....	48	Fungus Man King	91
Amber Skeleton	8	Undead Horse Mount	48	Galley Beggar	92
Animal, Elemental		Deathstroke Serpent	49	Gargoyle, Spitting	93
Fire Crab	9	Defender Globe	50	Gelatinous Emperor	94
Fire Crab, Giant	9	Demon		Genie, Seraph	95
Fire Fish	9	Demon, Ciratto.....	51	Ghaggurath	96
Argos	10	Demon, Kytha	52	Ghirru	97
Astral Spider	11	Demon, Tatarux.....	53	Giant	
Aswang	12	Demonic Mist	54	Giant, Coral	98
Aurochs, Northlands	13	Devil, Dantalion (Duke of Hell)	55	Giant, Crag	99
Baba Yaga	14	Devouring Mist	56	Giant, Jotun	100
Baboonwere	15	Dinosaur		Giant Animal	
Banshee, Queen	16	Dinosaur, Euparkeria	57	Giant Fox	101
Battlehulk	17	Dinosaur, Gorgosaurus.....	58	Giant Mastiff.....	101
Bear, Shadow	18	Dinosaur, Nothosaurus.....	59	Giant Stag.....	102
Beetle, Ravager	19	Dinosaur, Podokesaurus.....	60	Giant Worg	102
Beetle, Stench	20	Dobie	61	Gibbering Abomination	103
Blaze Boa	21	Domovoi	62	Gibbering Orb	
Blood Orchid		Dracohydra	63	Gibbering Orb	104
Blood Orchid.....	22	Dragon, Grey	64	Gibbering Orb, Lesser.....	105
Blood Orchid Savant.....	22	Drake		Glacial Haunt	106
Blood Orchid Grand Savant.....	22	Drake, Brine	65	Gloom Haunt	107
Bloodsoaker Vine	23	Drake, Storm	66	Golem	
Bone Crawler	24	Drake, Vile	67	Golem, Crystalline	108
Bone Delver	25	Drakeling		Golem, Necromantic	109
Boobrie	26	Drakeling, Flame.....	68	Golem, Philosopher.....	110
Bronze Minotaur	27	Drakeling, Frost	69	Golem, Skiff.....	111
Bucentaur	28	Dreadweed	70	Golem,	
Burning Ghat	29	Dune Horror	71	Spontaneous-Ossuary Golem.....	112
Carrion Claw	30	Dwarf, Frost	72	Grave Mount	113
Cavern Crawler	31	Ebony Horse	73	Grey Spirit	114
Char Shambler	32	Edon	74	Gribbon	115
Chike	33	Eel, Fire	75	Grimlock	116
Chosen of Lilith		Ekimmu	76	Grimshrike	117
Vladimir	34	Elemental Lords		Hag Nymph	118
Chuul-Ttaen	35	Inder (Fire Elemental Lord)	77	Hedon	119
Cimota		Lypso (Water Elemental Lord).....	77	Hellwidow	120
Cimota.....	36	Onyst (Earth Elemental Lord).....	78	Hooded Gatherer	121
Guardian Cimota	36	Susir (Air Elemental Lord)	78	Horse, Rhianna	122
High Cimota.....	36	Elemental		Inphidian	
Cinder Knight	38	Elemental, Salt	79	Inphidian, Death's Head.....	123
Cobalt Viper		Elemental, Smoke	80	Inphidian, Grey-Scale	124
Cobalt Viper	39	Elemental, Wood	81	Jolly Jelly	125
Giant Cobalt Viper	39	Emberleaf	82	Jynx	126
Conshee	40	Fachan	83	Kamarupa	127
Crazed		Fallen Elf		Kapre	128
Crazed Goblin	41	Ivan the Warmaster	84	Knight Gaunt	129
Crimson Death	42	Fallen Harpy	85	Korog	130
Crysolax	43	Firebird	86	Kulgreer	131
Crystalline Creature		Fisherman	87	Lamprey, Burrowing	132
Crystalline Scorpion.....	44	Flayed Angel	88	Leonine	133
Crystalline Succubus.....	45	Fleshewn	89	Leviathan	134

Table of Contents

Lightning Bladder	135	Sargassant.....	170	Sphinx Stone Idol.....	208
Lightning Lamprey	136	Banyant.....	170	Stygian Spawn	209
Living Disease		Cactant.....	171	Swarm	
Festering Lung.....	137	Plantoid		Swarm, Bladecoin.....	210
Blackrot.....	137	Plantoid.....	172	Swarm, Bone.....	211
Living Monolith		Plaintoid King.....	172	Swarm, Lamprey.....	212
Living Monolith.....	138	Plantoid Servitor	173	Swarm, Skeletal.....	213
Crawling Offspring.....	138	Proto-Creature		Swarm, Stirge.....	214
Lizard		Proto-Creature.....	174	Swarm, Sparksting.....	215
Lizard, Giant Forest.....	139	Giant Proto-Creature.....	174	Sword Spider	216
Lizard, Lava.....	140	Rakewood	175	Talorani	217
Lupin	141	Ravager	176	Thought Eater	218
Lurker Wraith	142	Refracted Creature		Tombotu	219
Lycanthrope, Werewolverine	143	Refracted Shark.....	177	Treant	
Malkeen	144	Refracted Tiger.....	178	Treat, Razor.....	220
Mandrake, Deadly	145	Salamander, Ice	179	Treant, Stone.....	221
Meat Puppet		Sciurian	180	Troll	
Meat Puppet (Humanoid).....	146	Scorpionfolk	181	Troll, Black.....	222
Meat Puppet (Otyugh).....	146	Screamer	183	Troll, River.....	223
Mimic, Undead	147	Sea Serpent, Finback	184	Troll, Undead.....	224
Minikin		Sealwere	185	Uggoth	225
Minikin Grizzly Bear.....	148	Serpent Creeper	186	Undead Elemental, Fire	226
Minikin Mastodon.....	148	Sewer Sludge	187	Valeany	227
Monkey, Ghoul	149	Shade	188	Vampire Spawn, Feral	228
Monkey, Spire	150	Shadow Hunter		Voltar	229
Mordnaissant	151	Shadow Hunter.....	189	War Flower	230
Mummy, Asp		Shadow Hunter Hatchlings.....	189	Wasp, Elven	231
Mummy, Asp.....	152	Shadow Wing	190	Water Leaper	232
Asp Swarm.....	152	Shark, Swordtooth	191	Weirds	
Naga, Death	153	Shattered Soul, Impaled Spirit	192	Weird, Lesser, Acid.....	233
Naga, Ha-Naga	154	Silverfish		Weird, Lesser, Frost.....	233
Narwhal	155	Silverfish, Giant.....	193	Weird, Lesser, Magma.....	233
Necro-Phantom	156	Silverfish Swarm.....	193	Weird, Lesser, Mud.....	234
Neomimic	157	Sirine Flower	194	Weird, Lesser, Ooze.....	234
Niserie	158	Skin Feaster	195	Weird, Lesser, Smoke.....	235
Nithu	159	Skull Child	196	Weird, Greater, Air.....	235
Noble Steed	160	Slug, Dimensional	197	Weird, Greater, Earth.....	235
Ommoth	161	Sojourner of the Sea	198	Weird, Greater, Fire.....	236
Ooze		Soul Knight	199	Weird, Greater, Water.....	236
Ooze, Ebon	162	Soulless Hill Giant	200	Wichtlein	237
Ooze, Spawn of Jubilex	163	Sphinx, Dromosphinx	201	Wight, Sword	238
Oozeanderthal	164	Spider		Witchlights	
Peg Fowler	165	Spider, Albino Cave.....	202	Withclight.....	239
Pestilential Cadaver	166	Spider, Giant Funnel-Web.....	203	Elder Withclight.....	239
Petrified Horror	167	Spider, Shard.....	204	Xacon	240
Pig-Men	168	Spider Lich.....	205	Xoth-man	241
Piranha		Stone Idol		Yhakkor	242
Giant Flying Piranha.....	169	Frog Stone Idol.....	206	Zombie, Hungry	243
Piranha Swarm.....	169	Variant Frog Stone Idol.....	206	Appendix A: Monsters by CL	244
Plant Guardian		Gargoyle Stone Idol.....	206	Legal Appendix	247
Algant.....	170	Shedu Stone Idol.....	207		

Addath

Hit Dice: 21

Armor Class: -4 [23]

Attack: 4 tentacles (2d6) and bite (4d6 + poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: bristles, constrict, immune to spider poison, magic resistance (30%), poison, resist cold and fire (50%), swallow whole

Move: 15 (climb 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 28/6800

Addath are fearsome 20-foot-tall subterranean hunters that make their homes in caves, caverns and ruins. Its body is dark in color and covered with dark hairs. Its legs are long and sleek and covered in deadly black bristles. The creature's mouth is on its underside and is surrounded by four long tentacles. The creature's eyes, tiny and almost undetectable, are spaced evenly around its central form. The addath's bristles and bite inject a poison (save avoids) that does 1d6 points of damage and reduces the victim's strength by 2 points. Victims struck by the monster's tentacles are grabbed and constricted for automatic tentacle damage each round (save avoids). The addath can transfer them to its mouth whenever it likes. These creatures are then swallowed whole, suffering 1d6 points of damage from the creature's stomach acid each round.

Addaths do not spin webs, but live in large tunnels and chambers or within ruined structures that can accommodate their massive size. Addath lairs are typically littered with the bones and carcasses of uneaten meals and so emanate the stench of death that is easily detectable (and functions as a warning to others not to intrude).

Addaths, when hunting, attack from ambush, usually clinging to an overhang or ceiling and waiting for prey to pass beneath. Some prefer hiding in shadows and springing out when prey is detected, and still others prefer hiding in huge pits and holes, rushing forth whenever they detect movement in the area. Addaths attack by grabbing their prey with their tentacles and biting it repeatedly. Addaths try to stay in melee range at all times, knowing eventually a creature can't help but contact its poisonous bristles.

Addath: HD 21; AC -4 [23];

Atk 4 tentacles (2d6) and bite (4d6 + poison); **Move** 15 (climb 15); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 28/6800;

Special: bristles, constrict, immune to spider poison, magic resistance (30%), poison, resist cold and fire (50%), swallow whole.

Reflecting Pools

The underworld holds a dusky cavern with pools of light floating around in it (in the air) and strange voices and noises echoing throughout. The pools produce a dim radiance. The cavern has no apparent exits.

The pools of light lead into a similar cavern on a demi-plane, a cavern lit by jade-grey light that flickers and sputters. These pools are on the ground in this otherworldly cavern. Above them is a shroud of ancient webbing where an **addath** sits and gazes into the pools. The creature attacks any adventurer foolish enough to look into them with its tentacles, trying to draw them through to be devoured and looted.

The addath has gathered a hoard of 10,251 gp, 2,893 sp and a flawed amethyst worth 300 gp (hidden within the flaws there is a holy symbol of the Gray Hierarchs and a map to their hidden temple on the Moon).



Algidarch

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: two-handed sword (3d6) or 2 fists (1d6 + 1d6 cold)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: avalanche, cold aura 10-ft. radius, double damage from fire, freezing wind, immune to cold

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d4, 1d4 plus 1d4+4 frost men and 1d2 winter wolves, or tribe of 1d12+4 plus 50% noncombatants, 1d6+2 frost men, 1d4+2 winter wolves and 1 cleric or druid of 3rd–5th level; 1 fighter chief of 4th–6th level.

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Algidarchs are an offshoot of giants that stand around 9 feet tall and weigh roughly 1,000 pounds. Skin color among algidarchs is always pale with a slight hint of blue. Their hair is worn long and though color can vary slightly, it is usually some shade of white. Most males have long beards they wear braided or tied. Females are slightly smaller in stature than males, but no less effective in combat. Algidarchs can live to be 225 years old. An algidarch announces its presence by flooding the area with freezing winds and a sudden avalanche. Once per day, an algidarch can cause a deluge of snow and ice to rain down in a 60-ft. radius area within 100 feet. Creatures in the radius of effect suffer 3d6 points of damage and are knocked to the ground (save for half). Once per day, algidarchs can create a freezing wind the deals 3d6 points of damage. The wind is 60 feet long and 30 feet high, and buffets back normal missile weapons, gases and breath weapons. It lasts for 1 minute.

Algidarchs are a selfish, malevolent race that takes great pride in both of those facts. They frequently waylay travelers on nearby roads, stealing goods, treasure, women, and whatever else they desire at the time. Captured humanoids are kept as slaves or sold to other giant races as slaves. Algidarchs rarely eat humanoids they capture. In tough times when food is scarce they might, but the meat portion of their diet is generally deer, elk, moose, and even mastodon.

Algidarch: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk two-handed sword (3d6) or 2 fists (1d6 + 1d6 cold); Move 15; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400;

Special: avalanche, cold aura 10-ft. radius, double damage from fire, freezing wind, immune to cold.

Equipment: giant-size chain mail, giant-sized two handed sword, belt ouches, haunch of meat.



Cold Cuts

An icy metal castle is surrounded by a forest of black pines and a boulder-strewn field. An icy moat surrounds the castle, a moat guarded by some unknown horror that presents itself as several icy arms that emerge from the ice to attack intruders (HD 4; AC 15; Attack 1 grab [1d4, save or held]).

The castle belongs to a clan of 15 algidarch. Their castle holds a great hall like a meat locker, with animals and humanoids hanging from chains suspended from the ceiling. The algidarch eat raw meat below the corpses on long pine tables and benches. Trenchers of frosty meat and wooden tankards of cinnamon-flavored wine set atop the tables.

Stairs in the great hall lead up to an armory and living chambers, and down to frosty dungeons and a sluggish stream of slush that leads into the underworld.

The castle is ruled by a chieftain called Gyphos, who has three daughters, two homely (Gortha and Marukh) and one beautiful, Ulfa. Gyphos' wife, Thrudra, is suspicious of his fidelity and seeks his death and throne. She may be convinced to work with adventurers locked in the dungeon to achieve her ends.

Amalgamation

Hit Dice: 20

Armor Class: -3 [22]

Attack: up to five attacks: slam (2d6) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 3

Special: half damage from weapons, immunities, item use, swarm attack 10d6

Move: 3 (fly 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000

An amalgamation resembles a vortex or cloud composed of a large number of magical and mundane items that it can use to attack. The precise appearance of the construct depends on the items that comprise its bulk. Ancient magic-users created the creature to defend their hoards and treasure vaults—for even should the guardian fall, most of the items being guarded would be destroyed, and hence not fall into enemy hands. An amalgamation can use up to five items contained within its bulk per round. It can therefore attack with weapons, magic items, hurl flaming oil, or slam random objects against opponents.

An amalgamation attacks by moving over its victims and dealing 10d6 points of damage per round (save for half). Amalgamations are immune to all spells and supernatural powers except the following: *dispel magic* deactivates magic items; *anti-magic field* causes it to subside into quiescence for 1d4+1 rounds, during which time it is considered helpless. An amalgamation should incorporate at least one magic item per hit die. Once it is destroyed, there is a flat 70% chance that a given item has been destroyed or disenchanting—assuming the item was not already expended in battle.

Amalgamation: HD 30; AC -3 [22]; Atk up to five attacks: slam (2d6) or by weapon; Move 3 (fly 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 22/85000; **Special:** half damage from weapons, immunities, item use, swarm attack 10d6

Credit

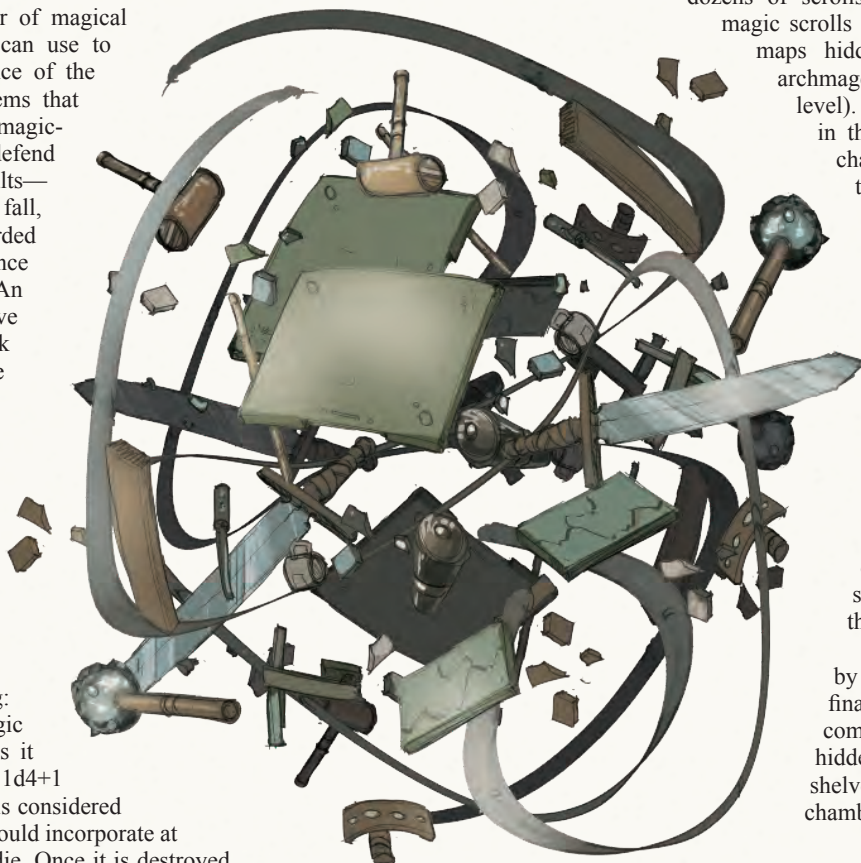
Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded*
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Book Burning

A library beneath the earth in a very ancient dungeon holds the corpse of the archmage Pellegos, impaled on a wall with a +1 *spear*, a leather tome still clutched in his hand. Touching the book causes the corpse to burst into flames, dealing 3d6 points of damage to anyone within 10 feet (save for half). The flames disappear quickly, but blaze again whenever the book is touched. The book holds love poetry written by Pellegos to the Lady Antoinette of Lyonesse, whom he loved from afar.

The walls of the library are lined with shelves that hold dozens of scrolls and books, including four magic scrolls (roll randomly), two treasure maps hidden within books, and the archmage's spellbook (he was 12th level). Every week of constant study in this chamber brings with it a chance of finding the clues to a treasure map in the books or a 1d4 level magic-user spell (if a magic-user is doing the studying). To find out if one is successful, roll 6d6 and compare it to the studier's intelligence score. If the roll is lower than the intelligence score, something has been found (50% chance each of treasure map or spell). Each additional week of study adds one d6 to the number of dice rolled, i.e. 7d6 in the second week of study, 8d6 in the third, etc.).

Pellegos' library is guarded by an **amalgamation**, his final creation, which rises up composed of spellbooks, a few hidden wands tucked into the shelves, and detritus cast about the chamber.



Amber Skeleton

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 2 slams (1d8 + 1d8 fire) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 6

Special: fire bolt, heated body, magic immunity (see below), vulnerable to water

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Amber skeletons are about 7 feet tall, with two large gemstones that function as eyes. It is often mistaken for an undead creature. The gemstones can be pried out of a destroyed amber skeleton, each being worth 1,000 gp if fully intact and undamaged. Crackling fire encases an amber skeleton. Unarmed attacks against it inflict 1d6 points of fire damage on the attacker. If attacked with wooden weapons, there is a 1 in 6 chance that the wood catches fire. Once per round, an amber skeleton can discharge a 40-foot-long line of fire from its spear that deals 3d6 points of damage (save for half) against a single target. This is a function of the amber skeleton, not the spear. An amber skeleton is immune to most spells and other magic abilities. Certain spells and effects function differently against it, as noted: A magical attack that deals fire damage heals 1 point of damage for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the amber skeleton to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. A significant amount of water, such as *create water*, the contents of a large bucket, or a blow from a water elemental, stuns the creature for 1d6 rounds (save avoids). An amber skeleton immersed in water take 1d6 points of damage each round until the water is gone (save for half).

Amber Skeleton: HD 9; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 slams (1d8 + 1d8 fire) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 6; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** fire bolt, heated body, magic immunity, vulnerable to water.



The Silver Key

An chamber in a deep dungeon holds a special door of ebony carved in the shape of two battling satyrs armed with tridents. Within the chamber, two knights do battle with a trio of ninjas, seemingly over a slim silver key suspended from a silver chain that hangs from the ceiling above.

The knights and ninjas are an illusion. Their fight lasts for 10 rounds if there is no interference, with both sides wiped out in the fight. Interference shaves 1d4 rounds from this, but does not change the outcome.

Grabbing the key, which is attached solidly to the chain, causes the floor of the chamber to become ethereal for three rounds, dropping people into a deeper chamber 20 feet below. This chamber holds a treasure hoard guarded by 2 amber skeletons.

The treasure consists of 3,473 gp, a choker of ivory and topaz worth 650 gp, and two terracotta aquamaniles shaped like bulettes worth 800 gp each due to the exquisite glazing and the sparkling mead within.

Animal, Elemental

	FIRE CRAB	FIRE CRAB, GIANT	FIRE FISH
Hit Dice:	1	3	3
Armor Class:	1 [18]	3 [16]	5 [14]
Attack:	2 claws (1d2 + 1d4 fire)	2 claws (1d4 + 1d4 fire)	slam (1d2 + 1d4 fire)
Saving Throw:	17	14	14
Special:	double damage from cold, grab, heat, immune to fire	double damage from cold, grab, heat, immune to fire	double damage from cold, heat, immune to fire
Move:	12 (swim 9)	12 (swim 9)	0 (swim 15)
Alignment:	Neutrality	Neutrality	Neutrality
Number Encountered:	1 or 2d10	1 or 2d10	1 or 4d20
Challenge Level/XP:	3/60	5/240	4/120

At various places in the planes, rifts of special tears appear and allow the mundane creatures of one plane to intermix with the creatures of other planes. On these occasions, it is most often not the terrible beasts such as demons or angels that pour through, but much less powerful (but not harmless) creatures mirroring the beasts of the natural realm.

Fire crabs are a deep reddish color, tapering to yellow on the underbelly. Smaller crabs are about the size of a man's fist, while giant crabs are about the size of a dog. The fire crab's heat extends roughly 3 to 5 ft. A creature struck by a fire crab's pincer must pass a saving throw or it clamps on and scores automatic damage each round. These pincers can only be removed with a successful bend bars roll. Fire crabs are omnivorous; they feed on other animals and any plant life that survives the fire crabs native environment. The fire crabs may survive temperatures lower than 100 degrees for 12 hours, or run the risk of freezing.

Fire fish are light orange to bright red in color and approximately the size of a common salmon. They frequently stay in their schools; a solitary fish is easy prey for many predators. Fire fish can swim and breathe in molten lava as easily as a regular fish in water. They are "aquatic" only in the sense that their natural environment is lava instead of water. Fire fish spawn yearly, and attempt to return to their place of origin to do so. If unable, a fire fish locates a warm, rocky area to deposit their eggs. The females perish within a day after depositing the eggs. The males, after fertilizing the eggs, swim off, living perhaps another week before perishing.



Fire Crab: HD 1; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d2 + 1d4 fire); Move 12 (swim 9); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** double damage from cold, grab, heat, immune to fire.

Giant Fire Crab: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 + 1d4 fire); Move 12 (swim 9); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** double damage from cold, grab, heat, immune to fire.

Fire Fish: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk slam (1d2 + 1d4 fire); Move 0 (swim 15); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** double damage from cold, heat, immune to fire.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

Tombs Upon Tombs

Dorthos is a town in a volcanic region known for its mineral deposits, hot springs and its toasty streets, which are believed to be heated from below by volcanic vents. The town never knows the touch of the snows that blanket Chimeria in the winter, and its people have cultivated a loose, airy style of dress that has become infamous throughout the Motherlands.

What few have discovered are the secret vents outside the town that lead to the weird dungeon beneath its streets, a dungeon of obsidian mazes coursed by canals of flaming oil. The passages are terribly hot, and are haunted by **fire crabs** and **fire fish**. Within this maze is hidden the tomb of the berserker-mage Cardathian, who wielded the magic bastard sword *Elbrik* which was set with the infamous *Amethyst of Arthoi*. A secret door to the tomb is hidden in the vaulted ceiling of one intersection of the maze, a door difficult to reach due to the flames that rage beneath it.

Activating the door causes a tube of adamantite to fall from the door, potentially knocking the opener of the door into the flaming oil below. The tube strikes the ground, opening a second door. At the top of this door there is a small hole that allows people to crawl through and access a ladder within.

The tomb below has a sunken floor filled with flaming oil. Alcoves in the walls hold the charred body of Cardathian, his sword and magic shield, a potent rune that, if read, causes the flaming oil to turn into a flaming whirlwind (per the air elemental ability, causing 6d6 points of fire damage per round), and a portal to the Elemental Plane of Fire disguised as a ruby-glassed mirror. Cardathian's old paramour (and murderer), the efreteess **Ginger**, keeps an eye on the tomb through this mirror, sending her bronze soldiers through if she detects tomb robbers.



Argos

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%)

Move: 12 (swim 21)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d4+4, patrol of 1d10 +10 plus 1 lieutenant of 5HD), band of 2d4x10 plus 100% noncombatants, 1 lieutenant of 5HD and 1 chieftain of 6HD per 20 adults), or tribe of 1d10+60 plus 100% noncombatants, 1 lieutenant of 5HD per 20 adults, 1 chieftain of 6HD per 40 adults, 9 guards of 6HD, 1–4 clerics of 4–7HD, 1 cleric of 8HD, 1 priest-king of 7–9HD.

Challenge Level/XP: (4HD) 6/400, (5HD) 7/600, (6HD) 8/800, (Clr4) 7/600, (Clr5) 8/800, (Clr6) 10/1400, (Clr7) 12/2000, (Clr8) 13/2300, (Clr9) 14/2600,

Argos stand 6 feet tall and weigh just over 200 pounds. Its hide is scaly grayish-blue shading to light colors on its chest. A long dark gray fin runs from the crown of its head to its lower back. Its clawed hands and feet are both webbed, and its eyes are the color of soot. Females stand just less than 6 feet tall and are usually lighter in color. Argos are an aggressive race of aquatic creature that dwell in the depths of the River Styx in great underwater stone and coral castles and cities. In combat, an argos fights with a spear and its vicious bite.

Argos: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4); **Move** 12 (swim 21); **Save** 13;

AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, resistance to electricity (50%), sensitive to light.

Argos: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4); **Move** 12 (swim 21); **Save** 12; **AL C;**

CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, resistance to electricity (50%), sensitive to light.

Argos: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d6) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6);

Move 12 (swim 21); **Save** 11; **AL C;**

CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, resistance to electricity (50%), sensitive to light.

Argos, (Clr4): HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4); **Move** 12 (swim 21); **Save** 12; **AL C; CL/XP** 7/600;

Special: amphibious, immune to poison, +2 on saves vs. poison and paralysis, resistance to electricity (50%), sensitive to light, spells (2/1).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person*.

Argos, (Clr5): HD 4; AC 2 [17];

Atk bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4); **Move** 12 (swim 21);

Save 11; **AL C; CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%), spells (2/2).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person* (x2).

Argos, (Clr6): HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d4) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d4); **Move** 12 (swim 21);

Save 10; **AL C; CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%), spells (2/2/1/1).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person* (x2); 3rd—*locate object*; 4th—*protection from good* 10 ft radius.

Argos, (Clr7): HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d6) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); **Move** 12 (swim 21);

Save 9; **AL C; CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%), spells (2/2/2/1/1).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person*; 3rd—*locate object, prayer*; 4th—*protection from good* 10 ft radius; 5th—*finger of death*.

Argos, (Clr8): HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d6) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); **Move** 12 (swim 24);

Save 8; **AL C; CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%), spells (2/2/2/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person* (x2); 3rd—*locate object* (x2); 4th—*cure serious wounds, protection from good* 10 ft radius; 5th—*finger of death* (x2).

Argos Chief (Clr9): HD 4; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1) and weapon or 2 claws (1d4+1) and bite (1d6+1); **Move** 12 (swim 24); **Save** 7; **AL C; CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** amphibious, immune to poison, sensitive to light, resistance to electricity (50%), spells (3/3/3/2/2).

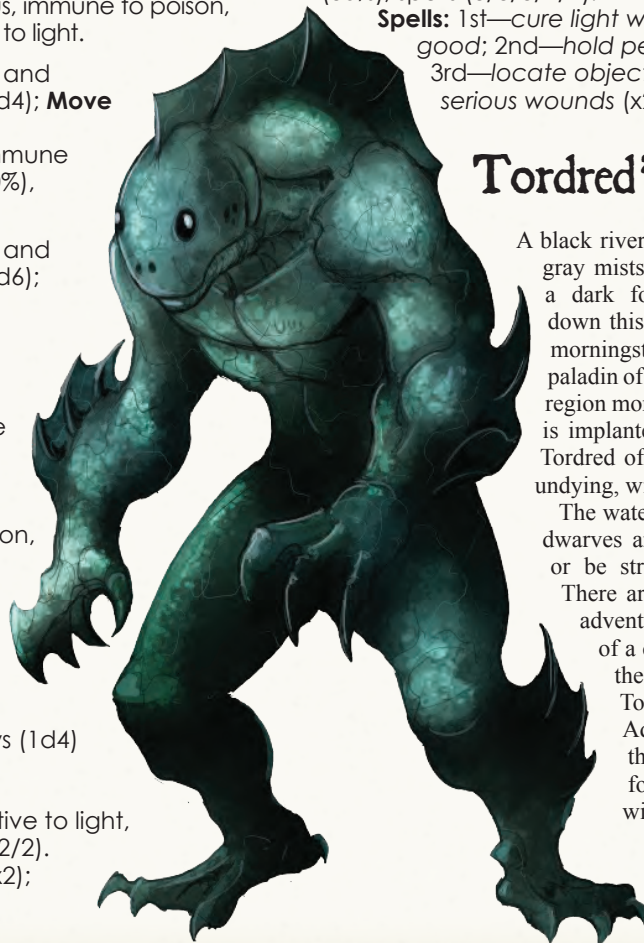
Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2), *protection from good*; 2nd—*hold person* (x2), *speak with animals*; 3rd—*locate object* (x2), *remove curse*; 4th—*cure serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death* (x2).

Tordred's Ark

A black river, slow and plodding and obscured by gray mists that smell of tomb dust, cuts across a dark forest. An brilliant white ark floats down this river and is said to hold the magical morningstar of Lucia the White, a baroness and paladin of great renown who battled chaos in this region more than a century ago. The morningstar is implanted in the chest of the vampire count Tordred of the Seven Fingers, whose body lies, undying, within the hold of the ark.

The water is mildly acidic and its touch forces dwarves and halflings to make a saving throw or be struck with *confusion* (per the spell).

There are no guardians on the ark, but when adventurers board it, they attract the attention of a clan of 3d6 argos that dwells beneath the river. The argos are in the service of Tordred's enemies, the twin countesses Adelia and Yetha, and are paid to keep the morningstar embedded in their former master. The argos board the ark with murder on their minds.



Astral Spider

Hit Dice: 11

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 4 legs (1d6) and bite (1d8 + 2d6 poison) or web (entangle)

Saving Throw: 4

Special: poison, web

Move: 15 (climb 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

An astral spider is about 8 feet long with a glossy silver body covered in tiny, dancing black streaks. Its ten legs are glossy silver and its eyes appear as small dots of black ink. The creature's mandibles are slightly oversized and dull silver in color. Its underside is dull silver, fading to a dull grayish-silver near the spider's rear legs. Older astral spiders have completely gray undersides. Astral spiders are ambush hunters that dwell on the Astral Plane, using their silvery webs to capture and entangle prey. They make their lairs wherever they can on their endless plane; using dead planar travelers (that aren't devoured), bits of planar refuse, bits of solid matter, and anything else they can cobble together. An astral spider's lair can stretch over several hundred feet. A typical lair contains a single female astral spider who several times a year lays up to 30 eggs at a time. These eggs are wrapped tightly in the spider's webs and attached to some part of the lair. Within 6–8 weeks, the eggs hatch, the newborn astral spiders using their sharpened mandibles to tear through the eggs and webbing. Most hatchlings don't survive, being eaten by other astral spiders, astral sharks, or some other denizen of the plane. Those that do reach adulthood, journey off into the Astral Plane a few months after hatching. Astral spiders sustain themselves on a diet of other creatures, particularly astral sharks and planar travelers. When food is scarce, an astral spider can enter a state of semi-hibernation, remaining motionless in its web without food for months at a time.

An astral spider rarely initiates combat and simply lies in wait, motionless, in its webs. When it detects movement, it scuttles out and attacks. In combat, an astral spider rears on its back six legs and slashes its foes with its front four legs, following quickly with its deadly bite. Particularly bothersome opponents are webbed and immobilized with the spider moving into bite its trapped foe quickly. Slain prey and webbed prey are carried back to its lair and fed to the young. Portions of the prey not devoured are webbed and worked into solid makeup of the lair.

Astral Spider: HD 11; AC -1 [20];

Atk 4 legs (1d6) and bite (1d8 + 2d6 poison) or web (entangle);

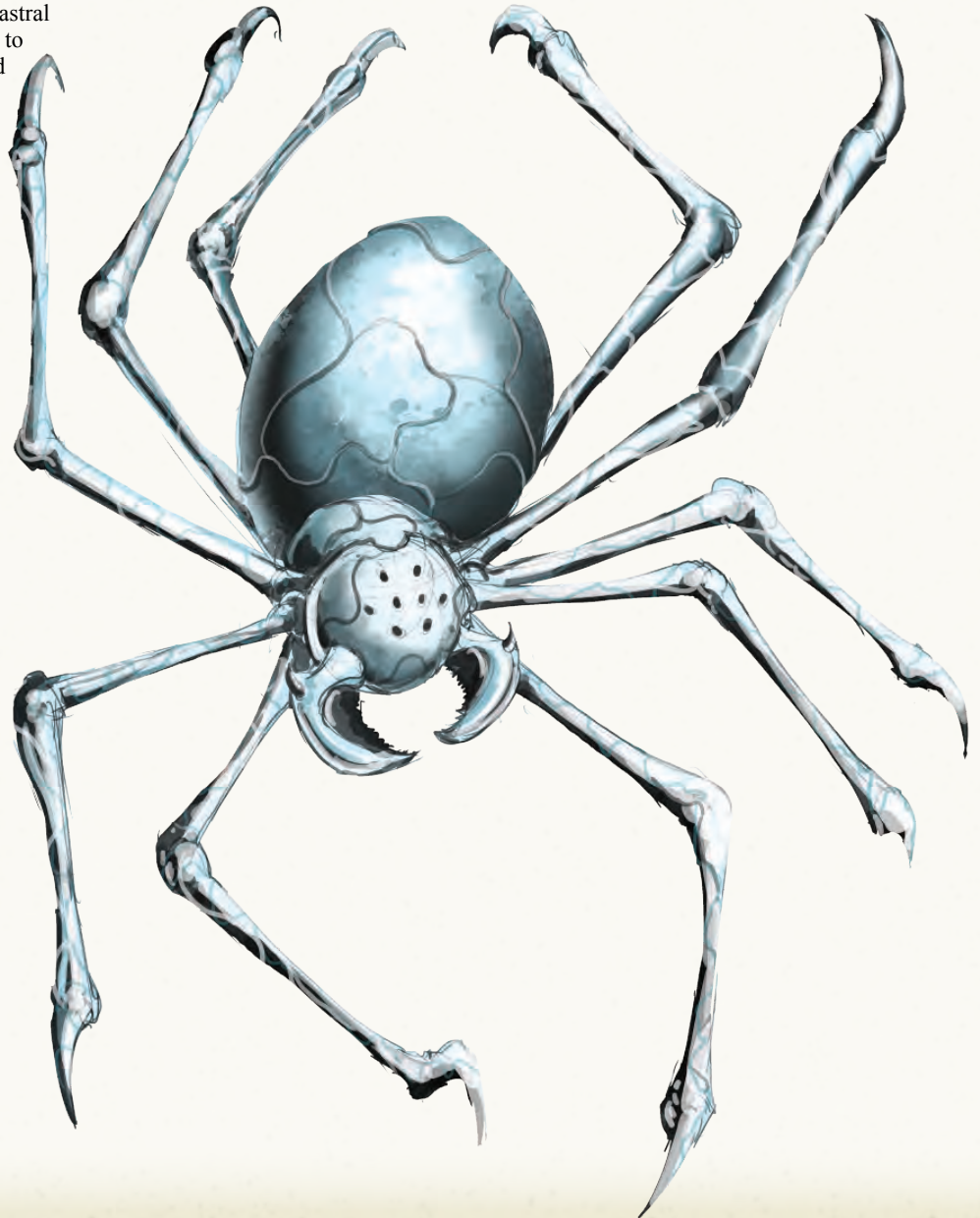
Move 15 (climb 15); **Save** 4; **AL** N;

CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** poison, web

Web of Eyes

The lich **Pancras the Senior** was left embedded in a large meteor that floats in the Astral Sea by his eternal enemy, the Sapphire Angel. Pancras' left eye still holds the All-Seeing Eye of Grandor, a large tiger's eye gem that sparkles with orange energy. The meteor is quite large, its terrain gray and jagged. One particularly large defile holds the aforementioned lich, who is still "alive" and maliciously bored out of his undead mind. While he rages and gibbers (if one listens for at least one hour, there is a 1% chance they will learn a random spell of level 1d4).

The defile is the lair of Jrend, an **astral spider** that awaits adventurers seeking the All-Seeing Eye and battle with the half-embedded Pancras. It has dug a 15-ft. deep pit and hidden it with webbing and the thick, gray dust of the meteor. Pancras, as it turns out, is actually embedded in a secret door that leads to a dungeon within the meteor where many wonders have been hidden from the sight of man by the Sapphire Angel.



Aswang

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: blood drain, change shape (human or black dog), corpse scent (100 ft.), deceiving sound, devour heart, resistance to cold (50%)

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Aswangs are malevolent undead with a taste for blood. These creatures drink the blood of both the living and the recently dead; including devouring the victim's heart should it still be intact. Aswangs generally haunt graveyards and ruins, but can be found just about anywhere. They look like hideous humans dressed in rags. They have unkempt black hair, filthy claws, bloodshot eyes, and a long black snake-like tongue. They have the power, however, of appearing as a normal human being or a black dog, though they always resume their normal shape when in combat.

An aswang can detect corporeal undead within 100 feet. It can detect fresh corpses (creatures killed within the last two hours) to a range of one mile. An aswang can produce a "tik-tik" sound from its throat that seemingly originates from up to 100 feet away from its actual location. Creatures hearing this sound can attempt a saving throw to pinpoint the aswang's true location. One method of detecting a nearby aswang is through the use of exotic oils made from mammal fat mixed with rare herbs. The mixture is then *blessed* by a cleric of 6th level or higher. Whenever an aswang (even one currently using its change shape ability) approaches within 50 feet of the blessed mixture, the concoction boils and bubbles, and quickly fades to a dark brown color. This mixture is good for a single use and lasts three weeks if sealed in an air-tight container and unused.

In combat, aswangs attack with their claws and nasty bite. Creatures struck by both claw attacks are grabbed by the aswang (save avoids). An aswang can suck blood from a grappled opponent, draining one level per round it maintains the hold. While draining blood, the aswang regenerates 3 hit points per round.

Aswangs that kill their foes devour the heart, though not during combat. They are smart enough to wait until all opponents are dead or fleeing. If an aswang kills a foe with a bite attack, it can tear out the victim's heart at the end of the round. An aswang that devours a victim's heart gains a +2 bonus to hit and damage for 1 hour. Devouring multiple hearts does not increase this bonus. Any creature that witnesses this event must succeed on a saving throw or be visibly shaken for 1d4 rounds, during which time they suffer a -1 penalty to attacks and saving throws.

Aswang: HD 8; AC -1 [20];

Atk 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 8;

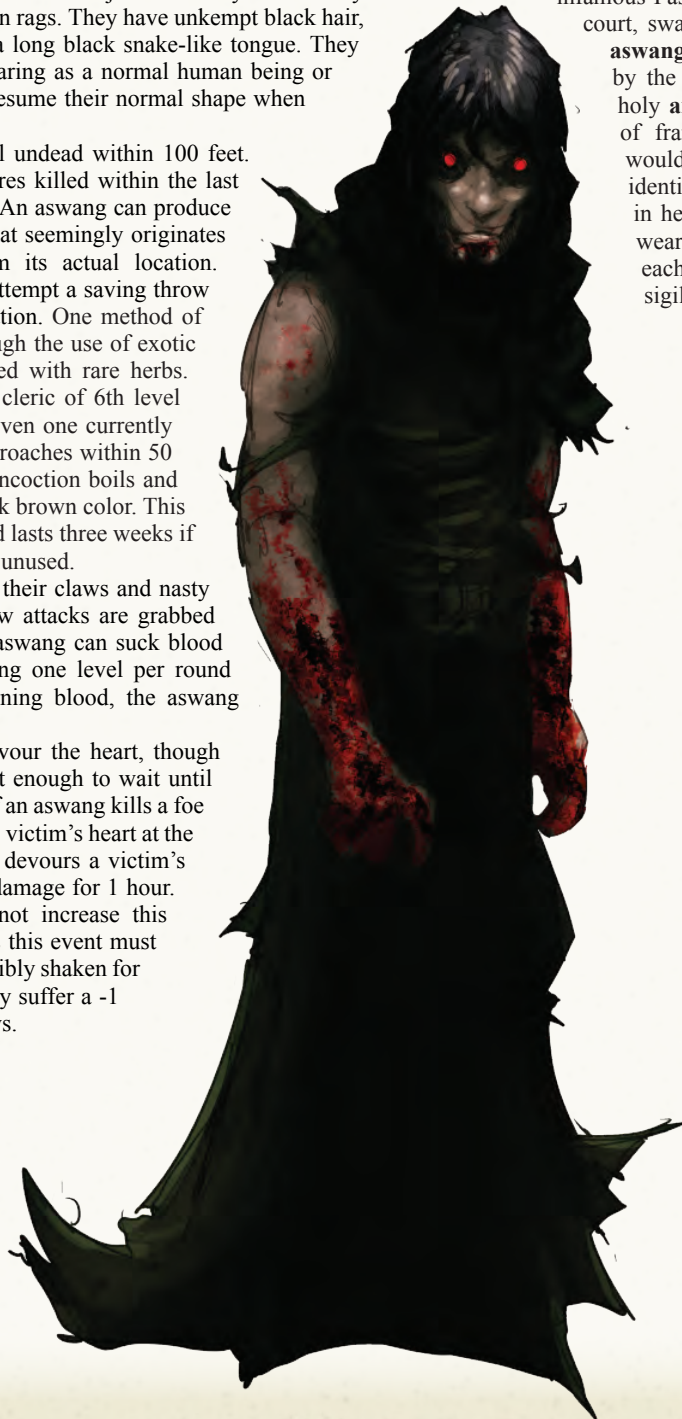
AL C; **CL/XP** 15/2900;

Special: blood drain, change shape (human or black dog), corpse scent (100 ft.), deceiving sound, devour heart, resistance to cold (50%).

The Princess's Court

An ancient temple stands here in a dank and aged jungle. The temple's walls are gaudy with bas-reliefs of marauding nymphs and seductive ogres, the white stone stained rust red in many places and covered by tropical vines with rank flowers of tenne and fuchsia. The grand doors of the temple are made of bronze and stand 15 feet high. They are very high and bound by cunning locks (-20% to pick), thick chains (require two successful Open Doors checks to burst, or AC -1 [20] and 40 hp to destroy), and sealed with holy wax (act as *wizard lock* cast by 10th level Magic-User).

Attempts have been made to break in, but none has been successful. Inside the temple rests (well, not rests) the funeral party of the Princess Oleander, daughter of the once renowned and later infamous Pasha of Raspar. The princess and her albino court, swathed in funerary silks, were turned into 6 **aswangs**. The six are trapped within the temple by the Brothers of the Divine Wind, who left a holy **air elemental** (Lawful in alignment, smells of frankincense) outside the temple to harass would-be intruders. Among the six one can easily identify the Princess Oleander, who is dressed in her decayed finery of silk and silver net and wearing seven royal neck rings (worth 100 gp each). A silver katar that bears the ancient royal sigil is still plunged into her back.



Aurochs, Northlands

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: gore (2d8)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: charge, stampede

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 3d4

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

Aurochs (singular and plural) are prehistoric cattle that once roamed the plains and forests of the world in vast herds but are now on the verge of extinction, being found only in the primeval forests and remote places of the Northlands where their horns are prized trophies of the hunt, though many a hunter has fallen beneath their spear-like horns and crushing hooves in the attempt. Northlands aurochs stand 6 feet or more high at the withers with their heads rising 2 feet above that. Their characteristic lyre-shaped horns extend upward another 2 feet. They grow up to 18 feet long and can weigh as much as 8,000 pounds. Males have a black coat with a pale stripe down the spine, and females and calves have a reddish coat. A light load for a Northlands aurochs is up to 3,200 pounds; a medium load 3,201–6,400 pounds; and a heavy load 6,401–9,600 pounds. An aurochs can drag 48,000 pounds. A northlands aurochs that charges a foe deals double damage with its gore attack, assuming it hits. A frightened herd of aurochs (3 or more) flees as a group in a random direction (but always away from the perceived source of danger). They literally run over anything that is in their path, doing 5d6 points of damage (save for half).

Northlands Aurochs: HD 10; AC 1 [18]; Atk gore (2d8); Move 15; Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: charge, stampede.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan/Kenneth Spencer

Originally appearing in *Northlands Saga 3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist* (© Frog God Games/Kenneth Spencer, 2011)

Protecting the King's Herd

A band of **10 algidarch** stampeded a herd of northlands aurochs into a box canyon, trapping the creatures. The resourceful giants sealed the canyon with a landslide heard for miles around. The giants trapped **6 aurochs** in the canyon, and are preparing to cast arrows and spears down upon the raging animals. One of the aurochs is already dead, another wounded (half hit points).

Adventurers in the know might be aware that the aurochs in this area are under the protection of **Krindle**, the King of the Winter Wood, a minor demigod who dwells in a taiga-bound castle. He will be quite angry that his kine have been stolen and killed, and would probably look kindly upon any who rescue them, or at least stop their killing, and offer him up the offenders, alive or dead. Legends say that he pays in magical amber and exotic liqueurs.



Baba Yaga

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: aura of fear 30-ft. radius, decaying hex, evil eye, immune to charm, fear and sleep, magic resistance (50%), +1 or better weapon to hit, rend, resistance to cold and fire (50%), spells (4/4/4/4/1)

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 20/4400

Long thought to be a solitary or unique being (similar to the medusa), sages and scholars have come to believe the baba yaga are in fact a race of evil crones related to the hag race. Baba yagas are a slightly hunched, and hideously ugly crones with wrinkled faces, a large nose, long sharp teeth, and hands that end in wicked claws. They dress in loose-fitting, ugly brown cloaks. When moving about in civilized areas, a baba yaga often pulls the hood of her cloak over her head, walks slowly, and carries a crooked and rotting walking stick.

A baba yaga lives deep in the darkest and most remote swamps and fens. They can move through a swamp or marsh without being slowed. The home of the best known of the baba yagas is a large wooden hut perched atop two tall and muscular chicken legs. The hut is believed to be highly magical, 10 times larger on the inside than it appears outside, and possibly containing portals to other planes. Surrounding the hut there is said to be a small, dark, picket fence holding the skulls of the baba yaga's victims. The hut can lower itself to the ground so Baba Yaga can enter, but it only functions if she chants. The hut only functions for Baba Yaga that dwells there; no other creature has figured out how to control the hut. Other baba yagas might own similarly magical huts, perhaps not as powerful as the one owned by the legendary Baba Yaga. In any case, a baba yaga's dwelling will be highly magical. A baba yaga may also ride in a giant mortar, steering it with a large pestle in one hand, and using a magic broom to sweep away all traces of her passing with the other.

A baba yaga that strikes a single foe with both claws rends flesh, inflicting an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Baba yagas cast spells as 12th level Magic-Users. They radiate an aura of fear in a 30-ft. radius (as per the *fear* spell). A baba yaga can use her evil eye to crush the will of any foe within 30 feet that she can see (save or suffer -2 penalty on attacks and saving throws until curse is removed). Finally, a baba yaga can hex a living creature within 60 feet. If the creature fails a saving throw, it takes 2d6 points of damage from decay and 1d6 points of damage per round from bleeding. Magical healing halts the effect.

Common baba yaga spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *sleep*; 2nd—*darkness* 15ft radius, *ESP*, *levitate*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *hold person*, *suggestion*; 4th—*charm monster*, *fear*, *polymorph self*, *wizard eye*; 5th—*conjunction of elementals*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster* (x2); 6th—*death spell*

Baba Yaga: HD 12; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 20/4400;

Special: aura of fear 30-ft. radius, decaying hex, evil eye, immune to charm, fear and sleep, magic resistance (50%), +1 or better weapon to hit, rend, resistance to cold and fire (50%), spells (4/4/4/4/1)

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *sleep*; 2nd—*darkness* 15ft radius, *ESP*, *levitate*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *hold person*, *suggestion*; 4th—*charm monster*, *fear*, *polymorph self*, *wizard eye*; 5th—*conjunction of elementals*, *feeblemind*, *hold monster* (x2); 6th—*death spell*

Baba Ganoosh

Adventurers tromping through the Frigid Wood, a vast tract of pines and hemlocks in the northern climes, have a 1 in 6 chance of coming across a picket of stakes, each topped by a human skull. The skulls have glowing eyes, and if one takes the time, can communicate dire warnings of what lies beyond them.

About 50 yards beyond the skull-tipped stakes is a wide clearing that holds a very unique hut. The hut is small and homey, and rests atop two giant chicken legs. The hut spins around in a dizzying fashion, making it almost impossible to enter. Outside the hut is a small fire over which there is a cauldron, in which there is a soup of greasy meat (orc) and wild leeks.

Within the hut dwells a **baba yaga**, Ganoosh by name. Ganoosh recently came into the possession of a maiden, the daughter of Lord Ironhook, who dwells many miles away in a castle surrounded by a village and fields of leeks, cabbage and lavender. The girl, Umeli, fled her father's castle when he declared his intention that she marry the Baron Throgmottle, a hideous man of elder years. She now keeps house in Ganoosh's hut, though it is likely she'll replace the orc in Ganoosh's pot before too long. Ganoosh has a treasure of 9,721 sp in a teak box, 2,510 gp in an iron strongbox (locked, poison needle in lock), a rhodochrosite worth 1,450 gp hidden in one of her pockets and a silver sculpture of the thunder god (worth 4,000 gp) sitting next to her stove. It is covered with ash.



Baboonwere

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: bite (1d6) and by weapon

Saving Throw: 16

Special: change shape, diseased bite, hit only by silver or magic weapons.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d2 or 1d6+2 plus 1d20 baboons

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Baboonweres are evil baboons born with the ability to assume human or hybrid human form. Baboonweres are most often found among normal baboons, though some prefer to maintain their human form and live among ordinary people in small towns and villages. Usually when the livestock and cattle begin turning up missing or slain is when the baboonwere moves on, before the finger of suspicion is pointed its way. In its hybrid form, a baboonwere stands just over 5 feet tall and weighs roughly 130 pounds.

Baboonweres fight with weapons and a diseased bite. Those struck by a baboon's bite must save or contract a fever that saps their strength, imposing a -3 penalty to attacks and damage for 2d6 days or until healed. A baboonwere can only use its diseased bite in hybrid or baboon form.

If a group of 1d6+2 baboonweres is encountered in the wild, the band will be accompanied by 1d20 baboons.

Baboonwere: HD 2; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (1d6) and by weapon; Move 12; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** change shape, diseased bite, hit only by silver or magic weapons.

Baboonwere

A gang of spider cultists has lately contaminated a shrine dedicated to the god of baboons while his followers were away on a hunt. The shrine has been marred with webs made of harvested silk (worth about 10 gp if collected), poison has been poured on the altar, and graffiti has been written on the walls.

The shrine's keeper, **Menguk, a baboonwere**, is moments away from returning, accompanied by **3 baboons** and **2 rock baboons**. It is very likely he assumes the adventurers are the despoilers. If they can talk their way out of it, he gladly hires them to track down the cultists and return with their heads.

The shrine holds a treasure of 470 gp hidden in a secret cache in the floor.

Baboons (3): HD 1; HP 4, 6, 5; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** none.
Rock Baboons (2): HD 2; HP 13, 8; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** none.



Banshee, Queen

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: claw (1d6 + drain 1 level)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: create spawn, death wail, level drain, magic resistance (49%), +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

Banshees are the undead fey. Indeed, there might be other types of undead faeries; but it is the wailing spirits that seem to represent the borderline between the most malignant of the fey and the cold magic of undeath. As nightmarish as the banshee might be, unfortunately the nightmare darkens even further. In the twisted fey realms where Chaos reigns in unchecked, foul abandon, one finds the courts of the banshee queens. Seven are known, and more are certain to exist.

The so-called "Cruel Queens" appear as ghostly, translucent figures, although they are not fully incorporeal. Their touch is said to be as light as the feather of a dove, and it drains levels from those who feel it. Anyone touched by a banshee queen must make a saving throw or lose one full level of experience.

As with normal banshees, the wail of a banshee queen (twice per day rather than once) necessitates a saving throw versus death or the hearer will die in 2d6 rounds. The banshee queen cannot wail more than once per hour. Also as with regular banshees, a queen can travel over water and other terrain as if it were land, but crossing running water causes them to lose their magic resistance for 3d6 hours.

Any non-elven female humanoid slain by the wail of a banshee queen or drained below level 0 becomes a wight in 1d4 rounds. An elven female slain by a banshee queen will rise as a banshee in 1d4 rounds. Any male slain by a banshee queen's magic rises to become a ghast in 1d4 rounds.

Queen Banshee: HD 10; AC 0[19]; Atk claw (1d6 + drain 1 level); Move 9; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** create spawn, death wail, level drain, magic resistance (49%), +1 or better weapon to hit

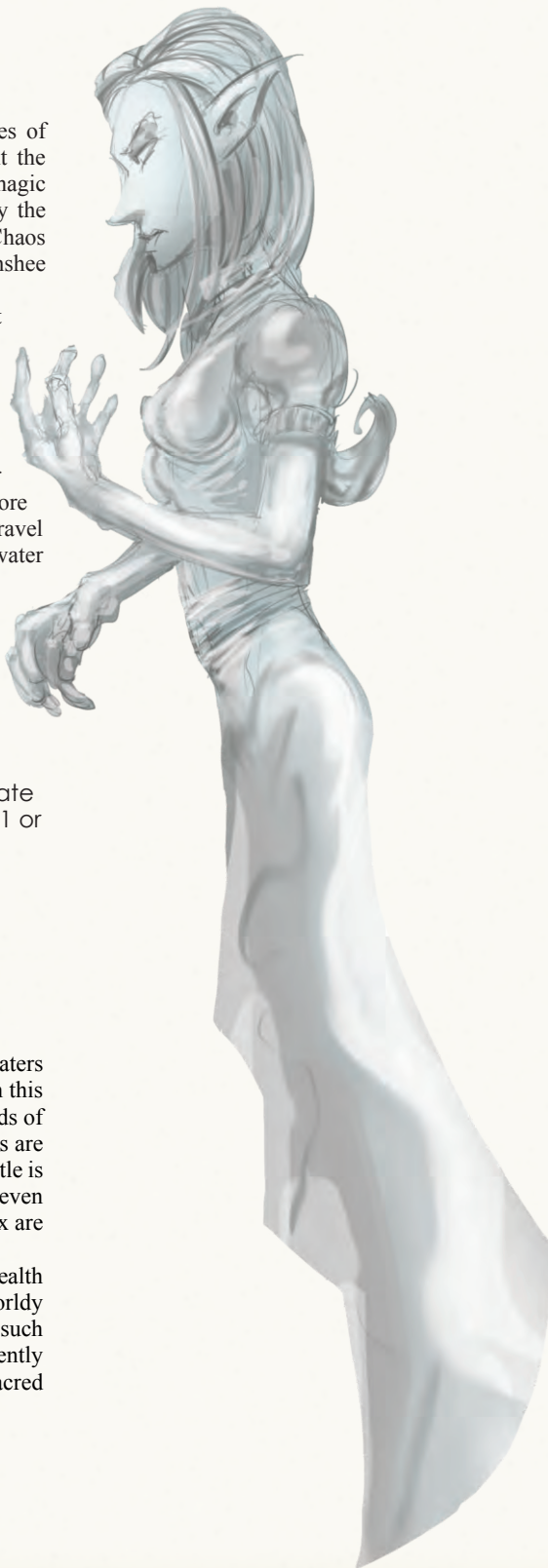
Credit

Original author Matt Finch

The Queen Between the Worlds

The Tanagna is a twisting castle that rises from beneath the fetid waters of an unearthly swamp in one of the gaps between the worlds. From this stronghold, the banshee queen **Iolne** plots her raids upon many worlds of the living, watching them through her mirror of scrying. Her minions are ghouls and ghasts, led by one of her four husband-wights, and her castle is guarded by her three banshee handmaidens. Iolne is the first of the Seven Known cruel queens, and it is said that the true names of the other six are written upon a sheet of ice in Iolne's castle, the Tanagna.

In addition to Iolne's mirror of scrying, the Tanagna contains wealth enough to make an adventurer into a king, but the perils of the otherworldly swamp, and the deadly contrivances of the Tanagna would make such an expedition foolish indeed. Unfortunately, Iolne's forces have recently sacked and burned the monastery of Memnab, escaping with a sacred Obsidian chalice...



Battlehulk

Hit Dice: 25

Armor Class: -4 [23]

Attack: ram (4d6), 3 stone arms (2d6) and flail (2d6+1)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: charge, half damage from non-magic weapons, immune to acid, cold, electricity and fire, magic resistance (10%)

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 30/7400

Battlehulks are constructs crafted for war. They resemble a squat stone building (15-ft. cube) surmounting massive, 5-ft diameter stone rollers that provide mobility. From embrasures in the sides (one on each side and one in back) project long stone arms capped in iron that the construct uses for slam attacks. At the upper edge of the back is a massive swivel-mounted double flail that provides a slam attack. The front is studded with many spikes for ramming opponents. The construct weighs 50,000 pounds. Defenders can ride atop the platform and obtain cover from its merlons while firing down on enemy troops. Normally they would lower a rope or ladder to allow other riders on, otherwise it requires a Climb Walls roll (with a -15% penalty if the battlehulk is moving). The battlehulk is able to reach those atop it with its flail, though not with its club slams.

In the center of the platform is a secret door leading to an interior chamber large enough to hold two people. This compartment is sealed against water and air and holds enough air to supply two people for 10 minutes before the door must be opened again or suffocation begins. Ordinarily the controller would ride here, telepathically controlling the colossus. To open the door, anyone who is not in telepathic control of the hulk must deal 30 hit points of damage to the door in order to break it. These hit points are not deducted from the battlehulk's total. Slaying the controller does not stop the battlehulk, which continues to carry out the controller's last command.

A battlehulk is non-intelligent and has no forms of communication, taking direction telepathically from its controller. It rolls with a grinding rumble, crushing anything in its path. Despite its bulk it is able to maneuver well since its rollers are able to swivel individually to some extent.

During each round that a battlehulk moves in a straight line, it adds an additional 6 to its Movement as its weight and inertia propel it forward. It can reach a maximum Movement of 30. A battlehulk can stop after charging

only by striking an unyielding obstacle (like a mountain) or by gradually slowing. It reduces its speed by 6 per round as it slows. A battlehulk can turn only when going at a Movement 12 or less. Folks caught under the wheels of a battlehulk are crushed for 4d6 points of damage (no saving throw).

Battlehulk: HD 25; AC -4[23]; Atk ram (4d6), 3 stone arms (2d6) and flail (2d6+1); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 30/7400; **Special:** charge, half damage from non-magic weapons, immune to acid, cold, electricity and fire, magic resistance (10%).

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

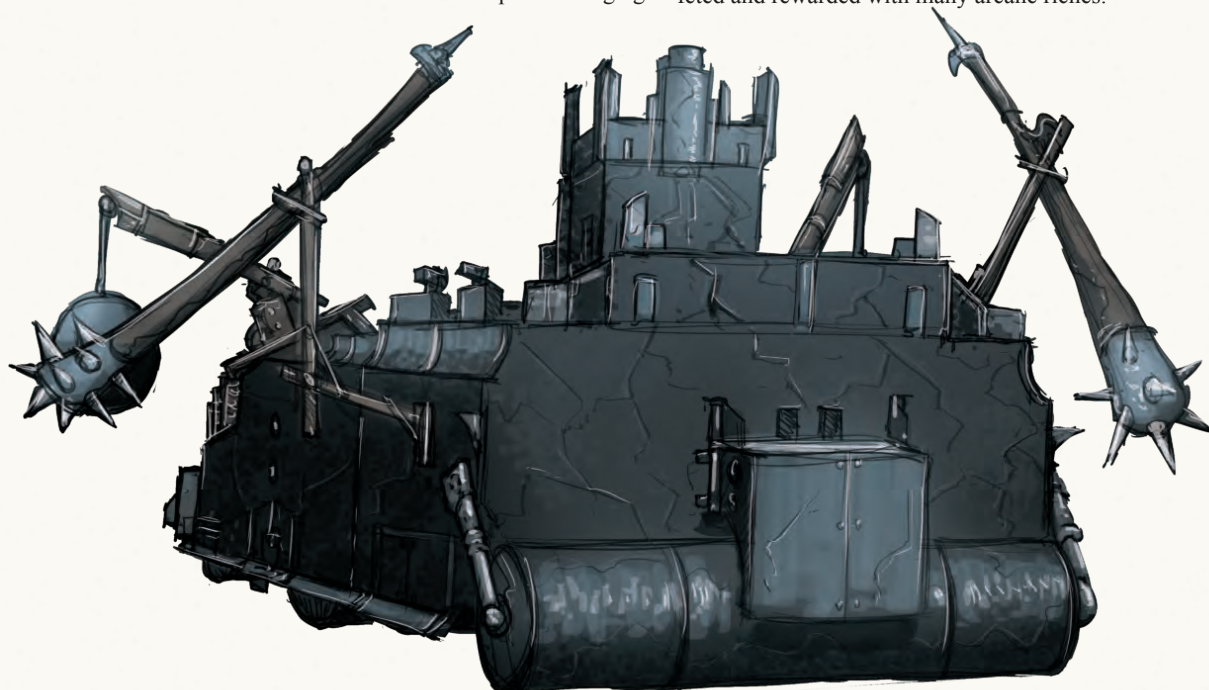
Wolves at the Door

The holy city of Hectare is under siege by the forces of Thomus the Black, a chaotic condottiere (10th-level fighter) who commands several companies of orcs and black-garbed human archers. Thomus' army is known as the Black Wolves, and they seek a rich prize within Hectare on behalf of the exiled wizard Zandolph.

Hectare is hemmed in by walls of gray brick. Within the walls are conical towers and squat, circular buildings and streets of uneven white chalk. The city boasts an immense central fort and its Grand University, a powerful guild of magicians (decadent fellows, unfortunately, most having very little real magical powers). Within the bowels of this temple of learning, the magicians hold an incarnate blood god within a magic phial. Zandolph desires this phial above all else!

To get his prize, he has sent with his army a **battlehulk** of ancient construction that he discovered on one of his forays into the Bleak Desert. The battlehulk is quite ornate, with ivory facings and sculptures of an elephantine nature. Thomus' 20 archers stand behind the battlehulk's battlements. The battlehulk is even now pounding upon the great iron doors of the city, doors bolstered by magic but still starting to creak and groan.

Any folk who deliver the city from the siege shall be regaled as heroes, feted and rewarded with many arcane riches.



Bear, Shadow

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: create spawn, hug, incorporeal

Move: 0 (fly 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

A strange incarnation of sentient darkness and feral rage, shadow bears are strange creatures, malevolent living spirits that inhabit the shadowy gaps between true realities. They resemble vast, dark shadows the size and shape of a huge bear. Shadow bears drift randomly in and out of normal, corporeal reality without any pattern. They are difficult to see in dark or gloomy places, but are clearly visible in bright illumination.

Any attack made by a normal weapon against a shadow bear has a 50% chance to pass through the creature without damaging it. Similarly, any time the bear attacks, it has a 50% chance to ignore all normal armor and shields, attacking AC 9[10] unless the defender's armor or shield is enchanted, or if there is a ring of protection or other such item that provides protection.

If a shadow bear hits a single victim with both claws, it hugs the victim and deals automatic bite damage each round that the hold is maintained. Any animal (not a human or humanoid) reduced to 0 hit points by a shadow bear becomes a shadow with 1HD within 1d4 rounds. It is not under the control of its killer but attacks all living targets immediately. These animal shadows normally dissipate within 1d3 days if not killed before then. A very few of them persist in their existence and become dangerous predators in the area.

Shadow Bear: HD 212; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8); Move 15 (fly 15); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** create spawn, hug, semi-incorporeal.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan, adapted by Matt Finch for Swords & Wizardry
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Dire Revenge

In a landscape of rugged hills, there is a cave that spews forth a chill, winter wind. This wind has summoned forth black clouds that shroud the landscape in an eternal twilight.

Within the cave, the Shadow Princess Adorla is chained to the cave walls by bonds of adamantite. The princess is guarded by a **shadow bear**. The bear holds the princess captive in an attempt to draw her father, the ancient and beleaguered Shadow King from his demiplane, that she might devour his heart in revenge for his killing her cubs. A portal to the shadow plane is opened in the back of the cave, and it is from here that the chill winds flow.



Beetle, Ravager

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: bite (1d8 + poison)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: gnaw, immune to mind-affecting effects, poison

Move: 12 (fly 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+6 (nest)

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Ravager beetles are omnivorous beetles found in temperate or warm forests, hills, and swamps. While generally sustaining themselves on a diet of foliage and grasses, they sometimes scavenge the remains of creatures killed by other predators. Like most beetles, a ravager has a thick plated carapace and two large mandibles it uses to crush and chew its food. Its carapace is black in color with several white streaks crisscrossing it. Its mandibles are dark bluish-black, and its wing covers are black with hints of gold. A typical ravager beetle is about 4 feet long. Ravager beetles lock onto an opponent with their mandibles and continue biting and crushing the target until it is dead. A creature hit by the beetle's bite must make a saving throw or be seized in its mandibles and gnawed upon for automatic bite damage each round, as well being injected with an additional dose of poison. One can escape from these mandibles with a successful Open Doors die roll. A ravager beetle's poison causes excruciating pain (–1 to hit and save; cumulative poisonings do not increase this penalty) and deals 1d6 points of damage for 6 rounds or until a saving throw is made.

Ravager Beetle: HD 4; AC 1[18]; Atk bite (1d8 + poison); Move 12 (fly 9); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; Special: gnaw, immune to mind-affecting effects, poison.



Nest of the Ravager

A large cavern here drips with purple slime that gathers in the middle to form a slow stream that flows out of the cavern via a wide tunnel. Quakes rock the cave (1 in 10 chance per minute of an earthquake, per the spell of the same name). Nearly 30 slow-moving **zombies** are gathered here, supping on the slime, which returns to them, momentarily, a semblance of their former personalities and knowledge. This passes quickly (1d6 minutes), and they return to their normal, mindless state for another hour. The zombies are not aggressive, but they do defend themselves.

In the center of the cavern, on the banks of the purple stream, a **ravager beetle** makes its nest in the broken bodies of several zombies. Its thickly-skinned eggs are mauve, and mother beetle is never far away from them. The ravager beetle occasionally charges into the zombies to kill them to line her nest with fresh meat for her young. She has no problems supplementing the dead flesh with fresh characters if they disturb her or her offspring.

Beetle, Stench

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: death throes, immune to mind-affecting magic

Move: 12 (fly 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d3 or 1d8+8

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Stench beetles are the size of small dogs, and have mottled green carapaces with darker legs fading to black near the ends. Their mandibles are dull brown. They are nocturnal hunters that sustain themselves on a diet of grains, fruits, vegetables and leaves. In civilized lands they are considered a nuisance for the damage they cause, especially in larger groups, to crops and farmlands. If faced with extreme hunger, stench beetles eat cattle, small game animals, and the occasional child that wanders too far into the forests. Stench beetles attack with their bite, and retreat if combat goes against them. When a stench beetle dies violently, its body splits open and releases a deluge of nauseating fluids and gasses. Creatures within 10 feet must make saving throw or be nauseated (throwing up, unable to move) for 1d4 rounds and sickened (–2 penalty to hit and saves) for 1d6+2 minutes thereafter.

Stench Beetle: HD 2; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d4); Move 12 (fly 12); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** death throes, immune to mind-affecting magic.

Crime Doesn't Pay, But It Does Stink

A band of thieves has crept through an underground garbage dump here, a dump littered with weird, umber-colored, egg-shaped stones (no value) that seem to fall from the ceiling. The thieves kidnapped Jorvis, famed student-prince (and arrogant, vain weasel) of the arcane university of Hectare, secreting him within the dump in a bid to bring his father, the King of Hectare, and mother, Queen of Politaros, to war with one another. **Stench beetles** abound in the dump, one per round showing up to attack intruders on a roll of 1 on 1d6. Once 20 have been killed, the dump is free of the beetle infestation. The king and queen grudgingly reward the prince's rescuers (they really didn't care if he came back, and surely weren't going to go to war over him) with an official seal of the kingdom and silver medals of valor.



Blaze Boa

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: conflagration, constrict, +1 or better weapon to hit, resistance to fire (50%)

Move: 12 (climb 9, swim 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

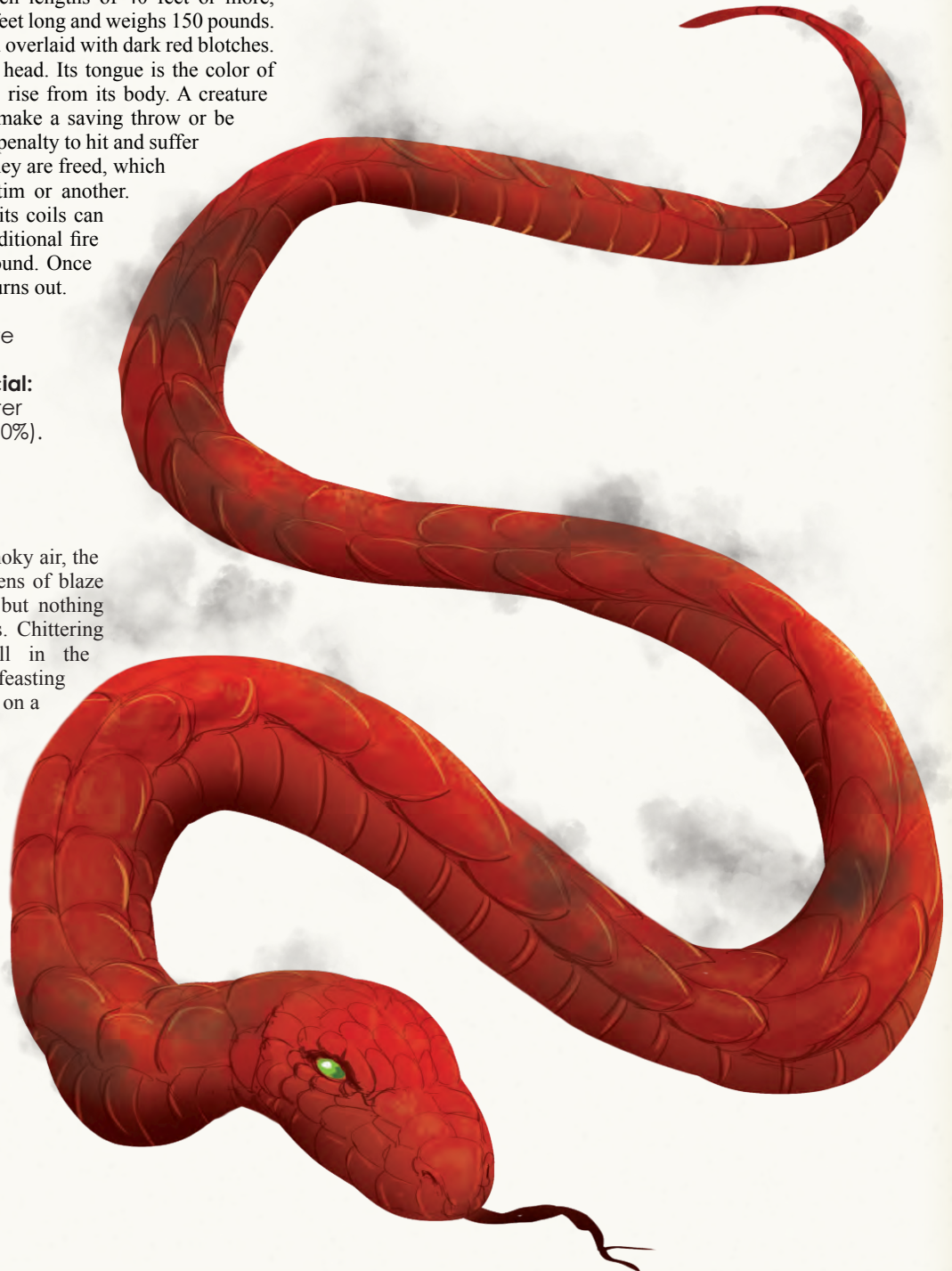
Blaze boas are dangerous serpents that are found in jungles, warm forests, and swamplands. They can reach lengths of 40 feet or more, though the average blaze boa is 10 to 15 feet long and weighs 150 pounds. Its body is a crimson colored background overlaid with dark red blotches. Its eyes are emerald and set high on its head. Its tongue is the color of charcoal. Faint wisps of smoke seem to rise from its body. A creature hit by the blaze boa's bite attack must make a saving throw or be caught in its coils. Victims attack at a -2 penalty to hit and suffer 2d6 points of damage each round until they are freed, which requires an open doors roll by the victim or another. A blaze boa that wraps an opponent in its coils can ignite its body to deal 2d6 points of additional fire damage to the constricted target each round. Once the victim is freed, the blaze boa's fire burns out.

Blaze Boa: HD 9; AC -1 [20]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 12 (climb 9, swim 9); Save 6; AL N; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** conflagration, constrict, +1 or better weapon to hit, resistance to fire (50%).

Boas Ablaze

A tangled jungle here is filled with smoky air, the side effect of it being inhabited by dozens of blaze boas. The jungle is lush with growth, but nothing very imposing due to the frequent fires. Chittering monkeys and screeching birds dwell in the shrubbery, hiding from the serpents and feasting on insects. Wandering blaze boas appear on a roll of 1 on 1d6, made every hour.

A week ago, a magical flying ship crashed in the jungle, killing its crew and leaving a treasure of 463 sp, 1,672 gp and massive topaz worth 7,000 gp waiting to be claimed by adventurers. The dead crew attracted the attention of 3 blaze boas that treat the airship as their lair, picking off scavengers who get too close.



Blood Orchid

Hit Dice: 5, 9 or 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 8 tentacles (1d3 + poison)

Saving Throw: 12, 6 or 3

Special: blood drain, poison, resistant to electricity and fire (50%), telepathy

Move: 3 (fly 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 3d6

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800, blood orchid savant (13/2300), grand savant (14/2600)

The blood orchid is an intelligent creature with certain qualities of both animal and plant. It has three downward-curving "petals" of flesh with a dark, pebbly outer hide and a pallid whitish underside. The petals end with split tip, and converge at the blood orchid's center. On its underside at the center dangle a swarm of writhing pallid tentacles: 16 manipulator arms and eight thinner tendrils with red eyes at the ends. At the center of these tentacles is a sphincter-shaped mouth at the end of a flexible trunk one foot long and six inches in diameter. At the apex of the blood orchid there is another cluster of eye tendrils. The blood orchid can close its outer petals downward and rest on the ground, where it resembles a rocky nodule or fungus of some kind.

Despite their plantlike appearance, blood orchids are quite intelligent and ruthless. Blood orchids can draw nutrients from soil and organic matter by settling atop it and burrowing their tentacles in like roots, or they can attach their mouths to living creatures and drain blood from them. Both forms of feeding are required for the blood orchid to remain healthy. Communication for blood orchids is through a means of empathy/telepathy. They have no sense of hearing.

Blood orchids can attack with up to eight of their 16 tentacles at a time. Tentacles that hit inject a euphoria-inducing venom through spines on their sides. Those who fail a save against this poison are put into a comatose state for 1d6 minutes. Blood orchids will grapple helpless opponents and then feed off them with their blood-draining mouth. One favorite tactic of blood orchids is to drain almost all the victim's blood (leaving 1 HP left), then wait until the euphoria venom wears off before draining that final point, savoring the terror in the mind of its victim as it does so. Victims hit by a tentacle must save or be grabbed. A blood orchid that gets a hold can pull its foe to the mouth on its underside and drain its blood, inflicting 1d4 points of damage each round.

Blood Orchid Savants: Savants are sorcerous members of the blood orchid species, having the spell-casting abilities of a 4th-level Magic-

User. At the pinnacle of the blood orchid hierarchy are the grand savants, who cast spells as 7th-level Magic-Users.

Blood Orchid: HD 5; AC -3[16]; Atk 8 tentacles (1d3 + poison); Move 3 (fly 12); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** blood drain, poison, resistant to electricity and fire (50%), telepathy.

Blood Orchid Savant: HD 9; AC -3[16]; Atk 8 tentacles (1d3 + poison); Move 3 (fly 12); Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** blood drain, poison, resistant to electricity and fire (50%), spells (3/2), telepathy.

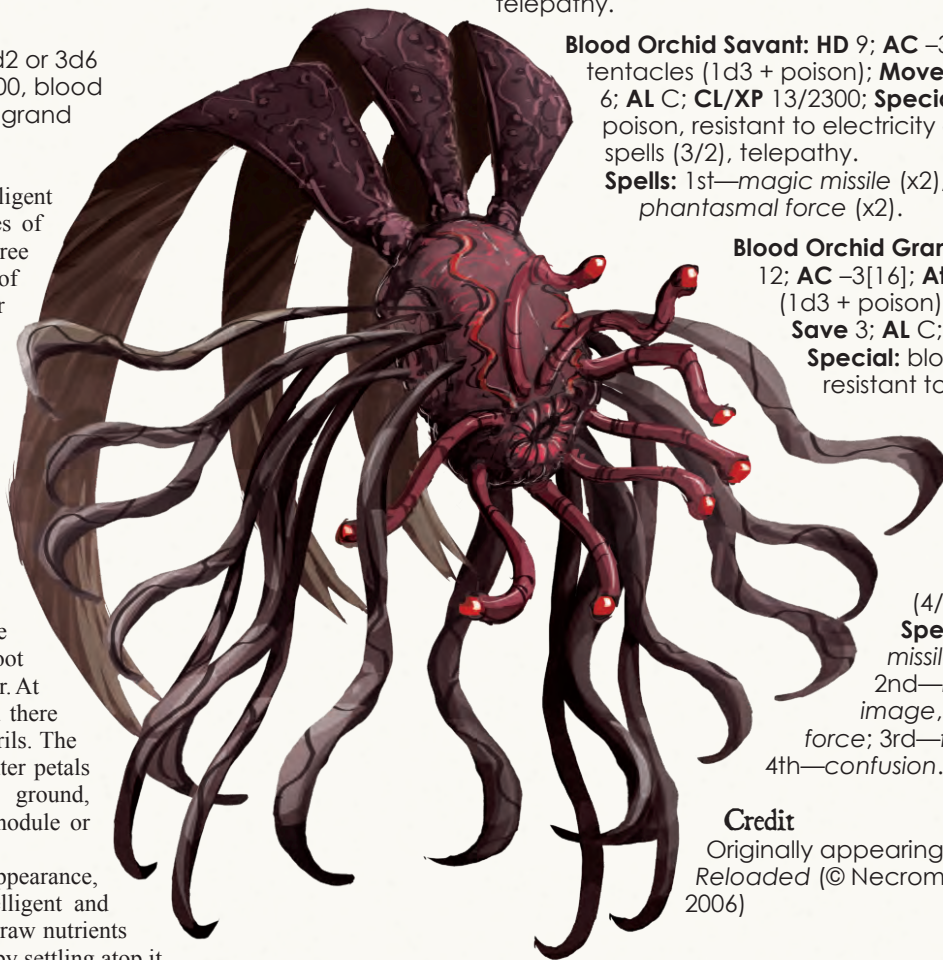
Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*phantasmal force* (x2).

Blood Orchid Grand Savant: HD 12; AC -3[16]; Atk 8 tentacles (1d3 + poison); Move 3 (fly 12); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** blood drain, poison, resistant to electricity and fire (50%), spells

(4/3/2/1), telepathy.
Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x3), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*fireball*, *slow*; 4th—*confusion*.

Credit

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Mushroom Menace

A hexagonal chamber in some unnamed dungeon has toxic water seeping from the walls and pooling on the tiled floor in irregular puddles. The floor is unstable, and human beings walking on it (dwarves, halflings and elves are usually too light) might cause it to collapse (1 in 6 chance per round).

If this happens, anyone on the floor falls 20 feet onto the top of a subterranean tower. The tower rests in a vast cavern. The floor and walls are covered with glowing fungus and giant, white mushrooms. The tower is composed of smoky-colored glass and serves as the lair of 6 **blood orchids** and their master, a **blood orchid savant**.

The blood orchids are the keepers of a reliquary that holds the knucklebones of the lich lord Zangrias as well as a treasure of 1,332 sp, 2,112 gp, a brass locket (worth 115 gp, holds a miniature painting of Queen Anabeth of Asturias that is in very bad taste), a giant shadow bearskin rug (worth 300 gp) and a hematite egg worth 135 gp.

Bloodsoaker Vine

Hit Dice: 11

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: 6 tendrils (1d8 + bleed)

Saving Throw: 4

Special: bleeding, half damage from non-slashing weapons, rend with tendrils

Move: 6 (climb 6)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

The bloodsoaker vine is a horrid plant that is believed to have its origins in the blood-stained fields of the Plane of Agony. Some unknown botanist, perhaps one of the n'gathau themselves, supposedly spliced an unknown root from that dismal place with the assassin vine to create this monstrosity. A typical bloodsoaker vine is a mass of roots, vines, and tendrils. Coloration ranges from deep greens to various browns, and all colors in between. The bloodsoaker vine eventually changes colors to better match its surroundings the longer it remains in one location. Such bloodsoakers surprise victims on a roll of 1–3 on 1d6. Ironically, the bloodsoaker vine produces an orchid-like flower thought by many to be among the most beautiful in creation. Far above the carnage below, where its tendrils break the forest canopy, delicate pink blossoms spread their petals and nourish birds and insects with sweet-smelling nectar. A victim hit by two bloodsoaker tendrils must save or be rended for an additional 1d8 points of damage. All who are damaged by a tendril begin bleeding, losing 1d3 hit points per round thereafter until they receive magical healing.

Bloodsoaker Vine: HD 11; AC –1[18]; Atk 6 tendrils (1d8 + bleed); Move 6 (climb 6); Save 4; AL N; CL/XP 15/2900;

Special: bleeding, half damage from non-slashing weapons, rend with tendrils.

A Warning Soaked in Blood

A 20-foot-tall copper plate burnished green by the elements is plated to the side of the Iron-Augur Cliffs, 20 feet up from the raging waves of the Reaping Sea. Bright, beautiful flowers grow upon the thick vines and tendrils that layer the cliff face. The thick stalks provide easy handholds for anyone wanting to read the future warnings that appear in letters formed by sea salt on the upright slab. Currently written upon the slab is the warning “The burning star falls, fire into water, the killing waves, rise again the dread demons.” A small picture (a rarity on the slab, but not unheard of) shows a cube covered in symbols. Growing amid the thick tendrils are 3 **bloodsoaker vines**. The plants’ deadly tendrils reach out to claim anyone studying the copper plate of predictions.



Bone Crawler

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 8 [11] or 2 [17]

Attack: up to 12 bone blades (1d10) and whipfronds (1d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: bone armor, bone blades, magic resistance (10%), whipfronds, whirling frenzy

Move: 12 (climb 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

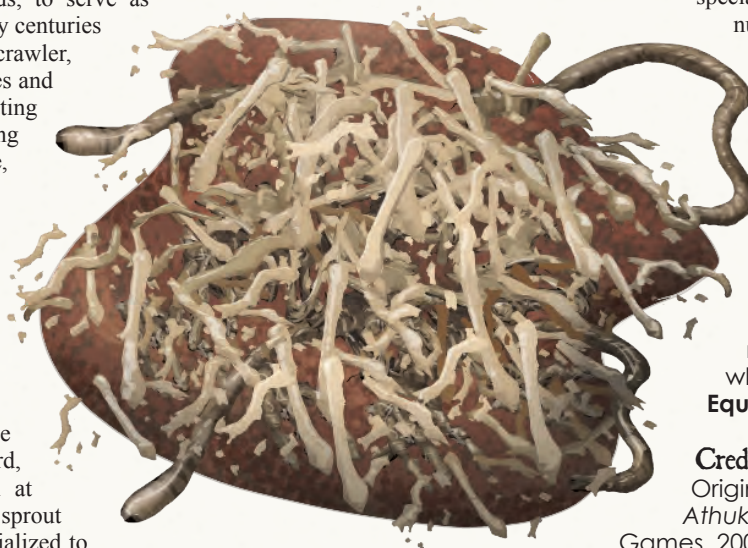
Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

The bone crawler is an unusual aberration that girds itself with steel hard bones, fused together and manipulated by tentacular limbs called whipfronds, to serve as both a weapon and a defense. Many centuries ago a lich created the first bone crawler, as a means of removing stray bones and other clutter from his lair, and putting this refuse to good use in defending his lair. The bone crawler bred true, was exchanged with allies of the long-dead lich, and now they can be found scattered around in ancient crypts and lairs, and roaming obscure corners of deep halls beneath the earth.

Unarmored, the bone crawler is a fleshy disc-shaped lump approximately six feet in diameter, with a slightly concave top. The bottom curves downward, and ends with a circular mouth at its nadir. From the central mass sprout several dozen tentacles, each specialized to perform different functions; stubby muscular ones provide movement, thin graceful tendrils are tipped with sensory organs, and the long, limber whipfronds are used as a means of attack and manipulation. The flesh of a bone crawler ranges from olive green to slate grey to jet black. Bone crawlers attack and kill just about anything they can come to grips with. They feast upon the flesh of their enemies, and integrate the remaining skeleton into their mass, repairing any damage to the bone armor. Independent bone crawlers have also been known to seek out crypts and graveyards, exhuming bodies for their bones.

When it is encased in bone armor, the bone crawler appears much different. When still, it resembles a 15-foot-diameter mound of bones, piled haphazardly together. Observers have a 1 in 6 chance to note tendrils or roots growing among the mass.



The bone crawler has a number of bony limbs that it can manipulate with its whipfronds. The bone crawler has one whipfrond per hit die. Whipfronds have a reach of 10 feet, or 5 feet when encased with bone blades. A whipfrond can be severed with a successful attack at -4 to hit with a slashing weapon that inflicts, in a single blow, a number of hit points of damage equal to the bone crawler's hit dice. The bone crawler can regenerate one whipfrond per day. A bone crawler can only attack a single target with a maximum of four bone blades at once. The bone crawler may also whirl its bone blades around it in a swirling storm of sharpened edges. This attack inflicts 1d8 points of damage per three bone blades used (round down) on anyone within reach (save for half).

A bone crawler can repair its armor by absorbing new bones into its mass. This requires a 24-hour period while enzymes secreted by specialized tendrils harden the bone. The number of hit points gained depends on the size of the skeleton or bone collection absorbed: A normal skeleton repairs 2d4 hit points.

Bone Crawler: HD 12; AC 8[11] or 2[17]; Atk Up to 12 bone blades (1d10) and whipfronds (1d6); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: bone armor, bone blades, magic resistance (10%), whipfronds, whirling frenzy.

Equipment: bone armor

Credit

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The Distracted Mage

A grim-looking mage balances upon a levitating mithral disc. He is tinkering with a bas-relief of a gibbering maw on a vaulted ceiling in a dank dungeon chamber, turning dials in the shape of eyes and pulling levers shaped like teeth. As he does so, ticking and clunking noises come from behind the walls. Little does he realize that a panel is sliding open on the floor, and from this tunnel a **bone crawler** is emerging to attack!

Bone Delver

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4 + disease) or shovel (1d6 + disease)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: disease, grave light (10-ft. radius), regenerate, scream of agony

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Bone delvers were graverobbers who died whilst performing their nefarious tasks. Bone delvers usually appear as hunched, shambling humanoids with faces twisted into a visage of pain and rage. They visibly carry the wounds that caused their demise. Bone delvers forever carry the tools of their trade, a lantern and a shovel, though lockpicks are also commonly found on their walking corpses. The lantern still burns, though with an unnatural and eerie red glowing light. A bone delver attacks by uttering a chilling scream of terribly agony, rage and frustration that transcends death itself that affects within 30 ft. An affected creature must make a saving throw or be shaken (–1 to hit and saves) for 1d4+2 rounds. Creatures with 4 HD or more are unaffected.

A bone delver's lantern casts a grave light in a 10-ft. radius. Living creatures take 1 point of damage each round while in the light. Additionally, a bone delver regenerates 2 hit points per round when it is within 10 feet of its lantern. The lantern can be extinguished with a *bless* spell (it relights after 1 hour, however) or attacked and destroyed (AC 4 [15], 10 hp). This lantern functions only for the bone delver to which it belongs. In the hands of living creatures it functions differently (see below).

Creatures damaged by a bone delver's claws or shovel are struck with a fever that imposes a –3 penalty to attacks and damage for 2d6 days or until healed (save avoids).

Bone Delver: HD 2; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 + disease) or shovel (1d6 + disease); Move 12; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** disease, grave light (10-ft. radius), regenerate, scream of agony.

Equipment: shovel, bone delver lantern, thieves' tools.

Bone Delver Lantern

The lanterns bone delvers perpetually carry are formerly mundane hooded lanterns that were infused with negative energy in the same way as their unliving bearers. In between the hours of dusk and dawn, a *bone delver lantern* glows with a red light and continually emanates an effect that functions as *detect undead* (as *detect magic*, but it detects the undead). In addition, it grants a +2 bonus to turn undead.

The *bone delver lantern* is completely powerless during daylight hours, and does not show an aura if *detect magic* is cast on it during that time. A *bone delver lantern* is an innately evil creation, and drains 1 level from any lawful creature that carries it. This level cannot be regained until the lawful creature gets rid of the *lantern*. The *lantern* must be taken from a bone delver before the creature is destroyed in order for the item to retain any power.



The Tooth Comes to Light

A graveyard here has fallen into a massive sinkhole. Corpses in various states of decay and stone memorials now litter the sinkhole floor. A marble tomb was also caught in the collapse. It is now ruined, and a halfling could crawl in through a gap in one wall to find the body of a valiant lady, still clad in elven mail and holding a shield and long sword (non-magical).

Ghouls have scratched holes in the limestone walls of the sinkhole, and they are already performing their service of corpse cleanup. There is a 1 in 6 chance when people enter the sinkhole that 1d6 ghouls are present. The ghouls avoid the place at night, for it is then that a **bone delver** arrives to rebury the dead. As it enters the bodies, it also collects their canine teeth for Xandria, the Silver Sorceress. She needs them for an experiment, and is quite angry if her servant is molested by do-gooders. It places the teeth inside its lantern where they glow and spark, adding to the flames within.

Boobrie

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: change shape, poison, wail

Move: 12 (swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

The boobrie, or marsh terror, is a quick-moving, malign, flightless bird found haunting desolate and overgrown swamps, wetlands, and marshes. It is carnivorous by nature and feasts on a diet of crocodile meat, fish, and humans (the last of which is one of its favorite meals). When food is scarce, boobrie flocks often war with each other, eating the fallen and the slain. Boobries stand taller than a normal human and resemble a crane with rich, black feathers that fade to dull gray on its undercarriage. Its bill is long, slightly curved, and serrated. Its feet are sharp and sport wicked talons that resemble twisted, almost humanoid clawed hands. These talons are poisoned, causing an additional 1d6 points of damage (save avoids). Boobrie can survive away from its marshy home for up to 12 hours. After that, they begin to drown. Once every 2d4 rounds, a boobrie can emit an eerie wail that deals 4d6 points of damage to creatures within 40 feet (save for half) and paralyzes them for 2d4 rounds. A boobrie can assume the form of a heavy warhorse. In this form, it can run on top of water (including deep water such as rivers and lakes) and marshy ground as if it were solid, flat terrain.

Boobrie: HD 9;

AC 2[17]; **Atk**

2 claws (1d8)
and bite (2d6);

Move 12 (swim 12);

Save 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP**

11/1700; **Special:** change
shape, poison, wail.

Shake Your Tail Feathers

A flock of **5 boobries** dances in a soggy clearing in the Sin Mire Swamp around a black, shriveled swamp oak that looks as if it was once struck by lightning. The air is filled with gray mists and the songs of a thousand frogs. The boobries, as dangerous as they are, can summon a swarm (per the *insect plague* spell) from the tree if they dance for five rounds without being disturbed.

A small ivory chest (worth 200 gp) is stuck in the tree's hollow top. It contains a ruby holy symbol worth 100 gp, a tiger's eye gem worth 95 gp and 2,521 gp (in the form of small beads).



Bronze Minotaur

Hit Dice: 6+4

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: head butt (2d4) or bite (1d3) and weapon (1d8)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: breathe fire, magic resistance (25%)

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Tall, dark and powerfully built, the bronze minotaur is an intimidating sight. Standing over 8 feet tall, and weighing nearly 4,000 pounds, it is a massive and impressive guardian. A bronze minotaur is resistant (25%) to spells and magical abilities. A bronze minotaur can breathe fire on the first round of combat and every other round thereafter. A bronze minotaur's fiery breath shoots from its mouth in a cone 30 feet long and 15 feet wide at the base, inflicting 1d6 points of damage (no saving throw) to anyone in this area.

Bronze Minotaur: HD 6+4; AC 2[17]; Atk head butt (2d4), bite (1d3) and weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; Special: breathes fire for 1d6hp (automatic hit), magic resistance (25%).

Credit

Original author Mark R. Shipley

Originally appearing in *The Black Monastery* (© Frog God Games/ Mark R. Shipley, 2011)

Beware the Librarian

Within the dungeon corridors beneath the stone ziggurat of Nevalt, a Magic-User named Retus hid his library and laboratory away from the prying eyes of his rivals and detractors. His laboratory is shaped like an octagon, with shelves and cabinets attached to the stone walls. A **bronze minotaur**, seemingly in an unfinished state, hangs from the ceiling on chains, while a servitor imp tidies up.

Retus is currently out hunting treasure. His imp servant is not keen on defending the library, and happily flees if attacked. Anyone touching a shelf or cabinet discovers to their dismay that the laboratory is still well-defended, however. The bronze minotaur has been finished, and touching anything causes the chains to release it and the slack arms and legs to attach themselves tightly to the torso. As the minotaur attacks, the walls of the laboratory spin around, hiding the shelves and cabinets to protect them from the combat and to keep them sealed away from thieves. Any adventurer standing near a wall must make a saving throw or be trapped by the rotating wall, suffering 2d6 points of damage and finding themselves trapped until an open doors check frees them.



Bucentaur

Hit Dice: 8 or 10

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: two-handed axe (2d6), 2 hooves (1d6) and gore (1d6)

Saving Throw: 8 or 5

Special: never lost, never surprised

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4 or 1d8+8 plus 1 herd-leader (10HD)

Challenge Level/XP: 8HD (9/1100), 10HD (12/2000)

Bucentaurs stand almost 8 feet tall and weigh over 2,200 pounds. They have the lower torso of a powerful bull and the upper torso of a powerfully built man with the head of a bull. Skin colors vary widely, but most tend to be darker colors such as blacks or blackish-blue. Eyes are almost always dark. Bucentaurs typically live to 50 years of age. Also known as mantaurs or bulltaurs, bucentaurs are straightforward combatants, rushing and goring foes before cutting them down with their great axes. They are savage creatures, and rarely flee from a fight, preferring to inflict as much damage as possible on their foes before the need to escape. Although bucentaurs are not especially intelligent, they possess innate cunning and logical ability that prevents them from ever becoming lost (including by magical effects such as a *maze* spell). They are never surprised.

Large groups of bucentaurs are led by a herd-leader with 10 hit dice.

Bucentaur: HD 8; AC 6[13];

Atk two-handed axe (2d6), 2 hooves (1d6) and gore (1d6);

Move 15; **Save** 8;

AL C; **CL/XP** 9/1100;

Special: never lost, never surprised.

Equipment: two-handed axe, saddle bags.

Bucentaur Herd-Leader: HD 10;

AC 6[13]; **Atk** +1 two-handed axe (2d6+2), 2 hooves (1d6) and gore (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** +1 to hit and damage from high strength, never lost, never surprised.

Equipment: +1 two-handed axe, saddle bags.

Fight to the Death

The adventurers, in their travels, might discover a weird, dusty gladiatorial arena carved from the dungeon stone. The arena's stands are littered with **skeletons** (most good and dead, about 4d6 animated), all wearing togas. A balcony serves as the throne room for the King of Bones Skelos III. His throne balcony is well-appointed with silks and satins worth 500 gp and golden ornaments worth 1,000 gp.

When characters enter the arena, an iron portcullis drops to bar the entrance. From another portcullis beneath the king's balcony enters a



bucentaur, the champion of the arena. If the adventurer bests the bucentaur, they are showered with copper coins by the crowd (1d6 x 200 cp) and, if the king is pleased (75% chance, he's a good sport), they are released. If not, they must face other combatants until the king is satisfied.

Burning Ghat

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4 + 1d4 fire)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: burn, burning blood, double damage from cold, immune to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

The burning ghat is a rare form of undead created in areas of unusually high negative energy when a living creature is put to death by fire for a crime it did not commit. Utterly twisted and maddened by its fate, a burning ghat is a fearsome creature, consumed with a hatred for the living and seeking to end life wherever it finds it. The distinct and pungent stench of burnt flesh is often the harbinger of a burning ghat's arrival and is easily noticeable within 30 feet of the creature. They can often still be found wearing the clothes they wore as they burned to death, if the garments survived the flames, though a burning ghat of any great age will usually have none. A typical burning ghat is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Its voice crackles and hisses like a freshly-stoked fire.

A burning ghat attacks with its claws, seeking to slay any living creature it encounters. Its claws heat the blood of living creatures upon contact, causing great pain (1d4 points of fire damage) as it sizzles and boils away into the air. It favors burning its victims to death but is content to rend them apart if they should prove immune to fire. When a burning ghat takes damage from a slashing or piercing weapon, its flesh bursts open and sprays the attacker with a mixture of burning fluids for 1d6 points of fire damage (save avoids). Once per day, a burning ghat can unleash a burst of flames in a 20-ft. radius centered on itself. Creatures caught in the burst take 2d6 points of fire damage (save for half). The burning ghat is slowed (as the *slow* spell) for 1d4 rounds after using this ability.

Burning Ghat: HD 4; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 + 1d4 fire); Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** burn, burning blood, double damage from cold, immune to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit.

The Angry Vicar

A burning ghat is terrorizing a town in a pleasant, green valley where he was burned at the stake. The ghat was a chaos cultist masquerading as a goodly vicar in the town. Within his temple, he sacrificed animals and people (usually drunks) in the name of the demon king Llorok. The priest still wears his charred vestments, his silver unholy symbol melted onto his chest.

The town is now burning and most of the people have escaped, though they have nowhere to go. The town's lord mayor, an elderly, kindly looking fellow, is sitting on a large rock and sobbing into his hands, desperate for somebody to save the town and its great stores of linen. His army is incapable of fighting the ghat, and his best knights have all been killed, their charred corpses now strewn about the town square. The ghat wanders about the place with impunity, setting fires and cackling.



Carrion Claw

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: 6 claws (1d6 plus grab), bite (1d4 plus paralysis)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: darkvision 60 ft., paralysis, vulnerable to magical light

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, or 1d6x5

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

This insect-like horror has six large, spear-like legs and a poison bite. It crawls about on hundreds of legs, using its six spears to impale victims which it then bites. It resembles a centipede. Its body is covered with tiny hair-like barbs that allow this creature to grapple a man sized or smaller opponent. If a single target is hit with 2 claws, the creature is held and takes automatic claw damage until freed. The bite of a carrion claw paralyzes victims (save avoids). A carrion claw targeted with a *light* spell must make saving throw or be dazed for 1 round.

Carrion claws have a preferential taste for elf flesh, and seek to attack and eat elves before other opponents. It does not like halfling flesh, and kills but does not devour halflings.

The creature can climb any surface at its normal movement rate, even hanging upside down from the ceiling if desired.

Carrion claws hunt in packs, with one claw feigning injury on a floor, while the rest of its pack circle prey along the walls and ceiling to drop and attack with surprise.

Carrion Claw: HD 6; AC 7[12]; Atk 6 claws (1d6 plus grab), bite (1d4 plus paralysis);

Move 15; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., paralysis, vulnerable to magical light.



Credit

Original author John Bentley Webb

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk* (© Frog God Games/ John Bentley Webb, 2012)

Macabre Cathedral

Skulls of elves decorate the walls of this cavernous chamber. A thin layer of calcium that covers the skulls testifies to the chamber's extreme age. Bone-and-chain wind chimes encrusted in minerals hang from the ceiling, each ending in the skull of an elf. Water constantly drips from the ceiling and chimes, forming shallow pools scattered over the natural stone floor. A jumbled pile of bones bound in a thin flowstone sits in the chamber's center. Elven armor and weapons lie encased in stone mixed within the bone heap. A **carrion claw** lies before the pile of bones, writhing in pain. Its twitching legs point upward. A dozen skeletal hands lie upon the creature. The ruse is set up to lure victims into the chamber. The harmless and inanimate skeletal hands were placed there by the carrion claw. Among the bone chimes hide **4 carrion claws** waiting to drop down upon unsuspecting characters. Nestled in a jumble of bones and rubber-like excretions is a large egg sac.

Cavern Crawler

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (1d8 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: darkvision 60 ft., poison

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, or 2d4+4

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A cavern crawler has a reptilian head similar to that of an iguana and eighteen short clawed legs on each side of its body which allows it to climb on any rocky surface with ease. Its body is slate gray and lighter on the underside. Its legs are covered in short bristles of dark gray or black. A typical cavern crawler can reach lengths of 6 feet or more. Some species up to 12 feet long are rumored to have been encountered by unsuspecting adventurers, but these reports have yet to be confirmed. A cavern crawler's painful bite carries a disease that causes a victim to become confused (as per the spell *confusion*) until cured.

A cavern crawler nest consists of a single female and several male workers and soldiers. The workers hunt for and supply needed food for the nest while the soldiers guard the female and young. The female lays 10–20 eggs at one time which are buried beneath the ground in a special chamber dug off the main chamber of the lair. Eggs hatch 60–90 days after incubation and young reach maturity in about 12 months.

Cavern Crawler: HD 6;

AC 5 [14]; **Atk** bite (1d8 plus

disease); **Move** 12; **Save** 11;

AL N; **CL/XP** 7/600;

Special: darkvision 60 ft., poison.

Death by Worm

Shrieks of pain echo from this earthen chamber. The unmistakable smell of freshly turned dirt wafts down the passage leading to this chamber. The 20-ft.-high domed chamber has a ceiling of tangled roots that drape down like countless fingers from high above. A human man stands in the center of the room, his arms reaching for the dangling roots just out of his reach. A 5-ft.-high mound of earthworms piled around his legs and feet are slowly devouring his flesh. The worms burrow voraciously into his shredded flesh, slowly climbing toward his writhing torso. His flesh seems to mend instantly as the worms disappear into his gut.

Cuswort, the male wizard in the midst of the worms, has undertaken a horrific transformation. The evil wizard botched a transformation spell that would change him into a *worm that walks*. The result has been a slow (3 years currently) torturous existence that has left him in a semi-worm state. The worms bind him to the ground, making it impossible for him

to escape. Although the worms have evil and magic auras, these creatures pose little danger to others aside from making the terrain slimy to walk upon. Despite the amount or kind of damage, the worms replenish up from the ground in 1d4 rounds. The worms diminish if Cuswort is slain. The unending supply of worms has attracted **4 hungry cavern crawlers** that hang hidden among the roots. The cavern crawlers immediately attack to defend their bounty.



Char Shambler

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (1d6 plus 1d6 fire), 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d6 fire plus grab)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: burning touch, darkvision 60 ft., immune to fire, smoke cloud, vulnerable to cold

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 17/3500

The humanoid creature looks like a mass of charred skin, burned black and hard with cracks showing raw, red flesh beneath. Visible waves of heat rise from this creature and a miasma of foul smoke seems to follow its every shuffling step, and the stench of scorched flesh and acrid smoke clings to its flesh (save or be sickened, –1 to attacks and saves). It typically stands 6 to 7 feet tall and weighs 300 pounds. Its face is a mask of charred flesh hiding the appearance of the original creature. This tough, charred shell provides it with good natural armor. If a char shambler hits a single opponent with both claw attacks, the target is held and suffers automatic bite and fire damage each round until freed. In addition to its stench, a char shambler continually gives off a cloud of acrid smoke from its scorched flesh. This cloud affects all creatures within 10 feet. The smoke conceals the creature within the cloud (–1 penalty to attack) and opponents must make a saving throw or be overcome by fits of coughing and choking. Char shamblers take double damage from cold.

Whether a char shambler can speak or not is unknown, as none have ever been known to. They do respond to commands when under magical control or serving some master.

A char shambler's existence is typically occupied by its never-ending desire to feed, and its actions tend to follow this course. When prey is spotted, it tries to disperse its enemies with its stench and smoke cloud so that it can focus on capturing and feeding on one individual without distractions.

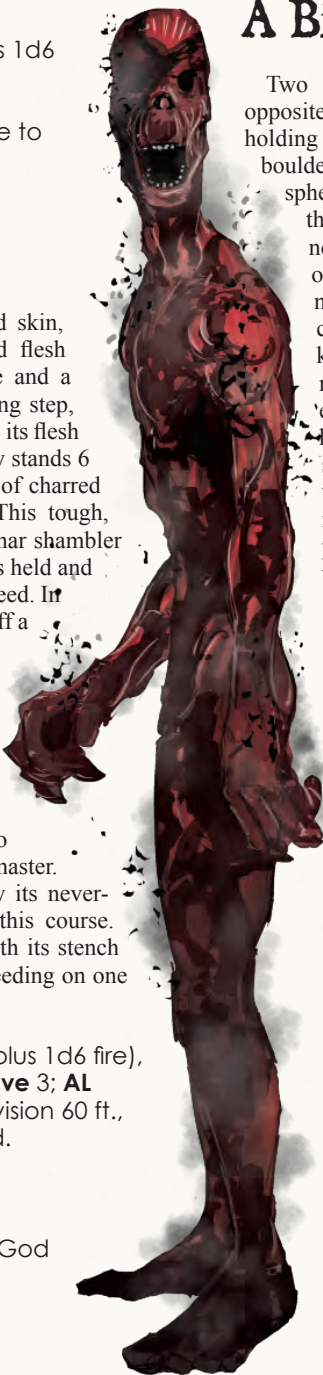
Char Shambler: HD 14; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite (1d6 plus 1d6 fire), 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d6 fire plus grab); Move 9; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 17/3500; **Special:** burning touch, darkvision 60 ft., immune to fire, smoke cloud, vulnerable to cold.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

A Big Pair of Balls

Two 10-foot-diameter balls of stone roll in a circle directly opposite from one another. The spheres revolve around a pedestal holding a crystalline coffer. Spider-web cracks cover the spherical boulders. Blistering heat rises from the cracks in each sphere. The spheres roll at a leisurely pace in a circle about 20 feet from the stone plinth. The spheres weigh several tons and pose no threat unless a character stands directly in front of one of them. They roll along a worn groove in the granite floor, never stopping and always maintaining a plodding pace. The crystalline coffer atop the plinth holds a bronze-and-bone key. The key reportedly unlocks a magical chest containing relics of the infamous lich, Saca-Baroo. The spheres act as 'eternal prisons for 2 char shamblers that forever guard the key. The spheres are nearly impervious to any attacks, but stop and crumble in a hissing cloud of smoke and steam if the coffer is disturbed. The char shamblers step out of the molten cores of the spheres. They are not happy about their prolonged imprisonments, and take their anger out on those who release them.



Chike (Croc Folk)

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: battle axe (2d6) or bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: none

Move: 12 (swim 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d2, 1d4+2 plus 1d3 crocodiles, 1d6+5, or 1d3+1x10 plus 1d3+3 crocodiles plus 1d2 giant crocodiles

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Chike are savage crocodilian humanoids (called Crocfolk by other races) that make their homes deep within swamps and marshlands. Chike males stand over 8 feet tall while females stand just about 8 feet tall on average. Greenish-brown scales cover the chikes back while their sides and underbellies are generally smooth and lighter in color. Chike can communicate with crocodiles.

