

THE RÆDWALD BESTIARY

By

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Playtest Version

This is the playtest version of the Rædwald Bestiary. As such it is incomplete. For example, only the Wildlings have npc write-ups, the write-ups for men, elves, and dwarfs are still to come. Also some monster not yet written might be mentioned in the text of other beasts.

This playtest version doesn't include a glossary (I'm pretty sure everyone knows what AC, HP's, and HD are though).

Experience Points aren't awarded for slaying beasts in Rædwald, but I've included HDE/XP scores for those who might want to use the beasts in their Swords & Wizardry: Whitebox games (or whichever version of the game you prefer).

A

ÁLFÆTWÆCEN (CAULDRON BORN)

One of the thirteen great treasures of the Wildlings is a magical cauldron said to be able to bring slain warriors back to life and it is from that, that Álfætwæcen, the Cauldron Born, spring. These warriors were slain, stripped naked, and placed in the cauldron while a Wildling crone worked her wiccecærft over it. Now they shamle into battle obeying the will of whichever Wildling chieftain holds the cauldron.

You cannot say they are alive, but neither are they dead and what isn't dead can't be killed instead they must be destroyed, hacked into a thousand pieces, or burnt until nothing remains.

They fight with spears and go into battle naked so that their enemies may see the horrible mortal wounds that caused their deaths and fear to fight them lest they suffer the same fate.

Álfætwæcen: AC: 9 [10] HD: 2 HD; Attacks: 1 Spear (1d6); Special: Fear of the dead, Immunities, Dead again; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 10; HDE/XP: 4/400.

The first time these gruesome warriors are faced everyone (except any Scinnlæca) must make a Saving Throw or run in fear. After that a Saving Throw is required each time they are encountered, but failure only results in a -2 pen to hit, not the outright fear caused by the first meeting.

Álfætwæcen are immune to any mind control or fear based magic and if they are not hacked to pieces or burnt after they are defeated (reduced to 0 HPs) they will rise again in 1d3 rounds.

D

DÉORCYN (BEAST MEN)

Part man, part wild beast these bloodthirsty creatures feast only on the hearts of brave men. They hunt the woods of Eastlundseax where they dwell, but there are only seven of them left. When these few are slain the race will be no more. They have the hindquarters of stags, the bodies of men, and their faces are a twisted mockery of both man and beast, topped with antlers.

Déorcynn: Armour Class: 7 [12]; Hit Dice: 4; Attacks: Antlers (1d6); Special: Gore; Move: 16; HDE/XP: 5/240.

The Déorcynn move quickly and silently through woodland and will surprise men on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6, enabling them to charge and gore their opponents with an attack that does 1d6+1 damage and requires no To Hit roll.

DRACAN (DRAGONS)

The Dracan of Redwald, sometimes called Wyrms, are all the progeny of a single Draca, Eorðdraca the earth dragon. She was the first living creature in the world born of the earth itself. Every hundred years she hatches an egg and another Dracan is born into the world. Each Draca is a singular creature which bears little or no relation to the others or its parent. Little is known of these solitary hunters, even by the Dweorgas who worship Eorðdraca as a god. There are only seven living Dracan and if the Dweorgas keep to their worship of Eorðdraca there will never be any more.

ÁTTORSCEAÐA

Áttorsceaða is a poisonous destroyer, but her poison is not the venom that flows through fangs, but the lies and desires she uses to poison the hearts of men. The firstborn of Eorðdraca she is the oldest, most cunning, and malicious of her kind.

Áttorsceaða is the most Wurm like of the Dracan and resembles a huge serpent large enough to coil herself around a hill. Her scales are corpse-white, her eyes amber yellow, she has diminutive malformed wings, but cannot fly. She can use her tail as a club, or bite foes with her fangs, but considers such bestial behaviour below her and has yet to meet either beast or man that she couldn't bend to her will. She does not need to feed on flesh as the despair and woe of mortal men is the only sustenance she requires.

Áttorsceaða: AC: 5[14]; HD: 8; HP: 38; Attacks: Tail Bash (1d6) Bite (1d6+4); Special: Poisoner of hearts and minds, Shape-shifter, Saving Throw: 4; Move: 10 (12 in human form); HDE/XP: 12/12000

Depending on the gender and preferences of her intended victim she changes form to resemble a man or woman of great magnetism and

raw sexual attraction. It is only in the moments before their death or doom that her victims see or realise what she truly is.

One of Áttorscaða's greatest powers is to be able to read the hearts and minds of mortals with a mere glance. Her victims are allowed a ST, but with a -2 penalty.

Once she has read their darkest desires, hopes, and secrets she uses this knowledge to manipulate people to cause misery and mayhem for those around them. For example, she often convinces two people that each bars the way to that which the other desires most in all the world, then sits back and enjoys the fallout.

Another of her favourite schemes is to take the form of someone her victim knows: a friend, family member, lord, or rival and use the familiarity of the relationship to manipulate, hurt or mislead her victims and cause more misery.

She dwells in the kingdom of the Wulfingas where she has many opportunities to cause mischief and feed amongst the chaos of the kingdom's six-way civil war. A war in fact she started.

FÝRDRACA

Fýrdraca, the Fire-Spewer, is a voracious predator and a bane to mankind. Cattle, sheep, goats, farmers, villagers he isn't fussy which he takes, but feeds once a week on three or four at a time. He is a flightless quadruped about the length and height of a small longhouse, and is a mass of muscle and mottled grey and green scales whose colour matches the forest and rocks of the mountain highlands he haunts.

Despite his size his colouring offers some camouflage as he stalks his prey, but once he has spotted his kill there's no attempt at ambush or stealth. Instead he roars a challenge that shakes the hills and leaves his prey frozen in fear. It's then that he charges out of cover, sprays them with a spew of liquid fire, and devours the charred remains. His hunting grounds range across the kingdoms of Geatlund, Westland Jute mainly in the north on the borders with the Wildling Highlands. Between hunts he spends most of his time sleeping in his mountain, digesting his kill, and building up his energy reserves for the next hunt.

Fýrdraca: AC: 1[19]; HD: 12+4; HP: 55; Attacks: Bite (1d6) Claws (1d6); Special: Roar of Dominance, Fire-Spewer; Saving Throw: 12; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 14/14000

Anyone who hears Fýrdraca's roar of dominance must make a ST. If they fail they are paralyzed with fear and can do nothing until after Fýrdraca's next attack.

Fýrdraca's deadliest weapon is the liquid fire he spews forth. This attack uses most of his energy and can only be used twice before Fýrdraca either has to feed and sleep for a week, or, if his hunt is unsuccessful, sleep for two weeks.

