

Ford's Faeries



*A BESTIARY INSPIRED BY THE WORKS OF
HENRY JUSTICE FORD
FOR USE WITH OLD SCHOOL RPGs*

The Google Plus Old School RPG Community Presents:

Ford's Faeries

*A Bestiary Inspired by
The Works of Henry Justice Ford
And Meant For Most
Old School Roleplaying Games*



Design: Various
Art: Henry Justice Ford
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Foreword

Social networks are not just for arguing politics. This book comes straight from Google Plus, where I posted a link to the *Monsterbrains.com* page about Henry Justice Ford's body of work. I was smitten, and at the same time sad that I'd never seen it before.

A short conversation later, the Henry Justice Ford Monster Manual Project was born. The fifty-odd creatures within these pages are the work of fifteen authors with diverse styles and tastes, but they all have in common the fanciful glamour inspired by Ford's mesmerising illustrations.

It is a lovely circle we took part in: the folk tales inspired an artist, who in turn inspired us to create unique creatures, who hopefully will find a place in your games, creating more stories.

We wish you interesting encounters with Ford's Faeries.

— Eric Nieudan, Dublin, November 2018

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Aijosei-zonsuki

by Goblins Henchman

Armour class: as leather
Hit dice: 2-6 (1 per creature)
Move: normal
Attacks: 1 bite/claw per beast (d4)
No. Appearing: 1 collective
Morale: 10
Treasure: none
Alignment: Chaotic
Special: betrayal

Aijo-seizon-suki (Aijo) is not one creature, but a collective of sorts. The collective of beasts is possessed by the spirit of a familiar (the true Aijo), a familiar which betrayed its master. The beasts are the vassals of the spirit familiar. The Aijo rejoices in self-inflicted *schadenfreude*, it is cursed to do so. To enjoy being sad, the Aijo befriends strangers only to turn on them, revelling in the remorse it feels at its own betrayal. As such, it is cursed to relive its original crime.

The collective is made of up to six creatures, one speaking for the group. One creature is the *de facto* familiar, and bestows on their adoptive companion a +2 bonus to one of their ability scores, as follows: lion (Strength), wolf (Intelligence), boar (Wisdom), hare (Dexterity), bear (constitution), fox (charisma). The collective fights for its companion, but not to its death.

When true enthalpy has been established, the Aijo selects an ill opportune moment to enact betrayal, usually after a great achievement. The Aijo starts by recounting the crimes their companion has committed, and then, eyes full of tears, heart full of great regret, the faithful beasts attack. In combat, the spirit of the familiar sustains the collective, sharing out the combined life force.

Remove curse destroys the spirit familiar. Also, it will not willingly enter a village, town, or city. This may trigger betrayal.



THE SHEPHERD COMES TO THE ARCH OF SNAKES

Arch of Snakes

By Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as plate & shield

Hit dice: 20

Move: slow

Attacks: 10 bites (d2 plus poison)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 10

Treasure: item of mythic power

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: poison (petrification)

A petty god, or maybe some kind of minor Chaos power, the Arch of Snakes appears as a writhing swarm of talking serpents. It can be encountered in the deepest of forests or other untamed wilderness, muttering about unfathomable cosmic matters, a hissing cacophony of a hundred tongues and dialects.

Getting the attention of the Arch of Snakes isn't easy if one doesn't come with a snake, the more dangerous the better, as a present. The snake is absorbed into the creature, who deigns to converse for the briefest of moments, and only about a very obscure and narrow topic. Roll on the table below -- the Arch of Snakes interest changes every d6 weeks.

d12	of ...	d12
Epigraphy		Eons
Polyamory		Genii
Ailments		Versifiers
Apostasy		Calypigians
Senescence		Agostinarchs
Idiosyncrasy		Philistines
Ubiquity		Catopromancy
Malaise		the planes
Kyriolexy		Rampallions
Intricacy		Fortune
Cynosure		Sesquipedalians
Excogitation		Zabernism

The Arch of Snakes has a unique power: it is connected to its past and future selves. Furthermore, it can allow an individual or group to pass into a different time – forming the threshold that gave it its name. Beyond the Arch of Snakes is a realm of temporal madness that only the strongest willed can withstand. If they do though, they emerge in an era of the Arch's choosing.



Asudem

by Goblins Henchman

Armour class: as mail

Hit dice: 4

Move: normal

Attacks: two attacks (by weapon)

No. Appearing: 1, rarely d6+1

Morale: 6

Treasure: 1000 GP, body parts

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: pumice curse, sleep, ESP

Asudems are the progeny of unfertilised gorgon eggs. Rarely a clutch will hatch and stay together. Asudems are comely creatures. They are distinguished from beautiful humans by having barely discernible shark-like scales. Every few years they moult, laboriously pumicing away their spent skin. Asudems think of themselves as being above base mortals, even regal. While not actually immortal, they are very long lived.

Asudems have a terrifying secret weakness. They find mortal creatures immeasurably repulsive: seeing one turns an Asudem to stone. Reptiles, while also unspeakably ugly, can be tolerated. Creatures capable of petrification are the very pinnacle of beauty to Asudems, and so Asudems willingly serve them, basking under their gaze. To protect themselves from the risk of auto-petrification, Asudems don diaphanous coverings. This optical filter is sufficient to blur and blunt a repulsive mortal's appearance.

Anyone hearing an Asudem speak their name must save vs. magic, or be turned to pumice. Therefore, Asudems are motivated by means of congenial conversation to extract people's names. Unbroken pumiced creatures can be restored by a Medusa's gaze. Their hypnotic hand dances induce sleep (save vs. magic allowed). Also, they can read the mind of any sleeper close to them. Asudems can fight two handed, but favour polearms.

Petrified Asudem stone is very dense. It can be used to make projectiles that deal +2 damage. Against petrifying creatures, these projectiles pumice flesh (triple damage). Moulded skins make excellent bandages and have curative properties (double healing rate). They can also turn stone to flesh.



The Robber-girl sends Gerda off on the Reindeer

Aurora Child

By Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 1-1

Move: fast on snow and ice, normal otherwise

Attacks: knife (d4) or bow (d6)

No. Appearing: see below

Morale: 5

Treasure: stolen goods 800 GP

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: speak with animals

In the dead of winter, the children of the frozen taigas escape their kingdom of ice and darkness through the emerald gates that sometimes appear with aurora borealis. They venture into the woods to hunt and find supplies, often resorting to rob travellers and plunder isolated settlements. Many stories are told about unpleasant encounters with beautifully dressed, innocent looking children who act like thieves and murderers. Aurora Children do not care for valuables unless they can be worn or sewn into their clothing; they take food and supplies over gold and even magical items.

Aurora children can speak with animals, asking them for favours in exchange for food and shelter. They are cunning adversaries, setting traps, using every ruse to avoid life loss on their side, though they have no qualms about killing, or abandoning travellers naked in the snow. Children under eleven are always spared, and sometimes asked to join the Aurora tribe.

When Aurora Children are encountered, roll d6:

1. 2d6 children traveling, mounted on reindeers
2. 2d10 children setting up an ambush
3. 1d10 children and a pack polar bear, looking for supplies
4. 3d10 children going on a raid, d6 mounted on giant snowy owls
5. 1d10x1d10 children making camp, with assorted helping beasts
6. 1 child, intent on leading adventurers into a trap (roll again)



Black Pig

By Vance Atkins

Armour class: as leather and shield

Hit dice: 2

Move: normal

Attacks: bite (d6+1)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 6

Treasure: none

Alignment: Neutral

Special: curse

Black Pigs are creatures enchanted by certain wood-witches to care for their hovels and cook for them. Many adventurers, upon stumbling into a wood-witch residence, are confounded to discover a pig in an apron, scurrying about, cooking and cleaning.

The pigs are intelligent, but unable to communicate. However, they are obliged to be good hosts, efficiently providing refreshments and preparing a meal for the uninvited guests.

Many visitors are taken aback by this sorcery, but woe be to any who may kill a treasured Black Pig... All in the party will likely be cursed, and whoever dealt the killing blow will soon wake up in a porcine body, wearing an apron.



The Witch comes on board

Boarding Witch

By Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 7

Move: slow (fast when boarding)

Attacks: bite 2d6

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 7

Treasure: d6 sorrow vials

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: 5d10 snakes, spells as a 7th level cleric

The Boarding Witch is a shipwreck survivor who became mad after losing her family. She follows ships on her bone-white skiff, boarding them for several nights in a row. Every time, she asks for a new tribute, always something precious to someone. A unique item or a hidden jewel, a beloved pet, maybe a child. She always asks for something that is on board, even if no one knows about it. If the Boarding Witch cannot be satisfied, venomous snakes slip from her dress and spread panic while she literally devours the masts, the rudder, the sails.

Extorted goods do not really interest the witch. She abandons them by sea, on a beach, or near a lighthouse. Only the distress caused by the loss satisfies her, as an echo to her own suffering. She keeps samples of it in vials, sniffing them from time to time. Anyone who smells an opened or crushed sorrow vial (10 ft radius when broken) must save to resist hopelessness.

If she recognises sorrow as deep and pure as her own in her victims, her face turns noble and deeply sad. She can cast *bless* and *protection from evil* on the ship and its crew for the duration of the crossing.



Bugul Noz

By Guillaume Jentey

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 6

Move: normal (as form)

Attacks: staff (d6) or three natural weapons (d6)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 9

Treasure: see below

Alignment: Neutral

Special: immortal

Bugul Noz, the Dark Shepherd, is the son of an ancient hero and a forgotten goddess of death. Half guardian angel, half bogeyman, he wanders the countryside. Sometimes, he's a black wolf attacking those who wandered too far into the woods. Sometimes, he's a swarm of ravens swooping down on farmers just before dusk. Sometimes, he's a tall shepherd in a black suit and black hat kidnapping lost children.