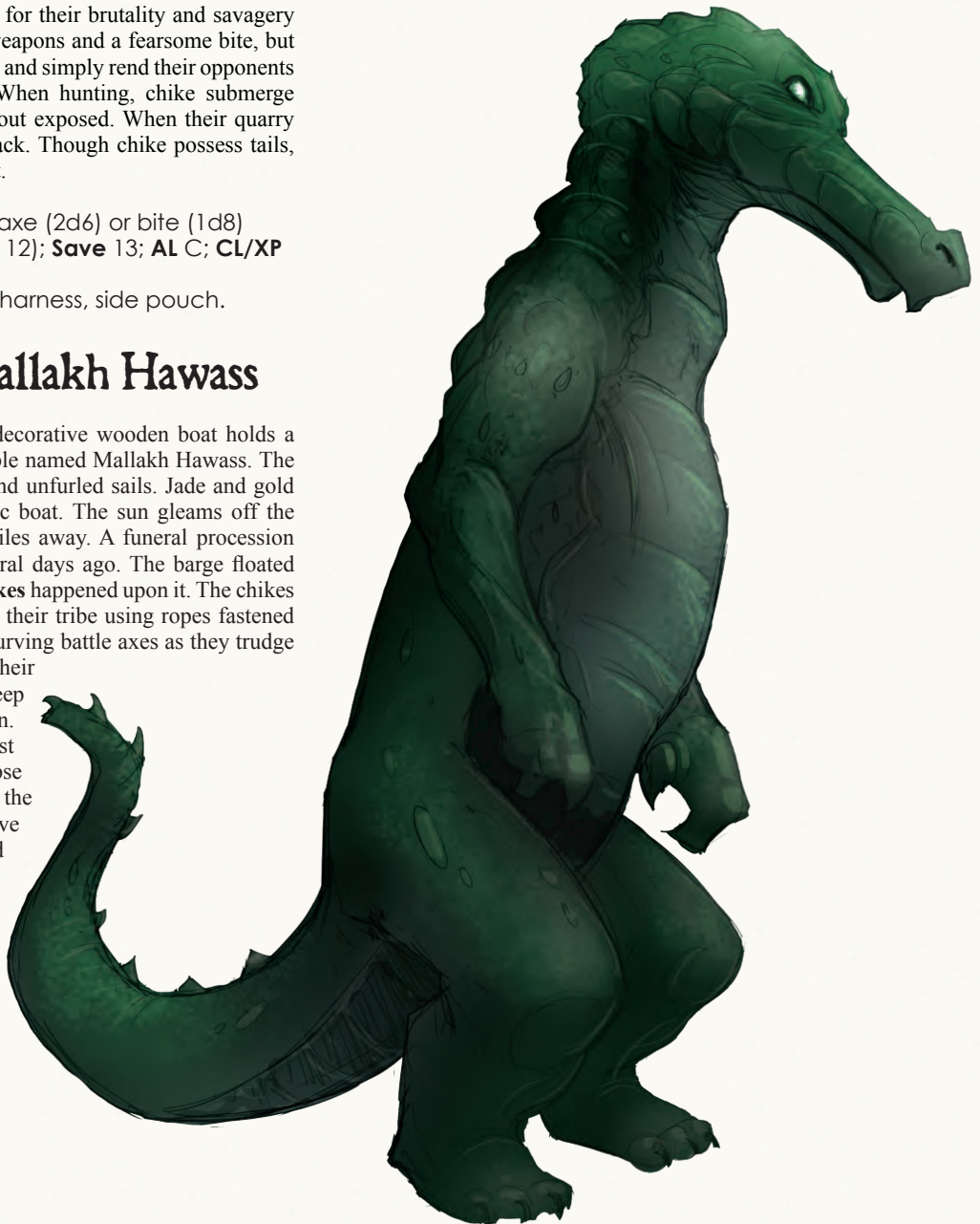
Chike are feared by many other races for their brutality and savagery in battle. These creatures prefer to use weapons and a fearsome bite, but particularly savage chike forego weapons and simply rend their opponents to pieces using their powerful claws. When hunting, chike submerge in water, leaving only their eyes and snout exposed. When their quarry moves within range, chike spring to attack. Though chike possess tails, they do not normally use them in combat.

Chike: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk battle axe (2d6) or bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 12 (swim 12); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Equipment: battle axe, hide harness, side pouch.

Funeral Barge of Mallakh Hawass

A golden boat travels up river. The decorative wooden boat holds a single sarcophagus of a minor priest-noble named Mallakh Hawass. The painted funeral barge has stowed oars and unfurled sails. Jade and gold inlay decorate the bridges of the archaic boat. The sun gleams off the polished metal, making it visible for miles away. A funeral procession placed Hawass' barge in the water several days ago. The barge floated downriver until a scouting group of 8 chikes happened upon it. The chikes are currently dragging the barge back to their tribe using ropes fastened under the water. They each carry huge curving battle axes as they trudge along the riverbed. The chikes defend their bounty, even pulling it underwater to keep the barge and its riches in their possession. While the mummified body of the priest is not animated, desecrating the corpse may anger the spirit and grant un-life to the body. The barge contains mostly decorative urns, provisions and a chest of 1,000 gold coins. The mummified body wears an additional 500 gold pieces worth of jewels. Mallakh Hawass' youngest wife remains in a second sarcophagus placed in the boat's hull. Weakened but still alive, she lies trapped within. Wrapped in burial shrouds, she was to accompany the priest into the next life.



Chosen of Lilith, Vladimir (Demon Lord)

Hit Dice: 16 (88 hp)
Armor Class: -6 [25]
Attacks: +2 *bastard sword of shock and awe* (2d6 plus 1d6 electricity)
Special: command fallen harpies, immune to charm, electricity, poison, and sleep, level drain (1 level) with kiss, resists acid, cold and fire, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapon to hit, spells (4/4/4/4/1)
Move: 9 (fly 20)
Saving Throw: 3
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 26/6200

The Chosen of Lilith, Vladimir is a beautiful demon lord with large bat wings. He is covered in scars, although whether these are battle scars or self-inflicted is difficult to determine. Vladimir is an elf-like demon and the consort of the succubus goddess Lilith. He casts spells as a 12th-level Magic-User. Vladimir has magic resistance (25%) and is immune to charm, electricity, poison and sleep spells. He takes half damage from acid, cold and fire. Vladimir drains 1 level from victims with a single kiss. This is most often done by first charming the victim, but need not be. Vladimir can cast *suggestion* at will. Vladimir is often accompanied by 1d4 succubi or 2d4 fallen harpies.

Vladimir, Chosen of Lilith: HD 16; HP 88; AC -6 [25]; **Atk** +2 *bastard sword of shock and awe* (2d6 plus 1d6 electricity); **Move** 9 (fly 20); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 26/6200; **Special:** command fallen harpies, immune to charm, electricity, poison, and sleep, level drain (1 level) with kiss, resists acid, cold and fire, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapon to hit, spells (4/4/4/4/1).
Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*detect invisibility*, *invisibility*, *mirror image* (x2); 3rd—*dispel magic*, *haste* (x2), *slow*; 4th—*dimension door* (x2), *ice storm*, *wall of ice*; 5th—*cloudkill*, *hold monster* (x2), *teleport*; 6th—*repulsion*.
Equipment: +2 *bastard sword of shock and awe*



arrived in Bard's Gates three nights ago to observe the group's workings and handle the issue of the high-profile abductions. His arrival means the death of several guild members who do not meet his standards as he retools the group's leadership.

A new tunnel system dug deep under the city sewers connects the tent city, the Golden Palms and a warehouse in the Canal District. The main room of the newly created tunnels holds about a dozen enslaved citizens (including the three sisters) in open-air iron cages. The chamber also hosts the visiting Vladimir and his consorts. The demonic-looking elf is accompanied by 4 **succubi** he keeps on chain leashes. These female demons act like dogs, crawling on all fours and growling at intruders. The group does not take kindly to rescuers. Vladimir flees if he is losing the battle.

Succubus (4): HD 6; HP 30, 25, 31, 33; **AC** 9 [10]; **Atk** 2 scratches (1d3); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** cause darkness in a 10-ft. diameter, change shape, immune to non-magic weapons, level drain (1 level) with kiss, magic resistance (70%), summon other demons, spells.

Slave Trade

The Slaver's Guild operates in the depths and drudgery of Bard's Gate. A clandestine group, the Slaver's Guild nevertheless has grown in power and influence. Recently, **Makeesh** (7th-level Magic-User) "acquired" the triplet daughters of Anton Sidhal, the mayor of the growing city of Storm Haven. The inadvertent kidnapping unfortunately brought unwanted attention to the secretive guild. The three beautiful siblings were visiting Bard's Gate for a week of shopping and partying when they were kidnapped. The high-profile crime angered the smaller city of Storm Haven, and Mayor Sidhal demanded that the High Burgess herself personally take charge of the investigation.

While Makeesh at the Golden Palms brothel leads the underground guild in Bard's Gate, he answers to the master of the Slaver's Guide over all of The Lost Lands. **Grand Master Vladimir, the Chosen of Lilith,**

Chuul-Ttaen

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: 2 claws (2d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: constrict, darkvision camouflage, darkvision 60 ft., larvae spray, paralytic tentacles, poison, vulnerable to light

Move: 12 (swim 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

A thick armored shell protects this albino lobster-like creature. Tiny glowing-red eyes gleam above a mouth full of writhing tentacles. The ttaen versions of the chuul are said to swim in the cold depths of the world and only find their way to the surface when summoned by particularly vile wizards. The heavily armored chuul-ttaens are excellent swimmers, and often rise up from the depths to grab land-bound creatures in their claws and tentacles. Chuul-ttaen are virtually impossible to detect solely using darkvision. A chuul-ttaen is considered *invisible* when encountered in the dark by a creature relying on darkvision.

Once per week, a female chuul-ttaen can release a spray (15-foot cone) of minute barbed larvae. This spray does 1d8 points of damage and injects larvae into the opponent's body (save avoids implantation). If a chuul-ttaen implants larvae into a paralyzed or otherwise helpless creature, it gets no saving throw. The larvae pupate over the course of 10 days. The host becomes increasing ill, losing 1 point of Strength, Constitution and Dexterity each day of the pupation (10 points maximum) as the pupae absorb nutrients. At the end of the 10-day gestation, 2d4 miniature chuul-ttaen burst from the host, killing it in the process. A *cure disease* spell rids a victim of the larvae/pupae. Ability points return at the rate of 1 per day, if the host survives the infestation and removes the pupae before they hatch.

A chuul-ttaen that hits a single target with both claws grabs the victim and transfers him to its tentacles. The tentacles do no damage, but exude a paralytic secretion that paralyzes victims for 6 rounds (save avoids). While held in the tentacles, paralyzed or not, a victim automatically takes 1d8 points of damage each round from the creature's mandibles.

The ttaens are able to communicate more easily with other races via a raspy mockery of human speech. Chuul-ttaens have little interest in conversation, however, and are much more likely to attack before asking questions. Only extremely powerful foes give them pause and might warrant words before weapons.

Seagoing races fear the chuul-ttaens, claiming the hideous creatures were bred to wipe out all life by some cyclopean being deep under the water.

Chuul-Ttaen: HD 14; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (2d6 plus grab); Move 12 (swim 9); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** constrict, darkvision camouflage, darkvision 60 ft., larvae spray, paralytic tentacles, poison, vulnerable to light.

Credit

Original author Gary Schotter & Jeff Harkness

Originally appearing in *Splinters of Faith Adventure 8: Pains of Scalded Glass* (© Frog God Games/ Gary Schotter & Jeff Harkness, 2011)



The Raining Cavern

Wafts of dank, stagnant air flow from this natural cavern room. Narrow stone paths wind through numerous pools of deep water. Heavy stalactites produce a constant symphony of raining water that ripple the pools below. Barely audible above the downpour, a feminine voice pleads for help. A **chuul-ttaen** recently captured a drow priestess and dragged her to its lair. The priestess hangs against a wall, partially submerged and bound in excreted saliva that has hardened into crystal. Larvae infest the priestess, leaving her in agonizing pain in her few remaining hours of life. Thoroughly evil, the dark elf pleads for help, promising riches and the secrets of the depths of the earth. The submerged chuul-ttaen patiently clings to the underside of a bridge closest to the drow.

Underwater tunnels connect to all of the pools and eventually lead into a vast subterranean sea. Bones and ruined equipment of countless subterranean races line the floor of the pools. Swarms of minute chuul-ttaen larva cloud the depths, awaiting maturity to enter the dark world. Nestled below a layer of bone and debris is a quartz crystal with a *continual light* cast upon it. While most of the light is cloaked by muck, a few small beams shine from below.

Cimota

	CIMOTA	GUARDIAN CIMOTA	HIGH CIMOTA
Hit Dice:	5	8	14
Armor Class:	5 [14]	4 [15]	3 [16]
Attack:	2 claws (1d6)	2 scimitars (1d6+1 plus 1d6 negative energy)	2 scimitars (1d6 plus 1d6 electricity)
Saving Throw:	12	8	3
Special:	darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence	darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence	dark fury, darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence
Move:	0 (fly 24)	0 (fly 24)	0 (fly 24)
Alignment:	Chaos	Chaos	Chaos
Number Encountered:	1d2 or 1d4+2	1d2	1
Challenge Level/XP:	8/800	11/1700	18/3800

Cimota are the physical manifestations of evil thoughts and actions. The physical form of a cimota is a floating figure in a monk's cassock. Green eyes glow deep within their raised cowls, but their bodies are entirely invisible. When a cimota is destroyed, only a few shreds of tattered black cloth remain to show that they ever existed. Their existence is always tied to a specific area or artifact that is imbued with ancient and highly malevolent evil. A cimota is able to manifest itself anywhere within an accursed locale that has given it life, or within 300 feet of an evil artifact to which it is attached. Cimota can sense life within 60 ft. at all times (including invisible and hidden creatures). The unholy existence a cimota allows the creature to reform 1d6 days after it is killed. The only way to permanently destroy a cimota is to disrupt its existence by consecrating the ground to which it is tied or destroying the artifact to which it is bound. Animals do not approach within 30 ft. of a cimota.

Other forms of cimota exist, including the guardian and high cimota. Guardian and high cimota attack with scimitars to slash their victims. A guardian's blades deliver a jolt of negative energy, while a high cimota sends an electrical shock down its weapons.

A high cimota can also generate a field of negative energy once every 1d4 rounds. This field of energy takes the form of black lightning in a 20 ft.-radius ball around the high cimota or as a 100-ft. line extending from the high cimota's invisible fingertips. This dark fury inflicts 6d6 points of negative energy on any living creature in its area of effect (save for half).

Cimota: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 0 (fly 24); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence.

Guardian Cimota: HD 8; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 scimitars (1d6+1 plus 1d6 negative energy); **Move** 0 (fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence.

Equipment: 2 scimitars.

High Cimota: HD 14; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 scimitars (1d6+1 plus 1d6 electricity); **Move** 0 (fly 24); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immune to cold and electricity, sense life, unholy existence.

Equipment: 2 scimitars.

Credit

Original author Mark R. Shipley
Originally appearing in *The Black Monastery* (© Frog God Games/ Mark R. Shipley, 2011)

Grave of the Black Masses

The village of Dogwallow lies burned and deserted. Not much more than a dozen farmhouses and a few public buildings make up the hamlet. A faint plume of smoke rises from a field just south of town. A troop of black orcs led by a priest of Orcus plundered the town and hauled off the useful townsfolk. The orcs are long gone, leaving the town to scavengers and looters. What remains has been vandalized and plundered. Even the town well is filled with excrement and animal corpses from roving band of orcs.

A long deep trench dug into a southern field holds the smoldering bodies of townsfolk. Even weeks after the massacre, the coals remain hot beneath the ashen remains. The priest desecrated the mass grave before moving to his next conquest. As if in prayer, four cloaked figures kneel on the opposite side of the pit. These 4 cimotas formed upon the murder of the townsfolk and the desecration of their mass grave. The cimotas do not communicate but quickly teleport to attack. They drag slain opponents into the pit. Buried in the ash are 12 steel-and-bone +1 arrows that add an additional 4 points of damage against humans.

Guardian of the Flame

An oversized bronze skull hangs from the ceiling on a barbed chain. The chain coils through a pulley in the ceiling and down to a large hoist against the far wall. A purple flame blazes from the skull's eye sockets and nasal cavity. The flames flow up the face and curl over the top of the skull. A 3-foot-long blade points down from the base of the skull where the spine would attach. The skull hangs 15 feet above the floor and

faces the entrance. Five steeply angled panels make up the ceiling. The chain hangs from where the points meet. A gold-embossed pentagram adorns the peaked ceiling panels. If removed, the gold fetches 100 gp. Five unlit candles sits at the points of a mystical-looking design directly below the skull. A **guardian cimota** solemnly stands beneath the skull. It holds a fat candle that drips hot wax over the cimota's hands to pool on the floor. The candle never seems to run out of wax, and the pool never increases. The skull radiates evil and reduces light sources brought into the room. All light sources, no matter what the source, are reduced to half their normal illumination.

Dark ceremonies once took place in this demonic shrine. Upon a command by the guardian cimota, the skull unleashes a blazing field of negative energy in the form of boiling purple flame. The guardian cimota may use this power once per day. The dark fury fills the room and inflicts 6d6 points of negative energy damage on any living creature in its area of effect (save for half). Undead, including the guardian cimota, are completely healed by the dark fury.

Cimota Mace

An iron cube measuring 10 feet on each side sits in this shadowy chamber. Five small holes evenly spaced around the cube emit a small amount of natural gas. A small flame burns at each port. The walls of the room and the cube itself are covered in soot and greasy creosote. The room appears to burn often with an intense heat. The iron cube has no openings. The metal is 3 inches thick on all six sides, with each side fused airtight to the others. The cube was designed to secure the *cimota mace*, a relic of great evil. The relic binds a **high cimota** to its unending evil presence. The high cimota remains inside the cube with the *cimota mace*, which lies within a leaded glass coffer inside the iron prison. The high cimota uses its dark fury (which passes through the iron as if air) to affect living beings touching the cube before it manifests outside of the cube to attack.

Extinguishing the flames cause the room to fill with explosive gas within 10 minutes. Any open flame brought into the room causes a massive explosion (10d10 points of damage, save for half). Centuries ago, the Shield Maidens of Muir sealed the nearly indestructible artifact in this chamber safely away from the hands of men. The long-forgotten artifact has remained here untouched, although its power still reaches the lands via its cimotas servitors' influence.

Cimota Mace

Spines of a cornugon line the sides of this wicked +3 *mace*. On command, it generates dark fury, a field of negative energy in the form of black lightning. The wielder may use this power at the start of combat and every 1d3 rounds thereafter. This field of energy may take the form of black lightning either in a 20-ft.-radius ball around the wielder or as a 100-ft.-line extending from its tip. Dark fury inflicts 5d6 damage on any living creature in its area of effect (save for half). The wielder, undead, constructs and other non-living objects are not affected.

The *cimota mace* grants the wielder the ability to notice and locate living creatures within 60 ft. Animals do not willingly approach within 30 feet of a *cimota mace* or its wielder. The very existence of the *cimota mace* spreads Chaos throughout the land. For every 20 HD of creatures slain by the mace's dark fury, the mace transforms the essences of the slain beings into a cimota. The cimota follows the commands of the mace wielder. For every additional 20 HD of creatures slain by the dark fury, the cimota advances in power to a guardian cimota and finally to a high cimota. Cimota created by the mace remain destroyed once they are slain. Only one cimota created by the mace can be in existence at any time.

Cinder Knight

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: two-handed sword (1d10 plus 1d6 fire) or 2 slams (1d4 plus 1d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: heat aura, immune to fire, magic resistance (20%), vulnerable to cold

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

This intimidating figure stands unmoving, an immense sword clutched in its hands. Wisps of smoke rise from its blackened armor. Cinder knights are elemental creatures composed completely of fire and encased in suits of irremovable armor. Over time, the armor adheres to the cinder knight's form, and the armor chars and blackens as the flames of the cinder knight's body scorch and burns it. When a cinder knight dies, its fires extinguish, and it vanishes in wisps of smoke, leaving only its armor behind. The armor is extremely hot and deals 1d6 points of fire damage to any creature touching it. One hour after a cinder knight dies, the armor, while still warm, can be handled without taking damage. It is *+1 plate mail*, but there is a 5% chance when someone first dons it that it ignites in a fiery conflagration that turns the wearer into a cinder knight (no save). A cinder knight radiates a fiery aura that does 1d6 points of fire damage to any creature within 10 ft. (save avoids). Cinder knights take double damage from cold.

Cinder Knight: HD 15; AC 3[16]; Atk two-handed sword (1d10 plus 1d6 fire) or 2 slams (1d4 plus 1d6 fire); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** heat aura, immune to fire, magic resistance (20%), vulnerable to cold.

Equipment: *+1 plate mail*, two-handed sword

Punishing Forge

Blackened earth and scorched trees mar the land around an iron tower. The 30-ft.-tall iron tower glows with intense heat. A billowing plume of smoke and cinders stretches into the sky from the upper windows. The pounding sound of a hammer against metal can easily be heard from within. Hellish heat fills the interior. A massive cauldron of molten iron hangs from the ceiling. A **fire elemental** stands below the cauldron, keeping its contents in a liquid state. Metal work tables, iron boxes of tools, racks of weapons, armor hanging from chains and thick anvils take up the rest of the floor space inside the tower.

Manning the forges are **2 cinder knights** busily fashioning armor. They carry mallets (as mauls) and do not react kindly to interruptions.

A **fire sylph** hangs on a wall by iron chains. The shackles were forged around her wrists and ankles without locks. The sylph angered her efreeti lord and fled to the Material Plane. These cinder knights were sent to hunt her down and exact punishment. Through an extraordinary and painful process, the cinder knights create armor to fuse to her body, transforming her into a cinder knight in the service of their efreeti lord. Once in place, the armor takes away the free will of the fire sylph and secures her obedience.

Fire Elemental (12HD): HD 12; HP 58; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (2d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** ignite materials.



Cobalt Viper

Hit Dice:	Cobalt Viper 5	Giant Cobalt Viper 11
Armor Class:	7 [12]	4 [15]
Attack:	bite (1d8 plus poison)	bite (2d6 plus poison)
Saving Throw:	12	4
Special:	poison, poisonous aura	poison, poisonous aura
Move:	12 (climb 9, swim 9)	12 (climb 9, swim 9)
Alignment:	Neutrality	Neutrality
Number Encountered:	1d2 or 1d4+2	1d2 or 1d4+2
Challenge Level/XP:	7/600	13/2300

This creature appears to be a metallic blue-scaled snake with crystal eyes. Its forked red tongue flicks from its fanged mouth. Cobalt vipers are poisonous snakes found on the Plane of Molten Skies. A cobalt viper appears to be constructed of metal; in fact its scales are actually a composite of the steel and normal snake scales. A typical cobalt viper is about 5 feet long though species up to 12 feet long or more have been sighted. Cobalt vipers are highly aggressive predators that prefer to attack from ambush. Normally, a cobalt viper trails its prey allowing its poisonous aura to sap the target's strength. After its prey is sufficiently weakened, the cobalt viper lunges from its hiding place and strikes.

A cobalt viper's bite delivers a poison that is particularly virulent (save at -2 or die). Its poison is so noxious that any creature within 30 ft. of the serpent feels sick and weakened (creatures must save or lose 1d6 point of damage [no save!]). A giant cobalt viper's poison is even more toxic; the save is at -4, and everyone within 30 ft. loses 2d6 points of damage. The cobalt viper has no known natural predators.

Cobalt Viper: HD 5; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d8 plus poison); **Move** 12 (climb 9, swim 9); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** poison, poisonous aura.

Giant Cobalt Viper: HD 11; AC 4[15]; Atk bite (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 12 (climb 9, swim 9); **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** poison, poisonous aura.



The Heartbroken Medusa

A crumbling grand cathedral sits in this lonely portion of the woods. Weathered statues decorate the land around the roofless stone building. The statues all appear to be cowering or turning, expressions of fear on all of their faces. Obviously, these poor creatures were turned to stone. A medusa named Sabathia made her lair in these ruins. Quite unexpectedly, she fell in love with an evil wizard who blinded himself to secure her love. The two lived happily for many years, but their children proved to be susceptible to her gaze. Despite their best efforts and precautions, all of their children eventually turned to stone under their mother's gaze. Sinister prayers to the lords of darkness proved futile in restoring the couple's offspring. The stone infants still lie in cradles in Sabathia's chamber in small tombs below the transept. Sabathia's mate tried to help

his wife, but a spell he devised to nullify her petrifying gaze failed and left Sabathia with a gaze that causes *confusion* (as per the spell, 30-ft. range, save negates).

But the pair's dark prayers to the dark lords did not go unheard or unanswered. Soon the grounds around the church ruins were infested with cobalt vipers. The mage succumbed to the poisons and perished, leaving Sabathia alone in her despair and desolation.

Sabathia made a suit of armor from the snakes' scales (+1 ring mail). She commands **2 giant cobalt vipers** and always wears **1 cobalt viper** around her neck. The giant vipers lie in wait, coiled around the upper ruins of the church while Sabathia baits victims deeper into the ruins.

Sabathia is immune to the cobalt vipers venom, as she has dined on increasing doses over the years.

Medusa: HD 6; HP 33; AC 4[15]; Atk +1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** gaze turns to stone, poison.
Equipment: +1 ring mail, +1 longsword

Conshee

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attack: dagger (1d4) or short bow x2 (1d4)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: magical abilities

Move: 12 (fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4+2, 1d6+6, or 1d10+12

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

This creature appears to be a tiny, hairless, gray-skinned humanoid with leathery wings, small horns, and bulbous crimson eyes. An adult conshee stands about 2 feet tall. Its hands end in claws, though they are not strong enough to use in combat. Conshee also employ a wide array of traps, snares, and pitfalls to injure, confuse, or capture would-be opponents. The corridors and passages leading to a conshee lair are often rife with all manner of such traps and pitfalls. Conshee often employ natural poisons as well, taken from the various plants, leaves,

and underground flowers near their lairs. Conshee can always *detect evil* and *detect good*. Three times per day, they can cast *light*, *pyrotechnics* and *phantasmal force*. Twice a day, they can cast *invisibility* and *levitate*. Once a day, they can cast *fear*, *silence 10 ft. radius* and *warp wood*.

Conshee: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk dagger (1d4) or short bow (1d4); **Move** 12 (fly 15); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** magical abilities.

Equipment: dagger, shortbow, 15 arrows.

Fury of the Fey

Uncut amber and other semi-precious stones line the walls of this natural passage. The stones are worth a total of 400 gp if mined. The cavernous passage eventually opens into a dank grotto filled with small harmless fungi. Crystalline stalagmites glistening with moisture create a kaleidoscope of color along the drab stone walls. A small pile of rough amber gemstones lie at the far side of the room. A large sack (holding **2 giant centipedes**) sits near the gems. A 10-foot-deep pit concealed by an illusion sits before the pile of jewels. Trapped at the bottom of the pit are **2 violet fungi**.

This is the current mining spot of an eccentric **conshee** named Othneil Matsh. Othneil, somewhat of a fanatic, desires amber gemstones above everything. His passion for amber has led him into caverns known to harbor mites. As a precaution, Othneil laid several traps for protection. He becomes angry and belligerent if his traps are tripped. He *levitates* to hide in the stalagmites above. He uses centipede poison on his arrows.

Othneil Matsh knows that a terrible **mite** tribe has set up a lair just down the passage. The mites took Othneil's new wife captive and are demanding 1,000 gp in amber for her safe release. This has placed Othneil in a dilemma: Give up his prized amber stones or rescue his new wife.

Giant Centipedes (small, lethal) (2): HD 1d2hp; HP 1, 2; AC 9[10]; Atk bite (0 + poison); **Move** 13; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** poison bite (+4 save or die).

Violet Fungi (2): HD 3; HP 13, 17; AC 7[12]; Atk 4 tendrils (rot); **Move** 1; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** tendrils cause rot.



Crazed

Wild-eyed and insane, a crazed creature is slightly more than a wild animal. Crazed creatures can be cured by targeting them with a *cure disease* spell followed immediately by a *remove curse*. Crazed creatures are immune to all mind-affecting effects, including beneficial spells such as *bless*. Crazed creatures attack with claws and disease-ridden bites. Crazed creatures often leave material possessions such as armor and weapons from their kills, instead collecting teeth and ears as trophies.

Crazed Goblin

Hit Dice: 1d6 hp

Armor Class: 6[13]

Attack: weapon (1d6) or bite (1d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: disease, immune to mind-affecting effects, -1 to hit in sunlight

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

A wild-eyed goblin rushes out from the darkness, drooling and gibbering the entire time! The creature wears a string of ears sewn into a leather strap around its neck. A crazed goblin's bite delivers a wasting disease that causes the victim to waste away, losing 2d6 points of damage each day until magically cured with *cure disease*. *Cure light wounds* will prolong the victim's time, but does not remove the disease.

Crazed Goblin: HD 1d6hp; AC 6[13]; Atk weapon (1d6) or bite (1d6 plus disease); Move 9; Save 18; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** disease, immune to mind-affecting effects, -1 to hit in sunlight.

Mad Cows

Three cows stagger down the dirt path outside the small farming village of Fessel. The cows swing their heads from side to side, and white, frothy cud falls from their drooping mouths. Their eyes are wide and roll crazily. All of the cows are missing their ears. Each has a dirty blanket spread across its back that hangs nearly to the ground. Each of the cows is infected with rabies from the bites of 2 **crazed goblins** riding in slings fastened underneath two of the bovines. The goblins keep the blankets over them to protect them from the sun, although it causes them no harm. The goblins leap out to attack anyone bothering their rides. The crazed creatures bite at characters, and slash with dirty short swords. The cows nip at people who get too close, requiring a saving throw to avoid contracting rabies (-1 to attacks and saves, lose 1 point Intelligence each day with failed save, *cure disease* heals).



Crimson Death

Hit Dice: 13

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 2 tentacles (1d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: engulf, magic resistance (15%), +1 or silver weapons to hit

Move: 24 (12 after feeding)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Seemingly made of red vapor, the crimson mist is an outstanding stealth hunter. The crimson death is vaguely humanoid in appearance, with arms, torso and a head being discernible. The creature has no distinct facial features, other than 2 glowing points where eyes should be. A crimson death can attempt to engulf an opponent fighting it (save avoids). Any being engulfed takes 2d6 points of damage each round.

Crimson Death: HD 13; AC

0 [19]; **Atk** 2 tentacles

(1d6); **Move** 24 (12 after

feeding); **Save** 3; **AL**

C; **CL/XP** 15/2900;

Special: engulf, magic resistance (15%), +1 or silver weapons to hit.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

The Chains that Bind

A warped 6-inch-thick wooden door remains in the jam. The door's lock is rusted closed. Damage to the door and lock show that someone has tried unsuccessfully to enter the chamber beyond. The room on the other side is a wreck. Massive cracks mar the limestone block walls and floor. The ceiling has mostly collapsed, leaving an earthen dome. The remains of the ceiling lie in heaps around the walls. A 50-foot-wide circular area in the center of the room is cleared of debris. A 12-foot-tall statue of a four-wing aberration stands in the center. It has the legs and feet of a vulture, the torso of a young man and the head of a diseased lion. Its right forearm points up and the left points toward the ground. Rusty red chains hold the statue in place. The two chains are each wrapped around the wings and bolted to the fractured floor. A quick search reveals that the base of the statue sits atop a stone trap door. Faintly, the sounds of a woman weeping can be heard from beneath the trap door. The weeping sound stops and does not respond if anyone tries to speak with whoever is trapped below.

The two chains are part of a powerful binding spell that has temporally transformed 2 **crimson deaths** into chains. The chains instantly dissipate into a cloud of red mist and release the crimson deaths if the statue is disturbed. The statue sits over a lead-sealed trap door concealing a small cramped chamber. The chamber holds a **feral vampire spawn**. Once a regal vampire, the feral vampire spawn transformed over the years into its current deplorable state. The vampire wears wide archaic gold *bracers of defense* AC 6[13].



Crysolax

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8 plus grab), bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: darkvision 60 ft., immune to blindness and light-based effects, magic resistance (20%), petrifying bite, resists cold, electricity and fire, scintillating aura, vulnerable to sonic-based attacks

Move: 18

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 20/4400

This creature looks like a horrible amalgam of a centipede and a praying mantis made out of translucent white crystal with brilliant multifaceted blue eyes. A terrifying predator native to the Plane of Earth (and also a pocket dimension known as the Demiplane of Crystal), the crysolax is a hunter, active most often during the daylight hours. During the day, natural sunlight refracts from the crysolax causing it to appear to be a multitude of different colors. It uses this natural sunlight to activate its aura when hunting or in combat. The bite of a crysolax deals 2d6 points of damage. Any creature reduced to 0 HP is turned to crystal permanently. As long as there is a light source within 30 ft., a crysolax radiates a rainbow pattern that causes *confusion* in creatures that view the light show (save avoids).

Crysolax: HD 15; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d8 plus grab), bite (2d6); Move 18; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 20/4400; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immune to blindness and light-based effects, magic resistance (20%), petrifying bite, resists cold, electricity and fire, scintillating aura, vulnerable to sonic-based attacks.

Go into the Light

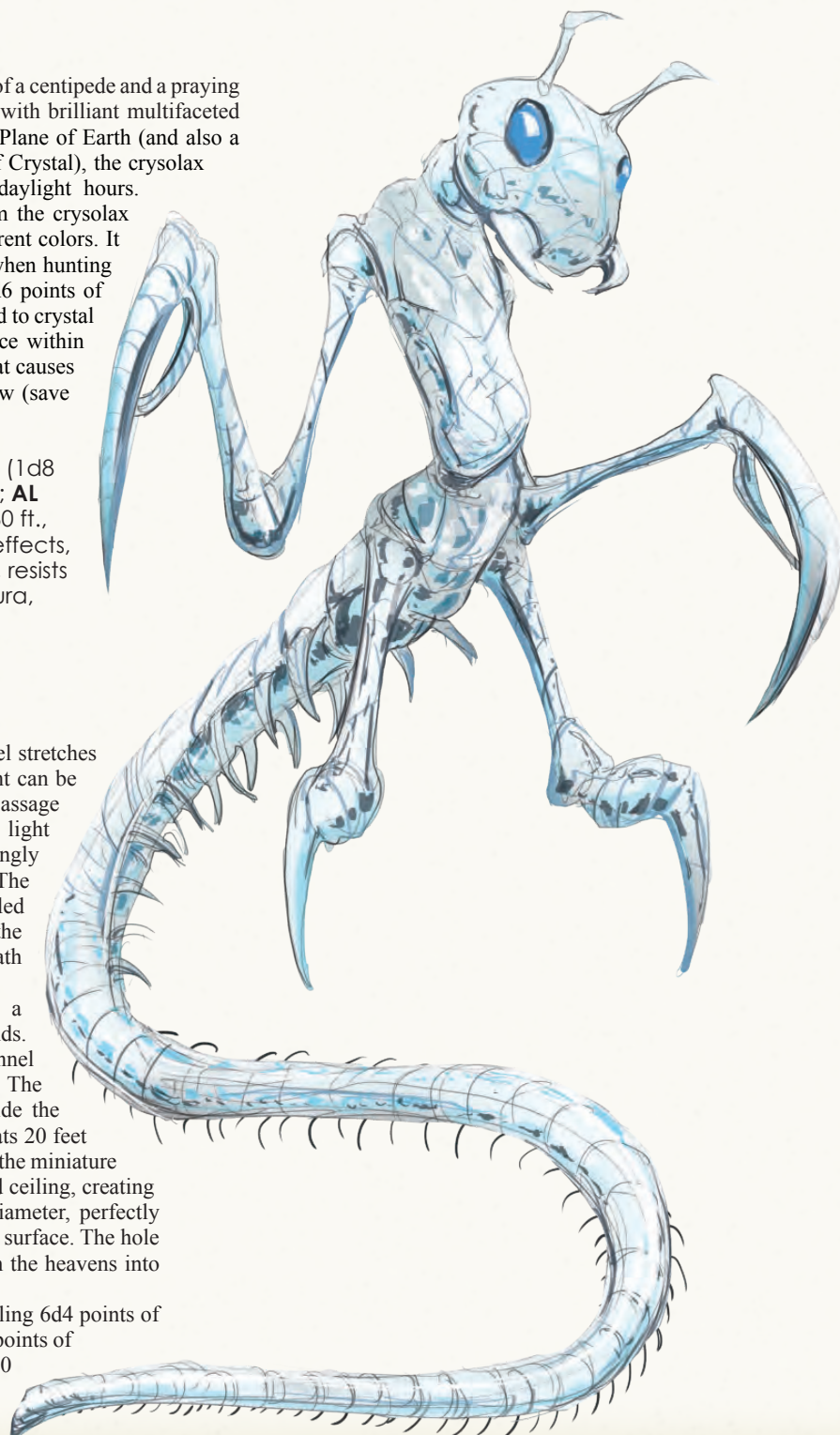
A perfect 12-foot-diameter cylindrical tunnel stretches for nearly a mile underground. A brilliant light can be seen at the far end. The slightly descending passage ends in a ridged crystalline wall. A brilliant light from the other side of the crystal wall blindingly radiates into the passage from beyond. The crystal wall is actually the backside of a curled **crysolax**. The crysolax lies tightly against the tunnel entrance, completely blocking the path and bathing the tunnel in the intense light.

The crysolax lies dormant, appearing as a wall until it takes damage or after 1d4 rounds. Creatures within 30 feet of the end of the tunnel are subject to the crysolax's *scintillating aura*. The room beyond the crysolax is a mystery. Inside the chamber, a 2-foot-diameter ball of plasma floats 20 feet above the floor. The constant bombardment of the miniature star's radiation has warped the walls, floor and ceiling, creating a rippled pattern along the stone. A 2-foot-diameter, perfectly smooth hole in the ceiling leads directly to the surface. The hole was created when the plasma sphere fell from the heavens into this chamber.

The plasma ball radiates waves of heat, dealing 6d4 points of fire damage to creatures within 10 ft. and 3d4 points of fire damage to those standing from 10 feet to 20 feet away. This is constant damage and does

not allow a saving throw. Furthermore, the plasma sphere deals 6d6 points of fire damage to any creature or item it touches.

The plasma sphere can be moved by mental efforts (such as *telekinesis*). A character has a 5% chance per level of controlling the sphere. A Magic-User has a 10% chance per level of controlling the sphere. In any case, the control over the sphere cannot exceed 95%. If the check succeeds, the character can move the sphere (Movement 12). If the check fails, the sphere moves at its top speed directly toward the person attempting to control it. The controlled must be within 60 ft. of the sphere to direct it.



Crystalline Creature

Crystalline creatures are those that have been exposed to the petrifying effects of the Demiplane of Crystal, and rather than petrify and be absorbed by the plane, actually survive the process and changed form.

Crystalline Scorpion

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6 plus grab), sting (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: constrict, immune to blindness and polymorph, magic resistance (15%), resists cold and electricity, vulnerable to sonic-based attacks, spell-like abilities

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

This massive scorpion appears to be constructed from opaque crystal. A crystalline scorpion takes half damage from cold and electricity, but is vulnerable to sonic-based attacks. Once per day, a crystalline scorpion can cause its body to refract light to cause *confusion* (as per the spell) in its opponents. A single target hit by both of the scorpion's claws is grabbed and takes automatic claw damage each round thereafter. The scorpion's sting delivers a deadly poison (save or die).

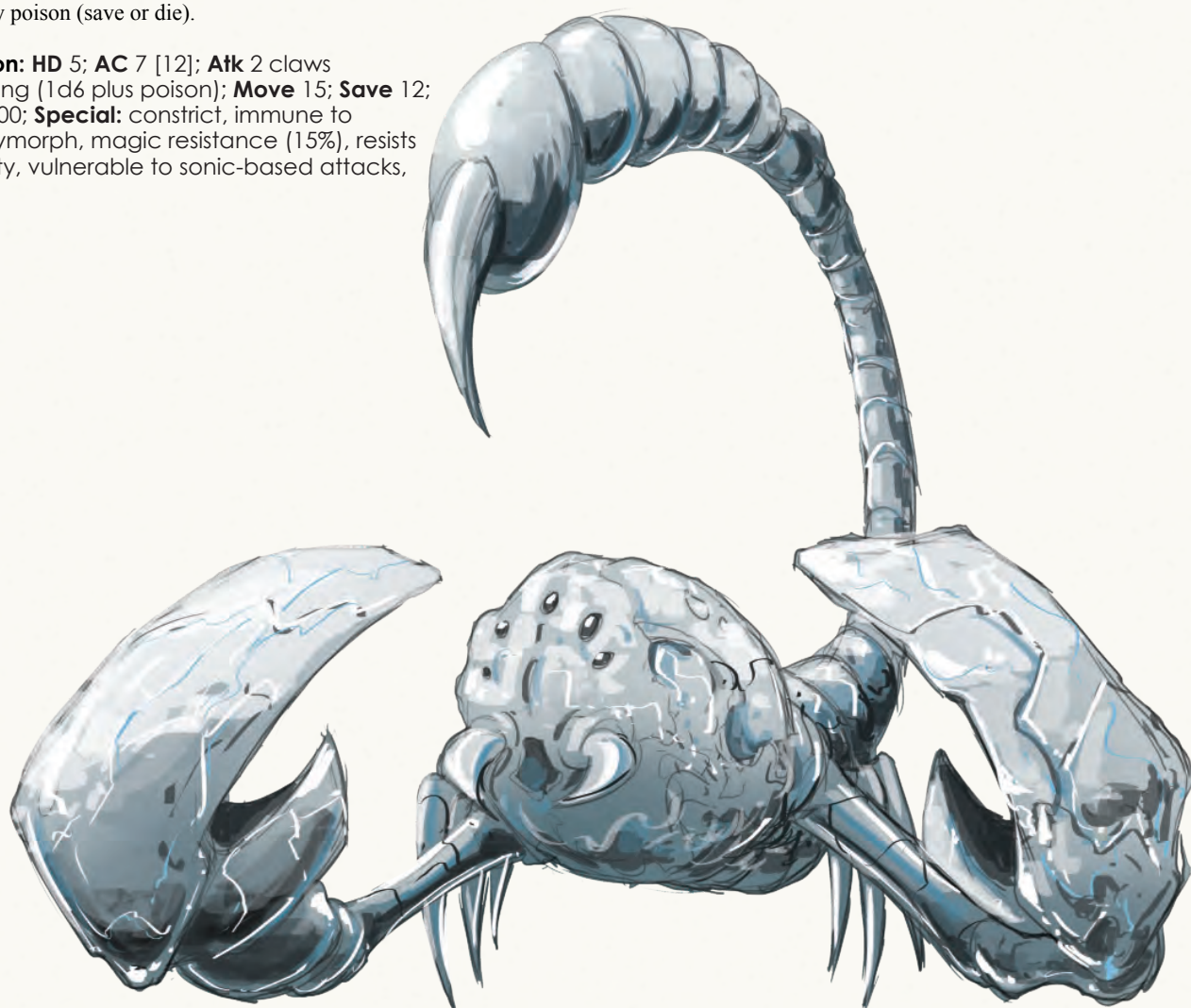
Crystalline Scorpion: HD 5; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus grab), sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** constrict, immune to blindness and polymorph, magic resistance (15%), resists cold and electricity, vulnerable to sonic-based attacks, spell-like abilities.

Refreshing, Sparkling Water

In an oasis in the Kanderi Desert grows an arm-sized quartz crystal. The crystal breaks the surface of the shallow pool, erupting from the solid stone below. The crystal refracts the brutal desert sun, sending beams of raw energy throughout the oasis nestled among the sand dunes. The crystal encases the eye of a basilisk, so that the beams turn any living creature they touch into crystal (save avoids). During the day, characters have a 20% each round of avoiding the scintillating beams cast by the quartz.

The ground in the oasis sparkles with the remains of broken and petrified desert fauna. Mostly parts of beetles, lizards, snakes and scorpions make up the crystalline sand. The areas gleam with unearthly brilliance in the midday sun. Dozens of smaller crystals annually grow from the base of the main crystal. A skilled Magic-User can powder the smaller crystal to create *stone to flesh* oil.

During a solar eclipse, the rays from the crystal turn living beings into crystalline creatures. Currently, **3 crystalline scorpions** hide under the translucent sand. The huge monsters blend invisibly into the sand. For every round spent searching, there is a 1% cumulative chance of discovering a *ring of spell turning*. The ring is made of carved quartz.



Crystalline Succubus

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: cause darkness (10-ft. radius), change shape, energy drain, level drain (1 level) with kiss, magic resistance (70%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and electricity, summon other demons (40%), vulnerable to sonic-based attacks

Move: 9 (fly 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2, or 3d4

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Tiny horns, bat-like wings, and a sinuous tail betray the demonic nature of this alluring woman who appears to be made of finely polished and translucent crystal. Once per day, a crystalline succubus can refract light through its body to cause confusion (as per the spell) in its opponents. It can also surround itself in a *prismatic sphere* once per day. At will, the succubus can cast *charm person*, *ESP*, *clairaudience* and *suggestion*.

They can change shape at will into a human or human-like form. They have a 40% chance to summon a demon prince, a baalroch or a nalfeshnee demon. A crystalline succubus takes half damage from cold and electricity.

Crystalline Succubus: HD 7; AC 6 [13];

Atk 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 18);

Save 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400;

Special: cause darkness (10-ft. radius), change shape, energy drain, level drain (1 level) with kiss, magic-resistance (70%), +1 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and electricity, summon other demons (40%), spells, vulnerable to sonic-based attacks.

Prism Triplets

A 10-foot-tall glass prism juts from the sands of shifting sands of the Karessi Wastes. The prism is flawed, however, and millions of minute cracks carve through its crystal lattice. The harsh desert sunlight blasts through the prism and separates into blacks and reds that seep across the sand like spreading stains. Three times during the day (at dawn, noon and dusk), a shadowy figure appears inside the prism. The female form is hazy and hard to focus on. She bangs futilely against the interior of the glass imprisoning her, causing cracks to split and spread—but not break—across the surface of the prism.

If characters crack the prism, the glass shatters in a million pieces that drop heavily into the sand. Trapped inside the prism are **3 crystalline succubi** that fly out of the broken shards to attack. The demons have been trapped inside the prism since they failed their demonic master and were sentenced to suffer in the white light of the sun. The red and black light that filters through the prism is a physical manifestation of their anger and hatred as it refracts through the glass. Each succubus is only able to look out at the world once per day, one sees out at dawn, the second at noon, and the third at dusk.



Daochyn

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6) and tail slap (1d6) or tongue (see below)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: desalination, immune to cold, +1 or better weapon to hit, surprise (4 in 6)

Move: 0 (swim 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4x3

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Daochyns (or sea phantoms) are creatures from the Plane of Water that resemble manta-rays in general outline. It is bat-like, with a long, powerful tail and membranous “wings” with which it effortlessly darts through the water. Daochyns are in a constant state of motion and never stop swimming. The mouth of a creature is wide, like a shark’s, and contains multiple rows of razor-sharp serrated teeth. The tip of each wing ends in cruel-looking claws. A typical daochyn is 5 feet long and weighs 150 pounds. In combat, a daochyn lashes out with its tongue. If this attack is successful, the victim must make a saving throw or be grabbed. A daochyn’s tongue wicks away salt and other vital minerals from a living opponent, dealing 1d6 points of damage. The daochyn automatically deals this damage each round until the victim is freed or until at least 6 points of damage is dealt to the tongue (AC 0 [19]). A daochyn holding an opponent with its tongue cannot use its bite attack. Daochyn can alter their coloration to appear almost transparent while in water. This allows it to surprise on a roll of 1–4 on 1d6.

Generally an encounter is with a solitary creature, though some do travel in pods or family units of up to twelve creatures. Sages are not sure how daochyns procreate but encounters with young have been reported (though these encounters could in fact be with smaller adult daochyns rather than young).

Daochyn: HD 8; AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6) and tail slap (1d6) or tongue (see below); Move 0 (swim 18); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** desalination, immune to cold, +1 or better weapon to hit, surprise (4 in 6).

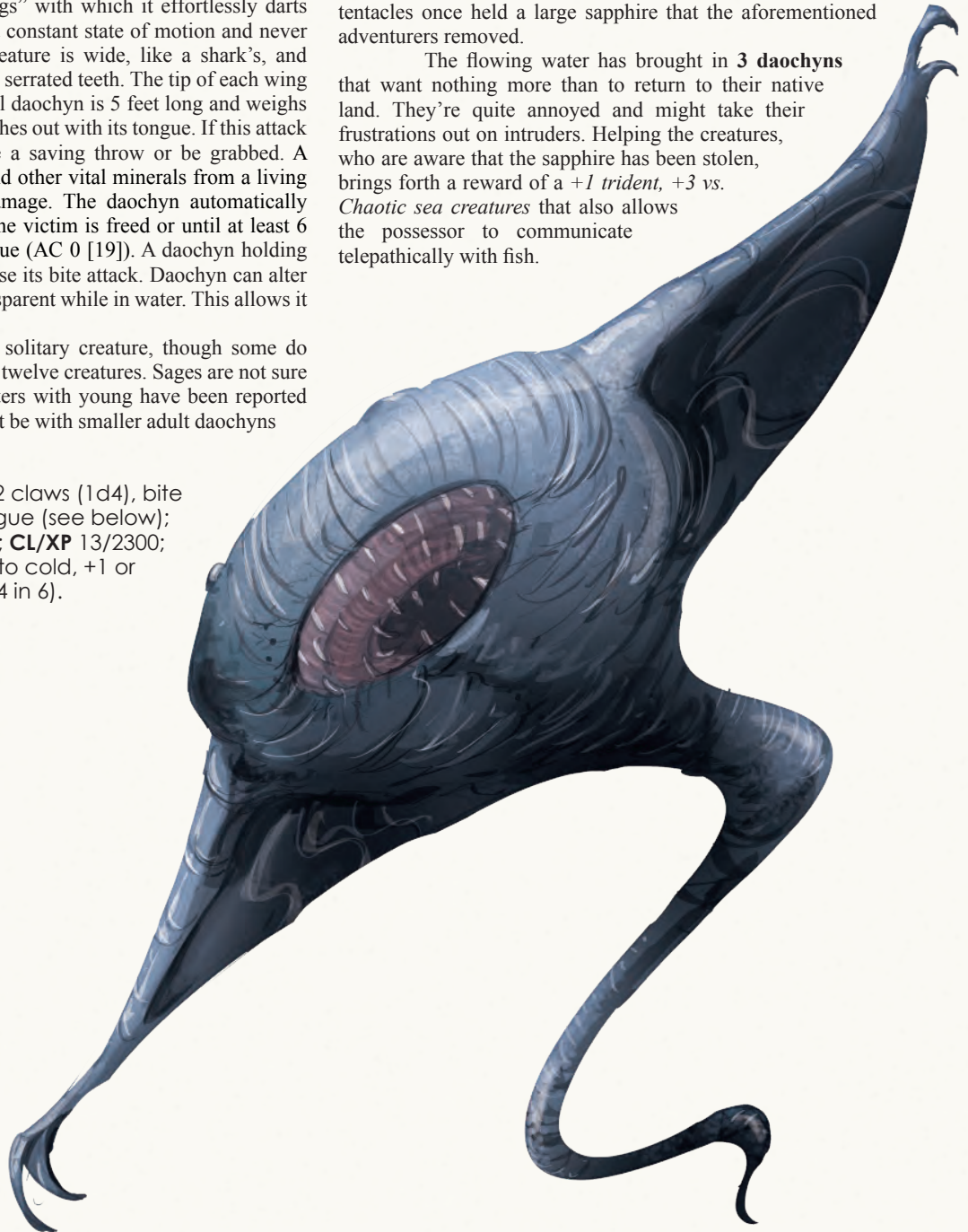
Flowing Home

At a deep level of a dungeon, adventurers might come across two double doors composed of bronze and bearing an engraving of two mermaids armed with tridents. The doors are cool to the touch, and covered with a sheen of moisture.

When opened, one finds a hazy room. The air here appears to be thick and cold; in fact, it is airy water. In the center of the hall, which is about 200 feet long, 80 feet wide and 40 feet tall, there is a column of normal water pouring in from the Plane of Water via a magical pool. The pool was activated by a band of adventurers, who then promptly escaped without “turning off the spigot.” On the ceiling above the water spout is a bas-relief of an octopus. Its eight tentacles come to a point, and these tentacles once held a large sapphire that the aforementioned adventurers removed.

The flowing water has brought in 3 daochyns that want nothing more than to return to their native land. They’re quite annoyed and might take their frustrations out on intruders. Helping the creatures, who are aware that the sapphire has been stolen, brings forth a reward of a +1 trident, +3 vs.

Chaotic sea creatures that also allows the possessor to communicate telepathically with fish.



Dark Custodian

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: touch (1d8 plus drain 1 level)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: devour, incorporeal (hit only by silver or magic weapons), sense life (60 ft.), silence of the grave, sunlight powerlessness, unnatural aura (30 ft.)

Move: 0 (fly 27)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3+1 or 1d6+5

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

Dark custodians are the undead remains of evil clerics tasked to remain behind after death and guard the sacred places of their vile worship. They hate all living things and seek to devour any who come within their guarded precincts. They do not require these feedings for sustenance but rather merely take pleasure in the carnage and brutality. A dark custodian's true form is hidden beneath its ghostly burnoose with a lightless black void where its face should be. Only in combat are its hands seen, appearing pale with thickened, claw-like nails.

A dark custodian can notice and locate living creatures within 60 feet. If a dark custodian hits with its touch, the victim must make a saving throw or be grabbed and held tight. While grappled, the victim becomes incorporeal until he breaks the hold with an Open Doors check or a successful attack against the dark custodian. Once an opponent is grabbed, the dark custodian automatically begins to devour the held victim each round. This devouring takes the form of the victim losing 2 levels per round. Any creature slain in this manner is left a steaming, bloody skeleton, all of its soft tissues having been consumed.

A dark custodian can create a *silence* effect (as the spell) in a 20-ft. radius for 7 rounds. This silent zone gives the dark custodian a +1 bonus to hit, damage and saving throws, as well as imposing a -3 penalty on turn undead checks. Any living creature within the area must make a saving throw or be stunned for 1 round. A new saving throw is allowed each round.

Dark custodians are powerless in natural sunlight (not merely a *light* spell) and flee from it. A dark custodian caught in sunlight cannot attack and loses 1d6 hp per round of exposure.

Animals, whether wild or domesticated, sense the unnatural presence of a dark custodian at a distance of 30 feet. They do not willingly approach nearer than that and panic if forced to do so; they remain panicked as long as they are within that range.

Dark Custodian: HD 14; AC 3 [16];

Atk touch (1d8 plus drain 1 level);

Move 0 (fly 27); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP**

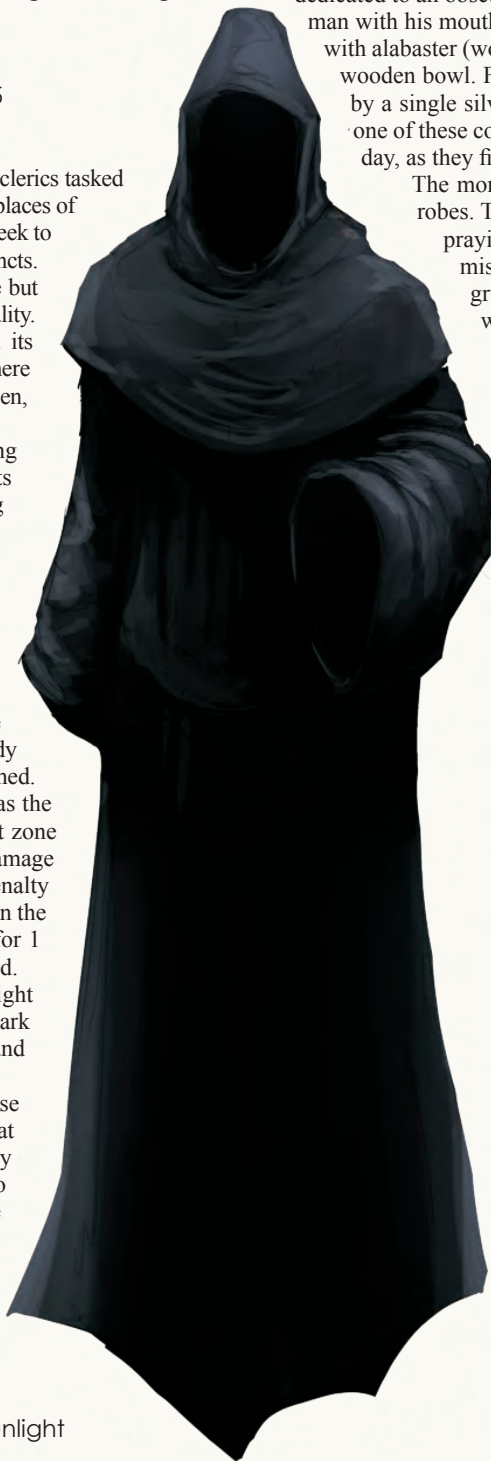
16/3200; **Special:** devour, incorporeal (hit only by silver or magic weapons), sense life (60 ft.), silence of the grave, sunlight powerlessness, unnatural aura (30 ft.).

The Price of Hunger

A black oak door, securely locked, leads into a subterranean monastery. The monastery consists of a number of monk cells and a shrine seemingly dedicated to an obscure god of starvation who appears as a starving old man with his mouth sewn shut. The god's idol here has been covered with alabaster (worth about 500 gp), and it holds in its hands a crude wooden bowl. Food placed in the bowl disappears, to be replaced by a single silver piece bearing an image of the god. Possessing one of these coins saps a person of one point of Constitution each day, as they find themselves unable to eat or digest food.

The monks of the monastery are all starving men in grey robes. They sit in their cells, meditating and moaning, and praying for wisdom and power in exchange for their misery. Their food bowls are filled with acrid black gruel. The monastery's abbott is a **dark custodian**, who dwells in a palatial chamber behind a secret door in the shrine.

The custodian's chambers are richly appointed (at least 1,000 gp worth of furniture, rugs, tapestries, etc.), and features several wooden tables, gorgeously carved and ornamented, holding plates, trenchers, ewers and flagons of almost every kind of food and drink one can imagine. The food is magically generated—when a plate is cleared, a new viand magically appears to replace it.



Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/

Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Deathknight

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: +1 *longsword* (1d8+1)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: command undead, fear, immune to cold and electricity, infuse weapon, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities

Move: 9 (unarmored 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 (rarely 1d4)

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Doomed to devastate the world they once cherished and sought to protect, death knights are the result of damning curses visited upon once noble knights who fell from grace at the moment of death. A lifetime of duty and loyalty becomes forfeit as the undead creature, rising from its grave within days of being laid to rest, is driven by an intense desire to annihilate all life and bring as much harm as it can muster to any within reach. It is the tragedy of the death knight that most remain conscious and aware of their actions within unlife, forever grieving for their actions, past and present, yet unable to withstand the compulsion to destroy.

Death knights have a 75% chance of commanding up to 18 HD of undead creatures within 60 ft. A permanent aura of *fear* (as per the spell) surrounds a death knight. Three times per day, a death knight can channel negative energy through its weapon to deal an additional 5d6 points of damage on a successful attack (save for half). The undead knight can use the following magical abilities: at will—*darkness*, *detect good*, *detect magic*, *detect invisibility*; 1/day—*animate dead*, *protection from good* 10-ft. radius, *symbol of death* or *fear*.

A death knight gains the service of an undead mount (see below). A death knight has a 20% of gaining the service of a grave mount (see the grave mount entry in this book) instead. If a death knight's mount is destroyed, it can summon a new one after one week.

Death Knight: HD 9; AC -1 [20]; Atk +1 *longsword* (1d8+1);

Move 9 (unarmored 12); **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 115/2900;

Special: command undead, fear, immune to cold and electricity, infuse weapon, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, +1 *longsword*, tattered standard.



Undead Horse Mount

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (1d4), 2 hooves (1d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: none

Move: 18

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

An undead mount is a warhorse summoned by a death knight. The gaunt, skeletal equine has glowing red eyes, and black hooves.

Undead Horse Mount: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk bite (1d4), 2 hooves (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none.

Equipment: riding gear, saddle bags.

Clarion Call

A silver trumpet sits among various obscure and unbelievable trinkets in Fadzien's Oddities in Taharath. The trumpet has a bone mouthpiece that radiates extreme cold (1 point of damage to anyone blowing the instrument). Symbols are carved into the bell of the instrument, a ring of letters and runes written in an ancient language that spirals up inside the instrument. Anyone who can read the ancient words (or who casts *read languages*) can understand the message: "If you call to him, he shall answer."

Blowing the trumpet summons a **death knight** who stands watch in the Tomb of the Jaded Disbelievers in a valley north of the Hollow Spire Mountains. The sound of the trumpet echoes on the wind, and the death knight arrives within 2d4 weeks to find the person who called to challenge him (even if that person travels, the death knight can unerringly find him). The knight rides up in a cloud of dust on an undead mount. The knight is cursed to forever answer the call of the trumpet (it was the summons to battle when he was alive, until he betrayed his king), and now wishes nothing more than to snuff the life of the person reminding him of his past glory and ignominious downfall.

Deathstroke Serpent

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: -3 [22]

Attack: bite (3d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: constrict, magic resistance (45%), magical abilities, resists cold, electricity and fire, see invisibility

Move: 9 (climb 9, swim 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 19/4100

Deathstroke serpents are greatly feared predators found dwelling in forests, jungles, marshes, and bogs. Because of their intelligence and cunning they are often worshipped by scaly humanoids as gods or quasi-deities. The deathstroke does nothing to dismiss these beliefs as the worshippers keep it supplied with a steady supply of animal and humanoid sacrifices.

Deathstroke serpents can reach lengths of 50 feet. Colorations may also vary depending on climate and habit, but most deathstrokes are dark green with mottled scales. Deathstroke serpents spend large parts of their days sleeping, being mostly active at night. Prey is often ambushed and killed, and then returned to the deathstroke's lair to be devoured. After feeding, deathstrokes can sleep for up to one week.

A deathstroke serpent attacks by biting and grabbing its opponent. A victim of the bite attack must make a saving throw or be grabbed and constricted each round for automatic bite damage. Deathstroke serpents can see through all forms of invisibility, including natural invisibility. A deathstroke serpent can use the following magical abilities: at will—*detect good*, *detect magic*; 3/day—*lightning bolt*, *protection from good*, 10-ft. *radius*, *wall of fire*; 1/day—*teleport without error*. Deathstroke serpents take half damage from cold, fire and electricity.

Deathstroke Serpent: HD 14; AC -3 [22]; Atk bite (3d6); Move 9 (climb 9, swim 9); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special:** constrict, magic resistance (45%), magical abilities, resists cold, electricity and fire, see invisibility.

Ring My Bell

A divination chamber located on a secret side level of a dungeon beneath Hellhorn Keep holds a terrible trap. The chamber is triangular in shape and holds a small pedestal that supports a *crystal ball*. The pedestal stands upon a rich rug (worth 200 gp), and the walls are hung with velvet curtains (worth 1,000 gp in total). Damask pillows worth about 200 gp are scattered about the chamber.

Behind the velvet hangings are five panels (one wall holds the door into the chamber) that hide desiccated bodies of mummy-priests. These **5 mummies** are animated and, if released, attack. They can grant a *wish* (per the spell) in concert, but only if all are released and only at the ring of a crystal bell, which paralyzes them.

If one touches the crystal ball, a **deathstroke serpent** is summoned into the chamber. A crystal bell is tied to the beast's tail.

Mummy (5): HD 6+4; HP 28, 37, 40x2, 41; AC 3[16]; Atk fist (1d12); Move 6; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** hit only by magic weapons, rot.



Defender Globe

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: electrical bolt (2d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: awareness, immune to electricity, resists cold and fire

Move: 3 (fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Defenders globes are small, glowing orbs that radiate light similar to that of a lantern. Small filaments of electrical energy dance across its illuminated surface. They have all-around vision, and therefore cannot be surprised or backstabbed. This small outsider is bound by magic-users using the *monster summoning III* spell, serving for up to 1 day per caster level. Using more powerful incantations can bind the globes for longer periods (Referee's discretion). Defender globes can understand, but not speak, any language spoken by their summoner. The summoned globes can understand simple orders, and carry out their last order until destroyed or dismissed. Defender globes take half damage from cold and fire.

Defender Globe: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk electrical bolt (2d6); Move 3 (fly 15); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** awareness, immune to electricity, resists cold and fire.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk* (© Frog God Games, 2012)

The Silver Prison

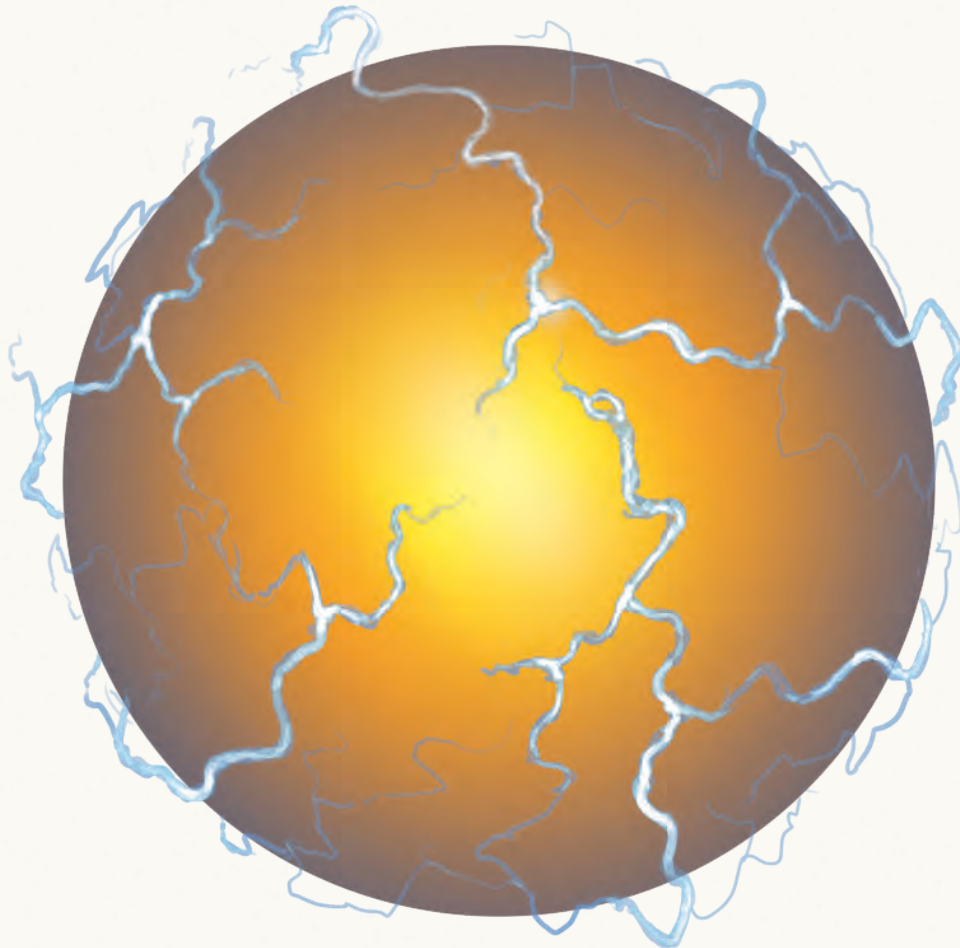
A mine shaft in a dungeon is blocked by bars of alchemical silver traced with fleeting, elegant glyphs that run about the bars like wriggling snakes. These bars rise when touched by a Lawful creature, though the glyphs flow from the bars up their arms to "tattoo" their body. Any evil act perpetrated by the character while beyond the bars is met with an electrical shock for 1d6 points of damage (no save).

Beyond the bars, the mine branches off into several galleries, all of which have been turned into a dungeon for demons and other powerful, vile creatures. The dungeon is guarded by **15 defender globes**. A silvery pool in one of the galleries holds an ornate silver mirror that, if struck with electricity, summons **3 empyreal angels** called to aid the defender globes in case of a situation they cannot handle on their own.

The demons interred here are of the lesser variety, as are most of the mortal prisoners. The galleries contain small cells with iron doors that are locked and barred. Within the cells, the prisoners are bound by chains and manacles of alchemical silver that suppress their magical powers.

One of the prisoners is an extra-dimensional wizard, Bajohng, a giant, intelligent mantis who is a 12th-level Magic-User. He holds a secret incantation that is imprinted into his mind. This incantation alone can release the Dawn Kingdom from the imprisoning mists of Baal-Shuggoth, though this is not common knowledge.

Empyreal Angels (3): HD 12; HP 77, 71, 79; AC -1 [20]; Atk weapon (2d6); Move 15 (fly 25); Save 3; AL L; CL/XP 15/2,900; **Special:** immune to acid, cold and petrification, radiant blast, resists electricity and fire, spell-like abilities.



Demon, Ciratto

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: -5 [24]

Attack: heavy mace (2d6), 4 snakes (1d6 plus poison), 2 hooves (1d6) or longbow x2 (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (60%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists acid, cold and fire, see invisibility, summon demon (20%)

Move: 21

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 25/5900

Ciratto demons are centaur-like demons with the lower torso of a black horse and the upper torso of a dark-skinned demon. Its head sports two large gray horns and its mouth is lined with small needle-like teeth. Four large poisonous dark mottled vipers grow from its back. A ciratto demon stands over 8 feet tall and weighs around 2,500 pounds.

Ciratto demons are bred for combat, and as such are often found leading other demonic troops in battle. Cirattos can be found on any of the outer planes in the employ of numerous lords and nobles. When not carrying out the orders of their master, they often spend their time hunting lesser demons and adventurers foolish enough to wander into the outer planes. Ciratto demons attack with an array of weapons including maces, morningstars and spiked clubs. In combat, they quickly close ranks with their opponents after unleashing a barrage of magical abilities so they can use their hooves and poisonous snakes. This poison inflicts an additional 1d4 points of damage (save avoids). Slain foes are usually devoured immediately. Ciratto demons can see through invisibility. They are always under the effect of a *protection from good*, 10-ft. radius spell. Ciratto demons can use the following magical abilities: at will—*call lightning*, *dispel magic*, *slow*, *teleport*; 1/day—*unholy word*. Once per day, a ciratto demon can attempt to summon another ciratto demon with a 20% chance of success.

Ciratto Demon: HD 15; AC -5 [24]; **Atk** heavy mace (2d6), 4 snakes (1d6 plus poison), 2 hooves (1d6) or longbow x2 (2d6); **Move** 21;

Save 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 25/5900; **Special:** immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (60%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists acid, cold and fire, see invisibility, summon demon (20%).

Equipment: heavy mace or morningstar, longbow, 20 arrows.



Siege Perilous

A great siege rages here, with a citadel of gold that overlooks a celestial wood surrounded by an army of hordelings led by the **ciratto demon Khorvax**. The citadel's gleaming walls are stained with ichor, and one of the walls has nearly been breached by a battery of hell-cannon. In all, Khorvax commands 30 hordelings and a battery of three hell-cannon.

The citadel is defended by **defender globes** and the celestial general Yhoriel of Luna, a **chalkydri angel**. Yhoriel has been gravely wounded, and is nearly out of healing. One of his hands is now a stump encased in a +1 *gauntlet*. He and his troops guard the Amulet of Asar-Ro, an artifact dredged from the silty seas of the Moon in elder times.

Demon, Kytha

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8) and tongue (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists acid, cold and fire, summon demon (40%)

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 17/3500

Kytha are lesser demons found throughout the various layers of the Abyss. Kytha are often employed by the Abyssal dukes and nobles as ground troops and soldiers in their battles against one another and against interlopers from other planes. The kytha's love of blood and battle greatly enhances their usefulness in the eyes of many of the Abyssal nobility. When not serving in the rank-and-file of some Abyssal noble's army, these monsters are found roaming the various Abyssal planes hunting and tracking down food, which to a kytha is just about anything it can catch and kill. It has a great fondness for the flesh of minor demons (dretch, for example) and humans. Captured prey is usually devoured on the spot; rarely does a kytha kill something and save it for later.

The kytha stand about 7 feet tall and weigh around 300 pounds. Its skin is usually blue-black or solid black, and its eyes red. The fin-like spines running down its back are coal black. Upon entering combat, a kytha often frightens its opponents as it seemingly changes into a mindless killing machine; roaring and growling, drooling and hissing, as it circles its prey. A kytha attacks with its wickedly-sharp claws and with its envenomed tongue. Those struck by the tongue must make a saving throw or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds. A kytha demon can use the following magical abilities: at will—*darkness*, *teleport*; 3/day—*hold person*, *silence*. Once per day, a kytha demon can attempt to summon another kytha demon (40% chance of success).

Kytha Demon: HD 9; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8) and tongue (1d6 plus poison); Move 15; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 17/3500; **Special:** immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists acid, cold and fire, summon demon (40%).

Where Bored Demons Dwell

This dungeon contains a redoubt of kytha demons, left over from some forgotten front in the war between Law and Chaos. Just **3 kytha demons** remain, as most have been summoned away over the years. The trio are bored out of their minds, and have taken to making forays out of their protected vaults to plunder the dungeon environment. Their hoard is worth about 10,000 gold pieces at this point, and includes not only coins but also a *magic bow*, the arrows of which, if they strike normal, fertile ground, spring up into entangling vines, an emerald green kilt that gives all who wear it a saucy Scottish brogue, a locket of blue-steel that contains a lock of angel hair (actual hair, not the pasta), a suit of +1 *ring mail* made of platinum coins and a suit of +2 *leather armor* covered with silver bells that jingle whenever evil approaches within 120 feet.



Demon, Tatarux

Hit Dice: 13

Armor Class: -4 [23]

Attack: 2 claws (2d6 plus bleed) and bite (2d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: bleed, immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists acid, cold and fire

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d2 plus 1d4+1 vrock

Challenge Level/XP: 21/4700

The bestial tatarux spends its days roaming the outer planes, always on the hunt. A tatarux stands 12 feet tall and weighs just over 4,000 pounds. Its body is dark, usually black, and its fur is always black and often caked with the dried blood of those it has slain. These demons are manifested from the souls of murders and cold-blooded killers who died without remorse. This ferocious creature relishes the blood of battle and the cries of its enemies as they fall to this monstrous creature. Though they can be found on any Chaotic plane, they prefer ones with mires and swamps or overgrown jungles. These planes offer more places for their enemies to hide, and more excitement when the tatarux hunts them down and finally slays them. Though quite intelligent, the tatarux prefers to embrace its animalistic side and is rarely found leading other demons. Most of their time is spent hunting, feeding, or resting. They do have an affinity for vrock and both races can often be found hunting together.

Tatarux demons charge into combat first by unleashing an *unholy word* (reverse of *holy word* spell). Creatures left standing are put to the tatarux's claws and ripped to pieces. Victims struck by a tatarux demon's claws must make a saving throw or bleed for 1d6 points of damage per round until their wounds are bound or they receive magical healing. A tatarux demon can use the following magical abilities: at will—*detect good*, *dispel magic*, *teleport*; 3/day—*unholy word*, *strength*; 1/day—*fire storm*, *haste*. Once per day, a tatarux demon can attempt to summon another tatarux demon with a 25% chance of success.

Tatarux Demon: HD 13; AC -4 [23]; Atk 2 claws (2d6 plus bleed) and bite (2d8); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 21/4700; Special: bleed, immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists acid, cold and fire.

Where the Pale Ferns Grow

A greased chute in a dungeon leads down to a steamy cavern filled with pale white ferns and sickly green columns of stone carved in the shape of jungle trees that run from floor to ceiling. This cavern is the hunting ground of a bound tatarux demon called **Wark-Zar the Younger**.

Three glowing red globes float about the cavern, about 5 to 10 feet above the floor. One of these globes holds an iron amulet that binds the demon here. The

other two steal 1d4 levels from any Lawful creature that touches them, 1d3 levels from Neutrals and 1d2 levels from Chaotics. This stolen energy is what powers the growing ferns.

The arch-summoner Zankratz the Violet hid the petrified form of his lady love, Queen Astrid, in this jungle, covering her body with thick **assassin vines**. The queen wore 3,000 gp worth of golden jewelry, and also had in her possession Zankratz's favorite grimoire, the one bound in tooled purple worm leather and penned with fiendish squid ink and sewn with golden hairs plucked from the beard of the Bear Lord of the Auriferous Wood.

Assassin Vine: HD 7; HP 38; AC 5[14]; Atk vine (1d6+1); Move 1; Save 9; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; Special: animate plants.



Demonic Mist

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: touch (3d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: gaseous, immune to acid and cold, magic resistance (30%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, psychic crush, resist fire, vulnerable to wind

Move: 0 (fly 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Indigenous to the planes of Chaos, demonic mists occasionally make their way into the world through unholy rites performed by insane clerics or magic-users seeking forbidden lore. Oddly, on this plane, demonic mists are drawn to and most often encountered in areas of consecrated ground, such as graveyards, temples, and holy sites. Demonic mists have voracious appetites and always seem to be on the hunt. They are carnivorous creatures devouring just about anything they came across. Once a demonic mist slays its prey, it moves over the body and rapidly digests it, draining blood and body fluids, and leaving nothing more than a dried husk. A demonic mist's semi-solid body is composed of a strange, sickly green and ever-shifting mist. It can change its color to a semi-translucent whitish smoke, thereby blending in and hiding in areas of normal fog and mist. When hiding in this way, a demonic mist seeks to quickly close ground with its target and attack from ambush, unleashing its psychic crush and enervating attacks at the closest and strongest opponents. Because it is gaseous, a demonic mist can pass through small holes, even cracks, without reducing its speed. It cannot enter water or other liquid. It cannot manipulate objects, and it is vulnerable to wind. Creatures inside the mist must make a saving throw or suffer 1d6 points of damage; the demonic mist heals a like amount of damage. Three times per day, a demonic mist can attempt to crush the mind of a single creature within 40 ft. The target takes 2d6 points of damage (save avoids) and becomes sickened for 1d4+1 rounds, suffering a -1 penalty to hit, damage and saving throws. A demonic mist can use the following magical abilities: at will—*detect magic*; 1/day—*fear*, *confusion*.

Demonic Mist: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk touch (3d6); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** gaseous, immune to acid and cold, magic resistance (30%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, psychic crush, resist fire, vulnerable to wind.

Toad Tunes

There is a shrine located on the 6th level of a dungeon. The shrine's walls are lined with goggle-eyed toad bas-reliefs in black-bronze. These toads have wide open mouths. The shrine contains an organ that, when played, sends hideous and discordant tones from the mouths of the toad sculptures.

The shrine also contains a sacrificial altar stained with blood and sundry other fluids. The shrine actually rotates, dropping people who sit or stand on it into a lower treasure chamber filled with the skeletons of past adventurers, **10 zombies** (sacrificial victims judging by their silk loincloths and ochre body paint). The hoard contains 4,632 sp, 755 gp, and a moonstone worth 600 gp that once spent a significant amount of time in the belly of a demonic wolf. If the altar is tripped, it spins, drops people into the chamber, and then seals tight, trapping them within until 24 hours have passed.

Upon the organ are a few pages of sheet music. Playing the sheet music causes the sacrificial altar to become ethereal, thus making it possible to enter and exit the treasure chamber at will, and also releases a **demonic mist** from the mouths of the toads.

Devil, Dantalion (Duke of Hell)

Hit Dice: 23 (110 hp)

Armor Class: -9 [28]

Attack: +4 mace (2d6+4) and tail sting (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: darkvision 120 ft., immune to fire and poison, magic resistance (60%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists acid and cold, see *invisibility*

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 36/9200

Dantalion is a Duke of Hell and commands 30 legions of barbed devils in service to Baalzebul, Lord of the Seventh Hell. He is a highly charismatic creature and rules by wits and wile more than by might and power. Those who know him however, know he is capable of much more than he appears, and none, especially those serving him, dare cross him. Dantalion appears to be a handsome human with deep reddish-brown skin, dark hair, and fiery yellow eyes. He stands about 9 feet tall and wears robes of gold and black. His small black horns and snake-like barbed tail betray its true origins. The poison sting on his tail injects a lethal poison that kills in 1d8 rounds (save avoids).

Dantalion once served as viceroy to Lucifer, millennia ago when Lucifer ruled the Nine Hells. When the battle for rulership came, Dantalion first showed loyalty to his master and fought against the armies of Asmodeus and Mephistopheles. Feeling the tide turning, Dantalion betrayed Lucifer at crucial moment in the war and switched allegiances, forever pledging fealty to Asmodeus. When the war ended, Asmodeus rewarded him by appointing him Duke under Baalzebul. Lucifer, now an outcast, would like nothing more than to see Dantalion's devilish smile wiped from his face and his head at the end of Alastor's greataxe.

Dantalion can use the following magical abilities: at will—*detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *ESP*, *fireball*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, *magic jar*, *mass charm*, *power word blind*, *protection from evil* 10-ft. radius, *suggestion*, *teleport*, *unholy word*, *wall of fire*, *web*; 3/day—*heat metal*, *meteor swarm*, *phantasmal force*, *polymorph other*; 1/day—*power word kill*.

Once per day, Dantalion can summon 1d8 barbed devils with a 100% chance of success, or 1d4 pit fiends with a 90% chance of success.

Dantalion's fortified black stone keep rests atop a craggy mountain within the seventh Hell. Many barbed devils guard the only passage leading to his castle, killing any who do not have Dantalion's permission to traverse the road. A large company of barbed devils, rumored to be several hundred in number, make their home beneath the keep. There they stand guard, awaiting Dantalion's orders should the castle walls ever be sieged.

Dantalion, Duke of Hell: HD 23; HP 110; AC -9 [28]; Atk +4 mace (2d6+4) and tail sting (1d6 plus poison); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 36/9200; Special: darkvision 120 ft., immune to fire and poison, magic resistance (60%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists acid and cold, see *invisibility*.

Equipment: gold and black robes, +4 mace.

The Mansion of Masks

Duke Dantalion dwells in a palace seemingly formed of beating, black hearts that randomly spray fiendish ichor and set up a discordant throbbing that tends to give non-devils headaches and sometimes (if a saving throw is failed) slight nausea.

Within this palace, he has a great throne room many poor souls have had the misfortune to visit. This throne room is circular, about 40 feet in diameter, with a ceiling 60 feet above the floor. In the center of the room

stands the throne of Dantalion, a chair of obsidian on a basalt platform that is rotated by 20 **lemures** who are chained to poles that jut from the circular platform. Red light shines from the ceiling of the throne room, emitted from a portal of mist from which Dantalion can summon lesser demons, the souls of dead, evil mortals interred in Hell, and through which he can travel to other dimensions.

Atop the platform, next to the throne, stands Dantalion's scribe, a Chaotic **janni** named Velspax, and his consort, a female **efreeti** with a lovely form but monstrous face, named Zatima.

The walls of Dantalion's throne room are hung with thousands of masks. The faces on these masks shift in appearance constantly, and on Dantalion's command. The masks appear to be made of flowing copper, and they reveal the inner soul of living mortals. Dantalion can look into the eyes of these masks to read people's thoughts and attempt to induce them to sin.

Lemure Demon (20): HD 3; AC 7[12]; Atk claw (1d3); Move 3; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; Special: regenerate (1hp/round).

Efreeti: HD 10; HP 46; AC 2[17]; Atk fist or longsword (1d8+5); Move 9 (fly 24); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: wall of fire.

Equipment: longsword.

Janni: HD 6; HP 25; AC 3[16]; Atk weapon (1d8+4); Move 12 (fly 24); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: genie powers.



Devouring Mist

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: 2 slams (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: blood drain, create spawn, immune to weapons, magic resistance (50%)

Move: 0 (fly 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

These drifting nightmares resemble clouds of dark red vapor, normally about 10 feet in diameter, though they can reshape their body and slip through even the smallest of cracks with ease. Devouring mists are undead composed of equal parts blood and malice, wedded together by negative energy. When they strike, they engulf their enemies and draw the blood from their bodies. A devouring mist is gaseous, and therefore can pass through small areas, such as cracks under doors, but it cannot pass through solid matter. Devouring mists are utterly silent.

Devouring mists drift looking for living prey to feed on and torment and are possessed of a malicious cunning. They are quite capable of blending into mists so as to take their prey unaware. They may also follow creatures for a time and attack when they are distracted or preoccupied. A devouring mist may stalk its prey over hours or even days, striking again and again, in effect milking them of blood. When they do strike, they surround their enemies and draw their blood from their bodies. On a successful attack, the devouring mist deals 2d6 points of damage as it pulls the blood out of its victim's body through the skin. For every point so drained, the devouring mist regains 1 hp. Creatures without blood are immune to the blood draining attack. If a victim is reduced to 0 hp due to the devouring mist's blood drain, the blood from the victim's body forms into a new devouring mist in 1d4 rounds. Further, the victim's corpse rises as a vampire in 1d4 days unless the remains are blessed before this rising.

Devouring mists are immune to non-magical weapons, and take half damage from magical weapons.

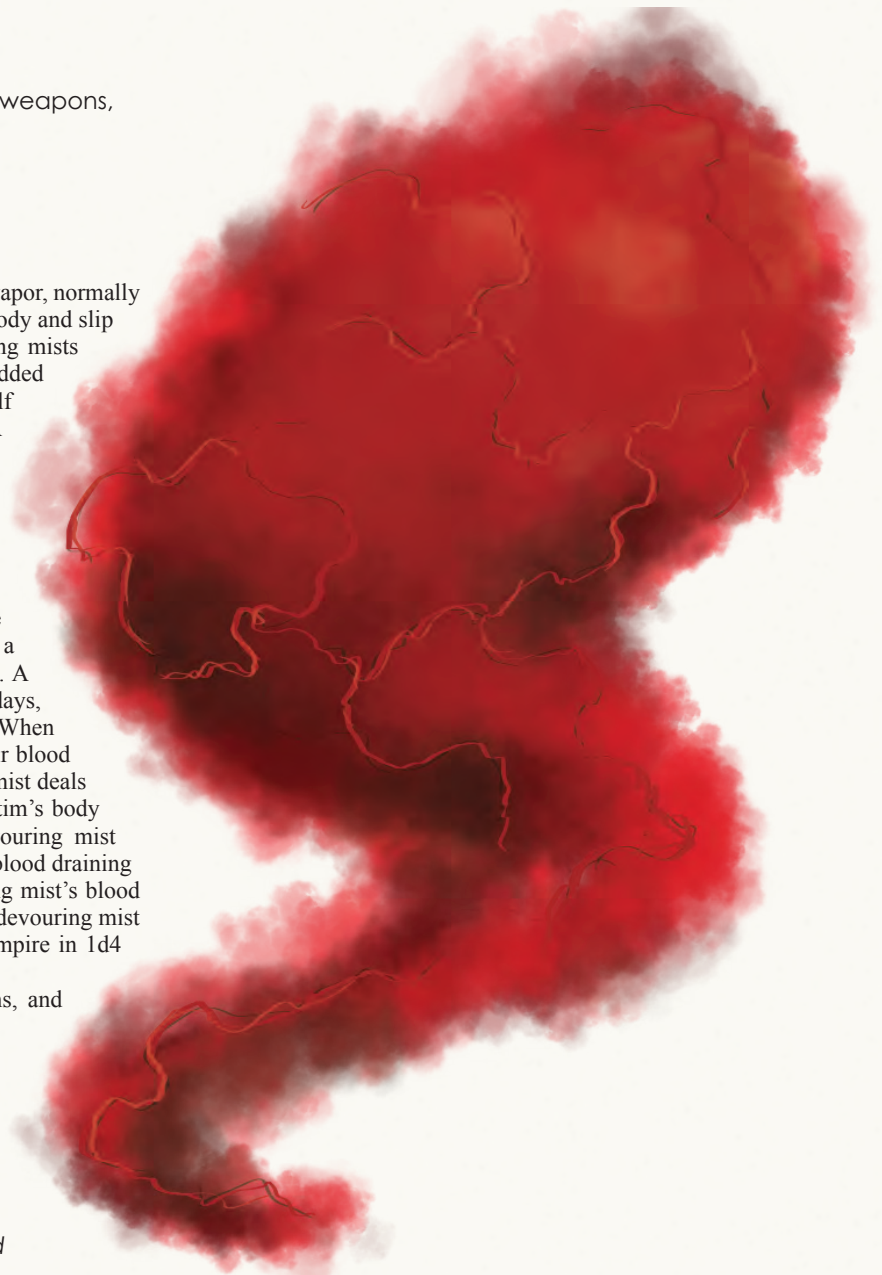
Devouring Mist: HD 14; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 slams (2d6); Move 0 (fly 15); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** blood drain, create spawn, immune to weapons, magic resistance (50%).

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded*
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Miner Mistake

Amid a bleak landscape of smelly fens and gravel scarps is a work pit. The pit was once a mine for green garnets. The quarry-men, in their excavations, unearthed a clay seal that they accidentally shattered. This released a **devouring mist** into the pit, which killed the workers and left the place abandoned. The pit still holds a number of barrels filled with ore. The ore, if processed, contains green garnets worth about 5,500 gp.



Dinosaur, Euparkeria

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: none

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d3+1 or 1d8+4

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Euparkeria is a nocturnal carnivore, feeding on insects and small game. When moving, it usually moves on all fours; however, when running or in combat, it stands and fights on its back legs. A euparkeria can reach lengths of 3 feet or more, with gray or grayish-green skin coloration. They have long snouts and mouths filled with needle-like teeth. When attacking prey, the euparkeria stands on its hind legs and attacks with a vicious bite. Its front legs feature a small thumb-like claw that it uses to slash opponents.

Much like other small dinosaurs, by itself the euparkeria doesn't pose much of a threat. In large numbers however, they can easily catch and kill prey much larger than themselves.

Euparkeria: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d4); Move 15; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; Special: none.

Lily-Loving Lizards

A glowing globe of swirling greens and golds floats in a dungeon or some other landscape. As one speaks, the globe becomes larger, and very quickly. Touching the globe causes the landscape around the party to become a forest of lilies the size of trees. Strange insects crawl and fly through this landscape—larger than normal insects, but not so large that they threaten humanoids. The insects are preyed upon by packs of **euparkeria**, who range through the weird forest and attack in groups of 1d4+2, new groups arriving every 3d6 minutes.

An acidic river flows around the landscape, bearing the color of absinthe and in which one can just make out humanoid shapes swimming under the surface in the manner of sharks. A single bridge spans this moat, and this bridge is guarded by a great, warty **troll** wearing an executioner's hood and carrying a giant double axe. Crossing this bridge is the only way one can escape from the weird demi-plane of lilies.

Troll: HD 6+3; HP 49; AC 4[15]; Atk axe (2d8) or 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; Special: regenerate 3 hp/round.

Equipment: executioner's hood, giant axe.



Dinosaur, Gorgosaurus

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (3d6 plus swallow whole)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: none

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

A gorgosaurus is about 28 feet long from snout to tail and weighs almost 6,000 pounds. Its coloration can vary from dark shades of green to various shades of gray. Its diet consists of anything it can catch and kill, including large animals such as mastodons and mammoths, brontosauruses, and other such creatures. A gorgosaurus's tactics are simple: charge, bite, swallow. If a gorgosaurus rolls a natural 20 to hit with its bite attack it swallows the target whole. The victim takes 2d6 points of damage—half from acid—per round until killed (save for half).

Gorgosaurus: HD 14; AC 0 [19];

Atk bite (3d6 plus swallow whole); **Move** 15; **Save** 3;

AL C; **CL/XP** 14/2600;

Special: none.

Fresh Meat

There exists a landscape of gently rolling hills covered by a carpet of blue grass and a few copses of spiky plants the color of jade. Over this weird landscape float dozens of giant, granite megaliths. Each megalith is carved with runes that tell of various ancient legends concerning a pantheon of gods and goddesses, and the gentle civilization that worshipped them. Neither the pantheon nor the civilization is familiar to even the most knowledgeable sage in the land. Gods and people have been completely forgotten, perhaps through dark magical arts. Nonetheless, the legends, if true, would place their great cities and temples within this land of rolling hills.

Though the ruins of this forgotten civilization are hard to find, the **3 gorgosauruses** that hunt here are not. They lord it over an ecosystem of plant-eating dinosaurs that graze on the blue grasses, but they're always eager for a new dining experience.



Dinosaur, Nothosaurus

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: hold breath

Move: 6 (swim 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

A nothosaurus is about 13 feet long and grayish-blue in color. When swimming, it uses its webbed feet, fin-like tail, and powerful legs to propel it through the water. It sustains itself on a diet of fish, seals, walruses, and other marine animals. The nothosaurus breathes air and moves slowly on land, rarely venturing far away from the shoreline. When not hunting, a nothosaurus often suns itself on large rocks. Nothosaurus is an ambush hunter, moving quietly through the water as it sneaks up on its prey. As the nothosaurus draws closer, it closes rapidly and grabs the prey with its powerful jaws. A nothosaurus can hold its breath for up to an hour-and-a-half.

Nothosaurus: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 6 (swim 15); Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: hold breath.

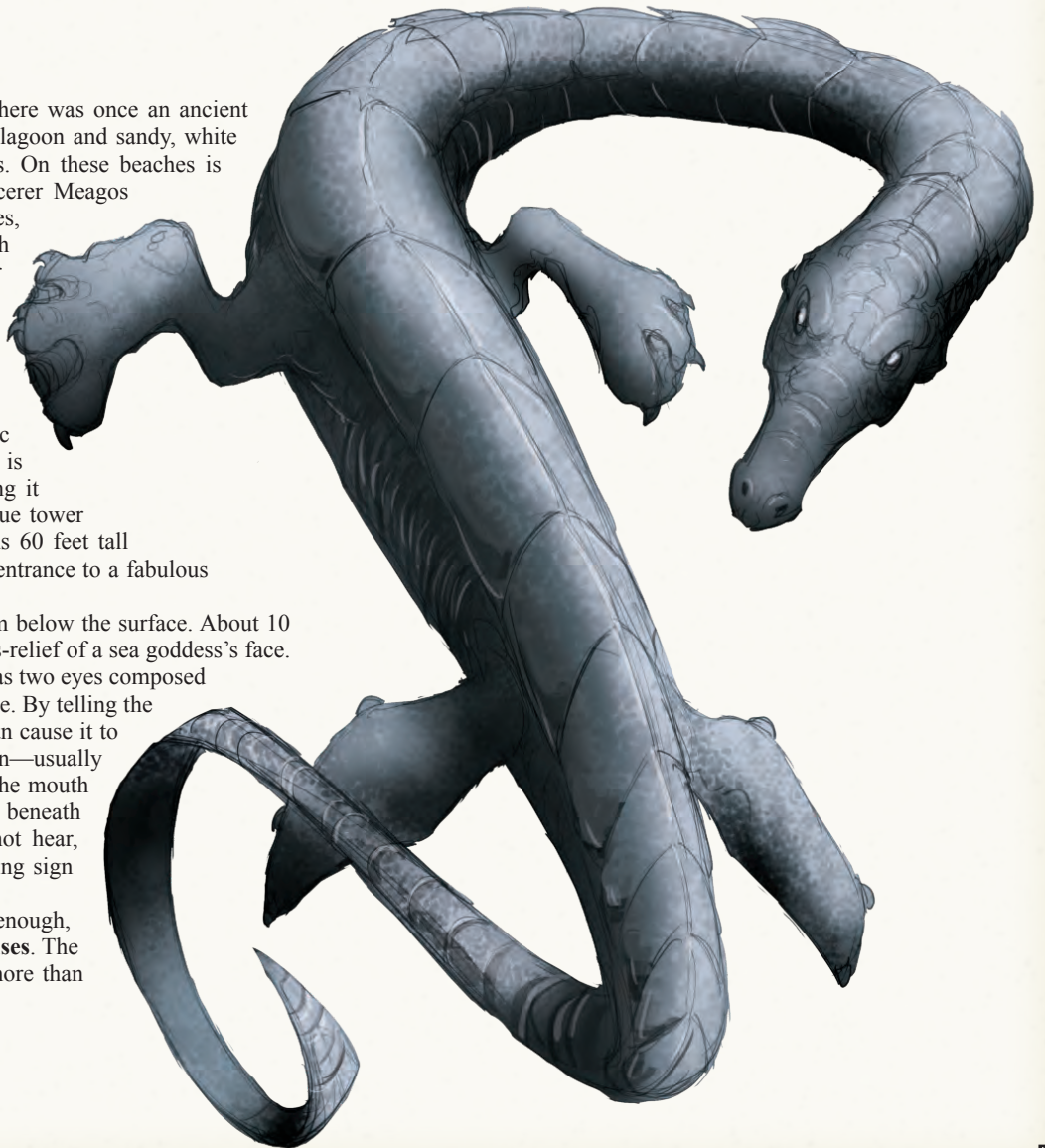
Make Me Laugh

On a rocky coast with a single inlet, there was once an ancient civilization of elves. The inlet leads to a lagoon and sandy, white beaches shadowed by great cypress trees. On these beaches is situated the little grass shack of the sorcerer Meagos (MU6), a short fellow with large eyes, an even larger nose and a rather stylish mustache and mutton-chops. The sorcerer dresses in a loincloth (not a pleasant sight, given his spindly legs and pot belly) and can usually be found lazing about in front of his shack, a pot of boiling shrimp on a fire nearby, a wineskin even nearer.

Meagos' one great possession is a magic staff. The staff is tied to the beach, and is quite worthless anywhere else. By striking it against the sands, Meagos can cause a blue tower to rise from the lagoon. The tower stands 60 feet tall and is about 20 feet in diameter. It is the entrance to a fabulous dungeon!

The only way to enter the tower is from below the surface. About 10 feet below the surface of the water is a bas-relief of a sea goddess's face. The face is about 6 feet in diameter, and has two eyes composed of great emeralds that shine with divine fire. By telling the face a good joke or a clever riddle, one can cause it to open its mouth and literally suck people in—usually 1d4 people manage to make it in before the mouth closes again. Since one cannot speak beneath the waves, and since the bas-relief cannot hear, one must perform their joke or riddle using sign language or some form of pantomime.

While making a statue laugh is hard enough, the tower is also guarded by 3 nothosauruses. The beasts patrol the lagoon, and are never more than 1d4+1 rounds away.



Dinosaur, Podokesaurus

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 claws (1d2) and bite (1d3)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: none

Move: 21

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d8+4 or 1d12+12

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Podokesaurus are small, swift-footed pack hunters that feast on a diet of meat, often attacking much-larger prey. In such instances, they use their overwhelming numbers to bring their quarry down. An adult podokesaurus stands about 1 foot tall and is around 3 feet long. Its long tail acts as a counterweight to keep it upright when it is running at a high rate of speed. Skin color varies slightly, but is usually varying shades of browns and grays. Its teeth are curved and serrated to aid in tearing meat. A lone podokesaurus isn't much of a threat, especially to larger opponents. In large numbers however, these creatures become extremely dangerous, using pack and swarming tactics to attack. Prey that attempts to escape is easily run down by the swarming podokesaurus.

Podokesaurus: HD 1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d2) and bite (1d3); Move 21; Save 17; AL C; CL/XP 1/15; Special: none.

Blood Basin

Many packs of **podokesauruses** dwell amid a landscape of gray-green grasses and large, pink agaves that support 20- to 30-ft.-tall flower stalks. These flower stalks feed giant hummingbirds (about the size of eagles). Adventurers exploring this land encounter packs of 1d4+1 of the little dinosaurs on a roll of 1 on 1d6 attempted once per 10 minutes.

The landscape is run through with hundreds of narrow, shadowy crevasses. The sides of these crevasses are slick with blood that oozes from the soil and drains into rivulets that eventually form a red river that itself flows into a normal river. The red river abounds with freshwater sharks.

One of these crevasses holds a simple trapdoor stuck into the ground, a trapdoor that leads to adventures beneath the earth!



Dobie

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: longsword (1d8)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: alter size, summon animals, vulnerable to fire

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality (Lawful tendencies)

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Dobies are forest creatures believed by some to be the offspring of a spriggan and a dryad, though most learned sages brush this off as simple folklore. They are generally good-natured creatures and aid Lawful or Neutral creatures in need. Dobies build their homes deep within the forests they protect. Though their homes are generally secluded so prying eyes don't disturb them, they always fashion them in such a way that allows the dobie to keep a watchful eye on its domain at all times. Creatures they encounter destroying their forests or slaughtering its denizens are attacked almost immediately without question. Dobies stand about 5 feet tall but can alter their size to attain heights of 10 feet. They dress in brightly colored clothes and overcoats of green, brown, red, and tan. Dobies can live to be 600 years old, generally reaching maturity around age 100. At will, dobies can summon forest creatures to its aid.

At dobie can double in size at will. Weapons, armor, and other objects on the dobie's person grow proportionally when it changes sizes, with objects reverting to normal size one round after a dobie releases them. When a dobie becomes large, its speed increases to 15, it gains 2 hit dice, a +2 bonus to hit and damage and suffers a -2 penalty to AC (i.e. AC 4 [15]). A dobie can use this ability only in its natural environment. If a dobie leaves its natural environment while enlarged, it immediately reverts to its normal size. Additionally, an enlarged dobie that takes 6 or more points of fire damage immediately reverts to its normal size. It cannot enlarge itself again for 3 rounds after being hit by fire.

Dobie: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk longsword (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** alter size, summon animals, vulnerable to fire.

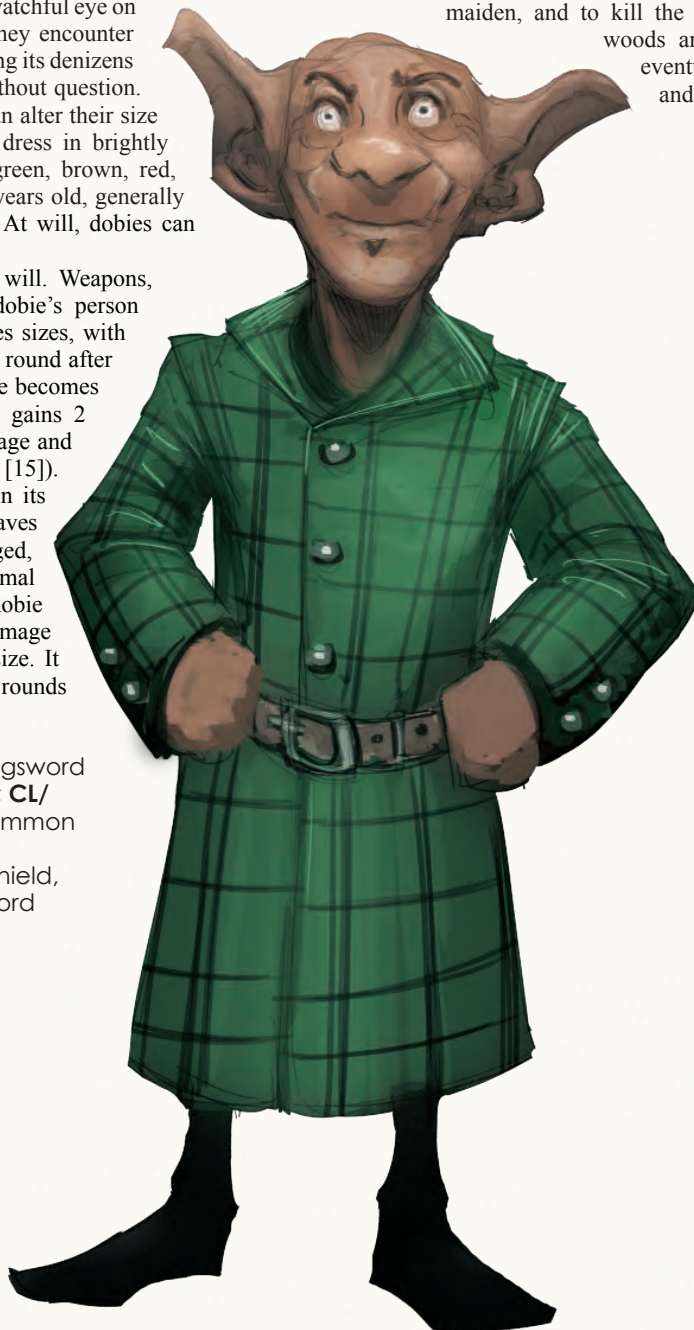
Equipment: chain mail, shield, colorful clothing, longsword

The Elfking's Lodge

While venturing through a dark wood, adventures might come upon a hunting lodge. The lodge is well-built, with ornate features around the door and windows. The door is open, and upon entering one might discover that the place has recently been abandoned. Torches have been left burning and there is food on the tables. One wall of the lodge is marred by a weird scrawl, apparently in blood, that reads "DOB."

A bearskin before the hearth hides a trapdoor that is barred from below. A wounded human knight, Astros, and his elfin maid, Melindra, hide in the cellar. They possess a small coffer of silver coins that also contains a magic amulet stolen by the elf woman from the Elfking's palace. The amulet allows one to control the trees and plants of the forest, and it protects people from the touch and the special abilities of the fey.

The Elfking sent a troupe of **7 dobies** to retrieve the amulet and the maiden, and to kill the human knight. The dobies hide in the woods around the lodge, hoping the runaways eventually emerge that they may be attacked and plundered.



Domovoi

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: short sword (1d6) and bite (1d4) or 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: backstab (x2), knocker spirit, magic resistance (20%), magical abilities, telekinesis

Move: 12 (climb 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Domovoi are wicked fey found at the forests' edge, in underground caves, and in small cities and towns, usually dwelling in ruined buildings or in attics and crawlspaces of occupied residences. Domovoi stand just over 2 feet tall and weigh around 60 pounds. Their clothes are usually dirty and smelly, but other than that seem to be well kept (no holes, no tears, for example). The creature's hair is dark and wildly unkempt. Males have long dirty beards the same color as their hair. No females or young domovoi have been encountered. They are capricious and violent creatures and take great delight in inflicting harm on those who cross them, and sometimes on those who don't. A domovoi killed by violence rises in 1 hour as a poltergeist. Domovoi attack from ambush, startling their opponents with sudden attacks and catching them unaware. A favored tactic is to stay hidden and assault a target with random objects through the use of its telekinesis (per the *telekinesis* spell, usable at will). Domovoi can also use the following magical abilities: 3/day—*heat metal*, *sleep*.

Domovoi: HD 4; AC 1 [18]; Atk short sword (1d6) and bite (1d4) or 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d4); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** backstab (x2), knocker spirit, magic resistance (20%), magical abilities, telekinesis.

Equipment: leather clothing, short sword.



Food Hall Feud

A dungeon holds a great feast hall swathed in pitch blackness. The blackness is not just caused by a lack of light, but by the black flames that burn in the two great hearths in the hall. Normal light can barely penetrate this magical darkness. These black flames radiate cold, which is quite intense when one draws close to them. They can only be doused by salt. Platters and trenchers float about the hall carried by invisible servants. These plates hold steaming piles of orcish delights and goblets of wretched wine.

Attached to the feast hall is a pantry (which contains two barrels of salt, as well as other foodstuffs) and an empty kitchen. The fire pit in the kitchen also burns with a black flame.

A secret door in the feast hall reveals a spiral stair that leads down to a morgue and crypts. The crypts hold the royal orcs of the dungeon, including Salty Scabber, an orc pirate of great renown in the eastern seas. Sacking these tombs, which are loaded with traps and undead, could take some time.

Before one can sack the tombs, though, they have to get past the feast hall's guardians. Dwelling in the hall are 2 domovoi that divide the chamber between themselves and fighting furiously if one steps a toe on the other's side. They team up, though, to attack and kill adventurers. The orcs of the dungeon rarely come here, but when they do they bring gifts for the domovoi to avoid any trouble.

Dracohydra

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 5 bites (2d6)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: breath weapons (5), immune to surprise and back stabs, regenerate head, resists acid, cold, electricity and fire

Move: 12 (swim 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

Believed to be either the mating of a hydra and a dragon or the offspring of a draconic deity, the dracohydra is truly a fearsome monster. Most intelligent creatures do their best to avoid trespassing on a dracohydra's domain for these creatures are extremely territorial, even more so than some dragons. Dracohydras prefer lairing in remote locations such as mountaintops and ruins, far away from civilization and far away from adventurous treasure seekers. A dracohydra's body is usually dark gray or dark grayish-blue. Its dragon-like heads are scaled and vary in color blending into the body at the neckline. A dracohydra's eyes are always sapphire blue, regardless of the color of the dragon's head.

Each of a dracohydra's heads has a single breath weapon. To determine each head's color and the associated breath weapon, choose from or roll on the table below. Each breath weapon extends in a cone 30 ft. long and 10 ft. wide at the base. Each breath weapon deals 4d6 points of damage (save for half).

1d10	Head Color	Breath Weapon
1-2	Black	Acid
3-4	Blue	Electricity
5-6	Green	Acid
7-8	Red	Fire
9-10	White	Cold

A dracohydra can be killed by severing its heads or slaying its body. Any attack that is not an attempt to sever a head affects the body, including area attacks or attacks that cause piercing or bludgeoning damage. To sever a head, an opponent must make a called shot at a -4 penalty using a slashing weapon. A head has an AC 0 [19] with 10 hit points. To sever a head, an opponent must inflict enough damage to reduce the head's hit points to 0. Severing a head deals 10 points of damage to the dracohydra's body. A dracohydra can't attack with a severed head, but takes no other penalties.