The Fire-Spewer attack hits automatically. To determine how many are affected and what damage they take roll 1d6. The number rolled is the number of targets affected; the number on the opposite face of the die is the number of d6 in damage they each take.

For example: if you roll a 1, then one target takes 6d6 damage if you roll a 6, then six targets take 1d6 damage each. The first roll also indicates how many rounds the liquid fire will burn for after the initial round. When burning anyone affected takes 1d3 dice of damage, for the duration, unless the flames are put out by spending a round rolling in the dirt, covering them with a blanket, by magic, or some other means.

EORÐDRACA

Eorðdraca, the earth dragon is the oldest living being in Rædwald. It is told in legend that she slumbered under the earth for a thousand years when nothing lived and all the world was ice. It was only when she awoke, that her heat and warmth brought life to the world.

She is worshipped as a deity by the Dweorgas. It is a strange kind of worship that includes holding her prisoner in magical bonds, using her fiery breath to power their forges, and farming her eggs to create their fire powder, their weapons, armour, and the intricate metal craft they are famed for.

It is because of Eorðdraca the Dweorgas live beneath the mountains. Their ancestors, exploring the caves beneath the mountains, found Eorðdraca and because they were brave, and forward, and because they were the first creatures to speak to her, Eorðdraca allowed them to live, and to worship her. They brought her prisoners to feed on and in return she gave them the knowledge of runes, and taught them the secrets of crafting metal. Because of Eorðdraca they were the first race of men to understand the secrets of metallurgy.

When Eorðdraca laid her next egg and the Dracan, Níþdraca was hatched. The Dweorgas discovered that powerful weapons could be formed using what was left of the eggshell and their lust for power and riches overtook them.

Through cunning and treachery the Dweorgas captured their god and bound her with golden chain, forged in the heat of her own fire, and enchanted with the very runes she taught them. Since that time, although they worship her as a god, Eorðdraca is their prisoner and all her eggs are harvested by the Dweorgas before they hatch.

The shell they grind down to make fire-powder, the scales and bones of the unhatched Draca they grind down and add to the ore that makes their weapons, armour, and trinkets. The flesh and blood is consumed by the Dweorgas elite in dark rituals. To force her to breathe flames, to power their furnaces and heat their underground city, the Dweorgas use a gold-plated bone goad enchanted with runes which they force through her left eye and into her brain.

The Dweorgas still worship her, and feed her on slaves and prisoners taken in war or traded with the mountain men, or the king of Westlund Seaxe. Eorðdraca's existence is one of misery and torture. If she ever gains her freedom she will take great pleasure in the slow and deliberate destruction of the Dweorgas people and will not rest until they are no more.

She is huge the size of a large hill, the sort men build hill forts on. Her scales are a dull earth-brown hue with golden tints. Her long neck is serpentine and her head alone is the size of a longhouse, the power-

ful jaws able to swallow up groups of men. The backdraught of her powerful wings can flatten buildings, her rear and fore claws sharp and deadly and even in her current weakened form she is a fearful foe and a threat to all mankind.

Eorðdraca: AC: -2 [21]; HD: 20; HP: 160; **Attacks:** Bite (3d6) Tail bash (2d6) Claws (1d6 each); **Special:** Magic Resistance 80%, Devouring Maw, The Dragon's Breath, Earthmover; **Saving Throw:** 6; **Move:** 16 on land 24 in the air; HDE/XP: 25/25,000

As well as her regular attacks targeted at individuals her devouring maw can swallow 3d6 1HD enemies each round and she can breathe fire doing 1d6 damage to 1d100 massed troops or 10d6 damage to a single target. Being of the earth herself once free of her magical bonds she is able to create huge rifts in the earth, rifts powerful enough to sink a village or hill fort.

LÍGDRACA

Lígraca, the fiery dragon is a formless creature of pure fire. He often takes the shape of a fierce winged dragon comprised of flickering orange-yellow flame, with eyes of white hot fire. He preys on human settlements, attacking at dusk screaming down from the sky. He flies from building to building until the whole settlement is aflame and then rises to watch it burn. He takes no interest in people, other than destroying their settlements, and ignores them unless they are foolish enough to try to stop him. He also burns the settlements cattle and crops. After his burning he often watches the aftermath of the devastation he has caused spending days, hovering high in the sky. Many believe he derives a grim satisfaction from watching the survivors as they shuffle around in shock wondering how they'll manage without food or shelter.

Lígraca: AC: 4[15]; HD: 5; HP: 22; **Attack:** fiery grasp (1d6+3); **Special:** Immunities, firestarter; **Saving Throw:** 12; **Move:** 18; HDE/XP: 7/700

Lígraca can only be harmed by magical means or enchanted weapons and anything he lands on (including people) has a 4 in 6 chance of bursting into flame causing 1d3 damage for 1d6 rounds to anyone affected.

NÍÐDRACA

Níðraca, the dragon of malice looks like a muscular draconic wolf that is twice the size of a bull. It is jet-black and hunts at night, but even in daylight is hard to follow as it can move in a blur of speed and can wrap itself in a shroud of shadow.

Níðraca, is the youngest, and smallest of Eorðdraca's progeny, but is also one of the most hateful of the Dracon. Typically it stalks humans and follows them back to their settlement. It then spends a few days watching the settlement until it has a sense of the people and their relationships. It is then that Níðraca strikes. Stealing into one of the homes it takes member of the community making sure its attack is witnessed; so someone sees it flee with the victim then it disappears into the night. Instead of devouring its chosen victim immediately it keeps them alive, and near to their home then torments them so their friends and loved ones can hear their pitiful cries for help.

If any of the villagers are brave enough to try a rescue it uses its powers to spirit itself and its victim to another location. Once the rescue party has given up it begins its torment again, to mock the rescue attempt and torture the villagers with more cries from their loved one. It does this for a week or so or until it tires of toying with the settlement. Its last act of malice is to devour the victim's body, sneak back into the settlement, and leave the head at the door of the victim's family for them to find when they awake.

Níðraca: AC: 1[18]; HD: 7; HP: 30; **Attacks:** Claw, Claw, Bite (1d6, 1d6, 1d6+4); **Special:** blur of speed, shroud of shadow, magic resistance 50%; **Saving Throw:** 8; **Move:** 24; HDE/XP: 10/1000

Already twice as fast as men once a day Níðraca can move in a blur of speed so fast that nothing can see it move let alone catch it. If tracked in daylight and unable to use its speed to escape Níðraca can envelop itself, and the surrounding area, in a shroud of shadow that no one can see into or see out of (making it -4 to hit Níðraca). People might know that Níðraca is in the cloud of darkness, but not where. They would also know their loved one was also in the darkness.