But the Shepherd is not as evil as one would think. He just wants to prepare people for an incoming threat: a gang of murderous bandits, an army of orcs, or just a very harsh winter. In his way, he is saying "don't go alone in the woods!" and "take care of your children!" until villagers sharpen their weapons, call for heroes, or just hide out of sight for a while. He keeps roaming around the land until he's defeated or until the great threat arrives.

When defeated, Bugul Noz doesn't die. He reverts to his true form: a black cyclops, his horns like raven beaks, his body covered by black fur, a shepherd staff in his hand. As a reward, he gives a powerful, or just instrumental item that can be used to fight the incoming threat. This usually comes with a vision of the impending doom, because the Dark Shepherd doesn't speak. After that, he leaves to warn another community from another danger.



Cabinet of the Keeper

by Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 3

Move: normal

Attacks: energy drain (d6)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 12

Treasure: root key

Alignment: Good

Special: undead, immune to normal weapons

The Cabinet Keeper is a helpful ghost. It appears near a white wooden cabinet. Its doors are engraved with floral motifs and inscriptions in an ancient language that read:

Here you are in your frantic flight,

Pass the Keeper.

Through the doors you see delight,

Trust the Keeper.

Brave or desperate people who take refuge inside the closet find themselves in a delightful garden, where white trees heavy with fruit grow near a fountain of milky liquid. Eating or drinking restores d6 HP. In the garden, the cabinet's doors appear in one of the trees, and they remain unlocked. Any attempt to explore the white woods brings the characters back to the garden.

While the party rest, the Keeper watches. She attempts to mislead any pursuers or stalkers, and fights if necessary. People who come out to help the Keeper in its duties are given a root key. This magical root grows into a lock and can be used as its key, but only once.



Cabinet of the Justiciar

by Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 5

Move: normal

Attacks: two-handed sword +1 (d10+1)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 5

Treasure: 500 GP

Alignment: Lawful

Special: ESP, Detect Evil & Chaos

A Justiciar is a ghost of Law. During their lifetime, they were a famous judge or other dispensator or law, in a land and time where trial by combat was commonplace. Using an advanced form of ESP, the Justiciar can list the sins and crime of all who appear before her. She tries to convince them to face their responsibilities and confess to the competent authorities. If they refuse, she attempts casts them into her cabinet (save to avoid), where the ordeal may take place.

The cabinet is actually a gateway to a pocket plane, appearing as (d6):

1. An autumnal clearing where stands a statue of Blind Justice
2. A temple of limestone and marble
3. A shallow pool of water and ice
4. A rocky islet in a raging sea
5. A ruined amphitheatre
6. The top of a tower, open to a purple sky

In there, the accused faces a champion: a demon or other supernatural being whose power mirrors their crimes (referee's choice). The champion is always malcontent of its fate, and is willing to lose the fight in exchange for its freedom. It tries its best to communicate this fact to its adversary.



The Uninvited Fairy

Carcinos

by Roger SG Sorolla

Armour class: as plate

Hit dice: 4

Move: fast walk, slow swim

Attacks: two claws (2d6)

No. Appearing: possibly unique

Morale: 8

Treasure: 2000 GP, 30% chance of d3 magic items

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: spells

Polite elfin society has named this fey pariah for the aspect it has taken on: a massive crab, shell the colour of the deepest purple bruises, that can flex its legs eight feet tall. It smells of deep loam and perpetually trails wisps of fog, clacking as it goes. It can see all spectra of energy and speaks in a buzzing, down-pitched tone.

The Carcinos faerie haunts and lurks in dark places at the edge of sylvan idylls: the back of the grotto, the mine in the glade, the sinkhole in the swan-marsh. Profoundly narcissistic, it would never change an iota to fit in, preferring to play aggrieved victim. It haggles with humans to the detriment of the conventional fey, hates elves, and often gathers dark and embittered minions to its cause, impressing them with magic. The Carcinos is shameless in soliciting praise for its beauty (one must be creative to comply) and ruthless in punishing any equivocation on the subject.

The main strength of the Carcinos is its magic. At will it can use: *suggestion*, *invisibility*, *dancing lights*, *faerie fire*, *water breathing*, *stinking cloud*, and *fog cloud*. Once a day it can cast each of: *bestow curse*, *polymorph other*, *charm monster*, *wall of ice*. It takes half damage from cold and weapons, and resists all magic (even if no save) on a d20 roll higher than the caster's level or hit dice HD. Cold iron weapons do double damage to it.

If the Carcinos is killed, it slowly turns into a tall, beautiful faerie warrior clad in crumbling chitinous armour.



The Maiden creeps out of the Pot.

Chambermaid

By Dan D

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 1

Move: fast for one turn,
otherwise slow

Attacks: fist (d2)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 9

Treasure: special (see below)

Alignment: Neutral or Good

Special: faerie curse

A type of faerie native to all manner of pots, jars, and assorted earthenware containers, the chambermaiden typically takes the form of a beautiful woman a foot tall, wearing a gown of white, blue, or butterfly wing. Generally friendly, but very protective of her pots and the contents thereof. Chambermaidens greatly enjoy riddles and games, and so ask visitors to bring them obscure and obfuscated items for their help.

What does the chambermaid desire?

1. A peacock's tailfeather
2. A crossword puzzle with no errors, done in pen by an orc
3. A gastrolith from a basilisk
4. A spirit of hope and open skies
5. An ogre's love letter
6. A shell that contains seven seas

A befriended chambermaid can provide information about the dungeon, adjacent wilderness locations, enchantments, or local monsters, and may even share the contents of her pot.

What does the pot contain?

1. Enough stew to keep 10 men fed for a month
2. A pond's worth of cool, clean water
3. A wagon full of nightsoil
4. The scraps from 10 aurochs eaten by trolls
5. The mummified organs of a prince, wizard, or priest
6. Enough fine wine to keep an army drunk for days

Breaking a chambermaiden's pot releases all of its contents at once, and produces one very angry chambermaid.

Curses will fly.



Chambri

By Goblins Henchman

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 7

Move: normal, fast swim

Attacks: bite (2d8), tail whip (2d4)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 7

Treasure: 1000 GP, skin

Alignment: Evil

Special: entrancing song, illusions, summon crocodiles

When the intelligent but depraved crocodiles of Puk-Puk take a Dryad for a bride, the product of this unhappy union is called a Chambri. First, the crocodile's kin gut the renegade, eating the innards with cannibalistic pleasure. Wrecked and hollowed, the crocodile goes to the Dryad's steading. A discordant lament is piped through its split torso, consuming the crocodile's waning life. Moved, the Dryad bathes the bloody ragged tear with her freshwater tears and unhappily but willingly slips into the cooling carcass. The rent closes over, her organs replacing the animal's. Coldblooded, death repealed.

The malevolent symbionts harbour the mind of a coldblooded killer, with the voice and charms of a sylvan sprite; cynically singing sweet laments of lost love and beauty to any hapless sentient being, who approaches entranced (save allowed), often drowning in brown water with ecstasy and rapture. The victim often thinks weapons are common domestic items, and armour unnecessary and uncouth oddments, and sees the projection of a beautiful maiden (in the likeness of the Dryad trapped within) in convivial surrounds. The huge lumbering form of the crocodile incongruously goes unnoticed.

The Chambri can summon d6 normal crocodiles from neighbouring waterways in d4 rounds. On a natural 20, the Chambri swallows the victim. Wooden weapons taken from a tree in a Dryad's grove, or blessed by a Dryad, do triple damage; and on a natural 20 splits the union killing both.

The skin of a Chambri is worth 5000 GP and can be used to make magical armour. Its teeth are the main ingredient for the potion of crocodilian form.



FOR A
MOMENT THE DOVE'S HEAD BECOMES THAT OF A GIRL

Columba-Siren

By Vance Atkins

Armour class: as chain
Hit dice: 1/2
Move: fly, fast
Attacks: claw or wing-buffet (d2)
No. Appearing: 2d4
Morale: 10
Treasure: none
Alignment: Neutra
Special: charm

Appearing as a small flock of doves, Columba-Sirens often raise alarm among boatmen in the fjords and rocky archipelagos where they tend to congregate. (In fact, a group of these creatures is referred to as a congregation.)

The doves flock to boats as the fishermen cut bait and chum the waters for their day's catch. Unwise fishermen will attempt to chase the creatures from their bulwarks. Those who repel or molest the creatures may incur their wrath, as the sirens transform, revealing human heads on their bird bodies. The creatures sing, effecting a charm on malicious boatmen, much like their mythical sisters. However, due to the diminutive size, their powers are diminished. Saves vs. a single columba-siren are made at +4, with a penalty of -1 per 2 additional sirens (i.e. 5 birds would save at +2). The sirens attempt to charm the boatmen into shoals or onto rocks, where their boats will be grounded or sunk, and they may become prey to other malicious creatures of the shallows.

However, if mariners shows kindness to the bird-creatures: sharing the catch for instance, the sirens will guide them through hazardous passages, and may even act as spotters for productive schools of fish.



VIRGILIUS AND THE EVIL SPIRIT

HJFORD

Dancer in the Dark

by Guillaume Jentey

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 7

Move: normal

Attacks: two claws (d6), or
horns (d8)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 5

Treasure: body parts

Alignment: Neutral

Special: spells

Despite its appearance, the Bröd Ué, or Dancer in the Dark, is not a demon but a kind of fey. It loves dancing, singing, acting and telling stories and goes to dark and sinister places, where adventurers are lost and hopeless, to perform for them. Watching the Dancer's show, one must make an Intelligence check to learn something important about the quest at hand (asking a question to the referee). On a failure, one learns something horrible about the quest; and may have to save vs. fear if it comes to pass later.