When a dracohydra's head is destroyed, two heads regrow in 1d4 rounds. The heads are of the same color as the one that was severed. A dracohydra cannot have more than 10 heads at any one time. To prevent new heads from growing, at least 5 points of acid or fire damage (after overcoming the dracohydra's resistances) must be dealt to the stump before they appear. Acid or fire damage from area attacks can affect stumps and the body simultaneously. A dracohydra doesn't die from losing its heads until all are cut off and the stumps seared by acid or fire.

Dracohydras, while solitary, often make pacts with local humanoids; most often orcs, gnolls, and hobgoblins. Generally these pacts are lopsided deals that favor the dracohydra: give it food and it won't eat your village. Such food usually consists of herd animals or cattle, and sometimes humanoids if necessary to sate the dracohydra's voracious appetite. Humanoid sacrifices usually take the form of slaves or prisoners, but if either of those is in low numbers, tribes have been known to sacrifice their own to appease a dracohydra.

Betraying their draconic origin, dracohydras amass treasure in great quantities. Most treasures are left strewn about the lair, but some, such as rare gemstones and small trinkets are devoured by dracohydras.

Dracohydras do not associate with other dracohydras, hydras, or dragons. Hydras are particularly reviled for unknown reasons, and are attacked on sight and slaughtered, their bodies being almost completely devoured by a dracohydra.



Dracohydra: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 5 bites (2d6); Move 12 (swim 9); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** breath weapons (5), immune to surprise and back stabs, regenerate head, resists acid, cold, electricity and fire.

Meet the Gatekeeper

A large, subterranean temple here is shaped like a circle. The temple is 40 feet in diameter and has an arched ceiling 20 feet tall. At the center of the temple is a circular bas-relief, heavily enameled, that depicts five dragon heads, each a different color. Each of these heads has one empty eye socket.

By placing gemstones that correspond to the color of the head to the left in these empty sockets, the heads and necks are caused to animate and rise from the ground. The heads then form a sort of column, about nine feet tall and five feet in diameter with five dragon faces, each facing a different direction.

The gemstone eyes of these dragon heads now emit rays of colored light. These rays strike mirrors hung on the walls about 12 feet above the floor. The lights reflect from the mirrors and meet in the air above the dragon-headed column. A sphere of pulsing light slowly forms and grows where the rays meet, forming a portal into the realm of Echidna, the great empress of demons. When this portal forms, a **dracohydra** drops from it and atop the stout column as a guardian of the portal. It permits those of Chaotic alignment to pass, and those of Neutral alignment who leave a gift in the temple worth at least 500 gp. Lawful adventurers are not permitted to pass.

Dragon, Gray

Hit Dice: 4, 5 or 6

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 13, 12 or 11

Special: breath weapon (line of fire, 2d6), possible spell use

Move: 21 (fly 60, swim 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 4 HD (7/600); 5 HD (8/800); 6 HD (9/1100)

Gray dragons have slate gray scales covering their bodies. Steam usually emanates from their nostrils and mouths. They are extremely Chaotic dragons that inhabit mountains and hills near coastlines. They have little regard for other races and often enslave others to do their bidding; are rarely found without a retinue of local humanoid slaves. Gray dragons have a 65% chance of being able to talk; talking gray dragons have a 15% chance of being able to cast 1d4 1st-level Magic-User spells and 1d2 2nd-level Magic-User spells. A gray dragon's breath weapon is a superheated line of steam with a range of 80 feet.

Gray Dragon: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6); Move 21 (fly 60, swim 15); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; Special: breath weapon (line of fire, 2d6), possible spell use.

Gray Dragon: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6); Move 21 (fly 60, swim 15); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; Special: breath weapon (line of fire, 2d6), possible spell use.

Gray Dragon: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6); Move 21 (fly 60, swim 15); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: breath weapon (line of fire, 2d6), possible spell use.

Deal or No Deal?

A cavern here by the seaside is used as a sauna by the fire giants in the volcanic mountains beyond. The cavern is especially steamy. It contains several pools (shallow by fire giant standards) of fairly cool water (again, by fire giant standards) in which are set marble couches and benches. These couches are usually covered by the forms of 1d6 lazy fire giants.

A side cavern leads down to the lair of a subdued **gray dragon**. The dragon resents the fire giants, but knows it has no chance to break free from their domination. It might try to bribe adventurers with some form of barter to get them to help free it. Once free, the dragon takes out its anger on the giants before turning on the characters.



Drake, Brine

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus constrict) and tail slap (1d8)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: immune to sleep and paralysis, maelstrom, watery breath

Move: 9 (swim 21)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Brine drakes resemble giant eels with draconic heads and mouths full of razor-sharp teeth. The creature's head has small pectoral and caudal fins. A sail-like dorsal fin runs from the base of its skull to the tip of its tail. Brine drakes are often confused with sea dragons and have a similar appearance to their much larger, and deadlier cousins. Like true sea dragons, brine drakes are the bane of major shipping lanes, lying in shallow water near the surface and attacking small lightly armed vessels and hunting lesser creatures. Brine drakes attack from beneath whenever possible, rising from the waters at great speed, latching their jaws around their target and coiling themselves around other prey or crushing the hulls of vessels under 30 feet in length. Brine drakes drive other creatures away with slaps of its deadly tail.

Once per day, a brine drake can create a whirlpool within 100 feet. The whirlpool is 50 feet deep and covers a 30-ft. radius at its top. Ships and creatures of the brine drake's size or smaller that come into contact with the whirlpool take 6d6 points of damage initially and 3d6 points of damage for another 1d6 rounds when the whirlpool dissipates.

Once per round, a brine drake can unleash a blast of salt water in a 60-ft. cone. Creatures caught in the area take 6d6 points of damage (save for half). Once a brine drake has used its watery breath, it cannot use it again for 1d6 rounds.

Brine drakes make their homes in underwater caverns and the hulls of sunken vessels large enough to handle their huge size. What treasures they scour from the depths of the sea are piled within their caverns.

Brine drakes thankfully mate only once every few years, with a female producing a clutch of two to six eggs. Eggs hatch within 8 months and young reach maturity in roughly 5 years. Brine drakes are over 12 feet long and weigh around 1,600 pounds. They live up to 300 years.

Brine Drake: HD 10; AC -2 [21]; Atk bite (2d6 plus constrict) and tail slap (1d8); Move 9 (swim 21); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 15/2900; **Special:** immune to sleep and paralysis, maelstrom, watery breath.



The Sea Hag's Pet

A mega-volcano beneath the waves is valued for the unique gemstones it belches out. These gemstones are encased in volcanic bombs, which rain over the surrounding kelp forest. The slopes of the volcano are marked by spiky, crystalline growths. The crystals are quite hard, and might be used as short spears or stabbing blades, though they have no other powers.

The volcano and its bounty are guarded by a sea hag called **Gassandra** and her three **sea troll** sons, as well as her pet brine drake, **Zeppo**. The five dwell in a cavern born in the side of the volcano and appointed with various items taken from shipwrecks. This cavern holds a treasure of 1,663 sp, 3,391 gp, an olivine worth 100 gp and an air-tight box (sealed with wax) containing 100 gp worth of tobacco leaves.

Sea Hag: HD 3; HP 14; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d4); Move 6 (swim 18); Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** death gaze, weakness gaze.

Aquatic Trolls (3): HD 6+3; HP 39, 43, 45; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** regenerate 3hp/round.

Drake, Storm

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (2d6) and 2 claws (1d6)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: clear vision, immune to sleep and paralysis, lightning breath, magical abilities, resists electricity

Move: 12 (fly 21)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Storm drakes are fierce creatures that make their lairs high atop storm-ravaged mountains. From here, they can survey their territory, and dive to the attack when a potential meal is spotted. Storm drakes are generally 20 feet long from nose to tail and weigh over 3,000 pounds. Colors range from dark, dull gray to slate gray mottled with lighter grays. Claws and talons are black and its eyes are the color of dark storm clouds.

A storm drake is merciless in combat, biting and slashing its foes with its dagger-like teeth and claws. An ambush hunter by nature, a storm drake's approach is usually foreshadowed by a sudden shift in the weather from clear or slightly overcast skies to dark skies and storms. Storm drakes can use the following magical abilities: 3/day—*call lightning, obscuring mist*; 1/day—*control weather, control winds*.

A storm drake can breathe a ball of electricity that explodes upon contact with a solid surface or target. This attack has a range of 100 feet and deals 7d6 points of electricity damage (save for half) to all creatures within a 20-ft. radius. Once a storm drake uses its lightning breath, it cannot do so again for 1d6 rounds.

A storm drake can see through fog, clouds, and similar obscuring effects with perfect clarity, including areas affected by spells such as *obscuring mist* and *fog cloud*.

Storm Drake: HD 8; AC 0 [19]; Atk bite (2d6) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 12 (fly 21); Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: clear vision, immune to sleep and paralysis, lightning breath, magical abilities, resists electricity.

Choose Wisely

A tall mountain hidden by clouds is the home of a terrible storm drake. The mountain features many ledges and waterfalls that spill into beautiful pools of magenta and gold. All of these pools are magical (use a random table to determine their spell effects; roll 1d4 for the spell level of each). This water does not retain its magic when removed from the mountain. Many stairs are carved into the mountain, some leading into tunnels, but all of them helping people to scale the mountain.

Many of these galleries of enchanted limestone have floors of pure, white salt. This salt hides dead bodies and preserves them; nearby human and humanoid tribes have interred their dead in this mountain for years. The highest cavern of the mountain holds the lair of the **storm drake Pallinax**. Pallinax keeps a treasure of 16,863 sp and 4,450 gp. These coins are hidden in one of three deep, magical pools. Two of these pools hold an illusion of the treasure, and are otherwise cursed. One is poisonous (save or die on contact), while the other polymorphs people into a random monster.



Drake, Vile

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus disease) and 2 claws (1d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: acid breath, disease, immune to paralysis and sleep, resists acid, swamp stride, water breathing

Move: 12 (fly 18, swim 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Vile drakes are sleek dragons, black in color with graceful wings and horned heads. Sizzling acid drips from their toothy maws. Vile drakes are about 9 feet long and weigh close to 800 pounds. Their scales are usually black or dark gray, with lighter colors present on their undersides. Eyes are always dark in color. Vile drakes often stalk their prey for miles before attacking. They are generally pack hunters and so encounters with a solitary vile drake are rare. When they spring to attack, vile drakes open with their breath weapon, and then rush in to bite with their nasty fangs. A vile drake can spit a ball of liquid up to 60 ft. that explodes into a cloud of acid and deals 6d6 points of acid damage (save for half) to all creatures in a 20-ft. radius. Additionally, a creature that fails its save takes 3d6 points of acid damage one round after failing its save. Once a vile drake has used its acid breath, it cannot do so again for 1d6 rounds.

A creature bitten by the vile drake must make a saving throw or be infected with marsh sickness. Symptoms of marsh sickness take 1 day to appear. Once they do, the victim begins losing 1d6 hit points and 1d3 points of intelligence each day they fail a saving throw. If the intelligence score is reduced to 0, the victim dies. Once the victim's intelligence score is reduced to 6 or below, they are struck with *confusion* (per the spell). Two successful daily saving throws in a row allows the victim to shake off the disease with no further ill effects. Intelligence returns at the rate of 1 point per day, after shaking off the sickness.

A vile drake can move through bogs and quicksand without penalty at its normal speed. A vile drake can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use its acid breath and other abilities while submerged.

Vile Drake: HD 9; AC 0 [19]; Atk bite (2d6 plus disease) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 12 (fly 18, swim 9); Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: acid breath, disease, immune to paralysis and sleep, resists acid, swamp stride, water breathing.

Tree Toll

A swamp here is filled with black water that fizzes when it touches anything white. Jutting from the waters are gray trees hung with clinging moss. Giant, alabaster lily pads dot the waters as well, the resting place of great, transparent frogs with pulsing purple brains and long, purple tongues that dart out to catch the giant dragonflies that fill the swamp.

Grey-skinned goblins pole barge through this landscape, carrying goods across the swamp from the town of Yulp to the goblin kingdoms. The goblins know to make offerings before an especially large, petrified tree. This tree has a hollowed interior that serves as the lair of a **vile drake** called Belloc. Belloc has a hoard of 3,673 sp, 1,422 gp and a brass figurine of an efreet set with a fire opal (worth 4,000 gp).



Drakeling, Flame

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: bite (1d6 plus 1d4 fire)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: fire generation, fiery breath, immune to fire, paralysis and sleep, vulnerable to cold

Move: 9 (fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Flame drakelings are believed to somehow be related to red dragons or flame drakes. They are about 12 inches long and weigh close to 70 pounds. Scales are varying hues of red, with darker scales running the length of the drakelings back and wings. A flame drakeling can spit a line of liquid fire up to 20 feet. A creature struck takes 2d6 points of fire damage (save for half). Further, a creature that fails its save catches on fire and takes 1d6 points of fire damage each round until the flames are extinguished. Once a flame drakeling uses its fire breath, it cannot do so again for 1d4 rounds. A flame drakeling can, at will, increase its body temperature to extreme levels. Creatures attacking the flame drakeling with natural weapons or touching the flame drakeling take 1d4 points of fire damage each round of contact. Flame drakelings take double damage from cold.

Fire drakelings are generally docile creatures and make their lairs near active volcanoes. They are active during the day most of the time, feeding on insects and small game. If found as an egg, a drakeling can occasionally be trained as a "pet", although they retain a somewhat finicky nature, much like an incredibly dangerous housecat.

Flame Drakeling: HD 3; AC 1 [18]; Atk bite (1d6 plus 1d4 fire); Move 9 (fly 15); Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** fire generation, fiery breath, immune to fire, paralysis and sleep, vulnerable to cold.

Playing with Fire

A range of obsidian peaks here are believed to be haunted by the tribes who dwell on the grassy plains below. The mountains are thought to be haunted because one can catch glimpses of their future in the mirror-like surfaces of the stone. Acrid waters and volcanic vents dot these mountains and turn the narrow canyons into veritable ovens.

Several **flame drakelings** dwell within these peaks, making homes for themselves on ledges or in shallow caves. The drakelings are the servants of an ancient red wyrm, Querivirius, who has been sleeping now for 350 years. The flame drakelings are wont to harass and torment travelers who don't offer them either something of value or an entertaining tale or game.



Drakeling, Frost

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: cold generation, icy breath, immune to cold, paralysis and sleep, vulnerable to fire

Move: 9 (burrow 9, fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Frost drakelings are, like their counterparts the flame drakelings, believed to be related to or an offshoot of dragons or drakes (in this case white dragons or frost drakes). Frost drakelings are about 18 inches long and weigh 50 pounds. Their scales are dull blue with some frost drakelings having white blotches on their bodies. Wings are long and thin and usually icy blue in color. Eyes are deep, rich blue in color. A frost drakeling can spit a line of freezing ice up to 20 feet. A creature struck takes 3d6 points of cold damage (save for half). Further, a creature that fails its save is slowed (as per the *slow* spell) for 1d4 rounds. Once a frost drakeling uses its icy breath, it cannot use it again for 1d4 rounds. A frost drakeling can, at will, decrease its body temperature to extreme levels. Creatures attacking the frost drakeling with natural weapons or touching the creature take 1d4 points of cold damage each round of contact. Frost drakelings take double damage from fire.

Unlike their cousins, frost drakes cannot be domesticated, and do not shy away from combat. When confronted, the creature immediately unleashes its frigid breath weapon and swoops in to attack with its bite.

Frost Drakeling: HD 3; AC 2 [17];

Atk bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold);

Move 9 (burrow 9, fly 15);

Save 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400;

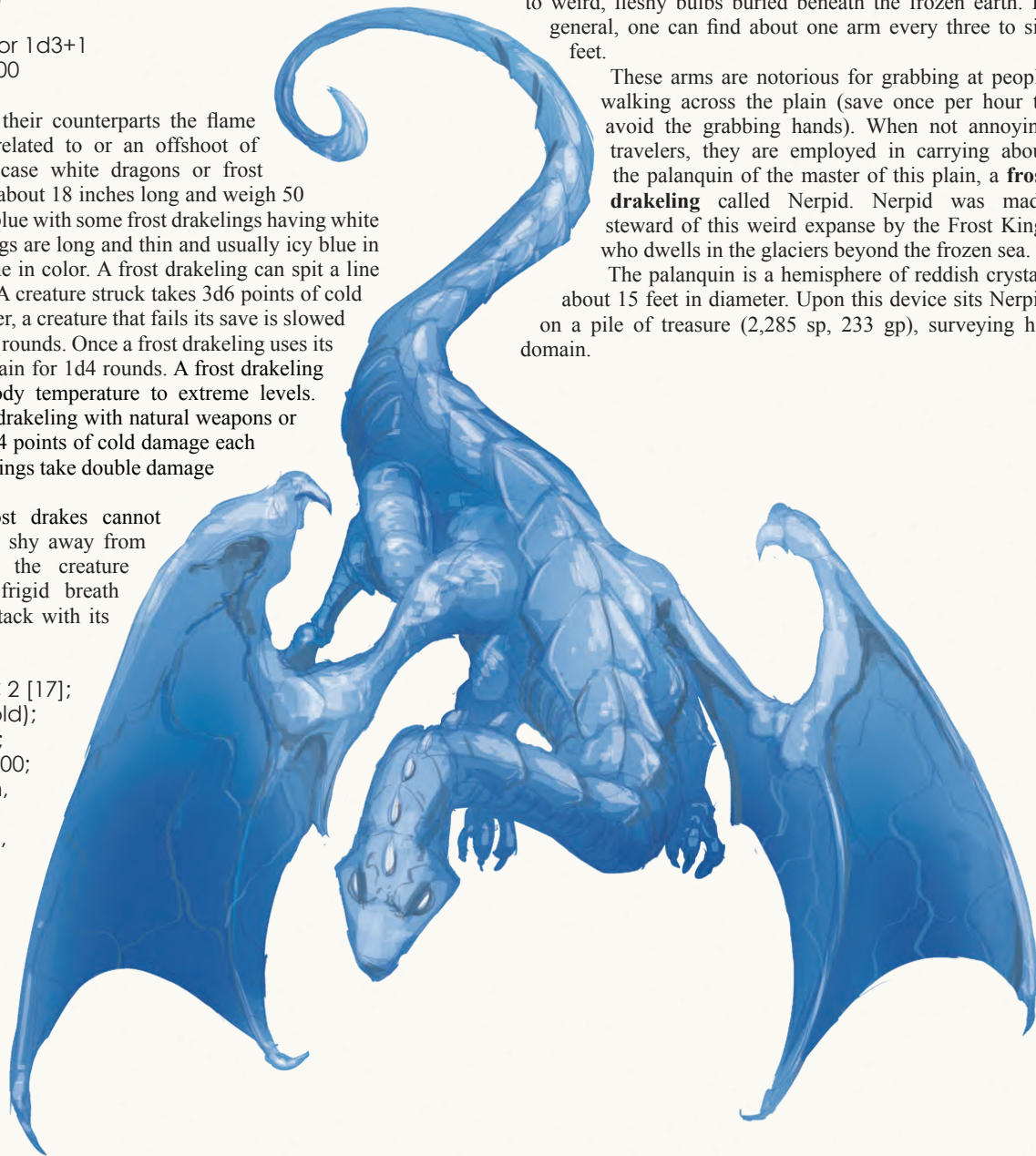
Special: cold generation, icy breath, immune to cold, paralysis and sleep, vulnerable to fire.

Getting Grabby

In the far northern reaches is a disturbing plain covered with lichens and thousands of pallid arms that erupt from the ground and wave about like kelp caught in an unseen tide. These arms are connected to weird, fleshy bulbs buried beneath the frozen earth. In general, one can find about one arm every three to six feet.

These arms are notorious for grabbing at people walking across the plain (save once per hour to avoid the grabbing hands). When not annoying travelers, they are employed in carrying about the palanquin of the master of this plain, a **frost drakeling** called Nerpid. Nerpid was made steward of this weird expanse by the Frost King, who dwells in the glaciers beyond the frozen sea.

The palanquin is a hemisphere of reddish crystal, about 15 feet in diameter. Upon this device sits Nerpid on a pile of treasure (2,285 sp, 233 gp), surveying his domain.



Dreadweed

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: bite (1d8 plus poison) or 4 vines (1d6 plus negative energy)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: enervating aura, enervating ray, +1 or better weapon to hit, pull

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d4

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

A dreadweed is a strange plant creature that grows on unholy ground. Infused with negative energy, it feeds on any living creature it encounters. At rest, a dreadweed resembles a matted, chaotic tangle of vines and undergrowth, filled with old sticks, briars, thistles and nettles. Once roused, however, the dreadweed pulls together into a vaguely humanoid shape and emits a chilling aura that saps the life from living creatures. A dreadweed is about 6 feet tall but only weighs 75 pounds. A dreadweed never stops growing as long as it is able to find food, so in the right cursed soil these plants can grow to truly monstrous proportions. Negative energy weeps from a dreadweed's form. Living creatures within 10 feet of the monster take 1d6 points of damage each round (save avoids). A new save must be made each round.

A dreadweed attacks with its 20-ft. long, vine-like tentacles, tearing at its prey and injecting a powerful poisonous sap with its bite. Creatures struck by a vine must make a saving throw or be grabbed and suffer automatic vine damage each round and be pulled 1d6 feet toward the dreadweed. To escape, a creature must make an open doors check or strike a vine (AC -1 [20], 2d8 hit points). A dreadweed's poison does 1d8 points of damage (save for half). Once per round and no more than three times per day, a dreadweed can fire a ray of negative energy at a single target up to 30 feet away. The ray drains 1d4 levels from a creature that fails a saving throw. Each time a dreadweed uses this ray, it suppresses its enervating aura for 1d4 rounds.

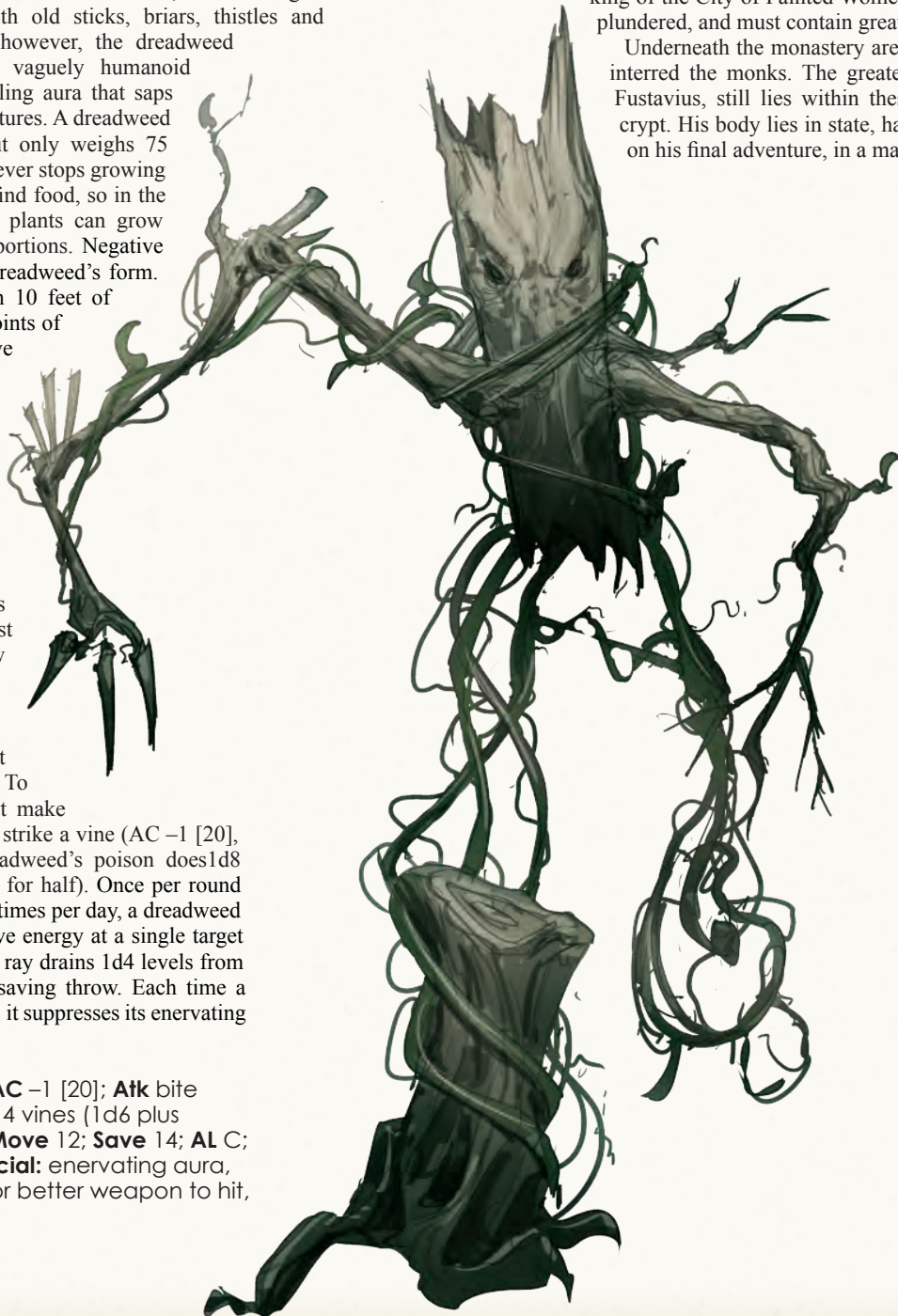
Dreadweed: HD 8; AC -1 [20]; Atk bite (1d8 plus poison) or 4 vines (1d6 plus negative energy); Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; Special: enervating aura, enervating ray, +1 or better weapon to hit, pull.

Dread of Night

Outside the infamous City of Painted Women is a bleak moorland. Within these moors, which crawl with poisonous mauve serpents, rugged ponies and packs of white wolves, is a ruined monastery on a rocky hill. The hill is surrounded by a vast graveyard, filled over centuries by the men of the City of Painted Women. Their processions from the city were grandiose and filled with ceremony, as they brought their dead out en masse under the full moon to be given the rights of the moon goddess and interred in the cemetery by the moon monks.

Over time, one invading army or another laid waste to the monastery and it was forgotten and corrupted by various lesser sins. The corrupted graveyard is now haunted by a **dreadweed**. Within the graveyard is an especially ornate marble crypt of Yazmar II, the Formidable, ancient king of the City of Painted Women. This crypt has yet to be plundered, and must contain great wealth.

Underneath the monastery are catacombs, wherein were interred the monks. The greatest of their number, Saint Fustavius, still lies within these catacombs, in a secret crypt. His body lies in state, having been turned to wood on his final adventure, in a magic pool that preserves it.



Dune Horror

Hit Dice: 16

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8 plus constrict), bite (2d6 plus poison) and sting (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: constrict, immune to mind-affecting effects, magic resistance (40%), +1 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists fire

Move: 15 (burrow 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 24/5600

The dune horror is a massive creature that makes its lair in warmer regions, usually deserts, but occasionally underground. A typical underground lair is a large rocky cave while those living aboveground dwell beneath the sand and earth. A dune horror is 20 feet long with a light brown carapace. Its legs and claws are dark brown, growing darker near the ends. Its tail is dark brown as well, and the stinger black. The dune horror's serpentine neck is covered in light brown scales and its eyes are ruby-colored. Dune horrors sustain themselves on a diet of plants such as mosses or cacti and meat, such as preferring larger animals and humanoids, including giants to other sources of meat. Males and females are indistinguishable from one another, save the females are sometimes smaller. A typical female dune horror lays 2–16 eggs once every few years, with the eggs usually hatching 90–100 days later. Juvenile dune horrors are dark brown in color and are blind for the first month of their life. They mature rapidly, reaching adulthood within 6 months. Dune horrors generally live for 20 years.

Dune horrors often hide just beneath the surface, waiting for prey to come close. When prey is detected, the dune horror springs to the attack, rending its prey with its claws, stinging it with its deadly stinger, and biting it with its serpentine fanged maw. A single target struck by 2 claw attacks must make a saving throw or be grabbed and crushed for automatic claw damage each round. The dune crawler can bite held opponents with a +2 bonus to hit. A dune horror's poison causes 1d6 points of damage and paralysis for 1d4 rounds. Dune horrors take half damage from fire.

Dune Horror: HD 16;

AC -2 [21]; **Atk** 2

claws (1d8 plus

constrict), bite

(2d6 plus poison)

and sting (1d8 plus

poison); **Move** 15

(burrow 12); **Save** 3;

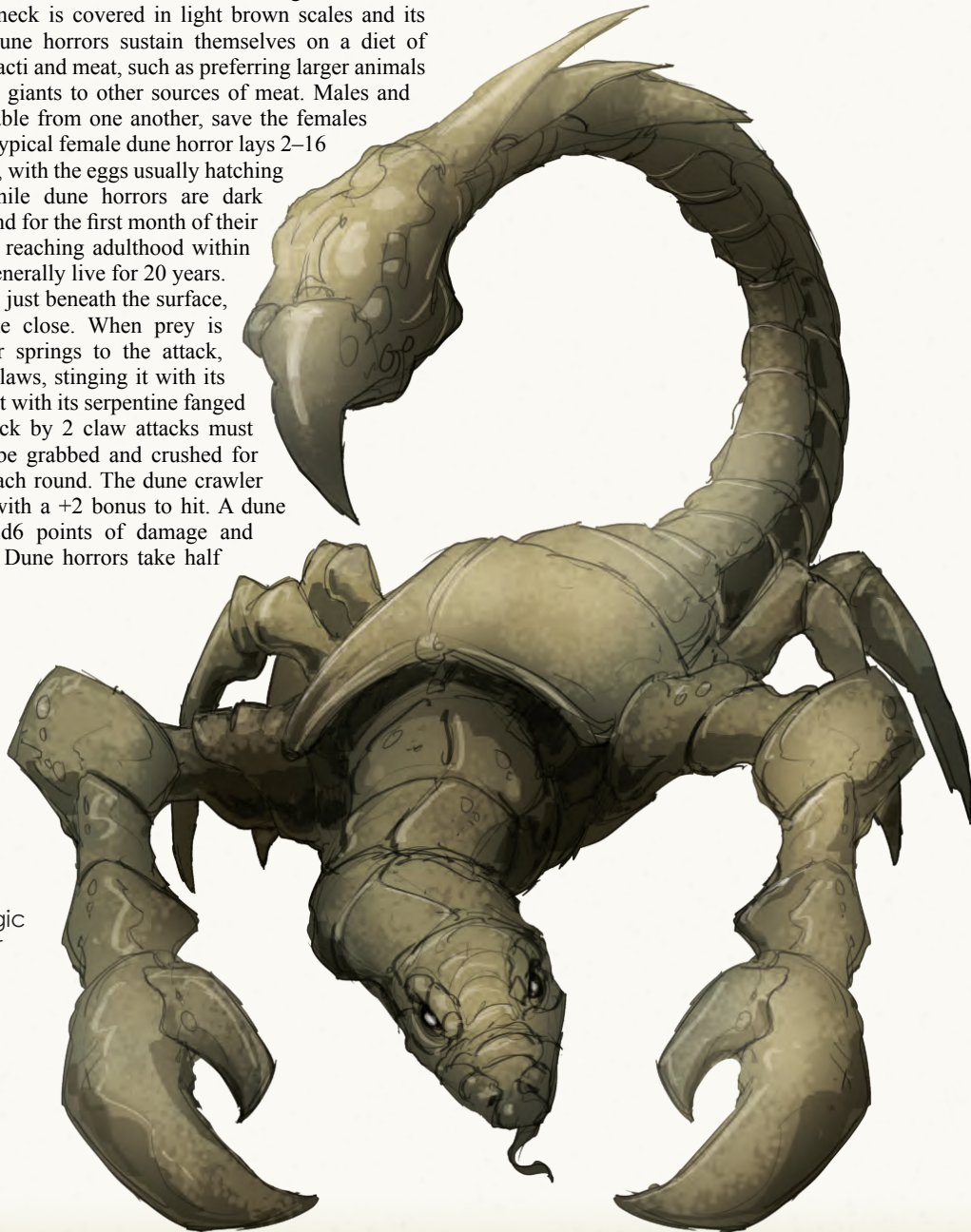
AL C; **CL/XP** 24/5600;

Special: constrict, immune to mind-affecting effects, magic resistance (40%), +1 or better weapon to hit, poison, resists fire.

The Black Rock Horror

Within a great sand sea desert, along a well-trod trade route, there sits a large, black sphere. The sphere is considered sacred by the men who cross the desert on their giant lizards, and it is forbidden to touch it or even look upon it. This is a wise policy. In the nearby City of Thieves, rumors abound about the vast wealth hidden beneath the sphere, but not in the city are brave enough to dare it; it is easier by far to relieve the merchants of their money than to risk the vengeance of the gods.

The sphere is about 7 feet in diameter, and appears to be made of obsidian. The only ornamentation on the stone is a bas-relief of a scorpion. Touching the sphere reveals two things. First, the sphere is not made of stone; in fact, it doesn't appear to be made of anything as one's hand passes through it. The second is that it summons forth a **dune horror** from beneath the sands. The dune horror has a large, gold key hung around its tail, just behind the stinger. What this key opens is anyone's guess.



Dwarf, Frost

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: weapon (1d6)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality (Chaotic tendencies)

Number Encountered: 1d3+1, 1d8+8 plus 3 3HD sergeants and 1 leader of 3–8HD level, or 30–100 plus 30% non-combatants plus 1 3HD sergeant per 10 adults, 5 5HD lieutenants, and 3 7HD captains, or jarldom (60–600 plus one jarl or king of 10+HD)

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Frost dwarves look like normal dwarves with bright, blue eyes and long, bluish-white hair. Frost dwarves are known for their rudeness and coarse sense of humor. They are Chaotic and as untamed as the glacial expanses which they inhabit. Often they have lairs hidden deep beneath snow and ice packs burrowed deep into the living stone where they plunder for gemstones and metals as any other dwarf. They are famed for their skill at craftsmanship and the enchantment of strange and unusual magical items. Frost dwarves trade freely with frost giants, constructing many of their massive weapons and armor in exchange for loot and protection. They are typically disliked and dismissed by their “true” dwarven kin who consider them to be abominations or worse.

Frost dwarves are proficient combatants and make use of their natural surroundings to their advantage. They prefer to attack using dirty tricks such as unleashing avalanches upon unsuspecting travelers, then pick through their frozen carcasses for loot. In addition, they assault enemies with crossbows from a distance or from ambush and use their battle axe to crush charges. Three times per day, a frost dwarf can breathe a line of intensely cold air. The line is 20 feet long and deals 2d6 points of cold damage (save for half). Frost dwarves are immune to cold, but take double damage from fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 2; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 5; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 7; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold,

vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 8; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Frost Dwarf: HD 10; AC 6 [13]; **Atk** weapon (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** breath weapon, dwarf traits, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire.

Cold Heart of the Volcano

If one crosses the weird plain of pallid arms, they eventually come to an upheaval of basalt. Upon this promontory, a clan of frost dwarves has constructed a citadel of cut stone protected by a multitude of light ballistae and heavy crossbows. The citadel has iron doors (touching them carries with it a chance of being frozen to the metal; save avoids; save at -4 if you’ve been triple-dog-dared to do so) and houses about **30 dour frost dwarves**.

The dwarves dig deep into the rock for veins of snowflake obsidian left over from elder days. The mines connect with ancient tunnels and passages created by a now-extinct volcano. The volcano’s spirit remains trapped within the volcano, in a cavern of pure silver from which it cannot escape.

At best, it can manifest as a **spectre** within the volcanic passages. In this form, the spirit appears as an elderly woman, a hag one might say, swathed in gauzy crimson robes and wearing copper bangles and earrings.

Spectre: HD 7; HP 43; AC 2[17]; **Atk** spectral weapon or touch (1d8 + level drain); **Move** 15 (Fly 30); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** drain 2 levels with hit, immune to non-magical weapons.



Ebony Horse

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 hooves (1d6), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: darkvision 60 ft., elemental endurance, planar shift

Move: 18 (fly 24)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Ebony horses are massive stallions prized for their loyalty, running speed, their ability to fly, and their ability to enter the various elemental planes unharmed. They resemble large horses with black skin, black manes, and inky-black hooves. An ebony horse can remain on the Planes of Air, Earth, Fire or Water for up to 24 hours, and extend this protection to its rider and up to four of the rider's allies in a 30-ft. radius. If the ebony horse and any protected allies move more than 30 feet apart, the protection ends for that individual and cannot be regained for 24 hours. If the ebony horse is killed, this protection ends immediately. Failure to return to the Material Plane before time expires causes an ebony horse to take 1 point of damage per additional hour.

Ebony horses kick with their front hooves and lash out with a nasty bite when forced into combat. They are strong-willed and brave creatures, rarely backing down when confronted. They are, however, smart enough to know when the battle is lost and take to the air in such times. An ebony horse is fiercely loyal creature to its rider and, if on a hostile plane and protecting a rider with its elemental endurance ability, it will not flee and end this protection, even fighting to its death if necessary. Ebony horses have no natural enemies.

Ebony horses are generally solitary creatures but on very rare occasions a small herd of these creatures may be encountered. When not traveling the many planes of existence, ebony horses spend their time roaming vast grasslands on the Material Plane. They do not associate with normal horses or other steeds, preferring to keep company with their own.

Larger ebony horses (10 HD) are known to exist and are used extensively by the seraphs (see the *Genie*, *Seraph* entry in this book) in their ongoing wars with the efreet.

Ebony Horse: HD 8; AC 6 [13];
Atk 2 hooves (1d6), bite (1d8);
Move 18 (fly 24); Save 8; AL
N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:**
darkvision 60 ft., elemental
endurance, planar shift.

Ebony and Ivory

A massive curving rib inscribed with elaborate scrimshaw juts through a rip in the air in Taharath's marketplace. The bone is nearly 20 feet long on this side of the tear in space, and continues for an unknown distance on the other. A seller's stall lies crushed beneath the bone. The vendor stares in disbelief at his broken and smashed wares.

A huge black horse stands beside the bleached bone, stomping the ground impatiently with its black hooves. It stares at the crowd moving warily circling it in the bazaar. A magnificent silver saddle decorated with black patterns of dancing flames rests on its broad back. A long scratch down its flank bleeds profusely, but the horse won't let anyone look at the wound.

The **ebony horse** belongs to the Paladin Artevus Soll, a famous planar defender known for winning a duel with the efreeti War-Queen Pyr Jaxoran. While traveling on the Plane of Earth, the warrior of Muir was attacked by a monstrous **addath**. The knight is holed up in a rock cavern, unable to move because of a broken leg. His mount charged past the monstrous spider-like creature to draw the beast off, then jumped to the Material Plane. The pursuing addath toppled a rib bone from an ancient, long-extinct elemental beast. The falling bone followed the horse through the planar tear into the bazaar and currently holds the rip open. The addath waits on the other side of the portal, watching for anyone to return. Artevus is still alive but fading fast in the earth cavern.

The knight is indebted to his rescuers, and grants them a personal boon and the deed to an ancient castle that belongs in his family. The keep is long-disused, and who knows what moved in during the years since Artevus last visited the homestead.



Edon

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: darkvision 60 ft., stench

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4+1 or 1d6+5

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

An edon is a 3-foot-tall hairy apelike humanoid with long muscular arms that end in slightly oversized clawed hands. It weighs about 60 pounds, and has brown or brownish-gray fur and gray eyes. The creature moves as easily through the treetops as it does walking, swinging from tree to tree using its long arms. Edons are deaf and cannot be affected by sound-based attacks. Humans, halflings and creatures with an acute sense of smell within 30 ft. of an edon become sickened and unable to act (save avoids). All other creatures are immune to the creature's horrid stench. Juniper berries mask the creature's scent, and some have been known to rub the berries into their fur to mask their presence. Edons have a great fondness for human and halfling flesh.

Edons attack by hiding among the treetops and dropping on unsuspecting prey. They are relentless in their attacks, slashing and biting their foe until it is dead. Edons realize they are not the strongest or largest creatures, so they rely on their sheer numbers to gang up on their foes. Recent encounters with packs of edons have led to stories of pack leaders who appear to be smarter than the average edon and who employ traps such as tripwires and deadfalls to catch or disable their prey.

Edon: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 12; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; Special: darkvision 60 ft., stench.



Berry Surprised

Twenty-foot-tall walls of juniper shrubs grow wildly in the spaces between the trees in the Kiplerr Woods. Purple berries abound on the abundant bushes. Birds nest in the tall hedges, and small animal dens lead under the roots. Tree branches droop close overhead, forming a natural ceiling above the hedge maze winding through the trees. Leafy vines hang down from the trees.

The juniper hedge is the hunting ground of **8 edons** that roll in a pit filled with fresh juniper berries to mask their scent from travelers. Their lair is hidden inside an unbroken circle of hedges inside the maze that is difficult to discover because of the chaotic nature of the growing walls. The edons leap into the trees to swing in and out of their home, leaving the protecting wall intact. A willow tree growing in the center of the clearing provides a natural shelter, and the colony sleeps in a cradle of branches 15 feet off the ground. A pit filled with juniper berries beneath its bed contains the cast-off bones of numerous humans and halflings who ran afoul of the ape-like creatures. Deep in the berry pit is a pair of *boots of levitation* permanently stained purple by blood and berry juices.

Eel, Fire

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: darkvision 60 ft., fire shroud, resist fire

Move: 0 (swim 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d8+2

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Fire eels are about 10 feet long and roughly one foot thick. They have a broad, triangular head and dark gray scales. The eel constantly secretes highly flammable oil from its body that ignites upon contact with the air. The flames emitted by a fire eel can be green, blue, red, or violet, or even a pattern of these colors, depending on the individual eel. Fire eels can be particularly dangerous to seagoing vessels during their mating season, when they come to the surface en masse to perform fiery courtship rituals, and are more aggressive than usual. The eel can also release the oil in a 10-foot radius around its body and ignite the liquid to drive off predators. The oil does 3d6 points of damage to anyone in the fire shroud or touching the creature. Fire eels are at home in saltwater and freshwater and live in groups of up to 10 eels. A fire eel lair consists of a number of long and winding tunnels burrowed into sand, rocks, or mud in shallow water. These tunnels eventually empty into a large central chamber. Fire eels, normally non-aggressive, become highly aggressive if their lair is threatened.

Fire eels are normally inoffensive, and avoid combat if possible. However, if they are attacked, grabbed, or if it is their mating season, they become more aggressive, and use their fire shroud to ward off attacks while they bite relentlessly until their opponents are driven away.

Eel, Fire: HD 6; AC 5 [14]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 0 (swim 15); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., fire shroud, resist fire.

Flaming Heart

The *Fallow Heart* is the scourge of the Razor Coast, a deadly three-masted warship running black rigging and enchanted sails that capture human souls to power the vessel. Captain Montfort Deville is the ship's black-hearted master, a haughty lich whose own skeletal visage adorns the ship's figurehead. Skeletal and ghostly crewmen serve on the *Fallow Heart's* decks as she runs down and sinks ships up and down the coast.

The *Fallow Heart* has a series of metal spars jutting out along both sides that allow magically treated nets to drag the waters near the ship's hull. Captain Deville currently has **6 fire eels** in the nets, three along each side of the ship. When the *Heart* approaches other ships, the skeletal crew raises the fire-resistant nets from the water so the fire eels trapped inside burst into flame. The captain races his fire-resistant ship alongside those who might not be so well-protected. If need be, the metal rails also double as catapults to fling the fire eel nets at enemy ships. The blazing eels have a 30% chance of landing on enemy ships, setting fire to rigging and wooden decks alike as they wriggle and flop their way back toward the sea.



Ekimmu

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: touch (3d4)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: malevolence, paralyzing howl

Move: 0 (fly 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Ekimmu are evil ghosts denied entrance to the underworld and doomed to wander the earth. Ekimmu seek victims to possess to bring misfortune and death to the living. It is greatly feared, for it attaches itself quite easily to virtually any living person regardless of whether that person has been acquainted with the dead one. Once it has possessed a living host, it is very difficult to exorcise. Its howling in the night is often the only warning of its approach. Once per round an ekimmu can merge its body with a victim (as per the spell *magic jar*, except it doesn't require a receptacle). A failed saving throw allows the ekimmu to possess and control the victim. The creature can unleash a fearsome howl that paralyzes everyone within 30 ft. for 1d4+1 rounds (save avoids). An ekimmu is difficult to destroy and rejuvenates in 2d6 days; the only way to permanently destroy one is to determine the reason for its existence and set right whatever prevents it from entering the underworld. Animals do not willingly approach within 30 feet of an ekimmu.

An ekimmu roams the lands near where it was originally killed. Though it is not bound to the area, it feels a sense of connection to it and rarely wanders more than a few miles from it. An ekimmu has no permanent lair and wanders its realm perpetually, always on the move, searching for living beings.

Ekimmu: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk touch (3d4); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** malevolence, paralyzing howl.

Giant-Sized Surprise

A **stone giant** sits on the ground, its back against a granite wall carved with pictographs showing a starburst erupting over a city. The buildings crumble and fall under a wave of energy. Niches carved along the base of the mural contain linen-wrapped bones. Gold and jewels glitter in a few of the funereal wrappings. The giant stares straight ahead, its eyes focused on the trees around the clearing. Its chest rises and falls so slowly that it barely appears to be breathing. Across its lap rests a huge battle axe. Cliffs rise up on three sides of the solemn giant.

The giant wandered into the canyon nearly a week ago, only to be overcome by an **ekimmu** whose body is buried in one of the wall niches. The malevolent spirit possessed the brute and causes the giant to scour the land each night and destroy any creature it encounters. The ekimmu returns to its gravesite each morning to rest its host. The giant leaps up to attack (controlled by the ekimmu, of course) if characters enter the canyon. The ekimmu waits until the battle begins before trying to possess one of the characters and cause as much confusion as possible.

Stone Giant: HD 9+3; HP 61; AC 0[20]; Atk battle axe (3d6); Move 12; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** hurl boulders.

Equipment: giant-sized axe, pouch with 3 boulders (for juggling).



Elemental Lords

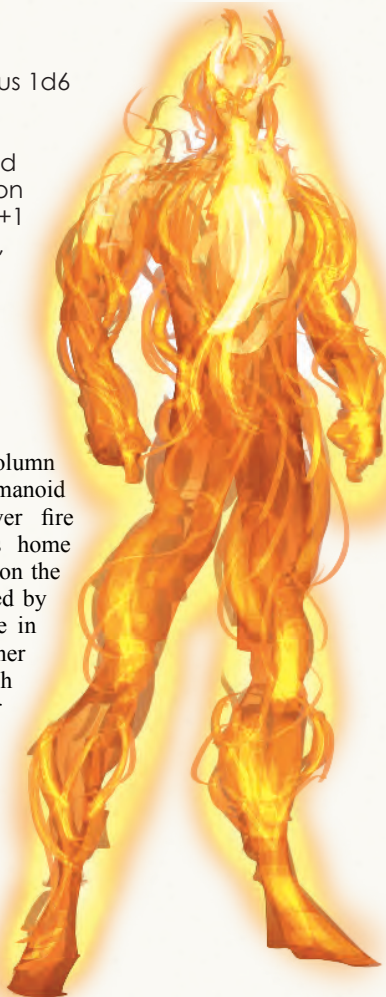
For every type of elemental, there is a ruler, a huge elemental of massive size and strength that holds dominion over its own kind. These rulers are often worshipped by elementals and some are even worshipped by cults on the Material Plane.

Inder (Lord of Fire Elementals)

Hit Dice: 19 (114 HP)
Armor Class: -2 [21]
Attacks: 2 slams (4d6 plus 1d6 fire)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: burn, command fire elementals, darkvision 60 ft., magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, vulnerable to cold
Move: 24
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 23/5300

Inder is a 20-foot-tall column of fire that is vaguely humanoid in shape. Inder rules over fire elementals and makes his home within a massive fiery lake on the Plane of Fire. He is attended by 4 fire elementals who serve in his court as advisors. Other fire-based creatures such as efreet, azer, and lesser fire elementals serve him in minor roles. Inder also keeps a large retinue of female fire-based creatures as his harem, having more than 30 wives at last count. Any creature within 30 ft. of Inder takes 2d8 points of damage from his searing heat (save avoids). Any opponent striking Inder's blazing form takes 4d6 points of damage (save for half). At will, Inder can use *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *teleport* and *heat metal*. Three times per day, he can use a *fireball*, *fire storm* and *wall of fire*. Once per day, he can summon 1d4 fire elementals, 1d4 efreet or 1d6+2 salamanders.

Inder: HD 19; HP 114; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 slams (4d6 plus 1d6 fire); Move 24; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 23/5300; **Special:** burn, command fire elementals, darkvision 60 ft., magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, vulnerable to cold.

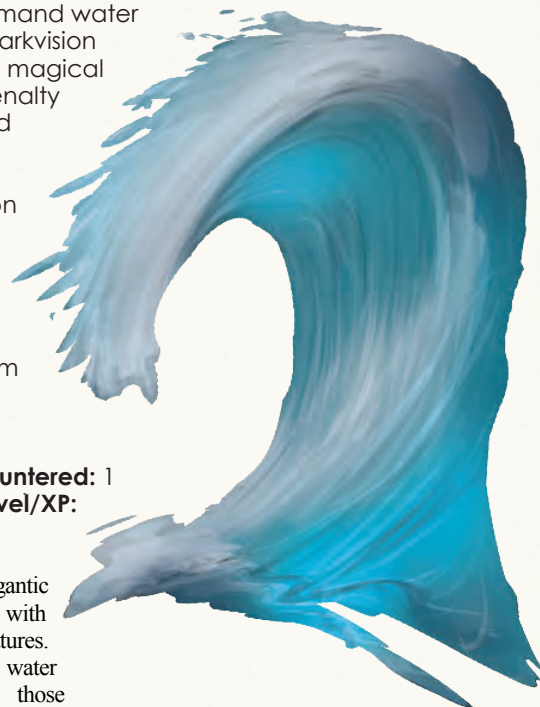


Lypso (Lord of Water Elementals)

Hit Dice: 21 (124 HP)
Armor Class: -2 [21]
Attacks: 2 slams (4d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: command water elementals, darkvision 60 ft., drench, magical abilities, -4 penalty to attacks and damage on land, +1 or better weapon to hit, +1 to attacks and damage when in water, vortex
Move: 12 (swim 30)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 24/5600

Lypso is a gigantic crashing wave with no discernible features. Lypso rules over water elementals and those who call the Plane of Water home. His lair is a massive cavern deep within the Plane of Water. His court consists of water elementals, water weirds, and marid. His most trusted advisor is a marid of ancient age and power. Legends tell of a great enmity between Lypso and Inder, the Lord of Fire Elementals, and that a great elemental war is brewing between the two. This same legend reveals that Lypso and Inder are brothers. Whether this is truth or not is currently unknown. Lypso can create a whirlpool at will that does 3d6 points of damage (save for half) and has a 50% chance to sink any ship. Lypso puts out any nonmagical flames in his presence, and has a 50% chance to extinguish magical blazes. At will, Lypso can use *control weather*, *create water*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *obscuring mist* and *teleport*. Three times per day, it can use an *ice storm* and *wall of ice*. Once per day, he can summon 1d4 water elementals, 1d4 marid or 1d4x10 sahaugin.

Lypso: HD 21; HP 114; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 slams (4d6); Move 12 (swim 30); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 24/5600; **Special:** command water elementals, darkvision 60 ft., drench, magical abilities, -4 penalty to attacks and damage on land, +1 or better weapon to hit, +1 to attacks and damage when in water, vortex.

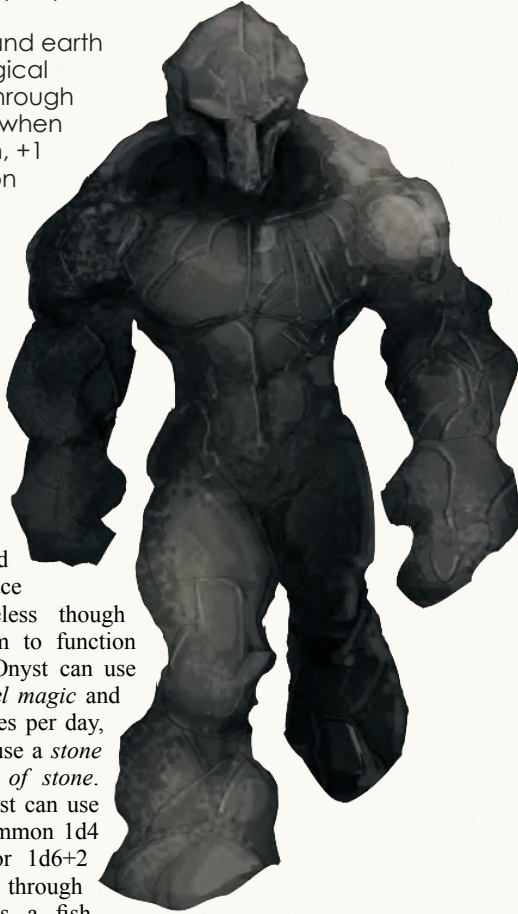


Onyst (Lord of Earth Elementals)

Hit Dice: 20 (120 HP)
Armor Class: -1 [20]
Attacks: 2 slams (4d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: command earth elementals, magical abilities, move through earth, +1 bonus when fighting on earth, +1 or better weapon to hit
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000

Onyst is a 15-foot tall hulking humanoid that appears chiseled from stone. Its face is mostly featureless though dark recesses seem to function as eyes. At will, Onyst can use *detect magic*, *dispel magic* and *teleport*. Three times per day, the elemental can use a *stone to flesh* and *wall of stone*. Once per day, Onyst can use *earthquake* and summon 1d4 earth elementals or 1d6+2 xorn. Onyst glides through earth as easily as a fish through water. Onyst receives a +1 bonus to hit and damage if he and his foe are touching the ground.

Onyst: HD 20; HP 120; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 slams (4d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 22/5000; **Special:** command earth elementals, magical abilities, move through earth, +1 bonus when fighting on earth, +1 or better weapon to hit.

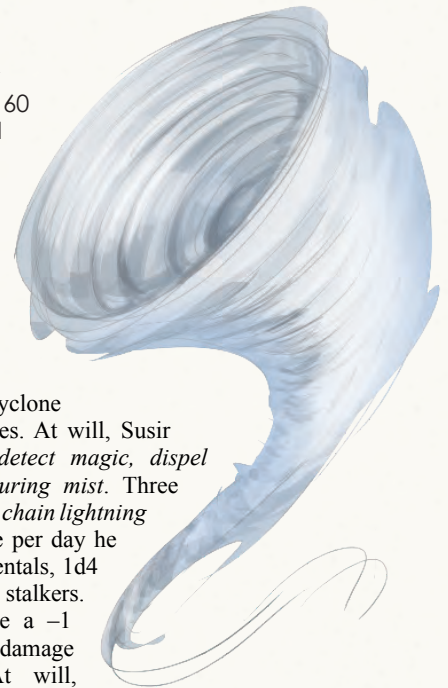


Susir (Lord of Air Elementals)

Hit Dice: 18 (102 HP)
Armor Class: -2 [21]
Attacks: 2 slams (4d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: command air elementals, darkvision 60 ft., magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, whirlwind
Move: 0 (fly 18)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 21/4700

Susir is a cloud-like cyclone with no discernible features. At will, Susir can use *control winds*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *teleport* and *obscuring mist*. Three times per day, Susir can use *chain lightning* and *control weather*. Once per day he can summon 1d4 air elementals, 1d4 djinn or 1d6+2 invisible stalkers. Airborne creatures receive a -1 penalty to attacks and damage when fighting Susir. At will, Susir can create a 90-ft.-diameter whirlwind that does 3d6 points of damage (save for half).

Susir: HD 18; HP 102; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 slams (4d6); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 21/4700; **Special:** command air elementals, darkvision 60 ft., magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, whirlwind.



Broken Accord

A pit hidden in the Stygian depths of the Mines of Honn is sealed by an earthen plug of black dirt. Breaking open the plug ignites a wall of fire around the 10-foot-diameter opening. The pit itself is filled with cold, stagnant water. Ripples dance across the surface of the pool. The water is 60 feet deep, straight down, and ends in a glowing portal. Anyone crossing through the portal is teleported into a twisting wind tunnel that propels them to another glowing portal. This portal deposits them in a small 20-foot-long chamber. Standing in the center of the room is a stone column. A bowl of clear water sits atop the column. Floating above it is a 1-foot-diameter globe of fire. Inside the fire sphere is a perfect, 6-inch-diameter pearl (5,000 gp) engraved with delicate designs. Anyone reaching into the flames takes 3d6 points of damage (save for half).

The pearl was placed here to honor a delicate truce between the 4 elemental lords after a devastating war that nearly destroyed them and all their planes. The lords met here to sign the accord (by placing their marks on the pearl) to stave off mutual destruction. Removing the pearl upsets this fragile peace.

Within 1d4 days, the elemental lords take notice of the missing pearl. There is a 20% chance per day that one of the lords tries to retrieve the pearl (to put themselves above the others however briefly). The elemental lords arrive with a retinue of elemental warriors at their disposal. The elemental lords continue their assaults on the pearl bearer until one of them claims it or the pearl is returned to the flaming sphere deep under the world.

Elemental, Salt

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: strike (3d6 plus salt poisoning)

Saving Throw: 8, 3 or 3

Special: dehydration, salt poisoning, vulnerable to water

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 8 HD (9/1100), 12 HD (13/2300), 16 HD (17/3400)

A salt elemental is a slightly translucent or light gray crystalline humanoid. Its head has no discernible features and its powerful arms end in massive fists. The elemental draws moisture from those around it in a 30-ft. radius, dealing 1d6 points of damage per round (save avoids). Anyone struck by a salt elemental's claw is sickened (–1 to hit and damage) for 1d4+2 rounds as the salt poisons them (save avoids). Salt elementals take double damage from water-based attacks.

Salt Elemental: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (3d6 plus salt poisoning); Move 12; Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** dehydration, salt poisoning, vulnerable to water.

Salt Elemental: HD 12; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (3d6 plus salt poisoning); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** dehydration, salt poisoning, vulnerable to water.

Salt Elemental: HD 16; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (3d6 plus salt poisoning); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 17/3400; **Special:** dehydration, salt poisoning, vulnerable to water.

Salt Licked

A 40-foot-tall crystal spike rises from the top of a flat-topped hill in the Cerulean Wastes. Green beads of energy dance along the object's length, rising and falling without reason. Around the spike is a 60-foot-diameter circle of white salt nearly 3 feet deep. Humanoid and animal forms rise out of the salt mire, their crystalline arms and faces reaching for the sky. If touched, the forms collapse into the shifting grains.

The salt forms are the crystallizing remains of beings killed by a **salt elemental** trapped within the spike. The spike has a 50% chance of flashing a pale green and releasing the elemental whenever a living being comes within 100 feet of it. The chance goes up by 5% for each additional being or creature.

If released, the salt elemental rises up from the salt pile and appears to walk across the granular surface without so much as disturbing the crystals. The creature kicks the dead forms of past victims out of its path, scattering them in a billowing cloud of salt. Anyone breathing the poisonous salt takes 1d6 points of damage (save avoids). The salt elemental returns to the spike prison once all beings within 100 feet of the object are destroyed. The salt elemental is cursed to remain trapped in the spike until salt covers every inch of the world. It knows that the only way to be free is to destroy all creatures that come near it and add their remains to the expanding salt mound around the spike.



Elemental, Smoke

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16
Armor Class: 2 [17]
Attacks: strike (2d6 plus burn)
Saving Throw: 8, 3 or 3
Special: engulf, gaseous, vulnerable to wind
Move: 0 (fly 12)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+2
Challenge Level/XP: 8 HD (9/1100), 12 HD (13/2300), 16 HD (17/3400)

A smoke elemental is a cloud of black smoke or thick fog with no discernible features. It can reshape itself at will to form two large eyes and a mouth of empty darkness (which serve no purpose other than to perhaps startle onlookers). Airborne creatures suffer a –1 penalty on attacks and damage when facing a smoke elemental. A smoke elemental can engulf a creature in its smoky form (save avoids). The engulfed creature's eyes burn (–2 to attacks) and it takes 2d6 points of damage from smoke inhalation each round. A smoke elemental takes double damage from wind attacks. It can pass through small holes and narrow openings because of its gaseous nature.

Smoke Elemental: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (2d6 plus burn); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** engulf, gaseous, vulnerable to wind.

Smoke Elemental: HD 12; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (2d6 plus burn); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** engulf, gaseous, vulnerable to wind.

Smoke Elemental: HD 16; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (2d6 plus burn); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 17/3400; **Special:** engulf, gaseous, vulnerable to wind.



Smoke Monster

A series of black idols stand in the Seething Jungle, each one carved with hideous leering faces and demonic bat wings rising from their squat, bloated bodies. Their eyes are hollow openings filled with inky blackness that seems to churn and roil. Bloody altars before each idol are burned and blackened.

The statues' eyes are conduits through which a **smoke elemental** can jump from one part of the Seething Jungle to another. When the elemental manifests, the blackness inside the idol's hollow stare jumps and spikes like a puddle that has been disturbed. The elemental leaps from the eyes as a long tendril of smoke that dances through the air like a massive snake. It occasionally bears the leering face of the statues to unnerve its victims. The jungle natives make sacrifices to the smoke monster that protects them and their villages.

Elemental, Wood

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: 2 strikes (3d6)

Saving Throw: 8, 3 or 3

Special: flesh to wood, immune to blunt weapons, +1 to hit and damage in forests

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 8 HD (9/1100), 12 HD (13/2300), 16 HD (17/3400)

Wood elementals are twiggy, wooden beings standing 16 to 24 feet tall with a 3 foot to 7 foot trunk, weighing 1,500 to 4,000 pounds. They have long, elf-like ears and curious features. Wood elementals encountered are always huge beings, and it is not known if smaller versions exist. Wood elementals serve as protectors of the forest, and each forest usually has one, while great primeval forests may boast several. Wood elementals spend most of their time in a euphoric slumber, waking only when their forest is in danger. At these times the wood elemental moves forth to seek and destroy that which threatens the forest. At times they are known to ally with factions that work to protect and save the forest, especially elves. Wood elementals typically replicate the look of the native trees of their forest; some wood elementals appear as mighty oaks, some as maples, birch, pine or majestic cedar trees. More exotic species are certainly possible (tiger wood, ipe, etc.).

Once every 1d4 rounds, a wood elemental may attempt to turn *flesh to wood* with a successful strike (save avoids). A wood elemental gains a +1 bonus to attacks and damage if it and its opponent are in a forested area.

Wood Elemental: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 strikes (3d6); Move 12; Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** flesh to wood, immune to blunt weapons, +1 to hit and damage in forests.

Wood Elemental: HD 12; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 strikes (3d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** flesh to wood, immune to blunt weapons, +1 to hit and damage in forests.

Wood Elemental: HD 16; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 strikes (3d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 17/3400; **Special:** flesh to wood, immune to blunt weapons, +1 to hit and damage in forests.

Credit

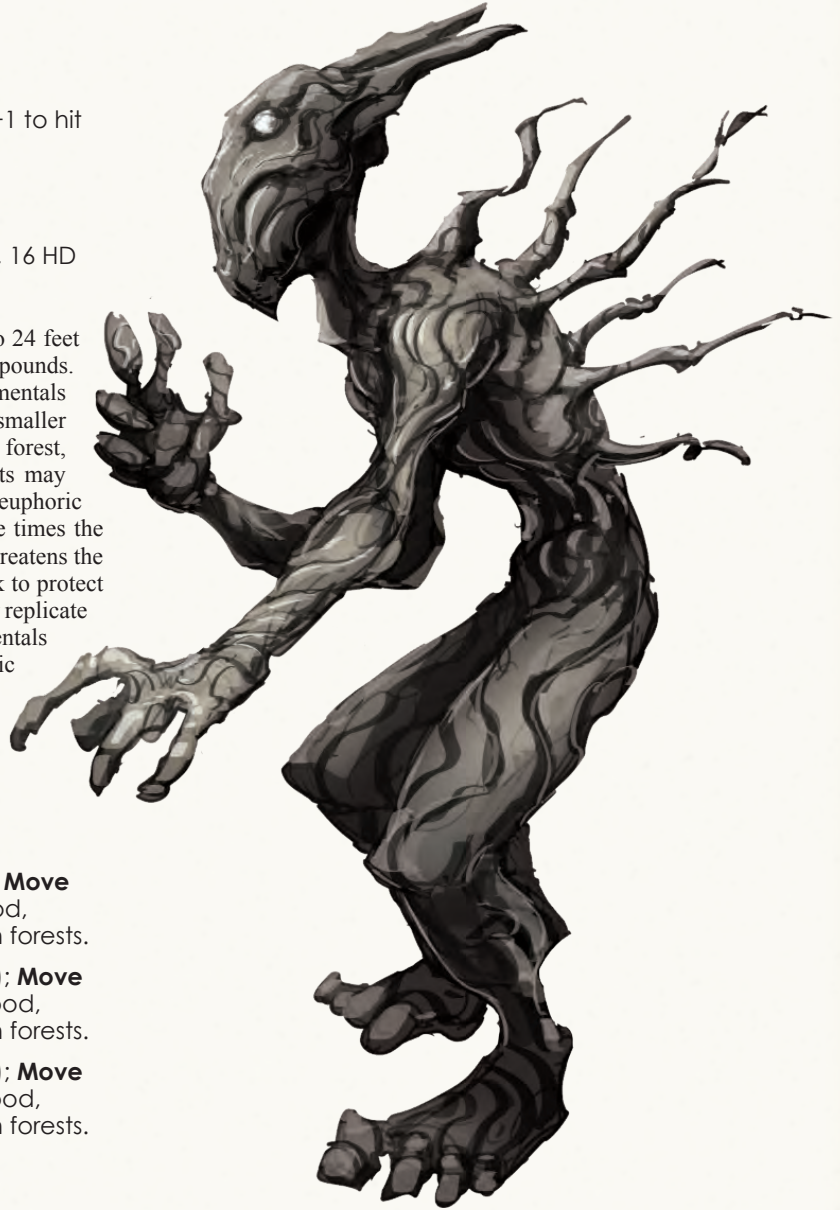
Original author William Loran Christensen

Originally appearing in *Fane of the Fallen* (© Frog God Games/ William Loran Christensen, 2010)

The Woodland King

In the wild thickets of the Thistledown Groves where the famed Queen's Kiss roses bloom, a 30-foot-tall wooden throne sits in a flower-filled clearing. Cavorting around the seat of power are 6 dryads clad in sheer gowns. The nymphs lounge and splash about in a 20-foot-diameter pool of clear spring water. The dryads turn as one if characters enter the clearing. They hold beautiful red roses up toward the characters. The bright-red blooms are coated with sweet pollen that makes characters extremely susceptible to *charm person* (-2 to saves; -4 against dryads). If characters ask any questions, the dryads smile and point to the throne.

The "throne" is a **wood elemental** that rules this section of the forest. The creature is tall and spindly as it rises to reveal that it had been sitting upon a small hillock. It turns its head down to look at characters, and its voice sounds like timber falling when it speaks, "Have you come to face the fire beast?"



If characters refuse, the dryads try to charm the party and force them to leave. If combat ensues, the elemental and dryads fight to drive the characters off.

If characters answer positively, the wood elemental directs them to a valley two miles away that has been burned and blackened by a **firefiend** that a careless Magic-User set free upon the countryside. If characters get rid of the destructive creature, the wood elemental rewards them with a cache of treasure hidden in the fertile soil under a mushroom garden. Digging in the dirt uncovers 269 gp, 562 sp, a collection of loose gems (750 gp total) and a *decanter of endless water*.

Dryad: HD 2; AC 9[10]; Atk wooden dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** charm person (-2 save).
Equipment: wooden dagger, holly and mistletoe.

Firefiend: HD 8; HP 42; AC 3[16]; Atk 3 longswords (1d8 plus 1d6 fire); Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 9/1,100; **Special:** double damage from cold, immunity to fire, spit.

Equipment: 3 longswords.

Emberleaf

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 tendrils (1d6 plus 1d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: fire healing, immune to fire, ring of fire, vulnerable to cold

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3+1

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

An emberleaf is a small sentient flowering plant with dark green leaves shot through with crimson. Several small bright yellow flowers are sprinkled around its form. It typically grows no taller than two or three feet and when at rest resembles an ordinary plant. Often times, an emberleaf makes its lair near trails or roads that wind their way through the forests in hopes of catching a meal passing through. The creature is active during the day and rests during the nighttime hours. During warmer months, the creature is more active, while during cooler months and winter, the creature is dormant most of the time. An emberleaf can go up to one month without eating.

Emberleaves do not actively hunt prey. Rather, they wait for their prey to come to them. The sweet smelling flowers and aroma given off by the flowers usually attracts insects and small game who unknowingly wander into range of the emberleaf's tendrils. If extremely hungry, an emberleaf uses its ring of fire attack to prevent its prey from escaping. An emberleaf is immune to fire and regains 1 hit point for every 3 points of fire damage it receives. The leaves of an emberleaf deal an additional 1d6 points of fire damage with each strike from the plant's fiery aura. Once per day, an emberleaf can create a 20-foot-tall ring of fire (as per the spell *wall of fire*) in a 30-foot radius around it. The ring of fire lasts for 5 rounds. Once it creates the ring of fire, it loses its fiery aura (and extra damage to attacks) for 1 hour.

Emberleaf: HD 5; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 tendrils (1d6 plus 1d6 fire); Move 6; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** fire healing, immune to fire, ring of fire, vulnerable to cold.

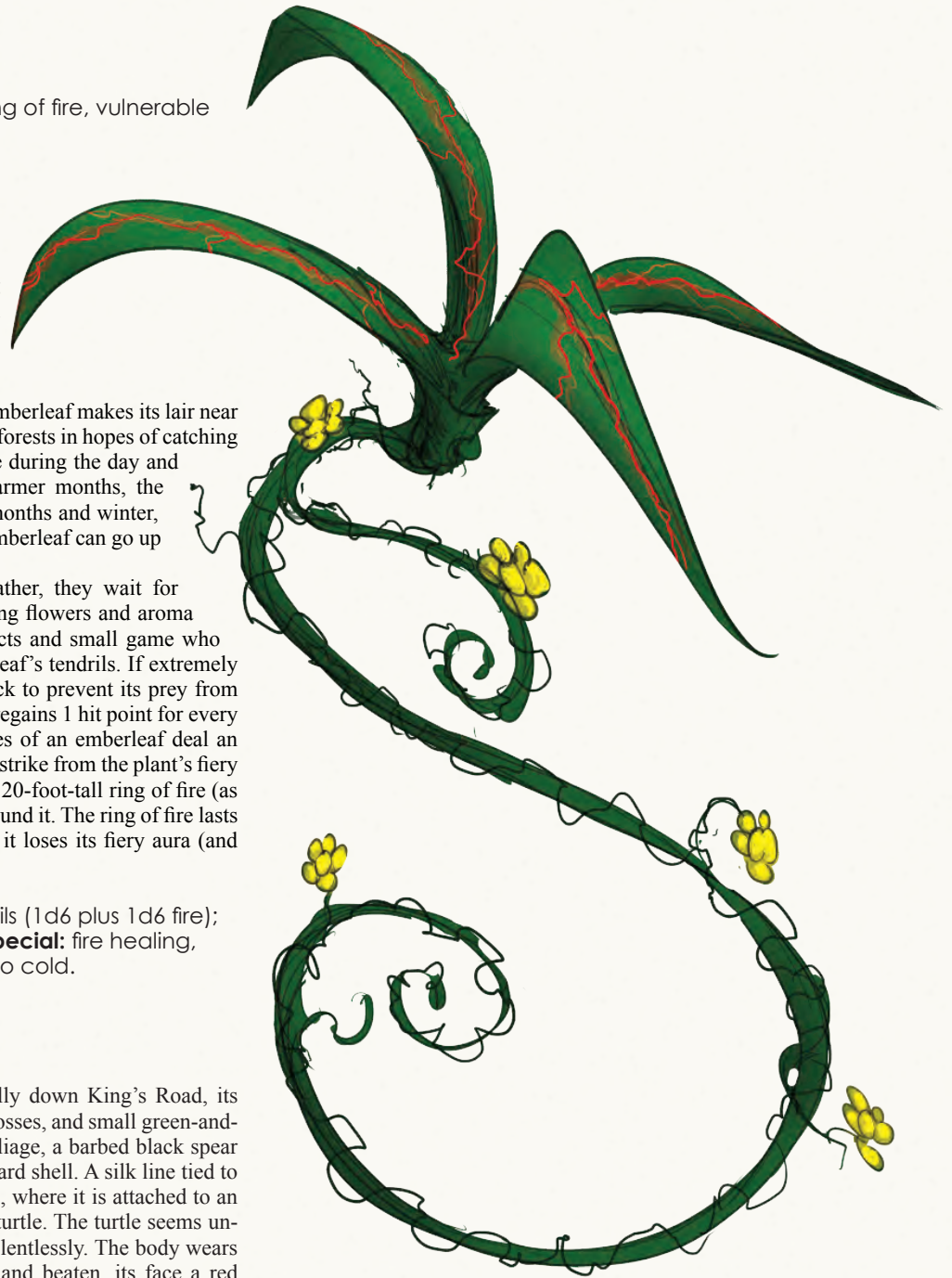
Shell Shocker

A giant snapping turtle plods methodically down King's Road, its 8-ft.-diameter shell covered in lichens, gray mosses, and small green-and-red plants with yellow flowers. Among the foliage, a barbed black spear juts upward, its head buried in the terrapin's hard shell. A silk line tied to the end of the spear trails off behind the turtle, where it is attached to an armor-clad body dragging 10 feet behind the turtle. The turtle seems unaware of its extra cargo and moves forward relentlessly. The body wears blackened plate mail. The corpse is charred and beaten, its face a red mass of burns and scrapes. The hair is burned away, and holes burned through the scalp reveal bone. The silk line is attached to a loop on the man's armor.

Gregor was a lazy fighter, and hated retrieving his spear when he threw it. One day, he tied a silk line to the end of the spear and the other end to his armor to make retrieving it easier. During his last foray into the woods for a rabbit to add to his stew, however, the spear flew wide and stuck in a giant snapping turtle's shell. Unable to tug the spear loose, Gregor advanced to retrieve the weapon from what he thought was a large rock. He didn't realize that the turtle's shell also hosted a growth of **emberleaf**. Flames rose 20 feet high around Gregor, burning the poor man to a crisp. The silk rope survived; it's actually enchanted to resist normal fires, although Gregor didn't know this. The emberleaf still sits on the turtle (which simply retreats into its shell whenever the plant gets the mind to

attack it) and strikes out at any who come near its host, burning them first with a ring of fire, then lashing out with its leafy tendrils.

Giant Snapping Turtle (8HD): HD 8; HP 54; AC 2[17] shell, 5[14] head/limbs; Atk bite (4d6); Move 4 (swim 9); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** none.



Fachan

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: club (2d8), slam (2d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: darkvision 60 ft., horrific visage, low-light vision

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, or 1d3x10

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A fachan is a hideous 12-foot-tall giant with a single leg, one arm that sprouts from the middle of its chest, and one eye in the middle of its forehead. They are foul-tempered and foul-smelling beasts with a taste for human flesh. Despite having only one leg and arm, they are extremely agile. Fachans weigh 1,000 pounds and have bronze or brown skin, and dark hair. Any creature that sees a fachan must make a saving throw or be stunned and unable to act for 1d4+2 rounds.

These creatures are shunned by other giant races, except hill giants with whom they have a distant but tolerable relationship. They rarely associate with other races for any reason. Fachans take up residence wherever they can find a warm, dry spot. They are not against building huts and hovels when they must, but they prefer the convenience of driving out the residents of an existing structure and claiming it as their own. They are most often encountered in wastelands and swamps. Fachan villages can consist of up to 30 individuals plus 30% noncombatant young.

Fachan: HD 7; AC 4 [15]; **Atk** club (2d8), slam (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL** XP 7/600; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., horrific visage, low-light vision.

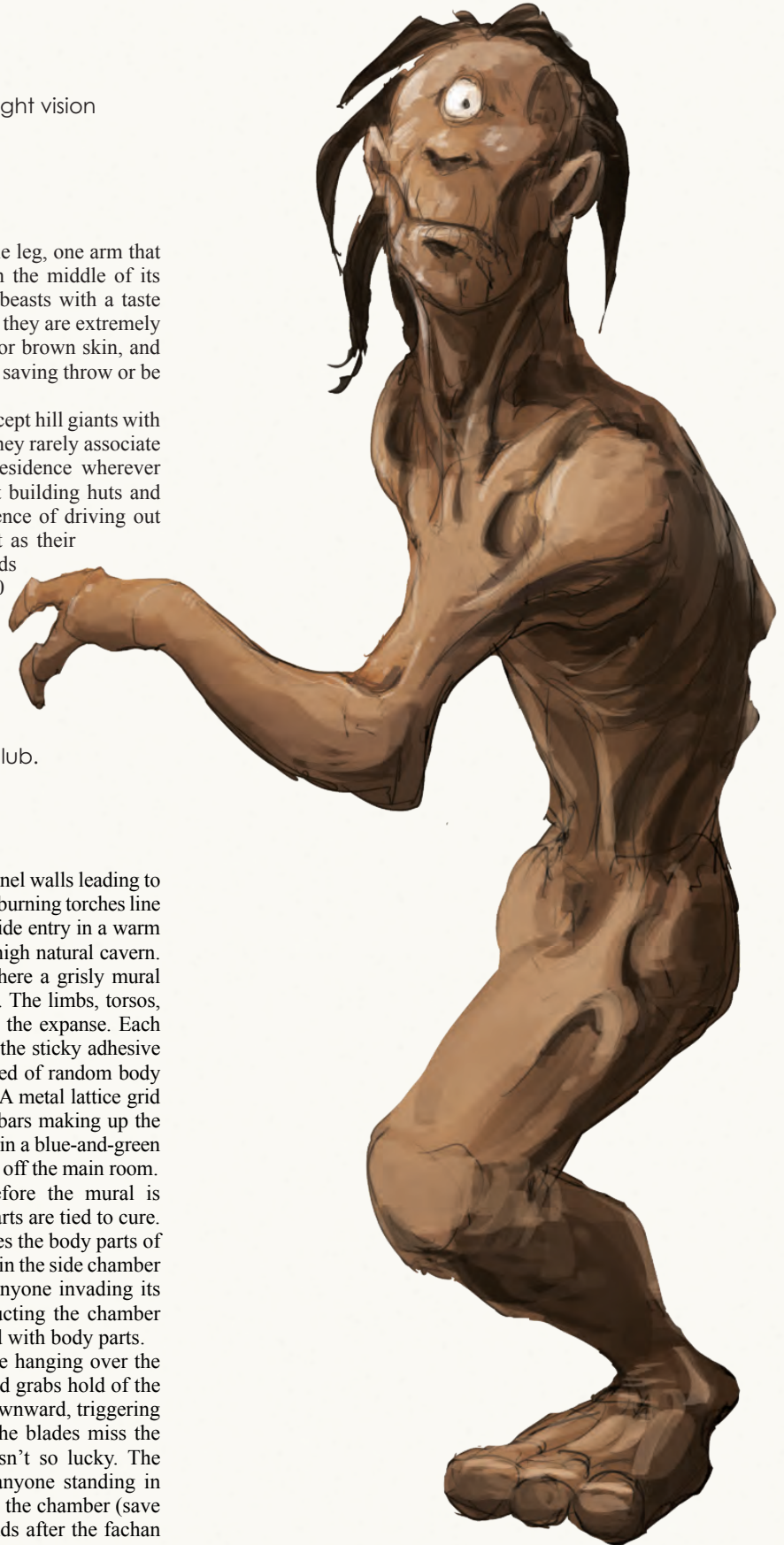
Equipment: hides and furs, giant-sized club.

No Legs to Stand On

Cut stone blocks fit seamlessly together along the tunnel walls leading to this luxurious underground chamber. Wall sconces with burning torches line one wall of the entry tunnel, casting half the 15-foot-wide entry in a warm glow. The tunnel opens into a well-decorated 20-foot-high natural cavern. A gray shale wall dominates one end of the room, where a grisly mural composed of preserved body parts decorates the stone. The limbs, torsos, heads, hands and feet are arranged in shapes to cover the expanse. Each is held to the wall with a strong glue. A copper pot of the sticky adhesive sits at the base of the wall. A 7-foot-tall giant composed of random body parts stands facing the mural, as if surveying its work. A metal lattice grid hangs 15 feet above the marble-tiled floor. The metal bars making up the grid are polished and worn. The floor tiles are arranged in a blue-and-green starburst. A thick curtain blocks a side chamber leading off the main room.

Despite its fearsome appearance, the “giant” before the mural is harmless, merely a metal framework to which body parts are tied to cure. The chamber is actually the home of a **fachan** who uses the body parts of its victims in its artistic endeavors. The creature sleeps in the side chamber in a mound of grizzly pelts, but leaps out to attack anyone invading its home and workshop. The fachan spent years constructing the chamber to its liking, adding numerous traps to keep it supplied with body parts.

The fachan’s favorite trap involves the metal lattice hanging over the room. During battle, the agile fachan leaps upward and grabs hold of the metal lattice. The creature’s weight pulls the lattice downward, triggering scything blades that slice upward out of the floor. The blades miss the hanging fachan, but anyone standing on the floor isn’t so lucky. The blades have a 15% chance of severing the legs of anyone standing in the room, and deal 2d6 points of damage to anyone in the chamber (save for half). The lattice slowly rises and resets in 4 rounds after the fachan triggers the trap.



Fallen Elf

Fallen elves have elven features, and generally have black or dark hair and blue or green eyes. The fallen elves have an unearthly beauty and glow about them, and many have small horns protruding from their heads due to their many dealings with the succubus goddess and her demonic forces.

Ivan the Warmaster (Fallen Elf Soul)

Hit Dice: 12 (75 hp)
Armor Class: -6 [25]
Attacks: +2 long sword (1d8+2) and +2 mace (1d8+2)
Special: two-weapon rend (2d6 extra damage if both weapons hit same target)
Move: 12
Saving Throw: 3
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

The fallen elf Ivan the Warmaster has an unearthly beauty and glow about him. He has small horns protruding from his head. With a body forged on the anvil of war and tempered with pure Chaos, Ivan is an impressive sight. Highly toned and fluid of movement, not a single wasted motion is detected in his arrogant stride. Ivan was once a legendary elven hero who fell to the seduction of the succubus goddess Lilith. Now a wicked monstrosity, Ivan relished defeating his foes in singular combat. Other fallen elf souls are rumored to exist locked away in outer planar prisons. These former elves gain immense power in exchange for their immortal and pure souls.

Ivan the Warmaster, Male Fallen Elf Soul: HD 12; HD 75; AC -6 [25]; Atk +2 long sword (1d8+2) and +2 mace (1d8+2); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** two-weapon rend (2d6 extra damage if both weapons hit same target).

Equipment: +3 chain mail, +2 longsword, +2 mace, knee-high leather boots, black cloak.

Elf Leading Orcs

The fallen elves are the ancestors of Vargoth and the faction of elves that were driven from Caer Myrridon long ago. For millennia, they have dwelled within Harwood Forest, where they built a thriving metropolis (Novgorod) and several smaller surrounding settlements, all in relative seclusion to the outside world.

With dark pacts to even more sinister deities, these elves gained immortal living powers by giving up their immortal elven souls. These elves are not limited to level constraints like their Lawful kin. Without level constraints and their ability to age, these elves grow to possess incredible powers.

Of all the fallen elves, perhaps none is more feared than **Ivan the Warmaster**. Ivan leads a band of **100 black orcs** into settlements on the outskirts of The Lost Lands to pillage, enslave and murder. His war party has just finished a two-month-long trek into the low hills north of Shieldfane. Heavy with loot and slowed by wagons of captives, the band makes its way back to the north. Ivan normally flies ahead of the war band mounted on a trained **wyvern**.

Black Orc (100): HD 2; AC 5[14]; Atk weapon, usually two-handed sword (1d10); Move 12; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** none.

Equipment: chain mail, two-handed sword.

Wyvern: HD 8; HP 49; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (2d8) or sting (1d6); Move 6 (fly 24); Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** poison sting, flies.



Fallen Harpy

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: 2 talons (1d3) and longsword (1d8)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: charm, siren-song, wail of sanity

Move: 6 (fly 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, or 1d6x5

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Fallen harpies have the upper body of a beautiful elf and the lower body and wings of a vulture. Fallen harpies are elves who sought power through service to the goddess Lilith. For one reason or another, Lilith spurned the favors of these followers, and transformed them into these foul creatures. Their beauty masks their inherent evil, and the creatures often tempt victims with their beauty and harmonious songs. Their song is a charm that draws victims to the harpy (saving avoids). The harpy's touch casts the equivalent of a *charm person* spell (saving throw resists). Once per day, a fallen harpy can unleash a wail of insanity. All within 100 feet of the harpy must make a saving throw or become permanently insane. Any chosen of Lilith within one mile may command a fallen harpy.

Fallen Harpy: HD 7; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 talons (1d3) and longsword (1d8); Move 6 (fly 18); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** charm, siren-song, wail of sanity.

Equipment: longsword, bandolier.



Sirens of the Salt Sea

The narrow strait connecting the Salt Sea with the larger Reaping Sea is bordered by high white cliffs. The 600-foot-high cliffs are coated in thick layers of sea salt wafting off the fierce waves cresting through the 300-foot-wide passage. Petrified redwoods create a stone ceiling over the strait, the haphazardly fallen tree trunks. Thick vines—all coated in grains of salt—dangle down from the toppled trees.

Hidden from ships passing below are the hollow nests carved into the petrified wood. Each depression is lined with silks, soft boughs from the nearby forest, and the treasures the nest builders have collected. Vine-lashed branches covered with tattered sails form roofs to keep the elements out of the nests. The nests are home to **6 fallen harpies** that watch the strait. They swoop down on ships making the dangerous mile-long crossing, hoping to pluck unlucky sailors from their ships. The harpies have collected 642 gp, 12 large diamonds (worth a total of 2,500 gp), a wondrous golden harp that can play a song once someone hums a tune (1,500 gp), and a *wand of fear* (which looks like a small oak branch).

Firebird

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d8), bite (2d6), 2 wings (1d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: blinding brilliance, breath weapon, darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities, resist cold and fire

Move: 9 (fly 24)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

A firebird is a large bird about 8 feet long with golden and silver feathers. A majestic crest of gold runs from its head, along its back, and disappears into its tail feathers. Its beak and claws are the color of pearls and its eyes shine like crystal. Firebirds almost always attack Chaotic creatures and those that would despoil their forests. At will, a firebird can cause its tail feathers to burst with a brilliant yellow light in a 100-foot radius. Anyone in the area must make a saving throw or be blinded for 2d4 rounds. Firebirds take half damage from cold and fire. Firebirds can use *detect evil* at will. Three times a day they can use *cure light wounds* and *hold person*. Once every 1d4 rounds, a firebird can breathe a 60-ft. long cone of fire that does 5d6 points (save for half).

Firebirds are considered by many to be good luck. Sighting one on a journey is considered to be a boon (unless of course you are Chaotic, in which case it is deemed bad luck to see a firebird). Firebirds are thought of as protectors and guardians of the forest and often befriend elves, dryads, and druids and can sometimes be found in the company of such creatures. They dislike orcs, goblins, and any who would despoil and destroy the forests.

These creatures roost in great caves far away from civilized lands and are usually only seen in the early morning or evening hours. Once a month firebirds take to the night sky at the stroke of midnight. To the casual observer a firebird in the night sky appears to be a shooting star or comet flying across the sky.

Firebirds claim vast amounts of territory as their own, protecting this domain from Chaos, and also using it as their own personal hunting ground. Such domains often overlap with other firebirds (which suits each just fine as they share the duties of guardianship over the overlapping territory). Firebirds live on a diet of game animals, fruits, nuts, and berries.

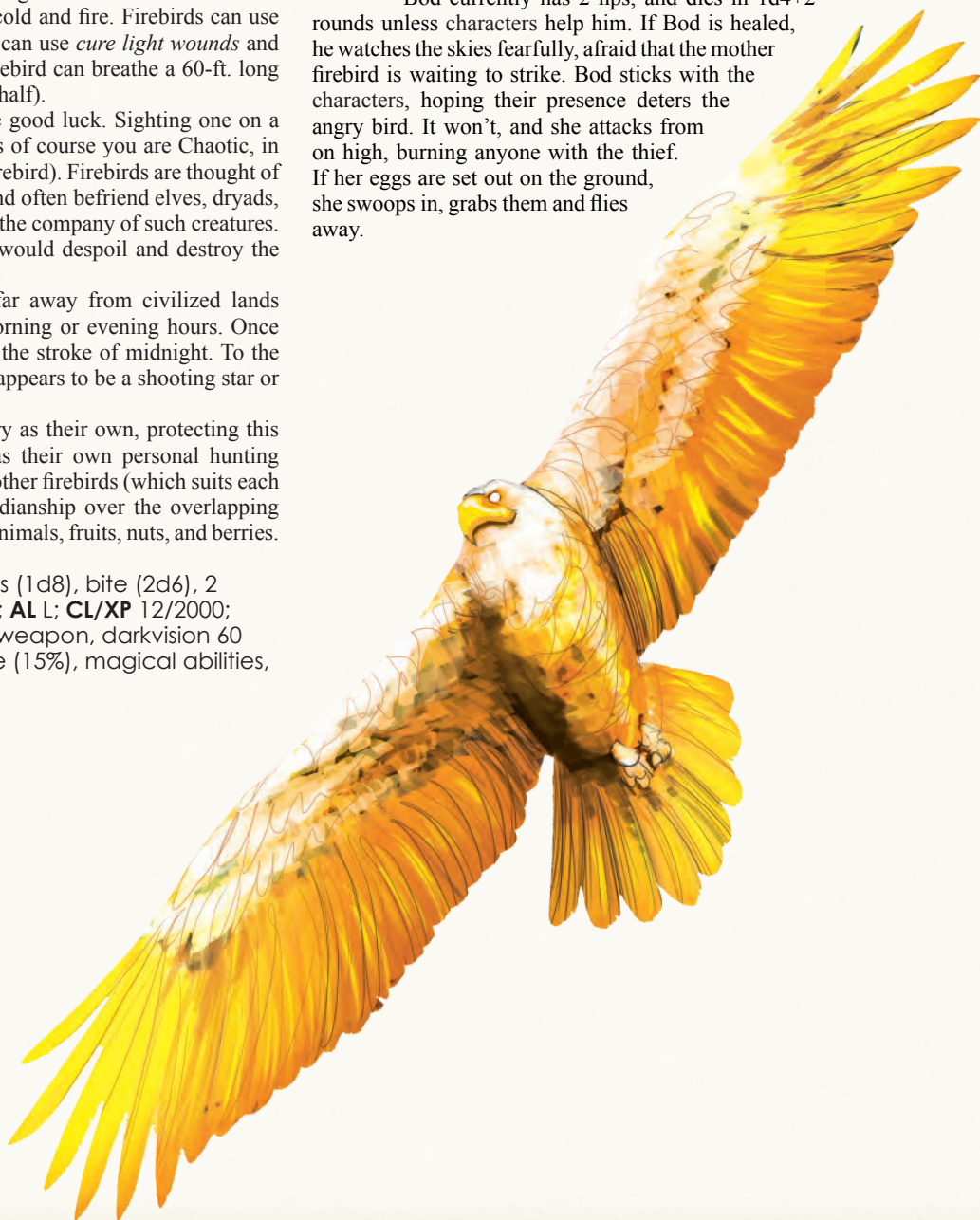
Firebird: HD 9; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d8), bite (2d6), 2 wings (1d6); Move 9 (fly 24); Save 6; AL L; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** blinding brilliance, breath weapon, darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities, resist cold and fire.

The Smoky Bandit

A bedraggled man staggers out of the trees, his burned and charred clothing falling off his smoking body in clumps. He collapses at the character's feet and stretches out his hand for help. His skin is charred and peeling along his arm. His hair is burnt away, exposing simmering patches of scalp. His voice is low and pain-filled—barely a whisper—as he speaks through lips bubbling off his face. “Help me, please.” He twists into a contorted fetal position and goes silent, his breathing labored.

The burned traveler is a thief named Bod Arville who chanced upon a clutch of silver-and-gold eggs in a silver-lined nest. He was able to snag two of the eggs before their mother showed up and took out her anger on him. He barely escaped the **firebird**, although her fiery breath nearly did him in. He escaped by running through the woods, setting fire to the trees and shrubs he passed, all of which further infuriated the firebird. It now circles in the forest, seeking the thief. Bod has the eggs in his smoking backpack.

Bod currently has 2 hps, and dies in 1d4+2 rounds unless characters help him. If Bod is healed, he watches the skies fearfully, afraid that the mother firebird is waiting to strike. Bod sticks with the characters, hoping their presence deters the angry bird. It won't, and she attacks from on high, burning anyone with the thief. If her eggs are set out on the ground, she swoops in, grabs them and flies away.



Fisherman

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: boat hook (1d8+1) or gaff hook (1d6) or net (save or be entangled)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: darkvision 60 ft., magic resistance (25%), resists electricity and fire, spells (3/3/3/2/2)

Move: 15 (swim 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

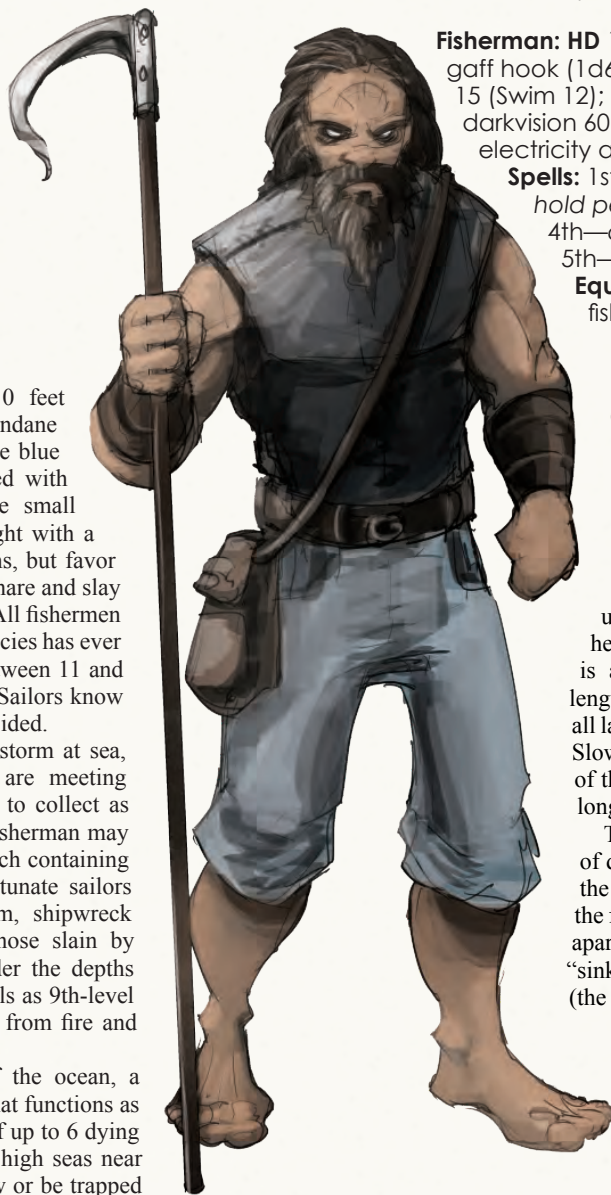
Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

A fisherman stands more than 10 feet tall, and is clad in the garb of a mundane fisherman. Its eyes glow with an eerie blue light and its grizzled face is trimmed with a gnarled beard from which scuttle small crabs, fish and shrimp. Fishermen fight with a variety of maritime tools and weapons, but favor boathooks, gaff hooks and nets to ensnare and slay those who intrude upon their habitat. All fishermen seem to be male—no female of the species has ever been discovered. Fishermen stand between 11 and 12 feet tall and weigh 1,600 pounds. Sailors know only that they are to be feared and avoided.

When a fisherman detects a great storm at sea, or is otherwise aware that sailors are meeting watery deaths, it rises to the surface to collect as many souls as it can. An individual fisherman may tend to as many as 3d6 *soul cages*, each containing the incarcerated spirits of 1d6 unfortunate sailors who met their deaths through storm, shipwreck or some other maritime disaster. Those slain by intentional violence are left to wander the depths by the fisherman. Fishermen cast spells as 9th-level Clerics. Fishermen take half damage from fire and electricity.

Using debris from the bottom of the ocean, a fisherman can construct a *soul cage* that functions as a *magic jar* variant to trap the souls of up to 6 dying sailors. Anyone who perishes on the high seas near a soul cage must make a saving throw or be trapped in the cage. The souls remain trapped as long as the fisherman wishes, but are released upon his death. The soul cages are incredibly sturdy, despite their appearance. A fisherman may tend as many as 3d6 *soul cages* in its territory. Fishermen are fond of games and gambling, and find wagers impossible to resist. It's possible to bargain for

the release of a soul by besting the fisherman in a game of chance.



Fisherman: HD 14; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** boat hook (1d8+1) or gaff hook (1d6) or net (save or be entangled); **Move** 15 (Swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., magic resistance (25%), resists electricity and fire, spells (3/3/3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x3); 2nd—*bless*, *hold person* (x2); 3rd—*locate object* (x3); 4th—*cure serious wounds*, *neutralize poison*; 5th—*finger of death*

Equipment: boat hook or gaff hook, net, fisherman's gear, assorted lures.

Catch of the Day

Screams rise across the waves from a cage floating low in the water. Pale hands reach through the bars of the cage, and the faces of fearful men and women appear and vanish as waves wash over them. Their voices gurgle under the water crashing over their submerged heads. The cage containing the struggling beings is an odd construction, made of brittle-looking lengths of wood and the upper jaws of swordfish, all lashed together with seaweed and squid tentacles. Slowly deflating fish bladders attached to the edges of the cage keep it barely above water—but not for long.

The people screaming in the cage are the souls of dead sailors captured by a **fisherman** who tends the cage. Their screams lure potential victims into the fisherman's clutches. The cage cannot be broken apart as long as the fisherman lives, and begins "sinking" soon after characters hear the screaming (the fisherman actually begins pulling it down). The fisherman waits underwater with his "pets," a **giant octopus** and a **great white shark**. His pets attack any characters trying to help the people in the cage, either by capsizing boats or grabbing characters and pulling them underwater to drown. The fisherman has an empty cage hidden below the first ready to fill with new souls.

Giant Octopus: HD 7; HP 41; AC 7[12]; **Atk** 8 tentacles (1d3); **Move** 2 (swim 10); **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** constriction and pinioning.

Large Shark (8HD): HD 8; HP 53; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8+4); **Move** 0 (swim 24); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** Feeding frenzy.

New Weapons

Boat Hook: A boat hook resembles a staff with a barbed hook at one end. Sailors use boat hooks to snag mooring lines and pull in small boats. **Weight:** 10 lbs. **Cost:** 3 gp. **Damage:** 1d8+1

Gaff Hook: A gaff hook is a curved metallic hook with a cross bar. Gaff hooks are used by fishermen to lift heavy catches into their boats. **Weight:** 3 lbs. **Cost:** 1 gp. **Damage:** 1d6

Flayed Angel

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attacks: 2 slams (2d6 plus 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: gout of blood, immune to acid, +1 or better weapon to hit, rend

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

A flayed angel is horribly mutilated, its skin flayed away, its wings crippled, and its head removed. The preparation ritual also involves the introduction of an acidic embalming fluid that mingles with the blood left in its body as a continually-leaking, caustic brew. A flayed angel stands around 8 feet tall due to the removal of its head and weighs about 450 pounds. Flayed angels have lost most of their original battle prowess becoming little more than lumbering death dealers. A flayed angel's attack deals an additional 1d6 points of acid damage. If a flayed angel hits a single target with both of its slams, it rends the victim for 5d6 points of damage plus 2d6 points of acid damage from its touch. If a flayed angel is struck in battle, the impact causes a spray of acidic blood to fly off the creature to strike any creature within 5 ft. for 1d6 points of acid damage (save avoids).

Flayed Angel: HD 12; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 slams (2d6 plus 1d6 acid); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** gout of blood, immune to acid, +1 or better weapon to hit, rend.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Angel Eyes

A falling down temple sits amid the thick vines of the Seething Jungle. Cracked stone blocks form a crumbling walkway leading up to the building's broken iron double doors. The narthex within is overgrown with twisting vines and bright red flowers. Many of the vines are speckled with tiny yellow-and-brown spots that eat through the creeping tendrils. The foliage-clogged entry leads into the temple's nave, where a giant silver holy symbol has been ripped from the wall and cast to the ground. The 600-pound symbol is worth 300 gp, although priests of the order might object to anyone trying to sell it. Sitting on the marble altar are five stone trays. Each tray holds a pair of bloody eyes placed so they can stare out at the empty temple.

The eyes are trophies collected by the temple's former protector, a **flayed angel** killed during the War of the Winds and changed into this horrid aberration. The monstrosity returned to the temple and killed the priests. Angels were sent to stop the beast, but it killed the protectors and removed their eyes out of spite. Their bodies are hung along the walls, now hidden by the many vines that have taken over the temple. The flayed angel moves silently about its former home, kills any creature daring to enter its domain.



Fleshewn

A fleshewn is a macabre construct made from corpses. Virtually any corporeal living creature can be fashioned into whatever the creator desires. Normally, these constructs are built to guard treasure or act as servants. Fleshewns retain a semblance of their former self, but other creatures' features may be grafted to their new form. Troll thrones, mammoth palanquins and fleshewn wall of eye tyrant guardians are known to exist.

Fleshewn Troll Throne

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: regenerate (3 hp/round), rend, resists electricity

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A troll throne fleshewn is a large throne made of stretched and taut troll skin covering a bone structure. The legs (or arms at the creator's discretion) have the claw attacks of the base troll creature. The troll throne can carry a seated individual by following simple commands. The chair can move to carry anyone sitting on it. A tooth-filled maw is hidden under a cushion. If a fleshewn troll throne hits a single target with both claw attacks, it automatically deals an additional 1d8 points of damage as it rends the victim's flesh. Fleshewn troll thrones regenerate 3 hit points per round, except for fire and acid damage.

Fleshewn Troll Throne: HD 6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** regenerate (3 hp/round), rend, resists electricity.

Rocking Chair

The door opens onto a grand and macabre dining chamber. A 16-foot-long, U-shaped dining table dominates the room. Bone tile covers the table, which is made of bound femurs. Each side of the table has five chairs also made of bone with leather straps for the seats and backs. The leather and bones appear to be of humanoid origin. Four chandeliers fabricated from rib cages cast an unearthly purplish light (modified *continual light* spells). A imposing throne of bone and green skin stands at the head of the table. The throne appears to be made entirely out of a troll.

Mummified corpses of orcs sit in each chair. Empty tankards and plates of bones sit in front the dead partiers. Each of the orcs maintains an eternal pose as if it is the middle of a grand feast. The body of a Magic-User sits upon the throne. The corpse grasps a +1 *staff* in one hand, while the other grasps the arm of the throne. The man's robes are tattered and a family of rats nests inside his abdomen.

The mage sits upon a **fleshewn troll throne**. The creation is under direct orders to attack anything approaching the Magic-User without permission. Since the Magic-User is dead, no one is around to countermand the throne's orders.



Fountain Fungus

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 tendrils (1d6 plus grab), bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: acid fountain, low-light vision, resist acid, swallow whole

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

A fountain fungus is a semi-intelligent plant creature that lures creatures to their doom and then devours them. While it appears to be an ordinary fountain carved of stone and covered with mold and vegetation, the fountain fungus is 100% vegetable matter. The gray coloration of its central body adds to this deception. Fountain funguses can be found just about anywhere save the coldest of climates. Many are encountered underground as these creatures seem to have a particular like for the dampness and darkness that dungeons and caverns provide. Fountain funguses subsist on a diet of blood, so regardless of where they lair, they always make sure a supply of fresh food is readily available (e.g., a popular dungeon perhaps where adventurers like to explore). When a fountain fungus's food supply dwindles it simply rolls itself into a ball and moves to another location. A fountain fungus is about 10 feet in diameter. Its central body is stone gray with many vines, leaves, and mushroom-like growths of varying greens covering it. Somewhere in this tangled mass are four tentacles that look like thick rugged vines. Once every 1d4 rounds, a fountain fungus can spray acid into the air in a 10-ft.-radius around the plant. Creatures in the area take 6d6 points of damage (save for half). If a fountain fungus rolls a natural 20 to hit with one of its tendrils, it grabs the victim and swallows the creature whole (automatic 2d6 points of damage each round). Creatures killed by a fountain fungus are wrapped in its vines and pulled into its body. The fountain fungus spends the next few days absorbing all fluids and nutrients from its prey before ejecting a dried out husk of its victim onto the ground.

Fountain Fungus: HD 12; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 tendrils (1d6 plus grab), bite (2d6); Move 6; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300;

Special: acid fountain, low-light vision, resist acid, swallow whole.

The Shield Garden Horror

The Forbidden Shield Gardens sit in a rocky canyon of the Hollow Spire Mountains, many miles east of the Shieldfane of Muir. The garden is a holy place where the bodies of Muir's champions are buried, their remains interred in the rich soil and protected by slabs of rock carved with their achievements. Sitting on each stone slab is the warrior's shield. Each shield is filled with rich dirt where violets, crocus, jonquil and geraniums grow in abundance. The plants and vines spill over the shields and across the memorial slabs. Most of the shields are worn with age and the elements. Stealing a shield invites the wrath of the paladins of Muir.

In the center of the garden, a massive fountain filled with leafy fronds, long tendrils and foot-wide sunflowers grows with abandon. The fountain is dry, but the plants flourish in the nutrient-rich soil. Sticking up from the center of the dirt filling the fountain is a wooden staff coated with a rime of ice. A blue sapphire atop the staff pulses with a slow heartbeat. The staff is cold to the touch, dealing 1d4 points of damage to anyone touching it with bare flesh.

The plant is a **fountain fungus** held in stasis by the *staff of power* driven into its core. If the staff is removed, the fountain fungus immediately revives, lashing out at anyone standing around or in it. The knights of Muir stopped the plant with the intention of later finishing it off, but a demonic incursion from a nearby temple demanded their attention.



Fungus Man

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: strike (1d4)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: immune to poison, low-light vision, resist cold, spore cloud, vulnerable to fire

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4x4, or 2d8x4, or 30+, plus a fungus man king

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Fungus Man King

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: strike (1d4)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: immune to poison, low-light vision, resist cold, spore cloud, vulnerable to fire

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Fungus men are an extremely peaceful and easy-going race of intelligent plants that resemble mobile toadstools, with brightly colored caps, stubby arms and thick, trunk-like legs. They are bipedal, in a squat, humanoid fashion. Fungus men reproduce by means of spore clouds. The fungus men are sexless, and reproduce by means of spore clouds. They lack the appendages for fine manipulation of objects. The fungus men are fiercely loyal to their king, and attack immediately if it is threatened. Fungus men do not communicate by verbal means; they have learned to deal with outsiders by using hand gestures and supplicating movements. They communicate with each other by pheromones and spores release. Once per round, a fungus man can release a cloud of spores that sickens living creatures within 5 ft. (save avoids). Fungus men are immune to poison, and take half damage from cold. They take double damage from fire. Fungus men cohabitate in enclaves throughout the Under Realms, farming lichen and mosses to trade with other races for soil and excrement (their sources of food). Some fungus man colonies keep "domesticated" giant lizards available to replenish their dung fields and for pack animal uses. Fungus man colonies are not hostile towards each other; neither do they work together in any societal fashion.

Fungus Man: HD 3; AC 8 [11]; Atk strike (1d4); Move 9; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** immune to poison, low-light vision, resist cold, spore cloud, vulnerable to fire.

Fungus Man King: HD 6; AC 7 [12]; Atk strike (1d4); Move 9; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** immune to poison, low-light vision, resist cold, spore cloud, vulnerable to fire.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

Fungal Growth

Black stringy moss grows thick on the plants and trees in this section of the Kajaani Forest. Black beetles crawl through the moss, their carapaces gleaming in the scant rays of sunlight breaking through the canopy of leaves overhead. An overgrown game trail leads finally into a wooded cove where giant toadstools shade the yellowing grasses. The ever-present black moss hangs like thick curtains from the undersides of the toadstools. Around the base of the larger mushrooms are **12 bipedal fungus men** and their **fungus man king**. Each one is covered in layers of the black moss, which hangs about their bodies like lace shrouds. Bubbling green liquid seeps from cracks in their skin. Piled around the bases of the toadstools are bones of humanoids and forest animals. Bits of rotting flesh cling to the bones. The fungus men and their king move slowly to attack anyone entering their clearing.