ÚHTFLOGA

Úhtfloga, the twilight flyer, lives on the wing. From tail to nose she is as long as two mead halls, but is svelte and graceful her body being only a little broader than the cattle she feeds on. Her scales are coloured in a blackish-blue that makes her hard to spot in the night sky.

In the day she spends her time high above the clouds gliding and sleeping, but when the sunsets she descends to hunt. She glides down to ground level under the cover of darkness, silent but for the faint whoosh of air. She approaches her prey from behind and strikes with her talons at the base of the skull, stuns it, then flies off, gaining height as swiftly as possible so her victim will think twice about breaking free of her grip. That's if they even recover from being stunned before she devours them.

If faced with any resistance Úhtfloga can breathe a cloud of paralysing fumes. She only needs one cow (or man) sized meal a week and is a good hunter so if faced with fierce resistance is more likely to fly on, rather than fight for her hard for her kill.

Úhtfloga: AC: 3[16]; HD: 6; HP: 29; **Attacks:** Talons (1d6+3); **Special:** stunning strike, paralysing breath, magic resistance 45%; **Saving Throw:** 10; **Move:** 30; HDE/XP: 9/900

Swooping silently down behind her victims in the cover of darkness, Úhtfloga has a 3 in 6 chance on a d6 of surprising her victim. Her stunning strike is +3 to hit and does the normal damage for her Talons, but the victim must also roll under their Con, minus the damage caused by the talons, on a d20. If they succeed they are only stunned for 1 round. If they fail they are stunned for 1d3 plus the number they missed the roll by in rounds. Either way, unless their companions act quickly when they come to they'll find themselves hundreds of feet in the air, held in the grasp of a hungry dragon. If she does face resistance Úhtfloga will use her paralysing breath which can affect 2d6 targets at once, who if they fail their saving will be paralysed for 1d3 turns.

WÆLGEUGA

Wælgeuga, the deadly walker, is the most bestial of the Dracan. The size of a burial mound, it has no tail, or wings, but a barrel shaped body that is low to the ground and a broad thick-skulled head with powerful jaws full of dagger sized teeth. Its hide is grass green and the scales covered in horns and bumps and impervious to most weapons.

It lacks the guile and cunning of its brothers and sisters and in fact lacks any intelligence other than the basest animal wit. It has no particular hatred of humanity and is intent on nothing more than satisfying its voracious hunger. It feeds once every 10 years, but feeds in a frenzy devouring anything and everything it can: whole herds of sheep and cattle, crops, the villagers, even their homes and possessions, sometimes even hedgerows and trees. Once it has fed, Wælgeuga burrows far beneath the earth and creates a huge lair where it sleeps for another 10 years until it awakes, emerging from its lair twice its previous size and twice as hungry as before. Those that have survived Wælgeuga's terrors and seen it return decade after decade larger and hungrier each time, are convinced that if it isn't stopped one day it will devour the world. Unfortunately most people who see it don't survive, and most that haven't seen it don't believe the tales, dismissing it like all the other myths and stories of dragons, monsters and other such childish foolishness.

Wælgeuga: AC: 0[19]; HD: 10; HP: 42; Attacks: Barge, Stamp, Bite (1d6, 1d6, 1d6); Special: All is edible, Stone hide, Magic resistance 45%; Saving Throw: 12; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 14/1400

Wælgeuga is lumbering and predictable in combat concentrating bullishly on one target until it has killed and devoured it. It ignores everything else unless someone wounds it then its rage will focus on them.

Once a target is selected it barges into them if the barge attack fails then the attack is over for that round. If it is successful not only does it damage the target it knocks them prone, making its next attack at a +2 bonus. After the barge it stamps on its victims legs causing not only damage, but reducing their movement rate by half and negating any Dex bonus to AC. Once it has its victim prone and crippled it starts to eat them. It can bite through anything so any protection from armour is ignored, making its targets AC: 9[10] for its bite attack unless they have any other method of protection. It will continue to keep biting its chosen victim until they're dead then spend the next turn eating them before attacking someone else. Wælgeuga's hide is tough and thick making it impossible for arrows, spears, and axes to penetrate and do any real damage. Only a sword can pierce deep enough to wound Wælgeuga.

E

EOTENAS (GIANTS)

There are six Giants in Rædwald when they are slain the Gígantmæg (Race of giants) will be no more.

BEVIS OF HOARHUNEDELL

On the border between Eastlandseax and the land of the Réðealingas (Wildlings) there stands a hillfort that was manned by the Wildlings. It protects a valley where hoar hune (grey hound) plants grow in abundance. It is said that Wildling Witta's can brew a potion from these plants that makes warriors fleet of foot. This was both the Eolderman of Eastlandseax's reason for coveting the Wildling land and his excuse to his lord for his failure to take the land. But being both cunning and clever he lured the Wildling warriors out of their hillfort to make peace and then poisoned their mead. So angry at this treachery was the Wildling giant Bevis that he rose from his centuries long slumber below the hillfort to come to the defence of the Wildling folk with his great sword Morglay.

Bevis of Hoarhunedell: Armour Class: 3 [16]; Hit Dice: 9+3; HP: 39; Attacks: 1 Morglay (1d6+1); Special: Scything Slaughter; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 10/1400.

Bevis fights with Morglay a sword that is 6ft long. He sweeps it around in a great scything arc and does 1d6+1 damage to every hero fighting him and slaughtering many Frydmen. Roll Bevis' to-hit roll as normal, but then compare that result to all the combatants AC. Roll 1d6+1 and dish out that amount of damage to all those he hit. If the heroes have any Frydmen with them then the result of the damage roll is also how many of them were slaughtered. Bevis always hits Frydmen no matter the result of his to-hit roll.

Morglay is far too large for any man to wield, but any lord would be grateful to the heroes who gifted it him to hang in his long hall.

GILL OF CALDBURG

Gill is named after the mountain where he lives on the North-western border of Rædwald known as Caldburg (Cold Castle). Hairly, brutish and always red faced with rage, he rarely leaves his mountain fortress but every half-month he ventures down from the mountain to find a farmer to eat. Now the farmers of Westland Jute struggle to bring in the crops much to their kings' despair.

The Giant Gill of Caldburg: Armour Class: 4 [15]; Hit Dice: 8+2; HP: 31; Attacks: 1 Stánhamor (2d6+1); Special: Hammer death 1d6; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 9/1100.

Gill fights with a huge stone war hammer. When he dies it shatters causing harm to all (1d6 damage to everyone fighting him).

Gill has a horde of 193 shillings, 1,157 silver pennies, 1,787 hapennies, and 900 farthings hidden in his lair and a pressed flower called Héahlufebłóstm (blossom of great love) that he took from a farmer's wife he ate. Any unmarried maiden who wears this flower in her hair

may choose any man as her husband. Even a Wolfpack scieldmægden could take an Ætheling as a husband.