Should one decide to perform along with the Bröd Ué, a Charisma check is required. On a pass, the Dancer grants a daily use of a bard or musical spell that anyone can cast. On a failure, the clumsy artist is exhausted, losing d3 hit points per hit die, and the Bröd Ué is angry at them for ruining the show. Soothing words and offerings are in order then to avoid consequences. The fey can cast *Otto's irresistible dance* and *curse* three times a day.

When a Bröd Ué dies, it is a piece of the world's beauty that disappears. Everyone with an artistic sensibility loses 1 Charisma point. The fey doesn't carry or hoard treasure, but a talented craftsman can build magical music instrument with its guts, skin, bones, and horns.



Daring Children sometimes carry magical toys:

- 1 - a painted bottle cap with a pinhole punched through the middle: placing it flat against wood provides a pinhole view through the wood
- 2 - a heart-shaped stone: holding it tightly in both hands cures fear
- 3 - a rainbow friendship bracelet: wearing it allows you to choose whatever hair colour you like
- 4 - a tiny tin maid: she obeys any one-sentence order once per day
- 5 - a braid of 3d4 daisies: each flower can be tossed into the wind to deliver a one-word message to a person named within 10 miles
- 6 - a small seashell: milk poured into it changes into scorpion poison
- 7 - a doll's hairbrush: brushing it through any cat's hair charms the cat
- 8 - a brass teaspoon: it can scoop out glass as if it were custard
- 9 - a cork: wedging it into a keyhole magically lock the door
- 10 - a blue button: an article of clothing onto which it is sewn is fireproof

Daring Children

by Daniel Lofton

Armour class: as leather and shield

Hit dice: 2

Move: fast

Attacks: stones (d6) and club (d4)

No. Appearing: d6+1

Morale: number of individuals +3

Treasure: Trinkets worth 2d8 CP

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: hard to surprise

The Daring Children have only a desire for danger and excitement, the lost and forgotten and war-orphaned comprising them. Their tween gangs roam the land challenging and pushing each other and strangers to greater and greater challenges. The Daring Children are almost never taken by surprise (10% chance).

When encountered roll for reaction (2d6, unmodified by Charisma):

2-6: spite

7-9: taunts

10-12: curiosity

Spite for stones thrown from hidden places / or clubs-to-kneecaps, unexpected; / Taunts that cut with hidden knowledge, / unknown shame or things to come; / Curiosity with gap-toothed smiles, / helpful mien and looks of wonder.

Proposing an interesting dare (see below) to the Daring Children causes them to immediately leave off whatever they are doing. After their attempt they shout a dare back in unison. Each round of dares improves their reaction level by one step. Once the Daring Children are curious the back-and-forth stops. Refusing or ignoring a dare shift the gang's reaction to spite and imposes a -2 reaction roll on the next gang encountered. Leaving an encounter with the Daring Children while they are curious grants a +2 on the reaction roll with the next gang. A curious gang can be turned into a loosely controlled group of henchmen if they are prompted with at least one dare per hour.

Dares should push beyond bounds of childish thrills. Dares should threaten harm and/or death. Dares should be acts, not speeches. Dares should be immediate.



The Gazelle cuts
off the Serpent's
Heads

Fencer Familiar

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as plate
Hit dice: as animal (1-5)
Move: as animal
Attacks: by weapon
No. Appearing: 1
Morale: 10
Treasure: none
Alignment: as master
Special: life bond

An uncommon variant of the animal companion which assists wizards and witches, the fencer familiar is a harmless but exotic creature; for instance, a gazelle, tapir, koala bear, or armadillo.

The creature has no other purpose than defending its master, and no other powers than its combat abilities (as a fighter of level equal to its hit dice). A Fencer Familiar can speak but rarely chooses to do so – it insists on being addressed using its proper title (according to the fighter's experience table). It can use weapons and shield without need for hands, but refuses to carry a harness or bridle. The master must carry their familiar's weapons and paraphernalia.

The Familiar and its master share a life bond: when the master takes damage, the familiar takes the same amount (but not the other way around).



Forest Familiar

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as mail and shield

Hit dice: 1

Move: fly fast

Attacks: 1 bite (d3 plus poison)

No. Appearing: d12

Morale: 9

Treasure: none

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: poison

Forest Familiars are found in the service of witches, warlocks, and hedge magicians who live in the wilderness (including player characters). They can be any animal or insect that isn't commonly domesticated: toads, snakes, bats, giant bugs... but no cats, horses, or dogs.

Most have some human features (eyes, mouth, hands or feet, etc.) and can speak common, sylvan, or other humanoid tongues – the languages of their former lives. For these creatures were once people, their purpose stolen by the primal powers of the woods.

Familiars retain some of their personalities and memories, and delight in telling jokes, stories, and anecdotes. They are also adept at acrobatics and amusing dances. They perform for their own amusement, or on order from their master. The bite of a Forest Familiar is poisonous.

Roll d6 for each creature (save vs. poison or):

1. (normal) sleep for 3d6 hours
2. d8 damage
3. d6 damage every round (save cancels)
4. Hallucinations for d6 turns
5. Blindness
6. Death

Forest Familiars dislike civilisation. Every day they are forced to spend in a town or city, they must save or leave their master's service forever – but not before playing the most embarrassing, most consequential practical joke they can think of.



MAKÓMA throws his hammer at the FIRE-EATER. ☉

Fire-eater

Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 5

Move: normal

Attacks: two punches (d6) or fire jet (5d8) three times a day

No. Appearing: d4

Morale: 8

Treasure: 1300 GP, 50% magic

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: immune to fire and cold

'I am eating fire,' answered the man, laughing; 'and my name is Chi-idea-moto, for I am the flame-spirit, and can waste and destroy what I like.'

— native Sena story, published in the *Orange Fairy Book*.

Fire-eaters are a small species of giants linked to the elemental plane of fire. They live in mountainous and desertic regions, where they can burn, break, and obliterate things to their heart's content. Scholars have found it very difficult to reason with Fire-eaters. Capricious as a bush fire, they generally behave like small children. Give them what they want (usually shiny toys or food), or they will throw a fiery tantrum.

When two or more are encountered, Fire-eaters will most probably be arguing, or even fighting. Fire-eaters are immune to normal fire and cold, and always save when subject to fire-based spells.



Fire Naga

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 7

Move: normal

Attacks: breath weapon 3/day (d8+3) or constrict (2d6/rd)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 10

Treasure: 1000 GP, magic item in lair

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: spells, fire teleportation

Phasing in from the elemental plane of fire, the Fire Naga may take an unfortunate unawares as she emerges from a hearth or forge. She uses fireplaces as gateways between the planes, or simply to take a respite. Fire Nagas are often summoned as spies or servants by elementalists.

However, as mercurial denizens of fire, they can also be dangerous and unpredictable, with a 10% chance per day to turn on their summoner, or at least to follow their own agenda. In combat, the Naga may spit a gout of flame as an attack or defence, or choose to constrict a foe. She also has access to the following spells: *charm person*, *heat metal*, *pyrotechnics* (each up to 2/day), and *fireball* (1/day).

If pressed and in need of retreat, a Fire Naga may escape by teleporting through fire, either back to the elemental plane, or to another mundane fire within one mile of her current location.



Frozen King

by Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: as chain & shield

Hit dice: 3

Move: normal

Attacks: freezing touch (d4)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 5

Treasure: 5000 GP, 70% chance of one magic item

Alignment: Neutral

Special: heat drain

Frozen Kings look like creatures; they are not. They are poor souls punished by a local witch, known as the Frozen Queen, for trying to rob her riches. Constantly frozen, they are attracted by heat, as they feel they need it to their return to a normal life. They can detect fires and warm-blooded creatures from miles away.

Frozen Kings are reluctant to fight, preferring wheedling words, or night time ambushes, hoping to come close enough to grab a warm body and steal its energy before running away. Once grabbed, a victim loses d10 HP every round.

A fire-based attack that brings a Frozen King to 0 HP turns him back to his original human shape. He can be saved if promptly helped, but otherwise dies from shock and years worth of frostbite damage.

Any magical item found on a Frozen King was stolen from the Frozen Queen, and the cause of their curse. But beware! It is the treasure, not the thief that is cursed. Taking it may turn the new owner into a new Frozen King (save applies, transformation takes place in d6 days).



Garde-champêtre

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 2+2

Move: normal

Attacks: snake-whip (d4)
entangle

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 11

Treasure: see below

Alignment: Lawful

Special: spells, throwing snake

Gardes-champêtres, or game keepers, are minor sandestins employed by magicians to police and guard their gardens, pastures, or woods. Being immortal, they sometimes keep years, even centuries after the wizards die, protecting a domain now indistinguishable from the wilderness around it.

They appear like tall demons wielding living snake whips (which they can throw to entangle someone who flees – save negates), but they aren't great fighters. Their magical powers, however, can be fearsome, and they save as a 7th level magic-user.

They can cast twelve spells a day, depending on the offenders they confront:

- On a trespasser, they can cast *ESP*, *suggestion*, and *web*;
- On a thief (someone who took something, valuable or not, from the domain): *confusion* and *curse*;
- On a poacher (someone who kills an animal): *polymorph other*;
- On a murderer (of any sentient being): *disintegrate*;
- On a murder victim: *reincarnation*

Note that the crime must have happened on the domain and that a Garde-champêtre, or someone they trust, must have witnessed it.

Garde-champêtre usually keep souvenirs from their long departed masters: about 5000 GP in art pieces, along with d3 permanent magical items, and d12 potions and scrolls.



Giant Despair

by Emmy Allen

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 13

Move: fast

Attacks: club (3d8) and snare (d4 and save vs. hopelessness)

No. Appearing: unique

Morale: 10

Treasure: 150 gold, also Hope

Alignment: Neutral

Special: delayed encounter

When an encounter with the giant Despair is first indicated, he does not show up immediately. Instead, there is a chance he will arrive each time a player expresses pessimism about their situation – this could be a simple statement like ‘we should flee’ or something more philosophical like ‘this was doomed from the start’. The first time the players are pessimistic, there is a 1-in-10 chance, then 2-in-10, etc.