The area around the giant mushrooms once was a thriving fungus man village before a deadly strain of black fungal rot settled over the homes, infecting the plants and the fungus men alike. The thick moss is slowly killing the fungus men by causing patches of **green slime** to grow throughout their bodies. Anyone striking one of the fungus men causes green slime to spray into the air. Anyone within 10 feet of the fungus man has a 20% chance of getting the slime on them. The fungus men are dying, although they can be healed by casting *plant growth* on them. If characters figure out a way to save the fungus men, they direct them to a buried cache of gemstones worth 350 gp lost in the forest hundreds of years ago.



Galley Beggar

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: touch (5d6, save for half)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: annihilating wail, draining touch, frightful presence (40 ft. radius), incorporeal (hit only by magic and silver weapons)

Move: 0 (fly 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

Galley beggars are the ghostly remains of travelers who met their demise before their journey was complete. Therefore, most encounters with galley beggars occur on roads and paths between cities and towns. A galley beggar generally haunts a single area of no more than 1 square mile, and though it is not tied to the area, it rarely ever ventures far from the place where it died. A galley beggar is a hateful creature, unhappy and resentful of its current state of unlife. It seeks nothing more than to kill the instant it encounters a living creature. A galley beggar is a frightful sight, instilling fear (as per the spell) in anyone within 40 feet. Once per minute, a galley beggar can emit a piercing and heart-stopping scream that affects all creatures within 60 feet. Creatures who hear the wail take 10d6 points of damage (save avoids, but still blinded for 1d4+4 rounds). The beggar's incorporeal touch does 5d6 points of damage (save for half), and also heal 1d6 hit points on itself with a successful attack.

Galley Beggar: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk touch (5d6, save for half); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** annihilating wail, draining touch, frightful presence (40 ft. radius), incorporeal (hit only by magic and silver weapons).

Equipment: various travelling clothes.

Beggars Road

A rather dreary gravel road might be found running from a lagoon sheltered by crooked apple trees thick with poisoned apples. The road once was used by smugglers, who hide their boats among the trees and their ill-gotten booty in an old fortification on a nearby hill. The fortification is composed of grayish stone streaked with black fungus, its slightly warped oak doors barred from the inside (the smugglers know about a secret stone on the wall that opens the bar), its battlements trapped with pressure plates and light crossbows.

The smugglers eventually gave the place up when 3 galley beggars showed up. The trio of young scholars trudged up from the dreary lagoon one day, their Grand Tour of the continent cut short by a rogue storm. The galley beggars now walk back and forth up the road, never passing the crossroads a mile past the fortification that lead to a fine little fishing port to the northeast and a bustling sea port to the southeast.

One of the galley beggars has a secret letter hidden in his tattered, moldy robes. The letter is sealed in an ivory map case and tells of a plot to kill the king of Thrombom, brother of the grand duke that governs the surroundings.



Gargoyle, Spitting

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d4) and gore (1d4)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: freeze (i.e. appear as statue), +1 or better weapon to hit, spit acid

Move: 15 (fly 21)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d12+4

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Like its cousin the common gargoyle, spitting gargoyles are cruel creatures taking great delight in torturing others just to watch their suffering. Before closing to attack with their melee attacks, spitting gargoyles often dive to use their acid spit attacks to soften up their targets. Other than the variations mentioned here, they in all other ways conform to the standard gargoyle as detailed in the *Swords & Wizardry Complete* rulebook.

Once every 4 rounds, a spitting gargoyle can spit acid in a 30-ft.-long line. This acid deals 3d6 points of acid damage.

Spitting Gargoyle: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d4) and gore (1d4); Move 15 (fly 21); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** freeze (i.e. appear as statue), +1 or better weapon to hit, spit acid.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Gargoyles on Deck

The Xanthor Straits were once thronged with the sprightly blue caravels of Gvar and Nyort, but the arrival of the pirates changed all that. The pirates sail a magical stone boat, raised from the sea floor by an exiled triton prince. The boat is covered with barnacles and strands of kelp. Its figurehead looks like an octopoidal nymph with a tusk like a narwhal. The forecastle's battlements are like great spikes of coral, while the aftcastle is ringed by 7 **spitting gargoyles**, servants of the master of the boat.

The boat is sailed by a brotherhood of bardic pirates, victims of oppressive sumptuary laws in Gvar and dedicated to destroying its overzealously lawful primarch, Flond. The master of the pirates is the meistersinger Zellowyn, a bonny lady of 33 summers, with auburn hair like the swirling flames of the infamous Fire Swamp and eyes as green as beryls. Her crew numbers 20, dashing young men and women in silks and velvets, armed with short, quick swords and quicker wits. They seek plunder, but have a rough sense of honor, and are quite willing to let their victims go in peace, provided they hand over their booty and promise to deliver a message of defiance to Flond.



Gelatinous Emperor

Hit Dice: 19

Armor Class: -5 [24]

Attack: 2 tentacles (2d8 plus 2d8 acid)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: engulf, immune to acid and electricity, magic resistance (10%), +2 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and fire, spew acid

Move: 9 (climb 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4+1 black puddings

Challenge Level/XP: 28/6800

A gelatinous emperor is believed to be a foul mix of gelatinous cube, gray ooze, black pudding, and all other manner of puddings and oozes meshed together by Jubilex, either for some nefarious purpose or for nothing more than his sheer amusement. Sages believe the latter to be the truer of the two theories.

It appears as a massive, amorphous, reddish-brown blob. Gelatinous emperors are intelligent. They are immune to acid and electricity, and take half damage from cold and fire.

A gelatinous emperor attacks by forming multiple pseudopods from its amorphous body and lashing out at its opponents. The ooze can move over victims and engulf them (save avoids). A creature engulfed by a gelatinous emperor takes automatic tentacle damage each round and drowns if it does not escape.

A gelatinous emperor can spew forth acid in a 30-ft. line at a single target. A creature struck takes 8d6 points of acid damage (save for half). Once a gelatinous emperor spews acid, it cannot do so again for 1d4 rounds. The acid does not harm metal or stone.

Once per day, a gelatinous emperor can summon 1d4 black puddings or 1d4 gelatinous cubes.

Emperor of the Mists

The caverns beneath the Garnet Hills become more abstract as one delves deeper, leaving behind the gnomehold of Ozgalot and its silver-clad mimes and tankards of moonrust (a strange sort of particle extracted from a fungus known as ogre's toe for its resemblance to the pinky toe of an ogre; one can drink this sand-like particle, and while it is highly intoxicating, it gives one the ability to digest the softer metals and stones and to ignore poisonous gases for 1d6 hours).

Within these deep caverns, which the gnomes detest and never visit, are weird, twisting columns of stone that glisten with green slimes that vibrate to an unheard rhythm from the Astral Plane. Vents in the floor release clouds of rainbow-colored mist that hang about the ceiling, sometimes coalescing into tiny crystals that fall like rain on the heads of adventurers. These crystals soon melt, becoming an oily sheen that can only be removed by a dust bath. Random encounters with slimes, jellies and the dreaded and rarely glimpsed custards occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6 (check each turn).

Eventually, these caverns lead to a recondite stone bridge over a heaving river of slimes that flows from parts unknown into, so legend says, the very maw of Hell. Mists roll heavy over the river and surround the stones, making them glisten with condensation. Guarding this bridge is a **gelatinous emperor**, servant and courtesan of Jubilex itself.



Gelatinous Emperor: HD 19; AC -5 [24]; Atk 2 tentacles (2d8 plus 2d8 acid); Move 9 (climb 9); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 28/6800; **Special:** engulf, immune to acid and electricity, magic resistance (10%), +2 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and fire, spew acid.

Genie, Seraph

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 2 slams (1d8 plus 1d6 fire) or scimitar (1d8 plus 1d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: fire burst, immune to fire, magical abilities, vulnerable to cold

Move: 15 (fly 12)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d4+2, or 1d6+6

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

The seraphs are genies from the Plane of Fire, and the sworn enemies of the efreet. A typical seraph stands 10 feet tall and weighs about 1,500 pounds. It has brick red skin. Once every 1d4 rounds, a seraph can emit a blast of elemental fire in a 30-foot-radius burst. Creatures in the area take 8d6 points of fire damage (save for half). Seraphs can cast the following spells: constant—*detect evil*, *detect magic*; at will—*produce fire*, *pyrotechnics*; 3/day—*detect invisibility*, *fireball*, *invisibility* (self), *wall of fire*; 1/day—*fire storm*, *wish* (to non-genies only). Seraph are immune to fire, but take double damage from cold.

Some seraphs are noble, known as beys or caliphs. A noble seraph has 14 Hit Dice and gains the following magical abilities: 3/day—*heat metal*; 1/day—*conjunction of fire elementals*.

A violent war between the two genie races (seraph and efreeti) has spanned centuries and spilled into an uncountable number of planes. Any encounter between a seraph and an efreeti sparks a battle that only ends when one or the other is killed. Those that aid the efreeti are treated by seraphs as if they were efreeti themselves; no mercy is shown in battle to an ally of the hated fire genies. The seraphs often align themselves with djinn as they both share the efreeti as a common enemy.

Seraph Genie: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 slams (1d8 plus 1d6 fire) or scimitar (1d8 plus 1d6 fire); Move 15 (fly 12); Save 5; AL L; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** fire burst, immune to fire, spells, vulnerable to cold.

Equipment: bronze plate mail, jeweled turban, large scimitar.

Servants of the Flame

Somewhere near the Salt Caverns of Hrusk, possibly near the entrance to Jinnistan, is a dungeon chamber where a fire sacred to Mithras burns for eternity atop a giant pearl. Some say the pearl is an altar of the god and an egg that contains his sixth incarnation. They claim it shall burn Chaos from the universe with cleansing fire.

This altar sits in a 30-ft.-diameter circular ivory chamber reachable by secret tunnels barred by mithral grates located about 10 feet above the floor. The chamber has 20-ft.-high concave walls. The floor is covered in a thin layer of stardust (which, if snuffed, increases a Magic-User's effective spellcasting level by 1d4 levels for 1 hour at the price of one point of Wisdom and 1d4 hours of blindness).

Anyone finding this altar has a 1 in 6 chance of discovering a secret council of 7 seraphs, servants of Mithras. These seraphs lately have been tasked with bringing a powerful villain to justice, a crafty old elemental who commands a legion of water elementals. Naturally, the seraphs are at a loss for how they are to apprehend the scoundrel, who is wanted for high crimes in three quasi-dimensions and low crimes in a dozen more. The adventurers might prove to be the answer to their problems, though a trial by combat to prove their worth is obviously the seraphs' first order of business.



Ghaggurath

Hit Dice: 21

Armor Class: -6 [25]

Attack: 8 bites (2d8) or throw 4 thrall worms (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: all-around vision (cannot be surprised), immune to charm, fear, paralysis and sleep, magic resistance (40%), resists acid, cold, fire and sonic attacks, resists physical attacks, thrall, sense creatures on ground within 60 ft.

Move: 9 (climb 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 30/7400

The ghaggurath is a massive subterranean creature with the ability to enslave others to its will, and feared for its ability to devour just about anything it desires. In combat, a ghaggurath lashes out with its tentacle mouths, biting and gnashing its opponents. A target struck by a tentacle must make a saving throw or be grabbed and take automatic bite damage each round until freed.

In lieu of biting, a tentacle mouth can eject a thrall worm at a target up to 50 feet away. A target that is hit is automatically bitten by the worm which burrows into the target's body and releases the ghaggurath's poison. Regardless of which head fires the worm, a ghaggurath can launch only 24 such worms in any 24-hour period. The worm's poison causes *confusion*. A victim whose is confused is automatically dominated by the monster. This effect lasts until the thrall worm is removed. If the ghaggurath is slain, any thrall under its command fall unconscious and remain so until the thrall worm is removed.

A *cure disease* spell kills a thrall worm so it can be safely removed. It can also be removed by cutting it out of the target (dealing 1d8 points of damage to the victim). As long as a thrall worm remains inside a target, the target remains confused from its poison. A creature can only ever have one thrall worm inside it at one time.

The massive ghaggurath takes half damage from physical attacks, acid, cold, fire and sonic-based attacks. If a ghaggurath rolls a natural 20 to hit a target, the victim is swallowed whole and takes automatic bite damage each round thereafter.

Though the ghaggurath has a seemingly endless hunger, it can in fact go up to 6 months without a meal; its body enters a sort of hibernation to sustain the creature. During this time, many creatures assume the ghaggurath is vulnerable; it isn't. Though the creature appears to be hibernating, it is completely aware of its surroundings. Many would-be predators and foolish adventurers have stumbled upon a hibernating ghaggurath assuming it unaware, only to become the creature's next meal.

Resourceful adventurers who have braved the subterranean worlds tell of huge cities governed by ghagguraths and whose entire populations are enslaved and under command of these creatures. Other tales speak of an underground race of humans that worship the ghaggurath as deities. Most subterranean races fear these creatures and avoid them at all costs.

Ghaggurath: HD 21; AC -6 [25]; Atk 8 bites (2d8) or throw 4 thrall worms (1d8 plus poison); Move 9 (climb 9); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 30/7400; **Special:** all-around vision (cannot be surprised), immune to charm, fear, paralysis and sleep, magic resistance (40%), resists acid, cold, fire and sonic attacks, resists physical attacks, thrall, sense creatures on ground within 60 ft..



Last Stand of the Dripping Eye

Travelers through the puffball fields taking up one tiny portion of the underworld might come upon a rather historic event, the valiant last stand of the Dripping Eye hobgoblins, a subterranean horde that once brought their particular brand of cruel order to vast swaths of the underworld, sacking the cities of the drow and the strongholds of the dwarves alike. The Dripping Eye over-extended itself when it laid waste to the temple of Yarth and slaughtered that deity's holy men. The surviving priests of Yarth summoned the **ghaggurath** from its fetid black pit near K'n-Yan, and it is now about to finish its work.

On a rocky crag overlooking a shallow two- to three-foot-deep sea of reddish-brown oil, the hobgoblins rally around their chief, Jort of the Forked Tongue. Their tattered banners of orc skin fly high, as they hold their spears and shields in preparation for the ghaggurath's final assault. The beast slowly circles their encampment. Jort's personal standard encompasses the zombified hand of the drow Queen Yarvala, and this hand is not only considered a priceless artifact to the drow, it is also possessed of very powerful magic.

Ghirru

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8 plus 1d8 fire) and bite (2d8 plus 1d8 fire)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: change shape (flaming giant wolf), immune to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit, vulnerable to cold

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

Ghirru are undead efreet returned to the land of the living by efreeti necromancers through foul and dark magic. A ghirru closely resembles its original efreeti form, save its flesh is charred and hangs loosely about it, sometimes falling off in pieces as the creature moves. A ghirru stands 12 feet tall and weighs around 1,500 pounds. Its skin is charred and burned, though in a few places the original crimson color shines through. Its body constantly emanates small wisps of smoke, and the smell of burnt flesh lingers in the air around the creature. Ghirru haunt cemeteries, ruins, ancient temples to the efreet gods, and other such places. A ghirru attacks with its claws and bite, attempting to grab its prey and set it on fire. A single target hit by both claws is held and takes 2d8 points of fire damage each round (save for half). A ghirru can assume the shape of a large, flaming giant wolf (8 HD; immune to fire, double damage from cold, deal 1d6 fire damage with bite).

Ghirru have a taste for genie flesh, particularly djinn and marid, though the latter is often hard to come by on the Plane of Fire. When hunting on the Material Plane, ghirru are found in warmer lands, often near extinct volcanoes and other such warm places.

Ghirru: HD 10; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 claws (1d8 plus 1d8 fire) and bite (2d8 plus 1d8 fire); Move 12; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** change shape (flaming giant wolf), immune to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit, vulnerable to cold.

Bother Nothing

The rather extensive wine cellars of the storied House of the Salt Pillar, a roadhouse in the dwarven hill country, hide a wonderful (or perhaps terrible) secret. Hidden behind a pile of old casks, warped beyond use and draped by an old flag that once flew over the pirate fleet of that old pirate dame known only as the Queen of Hearts, is an old mine shaft. The shaft is thick with dust and clearly hasn't seen use for more than a century.

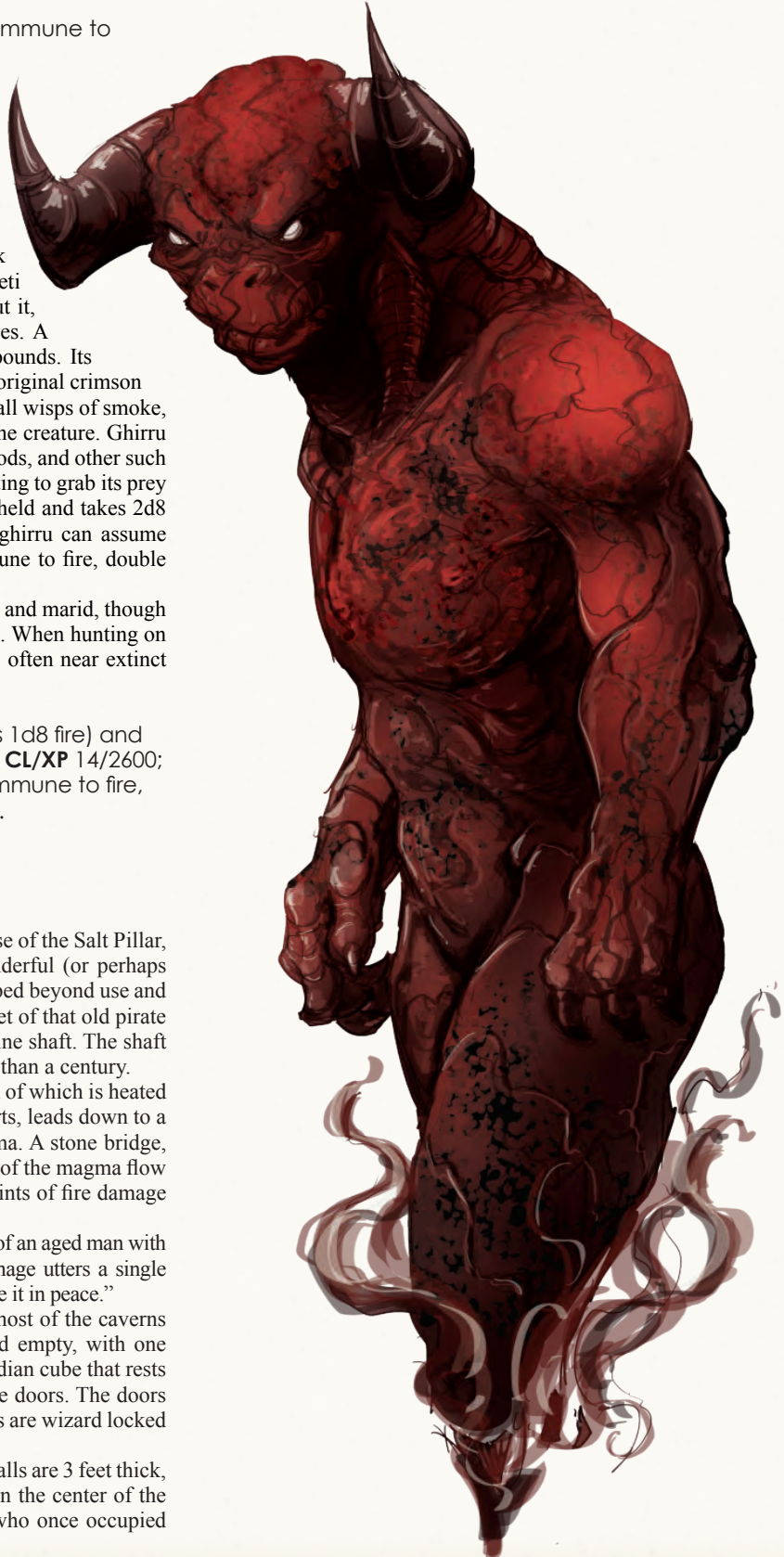
The shaft leads into a spent garnet mine, one portion of which is heated by thermal vents. One of those vents, a chimney of sorts, leads down to a precarious spiral stair suspended over a river of magma. A stone bridge, narrow and treacherous, allows one to reach the banks of the magma flow (though without some protection they'll suffer 1d6 points of fire damage per round).

Upon reaching the bank of the magma flow, an image of an aged man with iron teeth and flaming red hair appears. The ghostly image utters a single warning: "Molest nothing in this land, and you shall leave it in peace."

Honestly, adventurers won't find much to molest; most of the caverns that connect with the magma flow are hot, dusty and empty, with one exception. One cavern holds two oddities: a great obsidian cube that rests roughly in the middle of the cavern, and a set of white doors. The doors are composed of quartz and have no handles. The doors are wizard locked (12th level).

The obsidian cube is actually a cage. The obsidian walls are 3 feet thick, and the cube measures 12 feet high, wide and deep. In the center of the cube is imprisoned a **ghirru**, enemy of the sorcerer who once occupied

these caverns and guarded the white doors, which lead, eventually, to the mythical Silver Realm. Any attempt to open the doors causes a deep crack to form in the obsidian cube. Three cracks cause the cube to split open and release the ghirru.



Giant, Coral

Hit Dice: 13 or 16

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 2 slams (1d8) or trident (3d6) or throw rock (1d10)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: resists cold, throw rocks

Move: 15 (swim 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered:

1, 1d4+1, 1d4+5, or clan of 11–20 with 1 16HD chief and 11–20 8HD sharks

Challenge Level/XP: 13HD (17/3500) or 16HD (20/4400)

Coral giants are, on average, 12 feet tall and weigh 1,500 pounds. Skin tones vary in color but are always some shade of coral. Hair color varies from deep blacks to light reds. On very rare occasions, a coral giant is encountered that has white hair. Coral giant's eyes are usually dark blue or green. They can live to be 400 years old. They make their homes in great undersea castles constructed of stone. Coral giants fight with massive tridents. A coral giant gains a +1 bonus to hit and damage if it and its opponent are touching water. If the opponent or the coral giant is touching the ground, the coral giant takes a -4 penalty to hit and damage. Coral giants take half damage from cold.

Coral giants are generally peaceful creatures and spend their days fishing and tending to their coral farms. Their diet typically consists of undersea plants, fish, and the like, with occasional forays onto land to hunt large game. Trade with other intelligent races is common, with coral giant jewelry being prized by many races. These creatures are on generally good terms with merfolk, tritons, storm giants, and humans. Wars are waged against the sahuagin, krakens, and aboleths, the latter being a particularly hated foe.

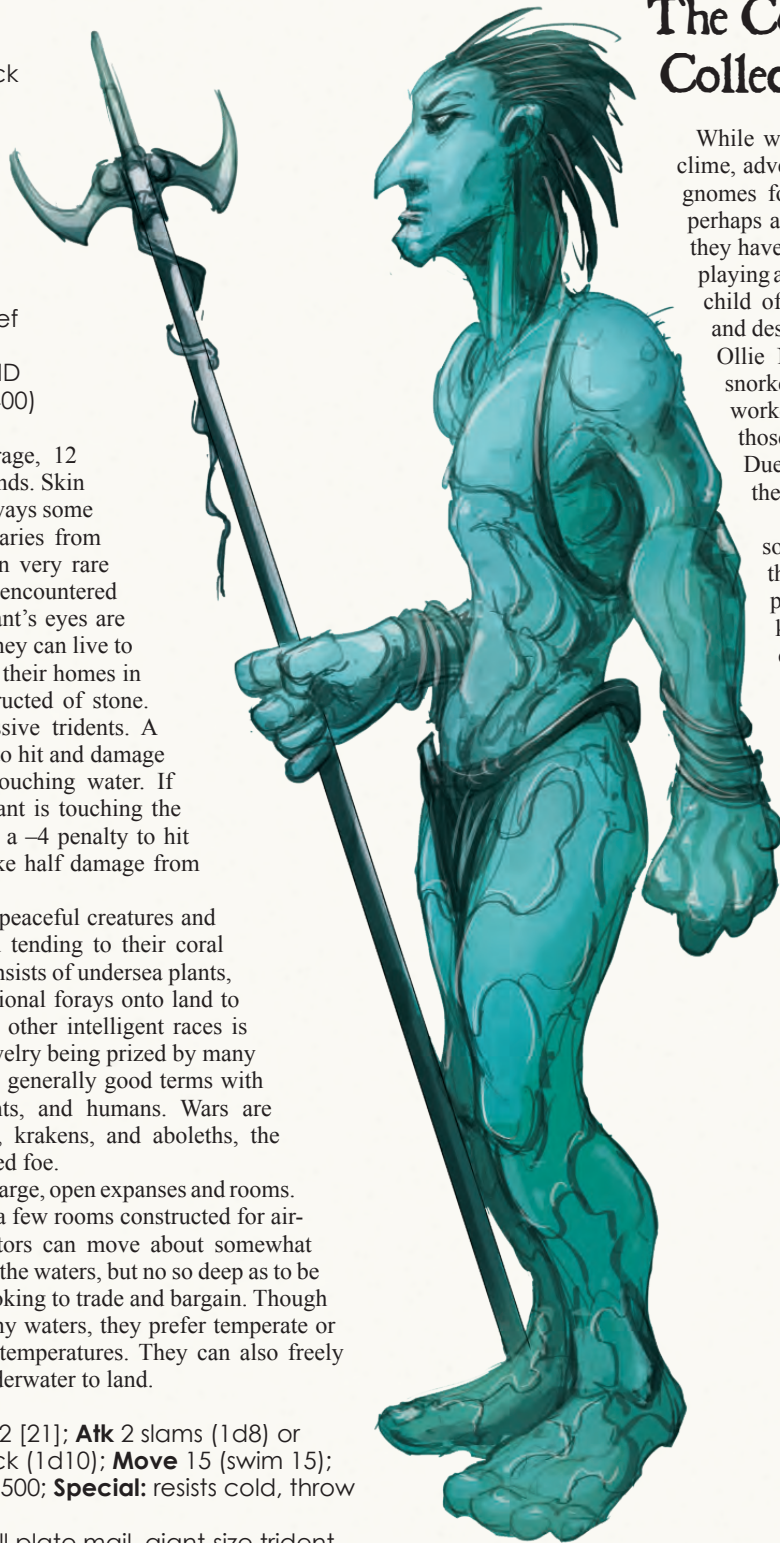
Coral giant homes contain large, open expanses and rooms. Their homes usually contain a few rooms constructed for air-breathers so land-based visitors can move about somewhat freely. Homes are deep under the waters, but no so deep as to be inaccessible to other races looking to trade and bargain. Though coral giants can survive in any waters, they prefer temperate or warm environments to cold temperatures. They can also freely breathe air, but prefer life underwater to land.

Coral Giant: HD 13; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 slams (1d8) or trident (3d6) or throw rock (1d10); **Move** 15 (swim 15); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** resists cold, throw rocks.

Equipment: seashell plate mail, giant-size trident, net bags.

Coral Giant Chief: HD 16; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 slams (1d8) or trident (3d6) or throw rock (1d10); **Move** 15 (swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 20/4400; **Special:** resists cold, throw rocks.

Equipment: seashell plate mail, giant-size trident, coral crown (2000 gp value), net bags.



The Coral King's Collection

While walking along a sea shore in a tropical clime, adventurers might catch sight of a band of gnomes foundering on some sort of low craft, perhaps a barge. They seem rather agitated, and they have ample reason to be. The gnomes were playing about with a crude submersible, the brain child of their prince, Omsbud the Navigator, and designed by the famed adventurer halfling Ollie Nematoad. The glorified tin can has snorkels and a sort of paddle system, and it worked fairly well except for the inability of those inside to see where they were going. Due to these minor navigational problems, they are now caught up on a coral reef.

Little do the gnomes know (but they're soon to find out), the coral reef is actually the battlements of a submerged coral palace, home to Angenath, the coral giant king. On their way up to investigate the commotion are **3 coral giant** warriors. Angenath is an amorous king who has a penchant for beautiful women (of any size or species), whom he places in suspended animation in bell jars blown by Tailea the Sea Hag.

Giant, Crag

Hit Dice: 14 or 18

Armor Class: -3 [22]

Attack: 2 slams (1d10) or club (2d10) or throw rock (2d10)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: magical abilities, throw rocks

Move: 15 (climb 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, 1d4+4, or tribe of 2d10 plus 40% noncombatants, 1-2 18 HD elders, and 4-8 gargoyles

Challenge Level/XP: 14 HD (18/3800) or 18HD (22/5000)

Crag giants are malicious and capricious giants found inhabiting mountains and hills. Crag giants stand 11 feet in height, and typical weigh around 1,100 pounds. Skin color is almost always dark brown, but some slate gray crag giants have been encountered. Hair on both males and females tends to be long and worn in ponytails. Hair color ranges from black to brown to red. Eyes are usually brown or green. Crag giants generally live to be 250 years old. A crag giant gains a +1 bonus to hit and damage if it and its foe are touching the ground. If an opponent is airborne or waterborne, the crag giant takes a -4 penalty to hit and damage. Crag giants have the same ability to detect slopes and odd stonework as dwarves. Once per day, they can cast *earthquake* and summon an earth elemental.

Crag giants are highly territorial and attack most any creatures that wander into their lands. Bestial creatures are slaughtered and served as food while humanoids, especially dwarves, orcs, and humans are enslaved and forced into manual labor serving the crag giants and their ilk. When labor is in short supply and high demand, crag giant hunting parties venture forth, raiding nearby civilized lands and capturing whatever humanoids they can. Slave trade is common between crag giants, other giant races, and drow.

Crag giants are violent creatures and wade headlong into combat, swinging their massive clubs or smashing their foes with their great fists. If interlopers are detected early and crag giants have the high ground, they bombard their foes with rocks, moving in to mop up any survivors.

Crag Giant: HD 14; AC -3 [22]; Atk 2 slams (1d10) or club (2d10) or throw rock (2d10); Move 15 (climb 12); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 17/3500; **Special:** resists cold, throw rocks.

Equipment: giant-size stone club, shoulder bag, 4 throwing rocks.

Crag Giant Elder: HD 18; AC -3 [22]; Atk 2 slams (2d6) or +1 stone club (2d10+1) or throw rock (2d10); Move 15 (climb 12); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 22/5000; **Special:** resists cold, throw rocks.

Equipment: +1 stone club, shoulder bag, 3 throwing rocks

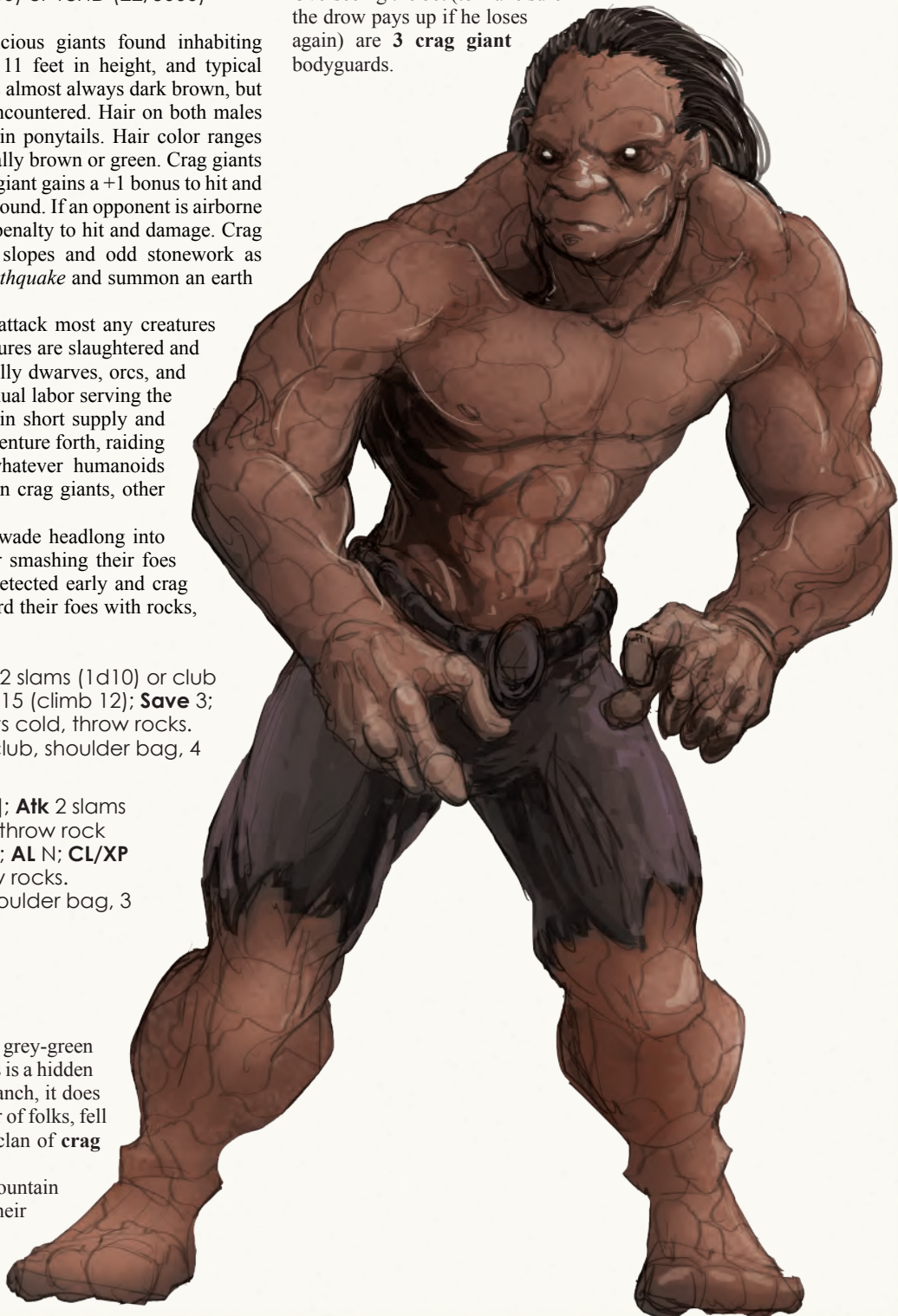
Race Day

Beyond a range of low mountains with grey-green stone surrounded by daisy-filled meadows is a hidden valley. While this valley doesn't have a ranch, it does have a race track frequented by all manner of folks, fell and fair. The valley is the property of a clan of **crag giants**, and one that has seen better days.

The valley was thick with wild mountain ponies, and the giants (well, actually their duergar manager, Godili) got the idea of racing them and collecting the wagers. They enslaved a small tribe of goblins, dressed them up in brightly dyed furs,

and put them to work. Races are held at each full moon, and visitors come from far and wide—the halflings of the meadows, the gnomes of the hills, dwarves, duergar and goblinfolk from beneath the mountains. A drow merchant even shows up from time to time.

The betting has been pretty intense lately, the aforementioned drow merchant, Xyaseyn, lost a bundle last moon, and he's betting it all this week. The pot currently consists of gemstones to the tune of 3,400 gp, furs and skins worth about 1,000 gp, and several slaves, one of whom is a bound sorcerer by the name of Pokothesis (2nd-level magic-user). Overseeing the bet (to make sure the drow pays up if he loses again) are **3 crag giant** bodyguards.



Giant, Jotun

Hit Dice: 16

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: giant axe (4d6) or 2 slams (1d8) or rock (2d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: double damage from fire spells, immune to cold, magical abilities, throw and catch rocks

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3+1, 1d3+1 plus 2d4 frost giants plus 1 MU or cleric of 3rd–5th level, or 1d4+2 plus 2d4+1 frost giants plus 1 cleric or MU of 4th–8th level plus 2–4 winter wolves and 2–3 ogres, or 1d10+10 plus 10+1d20 frost giants plus 35% noncombatants plus 1 MU, cleric, or druid of 6th–10th level plus 10+2d10 winter wolves, 10+1d12 ogres, and 1d2 young white dragons

Challenge Level/XP: 16 HD (19/4100)

Jotuns are the purest blooded of the frost giant race, from which all other frost giants sprang. As brutal as their lesser cousins, they are also highly intelligent, possessing the knowledge of ancient runes with which they may tap into great magical powers. The jotun lineage is said to go back to that of the elder gods, with some jotun females having been the mothers of demigods still worshipped by various races to this day. Jotuns are held as nobility amongst normal frost giant tribes, who obey them as the true children of the frost giant god. A jotun's skin is white as snow and their eyes glitter like blue diamonds. Their hair color ranges from red, yellow, blue-grey and even white. Females of the species are quite beautiful. Jotun females are frequently magic-users. Adult males stand 15–17 feet tall and weigh between 2,800 and 3,200 lbs. Females are only slightly smaller averaging 14–16 feet in height.

Jotuns can cast *phantasmal force* once per day. Once per day, a jotun can also enlarge itself to double normal size (gaining a +4 bonus to hit and dealing one extra dice of damage with each attack), or reduce itself to human size. Three times per day, they can alter their appearance to look like other similarly sized creatures.

Jotuns love games of chance, puzzles and conundrums. The sometimes offer prisoners such a game to win their freedom; of course, the jotun frequently cheat at these games, taking perverse pleasure in doing so.

Unlike normal frost giants, Jotuns have a taste for finery, not usually found amongst their lesser cousins. They prefer masterwork and magical gear as well as finely tailored furs to the sloppy filth of normal frost giants. Truly ancient jotuns rival titans in size and the power of their illusions.

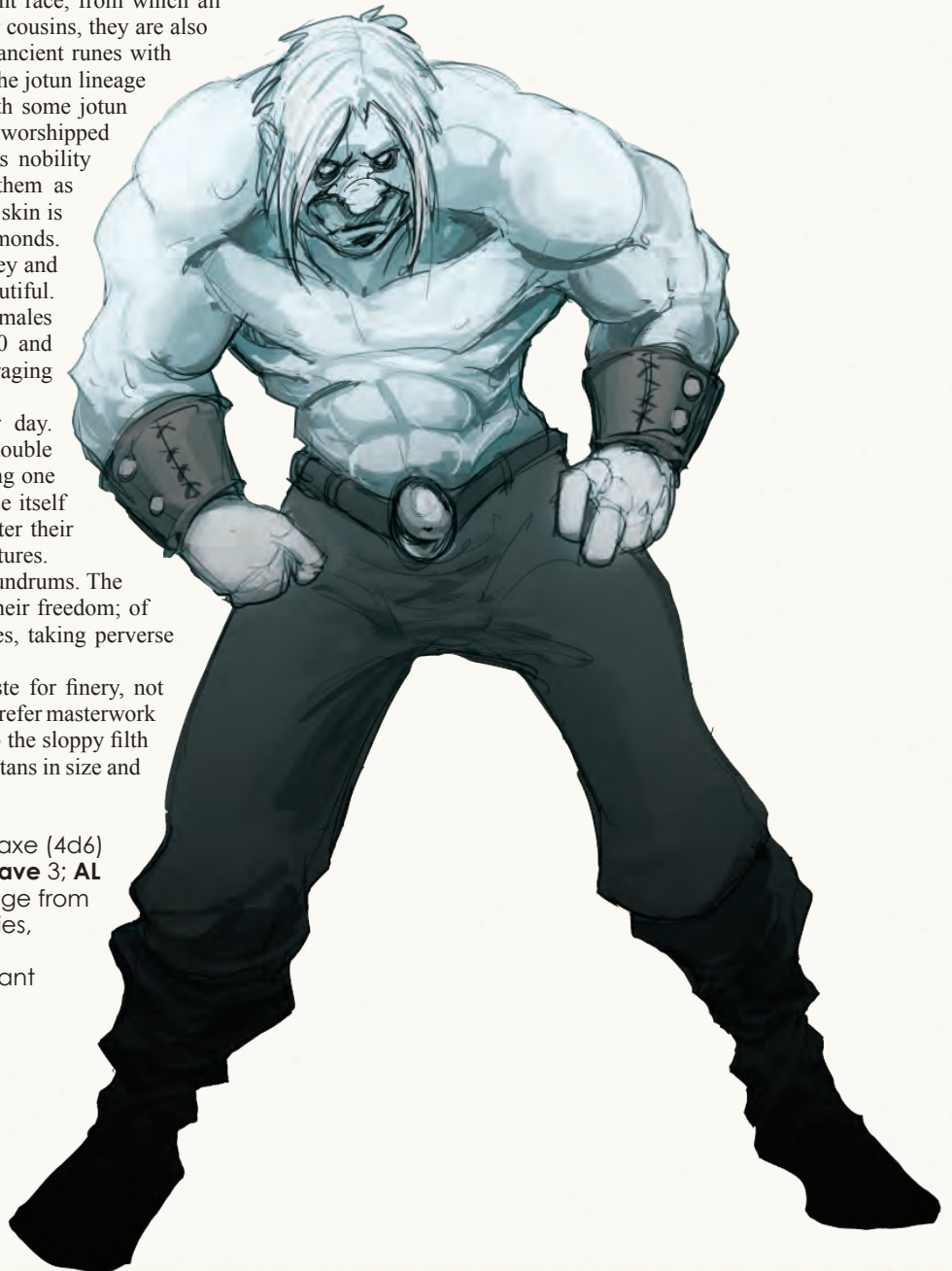
Jotun Giant: HD 16; AC -2 [21]; Atk giant axe (4d6) or 2 slams (1d8) or rock (2d8); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special:** double damage from fire spells, immune to cold, magical abilities, throw and catch rocks.

Equipment: giant-size chain mail, giant axe, belt pouches, 3d6x100 gp.

Bridal Party

A band of 6 jotuns wait in a dungeon chamber for the arrival of the bride of their chief, Magnus Lotheson. The dwarf princess Winna has been promised to him in return for not destroying their stronghold and stealing their store of rock crystals. Winna is on her way with an escort of 20 dwarf warriors, hoary-bearded veterans in chain mail and carrying shields and ceremonial mithral axes.

The jotuns are already celebrating. Their table is covered with heaps of delicacies (various concoctions of whale blubber, roasted yak, chilled polar bear brains) and frosty mugs of ale (from a very large cask, a gift from Magnus' mother). They have brought a portable altar of Ymir, a block of magical ice. An interior cavity of the altar holds a gallon of white dragon blood, which keeps the ice frozen. A magical morningstar rests on the altar. The +2 *morningstar* has a cold iron haft and a head of quartz, and is meant as a gift to the dwarves.



Giant Animals

Giant animals are large, feral looking animals. On the whole, giant animals are bigger, stronger, faster, and much more aggressive than their normal counterparts. Scholars are uncertain as to the origins of giant animals. Some maintain nature caused animals to adapt to the ever-changing world around them, while others insist giant animals are a regression to a more savage time.

Giant Fox

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 0 [19]
Attack: bite (1d6)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: none
Move: 18
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1 or 2d4
Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Giant foxes are larger and fiercer versions of the normal fox. They are solitary creatures whose hunting grounds can cover up to 10 square miles. Giant foxes are about 5 feet long and have yellowish-red or reddish-brown fur. A strip of black fur runs across their shoulders and down the center of their backs. The giant fox's underbelly is white more often than not, but a gray underbelly is not uncommon. Giant foxes have thick, bushy tails with the same color fur as their body. The tail ends in a black or white bushy tip. The lower legs of a giant fox are either black or white and their eyes are yellow. A rare breed of giant fox has silver or silver-black fur.

Giant Fox: HD 4; AC 0 [19]; Atk bite (1d6); Move 18; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Catch Them If You Can

A vast, shallow lake might be found amid a landscape of chalk hills. The bottom of the lake has been carved from the bedrock, and is covered in pictograms of the life of various sea-faring peoples from this world and others. Chalk prominences that jut from the lake have been carved into the faces of the universe's greatest fishermen.

The shores of the lake are thick with watercress and sweet grasses. Beyond the shores is a wide swath of fungus fields that support more than a few **shriekers**. The fungus is fed upon by herds of swift antelope that, due to their feeding on the fungus, have the psionic ability to detect hostile intent. This makes them very difficult to surprise, though a family of **giant foxes** has managed to do so for many years. They keep several dens near the shores of the lake.

Shrieker: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk none; Move 1; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: shriek.



Giant Mastiff

Hit Dice: 5
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attack: bite (1d8)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: track by scent
Move: 18
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1d2 or 4d4
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Giant mastiffs are large black hounds about the size of a small horse. Giant mastiffs are the domestic equivalent of giant wolves. They are large, vicious canines highly prized for their ability to track and kill opponents much larger than themselves. Domesticated giant mastiffs are often trained and outfitted for war in spiked, studded leather armor. Orcs often use trained giant mastiffs in warfare. Before attacking, the hair on the neck of a giant mastiff rises, its ears fold back, its tail stiffens, and it bears its sharpened teeth, through which a low growl is often heard. A giant mastiff rushes its opponent and bites ferociously with its powerful jaws.

Giant Mastiff: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (1d8); Move 18; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; Special: none.

Dog Fight

On the fourth level of a well-trod dungeon in the Elvenglades is a kennel overseen by a **hill giant** called Paul. Paul keeps in his kennel **4 giant mastiffs**, feeding the dogs on goblin meat and tempering them for battle. Paul keeps a living chamber adjacent to the kennel, which has six cages and an exercise area. A second door in the kennel, always kept locked, leads to a dank tunnel that slopes downward. At the end of this tunnel is a large chamber with walls of white chalk blocks. About 1 in 10 of these blocks has been enchanted with a *continual light* spell, and this is where the dim illumination of the space comes from.

Within this chamber is a 6-ft.-deep fighting pit, and here captured adventurers and subterranean gladiators pit themselves against Paul's fighting dogs. The local humanoid tribes gather here once or twice a month to watch the fights and bet on the outcomes. During this time, various gnomish vendors of ill-repute arrive to hawk their wares—fizzy wine, dark ales, magic mushrooms and other more garish diversions.



Giant Stag

Hit Dice: 5
Armor Class: 2 [17]
Attack: 2 hooves (1d6) and gore (1d8)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: none
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1 or 2d4
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

A giant stag stands 6 feet at the shoulder and about 12 feet long with its weight exceeding 1,000 pounds. Its antlers average up to 8 feet wide, though some of the largest giant stag have antlers reaching up to 12 feet wide. Its coat varies in color from brown to brownish-white to black, with its underbelly being lighter, and usually white. Its antlers are brown or black. Giant stags are hunted for their meat as well as their tough hides. A reasonably intact giant stag hide is worth 500 gp or more.

Giant Stag: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 hooves (1d6) and gore (1d8); Move 15; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; Special: none.

Valley of the Moon Beasts

A narrow pass through the mountains leads to a secret valley. The valley is a rolling plain of grasses and strange red oak trees. The tree trunks are perfectly straight, and the branches are almost all right angles. The ground here is warm—quite soothing on tired feet, actually, and there are grassless stretches of black basalt that suggest a volcanic origin to the heat. The heat on these stretches is hotter and uncomfortable. Walking over these stretches is dangerous, because the basalt here is quite thin and might break (save avoids). If it does break, adventurers drop 1d3 x 10 feet into a cavity that has a 1 in 6 chance of being filled with lava (sure death for the hapless adventurer).

The valley is populated by **giant stags** that bear the silver crescent moon of Artemis on their foreheads. These beasts guard a silvery, spiral stair that rotates like a corkscrew, lifting people to the moon, where Artemis sometimes can be found hunting moon beasts in a silver forest.



Giant Worg

Hit Dice: 8
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: bite (2d6)
Saving Throw: 8
Special: none
Move: 18
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+2
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

A black-furred wolf the size of a horse, this beast has eyes that seem to glow with a sinister intelligence. They can grow to be 10 feet long and 7 feet high at the shoulder and weigh 1,200 pounds. Giant worgs typically attack in packs holding particularly powerful prey at bay until their giant allies or additional worgs arrive. A mated pair of giant worgs often has a pack of normal worgs serving them as bush beaters to chase prey into the giant worgs' clutches.

Giant Worg: HD 8; AC 5 [14]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 18; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; Special: none.

Puppy Love

On the banks of the rushing Andel River, 4 large puppies cavort and play, nipping at each other's ears as they wrestle across the muddy ground. The pups' black fur is coated in mud, and they stop occasionally to shake the wet, clinging grime from themselves in furious bouts that coat anything nearby in dark droplets. The pups knock off their play-fighting if characters approach them. They look up eagerly at any visitors.

The puppies are the pride of 2 giant worgs lounging in the thick weeds near the riverbank—well within sight of their bouncing pups, but hidden by the tall grasses. If the puppies are disturbed, mom and dad bound out of the reeds to set things right. The bones of a fisherman lay in the tall grasses. His throat is ripped open and his innards spilled across the ground. The "snack" is meant for the pups when they finish their playtime. If the parents are killed, the pups are skittish, but can be trained. Within 6 months, they serve as faithful trackers and companions.

Gibbering Abomination

Hit Dice: 13

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 6 bites (1d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: amorphous, blood drain, cannot be surprised, disruptive cacophony, immune to nausea, pain and sickness, magical abilities, regenerate 1d6 hit points per round, resists electricity

Move: 6 (climb 6)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 25/5900

A horrifying expanse of fused faces and parts of faces, the gibbering abomination is the result of foul arcane experiments studying the creation of chimerical creatures. It bears a close superficial resemblance to a gibbering mouther or lesser gibbering orb. Instead, the gibbering abomination has been cobbled together from the faces and organs of dozens of humanoid creatures; its innards are a bizarre tangle of brains, hearts, and other organs. The gibbering abomination is in constant pain as a result of the process that created it, haunted by half-remembered memories from the creatures from which it was composed.

A gibbering abomination's body is malleable and shapeless. It is immune to back stabs and can move through an area as small as one-quarter its size without issue or one-eighth its size while suffering -2 to hit. When a gibbering abomination hits with a bite attack on a roll of a natural 20, the victim must make a saving throw or the monster drains its blood, dealing 4 points of damage every round until staunching by magical healing.

Each round, a gibbering abomination may produce a horrible chanting that disrupts nearby magic. Any creature that hears this chanting (up to 100 ft.) must make a saving throw to successfully cast a spell. A gibbering abomination that uses this ability may not use any of its magical abilities until the start of its next turn.

Gibbering abominations can use the following magical abilities: *At will*—*confusion* (single target only), *dispel magic*, *feeblemind*, *fear* (single target only), *fly*, *freezing ray* (as *fireball* but cold damage and in the form of a ray with a single target), *hold monster*, *telekinesis* (325 pounds max).

When a gibbering abomination is slain, 1 hour later it returns to life at 1 hit point and begins regenerating like a troll. A gibbering abomination can be permanently destroyed only with death magic or complete incineration of its remains (such as dumping it into a pool of magma).

Gibbering Abomination: HD 13; AC -1 [20]; Atk 6 bites (1d8); Move 6 (climb 6); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 25/5900; **Special:** amorphous, blood drain, cannot be surprised, disruptive cacophony, immune to nausea, pain and sickness, magical abilities, regenerate 1d6 hit points per round, resists electricity.

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Bully Bashers

A diamond-shaped chamber, 40 feet by 40 feet in size, is the site of a terrible summoning. In the center of the chamber, a magic circle is drawn with carnelian dust mixed with the sap of a sacrificial treant. Around the room are several candles cut from a magical wax tree, as yet unlit, and several floating copper balls that hum in a sort of rhythm.

The circle was drawn by a coven of warlocks invisible to darkvision. The warlocks are meditating around the periphery of the room, preparing for their final chants that will draw a **gibbering abomination** from the ether that it might smite their enemies, the hill giants a few rooms down who stole their magic hats. Even infrared warlocks hate bullies. The gibbering abomination materializes in the chamber within 1d4 rounds in a burst of black lightning.



Gibbering Orb

Hit Dice: 27

Armor Class: -11 [30]

Attack: 12 bites (2d8) or 24 eye rays

Saving Throw: 3

Special: cannot be surprised, eye rays, gibbering, magic resistance (50%), steal spells, swallow whole

Move: 3 (fly 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 33/8300

Gibbering orbs are harbingers of insanity and chaos. Gibbering orbs are 20 feet or more in diameter, weighing at least 8,000 pounds. Their coloration varies from a sickly, mottled gray to luminescent green or deep magenta at random intervals. The orbs flesh spasms and twitches constantly, and the entire surface is covered in eyes, mouths and other incomprehensible appendages.

The orb has no obvious top or bottom; as it hovers, the entire mass continuously rotates so no one side is ever in direct contact with opponents for longer than a few seconds.

A gibbering orb's body is naturally buoyant which allows it to fly.

Twenty-four of the eyes can produce a magical ray once per round, with each eye emulating a spell from among the spells listed below. A gibbering orb has no directional limitations on where it can point its eye rays, because the eyes orbiting around its body drift and float wherever needed. However, a gibbering orb can never aim more than five rays at any single target, due to limitations of aiming. All rays have a range of 150 feet. Each of these effects functions as a ray, regardless of the normal parameters of the spell it resembles.

The eye rays are: *cause light wounds*, *cause serious wounds*, *charm monster*, *death spell*, *disintegrate*, *dispel magic*, *fear*, *feeblemind*, *finger of death*, *fireball*, *flesh to stone*, *heat metal*, *hold monster*, *ice storm*, *lightning bolt*, *magic missile*, *polymorph other*, *power word blind*, *power word kill*, *power word stun*, *prismatic sphere*, *reverse gravity*, *time stop* and *unholy word*.

If a gibbering orb rolls a natural 20 with its bite attack, the victim must make a saving throw or be swallowed whole. A swallowed creature suffers 4d8 points of damage per round until freed. If the swallowed victim had any prepared spells, these spells are absorbed by the orb and can be projected, one per round. These absorbed spells are lost after 24 hours.

Once every 1d4 rounds, a gibbering orb can emit a cacophony of maddening sound. All creatures within 60 feet must make a saving throw or be struck insane.

Gibbering Orb: HD 27; AC -11 [30]; Atk 12 bites (2d8) or 24 eye rays; **Move** 3 (fly 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 33/8300; **Special:** cannot be surprised, eye rays, gibbering, magic resistance (50%), steal spells, swallow whole.

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The Bloated Clerics' God

A steamy, open-air temple to the petty gods of gluttony is situated in a natural amphitheater within the confines of a rank jungle.

The floor of the temple is thick with baskets of bread fruits and roasted pork, not to mention nine fat clerics, their bloated bodies swathed in brightly dyed bark cloth, their jiggling arms bound in electrum bangles, their endless appetites sated by servant imps who flit about with wooden trenchers of food and clay jugs of wine.

The clerics are all quite insane, as they pay homage to a **gibbering orb** that dwells in a deep pit in the center of the temple. The pit leads to expansive cavern beneath this tropical island. The clerics toss virgins into the pit on moonless nights; the rest of the time they lounge around fed on the tribute of the surrounding clans, who fear the terrible god of the island.

Gibbering Orb, Lesser

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 6 bites (1d8) or 6 eye rays

Saving Throw: 3

Special: cannot be surprised, eye rays, gibbering, magic resistance (35%), steal spell, swallow whole

Move: 3 (fly 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 20/4400

The lesser gibbering orb is either a smaller or younger version of the gibbering orb. These hideous masses of floating flesh appear to be covered with staring eyes and hungry mouths. The lesser gibbering orb is a pulsing mass of sickly greyish-green flesh, roughly 8 ft. in diameter. The orb seems to fly in starts and fits, but this is a ruse, for the creature is nimble for its bulk. Like their larger kin, lesser gibbering orbs speak any language, and constantly babble and gurgle unintelligible gibberish to confuse and disorient their foes. The gibbering orb has the ability to bite its foes by extending a pseudopod with one of its mouths protruding from the end. The orb can extend two of these at any one foe, or a total of six in any given round. At the same time, the legions of eyes have the ability to cast a host of spells.

Six of the eyes can produce a magical ray per round, with each eye emulating a spell from the following spells: *animate object*, *cause light wounds*, *cause serious wounds*, *charm person*, *cold* (per *wand of cold*), *confusion*, *curse* (reverse of *bless*), *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fireball*, *hold monster*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, *magic missile*, *phantasmal force*, *polymorph other*, *silence* (only effects the target), *sleep*, *slow*, *weakness* (reverse of *strength*). A gibbering orb has no directional limitations on where it can point its eye rays, because the eyes orbiting around its body drift and float wherever needed. However, a gibbering orb can never aim more than three rays at any single target, due to limitations of aiming. All rays have a range of 80 ft.



If a gibbering orb rolls a natural 20 with its bite attack, the victim must make a saving throw or be swallowed whole. A swallowed creature suffers 2d8 points of damage per round until freed. If the swallowed victim had any prepared spells, these spells are absorbed by the orb and can be projected, one per round. These absorbed spells are lost after 24 hours.

A gibbering orb's body is naturally buoyant which allows it to fly.

Once per 1d4 rounds, a gibbering orb can emit a cacophony of maddening sound. All creatures within 60 ft. must make a saving throw or be *confused* (as the spell) for 1d4 rounds.

Lesser Gibbering Orb: HD 14; AC 0 [19]; Atk 6 bites (1d8) or 6 eye rays; Move 3 (fly 12); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 20/4400; **Special:** cannot be surprised, eye rays, gibbering, magic resistance (35%), steal spell, swallow whole.

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Gibbering Council

As adventurers travel down a winding stair carved from living stone, they hear the crash of thunder coming from below.

The thunder issues forth from a strange cavern, where steamy, hot air from a lower cavern of magma meets chilled air sloughing off a subterranean glacier in a higher cavern. Where they meet, the air forms rather angry clouds, resulting in thunder and lightning. Obviously, this is a magical effect, but no less dangerous for it. Every turn spent in the cavern, which is about 500 feet wide, 700 feet long and 200 feet high, carries with it a 1 in 6 chance of a lightning strike on a random member of the party (5d6 points of damage).

Within the cavern, a council of 3 lesser gibbering orbs is meeting to plot the return of their master, Gu'thaclaama, the God that Gibbers, to the Material Plane.

Glacial Haunt

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: slam (1d4 plus 1d4 Strength)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: aura of bitter cold (10-ft. radius), immune to cold, sense life (100-ft. range), vulnerable to fire

Move: 12 (burrow 9)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

The icy wastes sometimes grant unlife to those who freeze to death at her unforgiving hands. The result is a glacial haunt, the utter bane of the unwary traveler, for the glacial haunt is drawn to the heat of all sources, be it from magic, fires, or the warmth given off by living creatures. Glacial haunts can detect this heat up to 100 feet. Glacial haunts spend most of their time wandering their frigid domains seeking to kill and devour anything they encounter. When winter spreads her icy embrace to other lands, the glacial haunt's hunting grounds increase.

A glacial haunt is 6 feet tall and weighs about 165 pounds. It is usually dressed in the attire it wore at the time of its death, though much of it has rotted or fallen away. Glacial haunts can burrow through ice and snow, and ambush creatures from below. A glacial haunt radiates intense cold in a 10-ft. radius, dealing 1d4 points of cold damage each round (save avoids). In addition, a glacial haunt's slam attack drains body heat from living creatures, reducing the victim's strength by 1d4 points each time it hits (save avoids). A creature freezes to death if its Strength score reaches zero. Glacial haunts take double damage from fire.

Multiple glacial haunts in a single encounter is rare and believed to come about when a group of adventurers succumb to the cold and perish together. Others have speculated that glacial haunts actually reproduce by melting and then splitting into two identical creatures.

Glacial haunts detest living creatures and attack them on sight.

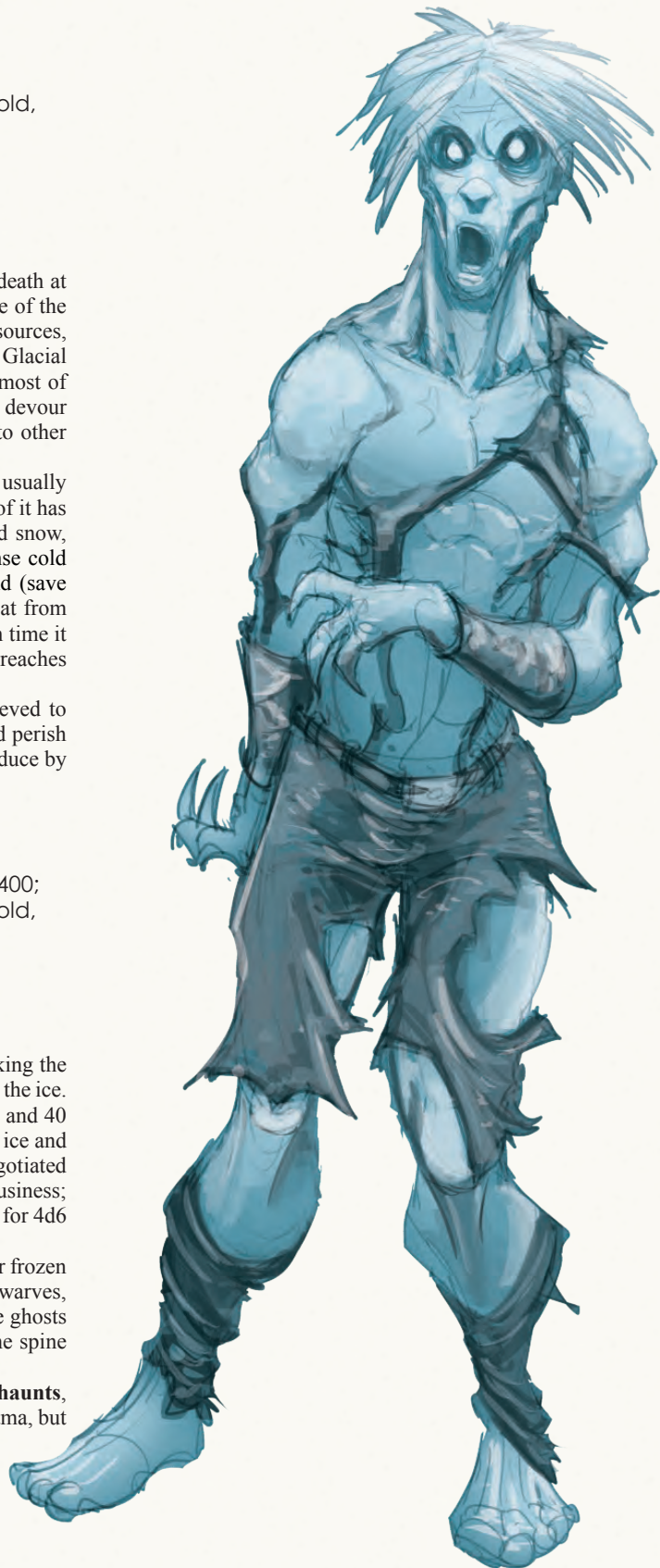
Glacial Haunt: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk slam (1d4 plus 1d4 Strength); Move 12 (burrow 9); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** aura of bitter cold (10-ft. radius), immune to cold, sense life (100-ft. range), vulnerable to fire

On Ice

In the glaciers high above a dwarf stronghold, adventurers seeking the hermitage of the Green Lama might come across a deep crevasse in the ice. The crevasse is five miles long and, approximately 100 feet wide and 40 feet deep. There is a 1 in 6 chance they discover iron spikes in the ice and ropes (or the remains of ropes), suggesting that other travelers negotiated the crevasse by climbing into it and back out. This is dangerous business; a save must be made to avoid slipping and falling into the crevasse for 4d6 points of damage.

If characters decide to do the same, they will soon be amazed, for frozen within the crevasse's walls are hundreds of corpses. There are dwarves, orcs, ogres and giants, all frozen, their faces twisted in horror. The ghosts of these poor souls haunt the crevasse as icy chills that run up the spine and whispered pleadings.

Small caves in the walls of the crevasse are inhabited by **glacial haunts**, which seek body heat and supplies. They also sought the Green Lama, but never completed their journey.



Gloom Haunt

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: touch (3d6 plus pain touch)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: creeping shadows, darkness, incorporeal (only hit by magic and silver weapons)

Move: 0 (fly 20)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 2d4 shadows

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

A gloom haunt appears as a humanoid-shaped somewhat translucent creature formed of darkness. Two small pinpoints of red light function as eyes. A gloom haunt does not speak or utter any sounds. Gloom haunts use their ability to hide in shadows (95%) to wait for living creatures to come close. When such a creature does, glooms haunt leap to the attack. Once per day, a gloom haunt can emanate an inky darkness in a 30-ft. radius that functions as a *darkness* spell. These creatures detest light (though they are not harmed by it) and move about at night when their natural coloration and abilities help them the most. In areas of total darkness (including that created by its creeping shadows ability), a gloom haunt gains a +2 bonus to hit and on saving throws. The touch of a gloom haunt sends a wave of intense pain through an opponent's body. A creature touched must make a saving throw or be stunned for 1 round and then flee for 1d4+2 rounds thereafter.

Gloom haunts are vile creatures, who seem to have no ties to the living (i.e., scholars cannot find any reasonable explanation as to why they exist), though a few learned sages believe gloom haunts to be the spiritual remains of paladins who were sacrificed by clerics to their vile and dark gods. Gloom haunts are found haunting graves, dungeons, and catacombs.

Gloom Haunt: HD 6; AC 1 [18]; Atk touch (3d6 plus pain touch); Move 0 (fly 20); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** creeping shadows, darkness, incorporeal (only hit by magic and silver weapons).



Caught in the Shadows

A yellow door in a dungeon leads into a sort of great hall. The chamber is clad in malachite (10,000 gp worth if one takes the time to remove it and transport it out), but bare of furniture. The hall is 30 feet long and 15 feet wide. At the far end is a great hearth. On either side of the hearth is a door, one painted black, the other white (you can attach whatever significance you wish to these doors). The room is otherwise bare, save for a dozen silver spikes (worth 1 gp each) pounded into the floor.

As adventurers step into the chamber, a roaring fire erupts in the hearth, sending weird shadows through the room. The fire is accompanied by a strange hissing. Should magical light be introduced into the room, the shadows recede, almost cringe, but they cannot be completely dispelled, and a canny adventurer can tell they do not belong to the adventurers.

In fact, they are **gloom haunts**, magically bound to the room by the silver nails. Although bound, they are still capable of attacking, but first try to communicate with adventurers, pleading for release and offering rich rewards of dark and wondrous magic. They are, of course, lying, but adventurers won't know this until it is too late.

Golem, Crystalline

Hit Dice: 8 (40 hp)

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 slams (1d6)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: crystalline destruction, immune to fire and lightning, immune to most magic, vulnerable to sonic damage

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

Crystalline golems are man-shaped growths of crystal possessed of rudimentary intelligence. They attack by clubbing with their rock-like fists. When reduced to 0 hit points, a crystal golem shatters in an explosion of jagged shards of rock that do 5d6 points of damage to all creatures within 10 feet (save for half).

A crystal golem is immune to most magic. A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows a crystalline golem (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw, while *transmute mud to rock* heals all of its lost hit points. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the golem's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round.

Crystalline Golem: HD 8; HP 40; AC 2 [17];

Atk 2 slams (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N;

CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** crystalline destruction, immune to fire and lightning, immune to most magic, vulnerable to sonic damage

Credit

Original author Matthew J. Finch

Originally appearing in *The Spire of Iron*

and *Crystal* (© Frog God Games/Matthew J. Finch, 2011)

All My Exes

The Lord of Eternal Night is a cunning drow magician who fell out of favor with his people ages ago and went into a self-imposed exile in a nearby dungeon. Over the centuries, he built a criminal empire in the underworld using ogres and their ilk as muscle and gnomes skilled in illusion as his chief lieutenants. It is said that all ill-gotten goods that enter the underworld eventually pass through his hands, or he at least sees a copper or two from their sale.

The Lord of Eternal Night dwells in a fortified corner of one dungeon in particular, an area protected by illusions, traps and a small army of humanoid thieves. Of particular interest is his so-called Copper Hall, a comfortable sort of hall entirely clad in copper and expensive furs. A great copper stove heats the place without introducing light, and it is in these shadowed precincts that the Lord and his lieutenant plot their most cunning crimes and capers. The hall is protected by **3 crystalline golems**, created by the Lord himself, each bearing the image of a woman who scorned the Lord when he still lived among the drow.



Golem, Necromantic

Hit Dice: 11 (55 hp)

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 2 slams (2d6 plus 1d6 negative energy)

Saving Throw: 4

Special: enervating ray, immune to most magic, rejuvenation, unholy blast

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

A necromantic golem stands 8 feet tall and weighs around 500 pounds. Its sickly greenish flesh is drawn tight around its frame in areas and rotted completely away in others. Its form weeps fluids from various sores and injuries. A necromantic golem wields no weapons and wears whatever its creator gives it, usually ragged clothing and nothing more. They resemble flesh golems, and are oftentimes mistaken for them.

Once per day, a necromantic golem can unleash a ray of negative energy in a 30-ft. line. Any creature struck must make a saving throw or lose 2d4 levels. Even on a successful save, the victim loses 1d4 levels. Assuming the target survives, it regains lost levels after 11 hours pass.

Once every 1d4+1 rounds, a necromantic golem can unleash a blast of negative energy in a 20-ft. cone. Creatures in the area take 6d6 points of damage (save for half). Lawful extra-planar creatures like angels take 6d8 points of damage.

A necromantic golem is immune to most magic. A magical attack that heals living creatures slows a necromantic golem (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds (no save). A magical attack that deals negative energy damage breaks any *slow* effect on the golem and heals 1 point of damage for every 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the golem to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. A necromantic golem gets no saving throw against attacks that deal negative energy damage. A *raise dead* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a necromantic golem (no save). A *resurrection* spell negates its immunity to magic for 1 minute.

A necromantic golem heals 1 hit point every hour up to its maximum hit points. If reduced to 0 hit points or less, the golem continues to heal. A necromantic golem can be permanently destroyed by reducing it to 0 hit points or less, casting a *bless* spell on the corpse, and dousing the golem with holy water.

Necromantic Golem: HD 11; HP 55; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 slams (2d6 plus 1d6 negative energy); Move 12; Save 4; AL N; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** enervating ray, immune to most magic, rejuvenation, unholy blast.

Chained Lightning

Metal cones in a 20-ft. by 40-ft. chamber release arcs of electricity that course through gibbets of flesh and detached arms and legs hanging from chains attached to the ceiling. There is a 1 in 6 chance that lightning strikes a random adventurer for 1d8 points of damage. Eyes float in jars littering the strange chamber, and in the center of the room is a throne of gray stone. Upon this throne sits a **necromantic golem**. The golem is chained down, but the chains are weak. If a bit of stray lightning strikes the golem (1 in 6 chance), the chains break and the golem rises to attack. The throne holds a hidden cache containing a Manual of Necromantic Golem Creation, a set of golden spectacles, a sack of emeralds (750 gp) and the tooth of a black dragon.



Golem, Philosopher

Hit Dice: 15 (75 hp)

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 2 slams (2d6) or platinum rod (1d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: immune to most magic, spells (4/3/2/1)

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 19/4100

A philosopher golem is a completely self-aware construct, designed as an aid to powerful spellcasters. The philosopher golem is subservient to its master but acts more as a companion and confidant, having its own mind as to choices of right and wrong or good and evil. Philosopher golems are often used as proxies in the crafting of dangerous magical items by their creators who use the philosopher golem in the handling of volatile spell components or in the acquisition of reagents from hostile environments. A philosopher golem cannot change its programmed spells, but its creator or another spellcaster can. Spells can be added, removed, or changed by the creator or another spellcaster.

Philosopher golems use programmed spells and powerful slam attacks to dispatch its foes. It can also attack with its platinum rod (treat as a club). A philosopher golem casts spells as a 7th-level Magic-User, and some of the more common spells are listed below. To recharge its expended spells, a philosopher golem must remain idle (resting, more or less) for 8 hours. A magic-user can add, remove, or change the philosopher golem's programmed spells.

A philosopher golem is immune to most magic. A *disintegrate* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a philosopher golem (no save). A magical attack that deals cold damage slows a philosopher golem (as the *slow* spell) for 3 rounds (no save). A magical attack that deals fire damage ends any *slow* effect on the golem and heals 1 point of damage for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing causes the golem to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. A philosopher golem gets no saving throw against fire effects.

Philosopher Golem: HD 15; HP 75; AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 slams (2d6) or platinum rod (1d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special:** immune to most magic, spells.

Spells: 1st—charm person (x2), detect magic, read magic; 2nd—continual light, locate object, web; 3rd—dispel magic, slow; 4th—charm monster.

Fair Trade

A philosopher golem cast in the image of a skull-faced avenger guards a port city. The golem looks to most like a statue, for it is tasked only with stopping invasions and other serious threats, and thus has not moved since being placed there by the archmage Willibur as his parting gift to the city of his birth.

The golem stands on a copper dais overlooking the harbor. Copper rails extend from the dais in a sunburst pattern. Most folk consider these rails merely decorative, but in fact they transmit the golem's spells over much larger areas than would normally be possible, so long as the golem is not shifted from the pedestal at the center of the pattern.

Any Magic-User performing a good deed for the city (and the city has many enemies, from facing down the goblins and their giant beetles in the swamps to the south, or shooting down the winged ogres in the mountains to the north), gains one more benefit from the golem. If the Magic-User stands upon a point of the starburst pattern, he can swap one of his spells for another known and stored in the philosopher golem. The transfer is immediate, one spell in the Magic-User's memory absorbed by the golem and replaced by another of the same level within 1 round. The golem can transfer a spell in this way multiple times, but only once per Magic-User per day.



Golem, Skiff

Hit Dice: 15 (75 hp)

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: staff (2d10 plus paralysis 2d4 rounds)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: breath weapon, immune to most magic, magical abilities, man overboard, resists fire

Move: 15 (swim 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000

Crafted by Charon, the Boatman of the Lower Planes and his servants, these creatures serve as an automated means of transportation across the Styx. A rider's destination need merely be whispered in the golem's ear and payment dropped into a nearby container on the skiff. When these conditions are met, the skiff sets out immediately at full speed, polling across water and land alike with otherworldly determination.

If attacked, or if travelers attempt to board the skiff without first paying, a skiff golem attacks with its ebon staff and breath weapon (the skeletal figure pivots to face its opponents). The breath weapon forms a cone 30 feet long and 15 feet wide at the base. It deals 7d6 points of electrical damage (save for half), and is usable five times per day.

If a skiff golem manages to paralyze an opponent with its staff, it attempts to knock that foe from its skiff into the waiting waters. A skiff golem can rock violently back and forth in place of moving, causing all those onboard to fall into the water (which if on the River Styx could be a very bad thing indeed). A creature can attempt to maintain its footing and grab onto the skiff golem by succeeding on a saving throw.

Skiff golems can use *passwall* once per day. Once per day, they can also summon 1d4 charonadaemons with a 35% chance of success. Skiff golems take half damage from fire.

A skiff golem is immune to most spells. *Warp wood* slows a skiff golem (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds (no save). A magical attack that deals cold damage breaks any slow effect on the skiff golem and heals 1 point of damage for every 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. *Plant growth* heals a skiff golem of all its lost hit points.

Skiff Golem: HD 15; HP 75; AC -1 [20]; Atk staff (2d10 plus paralysis 2d4 rounds); Move 15 (swim 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 22/5000; **Special:** breath weapon, immune to most magic, magical abilities, man overboard, resists fire.

Give a Penny, or Get a Pounding

A cavern, a grotto actually, lies deep below the blood-stained dungeons of Hellhorn Keep, its walls as smooth and white as bleached bones. Clear, chill waters lap the cavern walls. Ghostly, glowing bats cling to the ceiling, and a narrow quay is carved from the floor and extends about 20 feet into the waters filling the cavern. The dark waters flow into the forgotten recesses of the underworld. A copper dish sits at the end of the quay. The dish is attached to the quay, and can only be removed with great difficulty. Even then, it cannot be removed without destroying much of its value (it might retain 1d4 cp worth of value). Sitting in the dish are three gold coins (worthless slugs painted gold) and three severed fingers (from the thief who put the slugs in the copper dish thinking to trick the ferryman).

Upon entering the cavern, one gets a very odd feeling in his gut, a feeling of impending doom. Adventurers with Wisdoms lower than 10 feel compelled to walk onto the quay and drop a coin of any metal into the copper dish (save to resist the urge, though they still feel the desire). If this is

done, 1d10 minutes later a **skiff golem** arrives from an adjoining cavern to collect the coin and transport the adventurer to the far shore of this subterranean waterway, a dark port of grimlocks and goblins, where the wine of Hades flows freely and the shades of the dead travel when their dark lord is so inclined to give them a holiday from their suffering. Each passenger must deposit a coin before boarding the floating golem.

Anyone who disturbs the copper dish, tries to trick the skiff golem (by placing more fake coins inside the dish, for instance), or who takes any of the false slugs already there—they still belong to the skiff golem, after all—faces the wrath of the golem as it sails at full speed for the quay.



Golem, Spontaneous — Ossuary Golem

Hit Dice: 12 (60 hp)

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attack: 4 slams (2d10 plus wounding)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: disassemble, immune to most spells, +1 or better weapon to hit, wounding

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

Ossuary golems form after many souls are slain in some catastrophic calamity and large quantities of intact bone lie exposed for long periods of time. An ossuary golem appears as a massive amalgamation of jagged bones. It bears a multitude of clawed arms and a head formed of numerous skulls held together in place. It moves quickly on its many limbs before rising to its full height of 12 feet and bringing its four skeletal arms to bear. It walks with a spindly though agile gait. Composed entirely of dry bones calcified into hardened rods, it weighs only 200 pounds.

The jagged, bony claws of an ossuary golem wound creatures struck by its vicious slams. Wounded creatures lose 1 hp through blood loss until they are healed or stop to bind their wounds.

When at rest, an ossuary golem separates into its component skeletons, which lie inert in true death. In this form, it is immune to all damage short of *disintegration*. An ossuary golem can instantly reassemble into its conglomerate form to attack.

An ossuary golem is immune to most magic. An *animate dead* spell causes several of the golem's bones to temporarily fall away from its body, slowing the golem (as the *slow* spell) for 1d4 rounds. A *raise dead* spell with a successful touch attack deals 5d6 points of damage. A *resurrection* spell with a successful touch attack deals 1d6 points of damage per caster level (15d6 maximum). A *speak with dead* spell stuns the golem for 1 round as the spirits of the many deceased temporarily confuse it while vying for control of their individual bodies.

Skiff Golem: HD 12; HP 60; AC 6 [13]; Atk 4 slams (2d10 plus wounding); Move 15; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** disassemble, immune to most spells, +1 or better weapon to hit, wounding.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

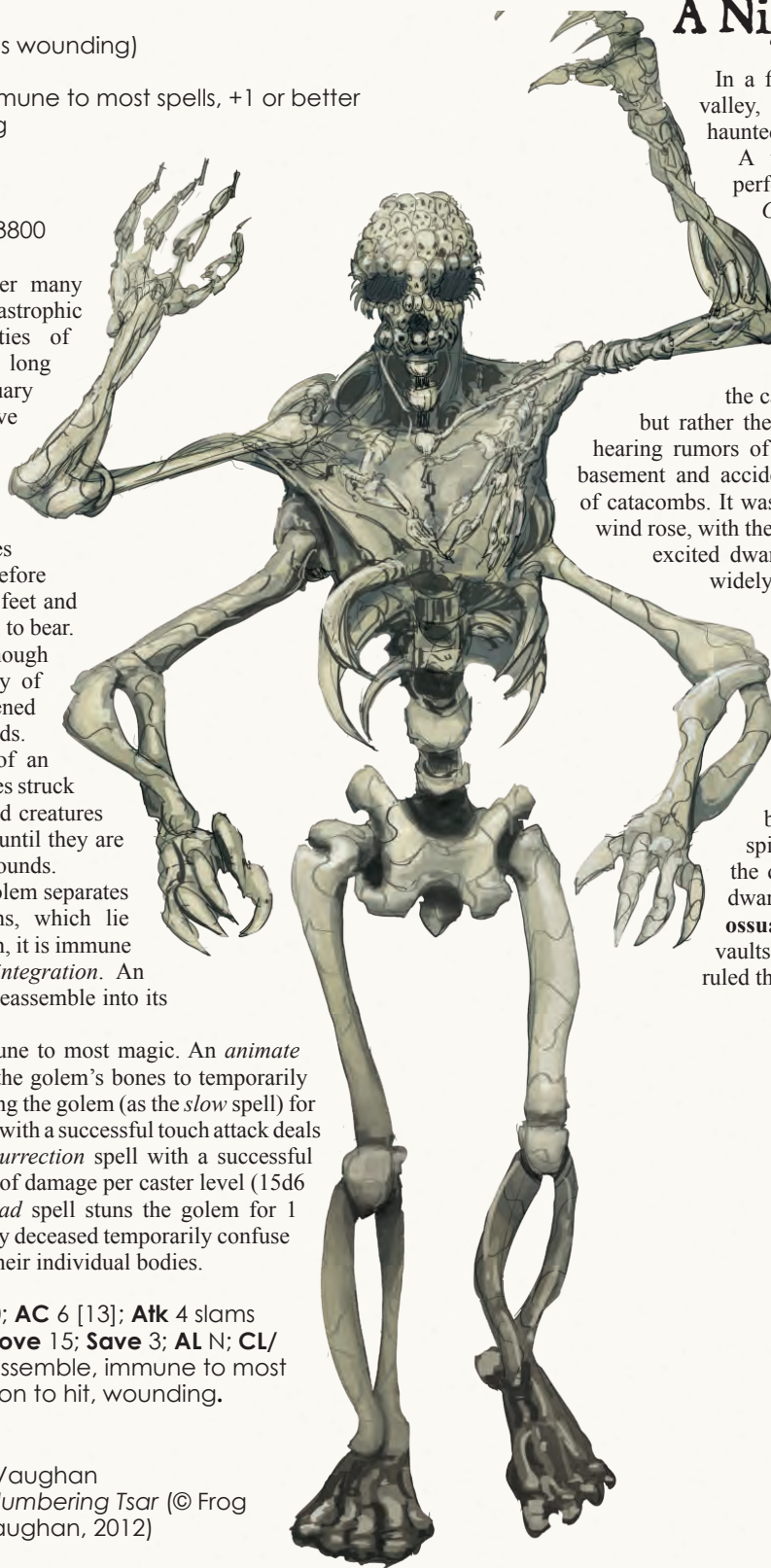
A Night at the Opera

In a fine, wealthy town nestled in a rich valley, all the people are abuzz about the haunted opera house!

A week ago, during a rather bland performance of Azblat's *Gorbo and Grizeld*, a sudden chill wind flowed through the opera house, accompanied by a strange, maniacal laughter. The house was soon cleared, and the town fathers called in to investigate.

The investigation revealed that the cause of the event was not the undead, but rather the living. A band of dwarven miners, hearing rumors of a secret vault, felled a wall in the basement and accidentally discovered an ancient series of catacombs. It was from these catacombs that the chill wind rose, with the laughter apparently coming from the excited dwarves. This latest development is not widely known, and the dwarves have not been discovered. The local priests and men-at-arms refuse to enter the catacombs, for they fear curses.

Judging from the style of the mosaics, the catacombs come from the imperial period. The catacombs are not cursed, at least not the upper catacombs, but a secret door held open by iron spikes leads to a circular stair down to the deeper catacombs. It is here that the dwarves met their fate at the hands of an **ossuary golem** that roams the old treasure vaults of the wealthy artisans who once ruled the city.



Grave Mount

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: 2 hooves (1d8) and bite (1d8 + bleed)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: breath weapon, frightful presence (30-ft. radius), +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

The grave mount is the insult to all that is good and holy when a paladin's steed is returned from the dead to wreak havoc upon the world. Grave mounts stand 5 to 6 feet tall at the shoulder and weigh between 800 and 1,000 pounds. Death knights often favor grave mounts as steeds. Grave mounts can unleash a fetid breath weapon three times per day. This breath weapon takes the form of a cone 30 feet long and 15 feet wide at the base. Anyone caught in the cone must make a saving throw or come down with a nasty case of tomb fever. Tomb fever has a 1d6 day incubation period. Once the disease takes hold, victims suffer 1d6 points damage each hour that they fail a saving throw. If the victim passes three consecutive hourly saves, the disease is overcome.

Grave Mount: HD 6; AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 hooves (1d8) and bite (1d8 + bleed); Move 12; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400;

Special: breath weapon, frightful presence (30-ft. radius), +1 or better weapon to hit.

Dead Lead

An overgrown graveyard on the outskirts of a ruined manor (mind the **assassin vines**) is marked by a single grand monument depicting a paladin on his destrier. Tall weeds and clinging vines obscure the statue a bit, but adventurers should note two items of interest: First, the statue is missing its head, and second, the sculpture is made of lead.

Adventurers with an artistic streak note that the sculptor had an odd style—the statue is blocky and looks hurried. In fact, the statue is a prison. Encased in the magical lead are what remains of a fallen paladin and his mount: a headless **spectre** and his **grave mount**.

Adventurers wouldn't likely disturb the statue, save that in some nearby village they might have heard rumors of a holy sword encased in the lead. If the lead is breached, it melts into slag and the undead paladin and his mount are released with ne'er a holy sword to be found!



Grey Spirit

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: touch (2d6 + level drain)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: frightful presence (30-ft. radius), harbinger, incorporeal (hit only by magic and silver weapons), ravages of death gaze, rejuvenation

Move: 0 (fly 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

A grey spirit, usually female, is the shade of someone who died heartbroken and alone, pining away on shore and ultimately dying of a broken heart while waiting for the return of a loved one from across the sea. A grey spirit attacks any creature that approaches her, her rage and frustration at having lost her loved one knowing no bounds. In melee, a grey spirit flails wildly with her ghostly arms and hands, screaming and cursing all the while. Any living creature that sees the face of a grey spirit suddenly knows her pain, frustration and rage, and has glimpses of the anguish of what it is like to die broken hearted. Any opponent experiencing this tragic emotion must make a saving throw or be stunned for 2d6 rounds. The appearance of a grey spirit is usually a harbinger of some future catastrophe, such as a great storm or a shipwreck. Such events occur within 1d6 days of the sighting of a grey spirit.

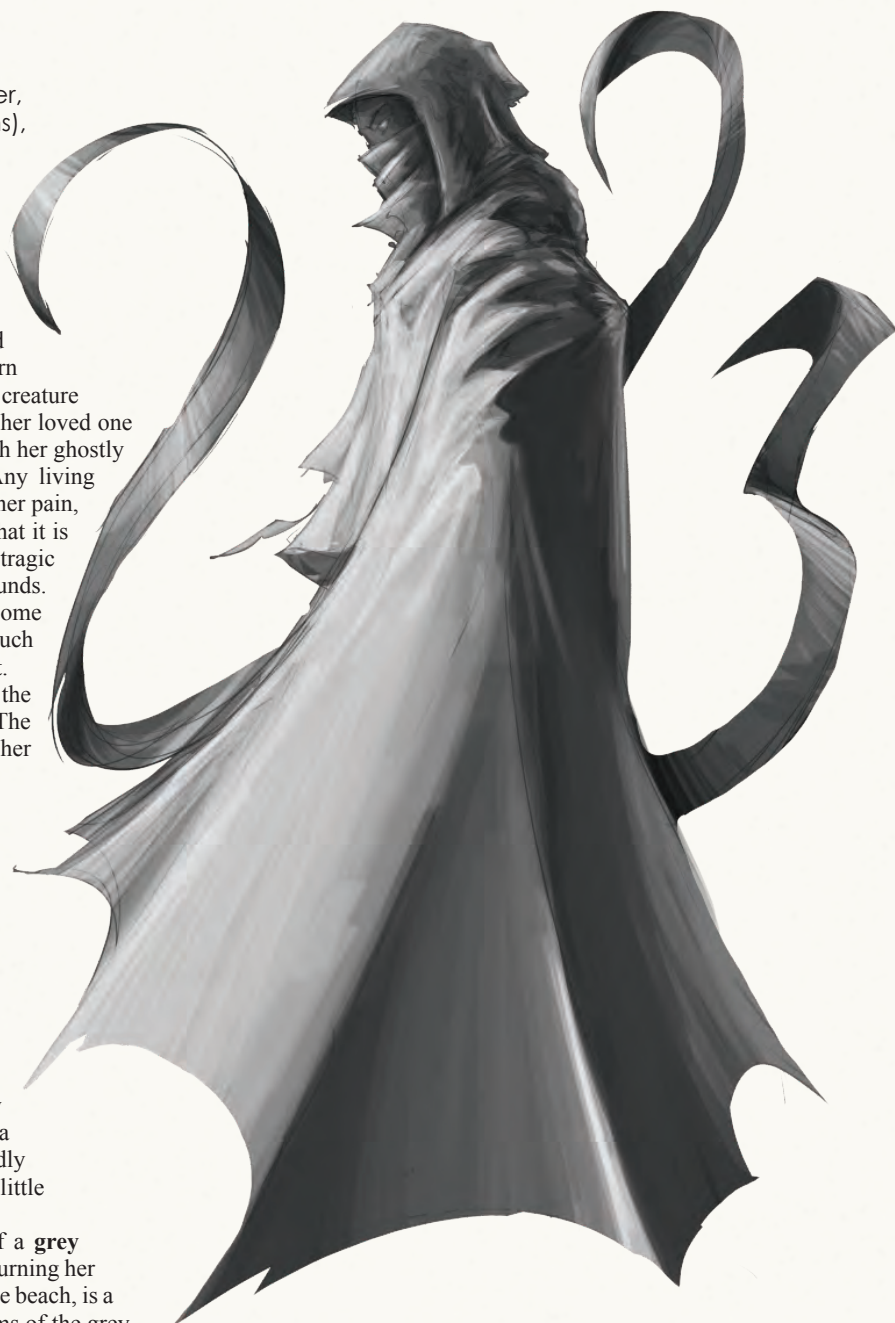
A “destroyed” grey spirit restores itself in 2d4 days. Even the most powerful spells are usually only temporary solutions. The only way to permanently destroy a grey spirit is to confront her with irrefutable evidence of her loved one’s death.

Grey Spirit: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk touch (2d6 + level drain); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** frightful presence (30-ft. radius), harbinger, incorporeal (hit only by magic and silver weapons), ravages of death gaze, rejuvenation.

The Weeping Widow

Where a small river meets the sea are miles of sandy dunes. Behind those dunes are green hills kissed by a smattering of sod houses, each a tiny farm where unfriendly natives raise goats and grow cabbages and launch their little boats into the sea to fish.

The people are all gone now, because of the arrival of a **grey spirit**. She looks out on the sea, moaning and weeping and turning her anguish on all who come near. At her feet, run aground on the beach, is a merchant cog. The cog is turned on one side, its crew victims of the grey spirit. Their cargo remains aboard the ship, including a secret missive from a high-placed lady to a high-placed lord, a missive that must not be found.



Gibbon

Hit Dice: 1 or 3

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 17 or 14

Special: coordinated attack

Move: 12 (fly 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4+1, 1d6+5, or tribe of 1d10x10 plus tribal champion of 3 HD per 20 adults, 1 priestess (Clr3-5), 1 witch leader (MU5-8) plus 2d4 wolves

Challenge Level/XP: 1 HD (2/30), 3 HD (4/120)

Gibbons, at first glance, resemble large monkeys with bat wings. Closer examination, however, reveals facial features of a more human than simian nature. Their bodies are covered in a coarse, brown fur, and their hands end in powerful and sharp claws. Gibbons are equally as likely to attack their opponents with weapons (preferring daggers and darts, though sometimes employing short swords) as they are with their claws. Their favorite tactic is to grab an opponent, fly above the ground and drop it. A single target hit by both of a gibbon's claw attacks must make a saving throw or be grabbed. A gibbon can lift a small creature, such as a halfling, elf or goblin on its own, but it takes 2 gibbons to lift a larger creature. When attacking a foe in concert, gibbons gain a +1 bonus to hit per additional gibbon engaged in melee, up to a maximum of +3.

Gibbon: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) or by weapon;

Move 12 (fly 12); **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** coordinated attack.

Equipment: dagger or dart or short sword.

Gibbon Champion: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) or by weapon; **Move** 12 (fly 12); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** coordinated attack.

Equipment: dagger or dart or short sword.

Taking a Dip

The scent of incense wafts from a copse of trees on a plain of long, emerald green grasses. The incense is musky and rich, and it is released from the thorny zogo trees. Hidden within the copse is a magical pool, the waters of which can cure all diseases, provided a person bathes in it for a full hour at twilight.

The copse of trees, alas, is the lair of a band of **11 gibbons**. The thorny trees are rather tall, with a couple of them reaching 50 feet in height, and they provide an excellent perch for the gibbons to use to watch the plains for prey. They dwell in crude nests in the high boughs of the trees (spot per secret door), and most keep two or three large stones in their nests for dropping on intruders. If given the opportunity, they wait for people to disrobe and enter the pool before attacking, with some of their number swooping down to seize weapons and armor.

The gibbons have a treasure of 300 cp, 120 sp, 40 gp and several suits of armor and rusty weapons in their nests.



Grimlock

Hit Dice: 2–5

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 slams (1d4) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 16–12

Special: immune to gaze attacks, illusions and visual effects

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4, 1d4+4, 1d10+10, or tribe of 1d6x10 plus 1 leader of 3–5HD per 10 adults

Challenge Level/XP: 2 HD (3/60), 3 HD (4/120), 4 HD (5/240), 5 HD (6/400)

Grimlocks are evil and foul subterranean dwellers believed to be descendants of an ancient human race. A grimlock stands 5 to 6 feet tall and weighs 150 to 200 pounds. Its skin is slate gray and its hair is oily and matted. The creature emanates a stench that most others find nauseating, yet to a grimlock, it's a means of identification, for each scent is unique to a grimlock. Grimlocks detest sunlight but are not harmed by it. Grimlocks attack with their menacing axes or powerful slams. Opponents that attempt to flee are run down and killed. Grimlocks that fall in combat are "honored" by being carried off the field of battle and devoured by their own.

Legends speak of long ago wars between various races that drove humans underground. For a while, they survived on what food they could forage, but eventually turned to cannibalism; beginning with small underground animals such as rats and other rodents, and eventually turning to aboveground raids on other races. Grimlocks dine on humanoid flesh and blood (with humans and dwarves being their favorite meals). They are primitive creatures, living in tribal communities of up to 60 or more individuals in underground caves and tunnels. Raiding and hunting bands often venture to the surface world to attack nearby settlements, capturing or killing those they encounter and returning to their lair to feast upon their spoils. Raids such as these are always conducted at night under the cover of darkness when grimlocks have the advantage. Grimlocks detest sunlight but are not harmed by it.

When not raiding the surface world, grimlocks often battle with other subterranean races including drow, dwarves, duergar, and even other grimlock tribes. Such battles can consist of outright warfare, but most of the time the battles are simple raids into other underground lairs to procure food (usually human or dwarven slaves kept by the other underground races). When engaged in wars with other races, grimlock leaders often ride basilisks into battle. Some larger grimlock lairs often have at least one medusa in midst as well.

Grimlock: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d4) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** immune to gaze attacks, illusions and visual effects.

Equipment: tattered hides, stone axe.

Grimlock: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d4) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** immune to gaze attacks, illusions and visual effects.

Equipment: tattered hides, stone axe.

Grimlock: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d4) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** immune to gaze attacks, illusions and visual effects.

Equipment: tattered hides, stone axe.

Grimlock: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d4) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** immune to gaze attacks, illusions and visual effects.

Equipment: tattered hides, stone axe.



See the Light

This cavern is about 220 feet long and 65 feet wide, with a ceiling ranging from 20 to 45 feet high. The walls of the cavern are composed of brilliantly colored crystal. The floor is jagged and uneven, and the walls are ledged and hide small caves and alcoves. When light is introduced to this cavern, the walls shimmer and shine; even though the light may be dim, the effect is dazzling.

The cavern is guarded by **12 grimlocks** who hide in the small caves on either side of the cavern and wait for intruders. When they sense movement, they cast their javelins. Each grimlock has five of the missiles. When they are out of javelins, they grab their axes and slide down the crystal walls to the floor to attack.

As the fighting wages on, body heat from the combatants has a weird effect on the crystal walls, which begin to vibrate slightly (a dwarf may detect this; others will not). Two rounds into combat, the crystal begins sending out prismatic waves of light. Combatants must make a saving throw each round or become dazzled for the remainder of the battle, suffering a –1 penalty to hit and a +1[–1] penalty to Armor Class. After two rounds, the crystal returns to normal. Adventurers who are dazzled for more than 6 rounds must make an additional saving throw or be blinded for 1 hour.

Grimshrike

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8) and 2 tail slaps (1d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: gaze of lost souls, negative energy breath

Move: 12 (fly 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d8

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Grimshrikes are a race of reanimated twin-tailed gargoyles standing about 7 feet tall and weighing 350 pounds. In melee, a grimshrike lashes its opponent with its tails or weakens them with its foul breath weapon. To look into the eyes of a grimshrike is to invite madness. Creatures meeting a grimshrike's gaze must make a saving throw or be confused for 1d4 rounds and paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. Once per round and no more than 6 times per day, a grimshrike can exhale a cone of negative energy 30 feet long and 15 feet wide at its base. This cone deals 3d6 points of damage to living creatures (save for half) or heals 3d6 points of damage to undead creatures. In combat, it concentrates its attacks on clerics and paladins first, before moving to fighters and magic-users.

Grimshrikes are native to a dark land about which little is known other than its terrible history. The place was once vibrant and full of life. Centuries ago, however, all that changed. Dark energies spilled forth unchecked from a wayward wizard's experiment, fouling the very essence of the land. In a matter of hours, all life in that place ceased to exist.

Grimshrikes are often given as rewards to powerful necromancers who have performed some service of the lords of Chaos. An army of zombies or skeletons is made all the more frightening by presence of grimshrikes urging them on and bolstering their strength.

A grimshrike is forever tortured by the horrible vision of death and agony that befell its home. It can temporarily relieve itself of the vision by rending living beings in the most brutal and horrible ways possible.

Grimshrike: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8) and 2 tail slaps (1d6); Move 12 (fly 15); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** gaze of lost souls, negative energy breath.

Infernal Flame

Imagine a vaulted chamber in a dungeon, perhaps 20 feet wide and long, with a 30-foot-high ceiling. The floor is covered with thick, maroon wax that runs down from a giant candle, about 3 feet in diameter and still 10 feet tall, that stands in the center of the chamber. A flickering flame, golden and warm, burns above the candle, which has no actual wick; clearly it is magical. The walls are covered in shallow bas-reliefs of demons and devils, all apparently staring at a point just above the flame (most adventurers will have to check this out to realize they aren't just staring at the flame itself; dwarves and elves have a 1 in 6 chance of noticing this fact at first glance).

If the magical light of the candle is temporarily suppressed (for it cannot be permanently extinguished), the eyes of the demons and devils

burn with red light that erupt as beams. These beams create a holographic image (think computer graphics circa 1980) of a map of the cosmos (or the planes, or whatever you happen to use in your game). This can be interacted with by touching the light, allowing adventurers to move the map about and zoom in. Dimensional portals appear as brilliant, throbbing dots.

While the candle's light keeps this cosmic map a secret, it also holds at bay a coterie of **grimshrikes**. As many as would make a good fight for the adventurers slip into the shadowy chamber from their own strange dimension (one of twisted constructions of black iron and ash falling from the sky like a constant rain) to destroy the seekers of knowledge.



Hag Nymph

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: enervating gaze, magic resistance (25%), resists cold and fire, spells (4/4/3/2/2)

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 3

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Hag nymphs are hideous, bent crones; their frames are emaciated and almost corpse-like in appearance. They have sickly green skin, thin dark hair and hands that end in wicked claws with filthy nails. Their clothes usually carry the bloodstains of previous victims. Hag nymphs live deep within dark forests in huts composed of mud and timber. These huts are usually well-constructed and littered with the rotting remains of creatures the hag has devoured.

A hag nymph's profane beauty affects all humanoids within 30 feet. Those who look directly at a hag nymph must succeed on a saving throw or be weakened, losing 2d4 points of Strength for 1d6 days. Hag nymphs can cast the following spells: Constant—*detect good*, *detect magic*; At will—*cause light wounds*; 3/day—*cause serious wounds*; 1/day—*polymorph other*. A hag nymph also casts spells as a 10th-level Magic-User (4/4/3/2/2), and a sample spell list is provided below. Hag nymphs take only half normal damage from cold and fire.

Hag Nymph: HD 10; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6);

Move 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:**

magic resistance (25%), enervating gaze, half damage cold and fire, spells (4/4/3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*, *web*; 3rd—*fly*, *protection from normal missiles*, *rope trick*; 4th—*ice storm*, *plant growth*; 5th—*feeblemind*, *wall of iron*.



Valley of the Hags

There exists, in one of the less savory corners of the world, a canyon of steep, grey walls over which hundreds of black streams fall, shrouding the floor in a black mist and forming a quick, black rivulet that flows down the canyon and into the black forest beyond.

The canyon is equally notable for the strange pillars that dot its floor, forming a sort of artificial forest. The pillars look like skeletal arms from the elbow up, each topped with a skeletal hand that forms a platform of sorts. These arms are placed about 8 to 15 feet apart and range from 20 to 30 feet tall and 2 to 3 feet in diameter.

This weird landscape is the home of a trio of sisters, **3 hag nymphs**, who brood and plot here against the shining kingdoms beyond the black forest. The hag nymphs once ruled the black forest, having under their command an army of orcs, ogres and trolls. Now, they are exiled, their army shattered by the League of Three Crowns. They escaped their army's destruction, though, and now plot against the grandchildren of those three kings of old. Each one dwells in a hovel, each hovel being about 1 mile away from the others. They meet atop one of the larger pillars, studying the course of the stars and waiting for the most auspicious moment to strike!

Hedon

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: magical powers, rake with claws

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Hedons are malevolent and violent fey creatures that dwell in darkened forests found on the fringes of civilization. They take great delight in tormenting travelers and townsfolk and often lair near roads or paths. A hedon appears as a tan-skinned elf with the lower torso of a hawk or falcon. It rarely wears clothes, but should it choose to do so (and some do, especially to hide their appearance when they attempt to move through a populated area without drawing undue attention to themselves), it usually dons a long hooded cloak or robe of green, gray or brown. Hedons rarely carry weapons, preferring to fight with their claws. A hedon attacks with its magical powers, targeting the strongest perceived foes first. It quickly follows by attacking with its claws. If a hedon strikes a foe with both claws, it can rake the victim for an additional 2d6 points of damage. Hedons can use the following magical powers: Constant—*detect good*, *speak with animals*; 3/day—*cause fear*, *heat metal*.

Many hedons sneak into nearby towns under the cover of darkness and slaughter livestock or kidnap children (because they are easier to carry and control than adults). These creatures lair in caverns, caves, or nests built from branches, straw, twigs, and so on. Lairs are always kept well hidden away from prying eyes and are difficult to locate by all but the best of scouts and trackers. A typical hedon lair contains 2–4 adults and an equal number of noncombatant young.

Hedon: HD 3; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** magical powers, rake with claws.

Mending a Broken Heart

A group of 5 hedons are moving through a pleasant wood, shrouded in elven cloaks and carrying quarterstaves. The hedons are on their way to a secret door located in an ancient oak. Within this secret door, which is a dimensional portal, one can enter a grotto wherein is located the infamous Pool of Despair. The waters of the pool are silvery and cast a coruscating light on the walls of the grotto, a light that blinds Chaotic creatures who fail a saving throw.

The hedons are intent on bathing a golden heart in the pool. The heart is magically linked to the Cinereous Queen, a heartless woman who turned down the professed love of the chief of the hedon. They hold the golden heart (worth 3,500 gp and radiates magic) in a black leather sack. The chief sent them on the quest in the hopes that washing the heart repairs a minor defect in its surface that shall let the queen know true love at last—his, preferably. The hedons do not defend the heart with their lives, for they think the errand beneath them and their chief, but they won't let it go without a fight.



Hellwidow

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (2d8 + 1d8 poison)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: fiery webs, immune to fire, resistance to acid and cold (50%), silver or magic weapons needed to hit

Move: 15 (climb 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2 on material planes, 2d20 in other planes of existence

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

Hellwidows are giant spiders that dwell in hells and fiery underworlds. They are cunning and intelligent, but are not actually demons. When hellwidows are encountered on the material planes of existence, it is most often in thick forests or caverns in warmer climates. Evil spellcasters occasionally summon a hellwidow to the material planes and strike a bargain with the creature offering food, treasure, or the like in return for some service (usually guarding a location or killing a particular enemy). It is often forgotten that hellwidows are not bound by the same spells and wards as demons are.

Hellwidows are roughly 9 feet long and weigh nearly 1,000 pounds, with males being slightly smaller than females. Hellwidows mate several times per year, with the female laying up to 100 eggs in a single dull gray egg sac. Young mature rapidly, reaching adulthood within six months, so an infestation of hellwidows can be a world-destroying plague. Prey is quickly cocooned in the hellwidow's webbing, set on fire, and then bitten repeatedly until it succumbs to the widow's poison. Once the prey is dead, the hellwidow carries it back to its lair to be devoured. Hellwidows prefer to hunt by ambush, usually hiding in dark corners within their webs. When they detect movement, such as a creature becoming entangled in their webs, they quickly move to strike.

Hellwidows can throw *webs* (per the spell) up to three times per day. The hellwidow can set any of its webs aflamemereby by touching them. Creatures caught in the webs when they catch fire take 2d6 points of damage each round until they escape. After escaping, creatures continue taking this damage until they succeed at a saving throw (a new saving throw can be made each round).

A hellwidow's bite injects poison that causes liquid fire to course through the victim's veins, dealing 1d8 hit points of damage. A successful saving throw at +2 negates the effects of the poison.

Hellwidow: HD 10; AC 0[19]; **Atk** bite (2d8 + 1d8 poison); **Move** 15 (climb 12); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** fiery webs, immune to fire, resistance to acid and cold (50%), silver or magic weapons needed to hit.

The Road to Hell

A looming black tree oak in a hilly woodland of rank undergrowth and towering trees holds within it a path to Hell itself. The tree is 10 feet in diameter and has a large opening at the bottom. Within this opening, one finds a spiral stair of chalky white stone, crudely shaped, that leads 20 feet down to a tunnel. The tunnel slopes downward and is filled with spinning, golden mists and red, floating eyes. Hidden among the mists are the webs of a **hellwidow**, placed here by Baal himself to guard this entrance.

The hellwidow, Kalavva, allows no Lawful creature to pass into the depths that lead to Hell, nor any Chaotic creature to pass out.

Neutrals were not covered in its orders, so it allows them ingress and egress, provided they pay with a valuable gemstone.

Kalavva keeps her treasure, 7,851 sp, 1,794 gp, 186 pp and a collection of precious stones worth 2,000 gp, within web sacks hidden in her web lair.



Hooded Gatherer

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: fear, inhalation of souls, magical powers, +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 17/3500

A hooded gatherer appears to be a rotting, skeletal man cloaked in a brown, hooded robe. Its eyes are deep sockets, pitch black with small pinpoints of red light glowing within. These powerful and intelligent undead creatures are often mistaken for lichs, but they are a thing far worse and more horrible indeed, for they are born in the underworlds of other planes of existence, and hunt down souls in the material planes for their demonic masters.

A hooded gatherer can pull back its hood and reveal its skeletal visage, which causes fear in anyone gazing upon it from within 30 feet. Anyone not making a successful saving throw will drop any items held and flee for 2d6 turns. The frightful appearance of a hooded gatherer is the least of its baneful weapons, however, and those who flee from it in terror are most likely the lucky ones. Thrice per day, a hooded gatherer can inhale souls. The inhalation is shaped in a cone 40 feet long and 20 feet wide at the base. Although the air itself is not moved by the inhalation, it turns brown and fetid as life is sucked away from the area by the gatherer. Souls in the cone-shaped region will be drawn into the horror unless the victim makes a saving throw. The soul is drawn out of the body during the first round of the gatherer's inhalation, and if the gatherer continues to inhale for a second round, it breathes the soul into itself. If the gatherer is killed, any captured souls are released and will seek to return to their bodies. If the gatherer is able to escape back to its home in the underworld, the soul is enslaved there and cannot be returned by a *raise dead* spell. More powerful magics or means of rescue are required, which can be learned from sages or theologians. It takes 1d4+1 rounds for a hooded gatherer to make its escape from the material plane and return home.

Hooded gatherers can use *charm monster* and *word of recall* once per day. They can use *ESP* at will, and can see through illusions and invisibility.

Hooded gatherers only appear singly, but they usually hunt as the leader of a pack of their minions (generally demons or undead, but occasionally humans that it mentally dominates). A hunting pack might include ghouls, ghosts, supernatural hounds of any sort, or carrion birds. Hooded gatherers never hunt in coordination with monsters that drain levels, for such things might damage or even consume the souls that the gatherer wants for itself.

Hooded Gatherer: HD 10; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 claws (1d8); Move 9; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 17/3500; **Special:** fear, inhalation of souls, magical powers, +1 or better weapon to hit.

— Author: Matt Finch

Death Comes Calling

Word has gone out, far and wide: "The Oracle is in danger! All brave men and women must rush to her aid!"

The Oracle is a vain woman, a maiden-queen widowed by war but possessed by the divine spirit of the Goddess of Sorrow that she might deliver pronouncements of impending doom in the world that this doom might be avoided. The Oracle holds court in the winter palace, a white fortress in the northern wood with brilliant white walls, graceful arches and towers and two great doors of black oak decorated with silver studs. The stronghold is surrounded by a dry moat 20 feet deep, with bare walls of granite. The stronghold is guarded by a company of 20 men-at-arms (halberds, chainmail, long bows) and the paladin Sir Valdemotte (4th level), who has pledged himself to the Oracle.