GROGGAR OF GROANINGBRIDGE

Groggar lives in a tower in the mountain passes of Southlandseax. The smallest of the gigantmæg he makes up for his lack of stature with cunning. The only access to his home is across a bridge that groans a warning whenever anyone sets foot on it. He has a crow familiar that taught him scinn-cræft a skill he uses to transform himself into a fair maiden in need of rescue in order to lure heroes across the bridge.

Once they cross the bridge and enter his tower he changes into the likeness of a handsome youth, meets them in his hall and challenges one of them to a game of Hnefatafl. This is just a ruse to get them to sit in his riddling chair which they may not rise from until they answer his riddle. While they ponder the riddle he turns into a crow and tries to fly away with his familiar. If it comes to a fight he uses a black staff called Cráwastæf it does no damage but those who are struck with it are turned into crows and will only return to their human form if the staff is snapped in half.

The Giant Groggar: AC: *5 [14]; Hit Dice: 7+1; HP: 21; Attacks: 1 Cráwastæf (special); Special: Hits turn victim into a crow ; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 8/1000. *Groggar can only be harmed with magic or magical weapons.

Groggar's Hnefatafl board and pieces were crafted by Dweorgs. The board is carved from dragon tooth ivory the pieces made of silver and gold, the king carved of wildling red gold. It is worth 20 pounds of Silver.

THE LONG MAN OF WIGHELM

The Long Man lives under the hill fort Wighelm on the northern border of Anglenland. So fierce is he that the Anglen Cynning and his Thegns had to abandon the hill fort and its nearby lands. The largest of his kin he fights with two spears, and wears the famed Wighelm (warrior helm) for which the fort was named. The helm has the likeness of two arching snakes attached to the crest.

The Long Man of Wighelm: AC: 3 [16]; Hit Dice: 10+2; HP: 55 ; Attacks: 2 Spears (1d6+2 each); Special: His spears are poisoned ; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 12/2000.

If the Long Man is slain his spears turn into the giant snakes Nædre and Snaca and attack his killers.

Nædre and Snaca: AC: 6 [13]; Hit Dice: 5; HP: 19, 12 ; Attacks: 1 bite (1d6+2); Special: Venomous anyone bit must make a Saving Throw or die; Move: 10; HDE/XP: 7/ 600 (each).

The Wighelm remains giant sized, but if anyone thinks to try it on it shrinks to fit them and Nædre and Snaca come back to life and turn into spears again (1d6+2 poisoned). If anyone but the new owner of the Wighelm touches Nædre and Snaca they will be bitten. The Wighelm cannot be removed while the wearer lives. If he is slain Nædre and Snaca will attack his killers.

THE RUDE MAN OF HLÆW

The rude man of Hlæw haunts the burial mounds of Midlandseax. Twelve foot tall, and naked he is a strange and intimidating foe. His head is comparatively small for his body size and he wears a constant expression of shock, perhaps because his manhood is comparatively large for his body size and is in a constant state of excitement. Any man thus confronted must make a Saving Throw or run in fear (or perhaps shame). Strangely, the Rude Man's nakedness doesn't seem to scare women. He fights with a war club, his only possession.

The Rude Man of Hlæw: AC: 6 [13]; Hit Dice: 8+2; HP: 33; Attacks: 1 Club (2d6); Special: Induces fear in men (ST) ; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 9/1100.

THE THIRSKMAN

The Thirskman and his wife were content to live in peace, but when his wife left their homeland hills to swim in the river Deres, near the burg of Thirsk, the Fryd was summoned and out of fear they slew her. Mad with grief the Thirskman has taken up residence at the ford in the river Deres and slays all who seek to cross it. This has crippled trade between the towns of Deresford on the Geatish side of the river and Thirskburg on the Westlandseax side.

The Thirskman: AC: 6 [13]; Hit Dice: 8+2; HP: 35 ; Attacks: 1 Boulder (2d6); Special: Hurls boulders ; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 9/1100.

The Thirskman hurls boulders from the river at anyone who approaches the ford (max range 200') and then uses a boulder in melee. He has no riches, but the lords of Thirskburg and Deresford will be grateful to his slayers.

G

GRUNDWIERGEN (WATERWOLF)

The Grundwiergen, or Waterwolf, or the beast of the deep as it is known is a mammalian predator whose habitat is a series lakes, linked by underground rivers, situated in the warring kingdom of the Wulfingas.

It feeds mainly on fish, but will take sheep and cows from the lakeside when they come to drink and has developed a taste for human flesh due to young lord Eadwulf's habit of feeding it prisoners. This feeding started as entertainment for the lordling and a convenient way of disposing prisoners, but rumour has it the increasingly unstable Eadwulf has started to worship the beast and when he has no prisoners he sacrifices slaves, and sometimes even villagers to the beast.

The Grundwiergen is about twenty-foot in length, its body is powerful and compact, and covered in a thick grey fur that keeps it warm in the icy lake water. It has a head which is disproportionately large in comparison to its body and a long wolf-like snout with teeth as long and sharp as knives. It has two short but powerful clawed forelegs which it uses to grasp its prey, but no discernable rear legs. It can remain underwater for up to an hour, but it is a mammal and must surface to take in air.

Grundwiergen: AC: 4 [15]; HD: 5; Attack: Bite (1d6); Special: Evasive; Saving Throw: 12; Move: 16 (in water); HDE/XP: 5/500

The Grundweirgan is used to feeding on helpless victims, when faced with a threat it can't immediately overcome, or if badly wounded it will flee to the bottom of the lake and try to escape to another lake via the underground rivers that link them. Only its nostrils need to break the surface for it to breathe making it hard to spot when it doesn't want to be found (1 in 6 chance).

H

HEALFHUNDING (HALF HOUND)

The Healfhund or Half Hound has the body of a huge ape and the head of vicious dog. They have all the strength of an ape, combined with the hunting instinct and fierceness of a war dog and the intelligence of both creatures. They are a product of the Underworld a vile creation of Orcus. He and his minions use them to hunt humans for sport. There are six of them, but they hunt alone as they are so vicious they would turn on each other. Without the aid of magic there is only a 1 in 6 chance of evading a Healfhunding once it has your scent.

Healfhunding: AC: 0 [19]; HD: 6+6; Attacks: 3 Punch (1d6), Punch (1d6), Bite (1d6+3); Special: Throat Bite, Arm Rip; Move: 16; HDE/XP: 9/900.