The giant looms up from behind the nearest cover. It has been waiting. When unobserved, it can move from one concealed position to another in the blink of an eye. The giant seeks to take prisoners that he will enslave, and attacks those whose will is already failing them.

The giant projects an air of hopelessness. Each round during the fight, each PC must make a save vs. paralysis. If failed, they take -1 to every dice roll, until the giant is defeated (if they flee, the penalty lasts indefinitely). If they expressed pessimism during the previous round, they automatically fail the save. A victim hit by the giant’s snare must make another save to resist hopelessness.

As soon as a party member places their faith in an outside power to rescue them, they regain hope. From this point on, they are immune to the giant’s hopelessness, hit it automatically, and do maximum damage to it. A party that defeats the giant Despair wins Hope: each PC can, at some point in the future, take the best possible result of a single die roll rather than rolling.



The Griffin is made welcome

Gourmet Gryffin

by Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 4

Move: fast, fly

Attacks: two claws (d4), bite (d6)

No. Appearing: d2

Morale: 4

Treasure: 10% chance magic item

Alignment: Neutral

Special: nothing

The Gourmet Gryffin is much smaller than its noble cousin. Stray-dog looking, its limp gait, wicked eye and curved smirking beak gives it a menacing look – but one would be wrong to trust appearances. Its fine sense of smell and delicate palate requires it to eat only handmade or cooked meals, which is, as evidenced by its rickety body, not common. It can speak only a few words, as a parrot would:

« May I? », « Tasty », and « No ».

It understands their meaning perfectly and uses them judiciously, sometimes in an extensive way.

If one feeds it once as it expects, the Gourmet Gryffin follows as long as one stays in its nesting area. It eats delicately, cleanly, and in little amounts. It can help finding one's way or warn in case of danger. If there is a fight, it may even harass the enemy or create a diversion. But it will not put its life in danger, because if their new friend passes away, there might be a chance that it can feed from their rations. Even before that, if it notices their feeder is in trouble, it tries to save the food by snatching their bags and fly away.



Hans fights the headless dwarfs

Headless Dwarfs

by Ktrey Parker

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: spexial

Move: fast

Attacks: tiny weapons (see below)

No. Appearing: 1 per gold piece possessed by victim

Morale: 7

Treasure: none

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: nothing

Headless Dwarfs are miniscule humanoids that possess no discernible head or neck. Sages suggest that they are formed from the tears shed by true dwarfs suffering from excessive sentimentality or philanthropy. Nocturnal and terrified of music and singing, these creatures are most often encountered underground or within old growth forests.

A collective organism, Headless Dwarfs attack in unison, swarming their prey and inflicting 1 point of non-lethal damage automatically for every ten Dwarfs. They are attacked as a group as well, with hit points equal to the number appearing, each point of damage reducing this number by one in a small puff of lavender smoke. They attack and save as a 3 HD creature.

If defeated by the Dwarfs, a victim wakes up much poorer: all its coinage is stepped down one metal in value (gold becomes silver, silver turns into copper, and each copper piece becomes a tiny soapstone carving of a head. It is rumoured that the balance of wealth stolen through the supernatural attacks of Headless Dwarfs is instantaneously transported into their treasure hoards, deep within large earthen bowers and guarded ferociously by a floating, spell-spitting electrum sculpture of a dwarf head.



Hermit Hag

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 4

Move: slow

Attacks: kitchenware (d3) or grab

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 7 (10 in lair)

Treasure: 1500 GP in valuables,
d4 magical items

Alignment: Neutral

Special: enslaving kiss, curse

Every so often, a queen or princess must flee a fate worse than death. Sometimes, she finds refuge in the wilderness, far from her enemies. Rarely, her presence there awakens a primal force that grants her immortality.

A Hermit Hag lives in a hut or cave with a wooden door. She grants asylum to whoever asks for it. The accommodation is simple, but safety is guaranteed, and entertainment is provided by her Forest Familiars (q.v.). No violence is tolerated in the Hag's house. Ignoring this simple rule, one risks tasting her enslaving kiss (grab attack required, save vs. magic on the next round or as permanent charm person).

The Hag's guests are welcome to stay on the floor and to drink fresh water, regaining d3 extra hit points per day. Everything else (hearty venison stew, warm pastries, feathery beds, a fragrant bath, a jug of crisp cider – all of which also heal d3 HP) comes with a price: a piece of the guest's civilised self. Save vs. magic for each:

- The first time the save is failed, the victim loses d6 points of Charisma and the desire to live in a town or city.
- The second time, they lose d6 points of Intelligence and the ability to read.
- The third time, one of the victim's features (eyes, ears, skin, teeth, etc.) becomes animalistic: (d6) 1 toad, 2 snake, 3 bat, 4 magpie, 5 cockroach, 6 centipede. They also lose all interest in riches.
- The fourth time, they become a Forest Familiar, and only a *wish* spell can reverse the curse.



Hydra Warlock

by Guillaume Jentey

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 6

Move: normal

Attacks: wand (d4) *Charm person*

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 4

Treasure: 500 GP, 500 GP in luxury items, spell book

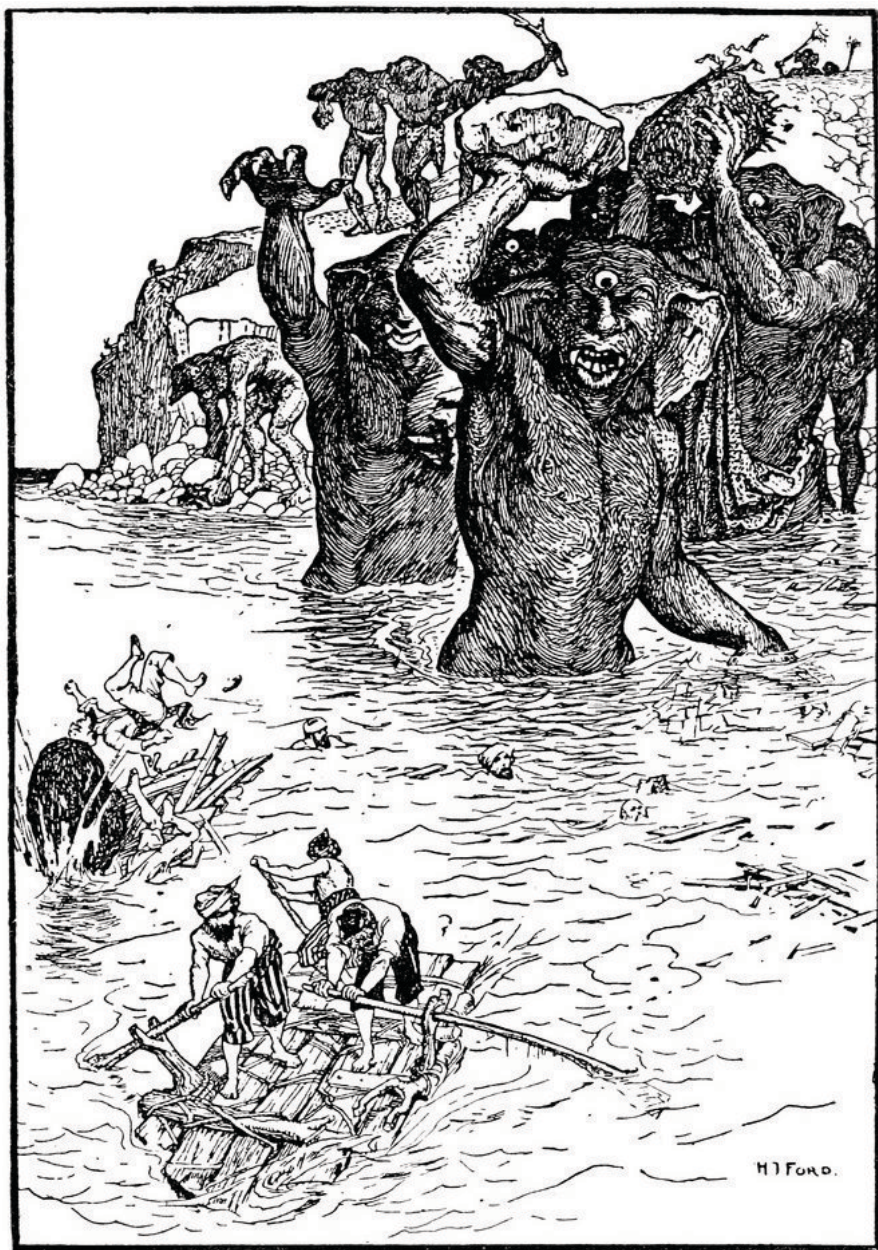
Alignment: Evil

Special: spells as 6th level M-U

Hydra Warlocks are practitioners of flesh and mind control magic. They use potent spells to take over an isolated mansion or castle, where they live in luxury with maids and servants, a harem of beautiful young men and women, guarded by a small army of wild animals. Lovers of pleasure, they fear pain above all and will do anything to avoid it.

More than pain, they fear their own death. To protect themselves from a violent demise, they make use of their vivimantic science to transplant extra heads onto their shoulders (five to ten). This works like a *mirror image* spell: hitting the real head doubles the damage dealt, while hitting another one halves it.

When a Hydra Warlock dies, all its slaves are freed, and generally well disposed towards their saviours.



THE GIANTS HURL ROCKS AT SINBAD AND HIS COMPANIONS

Island Cyclops

by Magimax

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 6

Move: swim, walk, fast

Attacks: two fists (d8), giant club (2d6), boulders (3d6)

No. Appearing: 2d12

Morale: 10

Treasure: 100 GP per giant (in lair)

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: nothing

These once evil wrecker giants used to lure ships on reefs with decoy beacons. When they sunk a whole priestly congregation of Mother Peace, they were cursed by the goddess herself. They are now a gentle race, living only for lazy naps on the beach, funny mushrooms, homemade wine, and elaborate meals. But Mother Peace's curse also gave them a reputation of ferocious treasure hoarders, which attracts endless parties of adventurers to their islands.