The Oracle's danger comes from a **hooded gatherer**. She has foreseen his coming and her own destruction. The gatherer rides a skeletal horse and shall come on a moonless night, accompanied by a pack of 4 ghouls. Already, the village of Janth has been attacked by the horror, with a few stragglers fleeing to the winter palace for help.

The Oracle can but wait for her death, unless anyone is willing to ride forth of their own volition against the approaching danger.



Horse, Rhianna

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: 2 hooves (1d4)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: none

Move: 21

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d20

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Rhianna horses differ from other light warhorses in several ways. They are shorter and less elegantly muscled than most other riding breeds, with shaggy, brown coats and long, thick manes. Although they are similar in build to warhorses, they cannot fight with a rider. While their speed is the same, they do not perform as well when heavily loaded. Rhiannas' Movement is halved if they are encumbered by more than 450 pounds. The horses are extremely agile and adept at negotiating obstacles.

Rhianna Horse: HD 3; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 hooves (1d4); Move 21; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Credit

Original author Nathan Douglas Paul

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Roadhouse Under Siege

On a rolling steppe crossed by many caravans carrying red potatoes and vodka from the south and sacks of juniper berries and gin from the north there is a roadhouse, the Inn of the Azure Roof. The roadhouse is quite large, with a spacious courtyard, a beer garden of sorts, filled with tables, and many rooms of varying quality. A stable is attached to the roadhouse, and this stable has 7 **rhianna horses** present.

Nobody can be found mulling about outside the inn or in the courtyard because the guests and the staff are being held hostage inside by Smiling Yodfrey, the notorious brigand and his 20 men. They are awaiting the return of the paladin Lady Vost, who has been sent to retrieve a chest of gold from the old steppe dragon Pezzemer. The brigands trusted her alone with this duty, but she's been gone for a week and they're getting pretty antsy. Perhaps they might calm down if somebody else of the Lawful alignment agrees to find her or retrieve the gold themselves.

Bandit (20): HD 1; AC 7[12]; Atk weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: none.

Smiling Yodfrey: HD 3; HP 17; AC 5[14]; Atk weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 15; CL/XP 3/60; Special: none.



Inphidians

Somewhere in humanities lost eons a race of malformed serpentine humanoids rose, now known as inphidians. While the truth of their origins has been long forgotten, most sages subscribe to one of two theories. The first states the creatures are the failed results of horrific experiments performed by the dark and nameless sorcerers of an ancient snake cult in their attempts to transform their followers. The second theory contends the inphidians were once a cult of snake worshippers cursed by an ancient snake-god for some transgression against the ethos. Whatever the truth, it appears as of late that the inphidians have evolved into true race, beyond the machinations of arcane experiments or curses. While several known species exist, recent reports describe encounters with yet unidentified inphidians, and others are sure to surface as encounters with the race grow more frequent.

All inphidians, regardless of the subspecies, have viper heads in place of their hands. The creatures use these in combat to deliver a powerful bite that injects the victim with poison. Inphidians, particularly the craftsmen, wear special gloves called inphidian gauntlets that let them use their hands like any other humanoid with five digits (including an opposing thumb) uses its hands.

Inphidians trade with other races, particularly evil underground races such as derro, driders and drow. Trade usually takes the form of crafted goods, food or slaves. Inphidian craftsmen are some of the finest-known distillers of poisons, venoms and antitoxins. Their products are highly sought after by all manner of poison-using races.

An important aspect of any inphidian community is religion. The inphidian race as a whole worships the Great Serpent (Hassith-Kaa).

Inphidian, Death's Head

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: death's head staff (1d8 plus poison plus grab) or 2 snake-hands (1d8 plus bleed and poison)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: bleed, darkvision 60 ft., death's head staff, magical abilities, poison

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 plus 1d2 rattler inphidians, or 1 plus 1 night adder inphidian, 1d2 rattler inphidians, and 1d3+1 giant snakes

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

A death's head inphidian is a tall slender humanoid with a viper-like head and arms that end in snake-like hands. Death's head inphidians are feared and respected and often lead other types of the snake men. They attack with a death's head staff, a long wooden staff tipped with a ruby-encrusted snake's skull. A typical death's head inphidian stands 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. Its dull blue-green scales darken and fade as it ages. Death's head inphidians can use *Speak with animals* (snakes) at will. Three times a day it can use *fear* and *suggestion*. Once per day, it can use *sticks to snakes*. The snake hands of a death's head inphidian deliver a poisonous bite (save or die). Anyone who is bitten and survives suffers bleeding wounds that deal an additional 1d6 points of damage for 1d4 rounds.

Death's head inphidians may not be the strongest or largest of the inphidian races, but they certainly are the most feared and respected; hence the reason the death's head is the leader of an inphidian nest. These creatures rule by fear and maintain tight control over their nest. Rules, commands, judgments, and punishments are all meted out by a death's head and all come quickly. As a death's head ages and draws near the end of its life, its position is often challenged by other death's heads, all vying for control of the inphidian nest. Such challenges generally end in the death of all but one death's head inphidian, who becomes the new leader



Death's Head Staff

A death's head staff is the favored weapon of death's head inphidians. The staff holds three doses of poison in a specially crafted chamber inside the jewel-encrusted snake skull that tops it. Instead of poisoning a foe with a successful hit, a death's head inphidian can command the staff to instead wrap around and grab a target that it strikes. The opponent takes 1d6 points of damage each round until it escapes. This staff functions only in the hands of a death's head inphidian. In the hands of any other creature, it acts as a normal staff. The gem-encrusted snake skull is worth 1500 gp.

of the nest, after the current leader dies (which is often times aided by the death's head in waiting). For this reason, as a death's head ages, it is rarely ever encountered alone, always having a retinue of other inphidians or giant snakes around it at all times.

Death's Head Inphidian: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk death's head

staff (1d8 plus poison plus grab) or 2 snake-hands (1d8 plus bleed and poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** bleed, darkvision 60 ft., death's head staff, magical abilities, poison.

Equipment: death's head staff

Wings of Death

A gray marble tower ringed by a carved stone serpent rising up its height stands near the northern wall of the serpent city of Uroborus. An open gazebo atop the 60-foot-wide tower provides a lofty view of the city spread out in a ring below. The four arches face different directions and form an open-air room atop the spire. Each arch has a keystone bearing a carving of the serpent god Hassith-Kaa looking out over the great city. Chains and manacles dangle from serrated iron spikes jutting out 30 feet from the upper balcony. Decomposing corpses of past sacrifices hang suspended in the chains.

The tower is home to a **death's head inphidian** named **Kallis-Khet**, a high priest of the serpents. Kallis-Khet lives in the tower with his pet, a giant death's head moth he occasionally rides out over the Seething Jungle in search of sacrifices. The last thing the victims see is the massive moth's brightly colored abdomen as it plucks them from the ground and delivers them to the tower. The angry moth squeaks loudly while it attacks. If attacked in his home, Kallis-Khet animates the dead hanging from the tower as zombies.

Death's Head Moth: **HD** 5; **HP** 23; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 4 tentacles (paralysis) and bite (1d6); **Save** 12; **Move** 12 (fly 24); **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** daze (save or stand motionless for 1d4 rounds), paralysis (save avoids)

Inphidian, Gray-Scale

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 snake hands (1d8+2 plus poison), bite (2d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: darkvision 60 ft., poison

Move: 12 (climb 12, swim 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

The 8-foot-tall hulking gray-scale inphidian (also known as the abomination inphidian) is covered in slate gray scales. It has the head of a giant venomous snake, and its long, muscular arms end in large snake heads where its hands should be. A gray-scale's snake-head hands deliver a deadly poison with each bite (save or die). The gray-scales are the strongest of the inphidian race, but also the slowest and most weak-minded.

Foul, dark magic brought down by inphidian sorcerers on others of their race resulted in this creature; the strongest of the inphidian race perhaps, but also the most weak-minded and slowest. Most gray-scales seemingly have no memories of their past life or the tortures inflicted on them; those that do however, have both a hatred and fear for magic and those that wield it. There is a 50% chance that any gray-scale encountered has a +2 bonus on attacks and damage against magic-users. A gray-scale with this ability suffers a -2 penalty on all saves vs. spells.

Gray-scales are considered by many inphidian nests to be dangerous, unstable,

and an abomination against the race, particularly the gray-scales with the magic bane quality. These feelings, often times come from inphidian night adders (some of whom likely assisted in helping the gray-scale into its current state). Most often, gray-scales are shunned by their inphidian nest and cast out, left to wander the world and survive on their own, by whatever means they can. In some instances, a gray-scale stays with its nest, never fully accepted by many of the other inphidians, but tolerated, feared and respected for their battle skills. In these cases, one or more gray-scales serve as guards for the nest, or the muscle for an inphidian raiding party.

Gray-Scale Inphidian: **HD** 8; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 snake hands (1d8+2 plus poison), bite (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 12 (climb 12, swim 15); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., poison.

Fifty Shades of Gray-Scales

An earth and stone tunnel dips under the outer stone wall of the serpent city of Uroborus, its entrance concealed behind thick palm leaves pulled from the hanging trees and clumps of spider orchids and laurel bushes. The hole is 10 feet in diameter and descends sharply before leveling off 20 feet underground. Side tunnels disappear into the darkness off the main path. The floor of the tunnel is filled with the crushed bones of thousands of dead rattlesnakes of all shapes and sizes. The tunnel travels under the city's outer wall before climbing to emerge in the infamous Rattle Bone Pits near the Serpent Frieze of Hassith-Kaa. The tunnel mouth opens in the middle of a six-foot-deep sea of bones tossed as offerings to the Great Serpent. Throughout the tunnel, however, characters may find the bodies of jungle natives, as well as other adventurers. One skeleton lies on a +2 *longsword* pressed into the dirt beneath its remains.

The tunnel is home to a particularly brutish **gray-scale inphidian** known as **Sstamalik**. The hulking monstrosity has gray scales that are black around its head but soften to muted grays as they travel down its snake body. Sstamalik's arms are ringed by alternating gray bands. A white scale that resembles a distorted heart sits on the gray-scale's left breast.

A swamp hag cursed Sstamalik during one of his missions outside the serpent city of Uroborus. The hag's evil spell causes all humanoids—except his own kind—to fall madly in love with the serpent when they see him (save avoids). Inphidians, however, recoil at the sight of the gray-scale, leading Sstamalik to live a lonely life in the tunnels beneath the bone pits—except for the few humans who venture into his tunnel and then wantonly throw themselves at the serpent (with predictably deadly results). The inphidians barely tolerate the gray-scale inphidian in their midst—mainly because none are strong enough to evict him from the city.

Sstamalik hates magic-users with a passion—especially any who dare to dress like a witch—and explodes with deadly fury if any enter his tunnels. He smashes them to a pulp before turning on their friends.



Jolly Jelly

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 3 strikes (1d6)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: aura of gloom, immune to fire, pheromones

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

A jolly jelly is a bright pink ooze speckled with spots of green, yellow and blue. Scattered across the body of the ooze are small spiracles through which it breathes. Jolly jellies are psychic vampires that feed on positive emotion. The presence of the ooze causes living creatures to become dour and petulant. Often the victims of a jolly jelly descend into violence against one another as all traces of happiness and mirth are drained away by the creature. A jolly jelly needs no nourishment other than the emotions it drains from its victims. A jolly jelly can go several months between meals before the effects of starvation are noticed.

Jolly jellies survive on the emotions they consume. Any living creature within 30 feet of a jolly jelly must make a saving throw each round or become enraged and wildly attack any nearby creature (be it friend or foe). The effect ends once the enraged creature moves more than 30 feet from the jolly jelly. Once per day, a jolly jelly can emit a 20-ft.-radius pheromone cloud containing the distilled positive emotions it has consumed. Living creatures breathing the vapors must make a saving throw or laugh hysterically for 2d4 rounds. A typical jolly jelly is 5 feet across and weighs 100 pounds.

Jolly jellies are mostly active during sunrise and sunset, even underground. During daylight hours they are sedentary in their lair which if aboveground is usually under fallen trees or hollowed logs. Underground, jolly jellies dwell in damp caves and caverns.

Jolly Jelly: HD 6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 3 strikes (1d6); Move 6; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** aura of gloom, immune to fire, pheromones.

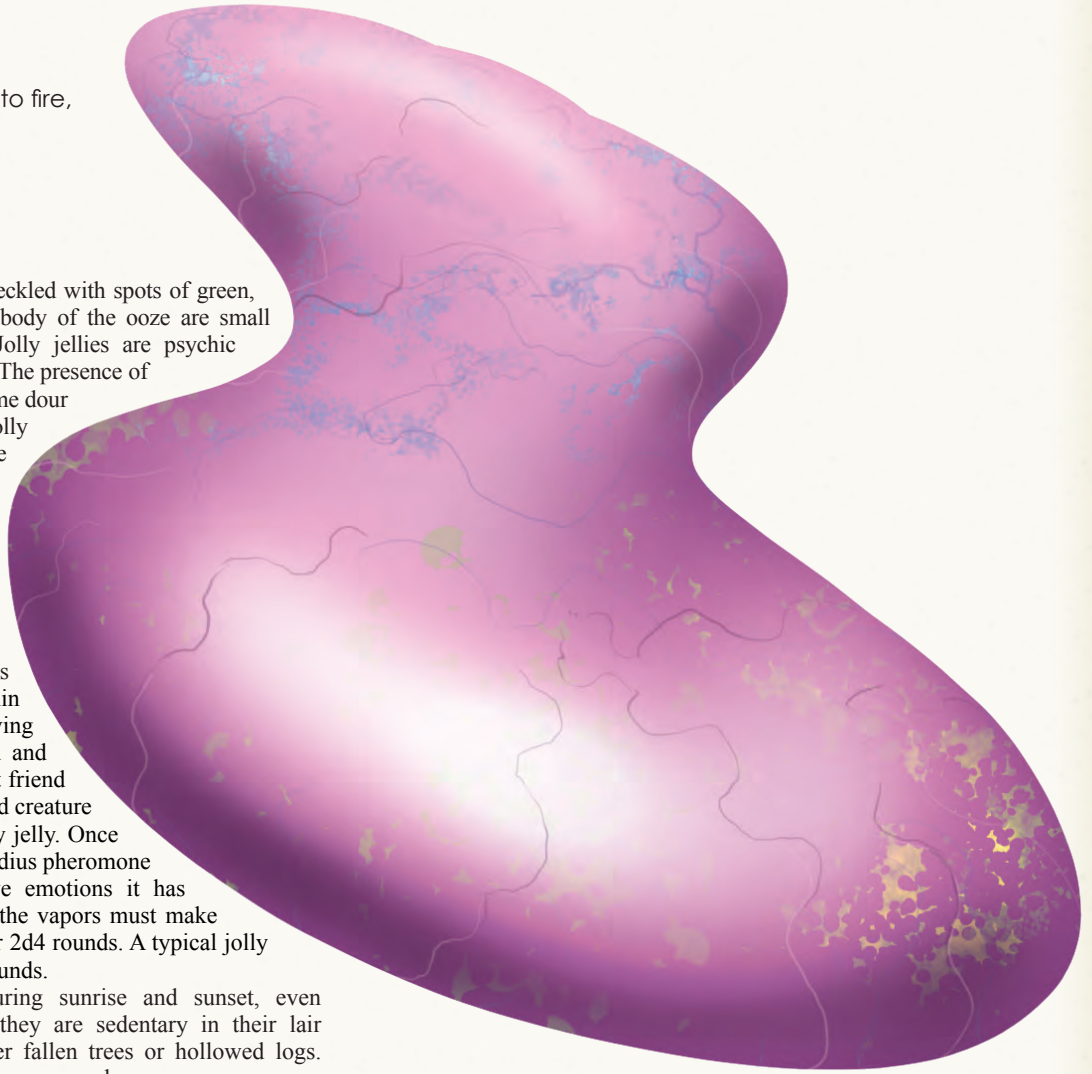
Tears of a Clown

Massive 15-foot-tall stone heads rise out of the barren ground in the Nightrush Glen. The heads face outward, the thick brows and sunken indentations of eyes overlooking a 50-foot-diameter path of paving stones running around the carved images. A few teeter crazily, one touch from falling over and crashing to the ground.

One of the stone heads stands out from the others to anyone walking the

circular path. Its outer stone surfaces are painted with festive colors and symbols. Garish pinks and bright greens clash on the stone cheeks of the silent giant. Two foot-long emerald teardrops (200 gp each) drop down the painted cheeks. The ground around the head is similarly colored, although the sole hue is a deep red that stains the sparse grasses and walking path. Hacked and torn bodies lie at the base of the head, their broken forms a stark contrast to the brightly painted clown makeup rising on the face above their final resting place.

Anyone approaching the head must make a saving throw to avoid the aura of a **jolly jelly** inside the carving. The jelly was trapped inside the head by resourceful adventurers who plugged the holes with the magical tears to keep the creature contained. Over the years, however, its aura has affected those unlucky enough to pass by the statue. The tears are worth 300 gp each if removed, although doing so allows the jelly to escape.



Jynx

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: short sword (1d6) or short bow x2 (1d6)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: immune to electricity, jinx, magical abilities

Move: 12 (fly 18)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3 or 1d6+5

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Jynx resemble 3-foot-tall elves with slightly longer ears and a pair of glittering insect-like wings. Jynx are whimsical, fun-loving forest fey thought to be an offshoot of the elven race. They live in hidden moss-covered caves often located near well-travelled roads and paths. Jynx enjoy leading travelers astray, although they rarely harm the targets of their pranks. Those who despoil the forests, on the other hand, are led astray into jynx-placed traps that maim or kill. Jynx avoid combat, preferring to use their spells and their ability to jinx those around them. A jynx can place a curse on a single creature within 30 feet. If the victim fails a saving throw, he is cursed and suffers a –2 penalty on attacks and saving throws until the curse is lifted. Jynx can cast *detect magic* and *detect evil* at will. Once per day, they can cast *ESP* and *dispel magic*.

Jynx: HD 2; AC 8 [11]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or short bow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 16; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** immune to electricity, jinx, magical abilities.

Don't Make a Deal

In the Corlite Woods, the underbrush is thick, the thorns are wickedly sharp and the trees grow eerie faces that seem to watch all who enter. Nearby villagers spit toward the forest to ward off the evil spirits they know lurk within the twisted branches. They clutch their children tightly at night to keep them from running off to make devilish deals with the twisted demon living among the trees. They warn anyone thinking of crossing through woods to stay the path, don't look the trees in the eyes, and, for all the gods' sakes, "don't make no deals."

The Woods are creepy and claustrophobic, but not as bad as the villagers make them out to be. Living in the woods are **3 jynx brothers** who try to outdo one another with the tricks they play on the few travelers who cross through the "haunted woods." The Foulbush siblings created an "elemental god" of twigs and moss in the center of a dark glade where three paths diverge. The statue's eyes glow red with bioluminescence scraped from beetles. The god speaks in a cacophony of voices that echo through the woods as the three brothers speak through root tubes running up into the statue. Each voice offers to protect the characters from harm if they take the appropriate path. The jynx have an agreement to not taunt and tease anyone walking on the path belonging to the other brothers. They wheedle and cajole the characters, offering deals and promises if they'll but set off in a certain direction. Of course, anyone following the paths finds themselves at the mercy of the jynx as he leads them farther into the dark forest. And truthfully, the brothers aren't all that good at keeping promises and are likely to team up to taunt characters.



Kamarupa

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: touch (2d6 + death)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: death touch, gaze attack, incorporeal, nightmare, +1 or silver weapons to hit, powerless in sunlight

Move: 15 (fly 27)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

A kamarupa is an insubstantial, floating mockery of its former flesh-bound life. Its hollow eyes and mouth are black voids, and its facial features twist and stretch into a nightmarish appearance. Kamarupa are the distorted souls of evil priests betrayed and sacrificed to their deity. Their incorporeal nature allows them to move through walls, ceilings and floors to attack, but also makes them difficult to hit, requiring at least +1 or silver weapons. Kamarupas are highly intelligent and communicate in voices similar to the screaming wind. A kamarupa is roughly human-sized and weightless.

A kamarupa's glance creates dread in living beings, at a range of up to 30 feet. Creatures meeting the thing's gaze become panicked for 3d4 rounds (save avoids). While panicked, a creature suffers a -1 Armor Class penalty, to-hit rolls and saving throws. Animals sense the kamarupa's unnatural presence at 30 feet. They panic if forced to get closer and remain panicked while within range.

Creatures hit by a kamarupa's incorporeal touch must make a saving throw or die as the touch stops the heart. Even if the save is successful, the creature suffers 2d6 points of damage as the kamarupa clutches its heart. Often, a creature surviving a touch attack acquires a harmless trait or characteristic for 2d4 months. Traits can be a white streak of hair, a nervous twitch, pale complexion or dilated eyes.

Once per night, a kamarupa can send a terrifying nightmare to one creature it has encountered. They prefer to send nightmares to particularly powerful opponents or priests night after night until the opponent dies. The target can resist the nightmare with a saving throw. Those who fail the save suffer the loss of 1d6 points of wisdom from the nightmare. If their wisdom drops below 3, they go insane. If their wisdom drops to 0, they die of fright. Wisdom returns at the rate of 1 point per night of uninterrupted rest.

Kamarupas are powerless in natural sunlight (not merely a *light* spell) and flee before it. A kamarupa caught in sunlight cannot attack and flees. Kamarupas lose one-third of their remaining hit points each round spent in direct sunlight and die after three rounds.

Kamarupa: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk touch (2d6 + death); Move 15 (fly 27); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 15/2900; **Special:** death touch, gaze attack, incorporeal, nightmare, +1 or silver weapons to hit, powerless in sunlight.

Credit

Original author Gary Schotter & Jeff Harkness

Originally appearing in *Splinters of Faith Adventure 5: Eclipse of the Hearth* (© Frog God Games/ Gary Schotter & Jeff Harkness, 2010)

The Vicar's Fall

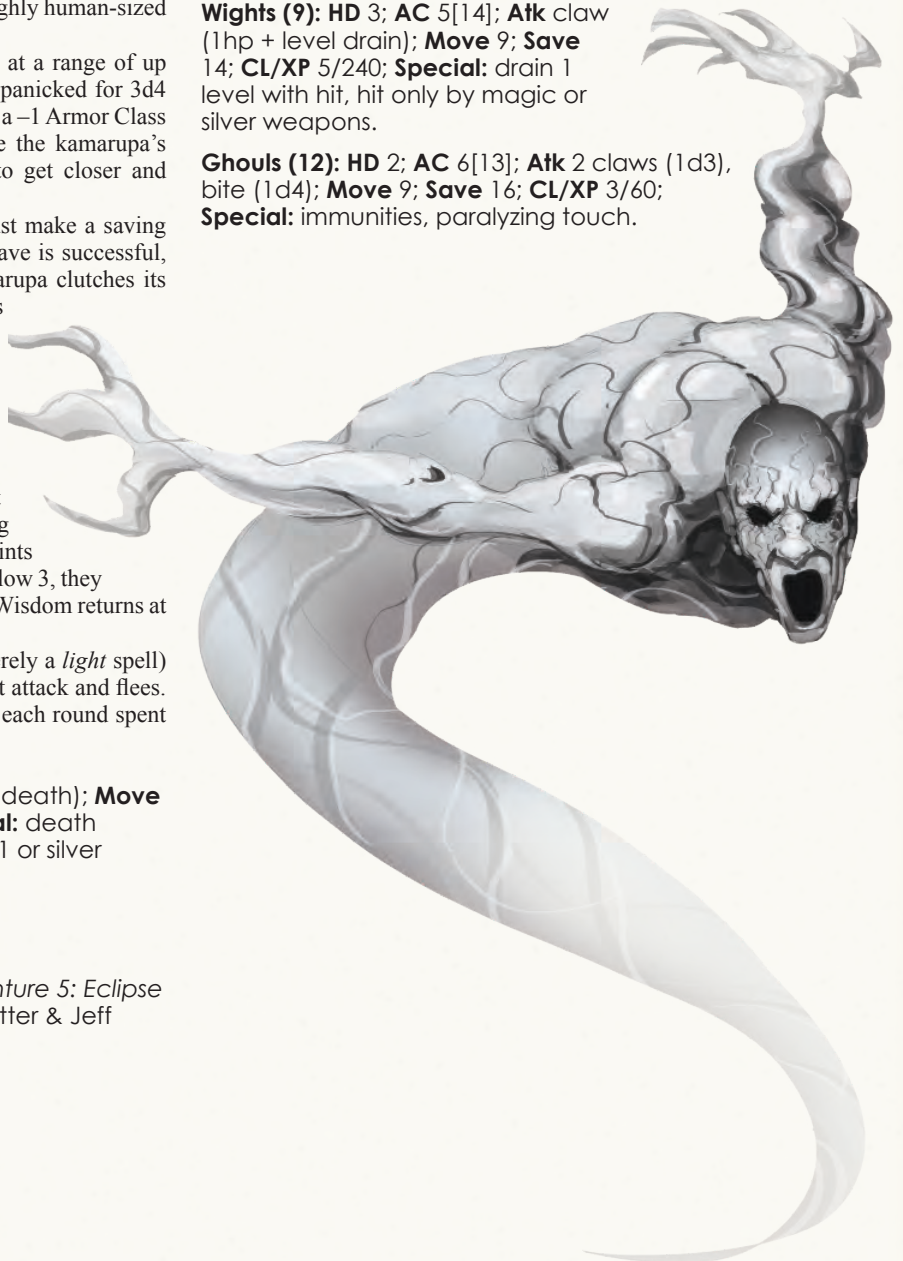
The village of Mahab was once a happy place, with fields of dancing grain and trees with boughs bent under heavy loads of ripe fruit. It is now a wasteland, a playground for locusts attracted by the presence of a **kamarupa**. The villagers fled and now camp around the stronghold of the Earl Warren, pleading for his intervention. For now, their hovels and barns are empty, and what animals remain wander freely.

The village is now an unhappy place inhabited by the wandering kamarupa, formerly the vicar Jhorn, ensconced in his now unhallowed church. The body of the innocent victim of his lust lies in state on the desecrated altar. The kamarupa holds close to his chest an ebony box containing a demonic spirit, the same spirit that tempted him and led him to his fall.

A host of **9 wights** and **12 ghouls** scavenge in the homes and graveyard around the church. They bow to the kamarupa and do its bidding.

Wights (9): HD 3; AC 5[14]; Atk claw (1hp + level drain); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** drain 1 level with hit, hit only by magic or silver weapons.

Ghouls (12): HD 2; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** immunities, paralyzing touch.



Kapre

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4) or club (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: magic resistance (15%), magical abilities

Move: 12 (climb 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Kapres are peaceful forest- and mountain-dwelling creatures that make their homes in the dense, thick treetops of large trees. Kapres stand about 7 feet tall with dark hair and dark skin. Clothes are usually well maintained and match the color of their surroundings. Kapres live for up to 250 years. A kapre can move through any sort of undergrowth (such as natural thorns, briars, overgrown areas, and similar terrain) at its normal speed and without taking damage or suffering any other impairment. However, thorns, briars, and overgrown areas that have been magically manipulated to impede motion still affect a kapre. Once per day, a kapre can cause the undergrowth to entangle its opponents, halving their normal Movement and imposing a –1 penalty to attack rolls and their Armor Class. A kapre can use the following magical abilities: 3/day—*confusion*; 1/day—*dispel magic*. In addition, they can throw their voices and cause small spheres of light to appear within 60 feet and move about.

Kapre: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) or club (1d6); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: magic resistance (15%), magical abilities.

I'll Huff and I'll Puff

A village of kapres dwells in the tops of a woodland of great hawthorns, surrounded by green hills thick with sunflowers and herds of sleek, white cattle. The kapres generally stick to their woodland homes, and they are very possessive of it and do their best to discourage visitors. They are uncommonly fond of wine, though, and might relent if they are made a gift of it.

The village consists of **23 kapres**. Their village consists of wooden platforms and woven huts. One of these huts holds the recovering body of Yasca, a druid with grievous wounds who scurried into the woodland in a stupor, having just escaped from a pack of **6 werewolves** sent to destroy her. The druid is actually the manifested spirit of a wood goddess, while the werewolves are the servants of the winter wind who seeks her for a bride. The werewolves return each night to attack the sealed kapre homes to get at the maiden. The wolves batter the shutters and walls, trying to get inside, until the morning sun drives them away.

Werewolf (6): HD 4+4; HP 28, 24x2, 17x2, 19; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: lycanthropy.

Kapre Belt

Kapre wear a thick leather belt, well-made and tailored. By activating the power of the belt, the wearer gains the benefits of *invisibility* for up to 5 minutes per day. The usage need not be consecutive.



Knight Gaunt

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: longsword (1d8 + bleeding) or 2 claws (1d4 + bleeding)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: bleed, magic resistance (15%), +1 bonus to attacks and damage, resists cold, smite Lawful

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

A knight gaunt is an undead creature created when a paladin falls in battle. It often wears the armor it wore in life and wields the weapons it carried into its last battle before rising as undead. A typical knight gaunt stands 6 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. Its skin is ash gray in color and its eyes are milky white with fiery red pupils. A knight gaunt fights with bladed weapons in battle, preferring long swords, two-handed swords and axes. Only when disarmed does it resort to using its claws. A knight gaunt that retains its mount (that is undead now as well) or procures some undead steed to carry it into battle wields a lance in addition to its other weapons. A knight gaunt gains a +1 bonus to attacks and damage with any melee weapon it wields. Creatures struck by the knight gaunt's melee weapon or claws begin to bleed, losing 1d4 points of damage per round until the wounds are bound or a *cure* spell is used upon them. Once per day, a knight gaunt can inflict double damage on a Lawful creature with a successful attack. Knight gaunts are resistant to magic, and take half damage from cold.

Knight Gaunt: HD 4; AC -1 [20]; Atk longsword (1d8 + bleeding) or 2 claws (1d4 + bleeding); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** bleed, magic resistance (15%), +1 bonus to attacks and damage, resists cold, smite Lawful.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, longsword.



Death on the Moors

On a sodden moor (sodden with as much blood as water, if local legends can be believed) stands a tower of parched grey stone. Though the crenellations atop the tower are worn and the stones show the wear and tear of centuries, it is still strong. The tower has an iron door, covered with a layer of rust, and on that door is chained the body of a swordsman. The swordsman is beaten and bruised, clad in rags and whispering of the terrible death that awaits inside the tower. Should one unchain him, he thanks his rescuers, but soon expires.

Inside the tower sits its master, Sir Agnoysius, a **knight gaunt** in tarnished plate mail, hand on the hilt of a keen long sword, a shield of sable emblazoned with a goblet at his feet. Skeletons fill the entry chamber and the other rooms of the tower, **50 skeletons** in all clad in mail and bearing spears and shields. They are all that remains of Agnoysius' army, the advance guard of the lich-lord Vax, who were ambushed by the wily Prince Stefan and forced into this tower 100 years ago. The tower and the moor have had a sinister reputation ever since, becoming a hiding place for outlaws. Even the outlaws knew the tower was to be avoided, though, and when they were betrayed, their enemies were chained to the iron door after being beaten as a symbolic punishment.

The iron door is locked tight (-10% to Open Locks check) and is further *wizard locked* by a 7th-level Magic-User. Behind the door is what appears to be a brick wall. This is, in fact, a **mimic** that has been forced into service as a guardian. It remains in suspended animation until the door is opened, at which point it awakens and seeks to satiate its hunger. Beyond this mimic there is a second door, like the first, and behind this the throne room of Agnoysius.

Mimic: HD 7; HP 44; AC 6[13]; Atk smash (2d6); **Move** 2; **Save** 9; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** glue, mimicry.

Skeleton: HD 1; AC 8[11] or 7[12] with shield; Atk weapon or strike (1d6) or (1d6+1 two-handed); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none.

Korog

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: strike (1d4)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: none

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4 or 4d4

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

The Korog resemble tall men, but with a head somewhat like that of a hairless horse with long teeth, and smoldering, malevolent eyes. Standing between 6 and 7 feet tall, korog are typically quite thin, weighing around 150 to 180 pounds. They possess horse-hooves, and their natural coloration is dull grays and light browns. They usually wear leather work aprons and carry tools. All Korog technicians carry a silver wand with them for self-defense. These wands can be used by non-Korogs, but they carry only five charges and can only be recharged in the Korog laboratories beneath the earth. These wands cast *hold person*. Korog warriors may use any weapon or armor.

Korog: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk strike (1d4) or wand (*hold person*); Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.
Equipment: leather apron, gloves, korog wand.

Credit

Original author Matthew J. Finch

Originally appearing in *The Spire of Iron and Crystal* (© Frog God Games/Matthew J. Finch, 2011)

Horse Bot

On the third level of a rather out-of-the-way dungeon, off a side passage that reeks of acrid chemicals, there is a hidden korog laboratory. The laboratory consists of a large central chamber filled with tables and workbenches, themselves topped by beakers, retorts, crucibles and all the other alchemical doodads one would expect from such a set-up. There are also generators of static electricity, seemingly plucking it from the very aether, and smithing tools. A small hearth in one corner holds a cauldron of stew (hey, even korogs need to eat, and they adore a good gumbo).

The main chamber has three side chambers, one a storage room, another filled with cages and jars of specimens (including manacles embedded in a wall, currently unoccupied) and a sleeping chamber containing three pearly white relaxation pods.

The lab currently houses **3 korog** technicians who are laboring on a giant robot, with a korog's horse head, of course. A chalkboard is filled with plans and mathematical formula (*read magic* reveals they are having a problem with the robot's "combat algorithm," whatever that is), with a *glyph of warding* (2d6 cold blast) on the back for snoopers. The korogs are ready for action, but their robot is only about 65% finished.

Giant Robot: HD 9; HP 50; AC 4[15]; Atk 6 machine gun shots (2d6), mortar (4d6); Move 9; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: heat ray.



Kulgreer

Hit Dice: 24

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attack: slam (4d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: magic resistance (5%), +2 or better weapon to hit, vortex

Move: 0 (swim 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered:

Challenge Level/XP: 30/7400

The kulgreer is a massive, abominable being of the deep sea that creates powerful whirlpools inside its funnel-like body. It has a 30 foot long, conical body resembling a funnel, beginning in a wide mouth 30 feet in diameter, and tapering into a 5-foot-diameter outlet of dim, white light.

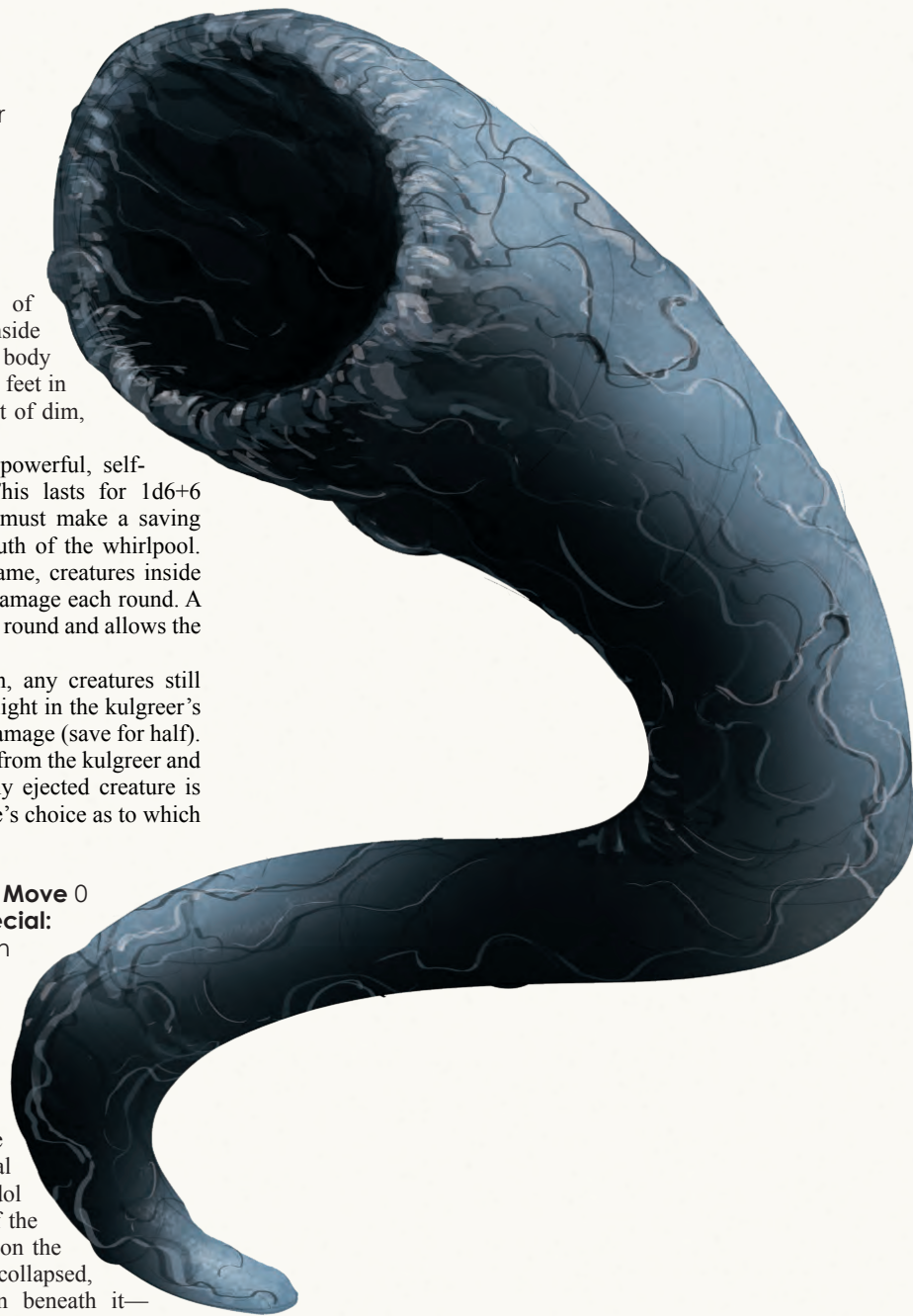
Three times per day, a kulgreer can create a powerful, self-contained whirlpool within its conical frame. This lasts for 1d6+6 rounds. Creatures within 20 feet of the kulgreer must make a saving throw or be yanked into the 30-foot-diameter mouth of the whirlpool. As the whirlpool spirals through the kulgreer's frame, creatures inside are thrashed violently about, taking 3d6 points of damage each round. A successful saving throw negates the damage for that round and allows the trapped creature to escape.

During the final round of the vortex's duration, any creatures still trapped is pulled through the sphere of dim, white light in the kulgreer's tapered outlet. Such creatures take 12d6 points of damage (save for half). Those succeeding on their save are forcibly ejected from the kulgreer and flung 40 feet away. There is a 5% chance that any ejected creature is instead sent to a random plane of existence (Referee's choice as to which one).

Kulgreer: HD 24; AC -1 [20]; Atk slam (4d6); Move 0 (swim 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 30/7400; **Special:** magic resistance (5%), +2 or better weapon to hit, vortex.

Whirlpool Shrine

Beneath the roiling waters of a foggy inlet stand the remains of a ruined shrine to the sea god. The shrine is composed of marble and coral, with a partial roof. The shrine is surrounded by a coral reef. An idol of the sea god Nodens once stood in the middle of the shrine; it is now toppled over and lying in pieces on the silt around the shrine. The floor of the shrine has collapsed, revealing the entrance to a submerged dungeon beneath it—catacombs and vaults of some sort. Within this space, a kulgreer makes a lair for itself, surprising anything that comes across the shrine and preying on the sea life that comes to explore the coral reef and strays too close.



Lampray, Burrowing

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: amphibious, attach, burrow into flesh, poison

Move: 3 (swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4+1 or 1d4x5

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Burrowing lampreys resemble eels three to four feet long, with sphincter-like mouths positioned within hardened cartilaginous beaks. The lamprey attaches to its prey, and then burrows into its body, feasting on blood and the rich vital organs. Although they are usually marine creatures, burrowing lampreys breed in coastal freshwater swamps and rivers, and thus can be found in both fresh and saltwater environments. They prefer to either ambush prey by hiding along the ocean floor or in rocky crevices, or swarm around a target if traveling in numbers. However, it is possible that they can be encountered inside a dead creature's remains, feeding on its vital organs. When a burrowing lamprey bites a victim, its suckered mouth latches on, anchoring the creature in place. The burrowing lamprey holds on with great tenacity. Breaking a burrowing lamprey's hold requires an Open Doors check or a successful hit against AC 1 [18]. At the start of its next turn, the round after it attaches to its prey, a burrowing lamprey burrows into the target's flesh and subjects it to its poison. Applying flame to the point of entry deals 1d6 points of damage to the host and the lamprey. Cutting the lamprey out works, but the longer the lamprey remains in the host, the more damage this method does. Cutting a lamprey out requires a slashing weapon and deals 1d6 points of damage to the host per round the lamprey has been inside it. *Cure disease* instantly kills any burrowing lampreys. A burrowing lamprey's poison liquefies the host's organs, dealing 1d6 points of Constitution damage each round.

Burrowing Lamprey: HD 1; AC 4 [15];

Atk bite (1d4); **Move** 3 (swim 12);

Save 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** amphibious, attach, burrow into flesh, poison.

Throw Him to the Lampreys

The court of the Grand Pasha of Zash is known throughout the realms. Situated in the heart of Lamen, the City of Crows, the Grand Pasha's palace was designed to impress, though it contains a number of traps and an elite guard of half-orc slave soldiers to keep the potentate and his retinue safe.

The Grand Pasha's throne room is faced with ivory-colored marble quarried in the legendary Moon Forest, the quarry and forest being razed to ensure the marble would never be used by another. The floor is a vast mosaic depicting the lives of the Seven Saints. The bronzed pillars are sculpted as vulture-headed femme fatales and then draped in actual damask silk. The half-orc guards have skin of black-bronze and wear white turbans. They hold in their hands curved two-handed swords almost as tall as an elf. Houris in gauzy silks wander the court holding gold platters carrying honey cakes and sparkling wines.

Behind the Grand Pasha's throne of gold and mahogany there is a large aquarium. The aquarium covers a 30 ft. long and 15 ft. tall wall. It is fronted by a wall of glass and filled with **20 burrowing lampreys**. Those who displease the pasha are thrown to the eels, a spectacle the entire court is forced to watch.



Leonine

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 fore-claws (1d4) and spear (2d6) or 2 fore-claws (1d4) and 2 claws (1d4)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: speak with animals (lions only)

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d6+2 plus 1d4 lions, or 1d10+10 plus 1d4+2 lions

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Leonines are nomadic centaur-like creatures, part human and part lion. A leonine stands 7 feet tall and can reach lengths of up to 10 feet long. Average weight is around 700 pounds. Males sport long, flowing hair of black or brown and usually wear it braided. A strip of hair runs from the base of its neck, down its back, and blends into its lion-like body. Females are slightly smaller than males, wear their hair shorter, and do not have the strip of hair running down their back.

Leonines make their homes upon the warm grasslands and plains of the world, living in prides of up to 20 or more individuals. Each pride has a leader with 1d3+2 HD. Prides are territorial with areas covering up to 5 square miles. Prides generally do not encroach on another's territory. In cases where territories overlap, bloody battles are fought between the prides with the victors claiming rights to the area. Some prides also have a shaman (cast spells as a cleric of 2nd–4th level). Some particularly evil leonine prides worship Gorson, the Blood Duke (see *The Tome of Horrors Complete* by Frog God Games for details), and sacrifice captured humanoids to him.

Leonine: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 fore-claws (1d4) and spear (2d6) or 2 fore-claws (1d4) and 2 claws (1d4); Move 15; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; Special: speak with animals (lions only).

Equipment: spear.

Siege of the Cube

The fey wizard Librarius' greatest accomplishment was the creation of his mobile room. The room appears as a simple, white-walled cube without any obvious entrance. The walls are solidified quintessence, and completely resistant to damage except by *dispel magic* spells, which weaken them, making them insubstantial. When a Magic-User casts *dispel magic* on the cube, there is a 2% chance per Magic-User level that the walls lose their solidity.

Within the room, which can appear in whatever region of a campaign world the Referee wishes, there is all the opulence one would expect from such a famous dandy as Librarius. The room's interior is a cube, 30 foot by 30 foot by 30 foot. The walls inside are made of yellow limestone and exposed cherrywood beams. The walls are encrusted with small gemstone chips, making them sparkle. The room contains cabinets (mostly holding decanters of exotic

wines and liqueurs; Librarius had a drinking problem), shelves of tomes rare and wondrous, an exceedingly comfortable chair upholstered in red velvet (the chair is enchanted—when one sits in it, hands appear beneath the velvet and massage them), several glowing globes to provide light and a startling array of monster taxidermy. Librarius rests within, comatose and fading away for lack of the black lotus dust he became addicted to in his dotage.

The room is currently resting on a savannah. Here, it is under siege by a tribe of **20 leonines**. The monsters are enraged, as they can make no headway in sacking this strange cube that appeared in their territory.



Leviathan

Hit Dice: 20

Armor Class: -5 [24]

Attack: bite (6d6) and tail slap (4d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: capsize boats, immune to cold and electricity, magic resistance (50%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapons to hit, resists fire, smashing breach, swallow whole, tail storm, whale song

Move: 0 (swim 21)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 34/8600

Leviathans are more than 500 feet long and weigh many hundreds of tons. They resemble whales, with humped backs like mountains and massive eyes nearly the size of a cog or caravel. Their cavernous blowholes spew forth jets of water like cyclones. Legend holds that there is but one leviathan in every ocean in the world, each creature being the undisputed sovereign of its domain. Leviathans are immune to cold and electricity and resist some magic. They take half damage from fire.

Leviathans strike with their massive tail or by biting. A leviathan is so immense that it cannot bite any creature smaller than a normal whale; such small prey is simply swallowed whole, suffering 6d8 points of damage per round in its acid-filled stomach. Any enemy behind the leviathan is attacked with a devastating tail slap or subjected to the leviathan's tail storm attack.

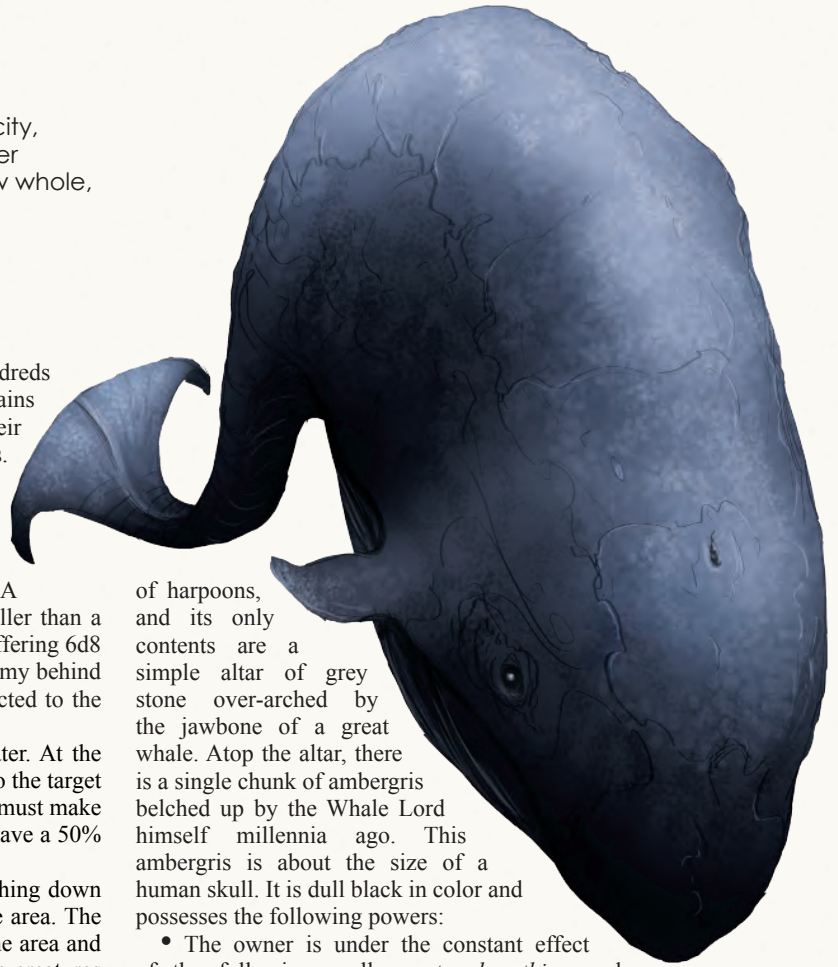
A leviathan can charge creatures on the surface of the water. At the end of its charge, the leviathan breaches, then slams down onto the target with incredible force. Any creatures caught under the creature must make a saving throw or take 4d10 points of damage. Boats caught have a 50% chance of capsizing.

A leviathan can also raise its massive tail and bring it crashing down into the water, causing a massive wave that sinks ships in the area. The resulting wave fans out in a 100-foot cone. Ships caught in the area and within 10 feet of the leviathan's tail automatically sink, while creatures take 4d9 points of damage (save for half). Ships more than 10 feet away have a 30% of capsizing.

A leviathan can unleash a song that is so deep and of such low frequency that the vibrations alone have adverse effects on living creatures. Any living creature within 100 feet of a singing leviathan must save or be stunned for 1d6 rounds. This song is more felt than heard, and can be detected by creatures up to 10 miles away.

Leviathans can use the following magical abilities: 3/day – *control weather*; *monster summoning VII* (aquatic creatures only).

Leviathan: HD 20; AC -5 [24]; Atk bite (6d6) and tail slap (4d6); Move 0 (swim 21); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 34/8600; **Special:** capsize boats, immune to cold and electricity, magic resistance (50%), magical abilities, +2 or better weapons to hit, resists fire, smashing breach, swallow whole, tail storm, whale song.



of harpoons, and its only contents are a simple altar of grey stone over-arched by the jawbone of a great whale. Atop the altar, there is a single chunk of ambergris belched up by the Whale Lord himself millennia ago. This ambergris is about the size of a human skull. It is dull black in color and possesses the following powers:

- The owner is under the constant effect of the following spells: *water breathing* and *protection from evil*
- The owner cannot be attacked by whales and can speak their language
- At will, the owner can summon a pod of killer whales that arrives within 1d4+1 rounds
- Three times per day, the owner can summon rain and wine (per *control weather* or *control wind*)
- Once per day, the owner can shapechange into any sort of whale he or she wishes; this transformation lasts for 1 hour

The tower and the ambergris are protected by two entities. The first is **Bharmaj**, a 12th-level Druid with a hooked hand and a magic conch shell. The conch shell summons the second protector, a **leviathan**, from a sea cave about 1 mile beneath the surface of the ocean.

Whale of a Protector

It is said that in a distant corner of a grey and roiling sea, atop a lonely, rocky islet there is a great tower erected in times primordial in honor of the Whale Lord (see Cat Lord, *The Tome of Horrors Complete*). The tower is constructed of whale bone encrusted with bits of sea glass and obsidian. The tower is surrounded by a swirling mist that is actually the undead remains of the ghosts of whalers who died at sea, accursed by the Whale Lord and unable to reach the afterlife.

Within this great tower there is a temple to the Whale Lord. The temple is rather bare and plain. It is walled and floored with the splintered shafts

Lightning Bladder

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Attack: pseudopod (1d6 + 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: acid, electrical discharge, immune to cold, electricity and fire

Move: 6 (swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Lightning bladders are a form of ooze contained within a thin, membranous skin; they resemble massive, half-filled blue water balloons some 5 to 6 feet in diameter. Tiny surges of electricity arc through its semi-transparent form, and an acrid stench surrounds the creature like a cloud. The inside of the creature is charged with immense electrical potential, clearly visible as lightning-like flashes and forks within the bluish-hued interior of the shapeless mass. The exterior membrane is highly acidic; the creature attacks by slumping up against its opponents to slam them. The corrosive acid that covers a lightning bladder dissolves metals and organic material, but not stone. Normal armor, clothing and weapons are ruined and fall away in shreds and pieces; magical armor and weapons have a 15% chance of being destroyed.

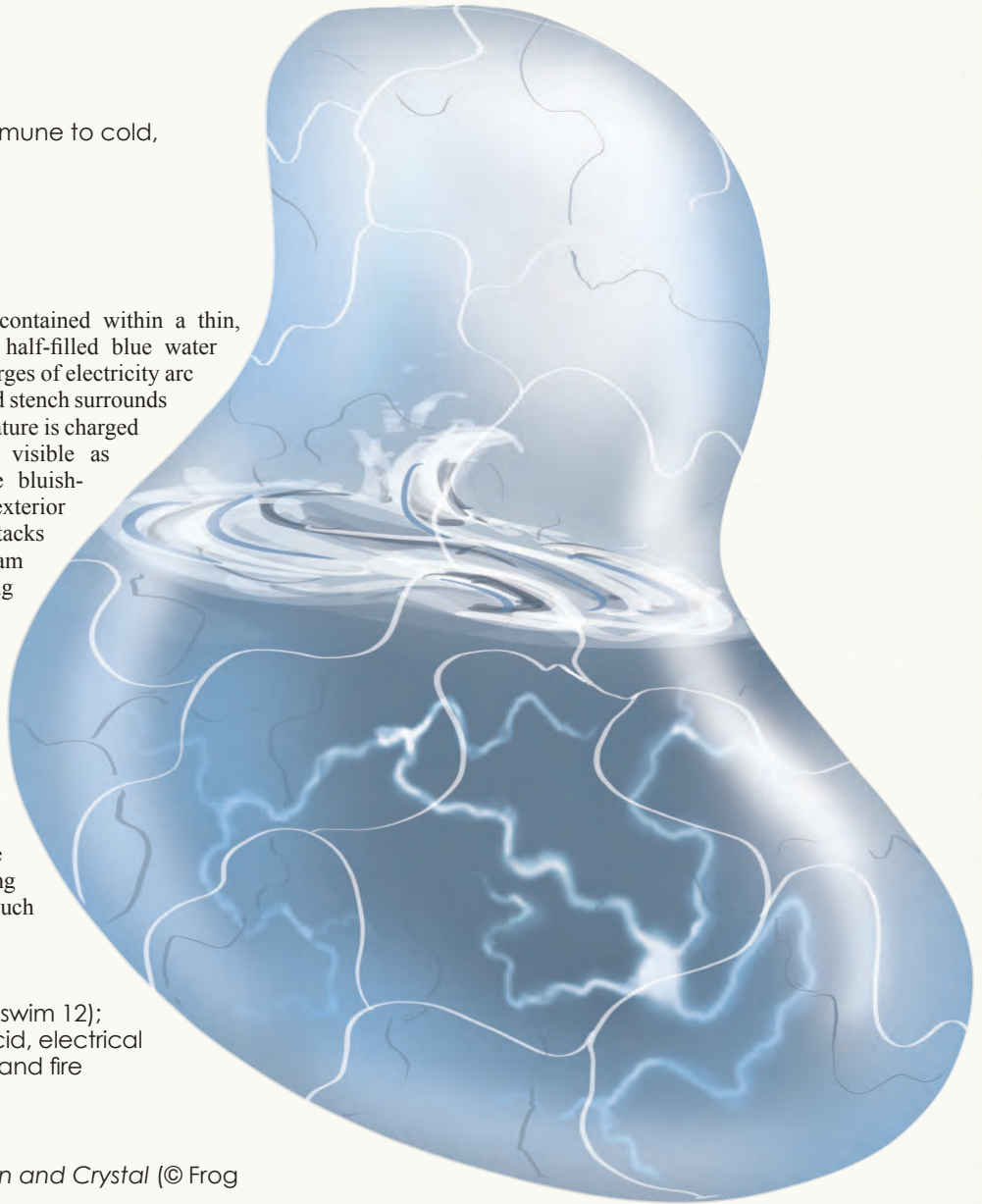
Any sharp weapon striking the creature opens a hole in its acidic membrane through which lightning-like charges of electricity blast out each subsequent combat round. These bolts of lightning inflict 2d6 points of damage against a randomly determined opponent (saving for half). The bladder can have any number of such openings before it is eventually killed.

Lightning Bladder: HD 4; AC 9 [10]; Atk pseudopod (1d6 + 1d6 acid); Move 6 (swim 12); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** acid, electrical discharge, immune to cold, electricity and fire

Credit

Original author Matthew J. Finch

Originally appearing in *The Spire of Iron and Crystal* (© Frog God Games/Matthew J. Finch, 2011)



Lightning on the Sea of Despair

In the lightless depths of the ocean, a party of adventurers might come upon a subterranean sea, by name the Sea of Despair. The sea is quite large as subterranean bodies of water go, being about 1 mile wide and 3 miles long. The water is skimmed by a phosphorescent mist that gives the sea the look of haunted twilight. The water is extremely calm.

The paths around the ocean are well-worn by the feet of underworld traders, but they are also dangerous, patrolled by gangs of hobgoblin bandits and trapped with their cunning snares. On either end, adventurers find barges that the locals use for crossings.

The sea's only inhabitants are **lightning bladders**. Every turn spent on the sea carries with it a 1 in 6 chance of encountering 2d6 of the monsters. They bob along, sometimes sending sparks reminiscent of tiny, inverted lightning bolts.

Hidden within the confines of this sea is a tower of black glass swathed in magical darkness. This tower holds the mythic Shadow Library of knowledge unknown.

Lightning Lamprey

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: bite (1d2 + 1d6 electricity)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: none

Move: 3 (fly 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d10x2

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Lightning lampreys are 3-foot-long grayish-blue creatures with tiny arcs of electricity that play over their bodies. They constantly twitch and writhe, as if receiving electrical stimulation throughout their bodies. Schools of lightning lampreys drift along in the wake of storm clouds, feeding upon powerful electrical currents and lightning. Their bodies are extremely good electrical conductors, and may have uses in magical experiments (value 200 gp to an interested alchemist or wizard).

Lightning Lamprey: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk bite (1d2 + 1d6 electricity); Move 3 (fly 12); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; Special: none.

Credit

Original author Matthew J. Finch

Originally appearing in *The Spire of Iron and*

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The Heart of Death

According to the grizzled veterans that spin stories around the fire in taverns far and wide, there is somewhere a deadly and memorable dungeon passage. The tunnel is perhaps 200 feet long (the stories differ slightly on this point, as one's ability to count paces is hampered by running and screaming). The walls are the color of roses and ivory, and are covered in bas-reliefs of strutting godlings and seductive nymphs. This stone is damp and it sparks with electricity. The mouths of these sculptures are open, their eyes empty. Both emit blue-white light that seems to wax and wane to some unknown rhythm.

At the midpoint of the corridor, there is one sculpture that sticks out like a sore thumb, a bas-relief of a skeleton wearing a crown. The skeleton holds open its ribs to expose its heart. The heart has a slit in it about the width of a sword blade. If one plunges a sword into this heart, the eyes and mouths of the other sculptures go black, as though they are sealed. Adventurers that reach the midpoint of the corridor without plunging a sword into the heart fall prey to the corridor's trap: **lightning lampreys!**

If the eyes and mouths are not sealed, lightning lampreys slither from the eyes and mouths of the sculptures, with 1d4 appearing each round until 20 have been released. A sword plunged into the heart of death cannot be removed.



Living Disease

Living diseases are swarms of microscopic organisms, harmful bacteria or viruses that have gained limited sentience as a cohesive unit under certain exceedingly foul or magical conditions. They seek hosts through which to propagate their contagion. Though they are considered swarms of creatures, their individual components are so small as to be invisible to unaided sight. They are only visible at all due to the sheer number of individual organisms that comprise the swarm; literally billions of them make up a single living disease.

Living diseases offer no resistance to items or creatures entering their midst and cannot be physically felt. They make no sound whatsoever. A living disease in the dark is terrible indeed, as there is no indication it is present until its effects are first felt. Living diseases neither see nor sleep. Though extremely rare, there are many different kinds of living diseases — potentially as many kinds as there are diseases. Two in particular are described here: **festering lung** and **black rot**.

A living disease seeks to surround any potential host it senses and expose the creature to its form of disease. The enveloped creature must make a saving throw each round it is in the area of the living disease or immediately suffer damage for that round as indicated under the disease type. Even after a creature leaves the area of the living disease, it must make saving throws or take damage as indicated. Two successful saving throws in a row allow the creature fight off the disease and recover. The creature is immune to future bouts of disease of that particular type for 1 year.

A *cure disease* cast on a living disease or an enveloped victim forces the disease to make a saving throw. If it fails, the disease takes 5d10 points of damage. A creature that has *cure disease* cast on it is not cured unless outside the living disease's area when the spell is cast or unless the living disease is destroyed by the spell. Otherwise, an infected creature requires an additional *cure disease* upon leaving the living disease's space if it contracted the disease while within.

Festering Lung

Hit Dice: 15
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attack: swarm (save vs. disease)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: immune to mind effects and weapon damage, regenerates 1d6 hit points per round, vulnerable to *cure disease*
Move: 0 (fly 6)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

This infection gets into the lungs of the affected creature and breaks down the respiratory system, producing choking and copious amounts of bloody phlegm. It saps the strength of the victim due to poor oxygenation and renders him unable to speak or make any vocal noises two days after contraction. Creatures that do not breathe are immune to festering lung. Festering lung deals 2d6 points of damage per round of infection. Festering lung takes up a 10 ft diameter area.

Festering Lung: HD 15; AC 4 [15]; Atk swarm (save vs. disease); Move 0 (fly 6); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 18/3800; Special: immune to mind effects

and weapon damage, regenerates 1d6 hit points per round, vulnerable to *cure disease*.

Black Rot

Hit Dice: 18
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attack: swarm (save vs. disease)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: immune to mind effects and weapon damage, regenerate 1d8 hit points per round while alive, vulnerable to *cure disease*
Move: 0 (fly 6)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000

This highly infectious disease affects the victim's skin and muscles, creating an accelerated gangrenous process that turns the affected tissue black and eats it away. Black rot deals 1d6 points of damage per round. If the amount of damage sustained by the victim exceeds 20% of its current total, a random limb is lost to withering and can only be recovered by a *wish* spell (roll a 1d6: 1–2 arm, 3–5 leg, 6–head [save or die]).

Black Rot: HD 18; AC 4 [15]; Atk swarm (save vs. disease); Move 0 (fly 6); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 22/5000; Special: immune to mind effects and weapon damage, regenerate 1d8 hit points per round while alive, vulnerable to *cure disease*.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan
 Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

A Trifle Worse Than the Sniffles

In a temple-crypt of the god of healing, rarely glimpsed by human eyes, several sealed sarcophagi are guarded by *wizard locks*. The sarcophagi are composed of greenish stone. Some are cool and clammy to the touch, while others are possessed of a feverish burn. All are sealed by wax. The temple itself is covered with mosaic tiles. The tiles on the ceiling, walls and edges of the floor consist of bilious greens, rusty browns and deep maroons. At the center of the floor, the tiles are pure white (and resistant to dust, dirt, grime and blood), save for the very center of the room, where the tiles form the image of the god of healing treading on the neck of a plague figure.

Within the sarcophagi are sealed a number of **living diseases**, including bubonic plague, mummy rot, festering lung, black rot and the bloody flux. If one is foolish enough to open the sarcophagi, they get just what they deserve. If they leave an offering of 100 gold pieces on the mosaic of the god of healing, a golden idol of that god materializes in the temple with a *potion of cure disease* in its outstretched hand.



Living Monolith

Hit Dice: 18

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 4 tentacles (2d6 + 2d6 acid) or bite (4d8 + 2d6 acid; only against grabbed foes)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: half damage from weapons, immune to acid and electricity, magic resistance (35%), resists cold, spawn offspring, swallow whole

Move: 3

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 26/6200

The living monolith, sometimes called a monolith of fecundity, is a slow-moving pillar of amorphous flesh dripping with slime. Along its gigantic bulk are several gaping mouths and writhing pseudopods. At irregular intervals, its flesh breaks open and instantly regenerates as the living monolith spawns twisted offspring that crawl and slither away from its progenitor. Some of these spawn are instantly disintegrated by the acidic slime dripping from the monolith or torn to pieces by pseudopods and ravenous mouths, but a few scuttle away and survive (see the crawling offspring entry).

Creatures struck by a living monolith's tentacle must make a saving throw or be grabbed and held tight. The unlucky opponent is shoved into one of the living monolith's many maws on the next round and swallowed whole. The monolith's deadly digestive acids deal 6d6 points of damage per round (save for half). The living monolith can secrete this digestive acid to dissolve organic material and metal, but not stone. Non-magical armor, clothing and weapons that make contact with the creature are ruined.

Every 1d4 rounds, a living monolith spawns 1d6 crawling offspring from its form, but 1d6 of these are instantly destroyed or reabsorbed. (See the Crawling Offspring entry below.)

Living Monolith: HD 18; AC -2 [21]; Atk 4 tentacles (2d6 + 2d6 acid) or bite (4d8 + 2d6 acid; only against grabbed foes); Move 3; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 26/6200; **Special:** half damage from weapons, immune to acid and electricity, magic resistance (35%), resists cold, spawn offspring, swallow whole

Crawling Offspring

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: slam (1d4)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: regenerate 3HP/round (as a troll)

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d4+2 or 1d6+6

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Crawling offspring are mindless creatures spawned from a living monolith. There is great variety in the form and appearance of the crawling offspring; such as bulging eyes, flapping wings, writhing tentacles, slime-covered pseudopods, and so on. Most crawling offspring are destroyed and reabsorbed by the living monolith they were spawned from, but those few that escape wander or crawl about seeking prey. A

Crawling Offspring Features

Roll 1d6 to determine the crawling offspring's special ability.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Spit Acid (20-ft. line, 2d6 acid damage, saving for half) |
| 2 | Rotting Touch (as mummy rot) |
| 3 | Tentacle Attack (10-ft reach, slam attack, 14 damage) |
| 4 | Poison (poisonous touch; 2d6 points of damage, save avoids) |
| 5 | Flight (Fly 30) |
| 6 | No special feature |

crawling offspring attempts to devour the nearest living creature it detects. Each crawling offspring is unique. Roll on the Crawling Offspring Features table to determine the special attack of each.

Crawling Offspring: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk slam (1d4); Move 12; Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** regenerate 3HP/round (as a troll).

Acid Bath

At the end of a dungeon passage, or perhaps within a deep maze, adventurers come upon two great doors of hepatizon covered with gold tracery, the gold forming symbols of fecundity. Approaching within 5 feet of the doors causes spikes to grow from the stone floor in front of the door (1d4 damage to all within 5 feet, save or crippled, moving at half the normal rate).

Behind the doors is a large, circular chamber about 100 feet in diameter, with a domed ceiling 40 feet above. In the very center of the chamber is a **living monolith** in all its gruesome glory. The living monolith stands on a platform 10 feet in diameter, this platform being surrounded by a 30-foot-wide moat. The moat is filled with acid reeking of bile. **Crawling offspring** drop from the living monolith's various and sundry orifices, crawling blindly about until they fall into the moat and sizzle in the acid. The chamber is filled with their shrieks and screams until they are silenced forever.

If non-believers step into this temple of Zhub-Nikkur, the floor of the moat rises, draining off the acid as it does so. This permits the monolith and the crawling offspring to attack intruders.



Lizard, Giant Forest

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (2d6 + poison)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: poison

Move: 12 (climb 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Giant forest lizards are carnivorous 9-foot-long lizards weighing nearly 2,000 pounds. Its coloration and markings are browns and greens, allowing it to adapt and hide in the forests. They dwell in overgrown forests, making their lairs in hidden caves and passages. These creatures are highly territorial, nocturnal and spend most of the day sleeping in their lair or sunning themselves on large tree limbs where the sun breaks through the treetops. When hunting, a giant forest lizard perches within the trees on strong, overhanging limbs. When potential prey passes beneath it, it drops to the ground and attacks. A giant forest lizard's poisonous bite causes a person's extremities, especially the legs, to become numb (save avoids). While under its effects, they suffer a -2 Armor Class penalty.

Giant Forest Lizard: HD 8; AC 0 [19]; Atk bite (2d6 + poison); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: poison.

Taking on an Army

The wooded hills of Cheve, land of cyclopean ruins and the famous bleeding pines, have long been under the protection of the ranger lord Valthus the Bald. For many years he and her merry warriors have protected the woods and the scattered villages of woodsmen (and even the smugglers who defy the king) from the horrors that the underworld occasionally releases to plague mankind. Aided by his lieutenant, Mad Margo, and the elven minstrel Cornflower, he has fought green dragons, the monstrous Horax brothers and the grim spectre of Blackpool Swamp. His greatest challenge lies before him.

In the Razorback Mountains to the west of Cheve, an army, nay, a horde, of orcs and goblins is gathering. The orc lord Grusk Three-Tusk has gathered more than 200 orc warriors, 350 goblins and a few odd ogres and bugbears for a campaign of plunder through Cheve, a campaign intended to lay waste to the great city of Yarvo, with its ivory-domed towers and blind maiden-priests in rosy silks and silver bangles.

As adventurers pick their way across the woodland, they may well encounter advance patrols of orcs (3d6 of the monsters, well-armed and armored), or they may encounter Valthus and his elite woodsmen, mounted on **forest lizards** and seeking men and women of bravery and honor willing to pledge themselves to his cause.



Lizard, Lava

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attack: bite (3d8 + 2d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: heat aura, heated flesh, immune to fire, lava affinity, resists cold

Move: 12 (climb 9, swim 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

Lava lizards are about 10 feet long and weigh around 600 pounds. Their skin is always a shade of cherry red and their eyes are pale yellow. They make their lairs in or near active volcanoes, spending their days swimming in the boiling magma. In combat they bite their prey, attempting to incinerate it as quickly as possible. Lava lizards that are outmatched flee if possible. A lava lizard radiates heat, and any creature within 10 feet of a lava lizard must take 1d4 points of fire damage (save avoids). Any non-magical metal weapon striking a lava lizard softens and partially melts. Wooden weapons burst into flames, turning into ash in 1d4 rounds. Unarmed and natural attacks (claw, bite, etc.) made against the lava lizard deal 2d6 points of fire damage to the attacker. Magical weapons are immune to this destruction. Lava lizards take half damage from cold.

Lava Lizard: HD 9; AC 0 [19]; Atk bite (3d8 + 2d6 fire);

Move 12 (climb 9, swim 9); **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP**

12/2000; **Special:** heat aura, heated flesh, immune to fire, lava affinity, resists cold

Fire Lake

Should adventurers ever come across a bright, red door in a dungeon, a door surrounded by a golden glow and hot to the touch, they may want to pass it by.

The door, when opened, issues forth a plume of smoke and reveals a tunnel of basalt that ends in a great cavern. The enormous cavern is marked with hundreds of bubbling magma pools that grow larger and larger until they form a sort of lake of magma. Within this moat and among the pools lounge dozens of **lava lizards**.

Rising from this lake one finds the brazen palace of the Ministry of Planar Relations, chartered by his fiery eminence the Emir of the Efrete to aid his subjects in their movements across planar boundaries. The palace sits on a plateau of basalt. Patrols of bronze men guard the palace on the ground and on the black battlements. A single causeway of basalt pillars allows access to the palace.

The ministry is run by her glorious conflagration Phlogista, Mistress of Planar Relations (and a favorite, though lesser, wife of the emir). Phlogista is a fire nymph, and her ministry is primarily made up of other fire nymphs, who have a knack for keeping people happy, even when they do nothing to answer their questions or solve their problems. Fire

creatures come to the ministry looking for permissions, passports and charters, bringing with them all manner of precious stones to bribe the bureaucrats and their mistress. Some of these fire creatures are notably nasty, though most are so busy and confused that a fight is the last thing on their minds.

Within the palace there are, of course, dozens of portals to other dimensions and planes of existence (though none to the Elemental Plane of Water or anything remotely like it). Phlogista carries the only keys (carved from gemstones) to these portals, and opens them for people if they make it worth her while.



Lupin

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: bite (1d6) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 13

Special: none

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2, hunting party of 1d4+1 lupins and 1d2 dogs, band of 1d10x10 adults plus 50% noncombatant children, 1 sergeant of 5HD per 20 adults, 1 leader Ftr6th–8th level, and 1d4+4 dogs or wolves, or tribe of 1d10x20 adults plus 100% noncombatant children, plus 1 sergeant of 5HD per 20 adults, 1 or 2 lieutenants of 6 or 7HD, 1 leader Ftr8th–10th level, 1d6+6 dogs, and 1d4+3 wolves.
Challenge Level/XP: 4HD (4/120), 5HD (5/240), 6HD (6/400), 7HD (7/600), Ftr6 (7/600), Ftr7 (8/800), Ftr8 (9/1100), Ftr9 (10/1400), Ftr10 (11/1700)

Lupins are dog-headed humanoids standing over 6 feet tall with grayish skin and dark fur that is usually filthy and matted. These creatures have an excellent sense of smell, and their tracking ability is oftentimes unmatched. Lupins are colorblind and see only in shades of gray. They are believed to be related to gnolls and flinds. Lupins are savage and ferocious in battle, attacking with long swords and a vicious bite.

Lupin tribes form loose alliances with nearby tribes and settlements, sometimes offering protection to weaker tribes (such as those composed of goblins or kobolds) in exchange for gold, food, and anything else the tribe feels it needs. Lupins are generally on good terms with all the goblinoid races as well as minotaurs, orcs, and the occasional ogre or hill giant tribe. Human settlements sometimes form an alliance with a nearby lupin tribe as well; out of mutual need, or out of fear. The other humanoid races, dwarves and elves are generally treated with tolerance, but few alliances between lupins and these races are known to exist. Elves are often viewed as a weak race and, any such alliance between a lupin tribe and elven settlement is extremely shaky at best. Halflings are the single race the lupins detest (Sages are uncertain as to the exact reasons for this hatred). Halflings are killed on sight, carried back to the lupins' lair, and fed to the lupin pups. Other times, halflings are captured and hunted for sport by the lupins, and then fed to the pups afterward. Halfling settlements when found are ravaged and burned to the ground, their little bodies littered about the ruined grounds.

Lupins are savage and ferocious in battle, attacking with weapons and a vicious bite. Their battle tactics are well-organized and focused, usually concentrating on the single strongest opponent, and only moving to the next target, when that opponent falls. When overwhelmed and outnumbered, lupins resort to ambush and hit-and-run tactics. In large scale battles, lupins often employ gnolls and flinds (and occasionally, but rarely, goblins and kobolds) as shock troops.

Lupin leaders are generally fighters. Lupin females generally take the role of caregiver in a lupin tribe, staying out of battles and tending to the pups. Some however, seem more skilled in the magical arts than their male counterparts, and rarely may take up the path of the magic-user. Clerics, although extremely rare, are highly regarded among lupin tribes and often serve as counselors and the second in command to the tribal leaders. Religion among lupin tribes is scattered and generally varies from tribe to tribe. Lupins do not seem to have just one god they call their own. Each tribe pays homage to its own god.

Lupin: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Lupin: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; Special: none.

Lupin: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; Special: none.

Lupin: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12;



Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; Special: none.

Lupin (Ftr6): AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; Special: multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Lupin (Ftr7): AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; Special: multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Lupin (Ftr8): AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 7; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Lupin (Ftr9): AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Lupin (Ftr10): AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (1d6) or by weapon; Move 12; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Soul Pack

A child, glowing white as the sun, is running through the woods. About a day behind the strange boy is a pack of **lupins**, servants of the fell sorceress Maladria. The sorceress sent the lupins after the child because it is actually a small piece of her soul, part of an experiment in her quest for lich-hood. The boy possesses her exuberance for life and love; she removed it because it suited her grim plans for eternal unlife and because she needed a piece of her soul to create her phylactery.

The boy was kept in a tall tower, and remembers how dark and cramped it was. He is possessed of a certain charm, though, and managed to convince a servant girl (now hanging in the dungeon) to set him free that he might escape. Maladria needs this piece of her soul back, and she does anything to retrieve it.

Lurker Wraith

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: buffet (2d4 + see below)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: amorphous, create spawn, +1 or silver weapons to hit, smother, sunlight powerlessness, vulnerable to fire

Move: 0 (fly 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

Lurker wraiths have a gauzy appearance and resemble thin cloth, though close inspection reveals they are quite durable and thick with a slight translucence.

They often disguise themselves as tapestries or curtains in order to lure the unwary into their smothering embrace. Sometimes they roll themselves up to appear as innocuous bolts of cloth before unfurling and revealing the true horror. They tend to lurk in subterranean areas or within ruins where they avoid rays of direct sunlight. A lurker wraith is about 10 feet long by 10 feet wide and approximately 1/4 inch thick. They weigh less than 50 pounds. Because they are amorphous, lurking wraiths take no bonus damage from back stabs. Creatures hit by a lurking wraith's buffet attack permanently lose 1d4 points of constitution (save avoids). Each time this happens, the lurker wraith heals 1d6 points of damage. A humanoid slain by either a lurker wraith's constitution drain or smother attack becomes a ghoul in 1d4 rounds. Constitution is regained at the rate of 1 point per day of rest. Spawn are not under the command of the lurker wraith, but they do instinctively protect their creator. A lurker wraith caught in sunlight cannot attack and suffers a -2 Armor Class penalty. Lurker wraiths take double damage from fire.

Lurker Wraith: HD 15; AC 1 [18]; Atk buffet (2d4 + see below);

Move 0 (fly 15); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** amorphous, create spawn, +1 or silver weapons to hit, smother, sunlight powerlessness, vulnerable to fire.

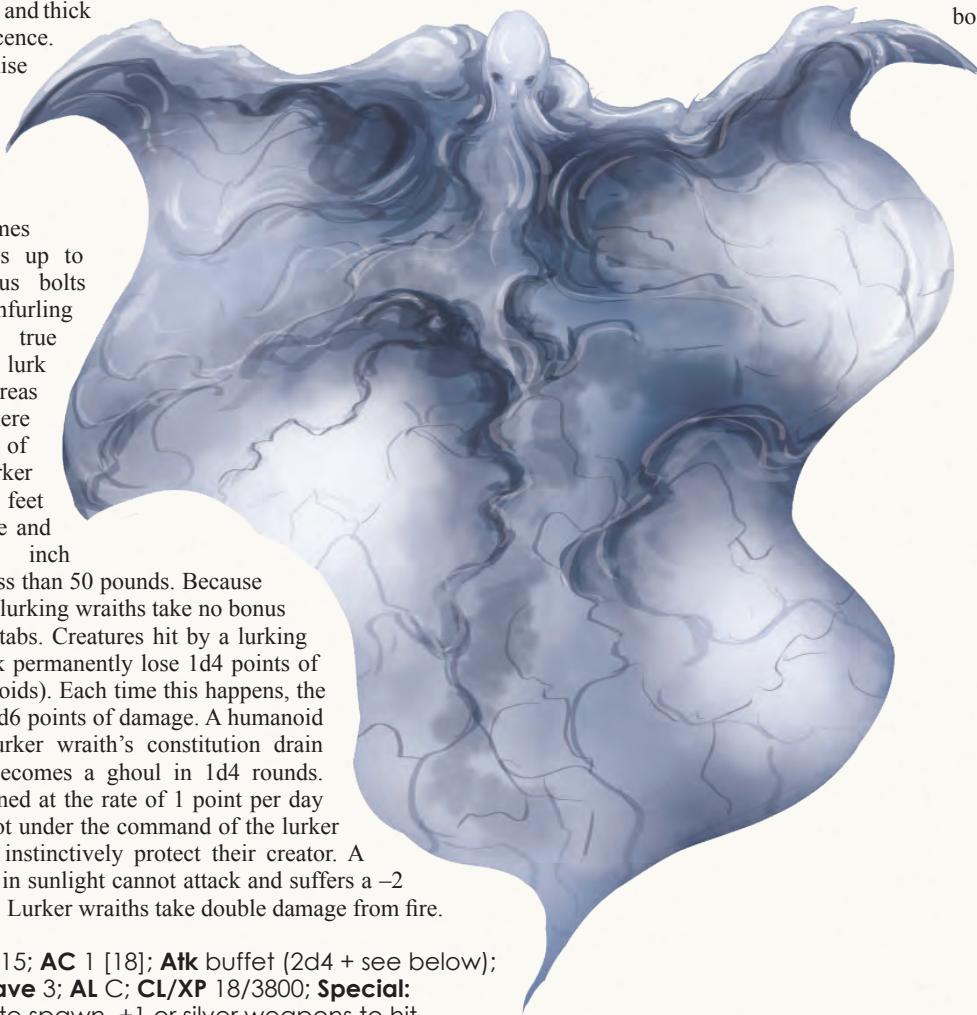
Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Hanging Around

This room seems exceedingly old and unkempt, even by dungeon standards. The dust is thick on the floor and what shelves and ledges there are here. The room is 26 feet long and 11 feet wide, with a ceiling about 12 feet above the floor. It is full of junk, including broken barrels, a few intact barrels filled with brackish water, rancid oil, vinegar, rusty doorknobs and the like, sheaves of dry paper that falls apart at the touch, rusted and nicked weapons and bits of armor and piles of yellowed bones. On the upper shelves in the room are bolts of gauzy cloth, tattered and torn, some of them hanging quite low, almost in the manner of curtains. One of these bolts is actually a **lurker wraith**, hungry for malevolence after many centuries spent alone.



Lycanthrope, Werewolverine

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d4) or by weapon

Saving Throw: 14

Special: change shape, lycanthropy, rage, silver or magic weapons to hit

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality (Chaotic tendencies)

Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d4+2, 1d6+4 or 1d10+10

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

In their humanoid forms, werewolverines are wiry, muscular folk with broad shoulders and powerful hands. Their faces are almost always contorted into a twitchy sneer. Quick to anger and slow to calm, werewolverines are seemingly always on the brink of a powerful emotional outburst. When angered, a werewolverine screams and howls in a raspy voice that speaks of violent, primal rage. Instinctively brutal, werewolverines make the ideal strong-arms for bandit gangs. In battle, they can rage for 10 rounds, gaining an extra attack each round (weapon or claw) that they do.

Werewolverine: HD 3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d4) or by weapon; Move 15; Save 14; AL N (C); CL/

XP 6/400; Special: change shape, lycanthropy, +1 or silver weapons to hit, rage.

Credit

Original author Nathan Douglas Paul

Originally appearing in *The Eamonvale Incursion* (© Necromancer Games, 2008)

Boys Night Out

A door marked with a tin moon nailed into it opens onto a 10 ft. by 10 ft. room. The room has stone walls and a floor covered with sawdust. It contains a few sleeping palettes of filthy furs, an uneven table propped up by a wad of paper (actually a treasure map) and four chairs. The chairs are set around the table, and under the bums of **4 werewolverines**. The werewolverines are playing a game of dice and chewing rank tobacco, spitting into a bronze spittoon that adorns one corner of the very close, very stuffy room. The walls are decorated with a dart board (three darts are embedded in it, one of them a +1 dart) and a few parchment pin-ups of marilith demons, medusas and disrobed damsels in distress.



Malkeen

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: darkvision 60 ft., immune to mind-affecting spells, low-light vision, mind blast, pounce, rake

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Malkeens are intelligent, ferocious swamp cats that closely resemble dark furred leopards. Malkeens reach lengths of 12 feet or more and weigh up to 5,500 pounds. Malkeens can live for up to 50 years. These creatures are extremely territorial with the average malkeen's territory covering 10 square miles or more. Malkeens are ambush hunters and sneak up on their prey before lunging to attack. Once every 1d6 rounds, a malkeen can deliver a mental blast of energy at a single target within 50 feet. The target takes 6d6 points of damage (save avoids). If a malkeen hits a target with both claw attacks, it leaps up and rakes the target with its back paws for an additional 2d6 points of damage.

Malkeen: HD 8; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immune to mind-affecting spells, low-light vision, mind blast, pounce, rake.

Exploding Heads

The dwarves of Anvil Plunge are being hunted. The walled compound stands at high alert, with armed guards patrolling the walls. Even with these precautions, partially eaten animals and citizens are found nearly every morning. The corpses all have the same characteristic: Their heads exploded. Some of the bodies simply have blood seeping out of their eyes, ears and mouths, while others are missing their heads altogether. The root of the carnage lies with a **malkeen** from the Sin Mire Swamp near Anvil Plunge. The encroachment of a neighboring farm chased the cat from its normal hunting ground. The human farmer, Earle, built extensive levees to drain the swamp and expand his farmable land. Earle is a powerful landowner with an army of hired hands.

Farmer Earle has a pack of **14 giant wolves** that patrol and guard his interests. The malkeen fears this vicious pack and avoids the farm. Forced out of its normal hunting land, the malkeen set its sights on Anvil Plunge. The cat hunts by night, dragging victims back to its cubs in the swamp. The dwarves do not venture into the deadly swamp but desperately need someone to stop the carnage.

Giant Wolf (14): HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+1); Move 18; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** none.



Mandrake, Deadly

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4-2)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: death scream, magic resistance (10%), magical abilities

Move: 12 (burrow 6)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

A deadly mandrake is a tiny humanoid, brownish-green in color with a large flowering plant growing from its head. They are mischievous plant creatures believed to be part plant and part fey that relish playing tricks on those passing through their domain. These tricks are always more playful than harmful, at least to the deadly mandrake. Most such tricks take the form of lights or weird sounds meant to distract and confuse travelers.

Deadly mandrakes, despite their name, are generally inoffensive unless disturbed. If disturbed or forced into battle, deadly mandrakes use their death scream immediately in an attempt to end the confrontation as quickly as possible. Creatures that resist the scream are subject to their spell-like abilities. They can attack with their claws if needed, but rarely do so.

A deadly mandrake can use the following abilities: at will—*faerie fire*, *obscuring mist*, *pyrotechnics*; 3/day—*confusion*, *phantasmal force*, *suggestion*; 1/day—*hallucinatory terrain*, *sleep*. At will, a deadly may scream, causing all creatures within 40 ft. to take 20 points of damage unless they make a saving throw. Those who successfully save are sickened for 1d2 rounds (–1 to attacks and saves). Each time the mandrake screams, a new saving throw is required.

Deadly mandrakes sustain themselves on a diet of tree bark, leaves, and berries, and are most active during the day. At night they burrow into the ground to rest. Often times, a deadly mandrake burrows just far enough into the ground to cover its body, leaving the flower on top of its head exposed. Little else is known of these creatures thus far.

Deadly Mandrake: HD 3; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 claws (1d4-2);

Move 12 (burrow 6); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** death scream, magic resistance (10%), magical abilities.

Frightened Fairy

Screams travel on the wind from a man hanging in a young oak tree. A small flowery clearing surrounds the tree. Eight young rabbits fearlessly play among the clover and daffodils. A statue of a lounging nude woman lies against the oak's trunk. The druid Button Funray (N Drd5; HP 19; Int 7, Wis 15, Cha 18) clings with all his life to a drooping branch halfway up the tree. He painfully keeps his eyes closed, warning that the bunny rabbits turned the woman to stone and have trapped him in the branches. Button Funray has a peculiar and extreme personality disorder: He believes he is a fairy. Button wears a harness on his back attached to giant dragon fly wings. He wears a goatskin wig with fake antennae and his skimpy yet vibrant clothing is lined with hundreds of tiny bells. Button has even clipped his ears so they appear pointed. He wears curly toed shoes and speaks in a high pitch, whimsical fashion.

Button was merrily skipping through the forest when he happened upon the petrified dryad lounging against the tree. Hidden among the flowers are 2 deadly mandrakes. The mandrakes confused Button and suggested to him that the rabbits have a petrifying gaze attack. The gentle rabbits do not flee if attacked, and simply hop around the exposed tree roots. The deadly mandrakes wait until rescuers approach the tree or attack the rabbits before unleashing their death scream.



Meat Puppet

Meat puppets are horrid undead creations created by removing the bones from corpses, then reanimating the skinless hides to attack. Various creatures and monsters can be turned into meat puppets using evil sorcery.

Meat Puppet (Humanoid)

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: slam (1d6 plus throttle)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: fleshknit, resists slashing and piercing weapons, throttle

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Meat puppets are boneless, skinless corpses reanimated after being exposed to necromantic energies. Creatures struck by their slam attack must make a saving throw or be grappled and throttled by its boneless limbs. Throttled victims are strangled and suffer 1d6 points of damage until the hold is broken with an attack or an open doors check. The meat puppet heals damage done to it at a rate of 1 hit point per round. It continues to heal damage even if reduced below 0 hit points, or disintegrated. Only damage from magic weapons is not mended. A meat puppet's boneless body takes half damage from slashing and piercing weapons.

Humanoid Meat Puppet: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk slam (1d6 plus throttle); Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** fleshknit, resists slashing and piercing weapons, throttle.

Meat and Greet

Ten taut lines of silk rope stretch from a ramshackle stone guard tower in the deep woods outside Taharath. The ends of the lines are wrapped around the pommels of two-handed swords stuck deep into the clay soil. The guard tower has been abandoned for years, and black crows stand atop its 20-foot-high crumbling turret, watching the surrounding forest. Clothes hung up to dry flap noisily in the wind.

The guard tower is empty. The wooden floors leading to the stone roof splintered, crashing down and destroying the lowest floor. Wooden beams, broken ladders and odd bits of crushed furniture litter the 15-foot-diameter tower's lowest level. Dark tarps cover three sections of debris. Hidden under the spattered drop cloths are the bodies of 15 humanoids.

The men and women were slain by a barbaric killer known as Vrinnor the Skinner. The butcher then skinned and deboned each of his kills. He is said to decorate his palatial home with the trophies once they cure. Currently, the complete skins of 6 humanoids hang on the lines out back of the tower, mixed among normal bits of clothing (also taken from the victims). Crumpled on the ground beneath the lines are a number of skins fallen from the line.

Vrinnor's most recent kills rise as 6 meat puppets to rush out and greet

anyone disturbing their skin or their bodies. Hidden under the corpses are 254 gp, an ornate silver mirror (50 gp), and a +1 dagger.

Otyugh Meat Puppet

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 tentacles (1d8 plus throttle), bite (1d4+1 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: disease, fleshknit, resists slashing and piercing weapons

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Otyugh meat puppets are giant boneless, skinless reanimated beasts. Creatures struck by their slam attack must make a saving throw or be grappled and throttled by its tentacles. Throttled victims are strangled and suffer 1d6 points of damage until the hold is broken with an attack or an open doors check. The meat puppet heals damage done to it at a rate of 1 hit point per round. It continues to heal damage even if reduced below 0 hit points, or disintegrated. Only damage from magic weapons is not mended. A meat puppet's boneless body takes half damage from slashing and piercing weapons. Anyone bitten by an otyugh meat puppet has a 90% chance of contracting a fatal disease (death in 3d6 days unless cured).

Otyugh Meat Puppet: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 tentacles (1d8 plus throttle), bite (1d4+1 plus disease); Move 6; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** disease, fleshknit, resists slashing and piercing weapons.

Bag of Bones

A 6-foot-wide leather bag sits on the ground near a rancid three-foot-deep pool inside a dank tunnel in the under-city beneath Bargarsport. Slime drips down the mold-covered walls. Protrusions push the bag's sides out in odd shapes. Dark ichor runs down the tied neck of the bag where a bloody rope holds it closed. A trail in the mold shows where the bag was dragged through the tunnel. Anyone opening the bag finds it is filled with large bones, some splintered and broken, and 3-foot-round circles of skin. A few long strips of flesh are torn and tattered.

The bag contains the skin and bones of an otyugh slain by a Magic-User looking to test out a horrible spell he uncovered in an ancient grimoire. The spell worked, turning the boneless, skinless creature into an **otyugh meat puppet**—that then promptly killed the wizard. The otyugh currently waits in the grimy pool, its body compressed into the shallow depression. The creature bursts out of the pool in an explosion of dirty water to attack anyone disturbing the bag. The creature has been pulling the bag of bones and skin with it when it moves.



Mimic, Undead

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: slam (2d6 plus adhesive)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: constrict, immune to acid, soul drain, weeping discharge

Move: 2

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

Two sinewy tentacles sprout from what appears to be an ancient and slime-covered chest. The undead mimic can assume the general shape of objects, such as a massive chest, stout bed or door. The creature's body is hard and has a rough texture, no matter what appearance it presents. An undead mimic exudes thick slime that acts as a powerful adhesive. Any creature or object that touches or is struck by the mimic must make a saving throw to be pulled free. Strong alcohol dissolves the adhesive. A creature stuck to the mimic is constricted and automatically takes 2d6 points of damage per round until freed. An undead mimic can drain the soul of a creature it has recently killed. A being whose soul is drained cannot be raised from the dead until the undead mimic containing its soul is destroyed. Each time the mimic drains a soul it gains 1d8 temporary hit points and +1 to hit and damage. The soul is completely devoured after 24 hours and unrecoverable. An undead mimic constantly leaks and oozes foul adhesive in a 20-ft. radius around its body. Creatures crossing through this adhesive must make a saving throw or become stuck. The mimic can move through the field without hindrance.

Undead mimics are believed to be the result of experimentation on normal mimics by insane necromancers. What possessed them to create an undead version of a truly horrid creature is beyond comprehension.

Unlike standard mimics, undead mimics are Chaotic, poisoned by the necromantic magic that created them. They desire flesh and blood and dine on the souls of those they slay.

Undead Mimic: HD 7; AC 6 [13]; Atk slam (2d6 plus adhesive); Move 2; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: constrict, immune to acid, soul drain, weeping discharge



The Crying Dame

A weeping idol of an angelic figure sits with its legs to the side before a 20-foot-diameter pool of clear acid in this white domed chamber. The surface of the pool is broken intermittently by tears falling from the statue. The acid appears as fresh water to all but the most astute alchemist. The statue's legs are crossed and its torso is pivoted toward the pool. Its outstretched arms are raised as if pleading to the gods, while its head tilts skyward as tears drip from its cheeks into the pool below. The acids deals 1d6 points of damage per round of exposure. Total immersion in the pool deals 10d6 points of damage per round. The acid pool gives off a transparent poisonous gas that dissolves lungs and nasal passages of any living creatures nearing the pool and deals 1d4 points of damage (save avoids).

An **undead mimic** in the form of an ornate, massive chest sits at the bottom of the pool. The chest appears made of polished metal with a large exterior lock. Weapons, armor and hundreds of gold and platinum coins (356 gp and 128 pp) lie scattered around the chest, all covered in the mimic's weeping discharge. Among the items is a suit of black *+1 plate mail* (dark elf origin and size) and an iron staff (with a *ring of X-ray vision* around its tip). The mimic allows itself to be pulled or lassoed up from the bottom in order to attack and grab those within reach. It attempts to pull grappled or adhered creatures into the pool.

Minikin (Miniature Creature)

Minikins are smaller versions of normal creatures, made so through experimental magic. They are always smaller than their true counterparts and rarely associate with them. Minikins tend to congregate and associate with others of their own kind.

Minikin Grizzly Bear

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4 plus hug), bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: hug

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Minikin grizzlies are smaller versions of large brown bears. They hug for an additional 1d6 points of damage (if hitting with both claw attacks) and can automatically maintain the hold, crushing the victim and continuing attempts to bite as well.

Minikin Grizzly Bear: HD 2; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 plus hug), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; Special: hug.

Cuddly Wuddly Fuzzy Bears

The famous toymaker **Pogu Tea** has a thriving business in the city of Bard's Gate. Pogu specializes in very expensive life-like stuffed animals and monsters. Pogu is always interested in purchasing (normally small) animals and creatures slain by adventurers and trappers (assuming the bodies are presentable). Recently, minikin animals have become all the rage. In fact, the demand is so high for minikin bears that Pogu is desperate to the point of panic to acquire their hides. Afraid of losing business and the favor of the aristocratic children, he wishes to cash in on the demand. He pays 50 gp for each minikin bear hide and 100 gp for each minikin bear cub hide. He also pays handsomely for other minikin animal hides. He knows that odd animals (including some reported minikins) live in the western woods.

Little does Pogu know that he is the target of an assassination plot by an angry Druid. **Barfscoop the Small (Drd8; Str 6, Wis 16)** is a human Druid of extremely short stature who lives in a hidden grotto in the western woods. In fact, he is so small that he appears to be a Halfling. Standing just over 3 feet in height, Barfscoop is a capable druid in his own right. He aggressively thwarts those harming or interfering with the natural order. He is currently training minikin bats to drop concentrated doses of lethal, black widow venom into drinks and water supplies. Barfscoop currently has a well-trained **minikin grizzly bear** as a loyal companion. The bear has two cubs that sleep in a woven basket on Barfscoop's back. In addition to his bear, Barfscoop can call on a pack of **minikin wolves** (treat as very small dogs) that arrive in 3d4 rounds.



Minikin Mammoth

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: trunk (1d4), gore (1d6), trample (1d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: trample

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Minikin mammoth are smaller versions of huge, furry precursors to elephants, larger and more feral, with great, curving tusks.

Minikin Mammoth: HD 7; AC 7 [12]; Atk trunk (1d4), gore (1d6), trample (1d6); Move 9; Save 9; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; Special: trample.

Packing Pachyderms

Adventurers traveling to the great northlands have undoubtedly heard of Gerdhon Bout (**Male Dwarf Ftr5; Con 18**) and his famous exploits into the frozen lands. Gerdhon is the guide to go to when exploring cold regions. Not only does he work as a guide, he also owns the only successful caravan company traveling to nearly unreachable locations. He always has a need for tough and experienced caravan guards. His caravans trade common goods for pelts, exotic cold-water fish and gold found throughout the snow covered mountains and glaciers.

Gerdhon uses sleds pulled by teams of **minikin mammoths**. While these highly trained animals are slow as service animals; their resiliency, strength and endurance make them the perfect beast to pull heavy loads through extremely difficult terrain of the mountainous north. These animals can also serve as mounts (trained as heavy war horses). Recently, a tribe of **yeti** ransacked two of Gerdhon Bout's caravans. The yeti carried off the minikin mammoth for food, leaving the gold, pelts and frozen fish behind. Gerdhon needs a group to find his lost caravan and recover his trade goods. He supplies minikin mammoths and sleds. He also offers each participating hero a minikin mammoth as a reward.

Monkey, Ghoul

Hit Dice: 1d6 hp
Armor Class: 8 [11]
Attacks: bite (1d6) or thrown rock (1d4)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: immune to sleep, charm and hold spells, paralysis
Move: 9 (12 in trees)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d3x4
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Ghoul monkeys are cunning, undead monkeys that often appear in jungle areas where there is great residue of Chaos, such as forgotten temples or altars where dead monkeys might rise in this vile form of undeath. Unlike “human-type” ghouls, not all ghoulish monkeys paralyze victims. There is a 20% chance individual ghoulish monkeys can cause paralysis with their bite attacks. They are immune to sleep, charm and similar spells, but are vulnerable to holy water (2d6 damage) and to being turned by Clerics (+2 bonus to turn attempts).

Ghoul Monkey: HD 1d6 hp; AC 8 [11]; Atk bite (1d6) or thrown rock (1d4); Move 9 (12 in trees); Save 18; AL C; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** immune to sleep, charm and hold spells, paralysis.

Credit

Original author Scott Casper
 Originally appearing in *Jungle Ruins of Madaro-Shanti* (© Frog God Games, 2010)



Overlooking Death

A towering monument stands in the midst of the dense Seething Jungle. A totem of 10-foot-tall stone heads of fantastic creatures is all that remains of an ancient race. Covered in vines, the blocks stack atop one another to reach a height of 250 feet, with the upper portion stretching high above the canopy. Piles of feathers from brightly colored parrots and other tropical birds litter the ground around the base of the totem. Rough-cut jewels, semi-precious stones and gold leaf adorn the faces of the totems. Looters carried away the jewels within easy reach, but those higher than 15 feet above the jungle floor remain intact. A total of 1,000 gp in jewels and gold inlay can be found by daring to climb the totem.

A colony of 9 **ghoul monkeys** live in the open mouths and orifices of the totem heads. The evil beasts wait for victims to climb before attacking. Two of the monkeys are able to paralyze targets with their bites. Paralyzed victims fall to the ground, while those above the tree canopy have a 50% chance of becoming stuck in the thick vegetation ceiling. The skull-like totem that sits at the very top represents the face of death. It has a *ring of shooting stars* in one leering eye socket.

Monkey, Spire

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 3 claws (1d3)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: none

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d12+2

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

The Spire Monkey is a two-headed, six-armed monkey that lives on roofs (spires and minarets are preferred) and high in the treetops. In some tropical countries they are tolerated in cities as messengers of the gods, and roam temples with impunity. Omnivorous and foul-tempered, spire monkeys race from rooftop to rooftop and steal food (and occasionally loose coins or trinkets) from the streets below. Spire monkeys attack by clawing, as well as by throwing rocks or other small objects (such as roof tiles), and can divide their attacks between two opponents. They can climb as fast as they can run, and leap from tree to tree or building to building.

Spire Monkey: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 3 claws (1d3); Move 15; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; Special: none.

Credit

Original author Scott Wylie Roberts, "Myrstyr"
Originally appearing in *Jungle Ruins of Madaro-Shanti* (© Frog God Games, 2010)

Flinging Fiery Feces

On the tropical island city of Jah Sezar, fantastic sights are commonplace. The island hosts the land's most prestigious university dedicated to the magical arts. All manner of exotic and alien creatures can be found as familiars and pets throughout the city. However, even the mages are hard-pressed to like the most recent addition to the island after a cargo ship inadvertently infested the pristine city with a plague of **spire monkeys**. The monkeys cause chaos and annoyance throughout the city, stealing numerous trinkets and whisking them away to their nests in the peaks and roofs of Jah Sezar's high towers.

One particularly malicious troop of monkeys is targeting Ollie Nematoad's House of Creations and Curiosities. His store, warehouse and laboratory hold many weird, creative and deadly (but hardly ever successful) inventions. Recently, **6 spire monkeys** broke in through a window and made off with jars of marbles, gems, shiny rocks and a separated *necklace of firebaubles*. The monkeys have a nest on the spire of the Concert Temple of Oghma (patron god of bards). Ollie desperately needs a jar of specialized metal ball bearings he plans to violently propel from a long metal tube to pick off the monkeys from a distance.

While the tower can be easily climbed from the outside, the bards happily allow full access to adventurers to rid their home of the spire monkeys. Unbeknownst to all, these spire monkeys swallowed the firebaubles from the necklace. The monkeys react to intruders by flinging massive amount of excrement. Each pile of flung poo has a 50% chance of containing a fireball missile that does 6d6 damage when it explodes (and flings bits of flaming feces across the rooftops).



Mordnaissant

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: 2 claws (1hp) or ray (see below)

Saving Throw: 7

Special: death curse, lash of fury, pain wail

Move: 3 (fly 24)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d6+2

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

Occasionally when a pregnant mother dies violently in a place infused with unholy or negative energies, the unborn child within her does not simply perish, but instead continues to grow, vitalized by dark power, until it is capable of clawing its way free from its dead mother. This horrible creature, known as a mordnaissant, lives an existence of eternal pain, loneliness and suffering, relieved only by its ability to inflict harm on those around it. The mordnaissant appears as a shriveled fetus that floats within a translucent sphere of black energy. Though capable of crawling, it prefers flight. The glitter of its jet-black eyes denotes a limited but hostile intellect lurking behind them. Mordnaissants avoid bright light if they can, though they suffer no ill effects from it.

The mordnaissant attacks any living creatures it encounters, wailing in pain and lashing out with dark energy. It only uses its claw attacks as a last resort, such as if grappled, or if no enemies are mobile enough to oppose it.

The mordnaissant can produce a terrible, befuddling wailing sound that mirrors the pain its very existence brings it. All living creatures within 20 feet must make a saving throw each round the wailing continues or be stunned for one round.

The mordnaissant can lash out with its negative energy powers and directly attack the vitality of living creatures. A victim hit by a ray must make a saving throw for half damage or duration, as appropriate.

There are three possible lashes the mordnaissant can use. It can whip the flesh, which inflicts 2d10 points of *cause wounds*-type damage; it can whip the mind, which causes 1d4+1 points of temporary intelligence damage; or it can whip the soul, which stuns the victim for 1d4+1 rounds. Intelligence returns at the rate of 1 point per hour.

As a final cruel jest to the individual that puts a mordnaissant out of its misery, the slayer must make a saving throw or suffer from a terrible curse that reduces all subsequent XP rewarded by 20%. This curse may only be removed by a *remove curse* spell or with the application of a *limited wish* or *wish*.

Mordnaissant: HD 9; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1hp) or ray (see below); Move 3 (fly 24); Save 7; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: death curse, lash of fury, pain wail.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

The Battle of Midwife

The piercing wail of an infant carries down a dark and narrow ally of the Canal District in Bard's Gate. The pungent smells of burnt lotus and urine fill the air. A man lies passed out in his own vomit at the alley's entrance. He holds his forcibly removed teeth in one hand while the other clutches an empty bottle of rum close to his chest. Filth and garbage crowd the passage, and broken glass crunches with

every footfall. A woman lies upon the alley floor, clinging to life and wallowing in liquid waste. She claws at the pavement as life leaves her body. Her bawdy blood-soaked courtesan gown clings to her writhing form. A massive gash along her midriff spurts blood with every slowing heartbeat. A crone-like woman stands over the fading strumpet. She holds a wickedly curved blade in one hand. In the other, the hag grasps an umbilical cord. A mewling infant attached to the cord swings helplessly.

The wicked old lady is a **hag nymph** who wandered into the city for a night on the town. The hag is just finishing a ritual to her patron deity, Orcus. Through desecration and unimaginable pain, she conjured a **mordnaissant** to haunt the depraved city streets and collect souls for its undead lord. The hag nymph flings the undead child at any who intervene before flying off in search of other mothers-to-be. The hag nymph does not seek combat, but defends herself if cornered. The courtesan has 3 rounds left before she bleeds to death.

Hag Nymph: HD 10; HP 51; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: magic resistance (25%), enervating gaze, half damage cold and fire, spells (4/4/3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—charm person, magic missile (x2), shield; 2nd—invisibility, mirror image, phantasmal force, web; 3rd—fly, protection from normal missiles, rope trick; 4th—ice storm, plant growth; 5th—feeblemind, wall of iron.



Mummy, Asp

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: slam (2d6 plus disease), snakes (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: asp storm, fear, lethal poison, vulnerable to fire, writhing snakes

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Similar in many respects to standard mummies, asp mummies are created to guard tombs of regal kings and nobles. Some believe these creatures even have a spark of the divine mixed in with their creation and are appointed by the gods themselves to watch over their favored followers. Asp mummies are known to be favored as guardians among the followers of Chaotic serpent gods. Clutched in each powerful fist and wrapped around the creature's arms is a long black snake. Several more snakes slither in and out of its bandages and across the creature's body. Once per day, an asp mummy can summon a rain of poisonous asps (see asp swarm below). All creatures within 30 feet of an asp mummy must make saving throw or be paralyzed by fear for 1d4 rounds. Their touch also inflicts a rotting disease, which prevents magical healing and causes wounds to heal at one-tenth of the normal rate. A *cure disease* spell can increase healing rate to half normal, but a *remove curse* spell is required to completely lift the mummy's curse. The many snakes in the asp mummy deliver a deadly poison with each bite (save or die). Anyone attacking an asp mummy must make a saving throw to avoid the snakes that spring off the creature to attack. A mummy asp takes double damage from fire.

The creation of an asp mummy follows the same procedure as a standard mummy, save that many small asps are placed into the hollowed corpse along with the herbs and flowers.

Asp Mummy: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk slam (2d6 plus disease), snakes (1d6 plus poison); Move 12; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: asp storm, fear, lethal poison, vulnerable to fire, writhing snakes.

Asp Swarm

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: swarm (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: lethal poison (+2 save)

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3+1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Asps are highly poisonous, and about a foot or two in length. Their poison is lethal, but the saving throw is at a bonus of +2.

Asp Swarm: HD 5; AC 6 [13]; Atk swarm (1d6 plus poison); Move 9; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; Special: lethal poison (+2 save).

Nice Asp

Human footprints meander through this sandy desert. While mostly sand, the trail sometimes leads through a rocky outcropping. An oasis of sparkling water sits amid the sand dunes in one rocky basin. A ritual chanting methodically rises from 20 cultists of Set. These cultists wear

skimpy loincloths and are equipped with scimitars. Their weapons lie to their side as the men and women kneel around the pool in worship. The cultists (all normal human commoners) worship with devout fervor. They remain in a black lotus-induced trance until attacked or commanded to react. They are otherwise oblivious to their surroundings.

In the center of the 50-foot-diameter pool stands a pillar that breaks the water's surface. The pillars once supported the roof of a glorious temple of Set. Now, only the pillar remains above ground, serving as a shrine to Set's followers. His worshippers often make the pilgrimage to this oasis to offer sacrifices and to plead to their murderous god.

A nude woman (also a cultist of Set) sways in a snake-like dance atop the pillar. She has willingly sacrificed herself to the serpent god. When the ceremony is complete (or when it is interrupted), the water boils up as an **asp mummy** riding on a mass of snakes erupts from the pool. The asp mummy stands atop 2 **asp swarms** as they lift him up to claim the sacrifice or to deal with infidels.