If a Healfhunding hits with a natural twenty it has grappled its opponent. Unless the opponent makes a STR check and breaks free of its grip it will clamp its jaws around their throat. Once it does that the victim or his comrades have only 2 rounds to kill it before it crushes his throat and kills him. Even if they do kill it the victim must still make ST if he fails the Healfhunding jaws cannot be prised open even in death and the victim still dies.

If a Healfhunding hits with a natural 18 or 19 the victim must make a ST if they make the ST the Healfhund has merely grabbed their arm and yanked it out of its socket. Leaving the limb useless until it can be put back and causing 1d6 dam. If they fail the arm has been ripped off causing 2d6 (keep highest). +3 damage. Then they must make another ST if they fail that one they are in shock and out of the fight. Without healing they will die.

HRÆFMENN (RAVENMEN)

Little is known of these vile creatures. Some believe them to be evil spirits, others say they are a Réðealingas cult of death wittas. Some say they glide down from the trees to feed, some say they burst up through earth straight from the underworld. They appear as men with skin as pale as the moon. They go naked save for a cloak of Raven feathers and a raven beaked helm that covers their face but not their mouth. They carry black bladed short swords curved like a raven's beak. They appear after small battles and skirmishes to feast on the eyes of the dead. They only ever appear in threes. They ignore the living unless they are foolish enough to interfere with their feasting.

The Hræfmenn: AC: 3 [16]; HD: 3+3; Attacks: 3 Raven blade (3 damage each hit); Special: Eye pluck counter; Move: 13; HDE/XP: 3/333.

If anyone attacking a Hræfmenn rolls a 3 on their to-hit roll he immediately counters by plucking the attacker's eye out reducing them to 3 Hit Points.

M

MÆRE (MARE)

The Mære is a small fey creature, a denizen of the Otherworld, who torments mortals for the entertainment of the Queen of the otherworld. These impish little humanoids creep into the longhouse at night and ride on the chest of their chosen victim. The victim is plagued with nightmares (hence the name) and awakes exhausted the next morning. Mæres often torment their victims further by tying small dead things into the sleeper's hair, such as worms, spiders, small birds, and rodents.

The victim can never wake themselves from these nightmares so a companion must stand watch over them if the Mære is to be driven off. It is said they can sometimes be appeased with a gift of silver.

Mære: AC: 9 [10]; HD: 1d3; Attack: Bite (1d3); Special: Night-rider; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 16; HDE/XP: 1/10

Mæres are more of a nuisance than a real threat and best used against an NPC. Anyone targeted by one will suffer a -1 penalty to all die rolls for each night until the Mære is stopped. This penalty is cumulative and if the Mære isn't stopped within a week the victim will suffer from extreme exhaustion and suffer -1 Con loss per each further night without sleep and risk temporary insanity if they fail their Saving Throw. Once the Mære is dealt with and the ill effects will be negated once the victim gets a night or two of good sleep.

Mæres run from combat, but will bite if cornered. If they are captured or think they might die they will first demand a payment of silver to leave the victim alone, if that doesn't work they'll claim the Queen of the Otherworld will take vengeance on anyone who harms them, and if all else fails they'll just whine, whimper, beg and plead for their miserable little lives.

MEARSC FEOND (MARSH FIEND)

It is believed that these foul creatures literally bubbled up from the underworld in to the marshes and meres they inhabit, but no one really knows what they are or where they came from. Few people survive an encounter with them; most sightings are by farmers who see them take livestock that has strayed too near the marsh or fishermen whose boats they mistake for prey.

Marsh fiends are relatively tall and slight being a head taller than most men but much thinner. However they are by no means weak and are lethally fast. Their skin is a greyish green colour and slick and slimy to the touch and they smell of damp decay. They have long razor like claws and jaw full of black needle like teeth. They are ambush hunters able to breathe underwater where they lurk beneath the surface of the marsh water and launch an attack on unwary prey.

Mearsc Feond: AC: 3[16]; HD: 5 Attack: Claw, Claw, Bite (1d6-1, 1d6-1, 1d6+2) Special: Fetid bite, Lethal speed; Saving Throw: 12; Move: 20; HDE/XP: 7/700

The mouth of a Marsh Fiend is a foul and fetid thing and anyone bitten who fails a saving throw will come down with a flux sickness

that will lay them low for 1d6 days and permanently reduce their Con and total HP score by 1. They are also endowed of a lethal speed giving them +1 to initiative and their chance to surprise and allowing them to attack in the same phase as skirmishers despite being melee fighters.

MORPWYRHTA (MURDERWORKERS)

Some call them death worshipers, but their name means murder-worker, one who murders. They are a secretive cult who worships Hella a goddess of death who reigns in Niflheimr, the place where those who don't die a worthy death in battle must spend eternity. They target warriors, especially those of honour and renown, and seek to destroy not only their mortal life, but their immortal life by denying them a glorious death in battle and a chance to take their place across the sword bridge in the feasting hall of Woden. They work in small groups, passing as farmers, artisans, or servants.

Murder by strangulation, drowning, and poison are their favourite methods. They are unlikely to fight face to face preferring to take their victims by stealth and treachery.

Morpwyrhta: AC: 9[10]; HD: 3+1; Attack: Seax 1d3+ Poison; Special: Stealthy Approach, Poison; Saving Throw: 12 HDE/XP: 4/400

Morpwyrhta's work as a team and will spend a lot of time and effort in planning the murder of a warrior. They won't normally make a covert attack, but should the opportunity present itself they can make a stealthy approach on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. Their poison is particularly potent (+2 on ST) and fast acting (Kills in 1d4 rounds if ST is failed) and usually administered via food or drink although they do poison their blades. This however is more for defence and protection of the cult than for murdering their victims as being stabbed, even by a poisoned blade, is too close to death in combat for a Morpwyrhta's dread purpose. They will use poisoned blades against the guards of their target, or if all else fails on themselves.

N

NÆDERCYN (SNAKE TRIBE)

The Nædercynn, or Snake Tribe, are dwellers of the underworld and vile creations of Orcus Lord of the Underworld. Some of them are muscular warriors with a snake's head and others are warriors that are men from the waist up, and snakes from the waist down. The latter are very unhappy about this state of affairs.

Snake Headed Nædercynn: AC: 5 [14]; HD: 5; Attack: Spear (1d6+Venom) or Bite (1d3+venom) or Venom Spit; Special: Venom Spit; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 6/600

The Venom that is smeared on their Spears is weaker because of exposure to the air and the relatively indirect way it is administered. It is saved against at -2 and causes paralysis for 1d3 rounds. The venom from the bite goes direct to the bloodstream and gets pumped to the heart. A failure of a ST against that results in death in 1d6 days unless the victim is healed. The Snake Headed Nædercynn can also spit venom at a distance of up to ten yards. The spit is highly accurate and targets the victim's face. If they fail their ST roll 1d6: if the result is 1-4 they are blinded for that many rounds, but if the result is 5-6 they will die of asphyxiation in that many rounds unless they are healed.