Although they are quite peaceful, Island Cyclops do not like to be bothered. They treat intruders as cows treat flies. On their shores, they play the 'rock game' by throwing boulders to sink ships. The rows of high standing stones, which the giants use to keep scores, can be seen from the sea, a useful sign for sailors and plunderers alike.

A traveller who tries the nonviolent approach soon discovers that the Cyclops treasure cooking pots above all and will trade real surprising things found in wrecks, but of no value to them, for a good quality pan, pot, or kettle – but one of the right (giant) size.



WHAT THINK YOU O MORTAL OF MY FAIR AND LOVELY WIFE?

Leachlich

by Goblins Henchman

Armour class: as host
Hit dice: half the HD of host
Move: as host
Attacks: as host
No. Appearing: 1
Morale: 6
Treasure: 1000 GP per HD
Alignment: Evil
Special: spells

The Leachlich looks like an unimpressive bag of bones being held or stowed by a creature it is controlling. The more powerful the host, the more powerful it becomes. Therefore, like a hermit crab that has outgrown its shell, the Leachlich is always looking for better accommodation. It is thought the creature is a form of restless Wight that chooses to live in corporal beings rather than a barrow. Others think it's the ember of a failed lich, a whiff of malign consciousness which death's hand cannot stay, an essence that craves power.

Invariably, the Leachlich conceals the point where its spine has tapped into the host's body. Initially it will play possum, using the host to lead communication with outsiders. The Leachlich is a spell caster with a level equal to the host's HD. Once per day also casts one of: *protection from good*, *command*, *raise dead* or *sleep*. If it uses any special ability of the host, it cannot simultaneously use its own magic. It can be turned like a Wight. Finally, it possesses the same physical abilities as the host and is dependent on the host's senses.

In combat, the Leachlich and the host monster are treated separately, but if the Leachlich is killed so is the host. Killing the host does not automatically kill the parasite. The Leachlich can disengage from the current host (who, unconscious, bleeds out and dies) and tries to take over a vehicle of above animal intelligence.



Lindorm

by Jean-Marc
"Tolkraft" Choserot

Armour class: as scale
Hit dice: 2+1 per shedding
Move: normal
Attacks: bite (d4+1 per shedding)
No. Appearing: 1
Morale: 5+1 per shedding
Treasure: 1000 GP and one magical item for every shedding
Alignment: Neutral
Special: group charm

Lindorm, Lindwurm, or ‘naked serpents’ are large carnivorous reptiles resembling huge snakes with two short horns and a pair of small forelimbs. They are long-living, intelligent creatures that can read, speak, and learn any language.

They are known to be covetous of treasure and knowledge. But unlike their ferocious cousins the dragons, they use skill rather than force to acquire riches. Lindorms have the ability – through speaking, chants and wriggles – to charm intelligent creatures to compel them to undress and drop all their belongings. They may or may not remember what happened to them when the effect stops. Though carnivorous, Lindorms never feed on the people they charm, as they think too highly of themselves to eat “sentient flesh”.

The charm causes the Lindorm to moult and lose its skin and both forelimbs. It then engulfs the interesting stuff (precious metals, nice looking weapons and armour, magical items, books, etc.), and crawl back to its lair. It stays there for seven days, allowing its body to grow, its limbs to regenerate and its scales to harden.



Lunar Giant

by HD Atkinson

Armour Class: as chain & shield

Hit Dice: 8

Move: normal

Attacks: huge knife (d6+2)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 10

Treasure: a perfectly intact head could sell for HPx100 GP

Alignment: varies

Special: moonlight curse

The Lunar Giant is so rare that its existence is debated by scholars. Some think it is a single species whose heads change with the moon's phases, but in fact there are three types. During the day, Lunar Giants hide in dungeons or underground lairs, only to emerge at night.

Full-headed Giants are Lawful, and the most common. The light from their heads acts as true moonlight (for lycanthropes, etc.) and is equally bright. They are usually accompanied by 2d4 giant moths, and a cloud of the mundane variety as well. They are intelligent, patient, sad and lonely.

Half-headed Giants are Neutral. Part of their head is always dark, while the other radiates moonlight like a Full-head's. The halves slowly rotate throughout the month, sometimes the dark side is in front, sometimes behind. Their disposition is equally changeable – you never know how a Half-head might react.

Full and Half-heads can curse their opponents so the moon's light will always seek them out: even deep underground, the accursed glow with soft moonlight (15' radius). They never get lost in the dark, but predators can always spot them, and stealth is nearly impossible.

The Chaotic New Giants, sometimes called the Eclipsed, are the rarest. Their heads devour all light: any illumination source in view of an Eclipsed begins to fade away, as if it were burning out 50 times faster. New Giants can bestow a portion of their power in a curse of darkness: light cannot touch the victim. It makes them effectively invisible, but they are blind.



Locksmith Cherub

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as plate and shield

Hit dice: 3

Move: normal

Attacks: 2 claws (d3) or by
weapon

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 7

Treasure: d4 magical items

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: find secret doors, knock

This chaos imp looks like an angel: chubby, smiling, and well mannered. It is most often conjured by archaeologists and tomb robbers. A Locksmith Cherub abhors the idea of restrained access; its instinct is to open every lock it sees – and it sees them all, including secret passages. It can do so magically, with a *knock* spell, at will.

When in the service of a master, it can disregard minor doors but will insist on a sacrifice to leave a beautiful or important looking lock alone. The imp is uninterested in riches, it only accepts blood (d6 hit points) and soul (1 point of Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma – determine randomly) as payment.



THE SHEPHERD, SEEING THE DRAGON, CALLED PEPPER TO THE RESCUE.—Page 361.

Monster-hunting Hound

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as leather
Hit dice: 3+3
Move: fast
Attacks: bite (d8)
No. Appearing: d6 (4-in-6 chance that masters are close)
Morale: 9
Treasure: none
Alignment: Neutral
Special: blood taste

A rare breed of dog, the Monster-hunting Hound require a long and dangerous period of training. It is expensive to buy (100-1000 GP depending on availability) and to keep; a Monster-hunting Hound must be fed with the meat of unnatural or magical creatures (which costs a minimum of 70 GP a week, if at all available).

When not properly fed, there is a cumulative 1-in-6 chance every day that the hound turns on its masters for sustenance – and yes, an adventurer is an unnatural creature. If fed with the meat of a specific monster for at least one week before that monster is hunted, the Hound gets +3 to attack and damage, and its morale is raised to 11.



Moon-headed Giant

by Eric Diaz

Armour class: as plate

Hit dice: 8

Move: normal

Attacks: two attacks with meteoric weapon (d8+1)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 9

Treasure: 10000 SP

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: distinct personality

Moon-headed Giants were once satellites to a forgotten planet that orbited the Black Sun. For the first time in millions of years, they aligned enough to eclipse the Black Sun for a couple of seconds, and give a short respite to the miserable creatures that inhabited the planet.

It was enough. The evil star cursed the five moons to live as deformed giants on a faraway planet, never to return to the dark skies they used to call home. Now exiled, the lunatic giants are plagued by bouts of depression, alternated with manic phases. They often try to conquer or build castles, so they can rule over nothingness as if that were the skies they so miss.

Moon-headed Giants display a keen interest in silver, rare minerals and inanimate matter from beyond their current planet. They wield weapons they forged with meteoric iron, which function as magical items (+1). They hate the bright sun almost as much as they hate the black one and prefer to dwell in the dark, sometimes venturing out during the night.

Fairly intelligent but unstable and mostly disinterested in human affairs, they can be reasoned or bargained with until they get bored become angry. Note that each Moon-headed Giant (Blood Moon, Gold Moon, Broken Moon, Bad Moon and Cold Moon) has its own distinct personality, not always compatible with its brothers'.



Multicerebral Ogre

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as chain
Hit dice: 2d4 (one per head)
Move: normal
Attacks: two claws (d8), or weapon
No. Appearing: d2
Morale: 10
Treasure: 100 GP per head
Alignment: Chaotic
Special: head effects, hard to surprise, slow to react

A multi-headed ogre-kin, perhaps some odd crossbreed between an ogre mage and an ettin, with a healthy dash of infernal influences mixed in. Each ogre has a random number of heads (2d4), each one having a characteristic or ability (see below). This makes them formidable and unpredictable foes, each ogre encountered with its unique collection of powers.

As a being of multiple heads, the ogre is only surprised on 1-in-6, even when slumbering, as one head always tends to be awake. Fortunately, the heads can be fractious, arguing and occasionally delaying the creature from taking an action or making an attack (-1 to initiative). Negotiating is nearly impossible, unless one can somehow get the heads to agree on a vote. Even then, one head will probably accuse the others of cheating.

Head effects* (d20 per head, reroll duplicates):

- 1-8: none, just yells a lot
- 9: bite (d6)
- 10: bite, venomous (d4, save at +4 or die)
- 11: tongue-lash (d3, successful hit may entangle or disarm opponent)
- 12: cast *darkness* (15' radius)
- 13: cast *spook*
- 14: cast *protection from good*
- 15: cast *hypnotism*
- 16: glare (save or be petrified, d4 rounds)
- 17: spit acid (d6 15' range)
- 18: breathe smoke (obscures 10'x20' area)
- 19: hock a loogie (gross wad of mucous, half speed for d4 rounds)
- 20: halitosis (effect as troglodyte)

*Physical attacks (9-11) at-will; Spell effects (12-16) 1/day; breath attacks (17-20) 3/day



The Hobgoblin
laughed till
his sides ached

Notgoblin

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as mail

Hit dice: 1

Move: fast

Attacks: by weapon

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 7

Treasure: 500 GP, 50% d4 magicks

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: polymorph self, 50% magic resistance

A Not-goblin is a trickster fey who enjoys appearing as a weak humanoid such as a goblin, kobold, or gully dwarf. It pretends to be wounded, lost, or cast out to inspire pity in adventuring sorts. It always knows where the most valuable treasure in the area is located, quoting its exact value and magical properties. If asked about the dangers around said treasure, it downplays it as much as possible, or changes the subject, but can never lie.