Naga, Death

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (1d8), sting (2d4 plus poison), tail slap (2d4 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: atrophic breath, constrict, immune to cold, charm and sleep, magic resistance (25%), poison, spells (4/3/3/2/1), vulnerable to fire

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

A death naga is an undead snake covered in rotting or tattered scales flowing down its sinuous body from its humanoid head. A horrible stench emanates from the naga's snake body as its tattered skin is a husk containing rotted organs and entrails. Their eyes are missing, hollow voids in their female faces. A few lack flesh completely and appear as skeletal snakes with leering skull heads. Many have loose vertebrae jutting from the tips of their tails to create bone rattles.

Death nagas are what remains of other nagas slain by powerful necromantic energy. It is unknown why or how these nagas return as undead versions of their former selves. They often dominate ruins and remote regions using zombies and skeleton minions. Death nagas often ally themselves with powerful undead to cause further havoc. Death nagas cast spells as 9th-level Magic-Users. Once every 1d4 rounds, a death naga can blast opponents with a 60-ft. cone of deteriorating negative energy. The blast deals 8d6 points of negative energy (save for half damage). In addition, those within the cone lose one level (save negates). Undead in the cone gain 2d4x5 temporary hit points for 1 hour. A death naga's sting delivers a deadly poison (save or die). A target hit by the death naga's tail slap must make a saving throw or be constricted in its coils and automatically take 2d4 points of damage each round thereafter. Because of the withered, leathery skin, death nagas take double damage from magical fire.

Death Naga: HD 12; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite (1d8), sting (2d4 plus poison), tail slap (2d4 plus grab); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** atrophic breath, constrict, immune to cold, charm and sleep, magic resistance (25%), poison, spells (4/3/3/2/1), vulnerable to fire.

Spells: 1st—charm person (x2), magic missile (x2); 2nd—ESP, mirror image (x2); 3rd—hold person (x2), lightning bolt; 4th—charm monster, polymorph other; 5th—hold monster.

Credit

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Death Visits the God

The unending foliage of the Seething Jungle envelops a depth of history. Nestled in the bramble-laden valleys is a race of diminutive humans known as the Blood of Jasktha. These bronze-skinned humans stand nearly 4 feet tall. Remarkably beautiful, each of these seemingly flawless tribesmen bears a faceted diamond upon his forehead. Although archaic in nature, the Blood of Jasktha have developed remarkable metal-working skills. In the midst of their village stands a 30-foot-tall hand jutting from the jungle floor reaching toward the canopied tropical ceiling. The hand appears to be made of bronze. Upon closer inspection, portions of the bronze have peeled away to reveal thick bone beneath. It looks as if the flesh of this colossal being turned to bronze before falling to the earth. The people worship this hand as the embodiment of their silent deity, Jasktha.

At the end of the valley lies the enormous head of Jasktha, half buried in the rich, black soil. The regal skin of bronze has eroded, giving glimpses of a thick skull beneath. Despite the obvious old age of the remains, the bones beneath the bronze skin are well preserved. Draped in vines, the 60-ft.-diameter head lies slanted with mouth gaping wide. A worn path through the brush leads into the cave-like maw. A **death naga** claims the hollowed head. The naga accesses the interior through the eyes, a missing nose and the ear that faces the sky. The Blood of Jasktha view the naga's arrival as a punishment for their lack of devotion. The naga has accumulated some treasure from the local tribes.



Naga, Ha-Naga

Hit Dice: 20

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: bite (2d8), sting (1d8 plus poison), tail slap (2d4 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: charming gaze, constrict, immune to charm and sleep, magic resistance (20%), magical abilities, poison, resist cold and fire, see invisible.

Move: 18 (fly 24)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 28/6800

A typical ha-naga stretches over 20 feet and weighs more than 600 pounds. They have humanoid heads on their serpent bodies. The ha-naga is a stronger, fiercer version of the more common naga that spends its time moving from plane to plane, engaging in diplomacy, courtly intrigues and plotting, and even hunting (both for sport and for food). These creatures are known for their voracious appetites, eating anything, both alive or dead, except for others of their own kind (even in times of starvation). A target hit by the naga's tail slap must make a saving throw or be constricted in its coils and automatically take 2d4 points of damage each round thereafter. Ha-naga can always see invisible creatures. Three times per day, the ha-naga can shift itself and willing targets between the planes. Anyone meeting the ha-naga's gaze must make a saving throw or be charmed (as per the spell). The ha-naga's bite delivers a deadly poison (save or die). Ha-nagas use the following magical abilities: at will—*detect magic*, *read magic*; 5/day—*charm person*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *sleep*; 5/day—*darkness* 15-ft. radius, *ESP*, *hold person*, *obscuring mist*; 4/day—*dispel magic*, *invisibility* 10-ft. radius, *lightning bolt*; 4/day—*fear*, *monster summoning II*, *wall of fire*; 2/day—*finger of death*, *feeblemind*.

Ha-nagas lair in deep, dark caves or ruins, far away from most civilized lands. A typical ha-naga lair is a twisted maze of tunnels and chambers with multiple entry and exit points, all camouflaged and trapped with both mundane and magical traps.

Ha-nagas are generally solitary creatures but can occasionally be encountered with other nagas of evil disposition. These creatures sometimes make truces with local evil humanoids (gnolls, inphidians especially, or hobgoblins) allowing the humanoids to serve them or in some cases even worship them as gods, and exchanging gifts and treasure for knowledge, food, and other goods.

Ha-Naga: HD 20; AC 1 [18]; Atk bite (2d8), sting (1d8 plus poison), tail slap (2d4 plus grab); Move 18 (fly 24); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 28/6800; **Special:** charming gaze, constrict, immune to charm and sleep, magic resistance (20%), magical abilities, poison, resist cold and fire, see invisible.

The Fiddler's Green

A knoll sits out of place among the seemingly endless and grassy plains, a tall monument against the emerald terrain. Locals dubbed the landmark "Tower on the Green" and warn adventurers of its horrific history. The knoll is the remains of a massive fortress-like tower. The crumbled ruins lie in a massive heap around the tower base. The elements have deteriorated the clay brick and stone blocks into an almost unrecognizable heap. Sprouts of tall hag grass and scrub brush grow throughout the ruins, further disintegrating the structure. Domesticated goats prance and play over the rocky hillside.

Characters investigating the site find a man perching on a large square rock playing a fiddle and bow. The *charmed* man acts as a lookout for a **ha-naga** that dwells within the ruins. His tunes relay a secret code to the ha-naga, the clandestine messages intricately describing intruders and their locations. The rocks and shrubbery conceal a multitude of hidden tunnels that weave throughout the ruins. The ha-naga attacks from any of these hidden passages, singling out lone adventurers.

The tower once belonged to a n'gathau lord who ruled the land through pain and fear. After the fall of the n'gathau, the tower fell into centuries of ruin. Even the most foolhardy and greediest of thieves dare not explore the Tower on the Green. Rumors persist that beneath the ruins exists a vast dungeon complex ruled by a n'gathau lich patiently awaiting someone to restore it to power.



Narwhal

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: gore (2d6) or slam (1d8)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: ghost form, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities

Move: 0 (swim 18)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2 plus 1d6+6 noncombatant young

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

A narwhal (sometimes called a ghost whale or sea unicorn) is a large bluish-white whale with white blotches on its skin. A horn, as long as a man grows from its head. Mistakenly, many who encounter a narwhal believe it to have a horn growing from its head. The horn is actually a single tooth that grows straight from the creature's mouth and can reach lengths of 10 feet or more. Narwhals typically average 10 to 12 feet in length, though they can grow to a length of 15 feet. A typical narwhal weighs up to 1-1/2 tons. At will, a narwhal can cast *detect evil* and *cure light wounds*. Three times per day it can cast *bless* and *prayer*. Once per day, a narwhal can assume an ethereal form.

Narwhal: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk gore (2d6) or slam (1d8); Move 0 (swim 18); Save 12; AL L; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** ghost form, magic resistance (15%), magical abilities.

Listing of the Soiled Maiden

A floundering small galleon named the *Soiled Maiden* lists violently to one side. Panicked sailors bellow and attack an unseen foe hidden under the surface of the water. A few sailors who escape into the water quickly disappear in a violent cloud of spurting blood. The *Soiled Maiden* appears to carry jars of vinegar, olive oil and apricots. Hidden in the jars are smaller vessels of black lotus extract and counterfeit gold coins. The smugglers pose as legitimate sailors. The ship has about 30 minutes before it sinks beyond salvage.

The horrific crunching of splintering timber rises from a school of **10 swordtooth sharks** attacking the bottom of the boat. The sharks ram and tear at the boat, attempting to dislodge the stubborn sailors. Half of the sharks quickly turn and attack rescuers. The remaining sharks attack any living creatures entering the water. Luckily, a small pod of **3 narwhals** hears the combat and arrives to help. Unfortunately for the smugglers, the narwhals detect the immorality of the smugglers and attack them as well.



Necro-Phantom

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 claws (2d6 plus save or lose 1 hp permanently), bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: grave touch, silver or magic weapons to hit

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

A necro-phantom is a rotting corpse dressed in dirty and torn clothing. Its hair is unkempt, its nails long and filthy. Its eyes show no semblance of life but glow with an eerie pale green light. Necro-phantoms are found haunting cemeteries, temples, mausoleums, and any other place necromantic magic is or was once prevalent. Often more than one necro-phantom is encountered; some strange effect of the magic that created them seems to draw these creatures to one another. The claws of a necro-phantom deal 2d6 points of damage with a successful hit and require a saving throw. If a victim rolls a natural 1 on their saving throw, 1 HP is lost permanently. With each successful hit, a necro-phantom gains 5 hit points. Necro-phantoms can sense magic, and will attack magic-users and clerics in preference to other targets.

Necro-Phantom: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (2d6 plus special save or lose 1 hp permanently), bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** grave touch, silver or magic weapons to hit.

Play Misty for Me

A lonely cemetery sits just off the overgrown road. The trunks of ancient trees overturn portions of the low, crumbling wall. An ornamental and rusted iron gate hangs ajar. Similar names carved on the crude stones appear to tie the deceased to one large extended family spanning several lifetimes. The interior of the small 150-foot-square burial ground is filled with a purplish mist that clings to the walls, trees, weeds and stones.

A woman, or at least part of a woman, floats near a large cracked monument. She holds a white, bone staff tipped with a faintly glowing amethyst above her head. Her face contorts in pain as her faint voice trails off as if carried away by the wind before leaving her mouth. Her waist and legs dissolve into the purplish mists that envelop the gravesite. Ever so slowly, the mists work their way up her torso, eating away at the very fabric of her existence. The bodies of a dozen town militia surround her, all of them looking as if they dropped dead as they advanced on her position.

The neighboring town militia tracked this witch to the cemetery to bring her to trial for sorcery. The witch cast a *death spell* to slay the men, but her spell failed due to the accursed cemetery. While the witch in her current disintegrating state poses no threat to any living creature, the corpses around her do. Of the 12 men, half transformed into **6 necro-phantoms** that feed off the necromantic energy and the witch's slow, agonizing death. The remaining portion of the witch harmlessly explodes in billowing clouds of mist if disturbed. This angers the necro-phantoms, which react violently to the witch's hastened death. Her *skeletal staff* falls to the ground when her form dissipates.



Skeletal Staff

The *skeletal staff* creates a skeleton from any humanoid corpse once per day. If used on a fresh corpse (dead less than 24 hours), the skeleton inside rips and tears away the flesh to free itself in 1d4 rounds before it can take any action. While the staff's wielder has complete control over the animated undead, only one skeleton can be animated at a time. The staff may be used by either the Cleric or Magic-User classes.

Neomimic

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d8 plus adhesive)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: amorphous, immune to acid

Move: 12

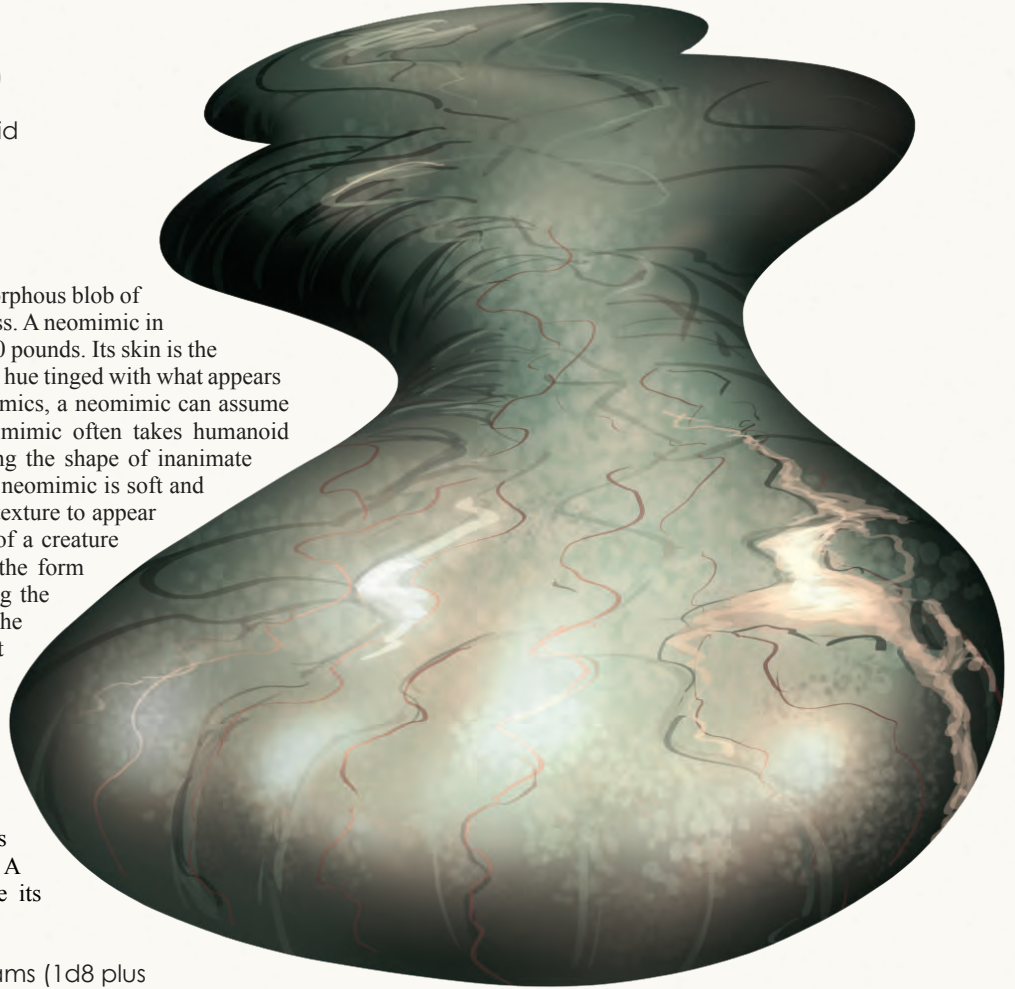
Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

In its natural state, a neomimic is an amorphous blob of fleshy substance approximately 5 feet across. A neomimic in its natural form is 6 feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. Its skin is the color of dead tissue, a sickening gray-green hue tinged with what appears to be healthy human skin. Like normal mimics, a neomimic can assume nearly any shape it can conceive. A neomimic often takes humanoid form, however, and rarely resorts to taking the shape of inanimate objects. Unlike its lesser kin, the skin of a neomimic is soft and fleshy, and it cannot substantially alter its texture to appear as wood or stone. When taking the form of a creature of any kind, a neomimic cannot assume the form of a specific individual. Anyone examining the neomimic has a 1 in 6 chance of spotting the ruse. A neomimic exudes a thick slime that acts as a powerful adhesive. Any single target struck by a neomimic's 2 slam attacks is held by the adhesive and takes automatic slam attack damage each round until freed. Strong alcohol dissolves the adhesive. A neomimic can dissolve its adhesive at will, and the substance breaks down 5 rounds after the creature dies. A neomimic is amorphous and can squeeze its body through small openings.

Neomimic: HD 7; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 slams (1d8 plus adhesive); Move 12; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** amorphous, immune to acid.



Orcish Shades of Grey

Bodies of orcs and humans line the road as it winds around the side of a steep hill. The orc bodies bear fatal burns caused by powerful magic. Many of the orcs lie scattered around a smoking crater. The humans appear to have died from weapons while a few look as if their flesh was torn off by massive blunt force. A ruined wagon that once held traveling supplies sits ransacked and looted. A second wagon in usable condition holds a gnarled tree stump. The tree stump is anointed in fragrant oils and laden with garlands of fresh flowers. On the ground before the wagons are six dead oxen, their blood drained from jagged wounds sliced across their necks.

These pilgrims met their demise at the hands of orc bandits led by a **neomimic**. The druidic pilgrims were transporting a sacred tree stump to the Grove of the Seventh Mystery. The tree stump is quite heavy, and rescuers would be handsomely rewarded for its safe delivery. The neomimic lies disguised as a slain orc, although those with a discerning eye notice that this particular orc's has a pallid, gray skin. It appears to have died days before those around it. The neomimic attacks anyone searching his body. The neomimic buried the riches of the orcs and pilgrims in a shallow hole 50 feet from the road. A pile of rocks marks the location. The stash holds several bags containing 435 sp, 237 gp, and a map to the Grove of the Seventh Mystery.

Niserie

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: magic resistance (20%), spell-like abilities, spells (2/2/2/1/1), water form

Move: 12 (swim 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Niserie (also called undine or true undine) are playful and mischievous fey. On occasion they are malicious, taking great pleasure in luring sailors to their watery graves. Also known as sea nymphs, niserie prefer trickery to combat and flee if presented with overwhelming odds. Niserie stand from 5 to 6 feet tall and weigh around 130 pounds. They are always female. While most niserie have golden hair, the rare niserie has seaweed green hair with moss green eyes. At will, a niserie can cast control water, obscuring mist and water breathing. Niserie can also cast spells as a 7th-level Cleric. Niserie can turn into a moving pool of water. While in her water form, a niserie is *slowed* by cold-based attacks for 1d6 rounds.

Niserie: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk dagger (1d4); Move 12 (swim 15); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** magic resistance (20%), spell-like abilities, spells (2/2/2/1/1), water form.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person* (x2); 3rd—*locate object*, *prayer*; 4th—*sticks to snakes*; 5th—*insect plague*.

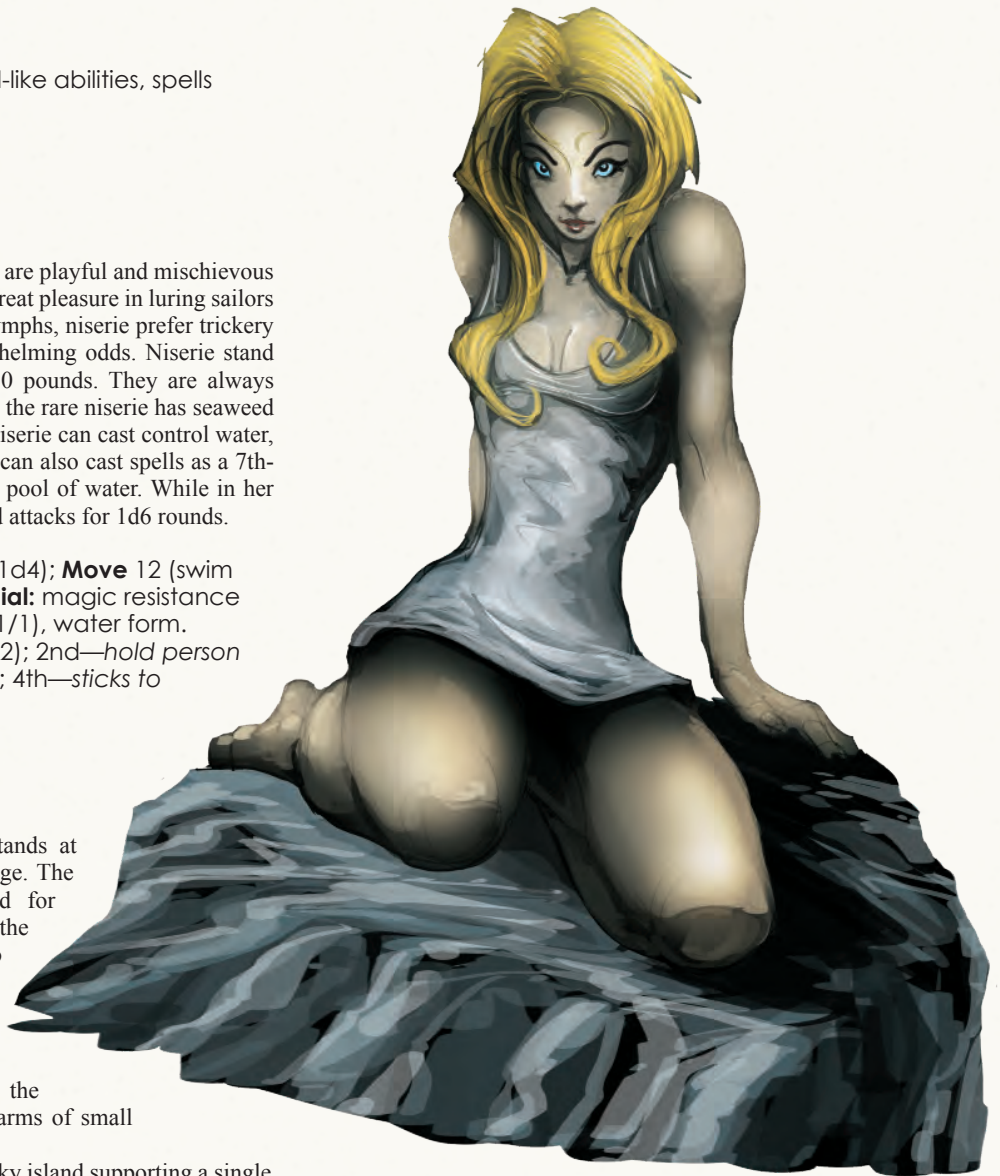
The Dying Lake

A vast lake of soupy mud and algae stands at the edge of the Hollow Spire Mountain range. The crystalline, spring-fed lake once stretched for miles into the ravines and valleys between the mountains. The current quagmire proves to be nearly impassable. Creatures foolish enough to attempt its crossing quickly find themselves stuck or sinking in the muddy abyss. Dead and decaying deer, coyotes, bison and other animals remain stuck near the thick shoreline. Flocks of buzzards and swarms of small scavengers greedily devour the carcasses.

Near the mud lake's center protrudes a rocky island supporting a single twisted pine tree. The tree is more than 150 feet tall and can be seen from every side of the lake. The wreckage of numerous boats juts from the lakebed near the island. A body of water pools near the southern base of the island and seems unfazed by the drought. The golden glimmer of a niserie's transparent robe reflects in the sunlight as she tries to catch the attention of adventurers.

A cunning Magic-User named Ablorix lusted after the niserie. When she refused his advances and proposals, he reacted with vengeful magic. Ablorix made it his mission to punish the niserie for her insolence. The Magic-User diverted the mountain stream that fed the lake (via strategically placed *move earth* and *walls of stone* spells). What little water remained was drained by a conjured **water elemental** that prevents the niserie from escaping the island. The niserie rewards rescuers with a clamshell necklace that provides *water breathing* to the wearer. Those who refill the lake earn her promises of a life debt. She assists rescuers as long as they remain near the lakes, streams or rivers.

Water Elemental (12HD): HD 12; HP 60; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d6); Move 6 (swim 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** overturn boats.



Nithu

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 4 tentacles (1d8 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: constrict, disease, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and fire, stench

Move: 0 (fly 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

A nithu is a semi-translucent and ever-shifting mass of protoplasm floating a few feet above the ground. Four long and sinewy tentacles writhe and sway from its form. It has no other discernible features. A single target hit by 2 nithu tentacles is grabbed and takes automatic tentacle damage each round thereafter. The held creature must

make a saving throw to fight the disease coating the creature's tentacles. If the save fails, the victim goes blind and must make another saving throw a day later or be permanently blinded. A sickening stench surrounds a nithu. Any creature within 10 ft. must make a saving throw or be sickened (–1 to attacks and saves).

Nithu: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 tentacles (1d8 plus grab);

Move 0 (fly 15); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** constrict, disease, +1 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and fire, stench.

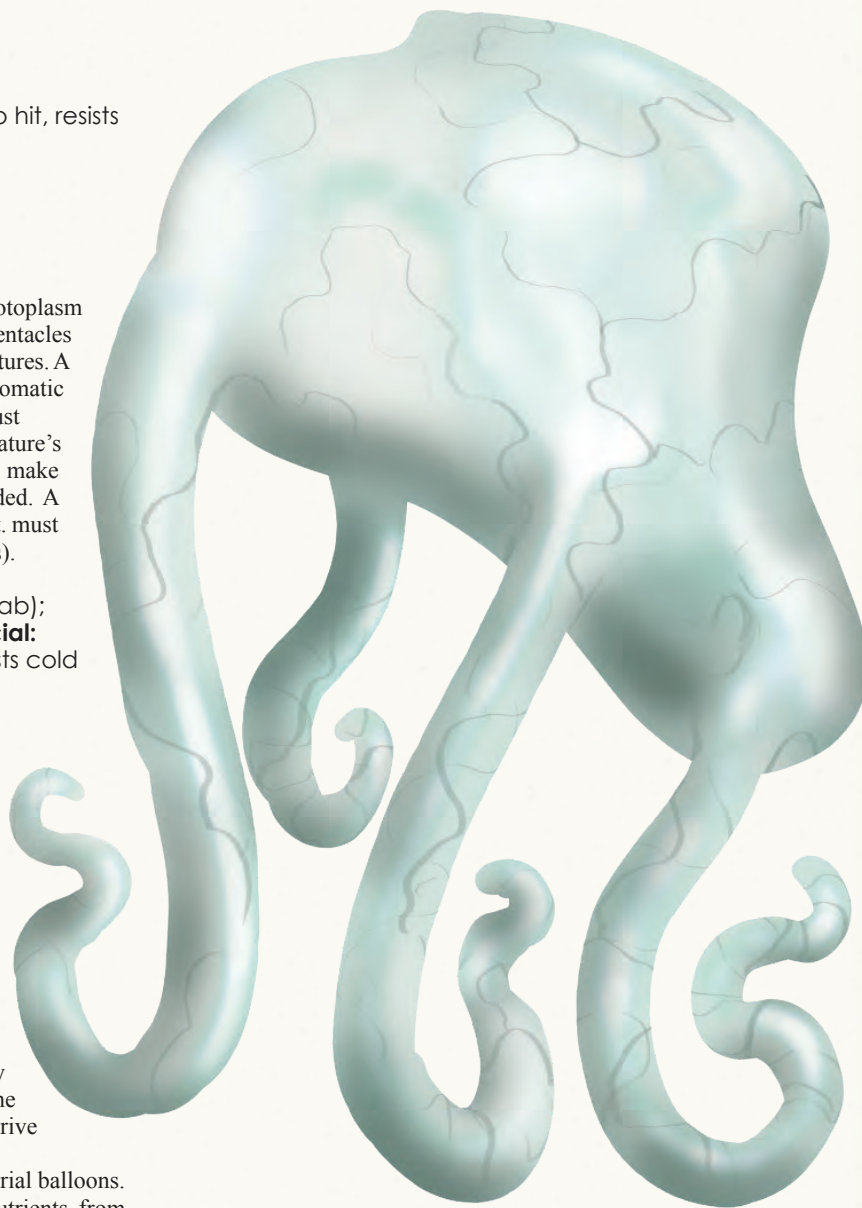
The Sunken Swamp

This low-ceiling cavern stretches off into unknown recesses. Shallow water, thick with clinging algae, fills the sludge-filled pockmarked floor. While the depth varies, none of the depressions are deeper than 4 feet. The width of this cavernous room is nearly impossible to tell, and numerous water filled passages branch away. Thick natural columns appear to hold up the oppressive ceiling. Condensation collects along the ceiling, then falls into the water below. The rain creates a symphony of drips and plops throughout the echoing chamber. The intense humidity of the chamber creates a constant mist that creeps along the subterranean swamp floor. Fungus of every shape and size thrive along the dryer walls and islands in the rooms.

Large glowing fungi float about the room like extraterrestrial balloons. The gas-filled fungi drag long tentacles to collect rich nutrients from the stagnant water. Dispersed among the terrestrial mushrooms are 3 shriekers and 2 violet fungi. With a little probing and searching, remains of countless subterranean creatures and humanoids can be found buried in the muck. Among the floating (and harmless) illuminated gas pods hides a nithu. This ancient creature hunts everything that enters its domain. The local inhabitants stay well clear of this chamber.

Shrieker (3): HD 3; HP 10, 22, 16; AC 7[12]; Atk none; **Move** 1; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** shriek.

Violet Fungus (2): HD 3; HP 12, 17; AC 7[12]; Atk 4 tendrils (rot); **Move** 1; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** tendrils cause rot.



Noble Steed

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 hooves (1d6), bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: fly

Move: 28 (fly 28)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

This horse has a sturdy body and long, powerful legs. It has an extremely long tail, nearly reaching the ground. Its mane is also unusually long and flows back from its head and neck in long, graceful locks. The huge hooves of the animal let loose a small shower of sparks as it runs. Noble steeds are highly prized as mounts. They are about the same size as warhorses, but have leaner musculature. A noble steed's ability to fly is magical in nature, and becomes ineffective in an *anti-magic field*.

Noble Steed: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 hooves (1d6), bite (1d4); Move 28 (fly 28); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; Special: fly.

Bronco Ollie

Screams of a terror followed by horrendous bird-like screeches blare overheard. From above, two magnificent black horses gallop across the sky. Their golden manes and tails whip wildly in the wind as they move at incredible speeds, showers of sparks falling from their hooves. The 2 noble steeds erratically pull an ornate and battered sled in great looping circles. Two giant fixed wings made of wood and feathers are attached the sled's sides. The wings seem to hold the sled mostly upright, but obviously provide an immense burden to the magical flying horses.

A perplexed halfling named **Ollie Nematoad** clings to the reins. An elastic cord ties him to the sled. The halfling bounces helplessly around the sled as he attempts with all his might to control the beasts. Each time the halfling falls out of the sled, the stretchy safety belt forcefully pulls him back in with an audible thump. Ollie invented the flying carriage that he plans to market to the wealthy.

On his first test run, 2 griffons set their sights (and stomachs) on the noble steeds. The noble steeds are exhausted and crash land the sled violently near adventurers. The griffons soon follow the carriage and horses to the ground, intent on the tantalizing meal. If Ollie and the noble steeds are rescued (the griffons care not for halfling meat), he gives the noble steeds to the rescuers. These two adult noble steeds (mated pair) were wild caught and cannot be trained. The steeds may produce offspring, which experienced handlers can train as mounts in about 2 years.

Griffon (2): HD 7; HP 41, 37; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); Move 12 (fly 27); Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: flight.



Ommoth

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 4 claws (1d6 plus grab), 2 stings (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: constrict, darkvision 60 ft., poison

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

An ommoth is a 12-foot-long giant scorpion with four large claws, two long tails that each end in a wicked stinger, and a carapace of reddish-brown or black. It has one set of eyes on the front of its head and two other pairs just behind those on the sides of its head. The creature has two sets of serrated mandibles that help in rending its food. Its forelegs are slightly longer and thinner than its others legs and it uses these to detect prey and explore its surroundings. Some species have white or tan markings on their undersides or white bands on their forelegs.

An ommoth is highly aggressive and attacks any creature that wanders into its territory. If cornered or threatened, it responds by rearing its claws and poising its tail overhead. Creatures that continue to harass the ommoth are met with a series of tail stings and claw attacks. An ommoth flees if confronted by a superior opponent, but if the nest is threatened, it fights to the death. If an ommoth hits a single opponent with 2 claw attacks, it grabs the victim and inflicts 2d6 points of damage automatically each round. The dual stings of an ommoth deliver a deadly poison (save or die).

Ommoth are diurnal hunters that dine on giant insects and rodents; and the occasional adventurer that wanders too close to their nest. Hunting bands consist of both male and female ommoth with the strongest male being the leader of the pack. Favored prey of an ommoth includes large game, humanoids, and the occasional giant scorpion. Prey is always killed and carried back to the lair to be devoured or fed to the young. Young ommoth remain in the lair for three to six months generally, before dispersing into the world. A typical ommoth can live up to 30 years.

An ommoth lair is an underground burrow, either of their devising or an existing and abandoned burrow created by some other burrowing creatures. An existing burrow is often reconfigured to consist of a single long passageway that empties into a large main chamber. Here in the main chamber is the ommoth's nest. Any other passageways and chambers are sealed off by the ommoth with dirt, rocks, debris, and anything else it can find.

Ommoth: HD 7; AC 5 [14]; Atk 4 claws (1d6 plus grab), 2 stings (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** constrict, darkvision 60 ft., poison.

Paying the Toll

A starving and emaciated Magic-User, barely 70 pounds soaking wet, sits in an elaborate three-room wooden tree house alongside the Weslen Pass. The stick-figure of a man speaks with a soft, whispering voice as passers-by approach his tree: "Two gold to use the road. Put it in the basket." A wicker basket on a rope and pulley drops down from the tree branches. No other ropes, ladders or stairs allow access to the toll collector. The hag Immala Dokes cursed the wizard Barnabix Huld to sit in the tree until he collects the 2,689 gp that his thieving companions stole from the witch—and then she plans to feast on his bones, although she's not revealed that part of the plan to him yet.

If the toll is refused—or worse yet, the travelers pass without paying—the curse compels the poor wizard to blow a series of whistles to summon the hag's pets: **4 ommoth** that scuttle through the trees. The reddish-brown scorpions converge from all directions, surrounding characters in a ring of deadly tail stingers and snapping claws.

If freed, Barnabix thanks his rescuers and begs them to deal with the hag.



Ooze, Ebon

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: slam (2d6 plus 2d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: acid, immune to acid and disease

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

This is a jet-black, loathsome mass in a roughly spherical shape that slithers forward with a wet slurping sound. The ebon ooze is a cousin of the black pudding with an affinity for negative energy, and tends to dwell in locations near undead and evil priests. Unlike most oozes, an ebon ooze is intelligent, and takes great pleasure in stalking and devouring living creatures. Although it is not harmed by sunlight, the ebon ooze finds it painful, and usually takes shelter in a dark, shady location if outdoors during the day. An ebon ooze is covered in disease, which it delivers onto its foes with each strike. Anyone hit by the ooze begins turning into an ooze over 1d6+1 days (save avoids). An acidic layer on the ooze delivers an additional 2d6 points of damage with each strike.

Ebon Ooze: HD 8; AC 6 [13]; Atk slam (2d6 plus 2d6 acid); Move 9; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: acid, immune to acid and disease.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded*
(© Necromancer Games, 2006)

Pudding Pops

Marble tiles in this 100-foot-diameter circular chamber reflect the round globes of planets moving slowly about the domed ceiling painted to resemble the night sky. A dozen orbs orbit freely across the expanse. The dark orbs are cold to the touch, and can be pushed into new orbits. If this happens, the rest of the spheres shudder and shake as their orbits realign. Within minutes, the orbs all move in different paths. No spheres ever touch in the intricate aerial ballet.

A wall niche behind a low railing contains a silver crown inset with six black diamonds (2,000 gp) resting on red velvet cushions. Inset bas-relief carvings of knights ring the chamber, and 12 columns around the walls are sculpted to resemble maidens staring covetously at the crown. The crown is the Tiara of the Night Sky. King Elshael gave the magnificent crown to his only daughter. The wearer can call down darkness, but doing so comes with a price the king didn't realize. The crown taps into a demon's will, and has a 1% chance of summoning a demon lord to it with each use. The good daughter fell victim to this curse, and now serves as a queen of hell. King Elshael threw himself from the castle turrets upon learning of his daughter's fate.

His loyal advisers brought the crown here and placed guardians to see that it never leaves. If the crown is removed from the velvet pillow, 6 ebon oozes drop heavily to the floor. Royal Magic-Users flash-froze the oozes 150 years ago and placed them among the planets hovering above the chamber. The angry oozes immediately attack anyone in the room.



Ooze, Spawn of Jubilex

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3[16]

Attacks: great axe (1d12 plus 1d6 acid) or 2 slams (1d6 plus 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: death throes, immune to acid, magic resistance (15%), regenerate 1 hp/round, resists fire

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

This humanoid creature wears chain mail and wields a gleaming greataxe. Its entire form drips with viscous black slime. Spawn of Jubilex were once human creatures corrupted by foul and dark rituals at the hands of Jubilex the Faceless Lord. Spawn are not mindless, but do not retain much of their former lives. Fleeting memories perhaps, but nothing else seems to remain. These creatures are hateful and attack anything they encounter.

Spawn look as they did in their former lives, save they are covered in a thick, black slime that constantly weeps from their bodies. This acidic ooze causes an additional 1d6 points of damage with each attack. This acid does not harm metal or stone. When a spawn of Jubilex is slain, it melts into a pool of caustic acid that quickly covers a 10-ft.-by-10-ft. area. Creatures within take 2d6 points of damage each round they remain in the area (save for half). Spawn of Jubilex are immune to acid and take half damage from fire. Spawn of Jubilex regenerate 1 hit point per round.

Spawn of Jubilex Ooze: HD 7; AC 3[16]; Atk great axe (1d12 plus 1d6 acid) or 2 slams (1d6 plus 1d6 acid); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** death throes, immune to acid, magic resistance (15%), regenerate 1 hp/round, resists fire.

Equipment: chain mail, greataxe.



Acid Wash

The corpse of a dragon fills this cavern in the Hollow Spire Mountains. It's nearly impossible to tell the dragon's original color, however, as its outer scales are melted into a sludge that pools about its liquefying form. Brittle bones jut from skin that runs like melting tallow. Its skull is exposed and broken, exposing a bubbling cauldron of putrefied meat and congealed blood. A ring of black stones around the corpse contains flesh running off the monstrous beast. The pool of blood, fat and bubbling acid surrounding the corpse is nearly a foot deep. Sitting near the corpse is a large stone vat filled with bubbling green acid. Wisps of vapor rise off the surface of the liquid.

The dragon's corpse is the latest experiment of the demon lord Jubilex the Faceless to create more—and bigger—spawn to do his bidding. Washing down the dragon's corpse with acid are 6 spawn of Jubilex. The spawn are currently working inside the dragon's form, pouring acid over the beast's internal structures to liquefy them. The spawn burst from the dragon's flanks if the party disturbs the body. The pool surrounding the dragon is filled with weak acid pools that deal 1d4 points of damage each round to anyone standing in the gory mess. The spawn move through the pool without taking damage.

Oozeanderthal

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4 plus toxic ooze)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: cannot be turned, darkvision 60 ft., immune to electricity, toxic ooze

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Oozeanderthals are humanoid host beings that have been magically altered in a terrifying fashion. These host creatures are coated in a highly toxic slimy substance about an inch thick, a product of ancient and forgotten magic. The bones of their forearms have been magically grown outward from the skin, and drastically elongated, with the fingers extending out into foot-long, semi-crystallized claws. Anyone struck by an oozeanderthal falls twitching to the ground for 1d6 rounds due to muscle spasms caused by the toxic sludge covering the creature's body (save avoids). The non-conductive ooze makes the creature immune to electricity.

Oozeanderthal: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 plus toxic ooze); Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** cannot be turned, darkvision 60 ft., immune to electricity, toxic ooze.

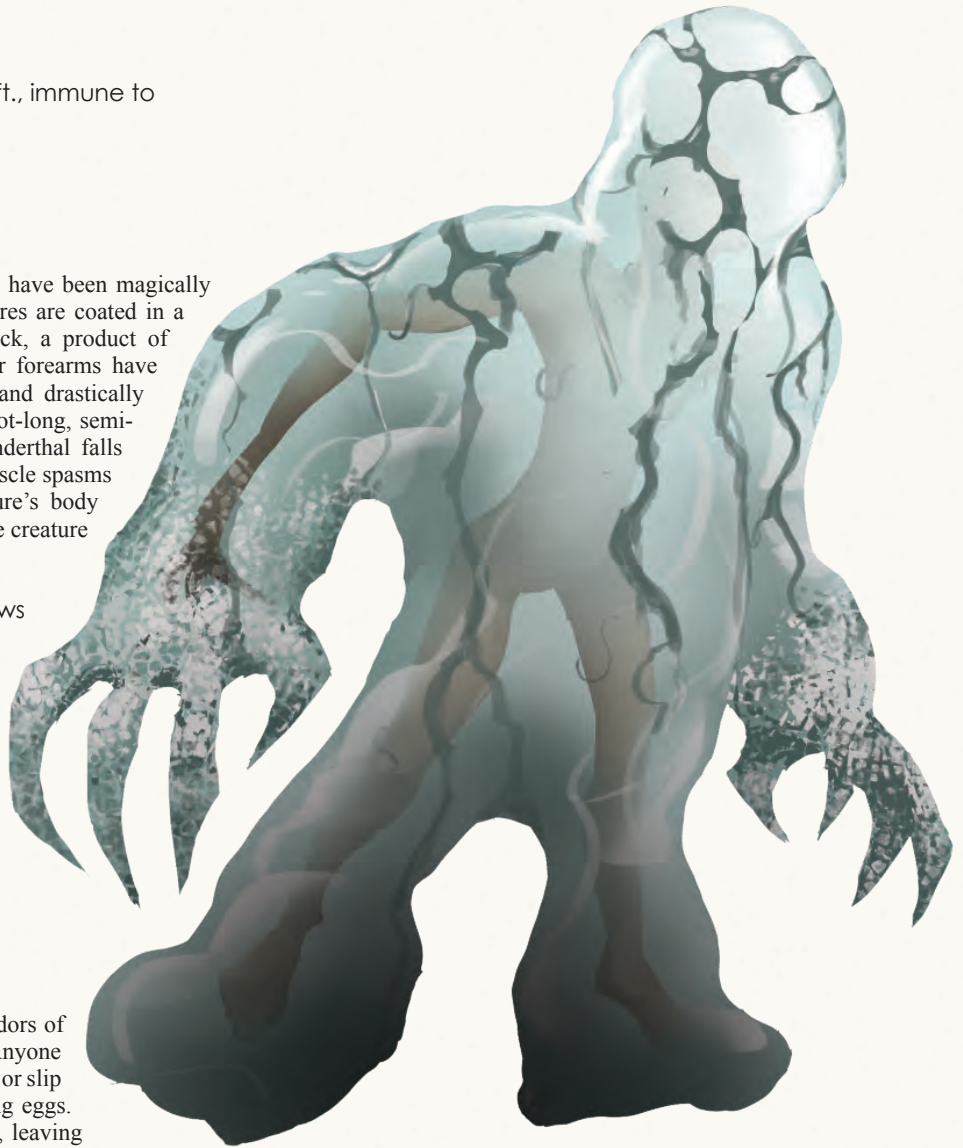
Credit

Original author Matthew J. Finch
Originally appearing in *The Spire of Iron and Crystal* (© Frog God Games/ Matthew J. Finch, 2011)

The Slime Master

Thick trails of slime lead down the stone corridors of Castle Nerite. The floor is slick with the goop. Anyone moving faster than half their Movement must save or slip and fall in the stuff that smells vaguely of rotting eggs. Hundreds of slugs and snails crawl up the walls, leaving slime trails on the hanging tapestries and portraits of the last of the Nerite kings. The snails and slugs are normal creatures drawn out of the stone by the slime covering the halls.

The slime trail was laid down by the undead servants of an **aboleth** who raised the creatures and infused each with a bit of his slime to turn them into **12 oozeanderthals**. The aboleth and his horde ransacked the castle from the bugbear squatters inhabiting it, and quickly turned it into a new home. The aboleth resides in the dungeons where the oozeanderthals broke through the walls to open a passage to the underground tunnels beneath the land. The aboleth can come and go as it pleases, but prefers to stay in the dank dungeon to "receive" visitors that the oozeanderthals bring it.



Peg Powler

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: immune to charm and sleep, rend

Move: 12 (swim 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

A peg powler is as an emaciated crone with sickly green skin wearing tattered rags. Her hair, wild and unkempt, is usually brown or black. Her eyes are gray and appear almost pupiless. A typical peg powler stands roughly 6 feet tall and weighs 140 pounds. The crone is believed to be distantly related to the various hags (particularly sea hags). The creature makes its home on the bottom of rivers and lakes, but spends most of its time near the shore where it attempts to lure fishermen, children, and sometimes even animals to their watery graves. Though it can sustain itself on a diet of seaweed, kelp, and various underwater plants, the peg powler prefers the taste of flesh and blood. Peg powlers are immune to sleep and charm. If the creature hits a single opponent with both of its claws, it grabs the foe and rends his flesh for 2d6 points of additional damage.

Peg Powler: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus grab);

Move 12 (swim 15); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** immune to charm and sleep, rend.

Ferry Meat

Crossing the Stoneheart Mountain River by avoiding Bard's Gate or the challenges of the Old Stone Bridge is not an easy task. For most smugglers hoping to avoid detection, there is only one way to cross in the region: The Jousting Ferries. These large twin ferries share the same tether line. The ferries travel in opposite directions as the ropes are pulled through massive pulley systems on opposing sides of the river. Each ferry holds up to six horses and a dozen men. The ferry ride takes about 15 minutes due to the current, and pulling the hefty ropes is strenuous work. It is customary for passengers on opposing ferries to engage in roughhousing against those on the other barge. While the "jousting" rarely results in fatalities, some groups tend to take the insults too far. Typical customers throw darts, buckets of chum, manure, horseshoes and even bottles of skunk musk. Some groups (local farmhands and teenagers) carry poles to attempt to knock opponents into the water.

The current proprietors of the south ferry are Pebble and Cletus Duk (**Dwarf Ftr6** and **Ftr4**; Str 16). The dimwitted dwarves charge a single gold per rider, two for each horse and 25 gp for elves. Dwarves ride free. The dwarves enjoy their profitable business and love to harass the opposing riders. Unfortunately, the north ferry operators were recently eaten by a group of **6 peg powlers**. The crones patiently wait on the opposite side of the ferry to be pulled across. Once the ferries are adjacent to one another, they leap onto the opposite flat barge to attack. The peg powlers keep themselves cloaked as they are pulled closer.



Pestilential Cadaver

Hit Dice: 8 (40 HP)

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d8 plus sickness)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: disease aura, healing, immune to most magic, +1 or greater weapons to hit, sickness

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

This creature appears to be an animated corpse composed of mismatched body parts, crudely stitched together. Maggots and worms writhe from its rotting form. The pestilential cadaver is literally a walking disease, a construct formed from the bodies of those who died of plague and fever. It seeks to spread contagion. It rots constantly, losing flesh to decomposition, but gaining material from those it slays. A pestilential cadaver exudes a putrid aura in a 30-ft. radius around itself. Creatures entering or caught in the area must make a saving throw or contract a deadly, fast-spreading disease (–2 penalty to attacks and saves, 2d4 points of bleeding damage per round until *cure disease* is applied). A pestilential cadaver heals 1d4 points of damage when it is within 30 ft. of a fresh corpse (killed within the last 24 hours).

A pestilential cadaver is immune to most spells.

A magical attack that deals fire damage dazes a pestilential cadaver for 3 rounds (no save).

A magical attack that inflicts disease heals the cadaver of 1d6 hit points per level of the spellcaster (maximum 4d6). A *cure disease* spell does 3d6 points of damage (save for half).

Any living creature hit by a pestilential cadaver becomes sickened for 2d6 rounds (save resists).

Pestilential Cadaver: HD 8; HP 40;

AC 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d8 plus

sickness); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL**

N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:**

disease aura, healing, immune to most magic, +1 or greater weapons to hit, sickness.

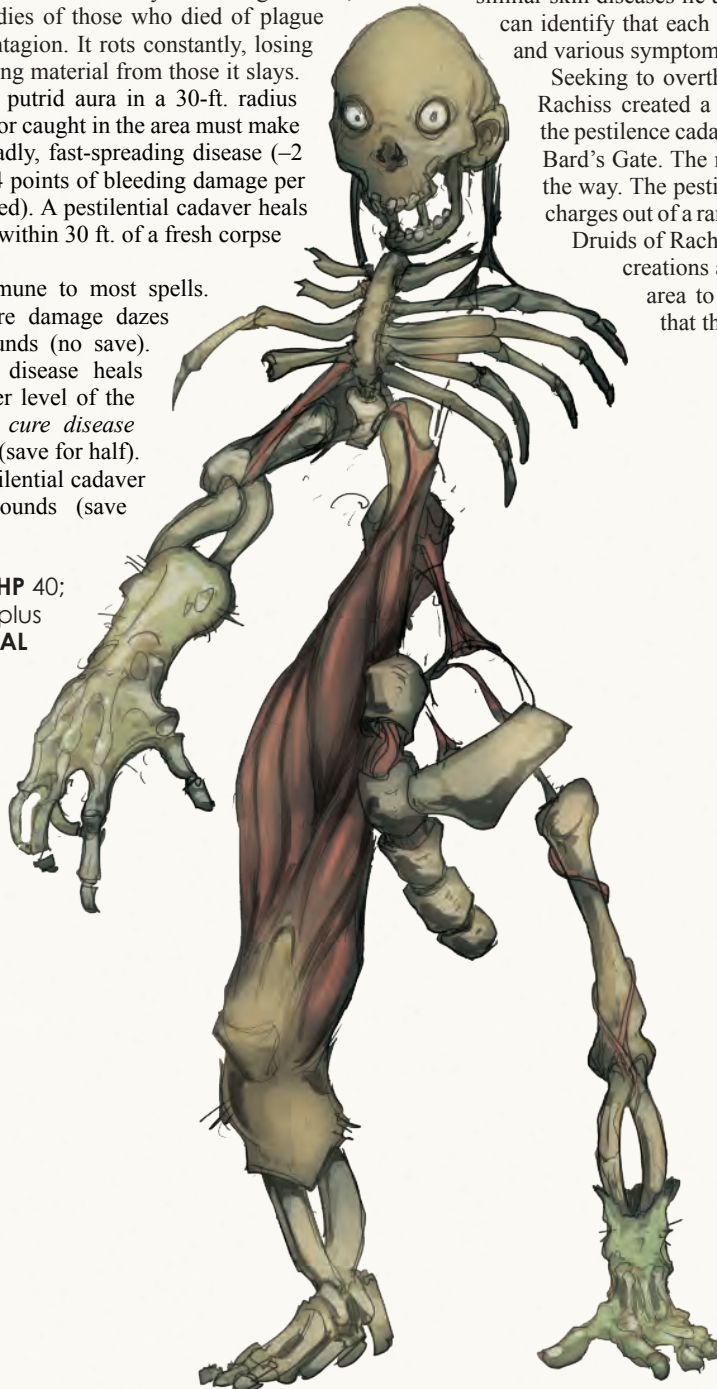
Mine Crafted

Mineshafts break the surface on a rocky hillside. An intricate cart and track system travels between the shafts and disappears into the darkness of each tunnel. The mine cart tracks wind down the side of the hill to the road so cargo can be unloaded. Ingots of iron and copper refuse indicate that these mines produce an abundance of iron and copper ore.

Slowly, a cart jars loose and travels uncontrollably down the tracks toward the road. Narrowly avoiding derailment, the cart eventually slows to a stop at the main road. A dwarf with flaking skin and pus-laden boils clings to the inside of the cart. With his last gasps he warns rescuers of the “death man” in the mine. Dwarf and human bodies of miners bearing similar skin diseases lie around the mine entrance. A skilled healer can identify that each miner bears deep bruising, crushed bones and various symptoms of deadly diseases.

Seeking to overthrow civilization, the extremist Druids of Rachiss created a **pestilence cadaver**. The druids released the pestilence cadaver with instructions to travel to the city of Bard’s Gate. The mines were just an unfortunate stop along the way. The pestilence cadaver has slain all the miners and charges out of a random tunnel to meet its next opponent. The

Druids of Rachiss plan to create more of these disgusting creations and release them upon communities in the area to drive back the ever-invasive civilization that they hate so much.



Petrified Horror

Hit Dice: 18

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 slams (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: bloodstorm, frightful presence, +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 21/4700

A petrified horror is a construct created from the petrified remains of much larger creatures. It is as if someone carved a human-sized sculpture from the still-living flesh, bone and muscle of a much-larger creature, and then somehow gave that figure life. In statue form, a typical specimen stands 5 to 8 feet tall and, being composed of solid stone, weighs anywhere from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. When it transforms to flesh, the construct transforms weighs 300 to 500 pounds. A petrified horror moves with a discernible squishing noise and leaves a trail of blood and ichor wherever it goes. Any creatures seeing a petrified horror transform must make a saving throw or be consumed with fear (as per the spell).

Three times per day, a petrified horror can create a whirlwind of blood in a column 25 ft. in diameter and 40 ft. high around it. The bloodstorm lasts for 12 rounds and blinds creatures within it (save avoids). Blinded creatures suffer a -2 penalty to attacks. The swirling blood is slightly acidic and does 1d4 points of damage per round. The petrified horror is immune to the acidic blood. The bloodstorm moves with the creature when it advances.

Petrified Horror: HD 18; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (2d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 21/4700; **Special:** bloodstorm, frightful presence, +1 or better weapon to hit.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Basilisk Gardens

The famed Basilisk Gardens lies nestled just inside the Kajaani Forrest. The ancient and unkempt gardens once were a huge tourist attraction. No one knows who (or what) started the gardens, but they remain a place of historical importance. Beautiful flowering fauna fill the chaotic garden. Without a caretaker, the garden is now a tangled mess of creepers and invasive greenery. Petrified humanoids and creatures populate the garden. All manner of stone creatures can be found peering from behind cloaks of plant life. For reasons unknown, victims of petrification were brought here from far and away. The statues resist *stone to flesh* or other magics unless removed from the premises.

The garden stretches for about a mile in diameter. While the garden has no definite boundaries, it does seem to be centered on a three-foot-diameter disembodied eye. The white marble eye has a lens composed of faceted quartz. The eye floats above a stone dais and slowly spins in place. The eye has no powers other than to prevent *flesh to stone* spells within a half-mile radius. The eye resists spells and cannot be moved by mortal means.

To the north of the eye stands a delicate statue of a scantily clad sylph. With her wings spread, the statue solidly balances on its toes as if about the land. Her flowing hair cascades down to touch the ground just behind her lithe form. A slight, knowing smile crosses her lips and the stone eyes seem to hint at anticipation. No plants grow over this statue. The sylph statue is the statue form of a **petrified horror**. Any attempt to harm or move the eye releases the guardian beast. The petrified horror does not attack the eye or the other statues, but does pursue fleeing opponents to the ends of the garden. Once threats are taken care of, the petrified horror returns to take its place in the garden.



Pig-Men

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 weapons (1d8)

Saving Throw: 10

Special: none

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Number Encountered: 2d8

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Pig-men are ogre-sized humanoids with pig-like features, including small ripping-tusks that protrude from their mouths.

The pig-men are created by the sorceress, Circe, on the Isle of the Phoenix, in the Land of the Dead. There she uses her powers to transmute travelers that are unfortunate enough to cross her path. Once transmuted, the pig-men grow enthralled by Circe, and serve her without question. Pig-men may also be found in the material planes, where they form tribes or join the armies of powerful Chaos-lords. They often operate as slavers or pirates.

Pig-men: HD 6; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 weapons (1d8); Move 12; Save 10; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** none.

Credit

Original author William Loran Christensen adapted to *Swords & Wizardry* by Matt Finch
Originally appearing in *Fane of the Fallen* (© Frog God Games/ William Loran Christensen, 2010) as "boarfolk."

Slave Boars

A troupe of 6 **pig-man** slavers is making its way through the mountains, leading a caravan composed of 2 **mastodons** and 20 **ogres** in chains meant for the slave markets of Utgard. The pig-men are under the command of a **fire giantess** merchant called Ungra. Ungra is beautiful (for a fire giant) and sits upon a palanquin balanced on the back of the larger mastodon. The palanquin is decorated with furs, silk streamers and hanging curtains composed of silver coins; the same material that composes Ungra's mail haubergeon.

The troupe recently came across a band of bandits. The few survivors are chained by the arms, the chains flung over the back of the lead mastodon so that the bandits hang on either side. Among them is the (former) bandit king Carlos. His +1 *longsword* is now amid Ungra's treasure, which also includes 4,122 sp, 2,516 gp, a peridot worth 150 gp and a silver statue of an emperor (worth 3,600 gp).



Piranha

Perhaps no creature of the water is feared more than the piranha. Lightning speed, coupled with vicious teeth and a pack-slaughter mentality place this predator firmly at the top of the food chain. Whether swarming together to take down larger prey, or developing wings to attack land creatures, the ravenous piranha cannot be stopped.

	GIANT FLYING PIRANHA	PIRANHA SWARM
Hit Dice:	3	4
Armor Class:	6 [13]	7 [12]
Attacks:	bite (1d4)	swarm (1d6)
Saving Throw:	14	13
Special:	none	none
Move:	0 (swim 24, fly 9)	0 (swim 18)
Alignment:	Neutrality	Neutrality
Number Encountered:	4d6	1d4
Challenge Level/XP:	4/120	4/120

While individual piranha are frightening enough, the piranha swarm attacks as a single-minded mass of predatory fish. With lining speed, a piranha swarm can strip the flesh of creature in seconds.

Giant flying piranha are larger cousins to standard piranha between 2–3 feet in length, with a silver-gray coloration along the dorsal spine; brighter colors in red, orange, and yellow decorate the underbelly. Rows of tightly packed teeth give the piranha is distinctive underbite, with the individual teeth being 1 inch in length, and broadly arrowhead-shaped. While they can fly for short periods, giant flying piranha do cannot leave the water for long before they begin to suffocate.

Giant Flying Piranha: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d4); Move 0 (swim 24, fly 9); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Piranha Swarm: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk swarm (1d6); Move 0 (swim 18); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: none.

Credit

Original author Scott Casper
Originally appearing in *Jungle Ruins of Madaro-Shanti* (© Frog God Games, 2010)

Tanked Terrors

A massive aquarium dominates this large round chamber. A 50-foot-wide colonnade forms a circle in the room's center. A thick glass wall blocks each of the archways. The colonnade does not reach the ceiling and is open at the top to allow access to its interior. Clean, clear water fills the inside of the arcade. A mountain of coral and aquatic plant life sits in the aquarium's center. Beautiful fish of vibrant colors lazily circle the coral mound, playfully nipping at others that swim too close. Eels, crabs and urchins thrive within the coral. Circling the mound are 4 **swordtooth sharks**. The sharks only attack those entering the water.

But the sharks are not the only threat swimming in the water. Sharing the top of the aquatic food chain are 18 **giant flying piranhas**. Each round, 3d6 of these hungry fish fly out to attack anyone approaching the glass. Each fish can attack out of water for 3d4 rounds before needing to return. Once they remain submerged for 1d4 rounds, the piranha may once again fly out to eat.

The rooms silence is intermittently broken by a stream of bubbles from a massive chest sitting half buried in the aquarium's sandy floor. The air bubbles fill the lid of the chest, causing it to open and release them to the surface. Every time the chest opens, a billowing cloud of gold pieces and bones swirls about before landing back inside the chest before it closes. The chest contains 452 gp, the skeletal remains of an aquatic elf and a *decanter of endless air*. This bottle emits a continuous flow of gentle, fresh air. It can be used to breathe underwater but cannot be shut off.

A Place to Rest

Lush grasses fill a rectangular pool of fresh clean water. Trees with branches laden with ripe fruit grow around the clearing. A dead huntsman lies before his tent near the pool. A **ghoul** greedily gnaws at the stumps of the man's legs. The grassy area between the pool and the tent lies soaked with blood. A spear and bow lie discarded. The tent holds mundane expedition items such as rations, rope, game traps and a bedroll. The ghoul attacks anything interrupting its free meal.

Water pours from pan pipes held by a statue of a satyr standing on a base in the center of 30-foot-by-20-foot-wide pool. The water (if imbibed) grants the drinker *invisibility* for 1d4 hours. The magical water loses its potency when removed from the confines of the fountain, however. The party may bottle the water, but the duration of the *invisibility* is reduced to 2d4 rounds and it loses all magical properties after 24 hours. The pool holds a hidden danger as well. Some malicious character thought it would be funny to unleash a **piranha swarm** into the pool. Since the fish continuously imbibe the magical water, they remain *invisible* as long as they stay submerged. Thus, the spell is not broken when the swarm attacks. The poor huntsman did not stand a chance when he stopped to soak his aching feet in the pool. The ghoul just happened upon the tasty morsel.

Ghoul: HD 2; HP 11; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: immunities, paralyzing touch.



Plant Guardian

Plant guardians are, as their name suggests, the self-proclaimed protectors and wardens of regions of unspoiled wilderness. There are several species of plant guardians, the most well-known of which is the treant. There is at least one type of plant guardian for every imaginable environment.

Algant

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: slam (2d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: engulf, plant growth, resists slashing and piercing weapons, vulnerable to fire

Move: 6 (swim 12)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

The algants are the plant guardians of the water. An algant resembles a large mass of algae and dwells in freshwater. An algant can engulf smaller creatures in its path. Any creature in the way must make a saving throw to jump clear or automatically take 2d6 points of damage each round and are trapped in the creature's body until freed. If an algant hits a single target with both of its slam attacks, it grabs the creature and pulls it into its body on the next round. Algants take double damage from fire, but half damage from slashing and piercing weapons. An algant can cast *plant growth* three times per day.

Algant: HD 10; AC 7 [12]; Atk slam (2d6 plus grab); Move 6 (swim 12); Save 5; AL L; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** engulf, plant growth, resists slashing and piercing weapons, vulnerable to fire.

Sargassant

A variant of the algant is the sargassant. It resembles a large floating mass of sargassum weed and dwells in saltwater environments.

Sargassant: HD 10; AC 7 [12]; Atk slam (2d6 plus grab); Move 3 (swim 15); Save 5; AL L; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** engulf, plant growth, resists slashing and piercing weapons, vulnerable to fire.

The Beard of the Dwarf

A freshwater river plummets over a stone cliff face. The waterfall pours into a pristine coral lagoon untouched by the war-like races of the world. The rock bluff is carved to appear as a monstrous face of a dwarf. The river cascades over the 150-foot-high façade into the turbulent waters below. The dwarf's mouth gapes wide, creating a 15-foot-tall opening in the rock. The water forms a transparent wavering curtain over the entrance. Thick green algae and seaweed flow in the waterfall over the dwarf's beard, giving the sculpture the illusion of movement. A **plant guardian algant** sits among the seaweed making up the beard. The algant defends the waterfall and coral lagoon below. The algant waits for interlopers to enter the mouth cave before attacking.

A **niserie** lives in the cave and assists the algant in protecting the waters. The walls of the entrance chamber are lined with open oyster shell, each presenting a pearl. There 324 pearls are each worth 10 gp. A crude statue of a merman king stands in the back of the cave. It holds a trident in its outstretched hands. The +2 *trident* has the ability to transform the holder into a merman. The transformation is automatic as soon as the trident is grasped by an air-breathing humanoid. The wielder immediately returns to its true form once it



releases the trident. The merman form grants the wielder the ability to *breathe water* and gains Movement 18 (Swim). While in merman form, the wielder loses the ability to breathe air and gains land-based Movement of 1. In the hands of a natural water-breathing creature, the trident acts as a +3 *trident*.

The cave corkscrews and branches through the solid rock. It eventually opens into a submerged network of caverns. A **shambling mound** guards the underwater entrance to the sea.

Shambling Mound (12HD): HD 12; HP 71; AC 1[18]; Atk 2 fists (2d8); Move 6; Save 3; CL/XP 15/2900; **Special:** damage immunities, enfold and suffocate victims.

Banyant

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 4 slams (1d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: throw rock, vulnerable to fire

Move: 9

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Banyants are the plant guardians of warm plains such as savannas and equatorial grasslands. A banyant resembles a banyan tree. Banyants can

Cactant

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d8 plus 1d4 bleed)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: bleed, needles, needle storm, throw rock, vulnerable to fire

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

The cactants are the plant guardians of hot, dry deserts. A cactant resembles a large saguaro cactus with thick arms. A cactant can cast *plant growth* three times per day. The body and limbs of a cactant are covered in the characteristic needles of a cactus, and deal 1d8 points of damage plus 1d4 points of damage that continue to bleed every round until staunched by magical healing. Once every 1d4 rounds, a cactant can release a hail of needles in a 30-ft.-radius burst. Creatures caught in the area take 7d6 points of piercing damage and 2d4 points of bleed damage (save for half). A cactant can use this ability no more than five times per day.

Cactant: HD 9; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 slams (1d8 plus 1d4 bleed);

Move 12; **Save** 6; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** bleed, needles, needle storm, throw rock, vulnerable to fire.



throw rocks up to 150 ft. for 2d6 points of damage. An banyant can cast *plant growth* three times per day.

Banyant: HD 12; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 slams (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** throw rock, vulnerable to fire.

The Lonely Creeper

The grass-covered low hills near the Kanderi Desert offer little adventure. The vast spans of nothingness serve as home to herd animals and nomadic tribes. Nothing permanent exists here, as wood and stone are rare commodities. With the lack of excitement, even evil races seldom explore the warm plains. Occasional prides of lions, herds of territorial rhinoceroses and possibly a troop of baboons offer the most common threats. Few roads cross the plains to connect sparse settlements with the more populated south.

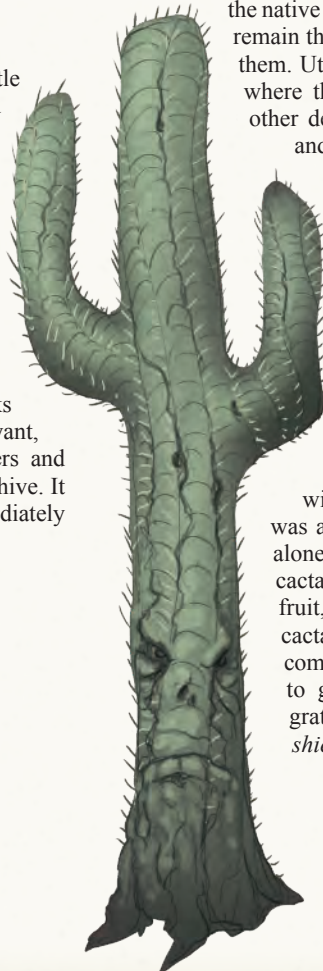
Along one such road stands a **plant guardian banyant**. The tree is a mishmash of entwining limbs, roots and even small trees growing in its uncountable crevasses. While this banyant protects the plains (mostly from fires) it has grown quite lonely. It stalks travelers wandering through its territory from a distance. The banyant, being slightly kooky, may try to befriend charismatic characters and persuade them into taking it on a quest to slay a common termite hive. It defends wildlife (except termites) and flora of the plains. It immediately attacks any who would dare light a campfire in its protected area.

Barney Spike

An abandoned city made of sundried bricks sits against the side of a sandstone cliff face on the edge of the Kanderi Desert. The inhabitants deserted the settlement decades ago. There is no indication why the native people left (or perished). The houses and buildings remain the same as if the people did not take anything with them. Utensils, weapons, clothing, tools and even toys lie where they were dropped. Snakes, coyotes, lizards and other desert animals reclaimed the maze of brick walls and stone passages.

A **plant guardian cactant** dwells among the ruins. The guardian is indistinguishable from the countless other cacti. This cactant has some issues. As a coward and more than a little clumsy, it chose this abandoned area to protect in the desert landscape. It has lived happily here for quite some time. It defends the land to the best of its ability but prefers to grow the cacti around trespassers.

A group of 4 **scorpionfolk** recently moved into the adobe labyrinth. The largest of the scorpionfolk carries a *necklace of firebaubles* with one stone left. A single blast from the necklace was all took for the cactant to leave the scorpion folk alone. The scorpionfolk now torment and tease the cactant mercilessly whenever they spot it. Rotten fruit, dead jackrabbits and worse are impaled upon the cactant's spikes. Knowing it is no match against the combative scorpionfolk, the cactant seeks assistance to get rid of them. It has no sense of reward or gratitude, but may give the party a +2 *tortoise shell shield* it recently discovered.



Plantoid

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 4 tendrils (1d4 + grab)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: control, create servitor, only harmed by sharp weapons

Move: 0 (fly 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d4

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Plantoids are floating spheres of moss with several red eyes randomly spaced over their surface that look out through eyelid-like gaps. Plantoids are creatures from another dimension or plane of existence, occasionally summoned forth into the Material Plane. The eyes are not magical, but the long strands of moss trailing after the plantoid have a very dangerous ability to enslave anyone caught within them. The soft, mossy consistency of plantoids makes these creatures immune to blunt weapons. The plantoids can snap their mossy beards out like whips, attempting to touch a potential victim.

A plantoid lashes out with several mossy tendrils when it attacks. Those struck must make a saving throw or be grabbed by the monster. The next round, the tendrils of a plantoid inject a mind-controlling substance. Anyone so injected must make another saving throw or be completely dominated by the creature. The victim gets a new saving throw to resist every 4 hours after control is initiated.

Anyone controlled by a plantoid for more than 24 hours becomes a plantoid servitor, all human reason irrevocably lost. A plantoid can only control and transform a single creature or servitor at a time. Servitors fight as zombies with a bite attack that conveys a poison that paralyzes for 1d6 rounds.

Plantoid: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 4 tendrils (1d4 + grab); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** control, create servitor, only harmed by sharp weapons.

Plantoid King

It is rumored that plantoid “Kings” exist, with 10HD, magic resistance (55%), and can only be harmed by +1 or better weapons.

Plantoid King: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 4 tendrils (1d6 + grab); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** control, create servitor, magic resistance (55%), +1 or better weapon to hit.

Manure Happens

The fertile farmlands south of Bard’s Gate thrive as the demand for food increases in the bustling city. No business could be busier than Millard’s Manure. **Millard** (Human Ftr3; Con 17), a foul-natured, foul-mouthed, foul-smelling human, collects and distributes massive amounts of manure produced by the farmlands (and unknown to most decent folk, waste produced by the city’s own citizens). The

rich manure is used as fertilizer and even dried and used as an efficient fuel source. Due to the nature of his business, Millard has very little competition. He has many employees (mostly former criminals, drunkards and fools) who travel the countryside collecting dried manure from the fields. He also routinely dredges the cesspools south of the city. Manure to be used as fuel is stored and dried in large pole barns with thatch roofs.

Attracted to the rich, fertile soil, a **plantoid** wandered upriver and hid in the largest of Millard’s barns. The plantoid decided to make this barn its lair. The rich soil maximized the creature’s hit points. If not stopped, the plantoid transforms into a plantoid king in a matter of weeks. Currently, the plantoid dominates Millard. Millard has not yet transformed into a servitor, although one of his farm hands was not so lucky. A **plantoid servitor** stands near the plantoid at all times. Needless to say, open flames cause a massive explosion that levels the barns and deals 10d6 points of damage to everyone in the area.

Millard’s wife—who appears to have some orcish blood in her family history—knew something was amiss when Millard didn’t return home the previous night for supper. She needs capable adventurers to track down her husband. She offers a generous reward of 100 gp for each person directly involved with her husband’s return, as well as a discount on all future manure purchases.



Plantoid Servitor

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d4 plus grab), bite (1d4 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: poison

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

These shambling humanoids resemble green-skinned zombies with glowing red eyes, their heads draped with moss. If a planetoid servitor hits a single target with both slams, the victim suffers automatic bite damage. The creature's bite delivers a poison that paralyzes victims for 1d6 rounds (save avoids). In addition, if a victim fails the saving throw, he must make another save 1d4 rounds later or begin to grow moss from his skin. If he fails a third saving throw, he becomes a planetoid servitor under the control of the nearest plantoid. There is a 25% chance that the victim becomes a new planetoid in a hideous transformation that takes 24 hours. A cure disease spell cast before the transformation is complete causes the moss to fall away as it heals the victim.

Plantoid Servitor: HD 3; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 slams (1d4 plus grab), bite (1d4 plus poison); Move 12; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: poison.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk* (© Frog God Games, 2012)

Night of the Shambling Servitors

The Barking Chicken Farm sits about 20 miles south of Bard's Gate. The family-run farm has grown exponentially over the past few years. The farm now lies besieged by **13 plantoid servitors**. The family boarded up all the windows and doors of the two-story farmhouse. A few of the neighbors managed to escape into the house with the farmer and his family before barricading themselves in. Bands of plantoid servitors scour the countryside looking to add to their ranks by bringing victims back to their plantoid master hidden away in Millard's barn (see plantoid).

The plantoids at the farm pummel the doors and windows, attempting to gain entry. The farmer and his family made a few feeble attempts at escape, but to no avail. A burned wagon sits near the barn, and several pieces of burnt furniture litter the yard. Scorched patches of ground from homemade firebombs surround the house.

The people trapped inside squabble over their next course of action. One of the neighbor's daughters lies in the basement suffering from a bite wound. She runs hot with fever and her skin is beginning to take on a greenish hue.



Proto-Creature

	PROTO-CREATURE	GIANT PROTO-CREATURE
Hit Dice:	10	14
Armor Class:	2 [17]	-1 [20]
Attacks:	2 slams (1d6 plus grab)	2 slams (2d6 plus grab)
Saving Throw:	5	3
Special:	acidic sweat (1d6 acid), backstab, immune to acid and electricity	acidic sweat (2d6 acid), backstab, immune to acid and electricity
Move:	12	12
Alignment:	Chaos	Chaos
Number Encountered:	1	1
Challenge Level/XP:	12/2000	16/3200

A proto-creature is a horribly misshapen, vaguely humanoid form, with a terrible conglomeration of exposed organs and bone, gnarled limbs, corded muscles with patches of strange, pebbly flesh and eyes and mouths in unnatural locations. Proto-creatures are the results of the failed early experiments with *protomatter* by the Disciples of Orcus in their attempts to create ever better and more powerful servants and warriors. The proto-creatures proved to be too dumb and too difficult to control. Rather than destroy the beasts, they were instead placed in suspended animation and secreted away at various locations in case a use should ever be found with them.

Proto-creatures stand about 7 feet tall and weigh as much as 350 pounds. Giant proto-creatures are up to 12 feet tall and 1,500 pounds. The metabolism and biology of a proto-creature has been so corrupted, that unidentifiable caustic fluids now course through its body instead of the traditional humors. After 3 rounds of combat or heavy exertion, a proto-creature begins to secrete this fluid through the pores of its skin as sweat. Anyone touching a proto-creature (not including with a weapon or other object) or who is hit by a slam attack after this sweating begins takes 1d6 acid damage. If a proto-creature hits a single target with both slam attacks, it grabs the victim and automatically does 2d6 points of acid damage each round.

Giant proto-creatures are formed from giant stock, and are bigger and nastier versions of those formed from smaller humanoids.

Proto-creature: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 slams (1d6 plus grab); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000;

Special: acidic sweat (1d6 acid), backstab, immune to acid and electricity.

Giant Proto-creature: HD 14; AC -1 [20]; Atk 2 slams (2d6 plus grab); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** acidic sweat (2d6 acid), backstab, immune to acid and electricity.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* © Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Disgusting

The dungeon passage ends in a room foul enough to turn the stomachs of the staunchest veteran. The entire floor of this chamber consists of an unyielding metal grate. Glistening intestines hang from meat hooks dangling from the ceiling. These organs drip their liquefied contents to mix with congealing blood in ichorous stalactites hanging through the

grate below. A morbidly obese humanoid stands at the opposite

end of the chamber. The butcher is a **skin feaster** who commands a small pack of ghouls. His eyeless sockets seep yellow pus. Its nose appears to have been cut off, leaving a triangular orifice. Its lacerated

cheeks allow the mouth to open

horribly wide to reveal

metallic fangs. Boils and

ulcers cover its remaining

pallid skin, each one

seeping an acrid, watery

discharge. The creature

stands at a huge wooden

chopping block preparing

to disembowel a female elf still

clinging to life. Leather straps cut

into her flesh to hold her tightly in place.

On one wall, a battered wooden door leads to an earthen tunnel opening to the surface. Just inside the door stand **4 ghouls**. The ghouls hunt humanoids and bring them here for the butcher. The stench of the room acts as a *stinking cloud* that fills both rooms.

The true threat lies just below. A second room sits under the iron mesh floor. The room below is mostly filled with water mixed with excrement, discarded organs and bodily fluids. Thick chains are attached to the grated floor. The two sides of the split floor are hinged and attached to the walls. An ancient evil lies in wait under the sludge. The **proto-creature** is a

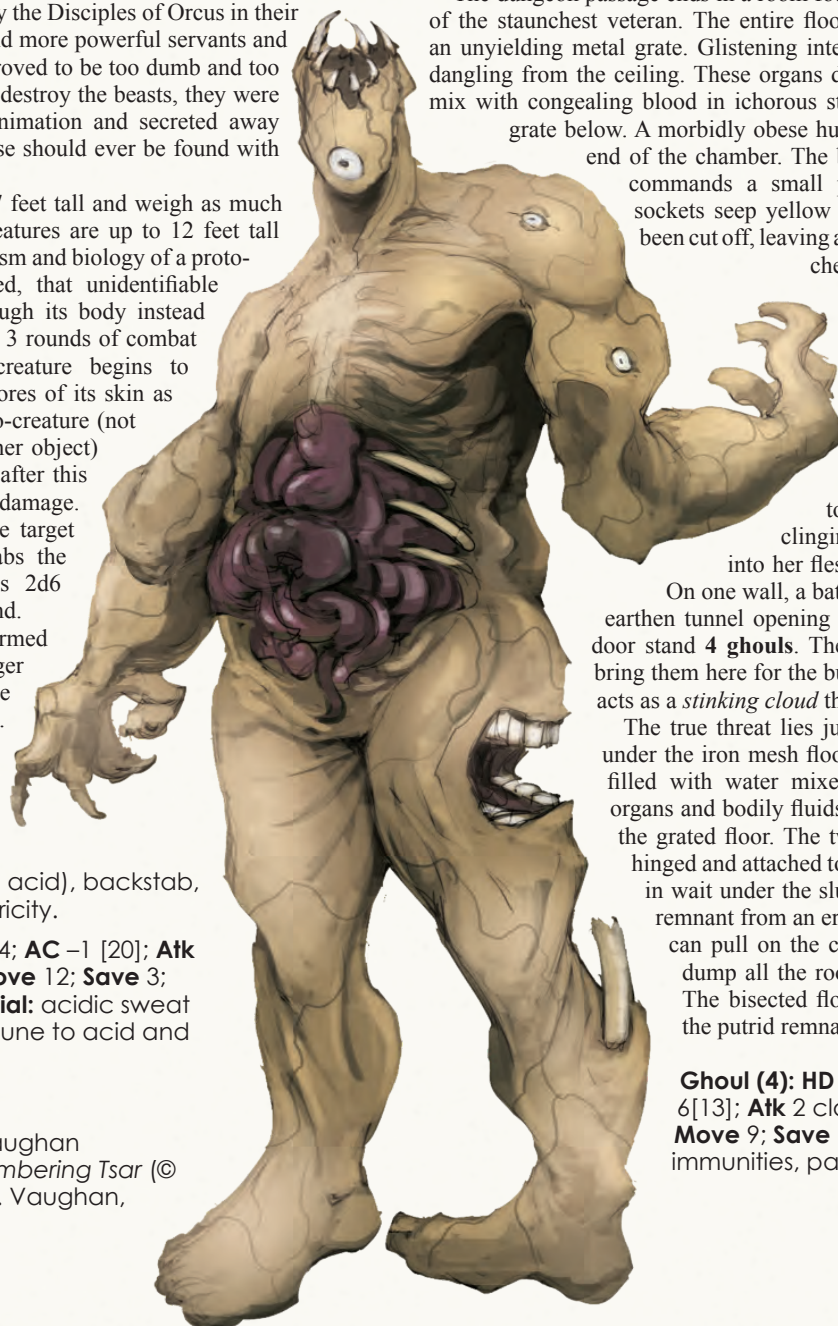
remnant from an era long ago. The proto-creature can pull on the chains to release the latch and

dump all the room's contents into the sludge. The bisected floor is difficult to detect under

the putrid remnants covering it.

Ghoul (4): HD 2; HP 12, 10, 15, 11; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4);

Move 9; **Save** 16; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** immunities, paralyzing touch.



Rakewood

Hit Dice: 11

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 3 tendrils (1d8 plus grab) and bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 4

Special: spores, swallow whole

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

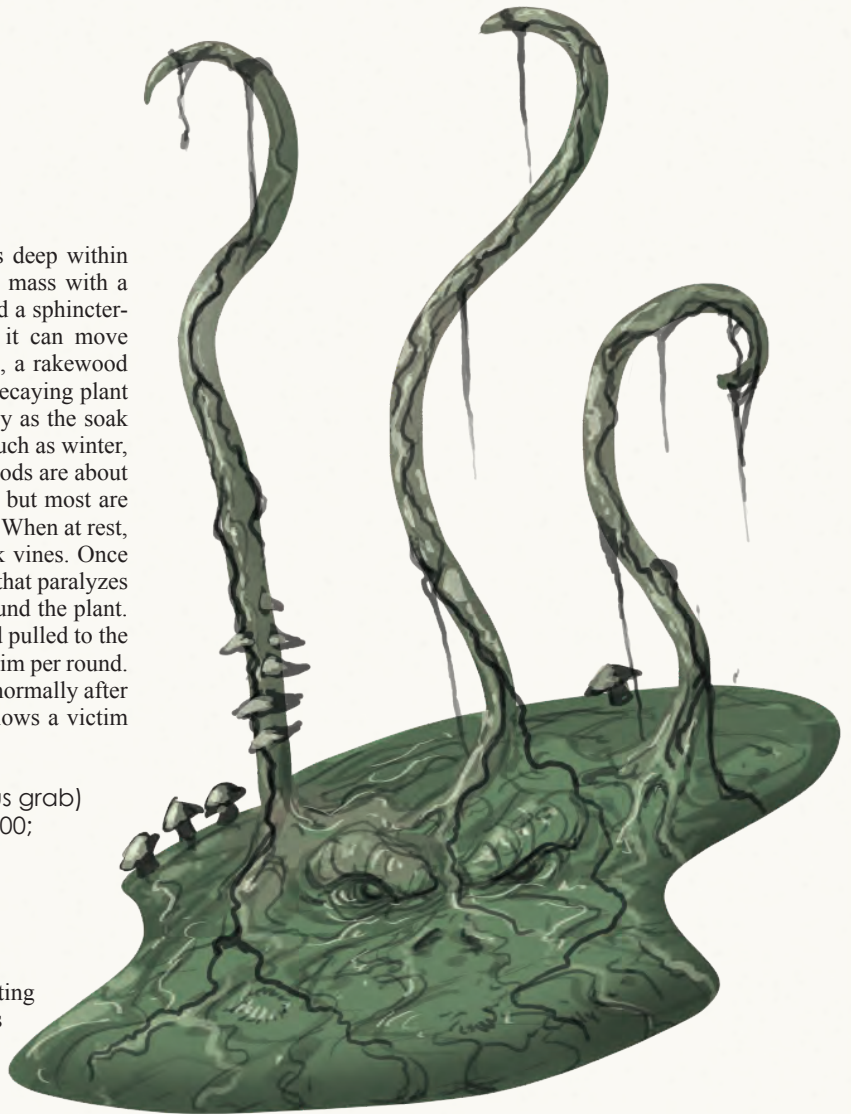
A rakewood is a barely-sentient plant creature that lives deep within old-growth forests. It consists of a filthy, spheroid, fungal mass with a ring of three brown tendrils at the top. The tendrils surround a sphincter-like mouth lined with razor-sharp spiny teeth. Although it can move of its own accord by the use of finger-like cilia at its base, a rakewood rarely moves once it has settled itself. Rakewoods live on decaying plant matter, and generally they are content to let the world go by as the soak up nutrients from the leaf litter. In less productive seasons such as winter, rakewoods supplement their diet with animal flesh. Rakewoods are about 10 feet long and weigh 1,000 pounds. Coloration can vary, but most are dark green in color and covered in various fungi and molds. When at rest, a rakewood's tendrils appear to be tree roots or large, thick vines. Once every 1d6 rounds, a rakewood can release a cloud of spores that paralyzes foes for 1d4 rounds (save avoids) in a radius of 20 feet around the plant. If the rakewood hits with a tendril, the victim is grabbed and pulled to the mouth to be bitten, although the mouth can only bite one victim per round. The victim is not held or entangled, and pulls away to fight normally after being attacked by the mouth. The rakewood's mouth swallows a victim whole with a natural attack roll of 20.

Rakewood: HD 11; AC 4[15]; Atk 3 tendrils (1d8 plus grab) and bite (2d6); Move 9; Save 4; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: spores, swallow whole.

Dead Wood

Six bugbears lie face down over a pile of fallen, rotting tree trunks in the Skaarshan Traces. The bugbears' bodies are broken and torn, their skulls cracked and their heads bashed in. One's entire torso is gone, eaten from its waist up. Blood drips down the decaying wood, creating dark trails in the bark. Tiny white spores cling to the bodies of the dead.

Nestled amid the fallen trees and shattered bodies is a **rakewood** that has grown ancient in this remote forest. The plant's tendrils lie amid the rotting trunks, soaking in the nutrients from the dripping blood. The plant paralyzed the bugbear raiders as they tromped heavily through the forest, and pummeled them to death as they slumped helpless around it. The rakewood unleashes a new cloud of spores upon anyone investigating the bodies.



Ravager

Hit Dice: 30 (180 hp)

Armor Class: -4 [23]

Attack: bite (6d6), 4 claws (4d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: cold and fire resistance (50%), death magic resistance, form-shifting, magic resistance (20%), +3 or better weapon to hit, regenerate 3 hp/round, trample (4d6 save for half), vampiric healing.

Move: varies by form (see below)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 40/10400

The Ravager was created eons ago by a primeval race of beings who believed in the unity of three forces: body, mind, and spirit. In their ongoing war with another race of savages, they created several weapons of terrible power. The greatest of these is the living beast known only as the Ravager.

This beast was given incredible vitality, and the power to manipulate its own body to assume a form most advantageous to it: a crawling weasel-like form that can burrow, a hulking apelike humanoid form with greater reach and strength, and a winged form to allow it greater mobility and agility.

After being used once or twice on the battlefield, those who created it realized its awesome danger and contained it in the strongest prison they could devise, suspended in time until it would once again be needed.

However, due to the subsequent influence of Orcus near the vault where the Ravager was contained, the wards were damaged, and a taint of evil infected its quarantine. This has resulted in it reproducing asexually, and has granted the ravager an astonishing capacity for growth. For every decade that it lives, it permanently gains 1 hit die. There is no known limit to how far this advancement can go before it either devastates the planet it lives on or collapses under its own weight.

The ravager can damage creatures by simply walking over them, trampling them for 4d6 points of damage (save for half).

The ravager possesses an innate resistance to death magic, so it is immune to *finger of death*, death spells, and so forth, as well as disintegration.

The ravager can physically alter its physiology to take on one of the three listed forms: the crawler, the brawler, or the flier. Doing so takes one minute, and during this period it cannot take any other actions.

The three physical forms of the Ravager are:

Crawler: In this form the Ravager's body is 30 feet long and ten feet high, with eight stubby legs ending in massive digging-claws. In crawler form, the Ravager has a movement rate of 18 (burrow 9).

Brawler: Towering 35 feet high, this form of the Ravager is a massive, apelike creature, with two sets of legs. Its skin is deep red. In this form, the Ravager's movement rate is 30.

Flier: In this form, the Ravager has a pair of great leathery wings over 50 feet in span. Its body is lean and covered with rippling muscle beneath a thick, leathery crimson hide. In this form, the Ravager's movement rate is 9 (fly 40).

Whenever the ravager hits with a melee attack, it is healed hit points equal to half the damage it inflicts on its opponent. This ability cannot heal it above its natural maximum hit points.

The Ravager (Brawler): HD 30; HP 180; AC -4[23]; Atk bite

(6d6), 2 claws (4d6); **Move** 30; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 40/10400; **Special:** cold and fire resistance (50%), death magic resistance, form-shifting, magic resistance (20%), +3 or better weapon to hit, regenerate 3 hp/round, trample (4d6 save for half), vampiric healing.

The Ravager (Crawler): HD 30; HP 180; AC -4[23]; Atk bite (6d6), 4 claws (4d6); **Move** 18 (burrow 9); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 40/10400; **Special:** cold and fire resistance (50%), death magic resistance, form-shifting, magic resistance (20%), +3 or better weapon to hit, regenerate 3 hp/round, trample (4d6 save for half), vampiric healing.

The Ravager (Flier): HD 30; HP 180; AC -4[23]; Atk bite (6d6), 2 claws (4d6); **Move** 9 (fly 40); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 40/10400; **Special:** cold and fire resistance (50%), death magic resistance, form-shifting, magic resistance (20%), +3 or better weapon to hit, regenerate 3 hp/round, vampiric healing.

Credit

Originally appearing in
Rappan Athuk Reloaded (©
Necromancer Games, 2006)



Over the Moon

In the Ebon Oublette deep beneath the dread Hellhorn Tower of the mad lich minotaur, a one-foot-diameter bubble floats in the center of the darkness.

This bubble emits a flickering light that changes colors as you stare at it, slowly sweeping through a range of hues from white to gray to black. When gray, a small fist-sized ball of silver rock and a gold bell can be seen floating inside the bubble. Anyone touching the bubble causes it to erupt in a burst of flame that does 4d6 points of damage to anyone in the chamber (save for half with a -4 penalty). Even then, the bubble has a mere 20% chance of popping and releasing the stone inside. The flame trap erupts every time the sphere is disturbed until the bubble bursts.

The rock inside the bubble is a miniature version of the moon except for one difference: a small chunk in the shape of a tooth is missing. If a character willingly pulls out a tooth (1 hp of damage) and places it in the indentation, the silver moon hums and expands into a glowing portal. This portal opens onto a portion of the moon littered with the bones of thousands of dragons of all types and colors. Their broken bodies—some quite massive—lay where they fell. A bubble of air over the moonscape allows characters to breathe normally, although gravity is a little less than they are used to.

In the center of the dragon's graveyard is a 10-foot-tall marble obelisk covered by a dark, shifting mass. The ooze covering the structure is an **entropic ooze** tasked with keeping creature's away from the obelisk. It flows off the obelisk to devour the souls of trespassers. If the ooze is dispatched, the characters find a small niche in the obelisk where a silver thread hangs, perfect for attaching the gold bell found in the bubble. If anyone in the party does this and rings the bell by striking it, the moon shakes and a loud roar sounds from over the horizon. Ringing the bell frees a **ravager** held here in a stasis field. The creature soars over the battlefield, its massive wings causing the bones of the lesser dragons to shudder and collapse. It homes in on the bell-ringer, intent on destroying the bell and obelisk that have kept it imprisoned for centuries.

Entropic Ooze (Dark Matter): HD 20; HP 113; AC 8[11]; Atk pseudopod (2d8 plus level drain); **Save** 3; **Move** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 23/5300; **Special:** devour soul, magic resistance (25%)

Refracted Creatures

Refracted creatures are native to a strange demiplane that is a bizarre reflection of the Material Plane. They resemble their normal counterparts whose form seems to ripple and bend making their location difficult to discern. Refracted creatures often find their way onto the Material Plane as a result of a failed *teleport* spell, but occasionally they slip through natural rifts between dimensions.

Refracted Shark

Hit Dice: 13

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (1d10+8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: displacement, feeding frenzy, refraction, swallow whole

Move: 0 (swim 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d3

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

This giant shark's form appears to shimmer and ripple just as the water surrounding it, making it difficult to discern its true location. A refracted shark appears to be about 2 feet away from its true location. Opponents suffer a -1 penalty to attacks because of this displacement. At will, a refracted shark can cause its bite to emanate from a point up to 10 ft. away from its body. When there is blood in the water, more sharks come to investigate (about 1d6 sharks of any size). All sharks attack madly, and each time a shark attacks there is a 1 in 6 chance that it targets another shark instead of a human. If a refracted shark rolls a natural 20 to hit, it swallows its foe whole, dealing automatic bite damage for 1d4+2 rounds.

There is a 10% chance that blood in the water

near a refracted shark will be reflected into the refractal dimension whence these creatures came, summoning 1d4 more refracted sharks from beyond the mirror dimension.

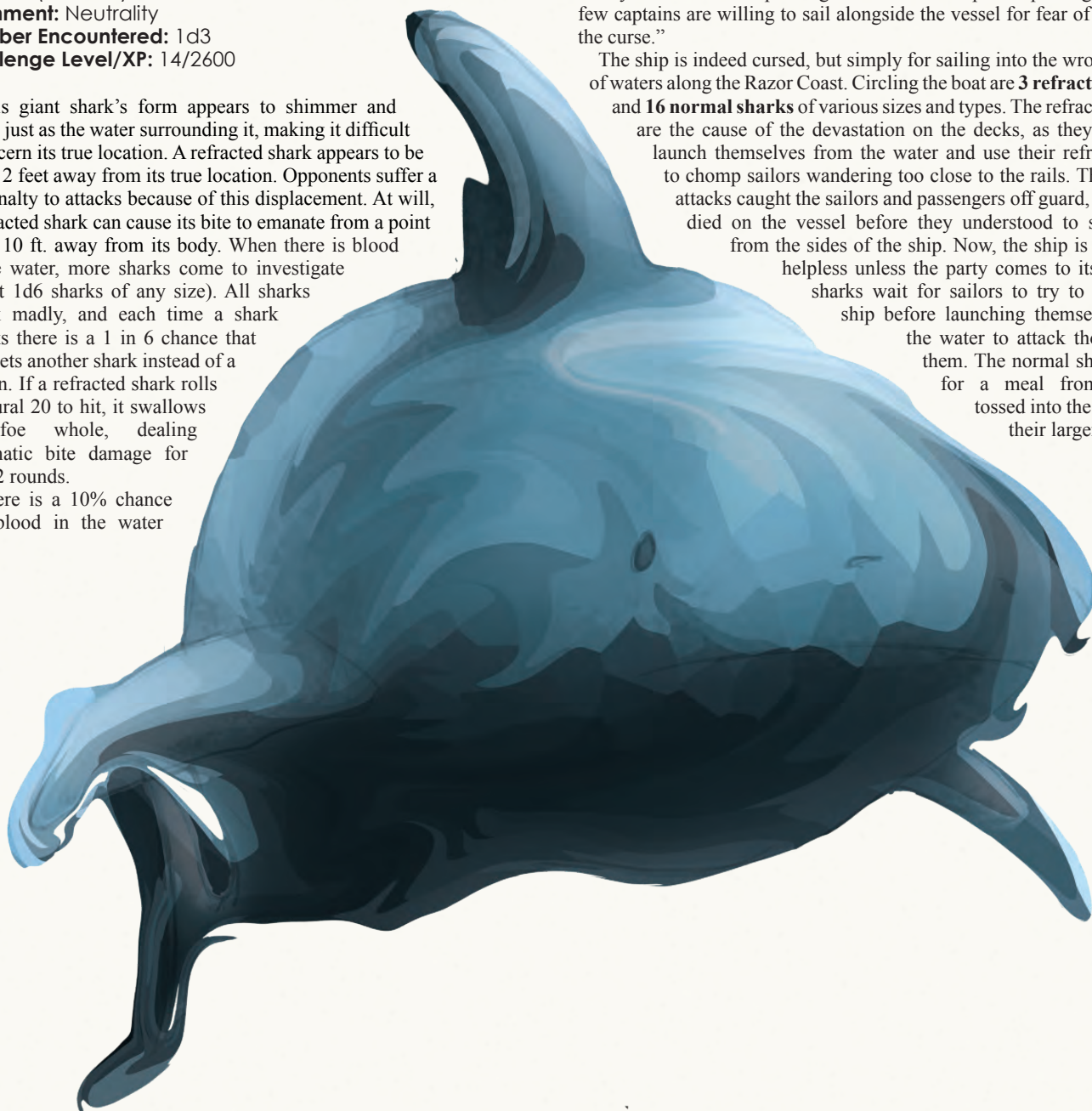
Refracted Shark: HD 13; AC 5 [14]; Atk bite (1d10+8);

Move 0 (swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** displacement, feeding frenzy, refraction, swallow whole.

Blood in the Water

Numerous fins cut circles around the three-masted sailing ship *Fortune's Tycoon*, and the sailors aboard keep well away from the ship's rails. A few passengers huddle in the ship's cabin, also well away from the water. Blood runs across the wooden deck before dripping like rain into the sea below. The circling sharks thrash and churn the waters in their frenzy. The sailors and passengers scream for help from passing ships, but few captains are willing to sail alongside the vessel for fear of "catching the curse."

The ship is indeed cursed, but simply for sailing into the wrong stretch of waters along the Razor Coast. Circling the boat are **3 refracted sharks** and **16 normal sharks** of various sizes and types. The refracted sharks are the cause of the devastation on the decks, as they routinely launch themselves from the water and use their refracted bite to chomp sailors wandering too close to the rails. Their initial attacks caught the sailors and passengers off guard, and many died on the vessel before they understood to stay away from the sides of the ship. Now, the ship is adrift and helpless unless the party comes to its aid. The sharks wait for sailors to try to board the ship before launching themselves from the water to attack those above them. The normal sharks hope for a meal from anyone tossed into the waters by their larger cousins.





Refracted Tiger

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: rear claws, refracted appearance (–1 to hit)

Move: 15 (swim 6)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

This tiger resembles a normal tiger as if viewed through a mirror. Its form seems slightly disjointed and its location is hard to pinpoint. If a tiger hits the same target with both fore claws, it can rake with its rear claws as well, gaining two more claw attacks. A refracted tiger appears to be about 2 feet away from its true location. Opponents suffer a –1 penalty to attacks because of this displacement. At will, a refracted tiger can cause its bite or claw attacks to emanate from a point up to 10 ft. away from its body.

Refracted Tiger: HD 6; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d8); Move 15 (swim 6); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; Special: rear claws, refracted appearance (–1 to hit).

Not Lion

A native boy lies exhausted in the middle of the Seething Jungle, doubled-over and out of breath. He raises his head in shock if the party approaches him, babbling incoherently. He is frantic, and his eyes scan the jungle as he talks to the party. The boy is a native of the village of Catel' Jelal. He was out with six of the tribe's best hunters to learn their craft so he could provide for his people.

But the jungle expedition turned into tragedy when each of the hunters was killed suddenly by invisible claws that raked them as they stood ready to fight. The boy watched each man fall, the last with his head separating from his shoulders, before he turned and ran. The boy had only ever seen a lion in his previous adventures into the jungle, and knows that this is something completely different. He doesn't have the words to state the difference, however, and simply repeats "not lion, not lion" over and over. If any characters mistakenly believe he's saying "not lyin'," that's their problem for not heeding his warning.

The killers are 2 **refracted tigers** that began stalking the men as soon as they left their village. The tigers were caught in a Magic-User's teleport when the mage escaped the hunting beasts. The pair were turned into nightmarish versions of themselves that now stalk through the jungle. The big cats attack with sharp claws and deadly bites from a distance, killing quickly before leaping away. If glimpsed, the cats' bodies shift and distort as they move.

Salamander, Ice

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6 plus 1d6 cold) or spear (1d8 plus 1d6 cold)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: aura of bitter cold (10-ft. radius), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 12 (burrow 9; through ice and snow only)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

An ice salamander stands about 6 feet tall with a serpentine head and the lower torso of a salamander. Its scales are blue mottled white, and its underbelly is stark white. Its eyes are ice blue and its pupils are dark. Cold seems to emanate from the creature at all times. Ice salamanders are malign creatures that dwell on the elemental planes where Water meets Air. All creatures within 10 feet of an ice salamander take 1d6 points of cold damage each round. Ice salamanders take double damage from fire.

When summoned to the Material Plane ice salamanders can be found in arctic regions where the temperatures are constantly freezing or lower (which to an ice salamander is still too warm). On the Material Plane, ice salamanders are often found acting as guards for high-level magic-users or temple guardians for clerics of the frost gods. Some ice salamanders find their way to the Material Plane on their own, in areas where the elemental planes have spilled over to the Material Plane.

Ice Salamander: HD 7; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus 1d6 cold) or spear (1d8 plus 1d6 cold); Move 12 (burrow 9; through ice and snow only); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** aura of bitter cold (10-ft. radius), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire, +1 or better weapon to hit.

Equipment: spear.



Cold Mountain

It is an age of sorrows for the balmy southern lands, for Murok, the Living Glacier, supported by the eldritch sorceries of the *Sphere of Eternal Winter* embedded deep within it, is on the move. The glacier is tearing a great gash across the landscape, advancing inch by inch toward the Cloud City of Orimigo, where the bird men gird their loins for battle and await their fate.

The glacier moves quickly but steadily (Movement 18), making it imminently possible to hitch a ride. The glacier is something like a giant ice fortress (a mega-dungeon, if you will) occupied by all manner of cold creatures. The *Sphere of Eternal Winter* is guarded by a band of **30 ultra-zealous ice salamanders** led by **Count Varukh**, a 9th-level Magic-User enslaved by the mind of Murok.

Sciurian

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: spear (1d6) or short bow x2 (1d6)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: natural agility

Move: 12 (climb 9)

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3+1 or tribe of 2d6 sciurians plus 200% noncombatants and 1 5HD chief

Challenge Level/XP: 1HD (1/15), 5HD (5/240)

Sciurians resemble humanoid squirrels. They are a diminutive, furry folk who dwell deep in the forests far from the intrusions of other races. A typical sciurian is curious, but also somewhat skittish. They are prone to nervous twitching of their tails, and often pause to scan the surrounding area for danger. In a comfortable environment, sciurians are amiable creatures and enjoy music and celebration. Sciurians live in small tribal communities in huts built high in the tops of tall trees. The huts are connected by a complex network of narrow walkways, rope bridges, and swing-lines. Aside from allowing the sciurians to take advantage of their natural abilities as agile climbers, these connections also act as defensive barriers for the community, allowing the sciurians to freely move about while hampering the movements of invaders. Sciurians are territorial, and attempt to drive off any interlopers that stray too close to their communities.

Sciurian fur ranges from gray to brown to orange-red, and fades to white on their bellies. They have bushy, s-shaped tails. Their eyes are large and dark, and their rounded ears are situated on the tops of their heads. Sciurians have long fingers and toes tipped with claws which enable them to climb with startling speed. Sciurians use the claws on their hands and feet to climb, so they do not wear any sort of footwear. Sciurians can have a 65% chance to Climb Walls and other sheer surfaces. They also gain a +2 bonus to saves that allow them to leap out of danger or to avoid damage.

Sciurian: HD 1; AC 2 [17]; Atk spear (1d6) or short bow x2 (1d6); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 17; AL L; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** natural agility.

Equipment: leather armor, spear, short bow, 15 arrows, belt pouch.

Sciurian: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk short sword (1d6) or short bow x2 (1d6); Move 12 (climb 9); Save 12; AL L; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** natural agility.

Equipment: leather armor, short sword, short bow, 15 arrows, belt pouch, weed necklace.

A 'Torching We Will Go

The cult of the fire god is burning down an ancient forest to make sacred charcoal for the great temple of their deity. The cultists wear leather kilts and red hoods, and wield maces and torches. In all, three different bands of cultists make their way through the wood, torching it as they go. Each band consists of seven cultists, two 1st-level Clerics and one higher level cleric of 3rd, 4th or 5th level.

The woodland is home to a small tribe of **20 sciurians**. They fight a guerrilla war against the cultists, taking potshots with bows and slings and then retreating in an attempt to draw the cultists away from their sacred grove. About 40 sciurians are doing their best to extinguish the fires with blankets, old skins and buckets of water drawn from the many creeks that flow through the wood.

The sciurians dwell near the sacred grove of oaks in thatched huts cleverly attached to the sides of the trees, most of them about 20 to 30 feet above the ground. These huts are connected to one another, so to speak, with rope swings. The sciurians have but a small collection of treasure, perhaps 250 gp worth.



Scorpionfolk

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or falchion (2d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or longbow x2 (1d8)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: magic resistance (45%), poison

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, 1d6+4 plus 1d4 giant scorpions, 1d10+10 plus 2d4 giant scorpions or tribe of 1d4x10 plus 1 shaman (Clr or MU5–8) and 1 chief (Ftr 6–9HD) plus 1d8+8 giant scorpions

Challenge Level/XP: 7HD (9/1100), Clr5 or MU5 (10/1400), MU6 or Ftr6 (11/1700), Clr6 or MU7 or Ftr7 (12/2000), MU8 or Ftr8 (13/2300), Clr7 or Ftr9 (14/2600), Clr8 (16/3200).

Scorpionfolk (known as sadara among their own kind) are a race of nomadic desert-dwellers known for their cruelty and combat prowess. They are believed to have once been a just and kind race that became corrupted by magic, and are feared and avoided by most intelligent desert-traveling races. These tribes use tents for shelter and care little for any belongings other than what they can carry. Some few tribes settle in an area and construct small towns and villages of hardened mud, rock, and occasionally limestone. These tribes tend to be slightly more civilized than the nomadic scorpionfolk, and are often looked upon with disdain by their nomadic brothers. Larger tribes, both nomadic and settled, often have a shaman (a Cleric or Magic-User of 5th–8th level) in their midst.

The scorpionfolk stand just over 6 feet tall and are over 10 feet long from head to the base of the tail. Tails range from 8 to 10 feet long. Scorpionfolk, on average, weigh around 2,000 pounds. Their skin is usually bronze, brown, or black, and the lower scorpion torso dark tan or the color of dark sand. Hair color varies, with most males shaving their heads and females wearing their hair long in tightly knotted ponytails.

Scorpionfolk prefer to attack with weapons and a tail sting, only resorting to their clawed hands if necessary. Favored weapons of these creatures include falchions, spears, scimitars, and shortbows. Their stings inject a poison that paralyzes a victim for 1d6 rounds (save avoids).

Scorpionfolk: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or falchion (2d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or longbow x2 (1d8); Move 15; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), poison.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), falchion, longbow, 20 arrows.

Scorpionfolk (Clr5): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or heavy mace (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or sling (1d4); Move 15; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. poison and paralysis, poison, spells (2/2).

Spells:

1st—cure light wounds, protection from good;
2nd—bless, hold person.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), heavy mace, sling, 10 sling stones, unholy symbol.

Scorpionfolk (Clr6): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or heavy mace (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or sling (1d4); Move 15; Save 10; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. poison and paralysis, poison, spells (2/2/1/1).

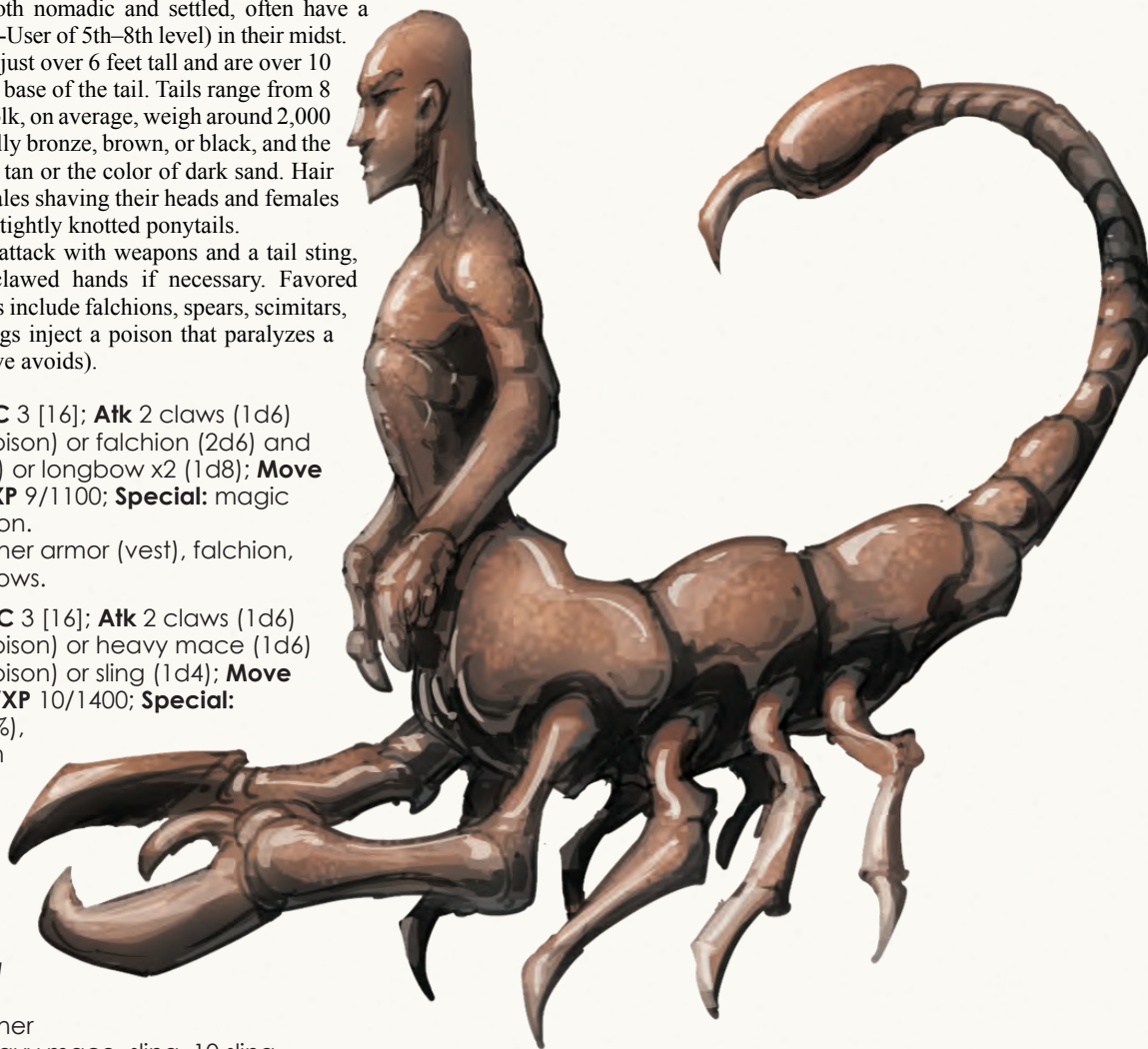
Spells: 1st—cure light wounds, protection from good; 2nd—bless, hold person; 3rd—prayer; 4th—create water.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), heavy mace, sling, 10 sling stones, unholy symbol, 2d4 gems worth 10 gp each.