Nædercynn Snake Men: AC 5 [14]; HD: 5; Attack: Club 1d6+2 and Constriction; Special: Constriction; Saving Throw: 10, Move: 8; HDE/XP: 6/600

As soon as they close for melee Snake Men try to wrap their muscular coils around a likely victim. They do this with a normal to hit roll, the victim may be allowed a Strength Check (roll under Str with d20) to see if they can break free in the first round. If not they take 1d3 constriction damage per round, until either they die or the Snake Man is slain. Once he has someone in his coils a Snake Man either uses his club to fend off their comrades or finish them attacking anyone he already has constricted at +2 to hit.

NIHTGENGA (NIGHT GOER)

Although both fey and monstrous in appearance, Nihtgenga are neither denizens of the underworld or the otherworld. These diminutive humanoids were the original inhabitants of Rædwald, predating even the Dweorgas and Ælfcynn. They hate and fear all the other races of Rædwald.

There are now only three tribes remaining. One tribe lives deep in the wild forest on the border of Eastlund Seax but their numbers are few and they have thirty warriors at most. Another tribe lives in the marshes of Southlund Seaxe and are on the brink of destruction with only ten or so warriors left. The most numerous tribe live under the mountains of Westlund Seaxe and even though their warriors number in the hundreds, between the dragons and dweorgas that they share the mountains with and the powerful Westlund Seax nearby, their fate is as precarious as their less numerous kin.

As the name suggests Nihtgenga are nocturnal and suffer a penalty of -1 if forced to fight in daylight. They are small bowlegged humanoids, with pot bellies and long wiry arms, lozenge shaped heads with angular facial features. Their skin is whiter than the waxing moon,

the whites of their eyes bone yellow, bloodshot, and bulging. Their crude iron armour and barbarous weapons are as blood black as their coarse hair, twisted nails, and crooked teeth.

Nihtgenga: AC: 6 [13]; HD: 1-1; Attack: Bow, spear, axe, or knife (1d6-1, or 1d3); Special: Fear of Daylight; Saving Throw: 14; Move: 10; HDE/XP: 1/10.

R

RÉDEALINGAS (WILDLINGS)

The wildlings gather in wolfpacks, warbands, and sometimes even a horde to raid across the borders, killing, looting, and burning as is their want. They especially love to organise cattle raids.

GÚÐFLÁLYBB

The Gúðflálybb means those that use battle-arrow drugs. They wear no armour and fight with small war bows, using arrows that have been dipped in some foul brew made by one of their Wittas. The arrows themselves do little damage but the drugs are potent. They carry no melee weapons preferring to flee from noble combat.

The Gúðflálybb: AC: 9 [10]; Hit Dice: 1-1; Attacks: Arrows (1d3); Special: Drugged arrows; Saving Throw: 18; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 1/15. Each has 10 drugged arrows. A Saving Throw is allowed against the drugged arrows. For the effects roll 1d6 . . .

- 1: Paralysis
- 2: Sleep
- 3: Berserk (attacks own side)
- 4: Fear (runs from fight)
- 5: Blindness
- 6: Hallucination (attacks imaginary monsters)

These effect last for 1d6 (-/+ Con bonus/penalty) turns.

GEOGUÐGARA (YOUNG SPEARS)

These youthful warriors, drunk on mead, are careless with their lives and prone to rash charges, and foolish bravado. They do this in order to prove their battleworth to the men of the tribe.

Geoguðæschere: AC: 9 [10]; Hit Dice: 1; Attacks: 1 Spear (1d6); Special: Too drunk to die; Saving Throw: 17; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 1/15.

They are so drunk that they fight on for another 1d3 turns after being reduced to 0 Hit Points.

PLEGSCILDAS (THE SMALL SHIELDS)

Named after the small round shields they carry these warriors, like the Fryd, are numerous and form the rank and file of Wildlings armies.

Plegscildas: AC: 8 [11]; Hit Dice: 1; Attacks: 1 Spear (1d6); Saving Throw: 16; Move: 13; HDE/XP: 1/15.

RANDWÍGA (SHIELD WARRIORS)

These experienced warriors wear the distinctive tartan trews of the Wildlings and carry long oval shields, three javelins, and a spear making them versatile and dependable troops.

Randwíga: AC: 6 [13]; Hit Dice: 2; Attacks: 1 Spear (1d6); Special: 15 ; Saving Throw: 16; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 2/30.

SWEORDRÆAS (SWORDRUSHERS)

Young nobles dressed in the finest of Wildling finery. Silver rings, golden torcs, and most valuable of all the Wildling long sword. They are also well armoured with long oval shields, and lamellar shirts. Vain and vainglorious, they always enter battle looking their best. They are so proud of their finely combed locks they will not wear a helm. However, it would be a mistake to consider them unmanly or unworthy foes.

Sweordræas: AC: 2 [17]; Hit Dice: 3+1; Attacks: 1 long sword (1d6+1); Special: Whirling sword rush; Saving Throw: 14; Move: 11; HDE/XP: 4/70.

The Sweordræas charge into battle screaming their war cries and whirling their swords overhead. In battle this induces fear in anything other than elite troops (-2 morale and an immediate morale check). In single combat it mesmerises their opponent giving them +1 to initiative and their opponent -1 to hit. The impact of the charge adds +1 to hit and damage. These effects last for the first round of combat only.

As well as their sword and armour a golden torc and 1d6 silver rings may be stripped from any defeated Sweordræas.

BEADURÓFA (STRONG IN BATTLE)

Huge and fierce wildmen armed with equally large weapons. Usually a Kern-axe (a large two-handed thrusting spear with a curved axe-like blade for hacking), large iron bound clubs, or more rarely the two-handed Morglay swords taken from the burial mounds of a race of Wildling giants the Beadurófa themselves are said to be descended from. Protected by leather skull caps and studded leather jerkins, they act as champions. There is only a handful of them in any gathering of Wildlings.

Beadurófa: AC: 5 [14]; Hit Dice: 4+2; Attacks: 1 2 handed weapon (2d6 keep highest); Special: Scything swing; Saving Throw: 12; Move: 10; HDE/XP: 5/350.

Once per battle their Scything Swing can hit up to three enemies at once. Roll their to-hit roll and then compare that to the three nearest foes, roll damage once and apply to all those hit.