The Not-goblin despises fighting, relying on its shape changing powers (at will, small or medium humanoids only, regenerates d6 HP every time) and magic resistance to escape when things turn violent (and therefore boring).



THE NYAMATSANÉ'S RETURN HOME

Nyamatsane

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as leather & shield

Hit dice: 1 per individual

Move: normal

Attacks: claw (d6) or bite (d4)

No. Appearing: 2d4

Morale: 6

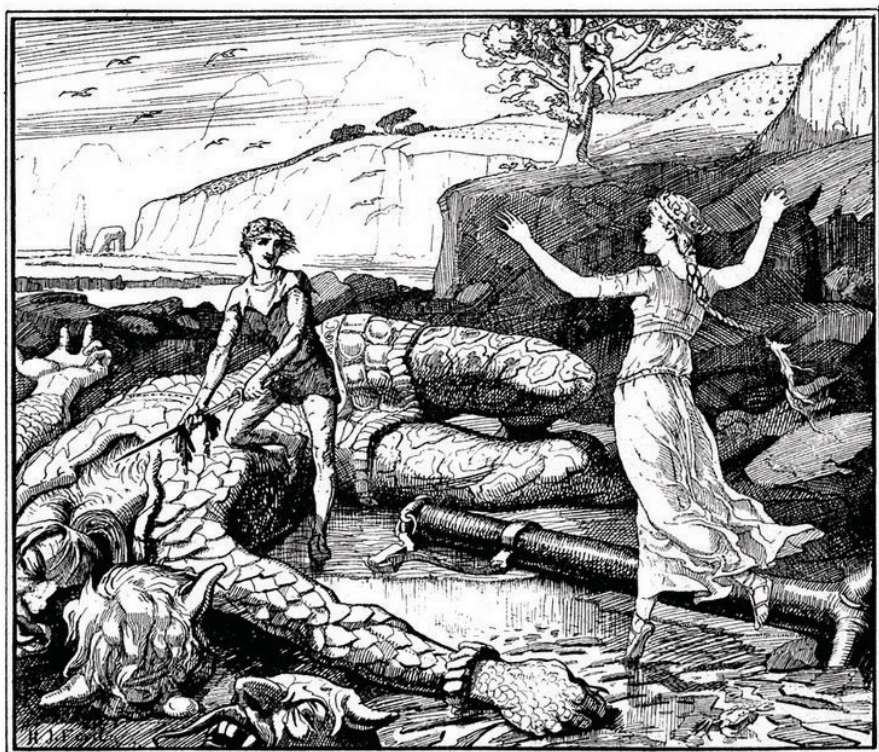
Treasure: none

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: damage resistance,
cumulative hit dice

Little black-skinned demon-goblins swarm out of the desert, raiding oasis settlements on moonless nights. Their goal is not loot or blood, but dairy. For the little creatures become intoxicated on milk, accosting dairy animals, raiding milk-barns or looting larders for butter and cheese. Settlements may withstand their nocturnal predations, only to see the raiding groups return to the deep desert as dawn breaks, stumbling drunkenly and sated until the next new moon.

Due to their infernal heritage, Nyamatsanes take half damage from normal weapons; however, holy water burns them like burning oil. Unfortunately, killing these pilferers is exceptionally difficult. By some mechanism of their conception, the little buggers' vitality is linked, as that of a hive-being. Rather than harming an individual, damage is distributed through the bodies of the raiding group... When half of the group's cumulative hit points are expended, they flee as a noisome mass, supporting one another and limping into the night.



Ogremonger

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 1-5

Move: normal

Attacks: by weapon

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 6

Treasure: about 500 GP, d6 scrolls or potions, spell book

Alignment: Evil

Special: spells

Ogremongers are hermit witches and warlocks of various origins, with only one thing in common: they want to see ogrekin (and sometimes other large humanoids) dead. Reasons for this dedication to ogre killing vary: some have a pact with a godling who thinks that having more than one head is heresy, other use troll liver in their eternal life stew, or frost giant beard hair to insulate their ice palace...

Lacking the raw power to take on their targets themselves, they use illusion magic to get someone else to do it for them. They appear as piles of treasure, scantily clad damsels or lads, or beaten up merchants, and direct parties of people with a more weapons than scruples towards their targets' lairs.

When the murdering is done, an Ogremonger usually has no reason to turn against their clueless agents. They may carry on with their charade to get help with butchering and carting what they need, rewarding their help as needed. Sexual favours aren't uncommon in this case, since in their true form, ogremongers are dirty old humans who smell like a privy and do not get a lot of attention.

An Ogremonger is a magic-user of level equal to their HD. In addition, they can cast *ventriloquism*, *phantasmal force*, and *hallucinatory terrain* at will, plus *charm person* once a day.



OLD ERIC CATCHES **HÅNS**

Old Eric

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as chain and shield

Hit dice: 4

Move: normal, swim

Attacks: 2 claws (d8)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 6

Treasure: none

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: call wave (1/day)

This horned fish-man, referred to as 'Old Eric', or the Devil of the Tidelands, lurks among the rocky inlets, waiting to prey on unwary fishermen. His dull grey-blue scales blend into the shallows as he lurks about, peering at the world through luminous, opaline eyes. Vestigial, spiny wings sprout from his shoulders, perhaps a remnant of some demonic ancestry.

While Eric consumes fish, his favoured prey is man, and a lone fisherman in a small boat is a tempting morsel. Once a day, he may call up a single large wave, capable of swamping a rowboat or similar low craft. A favourite technique is to swamp a boat, then grapple the fisherman to his doom as he is distracted bailing the water.

While multiple bounties have been placed on Old Eric he has, to date, evaded capture or harm from the awkward air-breathers who trespass the waters of his lurk.



Parley Peddler

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 1-1

Move: normal

Attacks: fist (d2)

No. Appearing: d4

Morale: 9

Treasure: 200 GP, d6 minor magical items

Alignment: Neutral

Special: corrupt 1-in-6

Parley Peddlers train at the Academy of Artful Negotiation and wander the borderlands, seeking employment with caravan masters and adventurers. Hiring a single Peddler can cost anywhere between 10 and 200 gold per day, depending on risk and quite frankly, the look of the employers. Deals are available for longer periods.

These master negotiators help parley with monsters (granting a +1 roll on the reaction roll on top of the party leader's Charisma). However, Parley Peddlers are bound to respecting the terms of whatever agreement is reached. Adventurers intent on betraying monstrous allies will soon find themselves abandoned by the Parley Peddlers with no refund and, within a few weeks, on the Academy's black list.

Note that 1 in 6 Parley Peddler is of chaotic alignment and doesn't adhere to these tenets. These scoundrels gladly participate in any scheme, however murderous, for a share of the loot. They also readily betray their employers if a more profitable occasion arises.



Portable Penate

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as chain
Hit dice: 3
Move: fly
Attacks: flame kiss (d6)**No.**
Appearing: 1
Morale: 10 (4 if not owned)
Treasure: ember-heart (see below)
Alignment: Lawful
Special: spells, explosion,
immune to non-magical weapons

Through clever thaumaturgy, the clerics of Zukka of the Ever-Dusty Sandals made it is possible to sever a penate (a spirit of the home and hearth) from its domain. It is bound to a burning ember the size of a fist, from which it can manifest as a fiery creature of its choosing. When its rightful owner dies, the Penate may agree to serve someone else. It requires fuel to live on (coal is appreciated, fragrant oil a treat), and a weekly offering worth at least 50 gold. The goal of most Portable Penates is to be bound to a hearth again, in a home with history and a family.

For a price of 100 gold per spell level, the penate can cast the following:

1st level: *light, protection from evil, purify food and water, resist cold;*

2nd level: *resist fire, locate object* (only on items owned by the penate's master), *wall of smoke.*

A Portable Penate can fight for its owner, for a price usually more valuable than mere coin. It also may consent to explode, causing 5d6 damage in a small area, and dissipating in a cloud of ash and embers. It reconstitutes in the same spot d6 hours later. Penates are immune to non-magical weapons, but take double damage from cold based spells. If doused in water, they take d8 damage every round.

When it dies, a Penate shrivels into a soot covered glowing gem called an ember-heart, and worth d10x100 GP.



Psionic Ass

by Guillaume Jentey

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 2

Move: normal

Attacks: bite (d4) or kick (d6)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 2

Treasure: nothing

Alignment: neutral

Special: empathic speak, mind blast, charm

No one knows why some asses are born with psionic powers. Those who do remain donkey like in their demeanour, with one difference: their supernatural sensitivity makes them extremely fearful of everything. To feel safe, they seek the friendship of powerful individuals and intimidating creatures. They use their abilities to seduce them (as per charm person) and follow them everywhere. For despite their power over their friend's will, they are still asses: friendly beasts of burden with no other aspiration than food and companionship.

Having a Psionic Ass companion can be an asset, but one must know that loyalty is not its forte. Upon meeting a person or monster that seems more capable of keeping the Ass safe, it almost always decides to switch masters, sharing its embarrassment via its empathic link before doing so.

When threatened, a Psionic Ass can project a powerful mind blast in a 30-foot radius, doing 3d10 damage to everything with a nervous system.