Scorpionfolk (Clr7): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or heavy mace (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or sling (1d4); Move 15; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. poison and paralysis, poison, spells (2/2/2/1/1).

Spells: 1st—protection from good (x2); 2nd—bless, hold person; 3rd—locate object, prayer; 4th—cure serious wounds; 5th—insect plague.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), heavy mace, sling, 5 sling stones, unholy symbol, 1d6 gems worth 50 gp each.



Salamander, Ice to Sword Spider

Scorpionfolk (Clr8): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or heavy mace (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. poison and paralysis, poison, spells (2/2/2/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*protection from good* (x2); 2nd—*bless, hold person*; 3rd—*locate object, prayer*; 4th—*cure serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death, insect plague*.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), heavy mace, unholy symbol, 1d4 gems worth 100 gp each.

Scorpionfolk (MU5): AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or quarterstaff (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. spells, poison, spells (4/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x3), *shield*; 2nd—*ESP, mirror image*; 3rd—*fireball*.

Equipment: quarterstaff.

Scorpionfolk (MU6): AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or quarterstaff (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. spells, poison, spells (4/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x3), *shield*; 2nd—*ESP, mirror image*; 3rd—*fireball, fly*.

Equipment: quarterstaff, *potion of healing*.

Scorpionfolk (MU7): AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or quarterstaff (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. spells, poison, spells (4/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x3), *shield*; 2nd—*ESP, mirror image* (x2); 3rd—*fireball* (x2); 4th—*charm monster*.

Equipment: quarterstaff, 2 *potion of extra-healing*.

Scorpionfolk (MU8): AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or quarterstaff (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), +2 on saves vs. spells, poison, spells (4/3/3/2).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile* (x3), *shield*; 2nd—*ESP, invisibility, mirror image*; 3rd—*fireball, lightning bolt* (x2); 4th—*wall of fire* (x2).

Equipment: quarterstaff, scroll of 3 spells (*dispel magic, teleport* [x2]).

Scorpionfolk (Ftr6): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or falchion (2d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or longbow x2 (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, poison.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), falchion, longbow, 20 arrows.

Scorpionfolk (Ftr7): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or falchion (2d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or longbow x2 (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, poison.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), falchion, longbow, 20 arrows.

Scorpionfolk (Ftr8): AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or falchion (2d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or longbow x2 (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 7; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, poison.

Equipment: leather armor (vest), falchion, longbow, 20 arrows.

Scorpionfolk (Ftr9): AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or +1 falchion (2d6+1) and sting (1d6 plus poison) or +1 longbow x2 (1d8+1); **Move** 15; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** magic resistance (45%), multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, poison.

Equipment: +2 leather armor (vest), +1 falchion, +1 longbow, 20 arrows.

Watch Those Stingers!

The remains of a knight, his plate mail and a shield bearing a red-and-white checkered background with the charge of a black bull's head, lie on the floor of this dungeon. The knight's liquefied flesh leaks from his armor, making a gelatinous puddle on the ground. The chamber holding this terrible sight is about 20 feet wide and 10 feet long. Wooden shelves line the walls, each holding specimen jars, bowls, a mortars and pestle, some hastily crafted tomes of notes; the basic Magic-User's laboratory. The Magic-User in question, **Yellowawy**, a gelatinous sorcerer wrapped in muslin, was forever altered by his failed experiments. While still humanoid, he jiggles and shakes as he moves, and his voice is hollow and gurgles.

Yellowawy perfected a spell for liquefying flesh, essentially a variation of the venerable *disintegrate* spell. He has not finished writing the spell into his spellbook, however, which rests on a shelf nearby, but one can glean the elements of the spell from his copious notes.

Yellowawy is guarded by 2 **scorpionfolk**, drawn from deeper in the dungeon by a pact between Yellowawy and their chief. They despise the bizarre creature and magic in general, and might be convinced to turn on him if the money is right.

Yellowawy, Gelatinous (MU13): HP 28; AC 9 [10]; Atk slam (1d2 plus 1d3 acid); **Move** 20; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **Special:** spells (5/5/5/4/4/2).

Screamer

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: touch (1d4 charisma drain)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: charisma drain, incorporeal (silver or magic to hit), possession, rejuvenation, scream of hopelessness, suicidal frenzy

Move: 27

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d6+5

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

These terrible undead are the remnant of soldiers who have fallen to the horrors of mass conflict and warfare. Screamers are ghosts, with human heads and “bodies” like shredded, translucent pennants trailing behind them. They have hollow eye sockets and mouths locked into perpetual screams. A screamer drains 1d4 points of charisma each time it hits with its touch attack. On each successful attack, it gains 1d6 temporary hit points. These hit points persist for 1 hour, and charisma points return to the victim at the rate of 1 per day.

Once every hour, a screamer can let loose a horrific, mournful scream. Any living creature hearing this sound (it can carry up to a mile outdoors) must make a saving throw or become scared for 2d4 rounds, suffering a –2 penalty to hit and saving throws.

Once per round, a screamer can merge its body with a creature on the Material Plane. This ability is similar to a *magic jar* spell, except that it does not require a receptacle. To use this ability the screamer must try to move into the target. The target can resist the attack with a successful charisma check (i.e. roll 4d6 under character’s charisma score). If the check fails, the screamer vanishes into the target’s body. Screamers use this attack after having made several charisma drain attacks to weaken a target’s resistance.

If a screamer succeeds in possessing a target, it immediately begins to make suicidal attacks on the possessed body with the

character’s own weaponry. Each round, the screamer uses the body’s attacks to direct its weaponry against itself. If the possessed body is made helpless the screamer departs to find another target. If the possessed body dies, the screamer’s spirit is destroyed as it goes to its final rest.

A screamer cannot be killed through simple combat. If reduced to 0 hit points it disappears only to reform 24 hours later. The only way for a screamer to be truly laid to rest is for it to die while possessing a host body. When the body dies, the screamer spirit ceases to exist.

Screamer: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk touch (1d4 charisma drain); Move 27; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** charisma drain, incorporeal (silver or magic to hit), possession, rejuvenation, scream of hopelessness, suicidal frenzy.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

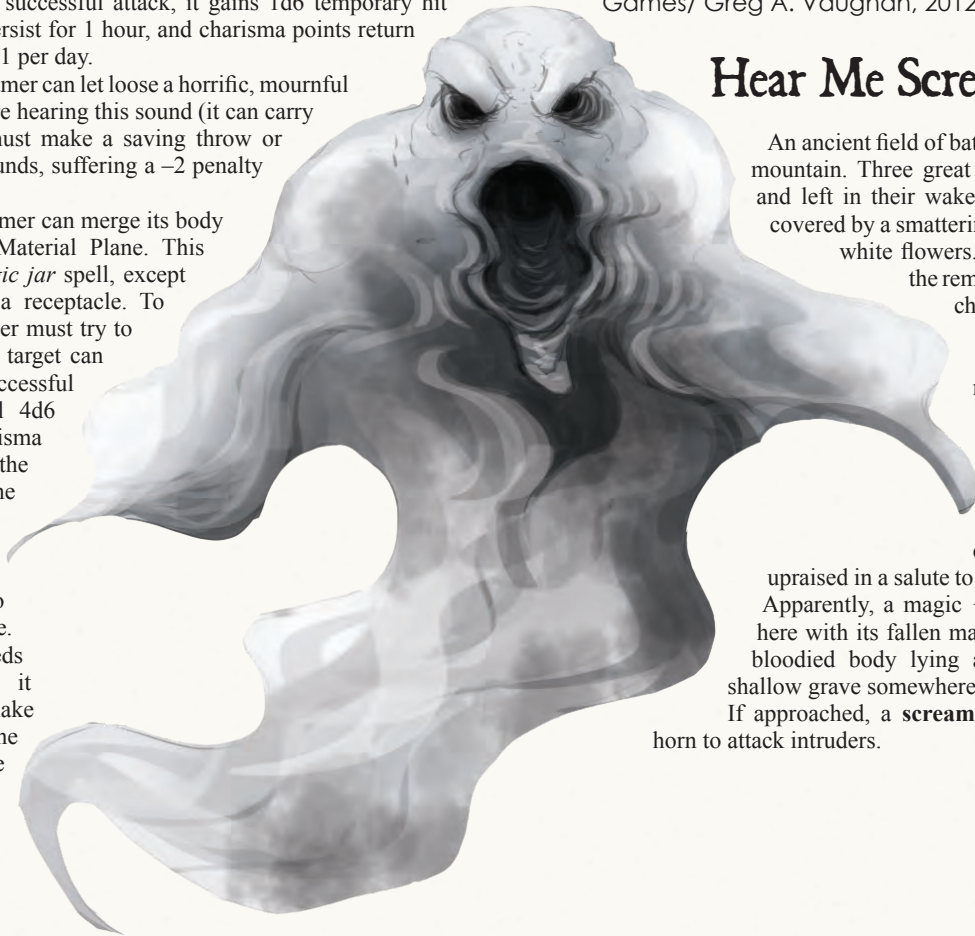
Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Hear Me Scream

An ancient field of battle surrounds a lonely mountain. Three great armies clashed here, and left in their wake shallow graves now covered by a smattering of grasses and tiny, white flowers. Saplings grow amid the remains of the woodlands chopped down to warm the soldiers and build fortifications and war machines.

A single monument was erected here to enshrine the place, a statue of a warrior blowing a curled horn, a sword upraised in a salute to the warriors who fell. Apparently, a magic +2 *shield* was buried here with its fallen master, his armored and bloodied body lying atop the shield in a shallow grave somewhere.

If approached, a **screamer** emerges from the horn to attack intruders.



Sea Serpent, Finback

Hit Dice: 20

Armor Class: -5 [24]

Attack: bite (5d8 plus swallow whole) and tail slap (3d8 plus constrict)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: breath weapon, capsize, constrict, immune to cold, resists fire, surge, swallow whole

Move: 0 (swim 21)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 29/7100

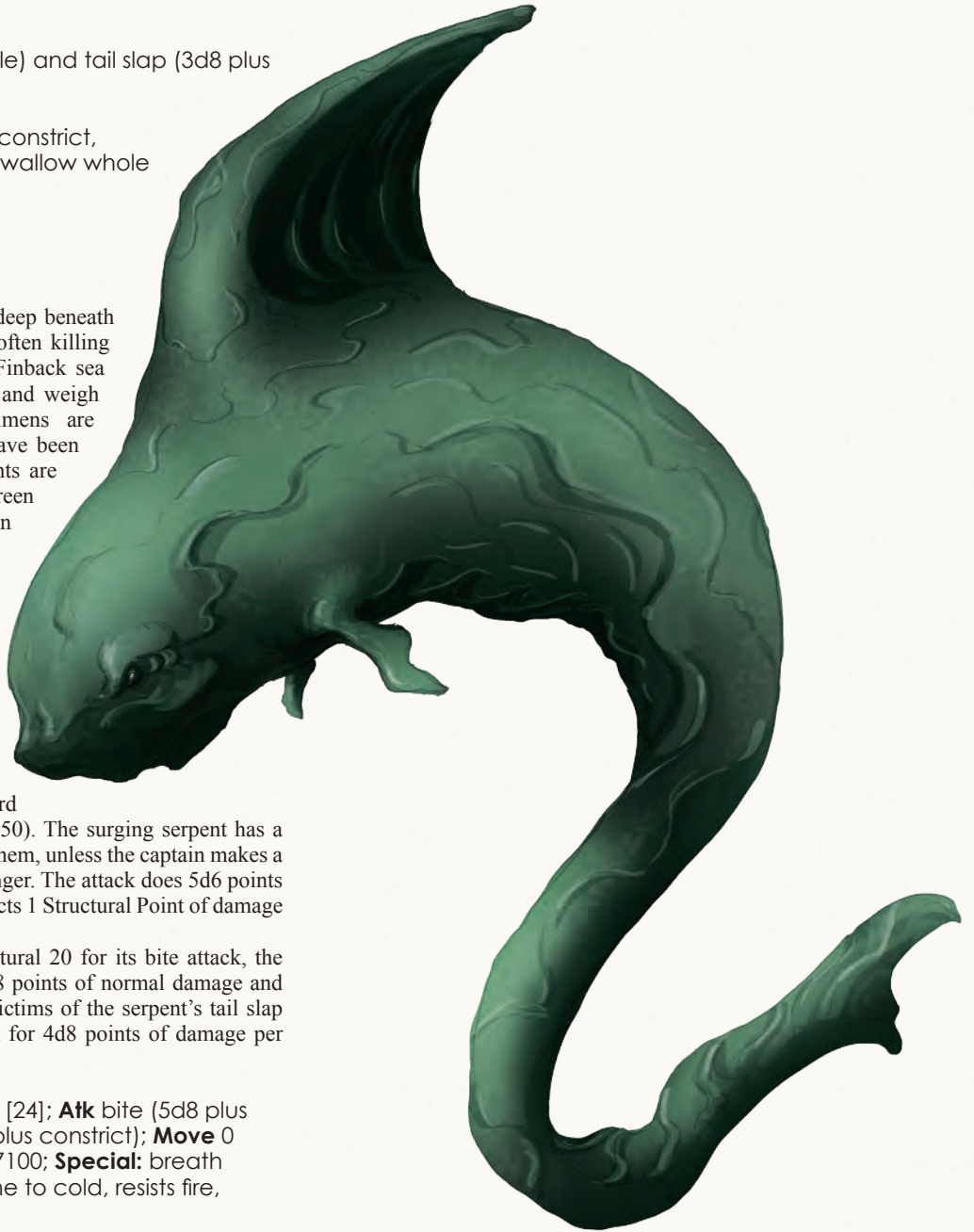
Finback sea serpents make their lairs deep beneath the ocean's waves in undersea caverns, often killing the former owner to claim such a lair. Finback sea serpents reach lengths of up to 60 feet and weigh close to 5,000 pounds. Larger specimens are rumored to exist, but thankfully none have been encountered thus far. Finback sea serpents are long, sleek creatures, usually grayish-green in color, with a large sail-like dorsal fin spanning the length of its body.

The finback sea serpent's breath weapon is a 60-ft. long cone of superheated steam and water 30 ft. wide at the base that deals 8d12 points of fire damage (save for half). It is usable once every 1d4 rounds.

A finback sea serpent can attempt to capsize a boat or ship of its size or smaller by ramming it. By traveling in a straight line, the finback can surge forward on a boost of speed for 4 rounds (swim 50). The surging serpent has a 60% chance of tipping ships and sinking them, unless the captain makes a saving throw to steer the vessel out of danger. The attack does 5d6 points of damage (save for half) to crew and inflicts 1 Structural Point of damage to ships.

When a finback sea serpent rolls a natural 20 for its bite attack, the victim is swallowed whole, suffering 5d8 points of normal damage and 2d8 points of fire damage each round. Victims of the serpent's tail slap must save or be grabbed and constricted for 4d8 points of damage per round.

Finback Sea Serpent: HD 20; AC -5 [24]; Atk bite (5d8 plus swallow whole) and tail slap (3d8 plus constrict); Move 0 (swim 21); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 29/7100; Special: breath weapon, capsize, constrict, immune to cold, resists fire, surge, swallow whole.



Heralding Danger

The herald of a great king has been sent on an important errand that will deliver his kingdom from the grasp of a powerful magic-user. He travels in secret on a merchant vessel—the very merchant vessel the adventurers are on. The herald's only means of identification is a strange bracer carved from marble in the shape of a sea serpent. This was given to him by the court magician, Wodwik, who is secretly in league with the travelling wizard.

The bracer is a magical trap. It summons, once per night, a **finback sea serpent**. The serpent remains for only 10 rounds, attacking the vessel and any it can get its jaws on, and then disappears beneath the waves. It takes 5 days for the merchant vessel to arrive at its destination.

Sealwere

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: short sword (1d6) and bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: change shape, charm gaze, hold breath for 60 minutes, seal empathy

Move: 12 (swim 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2 plus 1d8+4 seals

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Sealweres are animals that can take human or hybrid form. Its natural form is that of a seal, but it can also take the form of a human or human-seal hybrid. A sealwere stands about 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Hair and eye color vary among individuals, but eyes are almost always a shade of blue. These creatures spend most of their time in seal form moving among normal animals of their kind. When hungry and on the hunt, a sealwere assumes human or hybrid form and stalks its prey, preferring to attack from the shadows when possible. A sealwere can turn its gaze on anyone within 30 ft. This ability functions as a *charm person* spell (save negates).

Sealwere: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk short sword (1d6) and bite (1d6); Move 12 (swim 12); Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** change shape, charm gaze, hold breath for 60 minutes, seal empathy.

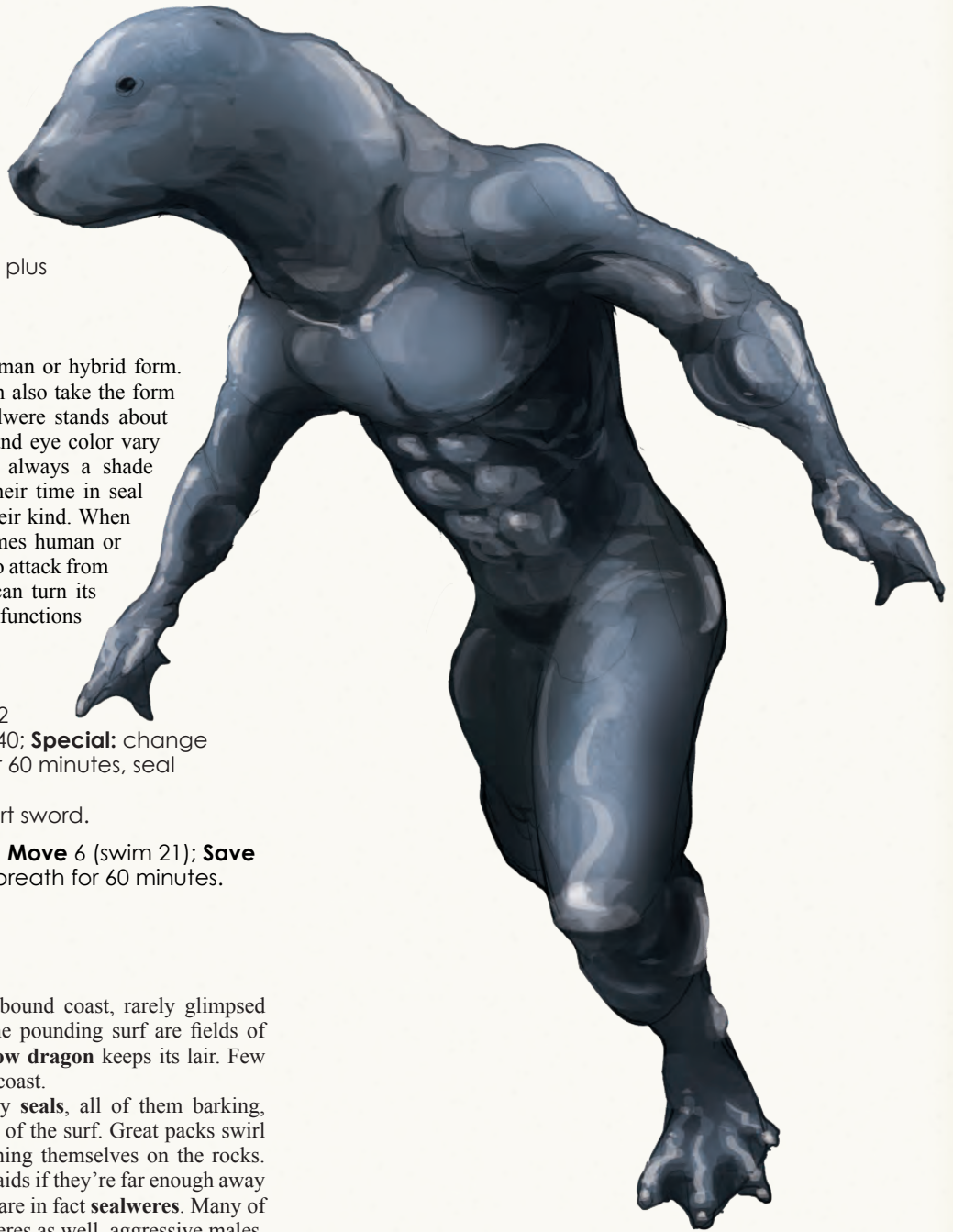
Equipment: leather armor, short sword.

Seal: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d4); Move 6 (swim 21); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** hold breath for 60 minutes.

Sealed with a Kiss

In the misty, northern lands is a rock-bound coast, rarely glimpsed by human eyes. Beyond the rocks and the pounding surf are fields of gold, red and blue flowers where a **rainbow dragon** keeps its lair. Few adventurers, though, ever make it past the coast.

The rocky coast is thickly inhabited by **seals**, all of them barking, sunning themselves and darting in and out of the surf. Great packs swirl around a coterie of beautiful women sunning themselves on the rocks. One might think them sirens or even mermaids if they're far enough away to not make out their human legs, but they are in fact **sealweres**. Many of the seals that hover around them are sealweres as well, aggressive males. The women appear to be lounging around a sea chest, one that holds two dozen cannonballs, one of them hiding a marble orb that serves as a map to the mythical Undersea Kingdom.



Serpent Creeper

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: bite (1d8 plus acidic poison plus constrict)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: acidic poison, lure, surprise (4 in 6)

Move: 12 (climb 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

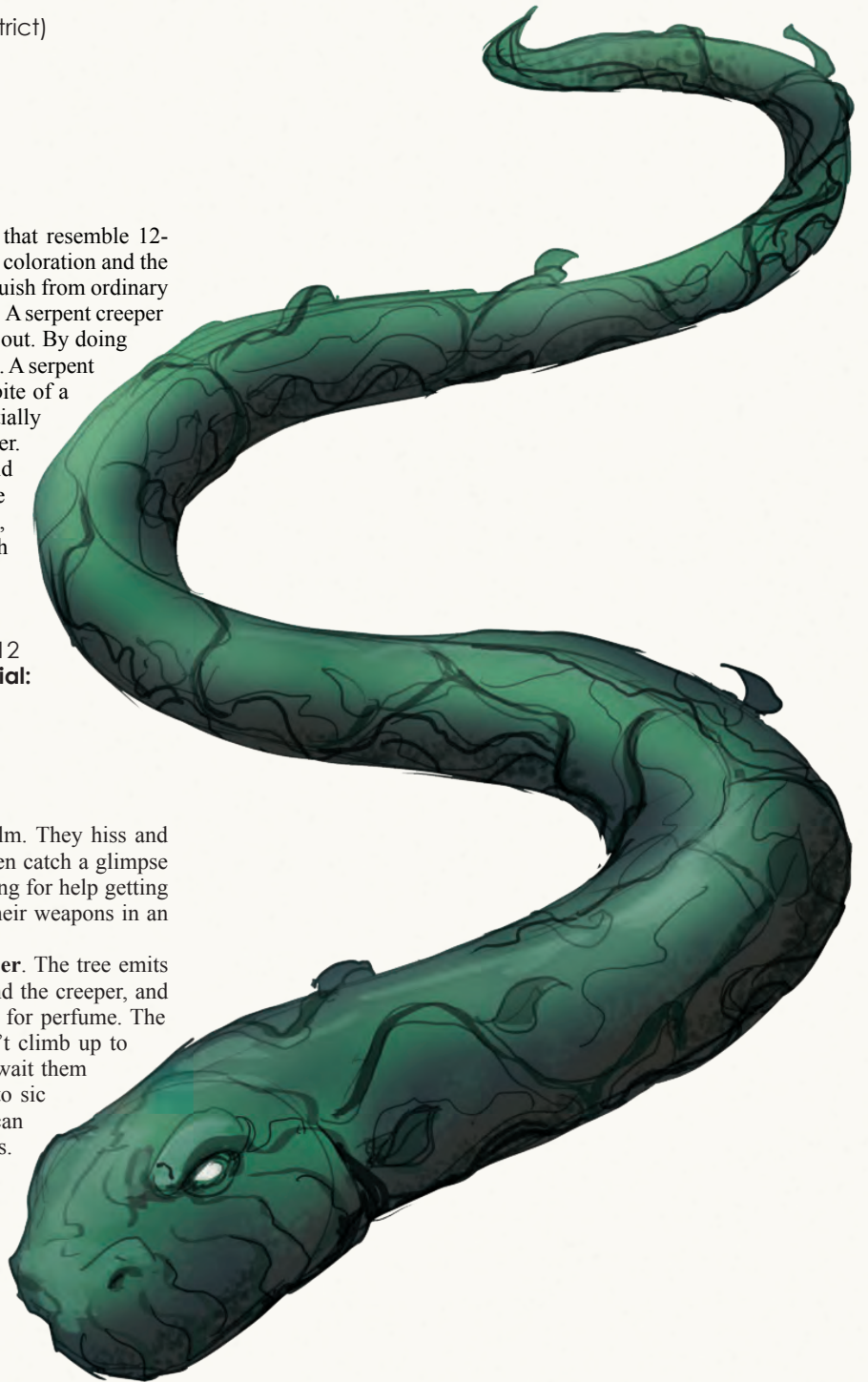
Serpent creepers are dangerous carnivorous plants that resemble 12-foot long pythons. When at rest, their green and brown coloration and the leafy patterns on their scales make them hard to distinguish from ordinary vines, allowing them to surprise on a roll of 1–4 on 1d6. A serpent creeper has a special air sac in its throat that it can turn inside out. By doing so, the air sac appears to be a piece of low-hanging fruit. A serpent creeper uses this ruse to draw its prey in closer. The bite of a serpent creeper deals 1d6 points of acid damage initially and 1d2 points of acid damage each round thereafter. A saving throw or healing spells end the ongoing acid damage. Multiple bites are cumulative. Victims of the bite must make a second saving throw or be constricted, suffering 1d8 points of damage automatically each round thereafter.

Serpent Creeper: HD 6; AC 1 [18]; Atk bite (1d8 plus acidic poison plus constrict); Move 12 (climb 12); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: acidic poison, lure, surprise (4 in 6)

Green and Jumpy

Three toad men sit in the branches of a Juniper Elm. They hiss and croak, apparently afraid to climb down. If the toad men catch a glimpse of people, they do their best to lure them close, pleading for help getting out of the tree, even to the point of throwing down their weapons in an act of surrender.

At the bottom of the tree is coiled a **serpent creeper**. The tree emits a spicy oil from its bark that irritates the toad men and the creeper, and if peeled can be used in magical preparations or sold for perfume. The creeper chased the toad men into the tree, but doesn't climb up to attack them. It's cunning enough to know that it can wait them out. The toad men, being thoroughly Chaotic, hope to sic the serpent creeper on other unfortunates so that they can climb down and flee or pick off any wounded survivors.



Sewer Sludge (Spawn of Dungie)

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: slam (1d8 plus disease plus constrict)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: immune to cold and electricity, stench (10-ft. radius), surprise (3 in 6)

Move: 9 (climb 9, swim 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A sewer sludge is a disgusting ooze that resembles nothing more than a filthy pile of sewage. They lurk in the sewer and waste-water systems of large cities, usually content to feed on rats and refuse that filters down from the streets overhead. A sewer sludge is a globular mass about 4 feet across, and weighing 100 pounds. Creatures approaching to within 10 feet of a sewer sludge begin retching until they leave the area and for 1d4 rounds thereafter (save resists). Sewer sludges are almost always hungry, and do not hesitate to attack prey larger than themselves. A sewer sludge's usual method of attack is to glom onto the body of a creature struck by its pseudopod, grip it tightly, and liquefy its flesh by releasing acidic digestive enzymes. Victims of the sewer sludge's slam must pass a saving throw or succumb to a fever 1d3 days later (–1 to attacks and saves until cured).

Sewer Sludge: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk slam (1d8 plus disease plus constrict); Move 9 (climb 9, swim 9); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: immune to cold and electricity, stench (10-ft. radius), surprise (3 in 6).

What's That Smell?

A plague has befallen the Temple of the Moon, inspired by a curse of uttered by a dying man. A horrible, fetid odor fills the air and clings to the very stones of the place, making the temple so rank that none go near it. The priests uttered their prayers and did their best to dispel the curse, but eventually they had to quit the temple.

The priests' prayers were ineffective because the curse is not really a curse. A **sewer sludge** crawled up from beneath the earth and into the temple, occupying ancient pipes that run under the temple and bubbling up from time to time to digest small animals and insects.

Because the priests so ingloriously abandoned their temple, it is becoming an unhallowed place. There is a stone arch in the temple in which a **nalfeshnee demon** is trapped. The wards holding the demon within the arch are weakening, and soon it might escape.

Nalfeshnee, Fourth-category Demon: HD 10; HP 54; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d4); Move 9 (fly 14); Save 9; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: immune to fire, magic resistance (65%), magical abilities, +2 on to-hit rolls, +1 or better weapons to hit.

Spawn of Dungie

The origin of sewer sludges was unknown until recently. Diligent research by a curious adventurer named Bilark Weteron finally tracked down where these creatures came from, and the news was not good at all. Weteron realized that sewer sludges first appeared in cities often frequented by travelers returning from a certain famous dungeon. Following a hunch, he investigated and was never heard from again. Weteron's diary was recently uncovered in a used book store in Bard's Gate, and in it were discovered his theories about sewer sludges.

It is known that in the upper levels of the dungeon known as Rappan Athuk exists a creature called the Dung Monster. The good news is that the Dung Monster, nicknamed "Dungie" by those few who have survived an encounter with that it, is content to remain in Rappan Athuk and not venture into the outside world. The bad news is that Dungie has begun to reproduce.

Once every few years, Dungie grows odd nodules on its surface. These nodules continue to bud until they fall away and take on a life of their own. Sometimes, a bud finds its way outside of Rappan Athuk, either on its own or hidden in the packs and clothing of weary adventurers as they exit the dungeon. If undetected, these buds drop out into the sewers of the great cities of the world and grow into sewer sludges. Fortunately, sewer sludges remain mindless oozes as they age. Were they to mature into adhesive, shape-changing, immortal monsters like their progenitor, the world might surely be doomed!



Shade

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: by weapon (1d6) or 2 fiery claws (1d6 plus 1d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: magic resistance (20%), resists electricity, shadow images, spells (4/4/3/2/2), teleport, vulnerable to light

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or d6

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Shades are creatures of shadowstuff that can take the shape of humanoids or monstrosities. Scholars believe that shades are formed when creatures willingly take on the shadows that make up the shade. Others feel shades are the result of a powerful curse. Twice per day, a shade can cause shadows to form into images of itself (as per the *mirror image* spell). Once per day, a shade can teleport from one shadow to another. Shades take half damage from electricity. Shades cast spells as 10th-level Magic-Users. Light blinds a shade for 1 round, and dazzles the creature until it leaves the light (–1 to attacks and saves). Up to 6 rounds per day, a shade can attack with its fiery claws, dealing an additional 1d6 points of fire damage to any opponent it strikes.

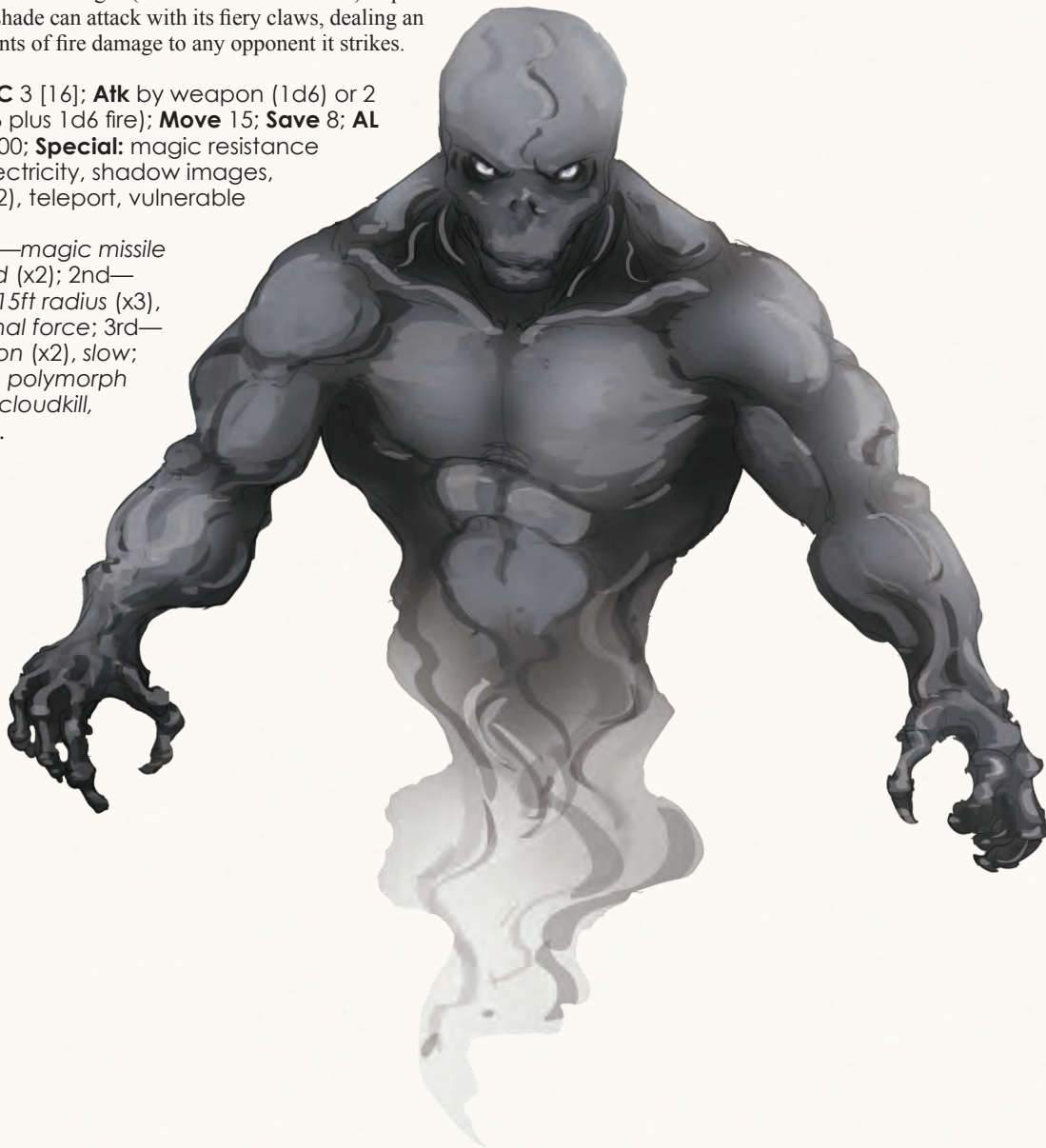
Shade: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk by weapon (1d6) or 2 fiery claws (1d6 plus 1d6 fire); Move 15; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** magic resistance (20%), resists electricity, shadow images, spells (4/4/3/2/2), teleport, vulnerable to light.

Spells: 1st—magic missile (x2), shield (x2); 2nd—darkness 15ft radius (x3), phantasmal force; 3rd—hold person (x2), slow; 4th—fear, polymorph self; 5th—cloudkill, magic jar.

The Roots of All Evil

The Crayt Tunnel leads under the Great Tree, a towering redwood from which hang hundreds of birdhouses. The tunnel has several branches that lead deep into the dense roots, and some say, into a plant realm where shambling mounds rule a kingdom of intelligent flowers.

A **shade** moving from shadow to shadow across the land currently resides in the dark tunnels. The elves of the Claret Woods tracked the creature to the root tunnels, but their expeditions to root the shade out resulted in the deaths of three of their warriors. The elves readily accept help in tracking down the shade, and reward characters with a dozen golden acorns (100 gp each). The shade hides in a natural root chamber, awaiting the night when it can emerge and deal with the remaining elves.



Shadow Hunter

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attack: bite (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: poison, shadowblend (surprise on 1–4 on 1d6 in shadows)

Move: 12 (climb 9, swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d3 or 1d3 plus 1d4+4 hatchlings

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

The shadow hunter is a great, dark serpent that dwells in the deep caverns beneath the earth, where it hunts drow and other creatures. An adult specimen is over 40 feet long and nearly five feet thick in its midsection. In full light it is covered with non-reflective black scales, and its underbelly is the dark red of clotted blood. Shadow hunters have the ability to blend into shadows, to protect themselves from molestation while digesting a meal, and to more successfully stalk prey. Unlike normal snakes, shadow hunters often work in groups of two or three to corner prey in passages. A shadow hunter's poisonous bite is lethal, killing those who fail a saving throw.

Shadow Hunter: HD 8; AC 1 [18]; Atk bite (1d8 plus poison);

Move 12 (climb 9, swim 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400;

Special: poison, shadowblend (surprise on 1–4 on 1d6 in shadows).

Shadow Hunter Hatchlings: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 12 (climb 12, swim 12); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** poison, shadowblend.

Dark Shadows

In the midst of a trackless desert of white dunes is a small oasis. The oasis is composed of a small pool of crystal-clear water surrounded by dozens of date palms. A statue stands on the banks of the pool. Composed of obsidian, with adornments of gold, it depicts a dancing goddess with four arms. Gold rings adorn her fingers and toes, and if one attempts to remove them or if they chant chaotic prayers before the four-armed idol, an amazing transformation occurs.

The sands around the oasis rumble and shift, and 1,000 pillars, as black as shadow and cold to the touch (but clearly not made of stone) begin rising, centered on the statue and the oasis. As these pillars rise, the light between them dims to twilight. The adventurers have discovered a temple of darkness!

The temple is dedicated to a demon goddess and is guarded by 2 **shadow hunters**. Once the pillars have risen to a height of 100 feet and the darkness reigns, a massive black pearl appears in the upraised hand of the idol. Not only is this pearl priceless, but it is also magical. It can extinguish natural lights within 100 ft. and grants the person who holds it the ability to see in darkness. The holder of the black pearl can rebuke and command the undead and all shadow creatures as a 9th-level Cleric. The pearl is intelligent and Chaotic, however, and attempts to control the actions of its owner, warping their Alignment and furthering the agenda of the goddess of shadows. After one month of use, the pearl cracks open to release a **shadow hunter hatchling**.



Shadow Wing

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attack: 2 wings (1d8 plus poison) and bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: poison, shadow blend (surprise on 1-4 on 1d6 in shadows)

Move: 9 (fly 27)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

Shadow wings are nocturnal predators formed of inky blackness that resemble a cross between a giant hawk and giant tailless manta ray. They measure 9 feet long and have a wingspan of 20 feet. Its beak is formed of the same inky blackness as the rest of its form. Other than two piercing red eyes no other discernible features can be made out in its form. Shadow wings speak with a low, raspy voice. A shadow wing attacks by swooping low at an opponent and slashing it with its wings or stabbing with its beak. Since most attacks instigated by shadow wings occur under the cover of darkness, they use their shadow blend ability to conceal themselves from their foes (surprise on 1-4 on 1d6 in shadows). Their poison paralyzes those who fail a saving throw for 1d6 rounds. During any conditions other than bright light, a shadow wing can disappear into the shadows, effectively becoming invisible (per the spell).

Shadow Wing: HD 10; AC -2 [21]; Atk 2 wings (1d8 plus poison) and bite (2d6); Move 9 (fly 27); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** poison, shadow blend (surprise on 1-4 on 1d6 in shadows).

In the Valley of Eternal Night

Located deep within the Hollow Spire Mountains is a valley of eternal night. Shadows seep like inky liquid from the caverns and crevasses in the mountains and trickle into this valley, filling it to the brim with shadow-stuff that hovers like an etheric mist.

The valley is inhabited by the children of the night, a last refuge for vampires, shades, lycanthropes, nightgaunts and the like. Among them dwells a great scholar, cursed by the gods to never again see the daylight. **Shadow wings** patrol the skies above this benighted valley, swooping down on those who attempt to climb down into it, grabbing them and either dashing them against the walls of the valley or depositing them at the feet of the valley's morose queen.



Shark, Swordtooth

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus 1d6 bleed)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: keen scent

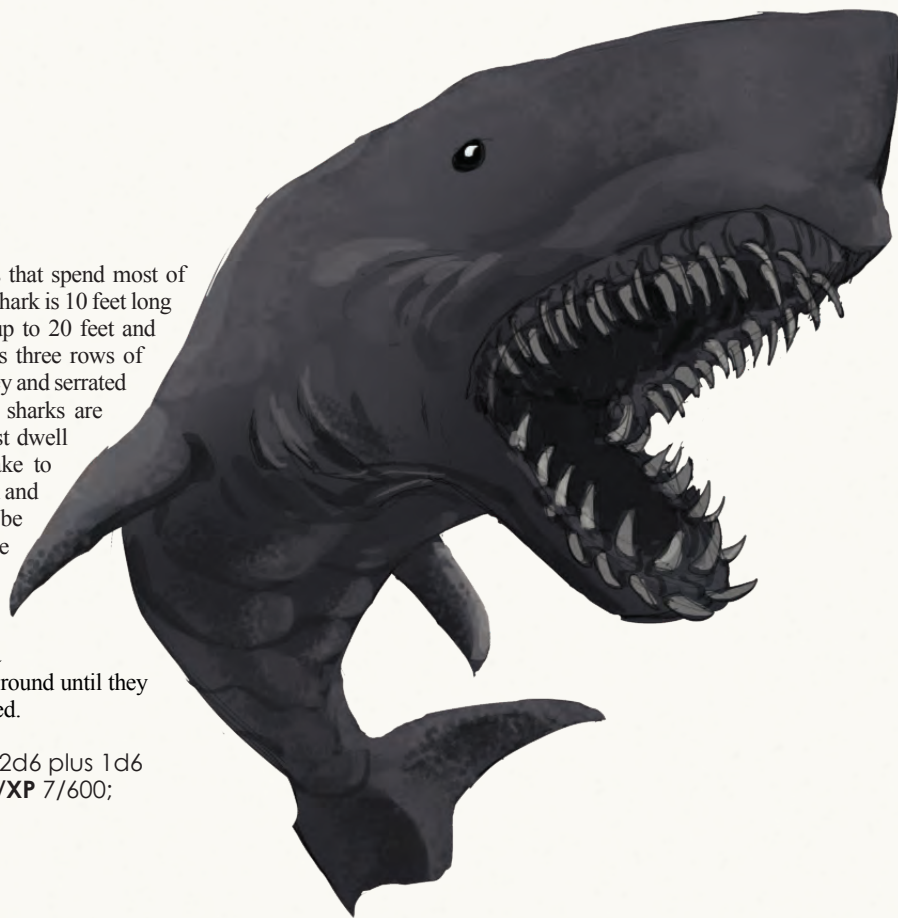
Move: 0 (swim 21)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d4+5

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Swordtooth sharks are highly aggressive carnivores that spend most of their time hunting and killing. The average swordtooth shark is 10 feet long and weighs 350 pounds, but can grow to lengths of up to 20 feet and weigh more than 500 pounds. A swordtooth shark has three rows of razor-sharp teeth, pointed lower teeth for gripping its prey and serrated upper teeth for tearing flesh and muscle. Swordtooth sharks are found in both freshwater and saltwater, and while most dwell in the large expanse of the world's oceans, some take to underground rivers and lakes where the fish are plentiful and other predators are rare. Swordtooths are not required to be in perpetual motion. They often rest on the bottom of the ocean's floors, staying motionless for up to 24 hours. A swordtooth shark can notice creatures by scent in a 180-ft. radius underwater and can detect blood in the water at ranges of up to a mile. Victims bitten by a swordtooth shark bleed for 1d6 points of damage each round until they are dead, take a round to bind their wounds, or are healed.



Swordtooth Shark: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus 1d6 bleed); Move 0 (swim 21); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: keen scent.

Pick a Color

This 50-ft.-diameter cylindrical dungeon room contains a pool of frothing water 20 feet below the entry. The pool is 30 feet deep, and connects via a tunnel to the iron-grated throne room of the king of the scrags. Across from the entry is the room's only other above-water exit. Swimming in the churning water are **3 swordtooth sharks**.

Floating about 30 feet above the surface of the water is a globe of colored light. If a character puts a foot over the edge of the pool, a stone block rises rapidly from beneath the water and hovers level with the entry. This stone is a 5 ft. cube and sturdy enough to support 500 pounds of weight. As it rises, the globe in the center of the room changes from a sort of dim white to a brilliant red. When anyone steps off of the first stone block, a new one rises and the globe turns a bright yellow. The next block changes the globe to green, then red again and then blue. This should be enough blocks to get people halfway across the room, the sharks snapping their jaws below. Each block stays aloft for a maximum of one minute.

The game changes once adventurers are halfway across the water. The globe begins turning random colors, changing once each round:

1d6	Color
1	Dim White
2	Red
3	Blue
4	Yellow
5	Green
6	Orange

At this point, a stone only rises when one steps off for the correct color in the sequence. The pattern is the same as it was for the first five stones; red-yellow-green-red-blue. If adventurers do not step off quickly enough (i.e. within one minute) once the correct color glows, the stone they are standing on collapses into the water, leaving them to the tender mercies of the sharks.

Shattered Soul, Impaled Spirit

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: incorporeal spike (1d8 plus impale soul) or incorporeal touch (1d8 plus sickened)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: impale soul, incorporeal (hit only by magic weapons), unnatural aura

Move: 0 (fly 24)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

Shattered souls are the ghostly spirits of living beings executed through brutal torture: impalement, disembowelment, or worse. An impaled spirit appears as a translucent humanoid floating a few feet above the ground carrying a 10-foot-long ghostly spike or spear. It makes no noise, though it almost seems to be trying to cry out in agony; a silent reminder of the pain endured as the impalement spike pierced its internal organs while it was dying. Its eyes are glossy white. Animals refuse to come within 30 ft. of a shattered soul. A shattered soul's incorporeal touch sickens victims (save avoids, -2 to attacks and saves for 1d4 days).

An impaled spirit carries an incorporeal version of the spike that caused its death, a 10-foot-long spear-like instrument. On a successful attack with this spike, the target must make a saving throw or have its soul impaled on the ghostly implement. A ghostly duplicate of the impaling instrument and its victim now impaled on the spike appear planted in the ground within 5 feet of the target. A thin silvery cord connects the translucent, impaled creature with its corporeal self. Another thin silvery cord connects the ghostly impalement back to the impaled spirit.

This attack deals 1d6 points of Constitution drain initially and 1 point of Constitution drain each round thereafter until the creature dies or is freed. Each round an impaled victim takes Constitution drain, the impaled spirit connected to it gains 5 temporary hit points. An impaled creature cannot move more than 10 feet from the spot where its soul is impaled, and suffers a -2 penalty on all attack rolls and saves from the pain.

An impaled creature can be freed if the ghostly spike holding the victim is destroyed or pulled from the ground. The ghostly spike is AC -1[20] and has 20 hp. Corporeal creatures cannot pull the spike from the ground but can attack it with magic weapons. Normal weapons have no effect. Ethereal creatures can attack the spike with normal weapons or remove it from the ground with a successful saving throw. A *holy word* or *wish* destroys the ghostly spike instantly.

Impaled Spirit Shattered Soul: HD 12; AC 3 [16]; Atk

incorporeal spike (1d8 plus impale soul) or incorporeal touch (1d8 plus sickened); **Move** 0 (fly 24); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** impale soul, incorporeal (hit only by magic weapons), unnatural aura.

The Little Pricked

The ruins of a large brick warehouse sit atop a lonely hill. Thick briars and tufts of dried grass surround the wrecked building. Three thick chimneys reveal that the place probably housed forges. Despite appearances, the building remains very sturdy. This old structure was once the factory of Lyrid Toadstrangler, a dwarven craftsman who created instruments of torture. While not inherently evil in nature, Lyrid's craft required a certain amount of wicked imagination. Lyrid specialized in creating iron maidens. A master sculptor, he often created the iron maidens in the image of the torturer or lord to whom the maidens belonged. Most of his work survives to this day, passed down over generations as disturbing family heirlooms. Lyrid was slain by an assassin hired by the Alantyr family of Bargarsport.

Finished and unfinished iron maidens stand upright along the walls of Lyrid's forge-factory. Rusted forging tools, collapsing workbench, and maiden parts fill the main room. Three iron maidens lie under a thick intact burlap cloth. Each

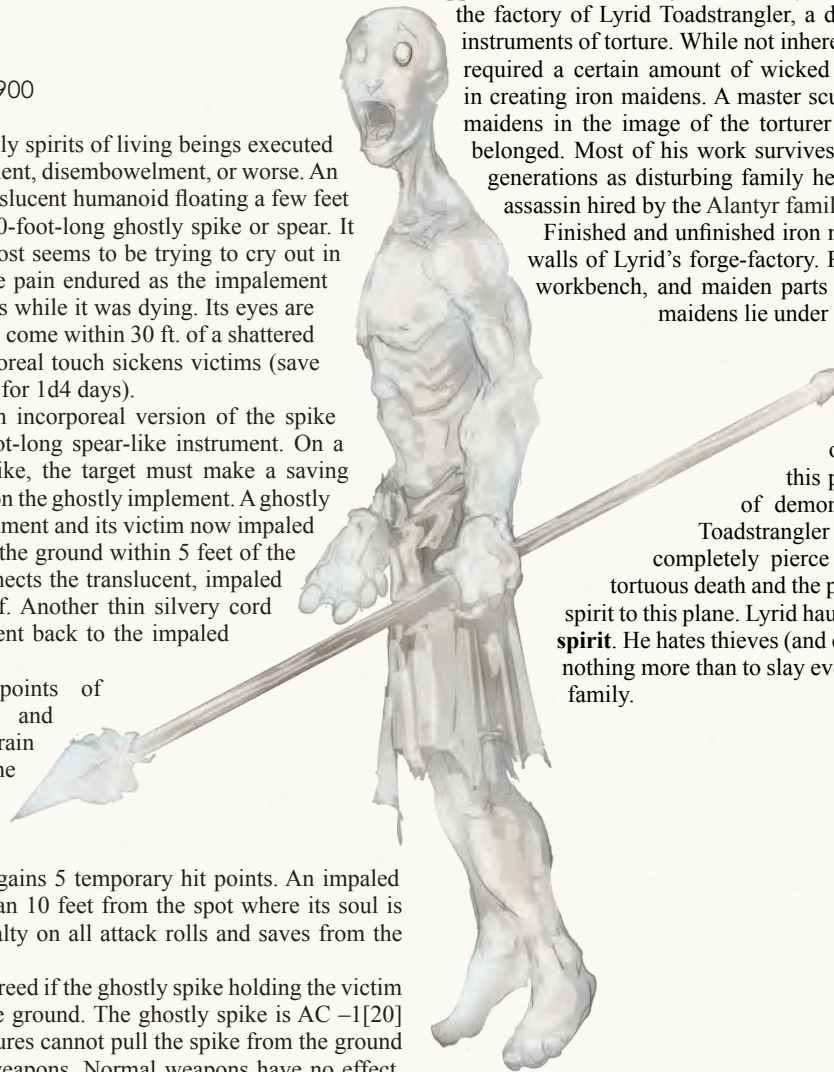
of these iron maidens could fetch as much as 500 gp. His

final masterpiece remains nearly finished in the center of the workshop. The spikes of

this particular maiden are composed of demon horns. The corpse of Lyrid

Toadstrangler lies inside. The maiden's spikes completely pierce his desiccated corpse. Lyrid's

tortuous death and the power of the demon horns tie his spirit to this plane. Lyrid haunts his workshop as an **impaled spirit**. He hates thieves (and especially assassins) and wishes nothing more than to slay every direct relative of the Alantyr family.



Silverfish, Giant

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: bite (1d6 plus 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: acid, immune to mind-affecting spells

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d10+5

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Giant silverfish appear as almost flattened insects tapered at one end, giving them a fish-like appearance. Their scales are grayish-silver in color and their tails are composed of equal-length bristles that trail behind them as they move. They use their long antennae to sense their environment. Giant silverfish can grow to lengths of 8 feet or so, though most are around 6 feet long. These nocturnal hunters consume just about anything they come across, including using their acid to break down bits of paper and small wooden objects to extract what nutrients they can from the material. A giant silverfish's acid does not harm metal or stone.

Giant Silverfish: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk bite (1d6 plus 1d6 acid); Move 12; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; Special: acid, immune to mind-affecting spells.

Silverfish Linings Playbook

Dozens of flattened silver ovals covered in scales hang from a wooden rack outside a small shack nestled among the vine-covered trees of the Kajaani Forest. Green and gray moss covers the roof of the low structure, allowing it to blend into the thick brush growing thickly around it. A halfling wearing a red leather apron stands before one of the racks. He diligently runs a flensing knife carefully over the inside of one of the silver ovals. Ollie Nematoad carefully scrapes the acidic lining from the inside of the giant silverfish, whistling as he works. Shavings fall from his knife into a silver tray on the ground below the rack.

Ollie is in need of more giant silverfish bodies to mix into a silver paste he hopes to market to armorers in Taharath. He believes smearing the paste on armor makes the warrior harder to strike (although he hasn't test his theory yet). He offers to smear generous amounts of the paste onto characters if they want to be "protected." The paste doesn't work, although Ollie truly believes it will. Instead, the paste actually attracts giant silverfish and silverfish swarms.

If characters agree to collect the giant silverfish, Ollie directs them to a portion of the forest where dead tree trunks stand amid rotting fungi a foot deep on the ground. Hundreds of **giant silverfish** race through the layers of wood and mold. The halfling inventor gives characters a small black book containing a list of rules for correctly collecting the insects, including where to bash them on the head to kill them (it doesn't work), what leaves to rub on the body to keep them away (they don't), and even how to tell males from females (he has no idea). The playbook is filled with tallies of the number of insects Ollie has already collected, including their weights and dimensions.



Silverfish Swarm

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attack: swarm (2d6 plus 2d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: acid, immune to mind-affecting spells and weapon damage

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Silverfish swarms are highly destructive masses of the creatures that consume anything and everything they encounter. They surge forward in a wriggling, fish-like motion. Silverfish swarms are immune to weapon damage, but can be scattered by area-effect spells.

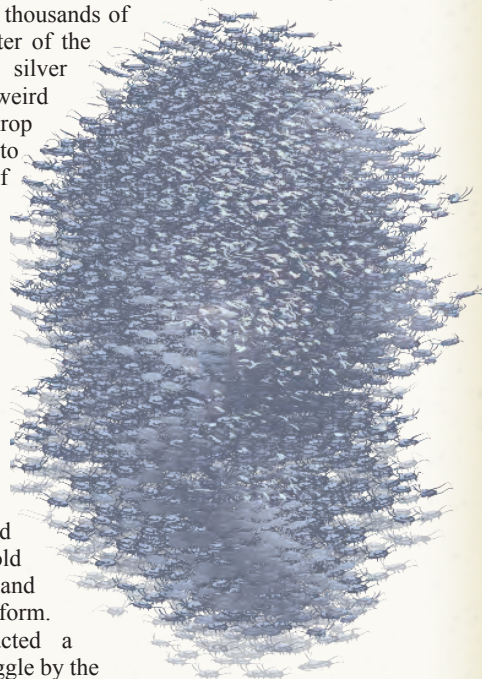
Silverfish Swarm: HD 12; AC 8 [11]; Atk swarm (2d6 plus 2d6 acid); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: acid, immune to mind-affecting spells and weapon damage.

Waxy Silver Buildup

The walls and ceiling of this 30-ft.-by-40-ft. chamber are covered in sparkling silver flecks that reflect light sources brought into the room. A skittering noise comes from the walls, and anyone touching the walls realizes that it is alive with thousands of moving insects. In the center of the room stands a 6-foot-tall silver statue that moves with a weird fluid grace. Silver flecks drop off of its flowing form to spatter in rancid pools of water collected about its base. On its head sits a silver crown inset with 6 red gems (2500 gp). The statue is a **wax golem** guardian wearing King Talae's crown. The golem moves languidly, more like a moving piece of art than a guardian.

The wax golem has stood for hundreds of years in this dank underground chamber. Over the years, mold grew throughout the room, and upon and in the golem's form. The purplish mold attracted a swarm of silverfish that wriggle by the thousands over the golem and the stone walls. If the crown is disturbed, the golem attacks. Its body is coated with layers of silverfish, some stuck deep into its body. The **silverfish swarm** coalesces into a mass of insects once the attacking golem riles them up. Characters can set off the swarm as well by attacking the walls or bringing fire close to the swarming insects.

Wax Golem: HD 4 (HP 20); AC 5[14]; Atk 2 fists (1d8+3); Move 6; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: magic resistance (25%), resistant to blunt weapons.



Sirine Flower

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: 4 tendrils (1d4 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: charming song, essence drain, immune to sleep and charm, resist fire

Move: 3

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Sirine flowers are sentient, slow-moving, flesh-eating, 5-ft.-tall flowers with many thick stalks and leaves. The flower typically stands about 5 feet tall from base to the tip of its stalks. They can grow to a height of nearly 10 feet, though flowers this large are uncommon at best. The base of a sirine flower is a thick, leathery, brown-colored sac about 2 feet in diameter, located just beneath the surface of the ground. Strong, thick roots grow in all directions from the base, reaching lengths of 5 to 6 feet. Above ground, a thick clump of leaves grows from the base of the plant. From these leaves a series of 6 to 10 stalks reach upward. Each stalk is thick, slightly coarse and leathery to the touch with many small leaves and flowers growing from it. Flowers are red, amber, gold, silver, bronze, purple, or gray. Hidden among the base leaves and stalks are the creature's four tendrils which it uses to ensnare its prey. The tendrils, like the stalks, are grayish-brown in color. Sirine flowers take half damage from fire.

The flower emits a pleasant odor noticeable to a range of 30 feet. It also emits a soothing and tranquil humming in a 60-ft. radius that resembles music or birds singing. Those hearing the song must make a saving throw or become captivated by the sound and move toward the sirine flower using the most direct means available. If the path leads them into a dangerous area such as through fire or off a cliff, that creature receives a second saving throw to end the effect before moving into peril. Captivated creatures can take no actions other than to defend themselves. A victim within 5 feet of the sirine flower simply stands and offers no resistance to the sirine flower's attacks. This effect continues for as long as the sirine flower sings and for 1 round afterward.

Once an opponent is within range, the plant lashes out, attempting to grab the foe with its tendrils. A target struck by a tendril must make a saving throw or be held. A held creature takes automatic tendril damage and loses 1d2 points of intelligence each round until it escapes. The intelligence returns at the rate of 1 point per day of rest.

Sirine Flower: HD 6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 4 tendrils (1d4 plus grab); **Move** 3; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** charming song, essence drain, immune to sleep and charm, resist fire.

Skinned Alive

An island parts a wide stream deep in this primeval forest. Tall flowering plants reaching nearly 5 feet high grow on the 50-foot-oval shaped island. A **piranha swarm** circles the island waiting for an easy meal. In the center of the island, an oak tree leaning precariously to one side. A dryad once lived on this peaceful little island. One night, **2 sirine flowers** crept onto the island and slowly devoured the flesh from the dryad. The betrayal by her beloved plants and the pain of having her flesh torn from her body infused her dying spirit with undying hatred. The dryad transformed into a **flesh feaster** virtually overnight.

The skin feaster hides her true nature with a cloak woven of leaves and grass. With only local animals to devour, her regenerated skin has grown back with tufts of fur. Although the sirine flowers and skin feaster are none too happy, the piranhas enjoy the *charmed* animal life that wander into the stream to get to the flowers.



Skin Feaster

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6 plus necrotic touch)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: flesh consumption, necrotic touch, regrow skin

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 3d6

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Skin feasters are almost completely skinless. Their rotting muscles and sinew are clearly visible as they move. Their hands end in filthy claws and their eyes are hollow sockets. When a humanoid dies as a result of being skinned alive, it often returns to the land of the living as a skin feaster; an undead creature driven by an insatiable hunger for the skin and flesh of living creatures. Only by consuming living flesh can a skin feaster relieve itself of the burning pain of its raw muscles and nerves. Skin feasters stand about 6 feet tall and generally weigh 150–180 pounds.

A skin feaster slashes at its opponents with its razor-sharp fingernails, flaying off chunks of flesh with each strike. Skin feasters are so overcome with agony that there is a 25% chance they stop in the middle of combat to devour any flesh they tear away from their victims. It takes no action except to defend itself.

The necrotic touch of a skin feaster steals 1d3 points of constitution from a target that fails a saving throw. The constitution points are recovered in 1d4 days. If the victim fails the saving throw by 5 or more, 1 point of constitution is lost permanently.

If a skin feaster consumes an amount of flesh equal to 6 points of constitution stolen in any 24-hour period, it begins to regrow its skin. The process requires 1d6 hours and for the next 1d3 days thereafter, the skin feaster appears just as it did before its death. During this time, the skin feaster loses its flesh consumption weakness and appears human (though it is still undead). Once this period ends, the skin feaster's skin sloughs off, restoring it to its original appearance.

Skin Feaster: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus necrotic touch); Move 12; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** flesh consumption, necrotic touch, regrow skin.

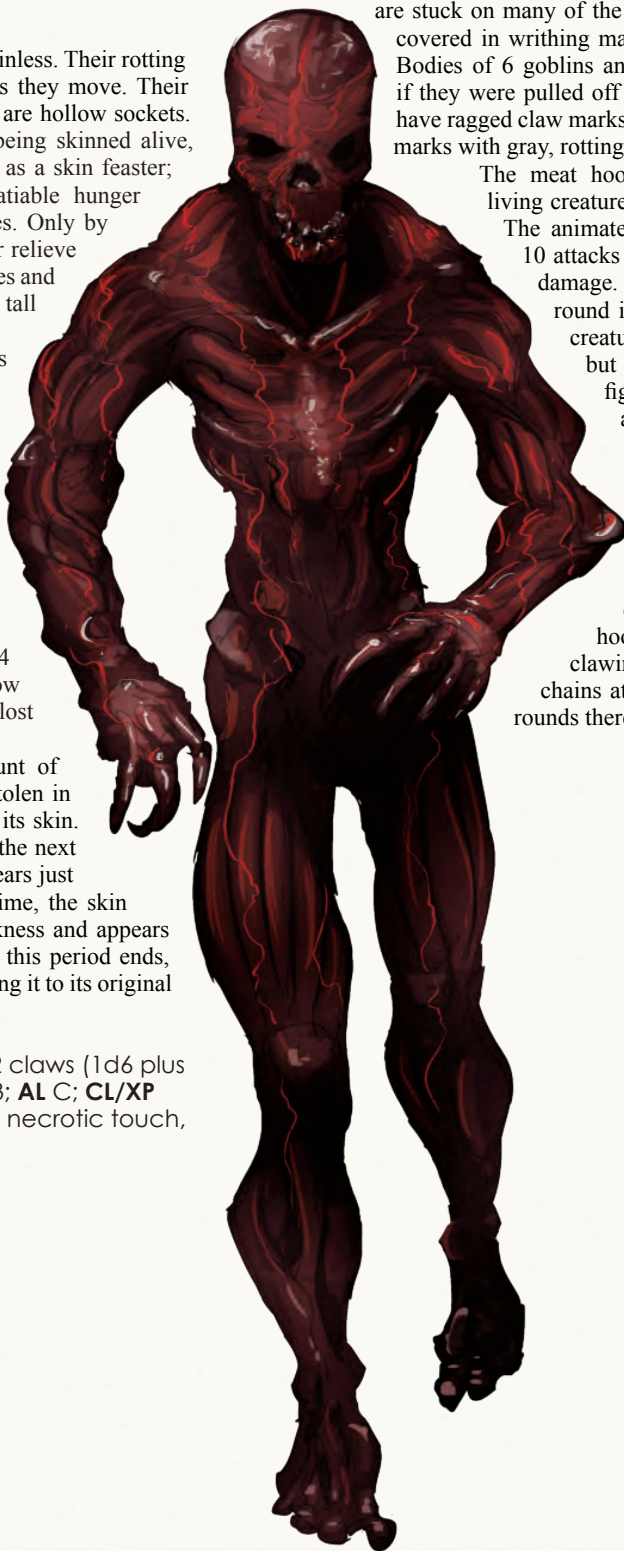
Hook Horrors

A toppled brick chimney from the upper-city of Bargarsport descends through a series of interconnected rooms into the under-city, which has been buried for centuries in layers of volcanic dirt. In one chamber whose stone blocks radiate piercing cold, bloody meat hooks hang from the 10-foot-high ceiling on flaking metal chains. Bite-ravaged chunks of meat are stuck on many of the hooks. The meat is fresh, still bloody, and covered in writhing maggots. The stone floor is slick with blood. Bodies of 6 goblins and 2 ogres, all bearing gaping wounds—as if they were pulled off the hooks—slump against one wall. Many have ragged claw marks raking their torsos. Many of them have bite marks with gray, rotting teeth still caught in the wounds.

The meat hooks are an **animated object** that attacks living creatures with its 10 rusty meat hooks each round.

The animated object attacks as a 6-HD creature with 10 attacks each round. Each hook does 1d6 points of damage. Any single target hit by two hooks in one round is grabbed and held on the sharp points. A creature can pull itself free with a saving throw, but takes 2d4 points of damage as the hooks fight to stay attached. A chain can be sliced apart by striking AC 2[17] and dealing 8 points of damage. Once the animated objects has no more hooks, it is killed.

The chamber is the hunting ground of 12 **skin feasters** that wander through the tunnels in search of prey. The undead creatures don't provoke attacks by the chains. They swarm prey snared on the hooks, biting with their horrible teeth and clawing with their sharp nails. Once the jangling chains attack, 1d4+1 skin feasters arrive every 1d6 rounds thereafter to investigate.



Skull Child

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: 2 claws (1d4 plus energy drain), bite (1d6 plus weakness)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: create spawn, energy drain (1 level, if both claws hit in the same round), masquerade, powerless in sunlight, terrifying gaze, weakness

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6+1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Skull children are small and pathetic but sadistic undead creatures, often spoken of in folklore and myth, though few actually believe in their existence. By day, a skull child is virtually indiscernible from any humanoid child of its size and apparent age. It appears as a happy, playful youngster who mixes with other, more normal children. At night however, its true demeanor becomes all too apparent. As the sun sinks below the horizon, the flesh retreats from the head of a skull child, revealing a bare skull with blazing eye sockets and sharp, needle-like teeth. The rest of the creature's body becomes putrid and rotten. A skull child feeds on the life force of other living creatures, draining the essence of its victims, though only at night. A skull child's energy drain, create spawn, terrifying gaze, and weakness abilities only function after sunset. Between dawn and dusk, it is impossible to tell a skull child from another, normal, child of the race it is posing as. Any form of detection, such as *detect evil*, reveals nothing.

A juvenile humanoid slain by a skull child rises the following night as a free-willed skull child. A *bless* spell cast on the body before that time ceases the transformation. Adults and non-humanoids killed by a skull child do not rise as undead.

Any living creature meeting the gaze of a skull child must make a saving throw or be unable to act for 1d4 rounds. Creatures with more than 5 HD are immune to this effect. The bite of a skull child weakens its targets (-2 to hit and damage, save avoids).

Skull Child: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 plus energy drain), bite (1d6 plus weakness); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL**/XP 10/1400; **Special:** create spawn, energy drain (1 level, if both claws hit in the same round), masquerade, powerless in sunlight, terrifying gaze, weakness.

Children of Niltag

A lonely road wanders through flat, featureless farmlands. Small villages and single-family farms infrequently dot the road. Niltag is one of these small villages. It stretches along both sides of the dusty road. Incredibly quiet, except for the sound of children playing, this deserted village has fallen on hard times. Only four buildings make up the downtown area: a tavern, a temple to Freya, a trading post and a court/jailhouse. The rest of the dozen or so buildings are residential houses and barns. All the buildings are dilapidated and run down. Weeds and grass grow wild, and dried brush tumbles throughout the buildings. Doors swing open and shut in the slight breeze that blow down the road. Refuse litters the main path.

The town is lacking adults. During the day, 7 **skull children** play in the street. The children simply state that their parents and the other adults all left one day. They do not know where the adults went or even when they left. The children seem unusually casual about their missing elders. Furthermore, curious characters discover a distinct lack of food and domesticated animals throughout the town. Wild animals and insects even avoid the town. The largest barn in town holds the adult citizens, all hanging

from ropes and hay hooks in various states of decay. Chunks of missing flesh and jagged bite marks mar their corpses.

While most of the farm animals escaped into the wilds when the skull children descended on the town, the bodies of the others lie in rotting heaps in the horse stalls.



Slug, Dimensional

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attack: bite (1d12 plus 1d8 acid) or spit acid

Saving Throw: 3

Special: crush, immune to acid, plane shift, resists slashing and piercing, spit acid, vulnerable to salt

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Dimensional slugs are offshoots of giant slugs that now dwell in the Ethereal Plane. This gigantic brownish-gray slug drips acid from its shimmering form. A dimensional slug can spit acid up to 60 ft., dealing 8d6 points of damage to a victim (save for half). A dimensional slug can rear up and fall on opponents. Anyone in the area must make a saving throw to dive out of the way or take 2d8 points of damage each round until the slug moves. The slug can shift from the Ethereal Plane in a round to attack. Slugs take double damage from salt as if it were a flask of acid. A dimensional slug attacks by spraying acid on its opponents. The slug takes half damage from slashing and piercing weapons.

Dimensional Slug: HD 12; AC 8 [11]; Atk bite (1d12 plus 1d8 acid) or spit acid; Move 6; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300;

Special: crush, immune to acid, plane shift, resists slashing and piercing, spit acid, vulnerable to salt.

The Mill Menace

The hills to the west of Bard's Gate are home to dozens of slow-moving windmills. The mills grind grain from the south farms night and day. Each of these massive mills are privately owned and operated. One of the larger windmills belongs to the Levain family. The warehouses surrounding the windmill hold bags of wheat flour and barrels of yeast in various stages of fermentation.

Amylase Levain, the eldest daughter of the household, recently made a disturbing discovery. Her parents and elder brothers are gone missing. The family warehouses have been demolished and are covered in a clear mucus-like film. Furthermore, the windmill's blades have stopped turning. Unbeknownst to her, a **dimensional slug** has set its stomach to work devouring her family's entire revenue.

The mill makes a horrid creaking noise as it almost bursts at the seams. The giant slug fills the entire interior of the mill. It comes pouring out of the door if disturbed. The slug devoured the family elders, leaving Amylase in charge of several younger children. After the slug finishes digesting its meal, it leaps via the Ethereal Plane to fill the next closest windmill.



Sojourner of the Sea

Hit Dice: 19 (80 hp)

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 slams (4d8)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: aquatic entangle, healed by cold, immune to most spells, +2 or better weapon to hit, slowed by *magic missile*

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000

The sojourner of the seas is a metallic construct that appears as a crudely rendered statue of a human male, with fully articulated joints. Though its facial features are nothing more than vague shapes with little definition, its torso is carved with an intricate pattern of runes. Along the area of its left "thigh" is a long silvery abrasion, perhaps the result of some ancient battle. This metal construct is believed to be one of a kind, and for that the civilized world is thankful. The sojourner is a man-shaped machine that constantly walks the ocean floor on an unknown quest, destroying anything that attempts to sway it from its inexorable path.

A sojourner is immune to most spells, except as noted below. A *magic missile* paralyzes a sojourner (as the *hold person* spell) for 1 minute, with no saving throw. A magical attack that deals cold damage breaks any *hold* effect on the sojourner and heals 1 point of damage for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the sojourner to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. A sojourner gets no saving throw against cold effects. A sojourner is unaffected by rust attacks, such as those of a rust monster.

Once every four rounds, a sojourner can animate the local sea flora to entrap its opponents. Opponents must make a saving throw to avoid being held and constricted for 1d6 points of damage for 1d6+2 rounds.

Sojourner of the Sea: HD 19; HP 80; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2

slams (4d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 22/5000;

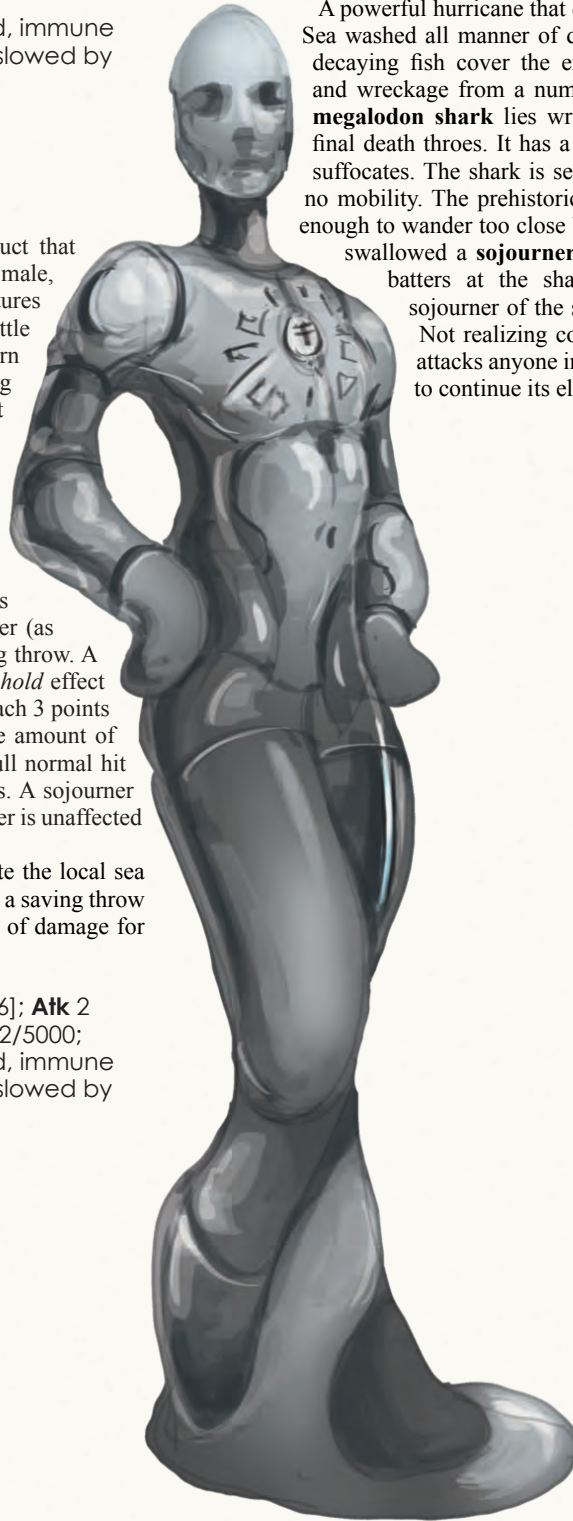
Special: aquatic entangle, healed by cold, immune to most spells, +2 or better weapon to hit, slowed by *magic missile*.

The Fish Ain't Happy

A powerful hurricane that devastated the lands along the Reaping Sea washed all manner of debris onto the seashore. Seaweed and decaying fish cover the entire beach, along with toppled trees and wreckage from a number of splintered ships. An enormous **megalodon shark** lies writhing on its side. The shark is in its final death throes. It has a 3d4 rounds of fight left in it before it suffocates. The shark is severely hindered out of the water, with no mobility. The prehistoric shark can still attack anyone foolish enough to wander too close by twisting and biting. The megalodon swallowed a **sojourner of the sea**. The metal man currently

batters at the shark from the inside. Eventually, the sojourner of the sea bursts forth from the shark's belly.

Not realizing combat is over, the sojourner of the sea attacks anyone in sight. If left alone, it returns to the sea to continue its elusive quest.



Soul Knight

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bastard sword (2d6+2)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: fear aura

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

A soul knight is a suit of blackened ornamental armor housing two red orbs where eyes should be. A cold malignance emanates from the creature like an evil cloud. A soul knight is a suit of armor animated by the lingering soul of an evil knight, cursed to undeath as punishment for having committed betrayal, murder or other crimes. The evil spirit continues to inhabit its old armor, repeating the deeds that brought about the living knight's ruin. A soul knight projects an aura of fear (as per the spell) in a 30-ft. radius.

Soul Knight: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk bastard sword (2d6+2);

Move 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** fear aura.

Equipment: blackened plate mail, saw-tooth bastard sword.

Credit

Original author Mark R. Shipley

Originally appearing in *The Black Monastery* (© Frog God Games/ Mark R. Shipley, 2011)

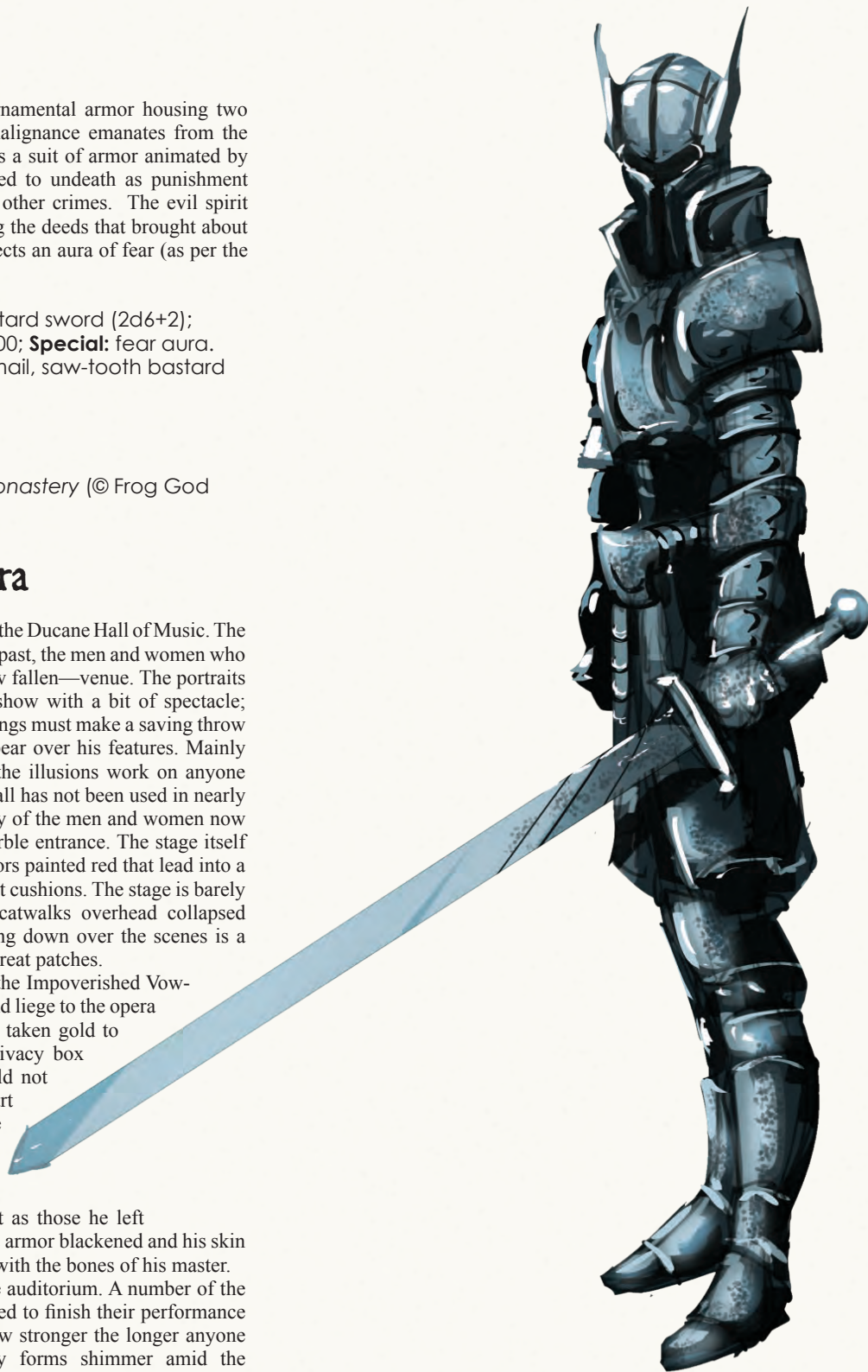
A Knight at the Opera

Weathered portraits fill the grand foyer of the Ducane Hall of Music. The fading images show the great singers of the past, the men and women who enchanted audiences at the famed—but now fallen—venue. The portraits used to add to visitors enjoyment of the show with a bit of spectacle; anyone standing in front of one of the paintings must make a saving throw or have a ghostly image of that singer appear over his features. Mainly a novelty to keep the young entertained, the illusions work on anyone looking at one of the portraits. The opera hall has not been used in nearly 50 years after a devastating fire killed many of the men and women now alive only in the paintings in the dusty marble entrance. The stage itself is accessed through three sets of double doors painted red that lead into a room of stiff wooden chairs and plush velvet cushions. The stage is barely recognizable, as the support beams and catwalks overhead collapsed in the fire. The great curtain that once hung down over the scenes is a moldering pile of cloth burned through in great patches.

Cedricke Junde, a knight in service to the Impoverished Vow-Takers of Voard, accompanied his master and liege to the opera on that fatal night—although he'd already taken gold to allow an assassin access to his liege's privacy box high above the stage. What Cedricke could not know was that the assassin would then start the blazing inferno to cover his tracks. The massive curtain collapsed in a fiery blaze that killed the singers and many in the front rows. The assassin fled during the conflagration, escaping into the cold night as those he left behind burned. Cedricke himself died as his armor blackened and his skin burned. His remains lie in the privacy box with the bones of his master.

Characters hear singing as they enter the auditorium. A number of the dead singers still haunt the stage, determined to finish their performance for any audience. The music and song grow stronger the longer anyone remains in the auditorium, until ghostly forms shimmer amid the fallen beams and remnants of the set. If the characters stay to the end

of the performance, the ghosts are fulfilled and can finally leave the theater. Cedricke may not allow that, however, as the appearance of the ghosts—and anyone bearing an image of one of the dead singers from the paintings—draws his ire. The **soul knight** leaps from the box to land amid the characters. His blackened armor leaves flakes of ash in his wake.



Soulless

In his eternal war against the gods, Orcus, the Prince of Demons, discovered a way to sever the connection between living beings and their divine creators. He learned that by stripping the soul of a humanoid while leaving the body alive and intact, he could create a soulless creature beholden only to him and outside the influence of the divine. Soulless embrace true amorality, characterized by acts of depravity and destruction. The soulless creature takes no pleasure in this behavior, they are disturbingly without expression or emotion, but engage in it as an automaton. The stripped soul ends up in an Abyssal prison where Orcus can subject it to further experiments or employ it in some other hideous plan.

Soulless Hill Giant

Hit Dice: 8+2

Armor Class: 4[15]

Attack: club (2d8) or 2 slams (1d8)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: abyssal stare, bound soul, immune to cure spells, level drain and magic jar, throw boulders, vessel of Orcus

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered:

1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP:

9/1100

Soulless hill giants have a blank, soulless stare not found in the more brutish of their giant brethren. Outwardly, the soulless hill giant appears much like these cave-dwelling brutes, but its lifeless, autonomous actions mark it as different. The giant attacks with a great club or by throwing rocks at foes (2d8 points of damage). A soulless hill giant's abyssal stare forces anyone within 30 ft. who meets its gaze to waiver in their will to survive and take a -4 penalty on saves for 1d4 rounds (normal saving throw avoids). A soulless hill giant's soul is bound in the Abyss, meaning it cannot be raised from the dead or resurrected without the permission of Orcus. The demon prince can peer through the soulless giant's eyes and ears to see and hear what's going on around its thrall.

Soulless Hill Giant: HD 8+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk club (2d8) or 2 slams (1d8); Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: abyssal stare, bound soul, immune to cure spells, level drain and magic jar, throw boulders, vessel of Orcus.

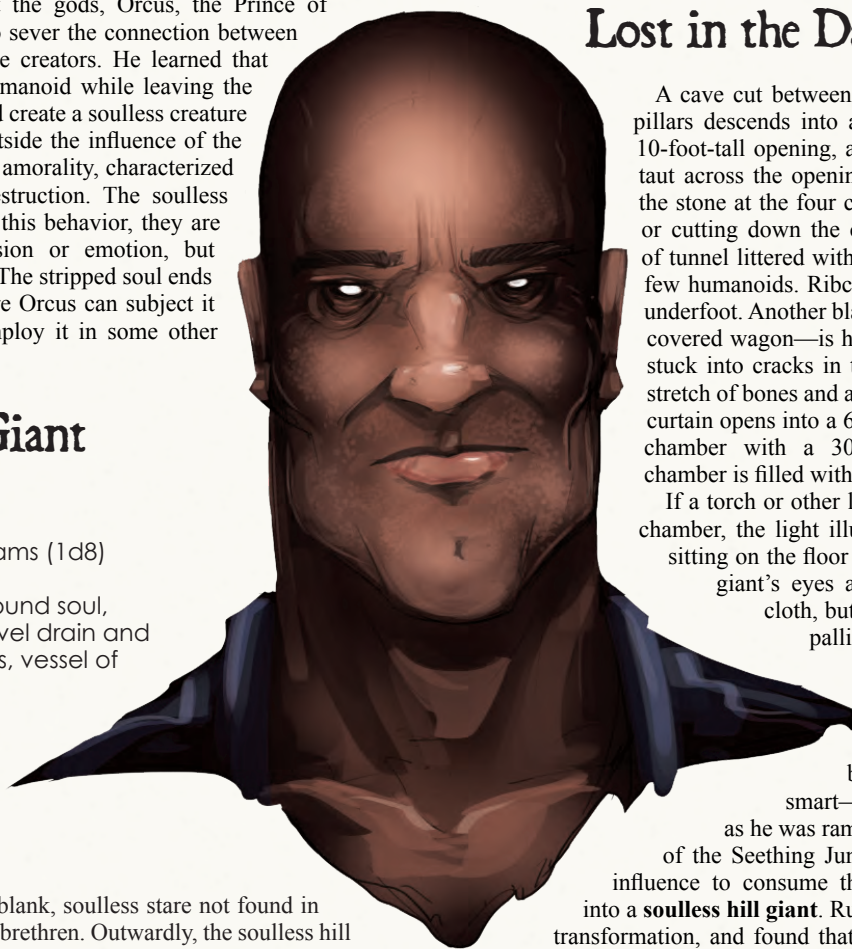
Equipment: animal hides, giant club, side pack, cow skull, 3d6 gp.

Lost in the Dark

A cave cut between two tall weathered sandstone pillars descends into a small hill. Ten feet into the 10-foot-tall opening, a black wool cloth is stretched taut across the opening. Iron spikes are driven into the stone at the four corners of the cloth. Removing or cutting down the cloth reveals a 20-foot-stretch of tunnel littered with small bones of animals and a few humanoids. Ribcages, skulls and spines crunch underfoot. Another black cloth—this one torn from a covered wagon—is held down by tocks and femurs stuck into cracks in the rock. Beyond it is another stretch of bones and another black curtain. This final curtain opens into a 60-ft.-diameter roughly circular chamber with a 30-ft.-high ceiling. The entire chamber is filled with impenetrable darkness.

If a torch or other light source is brought into the chamber, the light illuminates a giant albino figure sitting on the floor in the center of the room. The giant's eyes are pale pink. It wears a loin cloth, but is otherwise naked. Its skin is pallid and it appears that the giant is on the verge of starving to death. Its ribs are visible through its skin.

Runk Splitear drank thick black water—he wasn't very smart—from a well he came across as he was rampaging across farmlands north of the Seething Jungle. The well allowed Orcus' influence to consume the giant's soul, turning Runk into a **soulless hill giant**. Runk has, incredibly, resisted the transformation, and found that hiding in utter darkness kept the dark thoughts at bay. He sealed himself in the cave as best he could, cutting off all light sources by blocking the tunnel with cloth curtains. He used to come out at night to find food, but lately has just sat in the darkness waiting to die. Any light brought into the cavern ignites a rage within Runk as Orcus becomes aware of the errant vessel. Runk rises and attacks with a massive club as the demon prince's influence fills and finally consumes his soul.



Sphinx, Dromosphinx

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8 plus 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: pounce, spit acid

Move: 12 (fly 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

A dromosphinx has the black wings of a bird, the body of a lion, and the long neck and head of a camel. Some of the strongest and smartest of the sphinxes, dromosphinxes are treacherous and merciless, caring little for anything and anyone. All dromosphinxes are male. Once every 1d4 rounds, a dromosphinx can spit a line of acid at a single target within 20 feet. The target takes 6d6 points of acid damage (save for half). If a dromosphinx hits a single target with both claw attacks, it pounces on the victim and deals an additional 2d6 points of damage. Dromosphinxes are highly territorial and do not take intrusions lightly. Since dromosphinxes love riddles, when intelligent creatures are encountered, they often present them with a riddle. If the targets answer incorrectly or cannot answer, dromosphinxes attack and attempt to devour the victims. Those answering the riddle correctly are allowed to continue on their way, much to the dromosphinx's dismay.

Dromosphinx: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8 plus 1d6 acid); Move 12 (fly 18); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: pounce, spit acid.

Tests of Sand

The road continues into the sand, where the bases of two brick monuments stand to either side. Broken columns and ruins lie partially buried in the blowing sand. The road continues into the desert, barely visible under the dunes. A stoic **dromosphinx** sits perched on the old monument. He assigned himself guard duty to the caravan route through the Kanderi Desert. The dromosphinx demands tribute in the form of gold. He has 578 gp buried within an old chest in a nearby sand dune.

As a sphinx, he lets those who solve his riddles pass. He asks two riddles but attacks regardless after the second riddle. The dromosphinx does not take humiliation well.

*I have neither ending nor beginning
Wingless flying, ebon sky circling
A candle waxing and the light waning
Who am I?
(The moon)*

*As large as a mountain or just as small as a flea,
older than dirt living under the sea
Sheltering man yet standing over his grave
Meal I create or an underground cave
What am I?
(Stone)*



Spider, Albino Cave

Hit Dice: 1d6 hit points

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attack: bite (1 hp plus poison)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: poison

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Albino cave spiders are tiny hunting spider about the size of a man's fist. It is pallid white, often with irregular light brown blotches on its abdomen, which helps it blend in with the toadstools and fungus which is its home. The albino cave spider normally feeds on normal and giant rats, but it attacks anything that comes within range. The bite of an albino cave spider sickens prey (save resists, -1 to attacks and saves for 1d4+2 rounds).

Albino Cave Spider: HD 1d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk bite (1 hp plus poison); Move 9; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP B/10; Special: poison.

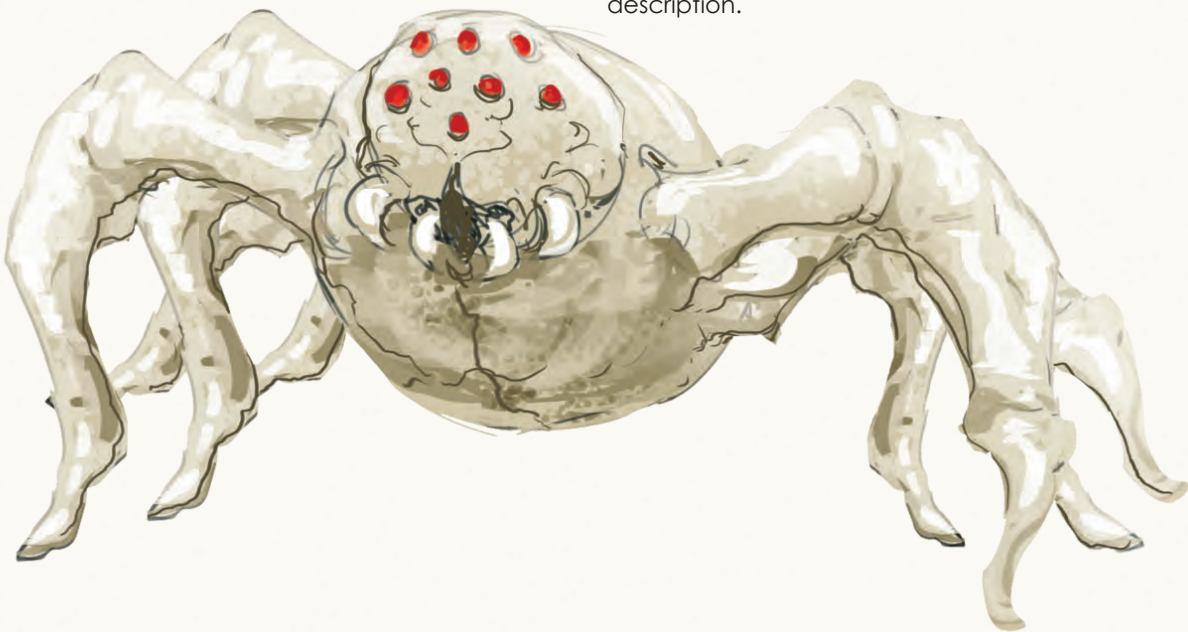
White Wedding Day

A white marble arch rises in this beautiful arbor, where a canopy of leaves block the sun and cast dark shadows that dance among the bushes and trees. Behind the arch, a stone path leads to a small crystal altar surrounded by decaying rose bushes. Two blackened roses lie entwined atop the altar. Behind the altar, a small white marble tomb is nestled among the trees. A door is open on the tomb, and a set of stairs lead down into the dark earth. Carved above the door are the words "Their Love Never Flowered, Dying on Its Day to Blossom."

The tomb contains the remains of Annebeth Gloriana, an elf queen betrothed to her knight-protector Levellius. The pair were attacked and killed on their wedding day by a jealous vampiress as their families watched in horror. The celebrants—now mourners—buried the pair together in a tomb constructed to house their undying love.

Except Annebeth wouldn't give up so easily on love. She rose as a vampire three nights later. She waits in the tomb for a new suitor to marry. She wears a shifting white dress linked together by bits of tattered lace. Crawling over the decaying dress are **10 albino cave spiders** that crawl freely over her body. The spiders flow down her long train to attack anyone entering the tomb. Annebeth eyes potential mates, but her anger and jealousy know no bounds if females enter her tomb.

Vampire (9HD): HD 9; AC 2[17]; Atk bite (1d10 + level drain); Move 12 (fly 18); Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: See description.



Spider, Giant Funnel-Web

Hit Dice: 6+2

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attack: bite (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: poison, web tether lines

Move: 12 (burrow 6)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

A giant funnel-web spider is glossy bluish-black and hairless. It rears on its back legs and reveals long fangs dripping with venom. The spiders are deadly, nocturnal predators that dine on living creatures. Most of their time is spent inside their tube-like lair where they simply wait for prey to pass by. Once prey is detected, they rush to the attack, quickly poisoning their target, and dragging it back into their lair. They can either create an almost invisible (60-ft. radius) web of strands along the ground or they can shoot a single web (120 ft. range) at an opponent. The webs require a saving throw to avoid becoming stuck. Those who make a saving throw can fight in and move through the webs without hindrance. Those who fail are dragged 20 ft. per round toward the giant funnel-web spider.

Giant Funnel-Web Spider: HD 6+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (1d6 plus poison); Move 12 (burrow 6); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** poison, web tether lines.

Trawling in the Forest

A great wound scars the floor of the dense forest. The chasm stretches 10 feet wide and drops 50 feet into the earth. A **giant funnel web spider** lives in the crevasse. It has built an expansive web that covers the crevasse and the surrounding area. Foliage and other debris act as natural camouflage to cover the webs. The spider has adapted a special web that alerts it and also acts as a fishing line. The spider quickly reels in anything unfortunate enough to stumble upon its web. The spider can reel in as many as two victims at a time down into the tunnel of webs. Corpses of deer, coyotes and other woodland animals lie in a jumbled mass of desiccated flesh and bones at the bottom of the crevasse.

Removing the carcasses allows creatures smaller than humans to squeeze farther down into the crevasse. A hollow cavity contains the body of an elf pressed among the mishmash of refuse in the crack. The elf still clinches a +1 longbow, +2 vs. orcs and goblins.



Spider, Shard

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: poison, split

Move: 15 (climb 9)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

Shard spiders are 8 feet tall, nocturnal hunting spiders that dwell in dark forests. This spider has a dull black body shot through with dull red streaks. A nest typically contains a single shard spider and up to 10 noncombatant young. Though intelligent, shard spiders seem unable to converse with any but their own kind. They do not spin webs. If an attacker rolls a natural 20 to strike a shard spider, the blow causes the spider to split into two separate creatures exactly like the original, except the spiders split the original's remaining hit points. The bite of a shard spider delivers a powerful poison (save or die).

Shard Spider: HD 12; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus poison);

Move 15 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** poison, split.

Taking the Bait

The halfling brothers Kirak and Mool are the last of their clan of 8 siblings. They lie within a patch of thick brambles, the inch-long thorns ripping and tearing at their skin. The halflings scream for help, but they are so delirious from days without water and exhaustion that their cries are inarticulate at best. Each has 2 hps left, and dies within the day if not rescued.

The halflings fled from a **shard spider** that killed their brothers and dragged their bodies into its lair beneath a large rose bush near where the brothers are trapped. The spider is intelligent, and hasn't bothered to go into the brambles after them (if can retrieve them just as well once they are dead). It leaves them as lures to attract more prey into its hunting ground.



Spider Lich

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 0 [20]

Attack: bite (2d8 plus paralysis and poison)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: fear aura, immune to cold and electricity, +2 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation, spells (5/5/5/4/4/3/1), web

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4 wraiths or spectres

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

This chill of death emanates from this giant skeletal spider. Its eight blackened eyes show a remarkable intelligence. Spider liches stand more than 8 feet tall. Other than the sound of their bony legs clattering across stone floors, these creatures make no sound. At will, a lich spider can shoot out a caustic web that does 1d4 points of acid damage to anyone who fails a saving throw. The victim is stuck in the sticky strands of web and takes automatic 1d4 points of damage until freed.

Creatures in a 60-ft. radius who see a spider lich must make a saving throw; creatures of less than 5HD who fail become frightened (as per the *fear* spell); creatures with 5HD or more who fail are shaken for 1d6+6 rounds and suffer a -1 penalty to attacks and saves.

Any living creature a spider lich bites must make a saving throw or be paralyzed for 1d6+12 minutes. Anyone paralyzed by a spider lich appears dead. In addition, the bite delivers a debilitating poison that does 1d4 points of strength damage to the victim (save resists). This strength damage is recovered in 1d4 days. If the spider rolls a natural 20 on its bite attack, the poison instead drains 1 point of strength permanently.

When a spider lich is destroyed, its phylactery (which is generally hidden by the spider lich in a safe place far from where it chooses to dwell) immediately begins to rebuild the undead spider lich's body. This process takes 1d10 days—if the body is destroyed before that time passes, the phylactery merely starts the process anew.

A spider lich casts spells as a 14th-level Magic-User.

Spider Lich: HD 12; AC 0 [20]; Atk bite (2d8 plus paralysis and poison); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** fear aura, immune to cold and electricity, +2 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation, spells (5/5/5/4/4/3/1), web.

Spells: 1st—charm person, detect magic, magic missile (x2), protection from good; 2nd—detect invisibility, ESP, locate object, phantasmal force (x2); 3rd—dispel magic, fireball (x2), suggestion (x2); 4th—charm monster, ice storm (x2), wizard eye; 5th—cloudkill, magic jar (x2), teleport; 6th—anti-magic shell, disintegrate (x2); 7th—limited wish.

Monastery of World Burning

The ancient fallen Monastery of World Burning sits at the base of an active volcano in the Hollow Spire Mountain chain. Scalding ash killed the monks and priests of the monastery dedicated to Voard (the god of anguish, suffering, perseverance, patience and poverty). The monastery held one the largest libraries in this hemisphere. The monks spent their days

painstakingly transcribing volumes of toms and scrolls. The followers spent their days awaiting the end, preparing the world for rebirth. They prepared the knowledge of the world for the next ruling race. The unexpected rain of burning ash decimated the followers and left the monastery in near total ruin.

Poison gas seeps from cracks in the ground to fill some of the remaining buildings. The rumble of the volcano causes small tremors that continuously bombard the area. At night, the glow of lava streaks down the mountainside.

The volcano could explode at any time, leaving total devastation in its wake.

While ash has collapsed most of the buildings, the main chamber of the library remains sound.

The central chamber holds mounds of ash-covered books and scrolls. A **spider lich** greedily absorbs the knowledge contained in the surviving texts. It has amassed the more valuable books into a large cocooned sack.

A lone **spectre** haunts the ruins as well. The former monk, angered at his untimely demise, seeks to slay any who disturb the ruins. The spectre waits on the library floor while the lich spider hangs in the library's dark recesses 50 feet above.

Spectre: HD 7; HP 37; AC 2 [17]; Atk spectral weapon or touch (1d8 + level drain); Move 15 (fly 30); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** drain 2 levels with hit, +1 or better weapon to hit.

Stone Idol

Stone idols are automatons constructed to guard and watch over temples, religious quarters, holy (or unholy) grounds, and often times tombs of now-deceased high priests or other important religious figures. Until disturbed, a stone idol sits or stands unmoving, appearing as nothing more than a stone statue. Once triggered, a stone idol follows its creator's orders until the condition(s) that triggered it have been removed, destroyed, or otherwise eliminated. Stone idols vary in shape and size, some appearing as animals or magical creatures, others appearing as humanoids. All are carved of fine and smooth stone, though many may appear aged and weathered. Stone idols often have holy or unholy symbols (representative of the creator's god) carved into their forms upon creation.

Frog Stone Idol

Hit Dice: 9 (45 hp)

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: crush, immune to most magic, powerful leaper, +1 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

This giant frog statue has intricate markings and symbols carved into its stony construction. A stone idol frog is about 10 feet long and weighs 10,000 pounds. It can leap up to 100 ft. at its foes in an attempt to crush as many as it can. A frog stone idol does 4d6 points of damage to anyone who fails a saving throw to leap out of its way as it lands.

Frog stone idols are immune to most magic, except for the following: A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows a stone idol (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the stone idol's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round. A *disintegrate* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a stone idol.

Unless the stone idol's main body is shattered into small fragments and scattered to the winds, the creature reforms itself at full strength in 1d4+2 days. The idol cannot travel more than 200 feet from a central point designated by its creator. Once this point is selected, it can never be changed. A stone idol taken outside the area ceases functioning until it is brought back into the area.

Frog Stone Idol: HD 9; HP 45; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 9; Save 6; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** crush, immune to most magic, powerful leaper, +1 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation

Variant Frog Stone Idol

The stone idol frog detailed above is not the only known to exist. One such variant is detailed below.

Tsathogga Frog Stone Idol: This creature is identical to the standard stone idol frog. It also gains the following special attack: Once every 1d4 rounds, a Tsathogga idol can unleash a croak that affects all who hear it within 60 ft. Affected creatures take 5d6 points of negative energy damage (save for half).

The Embrace of the Frog

Fifty feet of water covering the floor of this dark chamber reeks of stagnant swamp. Huge 15-foot-wide stone lily pads create bridges across the surface of the water. Stone columns beneath firmly anchored to the base of the pool support the pads. The bridges create a maze that crisscrosses to a massive lily pad in the center of the pool. A stone frog measuring almost



12 feet in diameter sits firmly in the middle. Runes and glyphs cover the frog, and a green metallic light flickers over the sigils in rapid succession. A marble basin of tsathar eggs sits before the great **Tsathogga frog stone idol**. The eggs were left from a recent fertilization ceremony where they were blessed by the leaping god.

Shadows of huge tadpoles swarm through the water, darting between the lily pads. These harmless spawn are young tsathar waiting to mature. The frog stone idol pounces upon anyone crossing the lily pad bridges. Once the idol attacks, there is 20% chance per round that **2d4 tsathar** arrive to investigate.

Tsathar: HD 2; AC 3 [16]; Atk weapon (1d8) and bite (1d4), or 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d4); Move 12 (swim 12); Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** amphibious, implant, leap, slimy, summon hydrodaemon

Gargoyle Stone Idol

Hit Dice: 5 (20 hp)

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6) and gore (1d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: breath weapon, immune to most magic, rejuvenation, +1 or better weapon to hit

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

Gargoyle stone idols stand 7 feet tall and weigh about 600 pounds. Though they have wings, they cannot fly. They can give the appearance of flight by leaping from high places and flapping their stone wings. Once every 1d4 rounds, a stone gargoyle can unleash its breath weapon in a 30-ft.-long cone of superheated steam and water that does 4d6 points of fire damage (save for half).

Gargoyle stone idols are immune to most magic, except for the following: A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows a stone idol (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the stone idol's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round. A *disintegrate* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a stone idol.

Unless the stone idol's main body is shattered into small fragments and scattered to the winds, the creature reforms itself at full strength in 1d4+2 days. The idol cannot travel more than 200 feet from a central

Vrock Demon: HD 8; HP 45; AC 1[18]; **Atk** beak (1d6), 2 foreclaws (1d4), 2 rear claws (1d6); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** darkness, immune to fire, magic resistance (50%).

Shedu Stone Idol

Hit Dice: 16 (80 hp)
Armor Class: 2 [17]
Attack: gore (2d8), 2 hooves (1d8)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: fear aura, immune to most magic, +1 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation, smite, trample
Move: 12 (fly 18)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1d2
Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

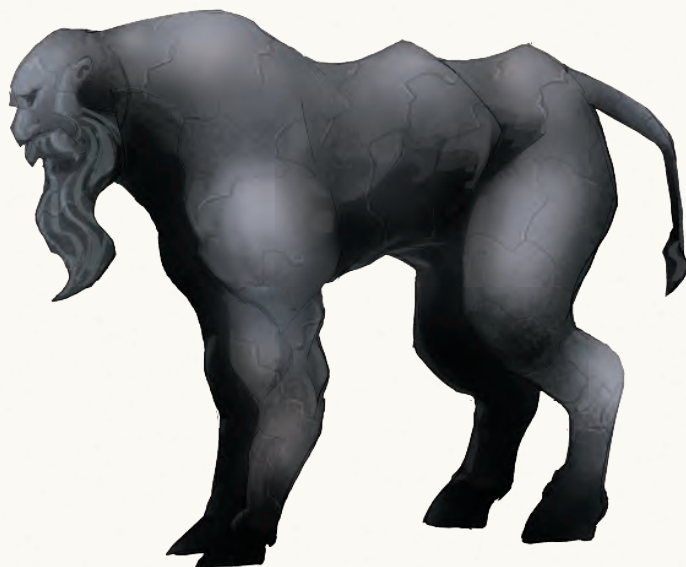
A stone idol shedu has the body of a powerful bull and the head of a bearded human. It stands almost 9 feet tall and can reach lengths of 15 feet. It typically weighs about 25,000 pounds. A stone idol shedu when disturbed opens combat with its smite attack before attempting to trample its foes (4d8 points of damage, save to avoid).

Shedu stone idols are immune to most magic, except for the following: A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows a stone idol (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the stone idol's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round. A *disintegrate* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a stone idol.

Unless the stone idol's main body is shattered into small fragments and scattered to the winds, the creature reforms itself at full strength in 1d4+2 days. The idol cannot travel more than 200 feet from a central point designated by its creator. Once this point is selected, it can never be changed. A stone idol taken outside the area ceases functioning until it is brought back into the area.

Once every 1d4+1 rounds, a shedu stone idol can unleash a burst of holy energy from its body in a 20-ft.-radius burst. All creatures caught within the area take damage as follows: Chaotic, 8d6 points of damage; Lawful and Neutral creatures, 6d6 points of damage. The creature can make a saving throw for half damage. A creature that fails its save is blinded for 1d4 rounds as well.

Shedu Stone Idol: HD 16; HP 80; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** gore (2d8), 2 hooves (1d8); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** fear aura, immune to most magic, +1 or better weapon to hit, rejuvenation, smite, trample.



point designated by its creator. Once this point is selected, it can never be changed. A stone idol taken outside the area ceases functioning until it is brought back into the area.

Gargoyle Stone Idol: HD 5; HP 20; AC 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6) and gore (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** breath weapon, immune to most magic, rejuvenation, +1 or better weapon to hit.

Lighting the Way

Hundreds of cold black candles sit in perfect lines on the black floor tiles, radiating outward around a 10-ft.-tall obelisk in the center of this circular chamber. The curving stone walls rise upward for nearly 40 feet. A dome caps the room. Painted inside the dome is a depiction of the night sky, complete with phosphorescent paints that make the stars glow brightly as pinpricks in the darkness. Sitting on a small niche carved into the obelisk is a flint for lighting the candles.