WICCAN (WITCHES)

As fierce and fearful as the Wilding warriors are the Wildling witches cause more fear in the hearts of men purely because their Wicce Cræft is not only deadly, it can unman and make cowards of even the greatest of warriors. There are three types of Wicce in most tribes . . .

ÞÝ MÆGPMANN (THE MAIDENS)

The Maidens are virginal young women at the beginning of their journey into the knowledge of the craft, but their coy, nubile looks only serve to undo foolish men, for their hearts are as hard as steel and twice as cold. Each Wildling tribe, depending on its size and power, usually has 1d6+2 Maiden Wicce women in training.

Þý Mægþmann: AC: 9 [10]; Hit Dice: 1-1; Attacks: 1 sacrificial knife (1d3) or Craft; Special: Craft; Saving Throw: 16; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 3/120.

Maidens typically have one or more of these elements of craft at their disposal: The Green Candle (lvl 1), The Wearisome Curse, Sleeping Draught (rounds, turns, hours), Branwen's Brew, Spiders Spite, Spiders Bite, and Sting of Thorn. They may also have one amulet of the Referee's choosing.

ÞÝ LEÓDRÚNAN (THE WISE WOMEN)

In the full bloom of both their womanhood and power the wise women are deadly foes indeed and best not crossed. Each Wildling tribe has three, and only three, wise women at any one time.

Þý Leódrúnan: AC: 9 [10]; Hit Dice: 3-1; Attacks: 1 sacrificial knife (1d3) or Craft; Special: Craft; Saving Throw: 13; Move: 12; HDE/XP: 5/240.

As well as the access to the craft that Maidens knows the Wise women also knows several of these elements of the craft: The Green Candle (lvl 2), The Destructive Curse, Fetch Scrying, Sleeping Draught (days, weeks, months), The Mead of Beli-Mawr, The Coward's Cup, Rhiannon's Blessing, Rhiannon's Curse, Wicce's Kiss, Wicce's Wound, Pinned by Thorn, Wound of Thorn. They may also have two amulets of the Referee's choosing.

ÞÝ EALDCWÉN (THE CRONE)

Grizzled and ancient feared by everyone, even within her own tribe, the Crone has spent a lifetime studying the craft, a knowledge she uses to deadly effect.

Þý Ealdcwén: AC: 9 [10]; Hit Dice: 6-1; Attacks: 1 sacrificial knife (1d3) or Craft; Special: Craft; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 7; HDE/XP: 8/800.

As well as the access to the craft that Maidens and the Wise women know the Crone also knows all of these elements of the craft: Nine Herb Charm, The Green Candle (lvl 3), The Malign Curse, Seer Scrying, Hag Sight, Wicce Brew, Sleeping Draught (years, decades, centuries), Dragon's Blood, Dragon's Fire, Murderous Thorn. She may also have three amulets of the Referee's choosing.

FIERDWISA (CHIEFTAIN)

Nobody becomes a Wildling Chieftain without the favour of the gods and the will to slaughter anyone who gets in your way. Armed with dagger, spear, sword, oval shield, a lamellar shirt, and a helm, all finely crafted, they are true lords of war.

Fierdwisa: AC: 0 [19]; Hit Dice: 8+2; Attacks: 1 dagger/spear/long sword (1d3/1d6/1d6+1); Special: God touched; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 10; HDE/XP: 9/1250.

When their Hit Points are reduced by half they become possessed by Beli-Mawr the Wildling war god and fight at +2 to hit and damage. When reduced to zero hit points or less they fight on for 1d6 turns at +3 to hit and damage.

As well as their arms and armour a slain Fierdwisa can also be stripped of a golden torc, two golden armbands, and 1d6+2 golden rings.
W

WÆLGRÆDIG (CORPSE GREEDY)

These vile creatures, these defilers of the dead, are an affront to the gods and must be destroyed wherever they are found. No one knows their origins, but once they were men. Now they are deformed monstrosities that feast on the buried dead.

They go about their dire business naked and hunched, and their skin is so moon-white that all their veins, and even their black beating hearts, can be seen through it. Their eyes bulge, their lips are twisted and swollen, their teeth are both rotten and sharp, and their hands have become almost shovel-like claws perfect for digging up the dead. They feast on only the rotting corpses of graves and barrows and show no interest in the flesh of the newly slain, even those they slay themselves.

Where they come from is unknown, some say they dwell in the underworld, others that they sleep in graves themselves and rise once a year or once a century, depending on who is telling the tale, to fulfil their ungodly desires.

Wælgrædig: AC: 9[10]; Hit Dice: 5; Attacks: Bite or Claws 1d6+1; Special: Grave Stench, Immune to mind spells and fear; Saving Throw: 14; Move:8; HDE/XP: 7/600

Their Grave Stench is so foul that anyone who fails a ST is at -1 to all action whilst in their presence. They are also immune to any magic that controls or affects the mind, or causes fear.

WÆLWULFAS (SLAUGHTER WOLVES)

Legend tells that the cannibal warriors known as the Wælwulfas came to Rædwald from a far off land called Mermedonia, but any who survive contact with them know these eaters of the dead must be denizens of the underworld. They are a primitive and violent tribe of cannibals who migrate from place to place, seeking new caves to dwell and civilised lands to raid. They dress themselves in wolf furs, cover their heads and faces with wolf heads, and even fight with wolf claw clubs all to give the impression that they are an inhuman beast, but any warrior who has stood against them and lived to tell the tale is able to confirm that it was 'just a man' he fought.

Wælwulfas: AC: 7[12]; HD: 1+1; Attacks: Wolf Claw Club 1d6; Special: Fear the Wolf; Saving Throw: 14; Move: 14; HDE/XP: 2/20

The first time these fearsome warriors are encountered a saving throw must be made. If it is failed the victim is overcome with fear of such an unnatural foe and runs. This affect only works on those yet to realise the Wælwulfas are merely men.

WÆTERWIGAN (WATER WARRIORS)

The Wæterwigan are humanoid lake dwellers created by an enchanter who is now long since dead. Smaller and more lithe than men they have bulbous eyes, potbellies, flat noses, tiny ears, needle like teeth, webbed hands and feet, and scraggly matted hair all over their bodies. They spend most of their time in the water, can hold their breath underwater much longer than most, but aren't water breathers. They live in a cold and deep glacial lake called Wodens Well in the hills of Rædwald's western border. It is rumoured that somewhere near, or perhaps at the bottom of the lake is the enchanter's cave filled with his secrets and the treasure of all the men the Wæterwigan have slain.

Wæterwigan: AC: 7 [12]; Hit Dice: 1-1; Attacks: Bite (1d3); Special: Drowning; Saving Throw: 15; Move: 14 in water 12 on land; HDE/XP: 1/15

There are twenty Wæterwigan dwelling at Wodens Well. When they are slain the Wæterwigan are no more.