Regängleppod

by Goblins Henchman

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 5

Move: fast

Attacks: 4 limbs (d4 subdual)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 12

Treasure: none

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: polymorph, project thoughts

A Regängleppod is a type of Doppelgänger, trapped behind a reflective pane, like a mirror or the surface of a still pool. If the reflective pane is touched by living flesh (or an item in contact with living flesh), it becomes permeable to the trapped creature. The creature then attempts to pull the victim through the surface and pummel it unconscious; before passing through. If the victim somehow dies before the creature can exit, the reflective pane is no longer permeable. Upon exiting, the creature assumes the form of the trapped victim, albeit their mirror image. If the trapped victim is not rescued within a month and a day, they too become a Regängleppod.

Regängleppods can assume the form of any living thing that has ever looked or been reflected in its mirror. It also has one-way telepathy (projecting thoughts) within 3 feet.

A Regängleppod can be forced into a reflective pane big enough to allow their body to pass into it, which traps it. They are therefore very wary of still bodies of water and large mirrors. Contact with mercury (even a drop) will also absorb them, until the mercury is dropped onto a reflective surface, which becomes the creature's new prison.

If the mercury-trapped creature is forged into steel, it is caught forever. The item gives the holder immunity to illusions and polymorph magic. The item however project malign thoughts to anyone within 3 feet of the item, generally lowering group morale.



THE ADVENTURE WITH SCYLLA.

Scylla

by Roger SG Sorolla

Armour class: as chain

Hit dice: 15; daughters 12

Move: slow crawl, slow swim

Attacks: 6, grab and devour (2d6) or bite (d6)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 6

Treasure: 10000, magic

Alignment: Chaotic

Special: retreat

Scylla was a nymph, caught up in the amours of Poseidon and cursed by his jealous wife to bear a monstrous form. She dwells in a cave atop a sea-cliff, commanding the only safe passage through a narrow strait with a whirlpool. It is rumoured that she has spawned parthenogenetic daughters, of like form, who have spread out to terrorize wet, dark, and desolate places in the world.

Scylla's voice is low and harsh, speaking all the tongues of the folk who toil her sea; she barely remembers her sylvan native tongue. She smells like brine and slightly putrid slime, but her movement is sinuous and graceful, almost hypnotic.

The six ponderous heads have brutish women's faces bearded with the legs of the octopus, connected to the barrel-shaped invertebrate body and its vestigial legs by long, snaking necks. Each head can pick up a human-sized foe, ignoring armour, without damage on a hit. The victim is held fast, breaking free on a Strength roll of 25, and is automatically chewed for 2d6 damage each round. Escaping her mouth parts usually means a 10' fall onto the rocky sea below. Two heads can cooperate to pick up a horse-sized meal, if both hit. Enemies that cannot be picked up take d6 damage instead.

After losing one-third of her original hit points, and again after losing two-thirds, she must pass a morale check or retreat into her cave. In there is treasure fished over centuries from wrecks: coins, goods, and the possessions of the slain. She will only listen to parley involving revenge on the sea-god and his spouse, but her daughters may be more amenable to deal-making after a show of strength.



Serpent King

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as plate

Hit dice: 12

Move: crawl

Attacks: bite (2d8+poison)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 10

Treasure: 4000 GP, d4+1 random potions, d2 wands

Alignment: Neutral

Special: 4 spells/day, Cleric 1-3

King Sundosiaya reclines in his chambers. The massive serpent is experienced, wise, but lonely. Age comes with some benefits: mortals jockey for favour, believing Sundosiaya to have divine wisdom, and the power to grant good fortune. King Eldias provided Maeve, his second daughter, as tribute. She stood, quaking, at his chamber doors as the king's guards retreated.

Expensive tapestries drape his bed. Chests of tribute jewels peek from corners. Sundosiaya raises his head. "Come, child. It has been centuries since a young lady graced my chambers."

Trust is earned slowly. Initially Maeve sits, her chair in the farthest corner. She perches, as a squirrel ready to dart. He talks, telling tales of his age, of visitors wise and foolish. Eventually, the chair moves closer. She asks about his form. Sundosiaya sighs, tells of an impetuous prince attempted to outwit a demon in exchange for wisdom and power. But the demon twisted his request to be 'clever as a snake'... Maeve sees the prince's eyes under the scaled brows for the first time. She sits on the edge of his bed, takes his massive head in her arms.

"So," Sundosiaya whispers, "old Eldias pawned his second daughter off. The firstborn gets the land, the advantageous marriage. The second goes to the convent or the dragon's cave..." They laugh. "He was a fool to doubt your value. He gave me the gift of a worthy companion. Let me teach you a few things..."

When Eldias passed, Maeve the Forgotten, consort to the Serpent-King, returned home, deftly deposed her elder sibling, and ruled, wise and fair.



Skinned Colossus

by Guillaume Jentey

Armour class: as leather
Hit dice: 2-5, depending on age
Move: slow

Attacks: natural weapons (d6),
grab and break (2d8)

No. Appearing: see below

Morale: 6

Treasure: 1000 GP in craft items

Alignment: Neutral

Special: pain

Skinned colossi are nomadic giants living with a terrible curse. Tall and ponderous, they travel the world in small tribes, living in wagons pulled by their elders, trading with those who aren't taken aback by their chimeric appearance. They can be very pleasant companions, until the pain comes...

For Skinned Colossi are born without skin, and the only way to calm the excruciating pain is to wrap themselves in the skin or fur of a recently killed creature. Most of the time, they kill their pets and cattle, or hunt for the skins they need. Sometimes though, the pain drives them crazy and they attack the first suitable creature or person they see.



Three-headed Draken

by James V. West

Armour class: as scale

Hit dice: 2

Move: fast

Attacks: 2 claws (d3), 3 bites (d3)

No. Appearing: 4d4

Morale: 11

Treasure: d6 (10% chance of magic items)

Alignment: Evil

Special: surprise

Sometimes pouring up from fissures leading to the dark places, sometimes summoned into servitude by wizards and evil clerics, the Draken are a wicked reed of devil-kin with an eternal hunger for mortal flesh. If they appear without a master, a horde of Draken will claim an area such as a grove of trees or a dungeon chamber as their own, laying in quiet wait for passers-by to devour. They are very quiet and hard to spot, surprising on a roll of 4 in 6.

Summoned Draken serve their summoner begrudgingly, always offering unwanted and negative opinions to the master as well as each other (the heads often argue among themselves). The nature of arcane or divine bondage is so disagreeable to the dark spirit of Draken that they find it impossible to remain silent and thus do not gain their ability to surprise hapless victims.

In any horde of 12 or more Draken, there will be a four-headed monster. The Four-headed Draken is less intelligent, unable to speak, and has 4 hit dice. The fourth head also gets an attack each round.



Trees that Bleed

by Emmy Allen

Armour class: as leather

Hit dice: 2

Move: rooted to the spot

Attacks: branches (d6), roots (d4)

No. Appearing: 3d8

Morale: 12

Treasure: 50 GP per tree

Alignment: Neutral

Special: plant mind, damage resistance

Trees That Bleed are a perversion of the natural order in which plants are inanimate and don't resist the depredations of the animal kingdom. These trees seem, at first glance, to be much like any other. Their only distinguishing feature is that, instead of sap, thick red blood flows through their woody veins. A careful observer can spot scabs of congealed blood on the tree's bark.

They are found growing in dense copses, each tree within reach of several of its peers. For the most part, the trees are dormant. They remain inanimate, content to simply grow. Only when one of their number is threatened – perhaps by woodcutters or dangerous beasts – do they stir into motion. At this point, the whole grove goes berserk, lashing at intruders with branches and roots.

An encounter with Trees That Bleed is all about positioning. By the time the trees animate, the characters are probably in their midst. Draw a map of the grove, put the PCs somewhere in the middle. Each tree ought to be within 10 feet of one or more of its peers. Each tree has a reach of 15 feet reach with its branches, and 5 with its roots. With the large numbers of trees present, the skill in the fight is to find points where fewer trees can reach: the gaps and clearings.

As plants, Trees That Bleed are affected by spells like *command plants* and *talk to plants* but not by spells like *hold monster*. Their tough, woody nature means that they take a maximum of 1 damage from everything except axes and fire.



The Witch flies into a Rage

Usuttaja

by Dat Epic Fish

Armour class: as plate & shield

Hit dice: 4

Move: fly

Attacks: ghost limb (d8)

No. Appearing: always 1

Morale: 9

Treasure: ghost limb and d6 random magic items

Alignment: Evil

Special: none

The Spirit Beast, also known as an Usuttaja, lurks in remote places, a mile or two away from dimensional doors and magical gateways. It hoards magical items to its hideout, often a simple room that can only be accessed with the key it holds in its mouth. They are often encountered when searching for an object that must be returned to their own land. Besides this burning, greedy need, their other personality traits vary as much as normal folk's.

Usuttajas look like old, wizened men or women with distorted features and an eerie presence; they are spirit beasts, hailing from strange lands where the spiritual and physical realms intermingle freely. While equally vulnerable to blade and magic, their oily flesh is steadfast against either, as it is not remotely close to anything living. It fights with a branch made from an unknown tree, called a ghost limb; a +3 magical weapon for the intent of hitting creatures (no modifier to attack or damage).



Vengeful Drowned

by Magimax

Armour class: as chain
Hit dice: 6
Move: fast
Attacks: energy drain (d10)
No. Appearing: 1
Morale: 12
Treasure: None
Alignment: Evil
Special: only harmed by magic or blessed weapons

He's here because he died a treacherous or unjust death. He's here because he seeks his murderers. Unlucky fisherman with a wife too beautiful, unlucky heir to the Metal Throne, unlucky last daughter of twelve, unlucky child who met the wrong person. Unlucky enough to be sent to the bottom of the lake.