If the candles are lighted (a laborious process that takes nearly an hour), the capstone atop the obelisk opens like a flower, revealing a glowing ring floating in a ball of golden light. The ring is a *ring of shooting stars* that shoots black lightning bolts. Taking the ring causes eight stone doors near the ceiling to open to release 8 **gargoyle stone idols** that leap down to attack. The idols are tasked with protecting the ring, which belonged to Coruvance Filp, a Magic-User of Jah Sezar who turned to lichdom when she made an evil pact with demonic forces. Every time the ring is used, there is a 10% chance that it summons the **lich** from her demonic abode with her **vrock** bodyguard.

Lich (13HD): HD 13; HP 41; AC 0[19]; **Atk** hand (1d10 + automatic paralysis); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** Appearance causes paralytic fear, touch causes automatic paralysis, spells (5/5/5/4/4/2).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2), *protection from good*; 2nd—*detect invisibility*, *ESP*, *locate object*, *phantasmal force* (x2); 3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball* (x2), *suggestion* (x2); 4th—*charm monster*, *ice storm* (x2), *wizard eye*; 5th—*cloudkill* (x2), *magic jar*, *teleport*; 6th—*disintegrate* (x2).

Under the Sun

The dry grasslands give way to a half-mile-wide circle of bricks. A few sparse clumps of grass break the surface of the plateau but otherwise, the flat area remains pristine. The bricks create an emblazoned sun pattern if viewed from above. A majestic **shedu stone idol** stands in the center of the sun. The shedu crouches over a brilliant golden shield (+2 *shield* that can emit *protection from evil* 10-ft. radius once per day). The shield—adorned with the holy symbol of Arden—peeks out from under the monumental construction. The shedu stands as guardian and protector over an imprisoned **nalfeshnee demon**. The shedu attacks anyone attempting to move the shield or him. Once the shield is removed, a great blast of energy is unleashed (6d6 points of fire damage, save for half). As the fire and smoke clears, the nalfeshnee is released to terrorize the world.

Nalfeshnee, Fourth-category Demon: HD 10; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d4); **Move** 9 (fly 14); **Save** 9; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** immune to fire, magic resistance (65%), magical abilities, +2 on to-hit rolls, +1 or better magic weapon needed to hit.

Sphinx Stone Idol

Hit Dice: 14 (70 hp)

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attack: bite +20 (4d6) and 2 claws +20 (2d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: immune to most magic, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, rejuvenation, roar

Move: 12 (fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

This statue is constructed of smooth stone and has a leonine body with the head of a jackal. Two large stony dragon-like wings protrude from its back. Ruby red gemstones seem to function as eyes. A stone idol sphinx is about 15 feet long and weighs around 29,000 pounds. A sphinx stone idol often has the head of an animal considered sacred by the religion: jackal-headed, goat-headed, vulture-headed, and so on. A stone idol sphinx attacks first using its roar and then using its vicious bite and slashing with its stony paws. It often takes to the air where it can gain an advantage on its foes. Once every 1d4 rounds, a stone sphinx can unleash its breath weapon in a 30-ft.-long cone of acid that does 12d6 points of damage (save for half).

A sphinx stone idol can roar up to three times per day. Creatures that fail a saving throw become frightened (as per the *fear* spell) for 2d6 rounds. The roar fills a 100-ft.-radius burst, centered on the stone idol sphinx.

Sphinx stone idols are immune to most magic, except for the following: A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows a stone idol (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the stone idol's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round. A *disintegrate* spell deals 6d6 points of damage to a stone idol.

Unless the stone idol's main body is shattered into small fragments and scattered to the winds, the creature reforms itself at full strength in 1d4+2 days. The idol cannot travel more than 200 feet from a central point designated by its creator. Once this point is selected, it can

never be changed. A stone idol taken outside the area ceases functioning until it is brought back into the area.

Sphinx Stone Idol: HD 14; HP 70; AC 2 [17]; Atk bite +20 (4d6) and 2 claws +20 (2d6); **Move** 12 (fly 15); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** immune to most magic, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, rejuvenation, roar.

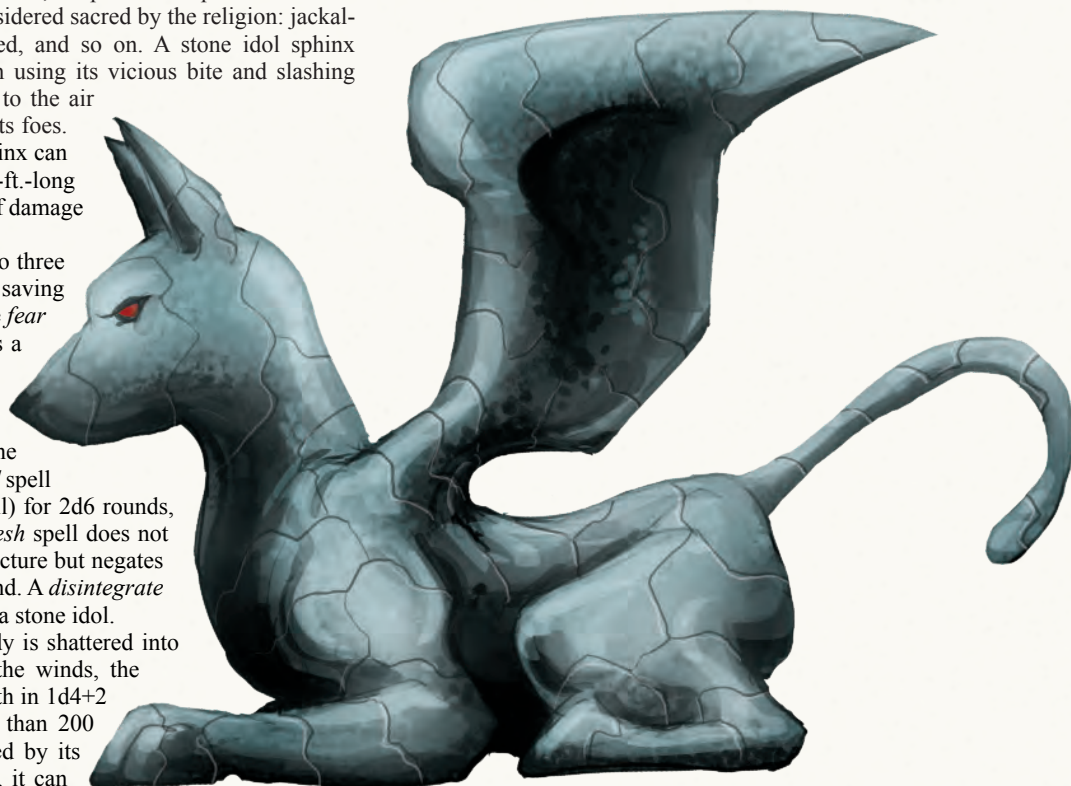
Tomb of the Eternal Pharaoh

A stone slab weighing several tons is the only indication that a civilization existed amid the rolling sand dunes. Stone ruins partially buried in ash are engraved with the deeds of a forgotten desert king. The cuneiform writing predates most known written languages and proves difficult to decipher. The slab describes great victories in battles, the building of massive temples and even the king's assassination by his eldest son.

The slab opens into the ceiling of a 60-foot-tall chamber. Four jackal-headed columns support the ceiling. A large brass brazier illuminates the room with a roar of unending fire. The mummified king sits upon his throne in a single room within the tomb. The king is flanked by 2 **stone idol sphinxes** that lounge about the throne. The preserved corpse of the king's eldest son kneels before the mummy. The mummified king looks down upon the son's remains. Chains and shackles hold the son's corpse down, but it is evident that he was alive when he was entombed with the corpse of his father. The stone idols guard the king and his treasure. The son's spirit is bound to this chamber in the form of a **ghost**. The ghost can only be released by removing the king's corpse.

The king holds a battered brass lamp. The cursed lamp summons an efreeti (1–3 on 1d6) that serves the master for 1 hour, or it summons a ghirru (4–6 on 1d6) that attacks the lap wielder.

Ghost: HD 5; HP 33; AC 0[19]; Atk incorporeal touch (drain 1 level); **Move** 0 (fly 12); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** level drain (1 level) with touch, magic resistance (50%), magic or silver weapon required to hit.



Stygian Spawn

Hit Dice: 13

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d10), tail slap (1d8 plus grab) or tongue (1d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: breath weapon, magic resistance (25%), magical abilities, resist acid, cold and fire, swallow whole, tongue

Move: 15 (swim 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 19/4100

A stygian spawn resembles a monstrous amphibian, with equal parts toad, newt, and salamander. Its smooth skin erupts here and there with hideous lesions, each one leaking a viscous ichor the color of mucus. A fully-grown Stygian spawn is 20 feet long and weigh 3,000 pounds. Once every 1d4 rounds, a stygian spawn can breathe scalding steam in a 90-ft.-long cone roughly 30 ft. wide at the base, inflicting as many hit points of damage as the monster has (when at full hp). With a tongue attack, a stygian spawn lashes out and wraps around any target that fails a saving throw. The victim is pulled into its maw with its next attack. It swallows a person whole on any attack roll in which the die rolled is 4 or more over the required number to hit, and always if the die roll is a natural 20. Swallowed victims take 6d6 points of acid damage each round. At will, a stygian spawn can detect good and detect magic. Three times per day, it can cast *protection for good* 10-ft. radius. Stygian spawn take half damage from acid, cold and fire.

Stygian Spawn: HD 13; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2

claws (1d8), bite (1d10), tail slap (1d8 plus grab) or tongue (1d6 plus grab); **Move** 15 (swim 12);

Save 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100;

Special: breath weapon, magic resistance (25%), magical abilities, resist acid, cold and fire, swallow whole, tongue.

Red Sands

The Reaping Sea has many secrets, one of which is a stretch of shoreline known as the Red Sands. Crimson sand covers this 50-mile swath of wide beach. The sand bleeds the red pigment into the sea. The seas turn red for about a mile offshore before fading into normal seawater. While the ruddiness is the color of blood, it is in fact harmless. Rumors persist about the origin of the bloody sand. Some scholars insist it derives from the Abyss where it soaked up the blood of the damned; others argue that it is simply excrement from microscopic bacteria.

Hibernating beneath the sandy beach is a **stygian spawn**, which lends weight to the first theory. The wreckage of a smuggler ship, *the Soiled Maiden*, lies beached on the shore. A huge patch of sand near the ship is saturated with clear, foul-smelling mucus. The sticky and revolting sand results from the seeping lesions of the stygian spawn burrowing beneath it.

The large galleon looks mostly intact except for some damage to its starboard side. Massive claw marks rake down the side of the ship. The boat still holds barrels of illegal Sirine Song, a powerful, mind-altering liquor derived from fermented sirine flowers. Apart from a teenage cabin girl named **Adycass** who hides in a chest in the captain's quarters, the stygian spawn devoured the entire crew. The one-armed Adycass witnessed the stygian spawn's attack. While she is glad to be free of the brutal and savage treatment of the ruthless smugglers, she fears the sea even more. She pledges a life debt to her rescuers.



Swarm, Bladecoin

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: swarm (3d6 plus bleed)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: bleed, half damage from weapons

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d3 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

A bladecoin swarm appears to be nothing more than a pile of brass or copper coins. When it senses intruders entering the area it is tasked with guarding, it swirls into a cyclone form and moves to the attack, slashing its opponents with its razor-sharp edges. Bladecoins are tiny constructs fashioned by tricky spell-casters hoping to fool and detour would-be thieves. Bladecoin swarms take half damage from weapons. The sharpened edges of the coins making up the swarm cause anyone injured by the swarm to continue bleeding for 1d6 rounds after, taking 1d4 points of damage each round.

Bladecoin Swarm: HD 12; AC 4 [15]; Atk swarm (3d6 plus bleed); Move 12; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** bleed, half damage from weapons.

Wishing Well

Glistening, wet black stone blocks encircle a basin of pure water. The basin stretches 15 feet across with a single pedestal rising in the center. The water appears to be 10 feet deep, with the bottom lined with coins. A trio of satyr statues with backs pressed against one another merrily play pan pipes. Spouts of water spring forth from the pipes and splash into the basin below. An inscription across the base of the pedestal just above the waterline states "Keep in mind deepest desire, Flip a coin for all to admire."

Scattered among the gold and platinum coins are several rings (2d4, 50 gp each), a silver dagger (100 gp) and a *potion of extra healing*. The scattered coins along the bottom of the pool are actually a **bladecoin swarm** that rises out of the water to attack creature attempting to steal the contributions.



Swarm, Bone

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: swarm (2d6)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: immune to cold, resist weapons

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A bone swarm is 10 ft. across and is composed of hundreds of bones, bone shards and teeth. When it forms to attack, it appears as a roiling mass of bone shards. A bone swarm is created when multiple animated skeletons are destroyed more or less simultaneously, either through a single powerful area attack or by simply being smashed to pieces. The bones of the skeletons are scattered and smashed, but the necromantic magic that animated them lingers on, pulling the bones back together in a mass of clattering fragments. Bone swarms take half damage from weapons.

Bone Swarm: HD 6; AC 5 [14]; Atk swarm (2d6); Move 12; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** immune to cold, resist weapons.

Walking Bag of Bones

An ogre stands at the end of the corridor. Even from a distance, the ogre does not appear healthy. The ogre's eyes, nose and mouth seem to have been sewn shut. Its skin ripples and moves about its frame like a sheet in the wind. The bloated form bounces down the passage as if lighter than air. The ogre springs off the floor and rebounds off the walls as it clumsily moves toward living creatures. The creature's appendages do not seem to move other than in formless undulations at impossible angles for a skeletal system. The bloated ogre drags a rope that is securely attached to its leg.

The ogre serves as a bizarre balloon-like prison for a **bone swarm**. A crafty necromancer created this ingenious method of safely transporting the swarm. While contained in the balloon, the swarm remains strangely subdued. The necromancer lost control of the balloon during an encounter with a wraith. The trapped bone swarm wandered off, bouncing merrily down the dungeon passage. Any damage done to the cured ogre skin releases the bone swarm.



Swarm, Lamprey

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: swarm (2d6 plus blood drain)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: drain blood

Move: 3 (swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

A lamprey swarm is a mass of lampreys numbering in the hundreds, possibly thousands. These creatures are attracted to living creatures in the water and quickly attach themselves to their targeted prey. Lamprey swarms attack any living prey encountered in their paths, swimming over the creature and draining as much blood as possible. When their prey is dead, they move on, seeking out a new source of nourishment. Any creature that takes damage from the lamprey swarm must make a saving throw. On a failed save, several lampreys attach themselves to the creature and automatically drain blood for 1d6 points of damage for 1d6 rounds.

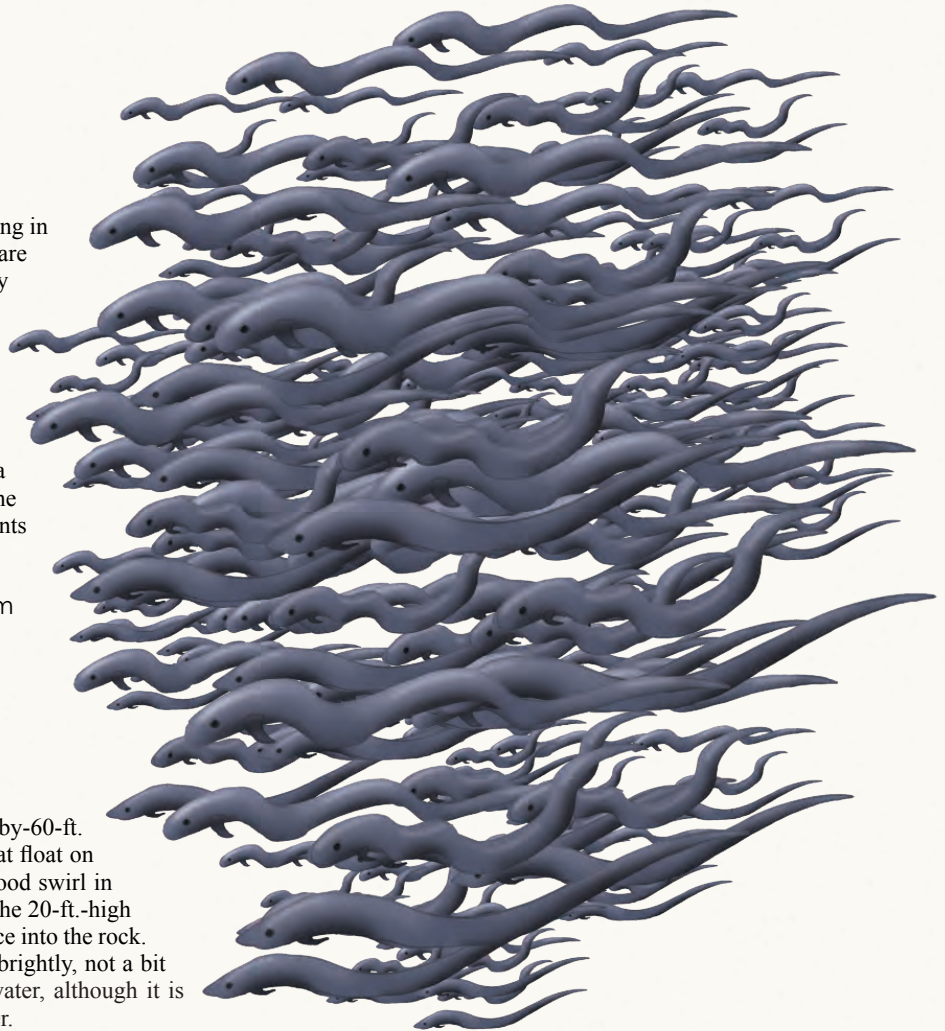
Lamprey Swarm: HD 8; AC 8 [11]; Atk swarm (2d6 plus blood drain); Move 3 (swim 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: drain blood.

Food Chain

Brackish water fills this underground 40-ft.-by-60-ft. chamber to a depth of about 3 ft. Thick lumps of fat float on the surface of the swill, and blobs of congealed blood swirl in the currents. A rusted iron chain hangs down from the 20-ft.-high ceiling. The chain continues for an unknown distance into the rock. The lower 10 ft. of the chain is pitted and gleams brightly, not a bit of rust on the links. An **ebon ooze** floats in the water, although it is difficult to spot because of the dark, despoiled water.

Pulling on the chain opens a series of chutes that cause dirty water to pour into the room for 3 rounds through the stone tubes. The reservoirs originally flushed the room of waste. But recently, the reservoirs were inundated by a colony of lamprey that wriggle and writhe in the thousands in the dirty water.

Pulling on the chain now releases **2 lamprey swarms** into the chamber. The lampreys drop down like writhing black snakes on anyone in the room. The intelligent ooze occasionally rises out of the water and wraps its bulk around the links to get a free meal. It won't pass up feasting on characters as they fend off the lampreys, however.



Swarm, Skeletal

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: swarm (3d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: immune to cold, resist slashing and piercing weapons

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 3d4

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Skeletal swarms are the remains of pieces cast off of whole skeletons collected together and animated en masse. They scuttle about mindlessly, often lying inert until something passes nearby for them to attack. A skeletal swarm can be encountered anywhere that necromancers or other practitioners of the dark arts who participate in grave robbing and undead creation are found. A skeletal swarm attacks as a massive bony wave that engulfs living creatures. It does not move on until it reduces the living creature to bloody shreds. Skeletal swarms take half damage from slashing and piercing weapons.



Skeletal Swarm: HD 12; AC

3 [16]; **Atk** swarm (3d6); **Move**

9; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300;

Special: immune to cold, resist slashing and piercing weapons.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/
Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

No Bones About It.

Two rows of **24 skeletons** stand in a circle around a central figure. Eight skeletons stand in the inner circle, while the rest stand in the outer. A **feral vampire spawn** stands trapped at the axis of the circles. A small 2-inch-wide moat lies in the floor around the vampire. The water in the moat magically flows in a continuous circle, imprisoning the feral vampire spawn, which cannot cross the flowing water. The male vampire has tirelessly stood here for decades. It has stood for so long, in fact, that its clothing has started to disintegrate with age. The once-regal vampire has devolved into a feral spawn. The vampire has a disheveled appearance and the personality of feral animal. He still holds a single bronze horn.

The cursed *bone horn* deals 1d6 points of damage to all within a 40-foot-cone as the vibrating sonic waves deteriorate bone. The *bone horn* can be used 2 times each day; on the third use, it reverses and amplifies the damage to the blower (4d6 points of damage, with no save). The *bone horn*, if used against any skeletal undead, deals 3d6 points of damage. Furthermore, if used on common 1HD skeletons, the *bone horn* transforms them into skeletal swarms. At least six skeletons are needed to create a skeletal swarm. The skeletal swarm does not attack undead. But all others are fair game. The feral vampire can create **2 skeletal swarms** from the skeletons around it.

Swarm, Sparksting

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: swarm (2d6 electricity)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: immune to electricity and weapons, speed burst

Move: 6 (fly 18)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d6+6

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

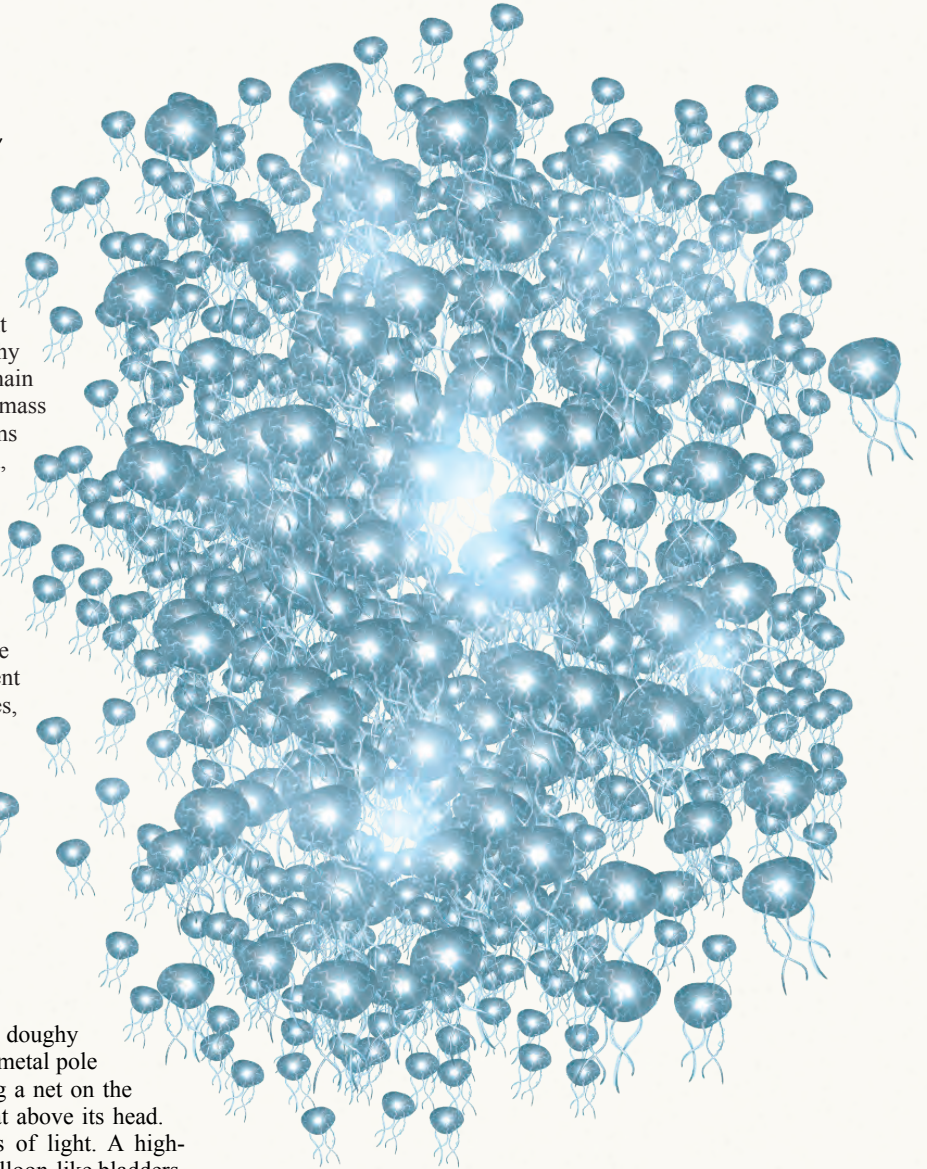
A sparksting swarm is a host of tiny creatures about 2 inches across. A sparksting is a membranous, fleshy bag with the consistency of egg yolk. Beneath the main body of a sparksting hang its tentacles, a fibrous mass that flickers with electrical arcs. Sparksting swarms cloud the air around any creature that disturbs them, attacking like angry bees. Sparks of electricity snap and dance from creature to creature, and the swarm produces a noticeable hum. Sparkstings are found in remote swamps and marshes and from a distance, when the electricity in a swarm flashes, are often mistaken for will-o'-the-wisps. Once every minute, a sparksting swarm can use a burst of speed to move quickly through the air for 1d6 rounds (Fly Movement 24). Since it is made up of hundreds of smaller creatures, a sparksting swarm is immune to weapon damage.

Sparksting Swarm: HD 8; AC 7 [12]; Atk swarm (2d6 electricity); Move 6 (fly 18); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** immune to electricity and weapons, speed burst.

Electric Power

Popping lights dance and float above a strange doughy humanoid that stands just over 3 feet tall and holds a metal pole with a grasping claw on one end and a hoop holding a net on the other. A half-dozen bladders tethered with twine float above its head. The lofty bladders emit multiple flashing pinpoints of light. A high-pitched, angry humming noise vibrates through the balloon-like bladders. The small being wears a blubbery suit of leather and metal braces. Metal bands surround his arms, and his hands are covered by pointed metal claws. Black spectacles cover his eyes and a belt of odd tools hangs from his waist.

The suited being is **Ollie Nematoad**, a slightly crazed halfling inventor collecting samples of a **sparksting swarm** for one of his many experiments. He collects portions of the swarm with his specialized claw tool and holds them in balloons made from cow bladders. The suit makes it impossible for him to speak, but he can make muffled yelps as the sparksting swarm painfully penetrates his suit. While Ollie does not mean any ill will, the sparksting swarm has charged his suit. He inadvertently sends sparks of electricity crackling out in a 15-ft. radius (1d4 points of damage, save avoids). The agitated sparksting swarm reacts aggressively to anyone approaching the odd halfling.



Swarm, Stirge

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: swarm (3d6 plus blood drain)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: disease, drain blood

Move: 3 (fly 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000

A massive cluster of stirges, the stirge swarm is a band of flying bloodsuckers combining their relatively small personal power to bring down larger foes (and for self-preservation). Stirge swarms are found in the same types of locales as normal stirges; however, they band together when other predators are too powerful or too numerous for the singular stirges to survive. After its initial attack, a stirge swarm draws 3d4 points of blood damage each round that a creature remains in the cloud of creatures. There is a 10% chance that any creature attacked by a stirge swarm contracts a disease (save avoids, 1d6 points of damage per day until cured).

Stirge Swarm: HD 10; AC 7 [12]; Atk swarm (3d6 plus blood drain); Move 3 (fly 15); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: disease, drain blood.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk* (© Frog God Games, 2012)

The Bag That Bites Back

An empty leather sack hangs from the hooked hand of an iron statue of a demonic insect standing nearly 20 feet tall in this abhorrent torture chamber built beside the blackfire forges of Hellhorn Keep. Magma runs hot in channels winding around and through the statue, making the whole things too hot to touch (3d6 points of damage, save for half). The bag seems immune to the high temps, however. It is cinched at the top with a black strand of woven elf hair. A monogram stitched on the side—done with the dark whiskers of dwarves—is a large M with a double circle around it. The statue's eyes glow a fiery red whenever anyone approaches within 10 feet of it.

The statue is harmless, an elaborate forge for creating weapons that has gone unused for years. Pressure plates in the floor cause the eyes to glow whenever anyone approaches it. The bag belongs to a malicious imp who serves a demon lord's thrall. The imp gets his pleasures by ruining people's lives, but he has to work in secret to avoid his master's wrath. The bag is one such trap placed here years ago—and honestly, forgotten not soon after by the imp who was imprisoned in a bottle of sharpened razors for angering his master one too many times.

The bag appears empty, but it is really a portal to a smoky plane where stirges fly thick through the air. If the cord tying the bag is cut free, the portal inside the bag immediately vomits forth a **stirge swarm** as the creatures investigate the opening. The stirges attack anyone in the forge room.



Sword Spider

Hit Dice: 13 (50 hp)

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 4 sword legs (1d8), bite (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: healed by fire, immune to magic, +2 or better weapon to hit, poison, slowed by lightning

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

A sword spider resembles an 8-ft.-diameter arachnid constructed of smelted steel. Its eight spidery legs end in large sharpened blades resembling long swords or bastard swords. A typical sword spider stands 10 feet tall and weighs 3,000 pounds. Sword spiders are immune to most spells, with the following exceptions: Lightning slows the spider for 1d6 rounds. Fire-based spells restore 1 hit point for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. A sword spider's bite injects poison from hidden reservoirs within its metal body (save or die).

Sword Spider: HD 13; HP 50; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 sword legs (1d8), bite (1d6 plus poison); Move 9; Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** healed by fire, immune to magic, +2 or better weapon to hit, poison, slowed by lightning.

In the Clutches of the Spider God

The corridor ends in a decagonal chamber stretching 75 feet from side to side. The floor slopes like a giant funnel to a hole in the center. While the cobblestone floor poses no obstacle to movement, those falling may tumble toward the hole below. The floor can easily be traversed. A spider web made of thin steel strands covers the pit. The web is incredible strong and can support the weight of many men. A +2 *dagger* with the ability to cast *web* once per day lies in the web's center. The 10-foot-diameter hole opens into a narrowing 100-foot-deep pit. A dimensional portal to an unknown plane opens far below.

A spanning steel spider web decorates the chamber's multifaceted ceiling panels. A **sword spider** in the semblance of a steel mosaic inlay sits in the ceiling directly above the pit. The animated spider was used in profane and ghastly sacrifices to the dark spider god. Since the spider cult abandoned the temple, it has remained vacant. The sword spider sits above, waiting for a sacrifice that will never arrive.

Once a living being enters the temple, a magical, semi-translucent spider web appears 4 feet from the floor, with its ends attached to the walls. Characters can easily pass through the webs without hindrance. The webs break into wisps of mist if touched, but reform after creatures pass through them. Above the pit, the webs become solid and support the weight of a single man although it does not have adhesive properties.



Talorani

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Attacks: spear (1d6)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: darkvision 120 ft., empathic

Move: 9 (swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d6+5

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

A talorani is a completely hairless aquatic humanoid with oversized hands and feet that are webbed with thin membranes of flesh. Each finger and toe has an extra joint. It has large, apparently pupil-less eyes and a small nose. Two small gills line each side of its neck, and four larger ones open and close rhythmically on each side of its chest. Talorani communicate basic ideas (emotions and directions) empathically to creatures within 20 feet. They dwell in shallow coastal waters. Talorani are about 5 feet tall and weigh 125 pounds.

Talorani: HD 1; AC 0 [19]; Atk spear (1d6); Move 9 (swim 12); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** darkvision 120 ft., empathic.

Equipment: spear.

Serpent Blockade

A line of ale kegs float nearly a half mile offshore from the tumbledown docks of Stormhaven. The wooden casks bob on the waves, but anchor ropes keep them more or less in a ragged line. Ships can cross easily between the kegs, but all captains sailing to and from Stormhaven know to toss a handful of gold coins into the waves to appease the sea-men who rule beneath the waves. Three ships sank in the past month attest to the risk of not casting coins into the surf.

The "sea-men" are an undersea colony of **30 talorani** exacting revenge against the surface dwellers for dumping their sewage into the Reaping Sea. The talorani have a silver bubble of magical force that lets them control a **spitting sea serpent** that fearlessly attacks ships trying to run the blockade. If the bubble is burst, the talorani lose control of the serpent, and it turns on the undersea colony. The talorani call the serpent from a rift in the ocean floor if anyone attacks them.

Spitting Sea Serpent: HD 12; HP 77; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (1d8); Move 4 (swim 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** acid spit, constrict, poison.



Thought Eater

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: touch (1d2 plus eat thoughts)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: absorb spells, darkvision 60 ft., eat thoughts, ethereal jaunt, magic resistance (10%)

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Thought eaters are bizarre creatures about three feet long with feline-like hairless bodies. They have sickly gray and translucent flesh that allows their skeletal and muscular systems to be easily seen. The creature's head is a weird mix of feline and avian. Thought eaters are bizarre creatures that spend their time swimming the Ethereal Plane feeding on the thoughts and intelligence of living creatures. If a thought eater strikes an opponent, the foe loses 1d2 points of Intelligence as the creature drains away memories and ideas (save avoids). Thought eaters live and swim in the Ethereal Plane. They can pop through into the real world to ambush prey. If a thought eater's magic resistance protects it from a magical effect, it absorbs the energy into its body to heal itself (1 hp healed per level of spell absorbed).

Thought Eater: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk touch (1d2 plus eat thoughts); Move 12; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** absorb spells, darkvision 60 ft., eat thoughts, ethereal jaunt, magic resistance (10%).

He Who Wears the Crown

Three jewel-encrusted crowns—one of gold (500 gp), one of silver (250 gp) and one of bronze (100 gp)—sit on stone globes in a niche behind a crystal altar. Each crown is engraved with images of cats and birds, and in some case, hybrids of the two. The word “remember” is inscribed inside the gold crown, while “recall” is engraved inside the silver band. The word “recollect” is written inside the bronze. The crowns each grant their wearer the ability to cast *ESP* once per day.

Removing a crown summons a **thought eater** that homes in on the bearer within 1d4 days. If characters take all of the crowns, three of the beasts arrive.



Tombotu

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6 plus grab), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: darkvision 60 ft., rend

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+1

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

This creature vaguely resembles a gorilla. It is gray in color, however, and much more powerfully muscled than any natural ape. From its lower jaw sprout two vicious upward-thrusting tusks. In combat, a tombotu likes to attack using surprise, often hiding and dangling from jungle trees as its prey pass beneath, snatching up the unsuspecting prey and strangling it to death or breaking the neck of its quarry while it is held immobile by the tombotu's great strength. If a tombotu hits a single opponent with both of its claw attacks, it grabs hold of the victim and rends its flesh for an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Tombotu: HD 5; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus grab), bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; Special: darkvision 60 ft., rend.

Monkey Business

Thick rope-like vines hang down a 60-foot-tall granite wall that rises into the dense foliage of the Seething Jungle. A 10-foot-tall opening halfway up the sheer cliff face leads into the rock. Blood stains the wall just below the opening, the long jagged scars of deep red running down the rock for nearly 10 feet. Splintered and chipped bones from various animals and humanoids litter the jungle floor at the base of the cliff. Six monkeys sit on the lip of the cave, while others hang in the vines. The primates refuse to give up their home, and toss rocks and feces at interlopers. Despite their persistence, the monkeys just recently moved into the cave.

The cave opening is actually a trap created by a pair of particularly intelligent **tombotu** to distract prey while the creatures and their "pets" close in. The tombotu actually live in a series of rooms created from thick vines tied together high in the treetops. The tombotu can grab numerous vines collected around the vine dwelling and swing into the treetops. The tombotu watch the cave mouth for anyone investigating the opening, and summon **3 cave lions** if characters come calling. The lions lurk in the dense foliage, and move quietly around the thick trees to attack.

Inside the vine home where the tombotu live are various trinkets taken from dead adventurers, including 142 gp, a bracelet with a large diamond set on it (175 gp), a +1 *shield*, and a battered helm (missing one of its horns).

Cave Lion (3): HD 7+2; HP 40, 37, 46; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 9; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: none.



Treant, Razor

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: 2 strikes (3d6 plus 1d4 slashing)

Saving Throw: 4

Special: darkvision 60 ft., shake, vulnerable to fire

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

Razor treants are thin, gnarled black trees that grow wickedly sharp razors instead of leaves. The razors ring like a thousand tiny bells with every breath of wind. These monsters are evil and hateful cousins of normal treants, often battling with the treants for rulership of vast primordial forests in distant and exotic lands. Unlike their kind cousins, they hate all non-plant creatures with a passion and enjoy nothing more than torturing a hapless traveler for hours by inflicting hundreds of small wounds, until he finally dies from pain, exhaustion, or loss of blood. In dire need, a razor treant can shake itself violently, hurling leaves in all directions to inflict 1d6 points of damage (no save) to any creature within 20 ft. Razor treants take double damage from fire.

Razor Treant: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 strikes (3d6 plus 1d4 slashing); Move 6; Save 4; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: darkvision 60 ft., shake, vulnerable to fire.

Credit

Original author Uri Kulianchik

Originally appearing in *The Hollow Mountain* (© Frog God Games, 2011)

The Big Guns

The sounds of jingling bells dance across the pleasant meadow, as butterflies flit among sunflowers and songbirds wheel in the air. Rose bushes grow in abundance, and entwined saplings produce colorful leaves that float gently to the ground. Low hills rise around the small glen. Bent saplings on the other side of the hill shake in the wind. A worn path wanders through the idyllic scene. From a distance, the path through the bucolic countryside looks perfect. Up close, however, things are a bit different. Thousands of sharp thorns litter the ground, causing 1 point of damage to anyone walking without some form of protection. The fluttering butterflies have holes torn through their wings, and the songbirds bleed from long scratches. Thorns are driven into the trees with such force that they jut out of the bark. Each thorn jingles pleasantly like a small bell.

The bent saplings visible just over the rise are the artillery of a small group of ogre raiders moving through the valley. The 6 ogres of the Toothgrind Tribe captured 2 razor treants (using plenty of goblin slaves and thick padded armor) and boxed the creatures' roots in with stone walls to keep them from moving freely. Three bulls pull the stone walls forward to position the trees while the ogres bend the razor treants' trunks toward the ground using attached ropes and hooks. The ogres stay out of the way of the treants' deadly branches and sharp thorns as they furiously shake to dislodge the hooks. When the ropes are released, the treants spring upright, flinging a volley of thorns into the valley. Anyone in the path of the thorn volley takes 2d6 points of damage (no save).

The treants want nothing more than to escape and destroy the ogres. If fighting breaks out, the treants take full advantage of the commotion to break free of their confinement and join the fray. They fight until everything is dead and then wander off to destroy the pleasant valley.



Treant, Stone

Hit Dice: 14

Armor Class: -1 [20]

Attacks: 4 slams (3d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: acidic blood, darkvision 60 ft.

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d8

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3200

A stone treant looks much like an animated sculpture of a tree. It has a thick, corrugated hide of bark like stone, with many thick branches. It travels along on clusters of humping and twining stone roots. It possesses no discernible face. A stone treant stands 20–30 ft. tall, with a trunk about 4 ft. in diameter. It weighs close to 10,000 pounds. An attack that pierces the stone body of the treant for damage releases a gout of acidic blood that deals 5d4 points of damage to the attacker (save for half).

Stone Treant: HD 14; AC -1 [20]; Atk 4 slams (3d6); Move 6; Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** acidic blood, darkvision 60 ft.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

The Mural Minders

A 30-foot-tall white marble wall surrounds the lost temple-state of Colange. A carved fresco of bas-relief figures covers every inch of the 4-mile-long expanse of unbroken stone. Anyone walking around the entire city finds an entire story that starts with the birth of the land, details the devastation of the War of the Winds, and leads up to the founding of the temple-state itself and beyond. Every decade or so, the outer walls shift to allow a new section of history to be added to the overall story. No has ever seen the master carvers who create the incredible works.

The temple-state is a city of ghosts, however, with nary a living soul found inside its stone wall. No evidence can be found that anyone ever lived or worked inside the buildings, homes and temples of the place. The wall gives no clue as to what fate befell the city's residents—if they even existed. While informative, the mural hides a deadly surprise: Standing at various points around the wall are **6 stone treants** tasked with protecting a section of the mural. The treants blend so well into the wall that a person could walk right past one without knowing it was there. Only those who think to deface the white walls or who try to gain access to the enigmatic city face their wrath.



Troll, Black

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: darkvision 60 ft., fire absorption, regenerate (3 hp/round), rend

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d2 plus 1d4+1 trolls

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

A black troll has a shiny black hide and hands that end in wicked claws. Two large tusks protrude from its fang-filled mouth. Black trolls flesh is rubbery to the touch and always shiny black in color. Eyes are almost always dull gray, though a few black trolls have bright blue eyes. Black trolls stand 14 feet tall and weigh around 1,000 pounds. Black trolls can absorb fire damage to swell their bodies to heights of 21 feet or more and a weight of more than 3,000 pounds. Any fire damage that deals 20 or more points of damage causes the creature to swell up to monstrous size. A black troll can induce this effect itself by stepping into a large source of fire. This size change lasts 1 hour before the black troll reverts to its normal size. While enlarged, the troll gains a $-3[+3]$ bonus to the Armor Class, and +5 to hit and damage. If a black troll hits a single opponent with both claws, it automatically rends the victims for an additional 2d6 points of damage.

Black Troll: HD 7; AC 4 [15]; Atk

2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); Move

12; Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100;

Special: darkvision 60 ft., fire absorption, regenerate (3 hp/round), rend.

Burning Ring of Fire

A ring of blazing fire burns brightly against the darkness in the Hollow Spire Mountain pass. The stones glow with the heat of the flames, each one bright orange or red. The flames reach heights of nearly 5 feet, and form a circle nearly 30 feet in diameter. Inside the burning ring, three bodies lie flat on the stones, their heads smashed into pulp and their limbs twisted and broken. One's spine is obviously snapped. Whimpering in the very center of the fire ring is a troll with blackened flesh. It lies curled on the ground, trapped by the vicious flames licking the air so very close by.

The beast is an intelligent **black troll** named Coaltongue. He set the fire after arranging the bodies to make it appear he was beaten in a great fight. The bodies are all decaying, and the smell is only slightly masked by the smoke rising off the burning ring of brush and tinder. Coaltongue is not bothered in the least by the flames, but he plays the part well, whimpering and cowering if flaming branches are tossed at him. The troll waits until he can step into the fire and grow to a massive height before engaging surprised opponents.

One of the bodies still wears *+1 leather armor*, and another has a belt pouch containing 3 emeralds (50 gp each).



Troll, River

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: darkvision 60 ft., regenerate (3 hp/round), rend

Move: 12 (swim 15)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2

Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Similar in many respects to their swamp-loving kin, river trolls prefer a less slimy existence, and prefer to live in forested regions near rivers and streams, or under bridges. River trolls patrol the banks of large rivers, hunting the forest creatures that rely on the river for sustenance. River trolls are adept swimmers, and like to lurk underwater for prey, often near bridges or other river crossings. If a river troll strikes a single opponent with both claws, it automatically rends the victims for an additional 1d6 points of damage.

River Troll: HD 6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6); Move 12 (swim 15); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., regenerate (3 hp/round), rend.

Credit

Originally appearing in *Rappan Athuk Reloaded* (© Necromancer Games, 2006)

O, Captain, Dead Captain

A 30-foot-long, single-masted boat sits on the rocks in the rushing current of the wide Quall River, its keel split and its starboard side splintered. One large boulder punches through the oaken hull, letting water pour into the vessel. A broken mast lies toppled forward, split cleanly near the deck when the boat slammed to a hard stop on the rocks. The boat's name "The Wave Breaker" is scratched and scarred. Three bodies lie on the boat's single deck, their broken forms evidence of the violence of the wreck. One is impaled on a spar jutting from the deck; another lies wrapped around the remains of the mast. The third lies on his side, blood covering his face and chest. But he still manages to weakly raise and lower his arm to signal possible rescuers.

The captain made a fatal mistake sailing down the treacherous Quall. After weeks of hauling the ship over the verdant grasslands, the captain decided to get rid of his hired help and chance the first river wide enough to sail. The treacherous and deadly river proved too much, however, and the ship slammed headlong into the boulders splitting the river. The few crewmembers the captain kept aboard all died in the wreck.

A river troll that witnessed the destruction quickly saw an opportunity. The creature moved into the broken hold and set up a trap to lure food for his dinner. The survivor moving on deck is actually just a corpse. The troll uses a long stick poking up through a hole in the deck behind the body to raise and lower the arm. The troll waits for rescuers to clamber aboard the tilting deck before leaping out to attack. It has no problem grabbing a victim or two and diving into the rushing water to escape with its meal.



Troll, Undead

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6 plus disease), bite (1d8 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: darkvision 60 ft., regenerate (3 hp/round), rend, resist cold and fire

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

An undead troll is a tall, hideous humanoid with sickly green, rotting flesh and hands that end in filthy claws. Undead trolls generally resemble normal trolls in stature. The creatures are almost always caked in dried blood. Undead trolls despise all living creatures, especially other trolls. Their sole purpose is to kill and devour every living thing they encounter. If an undead troll strikes a single opponent with both claws, it automatically rends the victims for an additional 1d6 points of damage. The filth embedded on an undead troll is a host of various diseases. Any creatures injured by an undead troll contract a terrible flesh-eating disease (save avoids) incubates in 1 day, and does 1d6 points of damage per hour. If the disease incubates, it requires 2 *cure disease* spells to remove completely.

Undead Troll: HD 9; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus disease), bite (1d8 plus disease); Move 12; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., regenerate (3 hp/round), rend, resist cold and fire.

Cold Dead Hands

A festering bog deep in the Sin Mire Swamp is a particularly vile stretch of swamp. Flammable gases rise from the molding peat moss, and will-o'-wisps flit like ball lightning over the fetid waters. Plague-carrying mosquitoes swarm in wheeling black clouds, opportunistic feeders ready for their next meal. Even the vicious alligators the swamp breeds avoid these murky waters. Jutting from the brown sludge are the remains of those who tempted the swamp and lost. Rotting arms rise from the water, the flesh eaten away to expose bleached bones. Bloated faces peer out of the murk, their bodies caught and compressed in the thick weeds that pulled them under. Other corpses float face-down, their expanding, sunburned flesh picked at by carrion crows and biting insects.

The swamp is home to a vicious **undead troll** that hunts along the few paths through its home. The creature hides underwater, leaving just its massive, decomposing arms to rise like decaying branches from the brackish quagmire. The troll grabs the first person it can reach (usually the being who steps over its dead arms), and drags the victim into the choking waters. It holds its prey under until they stop struggling before turning to grab another victim.



Uggoth

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4), 4 tentacles (1d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: darkvision 60 ft., magic resistance (15%), magical abilities, mind thrust, spell reflection

Move: 12 (swim 12)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

Uggoths are hideous subterranean humanoids with the lower torso of an octopus and the upper torso of a human. Two long tentacles protrude from each side of the creature's body, just beneath its arms. Its head, while vaguely human, is hairless and features an elongated skull. Uggoths stand between 6 and 7 feet tall and weigh 160 to 180 pounds.

Their humanoid flesh is dark amber and leathery to the touch. Their lower torsos are even darker amber fading to black near the tips of the tentacles. Uggoths typically live for 150 years. They dwell in great underground cities, most of which are built and maintained by slave labor.

Once an ambitious race with desires to rule underground and aboveground, uggoths now spend most of their time lounging in their homes or in public places within the uggoth cities partaking of various dream-inducing narcotics. If an uggoth hits a single target with 2 of its tentacles, it grabs hold and inflicts automatic tentacle damage thereafter. Three times per day, a uggoth can unleash a blast of mental energy up to 40 ft. at a single target (4d6 points of damage, save for half). Uggoths can use *charm person*, *detect magic*, *ESP* or *suggestion* at will. Once per day, they can use *charm monster* or *phase door*. Any spell cast at an uggoth has a 5% chance of reflecting back on the caster.

Uggoth: HD 9; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 4 tentacles (1d6 plus grab); Move 12 (swim 12); Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., magic resistance (15%), magical abilities, mind thrust, spell reflection.

Unpleasant Dreamers

The rattle and clank of dragging chains fills this stone corridor in the depths below the Hollow Spire Mountains. The groans of shackled servants fill the spaces when the chains fall silent. A soft light from glowing green fungi moves ahead of the racket.

Thirty albino humanoids shuffle together through the stone tunnel, their bodies wrapped in purplish chains that spark with electrical discharges as the chained creatures move. The creatures' eyes are gone, leaving hollow voids in their faces. The pale beings look dead,

but are very much alive. The chains are not fastened to their bodies, but instead meld with their skin due to a viscous goop that drips off each link.

The chains trail behind the slaves to a floating marble slab. The 20-foot-diameter platform floats three feet above the ground, its

underside tapering to a point that drags a groove in the stone floor beneath it. Sigils carved in the rock cast a purplish glow against the ground. A miasma of lavender clouds waft around the stone, the curling wisps washing over the slaves closest to the floating rock. Their slack faces

bear ecstatic expressions of joy.

Various cushions and pillows litter the stone platform as it moves slowly with the slaves' efforts.

An **uggoth** weapons trader lounges on the mobile platform, experimenting with various dream-inducing vapors to engulf the minds of his captives. An enthralled **minotaur** bodyguard kneels beside its master, its eyes closed in a pleasant dream.

Anyone approaching the platform must make a saving throw or stand entranced for

1d6+1 rounds as the vaporous fog creates pleasant dreams that wash over them. The slave chains are coated with sticky glue that similarly causes the victim to dream of walking to his home (save avoids). The chains stick to exposed flesh, but can be removed with force (dealing 1d6 points of damage). As entranced victims move forward, however, they become further entangled in the chains, thus pulling along the uggoth and its moving stone platform. The uggoth can send a jolt of pain through the chains that turns the pleasant dreams into nightmares for the slaves, causing them to break free and attack as a mindless, sightless horde.

Minotaur: HD 6+4; HP 32; AC 6 [13]; Atk head butt (2d4), bite (1d3) and weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** never get lost in labyrinths.



Undead Elemental, Fire

Hit Dice: 12

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: strike (1d6 plus 1d6 cold)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: chill shield, darkvision 60 ft., immune to fire and cold

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

Occasionally a fire elemental is destroyed but not permitted to return to its plane of origin. Undead fire elementals are pillars of black flame that glow with a bluish nimbus that seems to contain a humanoid shape at its heart. They stand 7 feet tall but weigh only 75 pounds due to their ephemeral natures. The crackling flames surrounding their forms give off an intense chill that drains the heat from the surrounding air and anyone they strike. A victim hit by the elemental's strike must make a saving throw or catch fire from the cold flames. The flames burn for 1d6 rounds and deal 1d6 points of damage each round as the heat is drained from the victim's body (save each round to extinguish the flames). Any foe attacking the elemental also takes 1d6 points of cold damage (save for half). Undead fire elementals are not hindered by water or bodies of nonflammable liquids. An undead fire elemental can extinguish its flames, rendering it as nothing more than a small pile of cold ashes until it decides to explode into its burning form.

Undead Fire Elemental: HD 12; AC 2 [17]; Atk strike (1d6 plus 1d6 cold); Move 15; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** chill shield, darkvision 60 ft., immune to fire and cold.

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

Fireside Surprise

The gnarled and dead trees of the Swordbreak Oaks give way to a 30-foot-wide dirt clearing hidden under overhanging branches. Bedrolls lie scattered and torn on the rocky ground. Huge gouges are slashed through the blackened dirt, and charred logs are tossed across the clearing. A broken short sword juts from one of the dead trees surrounding the glade. Sigils carved into the bark hint at powerful magic. Tracks crisscross a six-foot-wide ash firepit located in the center of the clearing. Poking out of the gray ash are three sealed jade green jars. A sticky sap seals each of the lids tightly to the glass containers. Four metal idols—two demonic, two angelic—stand at the firepit's compass points, their leering faces looking inward on the ash and glass jars.

A trio of huntsmen set a trap here to destroy an **undead fire elemental** rampaging through the woods. Aided by an ancient wizard, the small band built the bonfire and waited for the undead monstrosity to come for them. After a vicious battle during which the wizard froze to death, the creature was finally stopped. One of the huntsmen scooped its ashen essence into a green jar as the wizard had instructed. The hunters cast the jar into the fire, thinking (wrongly) that the flames would destroy the creature. The other jars were backups and are empty.

If the jar containing the elemental is unsealed or broken open, the elemental explodes from the jar with a roar as it sucks in the air and heat around it. The ashes from the firepit swirl up around it as the undead monster rises on a vortex of scalding air.



Valeany

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: dagger (1d4) or touch (mark) or unarmed (1 hp plus grab)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: low-light vision, magical abilities

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d6

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Valeany, or “forest girls,” are exquisitely beautiful creatures with pointed ears and long flowing hair. A valeany appears as a comely human female with long flowing golden hair that nearly reaches the ground. The eyes of a valeany are a deep golden blue or brown. Skin color ranges from light golden to dark tan. Valeany wear either lightly colored or lightweight gowns or nothing at all. They are related to dryads and nymphs, and make their homes deep in secluded forests. They enjoy games, frivolity and nature, and avoid combat whenever possible. Three times a day, a valeany can use *suggestion* and *plant growth*. Once per day, they can use *call lightning*, *hold person* and *animal summoning I*. By touching an opponent, a valeany can “mark” that creature so that animals distrust the being and panic in its presence. *Dispel magic* removes the mark.

Valeany: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk dagger (1d4) or touch (mark) or unarmed (1 hp plus grab); Move 12; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** low-light vision, magical abilities.

Equipment: gossamer gown, dagger.

Valeany Girls

In the Morlock Valley to the north of the Fire Funnels of Reynarz stand two silver thrones on 10-foot-diameter marble pedestals. Seated on the thrones are two beautiful women with long flowing hair and pointed ears. They look like elves, but there is something odd about them that mark them as otherworldly. Each wears a sheer diaphanous gown that drapes around and accentuates their lithe frames in bursts of color. Woven into their hair are multi-colored ribbons and strings. On their heads sit magnificent platinum and jeweled tiaras (400 gp each). The women sit upright in the thrones, their eyes distant and unfocused. They answer simple questions, but their responses are dreamy and filled with whispered nonsense.

The women are **2 valeany** trapped here in a trance-like state. They are barely aware of their surroundings, living life in a dream as the world moves about them. They have been on the thrones for nearly two years now, unable to move or escape. The thrones nourish them as they simultaneously use their mental energies to keep a deadly **soul eater** at bay. If the valeany are disturbed (pulling them from the thrones, removing the crowns, etc.), a dark spot opens in the air between the two thrones. Within 1d4 rounds, a soul eater rips open space and flies through, intent on destroying the valeany and any who protect them. The valeany awaken as if from a pleasant dream within a day of being removed from the thrones. Anyone sitting in one of the thrones must make a saving throw or be drawn into a dream-state by the magical devices. Moving the thrones destroys the magic.

Soul Eater: HD 10; AC -1[20]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus 1d6 wisdom); Move 0 (fly 36); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** find target, immunities, level drain, +1 or better weapons to hit, soul drain, surprise on 1-3 on 1d6 in darkness or smoke.



Vampire Spawn, Feral

Hit Dice: 7–9

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: bite (2d8 plus level drain)

Saving Throw: 9, 8 or 6

Special: darkvision 60 ft., gaseous form, regenerate 2 hp/round, resists cold and electricity, vampire weaknesses

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6

Challenge Level/XP: 7 HD (9/1100); 8 HD (10/1400); 9 HD (11/1700)

Sometimes when vampires create minions something horrible happens to the creature causing a fate worse than even that of a typical vampire spawn. On these occasions whether by accident or design, upon waking to its new undead existence the newly created spawn finds itself trapped within its coffin or tomb and unable to free itself. In these instances the spawn rages and struggles to escape as it slowly goes insane, a victim of its all-consuming hunger. When it finally manages to break free — sometimes years after its creation — the spawn is feral and nearly mindless, though with a much greater strength due to its incessant rage.

A feral vampire spawn is a brutish monstrosity with massive muscles that ripple beneath its cold, hard flesh. Feral vampire spawn resemble primitive or Neanderthal-like versions of their former selves with heavy frames supporting a massive musculature and a face twisted by rage and hate into an almost animal-like mask. They are usually hunched over from years of long confinement that broke their undead minds and weigh up to 200 pounds more than typical vampires. Jagged, broken fangs extend from between its bloodless lips.

A creature bitten by a feral vampire spawn loses one level. A feral vampire spawn regenerates 2 hit points per round. If reduced to 0 hit points, the vampire assumes a gaseous form and returns to its coffin. Feral vampire spawn have lost the ability to speak beyond inarticulate roars, though they can understand and obey verbal commands from their master. Feral vampire spawn share the same weaknesses as vampires, and can be killed by immersing them in water, exposing them to sunlight or driving a stake through their heart. Feral vampire spawn take half damage from cold and electricity.

Feral Vampire Spawn: HD 7; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (2d8 plus level drain); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., regenerate 2 hp/round, resists cold and electricity, vampire weaknesses

Feral Vampire Spawn: HD 8; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (2d8 plus level drain); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., regenerate 2 hp/round, resists cold and electricity, vampire weaknesses

Feral Vampire Spawn: HD 9; AC 4 [15]; Atk bite (2d8 plus level drain); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., regenerate 2 hp/round, resists cold and electricity, vampire weaknesses

Credit

Original author Greg A. Vaughan

Originally appearing in *Slumbering Tsar* (© Frog God Games/ Greg A. Vaughan, 2012)

The Iceman Drinketh

In the depths of the Caverns of Eltapanah, below the warrens of the purple worms, 3 columns of ice rise from the stone floor to the low ceiling. Each column of dirty ice is 20 feet in diameter. The outer surfaces are nicked and scratched, and black opals are stuck randomly into the ice. At the center of the ice columns, murky humanoid shapes can just be made out.

The ice columns are magical prisons crafted to contain 3 **feral vampire spawn** that threatened the forgotten (and long destroyed) mining city of Allmetal. The ancient dwarves trapped the hulking vampires, but were not able to destroy them without freeing the beasts to again rampage through the mines. They dwarves left the creatures encased in the thick ice.

The ice can be chipped, cracked or melted, but any hole reaching all the way to the figures inside allows the feral vampire spawn to assume gaseous form and escape. If one escapes, it immediately attacks another column. Due to its incredible strength, it has a 30% chance per strike of shattering 5 feet of ice encasing its brother. If it shatters 10 feet of ice, the vampire spawn inside the column escapes. One of the vampires wears a jeweled necklace worth 1,200 gp.



Voltar

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: long sword (1d8 plus 1d6 electricity) or 2 slams (1d4 plus 1d6 electricity)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: darkvision 60 ft., death throes, immune to cold, electricity and poison, lightning bolt, vulnerable to water

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d2

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Voltars are organic creatures semi-composed of lightning that hail from the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning. A voltar appears as a milky-white slender and lithe humanoid standing about 6-1/2 feet tall. Its body, armor and weapon are covered in dancing and arcing crackling electricity of blue and white. Its eyes are white and empty (save for the small sparks of electricity that seem to play in them). Its head is long and rectangular and its mouth long and wide. It doesn't appear to have teeth. When reduced to zero hit points, a voltar explodes in a blinding flash of electricity that deals 5d6 points of damage to everything within 30 ft. (save for half). A voltar can shoot a lightning bolt that does 4d6 points of damage up to 100 feet every 3 three rounds. Voltar are immune to cold, electricity and poison, but take double damage from water.

Voltar: HD 5; AC 6 [13]; Atk long sword (1d8 plus 1d6 electricity) or 2 slams (1d4 plus 1d6 electricity); Move 12;

Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., death throes, immune to cold, electricity and poison, lightning bolt, vulnerable to water.

Equipment: ring mail, longsword.

Ride the Lightning

A strange copper coil rises out of the damp earth. The three-foot-diameter tube makes a 15-foot-diameter loop on the ground, before terminating nearly 20 feet in the air where the end of the coil points toward the sky. A human can squeeze through the tight coils to stand inside the cylindrical structure. Three marble pedestals stand around the copper coil. Steps lead to a platform that looks down on the coil before it. A thin layer of copper covers the top of each platform.

The coil is a battery that uses life energy to power it. If a person stands on each platform (upon the copper platform), the coil sparks as arcs of energy rise up its length. The characters standing upon the platforms feel a small tickle of energy at first, radiating up from their feet through their legs. In 1d4 rounds, however, the energy turns deadly, dealing 1d6 points of damage each round that a character remains in contact with the copper sheet. Even if characters leave the platforms by this point, the activated coil continues on its mission to summon a **voltar** from the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning. The voltar arrives in 1d6+2 rounds as the copper coils become sheathed in electricity. Anyone touching the coils at this point takes 6d6 points of damage. With the voltar come **6 volts** that ride the lightning back to its source.

Volt (6): HD 2; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (1d4 plus blood drain); Move 0 (Fly 12); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** blood drain, immune to electricity, shock.



War Flower

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: rapier (1d6) or dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: dagger wind, magical abilities

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 3d4

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

This beautiful, yet disturbing flower resembles a man-sized sunflower that grows daggers instead of petals and has a great, round eye in its center. From its thin stem a small iron shield and a needle thin rapier sprout. Once per day a war flower can cast *haste* on itself (as per the spell). As a last-ditch attack when mortally wounded or hopelessly outnumbered, a war flower can launch all its dagger-petals in all directions at once. Every creature within 30 ft. of the flower must make a saving throw or be hit by 1d4 daggers for 1d4 points of damage each.

War Flower: HD 6; AC 7 [12]; Atk rapier (1d6) or dagger (1d4); Move 15; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** dagger wind, magical abilities.

Credit

Original author Uri Kulianchik

Originally appearing in *The Hollow Mountain* (© Frog God Games, 2011)

Flower Power

Hundreds of fragrant flowers fill this underground greenhouse. Roses, lilies, orchids and daisies stand in flowerboxes throughout the long chamber. Numerous sunflowers rise above the other plants. Thin strips of wire drape over the flowers, occasionally wrapping about the thin stems as they wind about the room. Despite the lack of sunlight in the underground chamber, the flowers are blooming. Bees flit from plant to plant.

The wires carry an electrical charge from a volt-powered battery in another room. Touching any of the wires deals 1d4 points of electrical damage. The current running through the stems helps the plants grow. It also electrifies **2 war flowers** mixed among the more mundane blossoms. The war flowers' rapier attack deals an additional 1d4 points of damage from the electrical current coursing through the plant. The flowers wade through the blooms around them to get to trespassers.



Wasp, Elven

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: sting (1d6 plus paralysis)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: immune to mind-affecting effects and charm, paralysis

Move: 9 (fly 24)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1, 1d6+6

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

This 6-foot-long wasp has a sapphire blue body and jet black wings. Elven wasps are hunters; their favorite food being elves. Elves that fall prey to these wasps are used as food and “incubators” for the young. A paralyzed elf is dragged back to the wasp’s incubating lair and dropped into the main chamber. While still alive and paralyzed, the elf’s abdomen is slit open and the female elven wasp lays a single large egg in the wound. The female then leaves the chamber and seals the entrance. In a short time the egg hatches and the elven wasp larvae begin devouring the still living elf. After devouring the majority of the elf, the larvae spin cocoons and pupate, hatching several months later as elven wasps—they then dig their way out of the lair and fly off on their own into the world. An elven wasp attacks with a vicious stinger that paralyzes its victim (save avoids).

Elven wasps build their lairs deep within the ground in temperate forests, plains, and hills. A rare species is believed to inhabit warm and tropical forests and hills as well. A typical lair is a spiraling tunnel that empties into a large open chamber. The entrance to the lair is usually well-hidden and difficult to locate. The wasps also build a special incubating nest nearby (usually within 500 feet of the main nest); another large spiraling tunnel that empties into a large main chamber. It is in this incubating nest where they store their victims and the female lays her eggs.

Elven Wasp: HD 9; AC 6 [13]; Atk sting (1d6 plus paralysis); Move 9 (fly 24); Save 6; AL N; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** immune to mind-affecting effects and charm, paralysis.

Save the Queen

An elf staggers out of the ferns along the mountain path. He clutches at his stomach with trembling hands. Sweat pours down his sharp features, and his eyes are glassy. He appears to be in shock, barely able to stand, let alone push forward through the crowding elms. He collapses in the middle of the path. The elf is Watelforn Greep, a warrior-mage serving Queen Silverleaf. Unless *cure disease* is cast on the elf, he dies as elven wasp larvae hatch in his belly and begin devouring him. If saved, Watelforn directs characters to a cave mouth covered by papery veils. A dozen dead horses are sprawled and dismembered on the ground outside the cave, their bodies bloated from hundreds of stings.

Queen Silverleaf’s retinue was traveling through the Hollow Spire Mountains when the group was attacked by a swarm of **5 elven wasps**. The wasps took the elves into their cave nest and laid eggs in them. Watelforn didn’t receive a full dose of poison and staggered out of the cave unseen. His queen and his warrior-brethren lie paralyzed in sealed chambers, waiting in horror for the larvae to hatch and devour them. The wasps buzz in and out of the cave, alert for trespassers.



Water Leaper

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: bite (1d8), tail barb (1d4)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: darkvision 60 ft., powerful bite, wail

Move: 9 (fly 6, swim 12)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d6

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

This creature resembles a dog-sized legless toad with large bat-like wings and a tail. It is a rotund, slimy beast with bulging eyes and a massive mouth filled with dagger-like teeth. Water leapers inhabit nearly any source of fresh water, from river to lakes. They remain in the shallow parts of the lakes, where they lie in ambush to attack anything that comes down for a drink, and overturn boats to feast on the fishermen as they struggle in the water. They only dive to deeper waters to avoid capture from survivors. Coloration varies depending on the creature's surroundings and environment (water leapers gradually change colors over time to blend more with their surroundings), but usually consists of gray or brownish-green. Eyes are always dull brown. Water leapers are about 6 feet long and weigh 300 pounds.

A water leaper delivers a powerful bite (double damage if the creature rolls a natural 20). A water leaper can unleash a high-pitched wail that causes living creatures within 60 feet to be paralyzed for 1d4 rounds (save avoids).

Water Leaper: HD 3; AC 8 [11]; Atk bite (1d8), tail barb (1d4); Move 9 (fly 6, swim 12); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: darkvision 60 ft., powerful bite, wail.



Water Demons

A 30-foot-tall black sculpture rises out of a 100-foot-diameter pool reflecting the stark terror of Hellhorn Keep. The statue shows a demonic minotaur with glowing red eyes in a skeletal face, its muscled arms raised out to its sides. Bloody water pours off the upright palms to cascade down the thing's body. The lich minotaur stands upon a carved pedestal of broken and twisted bodies, speared cherubs and prancing demonic imps. Jets of water erupt from these various elements to splatter into the surrounding pool. The pool itself is filled with 16 small jets of flame that erupt five feet in the air in gouts of boiling steam. The pool is barely a foot deep.

Hiding among the carvings are 6 water leapers that have taken on the black hues of the statue to better blend into their surroundings. The leapers wait until they can jump down from their perches onto prey. There is a 1 in 6 chance of spotting the creatures hiding among the various carvings.

Weirds

Weirds are creatures from the elemental planes. Lesser weirds are made up of elements from the demi-, para-, and quasi-elemental planes, while greater weirds are composed of elements from the pure elemental planes (air, earth, fire, and water).

Many weirds are bound to an area when summoned. If bound, the area usually covers a 100-foot radius (or less) centered on the point where the weird first appears. Most casters bind weirds into pools of their element, such as an acid weird being summoned and bound into a large pool of acid or a mud weird being bound into a large mud pool. A weird that is bound to an area can move freely within the area but cannot leave it.

All weirds, regardless of their makeup, are serpent-like creatures with an evil and malign nature. Greater weirds are about 10 feet long, while lesser weirds are 8 feet long.

Lesser Weirds

Acid Weird

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d8 plus 1d8 acid)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to water
Move: 0 (swim 15)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100



This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of acid. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, an acid weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. An acid weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with acid. When submerged in acid, the weird is effectively invisible. Acid weirds take double damage from water-based attacks.

Acid Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d8 plus 1d8 acid); Move 0 (swim 15); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to water.

Egg-Stream Danger

Hundreds of holes in the 20-foot-high ceiling allow thin streams of syrupy acid to pour into a 50-foot-diameter basin in the center of this stone chamber. The pool is filled with a foot of diluted acid that does 1d4 points of damage per round to anyone touching it.

Floating six feet above the surface of the pool in the center of the falling acid streams is a head-sized gold egg ringed with a line of red gemstones. The streaming acid bends around the egg, creating an air bubble around it. The egg is worth 600 gp and allows anyone holding it to move freely through dangerous environments without injury (such as walking through lava, or underwater) thanks to a bubble of air that surrounds the wielder. Etched on its surface of the egg is a map of the continent with six treasure hoards noted (although it doesn't detail the protectors of those hoards). The egg itself is itself protected by an **acid weird** that rises out of the pool if the egg is moved.

Frost Weird

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d8 plus 1d6 cold)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, immune to cold, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to fire
Move: 15
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100



This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of ice and snow. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a frost weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A frost weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with ice or snow. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Frost weirds take double damage from fire-based attacks.

Frost Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d8 plus 1d6 cold); Move 15; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, immune to cold, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to fire

Cold-Hearted Hunters

In the frozen Northlands, a mountain pass winds through dangerous ridges of compacted snow that are one loud noise away from rumbling down the cliffs to engulf anyone caught in their path. If characters are quiet and use ropes to tie themselves together to keep from falling, the treacherous paths are a lot less dangerous. However, a small hunting party of 6 yeti patrol the passes, looking for easy meals and treasure to claim. Each yeti has a snake burned into the fur on its chests. A yeti shaman summoned a free-ranging **frost weird** that hunts with the group. The weird slides through the snow and rises out of the ice to grab characters as the yeti move in to pummel them. The weird doesn't attack anyone bearing the serpent mark.

Yeti: HD 5; HP 30, 16x2, 20, 15x2; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 fists (1d6); Move 14; Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** fear, hug, immune to cold

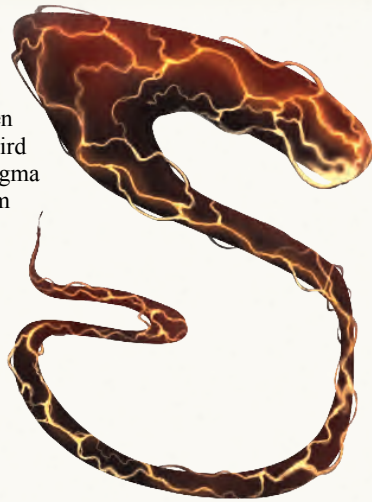
Magma Weird

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d8 plus 1d6 fire)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100

This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of lava. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a weird collapses. If contacting its element,

it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A magma weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with magma or lava. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Magma weirds take double damage from cold-based attacks.

Magma Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d8 plus 1d6 fire); Move 9; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold.



Ball Pit

Hundreds of fist-sized red balls fill a 30-foot-wide by 10-foot-deep pit. The balls are spongy to the touch and created from the flesh of sunburned humanoids. Wooden columns surround the pit, each rising up to a wood-panel ceiling 15 feet overhead. The columns are carved with snakes that wrap around the wood from the floor to the ceiling. The columns are trapped (1 in 6 chance) to cause a wooden block in the ceiling to drop into the ball pit.

The balls in the pit are sealed spheres containing various alchemical liquids that are harmless on their own. If the wooden block drops into the pit, however, it bursts enough of the balls to set off a chemical reaction. When mixed, the chemicals explode in a fiery flash that does 3d6 points of damage as the chemicals change into burning magma. The wooden block immediately catches fire and burns away. As it is incinerated, a trapped **magma weird** is released from the interior of the wood. The magma weird leaps into the pool and rises to attack. Any attack on the pit (or anyone jumping into the balls) has a 1 in 6 chance of breaking enough of the balls to create the magma pit (although the wooden block won't drop until the columns are disturbed). Anyone submerged in magma takes 5d6 points of damage each round.

Mud Weird

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus grab)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of mud. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a mud weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A mud weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with mud. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible.

Mud Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab); Move 9; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent.

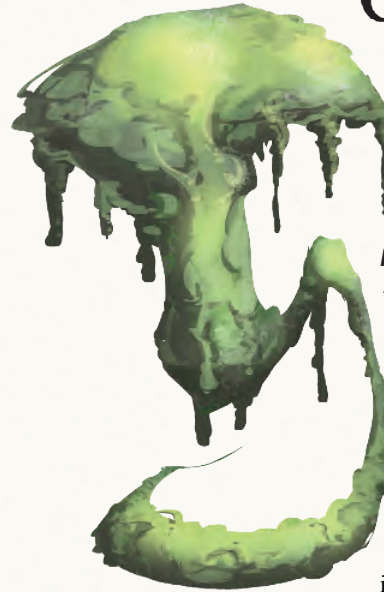


Prison Bars

A dozen black crystal rods rise out of the black marsh region of the Sin Mire Swamp. Each pole is topped by a skull missing its jawbone. While the poles appear to be placed randomly, closer inspection shows that they form a rough circle around a particularly dark section of swamp mud. The 30-foot-wide stretch of mud is so incredibly dense that a person can walk on it without sinking. Buried in the center of the muddy mass is a small serpentine bracelet inset with topaz (1,600 gp). Touching any of the poles delivers an electrical shock (1d6 points of damage, save for half).

The poles are a magical prison placed by the dwarves of Anvil Plunge to contain a **mud weird** that once terrorized the swamp. Removing any of the poles allows the weird to reform and continue its devastating attacks on all life in the swamp—starting with the characters.

Ooze Weird



Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus sickened)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, rejuvenation, transparent
Move: 0 (swim 12)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of ooze. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, an ooze weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. An ooze weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with wet or muddy environments. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Anyone bitten by an ooze weird must make a saving throw or be sickened for 1d6 rounds (–1 to attacks and saves).

Ooze Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (2d6 plus sickened); Move 0 (swim 12); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, rejuvenation, transparent.

Mucking up the Ceremony

In a deep cave beneath the Smoking Plains, a cavern caked in clay contains stone columns, large boulders and steps of spongy mud. Chunks of clay and mud plop down from the ceiling. A low chanting reverberates off the walls, the sound coming from a flat central area within the large chamber where a ring of melting stones surround a much larger oozing clay boulder. Bowing before the boulder are 6 **oozeanderthals**. The creatures genuflect to the boulder, but react with violence to characters intruding upon their worship.

The oozing boulder surrounded by worshippers is a curled up **ooze weird** that unwinds to defend the oozeanderthals. It can sink into the cave's oozing environment to travel throughout the room before lashing out at intruders. When the ooze weird uncoils, the oozeanderthals' treasure drops to the ground. It includes 749 gp, three clay-covered diamonds (150 gp each once clean up), and a gold crown (500 gp) with the faded engraving "Take it All, Give None Back" carved into it.

Smoke Weird

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d8 plus grab)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold and wind
Move: 0 (fly 15)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100



This creature resembles an 8-foot-long serpent formed of black or gray smoke. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a smoke weird dissipates. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A smoke weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with smoky environments. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Smoke weirds take double damage from cold- and wind-based attacks.

Smoke Weird: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk bite (1d8 plus grab); Move 0 (fly 15); Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold and wind.

The Dangers of Smoking

A three-foot-tall hookah sits on a marble pedestal in the center of lush purple pillows in the pasha's palace. Gold pillars stand in a circle around the smoking station. Packets of crushed leaves hang from an ivory stand beside the carved pipes and flexible tubes attached to the hookah's tower. The smell of the fragrant leaves wafts throughout the room. An ever-burning fire boils colored liquid inside the hookah.

The hookah is harmless unless someone places any of the leaves into it to smoke. The leaves break down in the bubbling liquid, emitting a thick smoke that fills the clear bowl. Within 1d4 rounds, the smoke bursts forth from the hookah pipes as a **smoke weird**. The pasha placed the hookah here to tempt enemies who might make the mistake of indulging in his pleasures.

Greater Weirds

Air Weird

Hit Dice: 10
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus grab)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: command elemental, healing, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to wind
Move: 0 (fly 18)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4 smoke or frost weirds
Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

This creature resembles a 10-foot-long serpent formed of air. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a weird dissipates. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. An air weird regains 5 point of

damage per round while in contact with airy environments. When in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Air weirds take double damage from wind-based attacks. An air weird has a 50% chance to control air elementals.

Air Weird: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab); Move 0 (fly 18); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** command elemental, healing, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to wind.

Jet Dry

A narrow 4-foot-wide stone bridge arcs over a 60-foot-wide chasm of broken and shattered stones deep within Hellhorn Keep. The floor of the pit is filled with fractured statues. It looks like the floor of the room collapsed, taking the statues with it. The bridge is a newer construction, built after the devastation.

Halfway across the bridge is a pressure plate. A stone sinks under a character's weight, causing high-pressure jets of water to shoot from the walls of the room at the spot where the party stands. The characters must make a saving throw to avoid being hurled off the narrow span under the high-pressure blast of water. Anyone who falls takes 6d6 points of damage as they bounce off the sharp spurs of rock and broken statuary. One round later, the water jets cease and high-pressure jets of air blast the bridge. There is a 60% chance one of the jets manifests as an **air weird** that grabs a victim and hurls him off the bridge.

Earth Weird

Hit Dice: 10
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus grab)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: command elemental, healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4 acid, mud, magma, or ooze weirds
Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

This creature resembles a 10-foot-long serpent formed of earth. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, an earth weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. An earth weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with earth. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. An earth weird has a 50% chance to control earth elementals.

Earth Weird: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab); Move 9; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** command elemental, healing, immune to acid, rejuvenation, transparent.

The Dirt God

Walking alongside a 20-foot-square platform pulled across the open plains by a team of 16 oxen are **12 goblins**. The wagon is set on six large wooden wheels, but the ox strain against the ropes to move the conveyance. Another **goblin** sits on the wagon, urging the animals onward with a cracking whip. The platform is covered in mounds of dirt, nearly three feet of black, disturbed soil. In the center of the wagon, a 15-foot-tall stone idol shakes with the motion of the wagon. The idol has dozens of leering demon faces on it. The faces stare outward in all directions. The goblins toss blossoms of flowers collected from the field into the dirt at the base of the idol. Various weapons, armor and even gold coins can be spied in the dirt. Dirty chains and manacles are wrapped around the base

of the statue.

The goblins are a tribe that worships a god they carry around on the wagon with them. Most mistake the idol for the god, but that is not the case. The “god” is actually an **earth weird** living in the dirt. The serpent rises out of the soil occasionally (usually when it is hungry) and snatches a goblin or whatever sacrifices the foul beasts offer up to it. The elemental can leave the wagon easily, but prefers to attack first from the black soil to surprise opponents.

Fire Weird

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (1d8 plus grab and burn)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: command elemental, healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold

Move: 18

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4 magma or smoke weirds

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

This creature resembles a 10-foot-long serpent formed of fire. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a fire weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A fire weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with fire. When submerged in its element, a weird is effectively invisible. Fire weirds take double damage from cold-based attacks. A creature struck by a fire weird must save or suffer 1d8 points of damage for 1d4 rounds as they catch fire. A fire weird has a 50% chance to control fire elementals.

Fire Weird: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab and burn); Move 18; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** command elemental, healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent, vulnerable to cold.

Spontaneous Combustion

Screams echo through the streets of Bethel as residents race down the dirt paths between the wooden homes. “Fire! Fire!” A few carry buckets filled with well water, struggling to keep the water from splashing out as they charge toward the blaze. The heat of the blaze can be felt from three houses away, a wall of superheated air that washes over would-be rescuers. An orange glow dances over the rooftops.

The roof of the orphanage is engulfed, and orange rivers of fire race down the thatch roof in crackling lines. The fire swerves down the slanted roof, zigzagging around stone chimneys, and then, against all odds, leaps in a curving arc 30 feet over the street to splash down atop the ale pub’s flat porch roof. The fire blossoms in a sheet of flame that spreads upward along the building’s oaken supports. The fire is a **fire weird** formed spontaneously from the initial fire at the orphanage. The weird is intent on destroying the entire village before it is forced to flee this plane. Children scream from their burning home, and patrons of the ale pub run screaming into the street as kegs explode within the tavern.

Water Weird

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (2d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: command elemental, healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent

Move: 0 (swim 18)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1 plus 1d4 frost, mud or ooze weirds

Challenge Level/XP: 13/2300

This creature resembles a 10-foot-long serpent formed of water. When reduced to 0 hit points or less, a water weird collapses. If contacting its element, it reforms 1 minute later with 5 hit points. A water weird regains 5 point of damage per round while in contact with water. When submerged in its element, a water weird is effectively invisible. A water weird has a 50% chance to control water elementals.

Water Weird: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab); Move 0 (swim 18); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** command elemental, healing, immune to fire, rejuvenation, transparent.

Flood Damage

Six kegs of dwarven ale arrived on the doorstep of the Bloke and Dagger this morning, and the tavern keeper, a stout woman named Mavis, wasn’t about to pass up a night of free profit. She tapped the first keg before the first of the bar crowd arrived and sampled a fine ale that made her mouth water for more. She raised her prices slightly to take advantage of the unexpected boon.

What Mavis doesn’t know is that one of the kegs contains a **water weird** held in stasis. An evil Magic-User with a grudge against the bar had the kegs delivered, making sure to mix in the trapped keg. When the keg is tapped, the barrel explodes in a magical blast that fills the bar with three feet of fresh water. A water weird is then summoned into the pool to destroy as much of the bar as possible before the water seeps out in 2d6+4 rounds.



Wichtlein

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: pickaxe (1d4) or touch (slow)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: darkvision 60 ft., fear, magic resistance (15%), slowing touch

Move: 9

Alignment: Lawful

Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1 or 1d20+5

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

A wichtlein is a tiny man with ugly, bulbous features, dull gray skin, and gemstone teeth. It is clad in dirty overalls and wears a floppy cap on its head. Wichtlein are about the size of small halflings, and are occasionally mistaken for such until the viewer draws near enough to recognize how truly ugly the wichtlein is. Wichtlein are a race of shy yet helpful fey who primarily dwell in mines, caves, and other underground locations. The creatures can see a limited vision of the future and often warn miners and explorers of coming dangers, such as cave-ins or approaching monsters. Unfortunately while helpful, wichtlein are not especially bright, and usually fail to accurately convey the sort of danger approaching. Most of the time, wichtlein simply pound on nearby rocks and stones to indicate danger, a sign that miners are wise to heed. By scrunching up its face, a wichtlein can cause *fear* (as per the spell) in those within 30 ft. who see it (save avoids). Wichtlein can move through any natural earth or stone.

Individual wichtlein occasionally leave their mines to dwell in and under the homes of humans or other humanoids. This happens when a wichtlein becomes smitten with a human of the opposite gender, something which occurs rather more frequently than might be expected. These "house wichtlein" maintain the home, cleaning and repairing to the best of their ability while their beloved is away. Such "relationships" most frequently end when the wichtlein finally reveals itself to the object of its affections, and is usually rejected. Some wichtlein, despite their generally Lawful alignment, wreak havoc on the home of the one who rejected it before returning, dejected, to its mine.

Wichtlein dislike confrontation, and prefer to flee when possible. If they have no opportunity to run, and cannot create such an opportunity with their *slow* and fear abilities, they try to bribe their attackers with knowledge of the local mines and caves. (Wichtlein almost always know where to find gems and valuable metals.) Only if all else fails do they engage in combat.

Wichtlein: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk pickaxe (1d4) or touch (slow); Move 9; Save 14; AL L; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., fear, magic resistance (15%), slowing touch.

Equipment: overalls, mining cap, pickaxe.

growths making their home among the natural quartz.

Crystal Growth: HD 5; HP 24; AC 4[15]; Atk blood drain (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** blood drain.



Crystal Clear Warning

In the deep Mines of Honn, a twisting tunnel spirals into the dark earth. Loose rocks litter the stone tunnel, the head-sized stones fallen from the cracked and crumbling ceiling. Characters have a 1 in 6 chance of being struck by a falling stone for 1d4 points of damage. Just before these rocks fall, smaller pebbles pelt a character from a random direction, sometimes even from the ground. If the character immediately jumps out of the way, he can avoid the larger falling stone. The pebbles are thrown by a **wichtlein** that tries to warn the party to turn back, although it can't understand why they won't take the hint each time it tosses pebbles at them.

The tunnel leads finally to a massive chamber containing quartz crystals that refract light into rainbow patterns that dance across the stone. The largest crystals are nearly 40 feet long, while the smallest are barely a foot across. Others range in size between the two. The bodies of 16 miners lie on the rocky floor of the chamber, their skin sunken and sallow. The miners ignored the wichtlein's warnings and were killed by **10 crystal**

Wight, Sword

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bastard sword (1d8 plus level drain) or slam (1d4 plus level drain)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: darkvision 60 ft., drain 1 level with hit, only hit by magical or silver weapons

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

These wicked and depraved creatures lived and died by the sword, and now, their dark taint passes through their weapons to tear at your soul. Much like the standard wight, these undead abominations are warped and twisted caricatures of their former selves. The sword wight bears a massive bastard sword, and the cold touch of the grave courses through the creature, through the weapon, into the hapless target. If a sword wight hits an opponent with its bastard sword or touch, the victim must save or lose a level. Any human killed or completely drained of levels becomes a sword wight.

Sword Wight: HD 8; AC 5 [14]; Atk bastard sword (1d8 plus level drain) or slam (1d4 plus level drain); Move 9; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., drain 1 level with hit, only hit by magical or silver weapons.

Equipment: chain mail, bastard sword, gold and sapphire circlet (100 gp value).

Credit

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The Sword Master

A block of gray ice sits in a frozen chamber deep within the Wailing Glacier. The chunk of ice is a four-foot cube frozen to the floor. The gold hilt of a two-handed sword juts out of the ice, the blade enveloped and held fast. The hilt has a massive roc spreading its wings carved into it, with silver highlights along the feathers. Garnets set into the bird's eyes reflect any light brought into the chamber. A clear diamond is set into the pommel. The sword is a *+1 two-handed sword* that can cause *confusion* in the wielder's enemies once per day.

The sword can only be removed by a Lawful being, but doing so comes with a price. The sword was taken from a **sword wight** and thrown into the Wailing Glacier to get rid of it. The wight hid shortly after the blade was lost, disappearing into the recesses of the deep earth to wait until it again felt the presence of its blade. The sword wight emerges from the darkness soon after the sword is recovered, intent on recovering its cherished weapon. It picks up replacements from those it kills until it finds the sword bearer within 2d4 weeks. The sword wight is immune to the *confusion* it's sword causes.



Witchlights

Hit Dice: 1d4 hp
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attack: touch (0 damage)
Save: 18
Special: glimmer, spells (elders only)
Move: 0 (fly 12)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1d2, 1d4x5 or 1d5x20
Challenge Rating/XP: 2/30

These fey, when young, resemble caterpillars or worms 1/2 inch long with miniscule elven faces. Once they mature they resemble tiny elves no larger than a fat housefly, with moth-like wings on their backs. They emit a beautiful pastel glow, and when doing so at night they appear to be no more than bobbing globes of soft light. Witchlights are a race of diminutive fey that are raised and bred by pixies and other sylvan creatures to provide illumination and atmosphere to their events.

Witchlights are born in midsummer in a larval state, and subsist on plant life. In autumn they spin cocoons for themselves in which they ride out the winter, hatching in early spring in their adult form. As adults, their beating wings release thousands of tiny spores, which must come into contact with collected flower pollen and moonbeams to germinate into eggs. Adult witchlights have little defense against cold, however, and in all but the warmest climes they die once autumn begins.

Fey creatures often breed witchlights, dusting their spores with various pollen types to produce witchlights of different hues. As germinated pollen glows with tiny pinpricks of light, fey may also do this to create an enchanting glow or glittering effect on plants in their forests and meadows.

Witchlights have no combat capabilities whatsoever, and so are very skittish around strangers. If a potentially hostile creature approaches, they will extinguish their lights and hide. Many fey use them in this manner as guards. Witchlights produce a luminance in their larval stage equal to a candle in brightness; in their adult form, this light is of torch strength. Witchlights can produce or extinguish this light once per round and may control the strength of the light as well. The glimmer is a steady, soft glow, and may be silvery-white or just about any color, though the fey that raise them favor soft pastel shades. Each witchlight has its own unique color, which it cannot change.

Witchlights: HD 1d4hp; AC 1 [18]; Atk touch (0 damage); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 18; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** glimmer.

Elder Witchlights

Occasionally, fey shelter an adult witchlight that they favor throughout the winter; or in tropical climates, they may survive naturally on their own. In any case, a witchlight that sees its second year of adulthood becomes an elder, becoming a full 1 HD creature, and gaining 1 hit point for each additional year it lives until it reaches the maximum allowed by its hit dice. In addition, elder witchlights have an Intelligence of 2, and this increases again to 3 when their hit points reach maximum. The most intelligent elder witchlights have limited sentience, are able to understand fey, and may even be capable speaking a few words of their language.

For every point of intelligence an elder witchlight has, it gains the ability to produce one of the following spells at will as a 1st level magic-user. Choose from *cure light wounds* (once per minute only), *faerie fire*, *sleep*, *light*, *protection from evil*, *purify food and drink* (once per hour only) or *bless*.

Elder Witchlights: HD 1; AC 1 [18]; Atk touch (0 damage); Move 0 (fly 12); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** glimmer, magical abilities.



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Stay Calm

A high-pitched singing comes from deep in the Kajaani Forest, a region where the ancient oaks are covered in thick blankets of clinging moss. The twisted trees grow tightly together, seemingly fighting with one another for their small patches of soil. Branches twist and tangle overhead, as roots overlap below. The singing is calming and peaceful.

A druid dressed in vibrant clothing covered in hundreds of tiny bells hangs in two outstretched tree limbs. He wears curly toed shoes and has two large dragonfly wings attached to his back. The branches holding him are two outstretched arms with fingers clasped around the colorful druid. Hundreds of colorful **witchlights** dance in hypnotic patterns around the druid and around the twisted tree bark. The druid raises a finger to his lips when the party comes near, and shushes them.

The tree holding the druid is a **gnarlwood** that snatched the delusional man off the ground as he tried to “fly” with the forest’s witchlights. Button Funray truly believes he is a fairy, and strives to join in their frolicking games whenever he can. This time, however, he woke the ancient gnarlwood, which grabbed the poor druid and was very near to squeezing him to death when the witchlights began their swirling patterns to help calm the angry tree. The gnarlwood has a 30% chance of breaking free of the hypnotism brought on by the dancing witchlights, and breaks free completely if characters try to pull the druid out of its clutches. The angry gnarlwood awakens with a roar and tosses Button into a nearby hedge (the poor druid tries his hardest to fly out of danger, but crashes heavily into the thorny hedge). The gnarlwood then turns on trespassers wandering about its grove.

Gnarlwood: HD 11; HP 68; AC 2[17]; Atk 4 branches (2d6); Save 4; Move 12; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** animate dead, magical abilities, protection aura, rend.

Xacon

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: absorb traits, tree shelter

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1d3

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Xacons are 6-foot-tall plant-creatures that inhabit thickly wooded forests and forested hills and mountains. They act as protectors of nature. Xacons live in the treetops, using the largest and sturdiest of the trees to hold their dwellings (small wooden huts). They do not speak, communicating by signals and gestures. A xacon attacks by slashing and tearing at its foes with its thorny claws. Once every 1d4 rounds, a xacon can touch an earthen, metal, stone or wooden item and absorb power from it. A xacon that touches a wooden or earthen item (including the ground) receives a $-1[+1]$ bonus to its armor class. If it touches a metal or stone item, it gains a $-3[+3]$ bonus to armor class. These bonuses last for 1 round. Once per day, a xacon can meld its body and possessions into a tree to hide from its enemies.

Xacon: HD 4; AC 7[12]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6);

Move 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** absorb traits, tree shelter.

Bringing Home the Xacon

Every month, Markus Wainrail and his boys travel into the deep woods in search of a suitable poplar tree that he can burn slowly as he cooks pork to mash into barbecue. He alone knows the secrets of the trees he seeks, as well as the ingredients he puts into his highly sought after dinners. Guests always know to get a table early on the first week of the month to get the best-tasting meat when it comes fresh off the fire. The Laughing Devil's dining room does a brisk trade all month long, but the first few days when a new tree is brought in are particularly raucous.

The latest tree came with a little something extra, however. Sheltering in the tree are **4 sleeping xacons**. The xacons remained in the tree even as Markus chopped it down and his boys dragged the trunk to the bar. When the fire is lit under the massive log, however, the xacons leap to safety—right into the middle of the crowded barroom. The ensuing panic causes a stampede as the xacons try to find an exit.



Xoth-man

Hit Dice: 1
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: spear (1d6)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: blend into surroundings
Move: 12
Alignment:
 Chaos
Number Encountered:
 See below
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

The xoth-men are a savage race of primitive cannibals that make their homes deep in the jungles and forests, far away from civilized lands. The race is widespread, and goes by many different names in different places. Bands of xoth-men conduct raids into civilized settlements when food, women, and sacrifices are scarce. Captured men, women, and children are beaten, bound, and forced into slavery for a period of time, before being sacrificed to one of the xoth-men's dark gods or served as a meal at a xoth-man banquet. Xoth-men standing still are extremely hard to detect as they can alter their skin coloration to blend with their surroundings just as a chameleon can. Enemies have a 1 in 6 chance to spot the stationary cannibals.

Different tribes of the Xoth-men have different capabilities; in some tribes as many as 50% of the warriors are also berserkers, and some tribes are accompanied by were-beasts, wild cats, or ancient serpent-things.

Other than solitary hunters, Xoth-men are usually encountered as a hunting band (1d8+4 plus 1 leader of 3–6HD). Tribal settlements comprise 1d100+20 warriors with approximately the same number of noncombatants as well, plus 1 leader of 3HD per 10 warriors, 1d3 shamans (Clr4–6), 1 veteran warrior of 5HD per 20 adults, and 1 tribal chief (Ftr8) level.

Xoth-man: HD 1; AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** blend into surroundings.
Equipment: animal skins, spear.

Xoth-man: HD 3; AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** blend into surroundings.
Equipment: animal skins, spear.

Xoth-man: HD 4; AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** blend into surroundings.
Equipment: animal skins, human-ear necklace, spear.

Xoth-man: HD 5; AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** blend into surroundings.
Equipment: animal skins, spear, stone bracelet.

Xoth-man: HD 6; AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** blend into surroundings.
Equipment: animal skins, spear, 3 uncut gems (1d4x10 gp value each).

Xoth-man (Clr4): AC 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** blend into surroundings, spells (2/1).
Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person*.

Equipment: animal skins, club, crude wooden unholy symbol.

Xoth-man (Clr5): AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** blend into surroundings, spells (2/2).
Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds, light*; 2nd—*hold person* (x2).

Equipment: animal skins, club, crude stone unholy symbol.

Xoth-man (Clr6): AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** blend into surroundings, spells (2/2/1/1).

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2); 2nd—*hold person* (x2); 3rd—*continual light*; 4th—*sticks to snakes*.

Equipment: animal skins, club, stone unholy symbol.

Xoth-man (Ftr8): AC 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** blend into surroundings, multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: animal skins, spear, club, 4 uncut gems (2d6x10 gp value each).

Drums in the Darkness

The sounds of drumming and low chanting rise through the dark vines of the Seething Jungle, an ugly, brutish sound floating on an ill wind. Anyone following the sounds comes upon a flat, 40-foot-diameter clearing carved from the jungle by machetes. Flickering firelight from a blazing bonfire causes shadows to dance through the trees, and whispering voices continue the low chanting. Dogs run in wide circles

around the feet of 8 spindly humanoids facing the rising flames. A large metal pot hangs above the fire. A banyan tree growing in the center of the clearing is carved with the leering faces of demons and dark gods. The bleeding body of a dying young woman dangles from vines that hold her above the ground. The drumming comes from inside a small hut located near the firepit.

The flickering shadows are caused by the dogs racing around the flames in elaborate patterns. The well-trained animals never vary from their routs if PCs spend time watching the tableau. The men standing around the fire similarly never move. They are actually mannequins created from the cast-off bits of flesh and bone the true terrors of the clearing don't eat. Only by getting up close to the dummies can the deception be uncovered. The woman hanging from the tree is a native of the village of Catel' Jelal, a settlement at the bend of the river. She was cast out of her village three days ago and then captured by a hunting party of 10 xoth-men.

The cannibals stand about the clearing, using their chameleon-like ability to blend in against the banyan tree or the surrounding forest. They ambush anyone rushing into the clearing to save the woman or attack the decoys. One of the cannibals sits inside the hut pounding on the drums to lure victims.

Yhakkor

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: darkvision 60 ft., immunities, putrid stench, rend

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1d4+1 or 4d4+4

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Yhakkor are slaving humanoid things, with feral eyes and elongated nail-claws. Yhakkor might easily be mistaken for ghouls. The foul rituals that merge the essences of ghouls and humans drain the yhakkor of much intelligence, but greatly increase their strength. Due to their low intelligence, yhakkor are usually assigned to simple guard duty or other menial tasks. A strong-minded individual, such as a magic-user, is required to control them. These unsavoury creatures prefer a diet of human flesh above all else. The touch of a yhakkor spreads a wasting disease that deals 1d6 points of damage per hour until cured (save avoids). Yhakkor emanate the stench of death. Anyone within a 10-ft.-radius of the creature is sickened for 1d4+1 minutes (save avoids). While not undead, yhakkor are immune to charm, disease, paralysis and poison. If a yhakkor hits a single opponent with both of its claw attacks, it rends the creature with its wickedly sharp nails for an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Yhakkor: HD 3; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 claws (1d4 plus disease);

Move 12; Save 14; AL C; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** darkvision 60 ft., immunities, putrid stench, rend.

Rotten Fruits

A bloody corpse lies beneath a large, distended watermelon hanging unattended over a black altar of the bug-infested temple to the Insect Lord. Thick, ropy strands of ash-covered web lash the watermelon to the ceiling above the onyx surface and the sacrifice below. Slashes carved in the watermelon's rind let rotten strings of red pulp bleed out of the melon. Rank juices drip from the fruit into the open mouth of the corpse. Jutting out of the side of the watermelon are three sharp fingernails. Smashed rinds from other watermelons litter the stone floor around the altar.

The corpse is in the final stages of turning into a yhakkor. The watermelon is contaminated with disease from yhakkor nails. Anyone eating any bit of it has a 5% chance of turning into a yhakkor himself, and must make a saving throw to avoid contracting the creature's wasting disease. If left alone, the corpse slides off the altar in 1d4+2 rounds and rises as a newly created **yhakkor**. Its brethren—6 **yhakkors** converted over the past few days—arrive in 1d4 rounds from side rooms to retrieve the new arrival. They attack any party disturbing the site of their birth.



Zombie, Hungry

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: strike (1d6 plus grab and bite), weapon (1d8)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: grab and bite

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 2d10

Challenge Level/XP: 3/30

In most respects hungry zombies appear to be normal zombies; however, they have a spark of savage intelligence. Adventurers who mistake the undead for normal zombies are in for a horrifying surprise: Hungry zombies are undead creatures that crave the flesh of the living. They rise from the grave and hunt day and night, ever seeking victims to satiate their eternal hunger. A hungry zombie that makes a successful strike grabs its opponent and automatically bites for 1d4 additional points of damage.

Hungry Zombie: HD 2; AC 8 [11]; Atk strike (1d6 plus grab and bite), weapon (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/30; **Special:** grab and bite.

Ankle Biters

A wide expanse of dirty water flows slowly past the crumbling banks. Bloody foam floats on the rancid waves, and stringy bits of flesh drift with the currents. The blood-stained waters froth around jagged shards of black stone rising out of the effluent run-off. A platinum crown hangs precariously from one sharp rock in the middle of the churning whitewater. Bloody waves cause the jeweled headgear to bounce and tumble atop the rock spur. The crown is nearly 20 feet off shore in the middle of the three-foot-deep waters. The riverbed is black, shifting sand.

The crown is a trap to lure travelers into the waters where a group of **10 hungry halfling zombies** lie buried beneath the sandy riverbed. The diminutive zombies rise out of the riverbed to attack if the crown is removed. The halfling zombies barely rise above the water's surface, and viciously attack the legs of anyone wading in the stream.

The crown has 6 white diamonds on it that allow the wearer to control a single undead of 3HD or less. The wearer can control one skeleton or zombie at a time and give the creature simple commands. After 2d4 days, the undead breaks free as a hungry zombie that tries its best to kill the wearer. One of the diamonds turns black each time the crown's power is used. The crown ceases to function after the 6 white diamonds are expended, although the crown can still be sold for 300 gp.



Appendix A: Monsters by Challenge Level

Challenge Level A to 1

Dinosaur, Podokesaurus
Monkey, Ghoul
Sciurian
Seal
Spider, Albino Cave
Talarani
Xoth-man (1 HD)

Challenge Level 2

Crazed Goblin
Dinosaur, Euparkeria
Edon
Gibbon
Minikin Grizzly Bear
Monkey, Spire
Witchlights

Challenge Level 3

Baboonwere
Beetle, Stench
Conshee
Dwarf, Frost
Fire Crab, Small
Fungus Man
Grimlock
Jynx
Witchlights, Elder (1 HD)
Xoth-man (3 HD)
Zombie, Hungry

Challenge Level 4

Chike (Crocfolk)
Dwarf, Frost (3HD)
Fire Fish
Giant Flying Piranha
Giant Fox
Gibbon Champion (3HD)
Grimlock (3HD)
Horse, Rhianna
Korog
Lamprey, Burrowing
Lupin (4HD)
Oozeanderthal
Piranha Swarm
Plantoid Servitor
Valeany
Water Leaper
Wichtlein
Xacon
Xoth-man (4 HD)

Challenge Level 5

Demon, Pestilenzi
Dwarf, Frost (4HD)
Fire Crab, Medium
Giant Mastiff
Giant Stag
Grimlock (4HD)
Hedon
Lightning Lamprey
Lupin (5HD)
Mandrake, Deadly
Meat Puppet (Humanoid)
Peg Powler
Sciurian Chief (5HD)
Sealwere
Thought Eater
Tombotu
Undead Horse Mount
Xoth-man (5 HD)
Xoth-man (Clr4)
Yhakkor
Zombyre

Challenge Level 6

Argos
Beetle, Ravager
Bone Delver
Defender Globe
Drakeling, Flame
Drakeling, Frost
Dwarf, Frost (5HD)
Fungus Man King
Glacial Haunt
Grimlock (5HD)
Lupin (6HD)
Lycanthrope, Werewolverine
Necro-Phantom
Niserie
Noble Steed
Pig-Men
Spider, Giant Funnel-Web
Xoth-man (6 HD)
Xoth-man (Clr5)

Challenge Level 7

Argos (5HD)
Argos (Clr4)
Bloodworm
Cavern Crawler
Cobalt Viper
Dobie
Dragon, Gray
Dwarf, Frost (6HD)
Eel, Fire
Emberleaf
Fachan
Fleshewn Troll Throne
Kapre
Leonine
Lightning Bladder
Lupin (7HD)
Lupin (Ftr6)
Plantoid
Sewer Sludge (Spawn of Dungie)
Shadow Hunter Hatchlings
Shark, Swordtooth
Swarm, Bone
Volar
War Flower

Challenge Level 8

Argos (6HD)
Argos (Clr5)
Asp Swarm
Blood Orchid
Burning Ghat
Carriion Claw
Cimota
Domovoi
Dwarf, Frost (7HD)
Ebony Horse
Dragon, Gray
Giant Worg
Jolly Jelly
Lupin (Ftr7)
Minikin Mammoth
Narwhal
Refracted Tiger
Troll, River
Xoth-man (Clr6)
Xoth-man (Ftr8)

Challenge Level 9

Bucentaur
Crawling Offspring
Dinosaur, Nothosaurus
Dragon, Gray
Dwarf, Frost (8HD)
Elemental, Salt (8HD)
Elemental, Smoke (8HD)
Elemental, Wood (8HD)
Gargoyle, Spitting
Gargoyle Stone Idol (Stone Idol)
Grimshrike
Inphidian, Gray-Scale
Lizard, Giant Forest
Lupin (Ftr8)
Neomimic
Scorpionfolk (7HD)
Serpent Creeper
Sirine Flower
Soulless Hill Giant
Swarm, Lamprey
Swarm, Sparksting
Troll, Black
Vampire Spawn, Feral (7HD)
Weird, Acid
Weird, Frost
Weird, Magma
Weird, Mud
Weird, Ooze
Weird, Smoke

Challenge Level 10

Algidarch
Argos (Clr6)
Crystalline Scorpion
Crystalline Succubus
Demonic Mist
Ekimmu
Fallen Harpy
Gloom Haunt
Grave Mount
Knight Gaunt
Lupin (Ftr9)
Malkeen
Ommoth
Ooze, Ebon
Otyugh Meat Puppet
Salamander, Ice
Scorpionfolk (Clr5 or MU5)
Screamer
Shade
Shadow Hunter
Silverfish, Giant
Skull Child
Soul Knight
Vampire Spawn, Feral (8HD)
Wight, Sword

Challenge Level 11

Aurochs, Northlands
Blaze Boa
Boobrie
Cimota, Guardian
Dwarf, Frost (10HD)
Firebird
Genie, Seraph
Golem, Crystalline
Inphidian, Death's Head
Lupin (Ftr10)
Nithu
Ooze, Spawn of Jubilex
Scorpionfolk (Ftr6 or MU6)
Treant, Razor
Troll, Undead
Uggoth
Vampire Spawn, Feral (9HD)
Wasp, Elven

Challenge Level 12

Argos (Clr7)
Bucentaur Herd-Leader
Cactant (Plant Guardian)
Grey Spirit
Lizard, Lava
Mimic, Undead
Mordnaissant
Proto-creature
Rakewood
Scorpionfolk (Clr6 or Ftr7 or MU7)
Sphinx, Dromosphinx
Swarm, Bladecoin
Swarm, Stirge

Challenge Level 13

Algant (Plant Guardian)
Amber Skeleton
Argos (Clr8)
Astral Spider
Banyant (Plant Guardian)
Blood Orchid Savant
Cobalt Viper, Giant
Daochyn
Drake, Storm
Drake, Vile
Elemental, Salt (12 HD)
Elemental, Smoke (12 HD)
Elemental, Wood (12 HD)
Fountain Fungus
Mummy, Asp
Scorpionfolk (Ftr8 or MU8)
Silverfish, Swarm
Skin Feaster
Slug, Dimensional
Swarm, Skeletal
Undead Elemental, Fire
Weird, Air
Weird, Earth
Weird, Fire
Weird, Water

Challenge Level 14

Argos (Clr9)
Bear, Shadow
Blood Orchid Grand Savant
Bone Crawler
Dinosaur, Gorgosaurus
Fallen Elf, Ivan the Warmaster (12 HD)
Fisherman
Frog Stone Idol (Stone Idol)
Ghirru
Pestilential Cadaver
Plantoid King
Refracted Shark
Scorpionfolk (Clr7 or Ftr9)
Shadow Wing
Spider, Shard
Weird, Air
Weird, Earth
Weird, Fire
Weird, Water

Challenge Level 15

Aswang
Bloodsoaker Vine
Death Knight
Drake, Brine
Kamarupa
Shattered Soul, Impaled Spirit

Challenge Level 16

Dark Custodian
Devouring Mist
Dracohydra
Dreadweed
Flayed Angel
Galley Beggar
Hag Nymph
Hellwidow
Proto-creature, Giant
Scorpionfolk (Clr8)
Shedu Stone Idol (Stone Idol)
Sword Spider
Treant, Stone

Challenge Level 17

Bronze Minotaur
Char Shambler
Demon, Kytha
Elemental, Salt (16 HD)
Elemental, Smoke (16 HD)
Elemental, Wood (16 HD)
Giant, Coral
Hooded Gatherer

Challenge Level 18

Chuul-Ttaen
Cimota, High
Cinder Knight
Giant, Crag
Golem, Necromantic
Golem, Spontaneous- Ossuary Golem
Living Disease: Festering Lung
Lurker Wraith
Naga, Death
Sphinx Stone Idol (Stone Idol)
Spider Lich

Challenge Level 19

Deathstroke Serpent
Giant, Jotun
Golem, Philosopher
Stygian Spawn

Challenge Level 20

Baba Yaga
Banshee, Queen
Crimson Death
Crysolax
Giant Chief, Coral (16HD)
Gibbering Orb, Lesser

Challenge Level 21

Demon, Tatarux
Dune Horror
Elemental Lord, Susir (Lord of Air
Elementals)
Petrified Horror

Challenge Level 22

Amalgamation
Elemental Lord, Onyst (Lord of Earth
Elementals)
Giant Elder, Crag (18HD)
Golem, Skiff
Living Disease: Black Rot
Sojourner of the Sea

Challenge Level 23

Elemental Lord, Inder (Lord of Fire
Elementals)

Challenge Level 24

Elemental Lord, Lypso (Lord of Water
Elementals)

Challenge Level 25

Demon, Ciratto
Gibbering Abomination

Challenge Level 26

Chosen of Lilith, Vladimir (Demon Lord)
Living Monolith

Challenge Level 28

Addath
Gelatinous Emperor
Naga, Ha-Naga

Challenge Level 29

Sea Serpent, Finback

Challenge Level 30

Battlehulk
Ghaggurath
Kulgreer

Challenge Level 33

Gibbering Orb

Challenge Level 34

Leviathan

Challenge Level 36

Devil, Dantalion (Duke of Hell)

Challenge Level 40

Ravager

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Players -
Don't be afraid . . .
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