The Vengeful Drowned is a terrifying encounter. A black shadow roaming the water, moaning and crying about its unjust death, its judgment clouded by an all-consuming hatred. It'll attack anyone living, mistaking them for its murderer, unless convinced of the contrary. But the drowned avenger is not easily convinced! Persuasive adventurers will hear the Drowned's sad story, and a plea for help finding their killer. Saying 'no' means facing the creature's wrath. 'Yes' is the prudent answer, but the adventurers find themselves followed by the Vengeful Drowned, until the deed is done.



THE KING ON HIS DRAGON FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE MONSTERS TO THE QUEEN AND MUFFETTE

Winged Swarm

by Sébastien d'Abrigeon

Armour class: none

Hit dice: 5

Move: fast, fly

Attacks: automatic damage

No. Appearing: 1 swarm

Moral: 5, 10 when under control

Treasure: none

Alignment: Neutral or as master

Special: master's control

A Winged Swarm is an unnatural group of flying beasts (ravens, owls, bats, etc.) occasionally possessed by a master. The magic turns each individual into a sentient creature about three times the size of a normal specimen. Winged swarms are used for reconnaissance or delivering messages. If necessary, they can attack by engulfing their foes, who take 4 damage every round, or 2 if wearing metal armour. The swarm can also form a barrier to impede movement.

Full control: when the master directs their whole attention to control their winged swarm, the beasts cannot speak, and only act according to the master's will. The master sees through all the creatures' eyes and can talk through its voices in disturbing unison.

Loose control: when the master loosens their grip, the spell forces the swarm to stay together, but doesn't deprive them of their free will. They talk in a noisy cacophony, groups quarrelling with one another. When encountered, the swarm deals gratuitous insults, sarcasms, and requests for arbitrations about who is right about some trivial matter. It also may ask for help in getting rid of the geas that keeps it together.

In exchange, it offers to divulge the location of:

1. an abandoned pit, the secret entrance to the master's hoard
2. the moss-covered corpse of the Green Buck of the Blessed Antlers
3. the nest of Koo-Kua, whose eggs have a yolk of liquid gold
4. the Hoopoe Circle, a clearing where wounds heal in a day
5. Joog, the feathered hermit, who can teach all avian dialects
6. three hollow trees, with saps that are poisonous, adhesive, and particularly sweet.



Welwa

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as plate & shield

Hit dice: 3, 5, or 7

Move: normal

Attacks: bite (d8), 1 natural weapon per HD (d6)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 10

Treasure: see below

Alignment: Neutral

Special: command elements

A Welwa is the mount of a dead errant knight, turned into a powerful chimera by the forces of Nature, and tasked with guarding its treasures. Every one of these creatures is different, a terrifying jumble of animal parts. **Roll d6 for its main feature:**

1. Raven and dove wings: flight
2. Ram horns or elk antlers: charge attack for 2d8 damage
3. Crocodile body with too many legs: fast swim
4. Pelican head: swallows on 16+ on the bite attack roll
5. Snake-headed tail: extra bite attack (save or paralysis)
6. Horrific, inverted appearance: save or fly in fear

When defending its treasure, a Welwa commands to the elements. Every round when it is not engaged in combat, it can call gusts of winds (d4 targets save or fall prone, drop their weapon, etc.) or cast *darkness*. Welwas are sentient and moderately intelligent. They speak common and the tongue of the woods dwellers.

If needed, roll a d6 for the treasure a Welwa is guarding:

1. Every white flower in the woods
2. A ley line nexus, untapped for centuries
3. A cottage where lives a forgotten prince or princess
4. The grave of Auld Queen Lioness
5. An oak tree that grows electrum acorns
6. A well that grants one wish every year

If a horse's bridle is passed over a Welwa's head (-6 to hit, automatic bite damage if missed, and the bridle is destroyed), the monster turns back into the magnificent war horse it once was. The mount retains its capacity for speech, along with some trauma over its long curse.



HOW THE DRAGON CAUGHT THE PRINCE

Wilderness Mimic

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as chain
Hit dice: 2
Move: slow
Attacks: sticky tongue or bite (d10)
No. Appearing: d6
Morale: 5
Treasure: none
Alignment: Neutral
Special: engulf

The Wilderness Mimic is a peaceful omnivore that, unlike its common cousin, can imitate any organic substance. It is rather dumb and cannot speak. No bigger than a small dog, its defence mechanism is simple: it inflates to look like a fierce monster, up to the size of a cottage.

Its mimicry capacity is far from perfect though: anyone near the creature, looking at it in good lighting conditions has a 4-in-6 chance of realising the truth. By then however, it is often too late. The Mimic uses its sticky tongue to grab its prey (attack roll vs. unarmoured AC, no save allowed) and bring it to its jaws. A stuck victim takes bite damage every round and cannot do anything until they successfully save.



Wrecker Witch

by Eric Nieudan

Armour class: as cloth

Hit dice: 1

Move: normal

Attacks: improvised weapon (d4)

No. Appearing: 2d6

Morale: 8

Treasure: 200 GP per witch in goods, d4 consumable magicks

Alignment: Evil

Special: ritual magic

Wrecker witches are seaside communities that, through famine, war, or the will of the storm goddess, find themselves without sustenance. To survive, they agree to serve evil submarine powers, local godlings or demons. Once the pact is agreed on, the power sends its followers, be they sahuagin, kuo-toa, merrow, or even sea hags, to live in a nearby creek. Together, both groups prey on passing ships, sharing what they salvage. The Witches also help capturing tritons, mermaids, and other good-aligned sea denizens, to be ritually eaten by the coven and their abyssal allies.

Wrecker Witches use a form of collective ritual magic. They can cast magic-user and cleric spells of a level equal to the number of people participating in the ritual. This process takes as many hours to complete and often requires the sacrifice of valuables or lives.



Yellow Dwarf

by Vance Atkins

Armour class: as plate

Hit dice: 3

Move: normal

Attacks: tiny sword (d4)

No. Appearing: 1

Morale: 8

Treasure: 70-100 GP, gems 20-200 GP, 50% minor item

Alignment: Chaotic

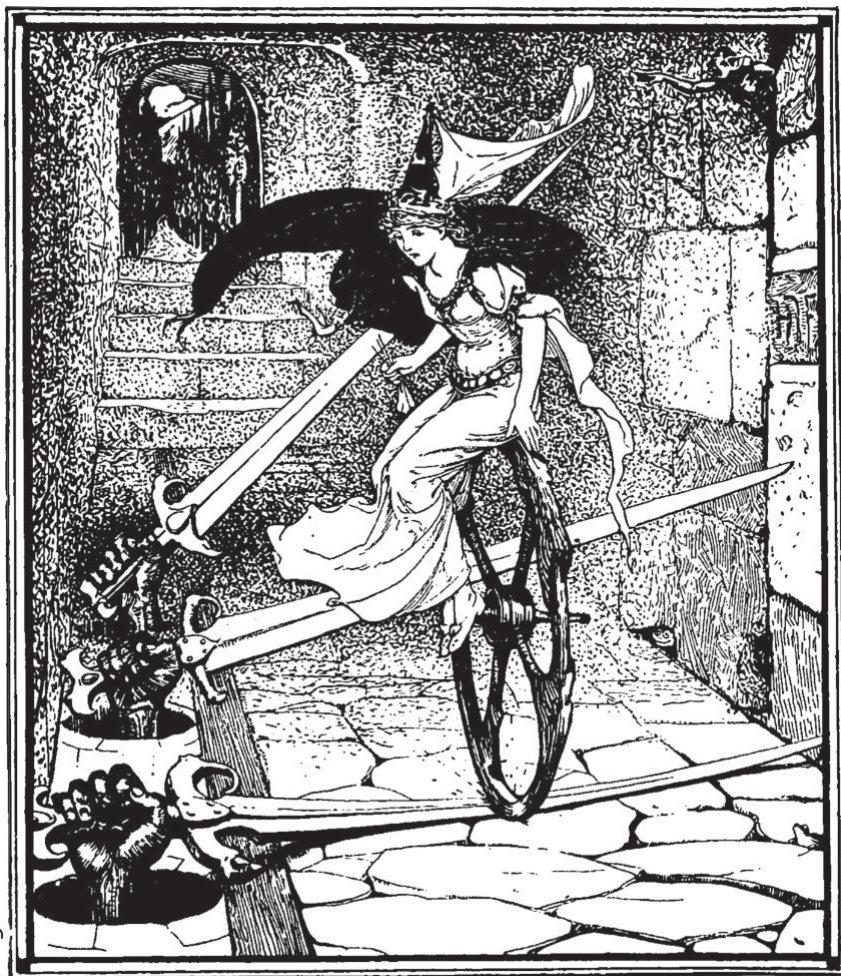
Special: silver weapons to hit

Not specifically a dwarf by the common understanding of the word, this yellow-skinned fey is more closely related to its malevolent kin, like as pixies and redcaps. Wearing a metallic cap and fey-crafted armour, yellow dwarves are immune to mundane weapons, requiring magical or silver weapons to do them harm.

The minuscule miscreants are drawn to arcane magic, and raid unsecured magical workshops or wizards' studies, stealing rare components and small enchanted items (up to wand-sized). If caught, they disappear into a smoky cloud or via some other illusionist subterfuge.

A dwarf may cast three per day from the list: *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*, *protection from good*, *pyrotechnics*, and a weak version of *prismatic spray* (30' range; d6 damage effects, no save; paralysis and blindness last d6 rounds if failed save).

Often, a yellow dwarf presses a black cat into service as a mount, luring it out of hiding with promises of stinky, oily fish, then capturing it with a cat-sized magic bridle and bit. The cat is typically ridden to exhaustion on whatever mischievous mission the dwarf has undertaken. The dusty and dishevelled cat eventually returns home, smelling of smoke and dust. The poor creatures are often driven off by their masters, under the belief that they have been tainted by the faeries.



Ford's Faeries, listed by Hit Dice

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1 Hit Die

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3 Hit Dice

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7 Hit Dice

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8 Hit Dice

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13 Hit Dice

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