Wæterwigan won't venture onto dry land to fight in melee. If attacked from range by missiles or magic, they dive deep underwater to safety. It's only when enemies enter the water that they attack. Just two of them are able to tip over most small boats and five of them can drag a character underwater long enough to drown him. Each round a character is in the water, on the Wæterwigan's turn, one grapples them. The player must roll under their character's Strength on a d20. If they succeed the Wæterwigan couldn't grab them. If they do fail the first Wæterwigan has their weapon hand. After that, on their turn, more Wæterwigan try to grab the character until there are enough of them to drown him. On the character's turn he can attempt to break free of one Wæterwigan per round with another Strength check.

Once one Wæterwigan has hold of their weapon hand the character can't attack and can only try to break free from the grapple during their turn. Each turn thereafter, another Wæterwigan will try to grab the character until five of them take hold and drown the character.

For every Wæterwigan that has hold of the character there is a +1 pen on their Strength check. Anything larger than a dagger will be a hindrance (+1 to Strength check) rather than help when fighting underwater. If the character went into the water dressed and carrying gear these are the penalties to their Strength check . . .

- +1 per 100 coins they carry
- +1 for a small shield or each weapon
- +1 for anything other than light clothes.
- +2 for a backpack full of gear
- +2 for leather jerkin or furs
- +3 for large shield or Dweorg scale.
- +4 for chain hauberk.

WERWULF (WEREWOLF)

How the curse started no one knows. Neither do they know whether it came from wolves or from men, but the result is the same: an abomination; a blend of man and beast. Very little is known about these beast men, some believe they are permanently trapped in the twisted form that is half-man, half-beast, others that they can change at will from man to beast, or to man-beast. Ancient Saga's tell of warriors who transform when in a berserk rage, and other tales claim that they live their lives as normal men, but for once a month when the moon is full and they change into beasts.

What is known is that they are solitary creatures and ruthless killers. They'll take deer in the wild, sheep and cattle when they can, and will kill humans as readily as they'll take livestock.

If they do indeed have a human form that would be the best time to kill them for the beast is fearsome.

Werwulf: AC: 2 [17]; HD: 7; Attack: Claw, Claw, Bite (1d6, 1d6, 1d6+3); Special: Curse, Immunities; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 16; HDE/XP: 9/900

A Werwulf can only be harmed by sorcery and enchanted or silver weapons. Anyone wounded by a Werwulf has 2 in 6 chance of becoming cursed if they miss their ST. What this means in your game is up to you. It might be as good as death and turn the character into an npc, it might be a terrible curse that the party need to seek a cure for whilst stopping their comrade from slaughtering innocents, or it might be a great boon for a warrior if he can control the curse. It's up to each Referee how (or even if) the curse will affect any infected characters.

WUDUWÁSA (WILDMEN OF THE WOODS)

Wuduwása haunt the deepest, remote parts of forestry. They appear to be large men around 6'-7' in height but covered in thick matted fur and with a mane of longer fur running down their backs. Although, man-like in appearance and armed with rough wooden clubs they are more animal like in intellect and have no language beyond growls and grunts. Shy by nature they avoid the races of men and do not seek conflict. Unfortunately for them the Ælfcynn hate them and have hunted them to near extinction. There are only three males left, one is said to haunt the woodlands of North Geatlund, the other is rumoured to still be clinging to his territory in the Ælfcynnwudu, or Elf woods of Eastlund Seaxe, and the third is said to move from forest to forest crying out balefully as he seeks a mate he will never find.

Wuduwása: AC: 6 [13]; Hit Dice: 3; Attacks: Club (1d6+1); Saving Throw: 15; Move: 15 HDE/XP: 3/80

S

SPIDERWIHT (SPIDER WIGHT)

The Spíderwiht is a Dwarf, a distant twisted cousin of the mountain dwelling Dweorgas. He lives in the Otherworld of the Fey. Pale and feral looking his eyes gleam with the manic madness of the Court of the Fey. He is called the Spíderwiht because he rides out from the Otherworld into the realm of men on a giant spider: a dog sized monstrosity with venomous fangs and a black bulbous body. Despite his madness he is no mere wanderer, he comes to the world of men to capture humans in a net of spider webs. Those unfortunates he captures are then taken back to the Otherworld where they will spend eternity as slaves to the Court of the Fey. He can be defeated, driven off, even captured, his spider steed can be killed under him, but the Spíderwiht cannot be slain by mortal men.

Spiderwiht: AC: 1 [18]; Hit Dice: 8; Attack: Riding crop (1d3); Special: spider net. Saving Throw: 10; Move: 10 HDE/XP: 9/1100.

Each round, in addition to defending himself with his riding crop, he can throw a net made of spider webs. He rolls To Hit and if successful his victim gets a Saving Throw, if they make the throw they are merely entangled for 1d3 turns and may free themselves, if they miss they are well and truly caught in the net and will only be freed if the Spíderwiht is defeated and their friends spend an hour cutting them free, or when they arrive, as slaves, in the otherworld.

Spider: AC: 4 [15]; Hit Dice: 5; Attack: Bite (1d3); Special: Venom. Saving Throw: 1; Move: 16 HDE/XP: 6/400.

The spider's bite is venomous. The venom is strong (+4 to roll) but non-fatal, instead it causes paralysis for 1d6 rounds.

STOORWYRM (DUST WORM)

Known by the Wildling name of Stoorwyr, or dust worm, because the poison it emits resembles a cloud of dust it is a 20' white maggot-like worm with a gaping maw of a mouth. Stoorwyrms live underground but sometimes crawl out to snatch cattle or even people. As well as its bite it gives off noxious fumes. When attacked they prefer to retreat and hole up in a cave, well, pile of rubble, or a longhouse; anywhere they can fill with clouds of poison.

Stoorwyr: AC: 8 [11]; Hit Dice: 4; Attacks: Bite (2d6 keep highest); Special: Cloud of poison. Saving Throw: 15; Move: 5 HDE/XP: 4/120

Those fighting the Stoorwyr outdoors must make a ST at -4 to avoid being overcome by the fumes of its poison if they fail they lose 1d3 HP and fall unconscious for 1d3+1 combat turns. Fighting it in a confined space where its poison cloud can't be dissipated is much more dangerous and requires a ST against death.

T

ÞYRS (TROLLS)

Most people, if they even believe in them, think that the gigantic and monstrous þyrs, or trolls, must be either denizens of the underworld or the otherworld, but in fact they are born of the very earth and rock of Rædwald itself and are an ancient race. They hate and are hated by all the races of men because of their fondness for eating the flesh of humans. The males are large, docile and brutish the she-troll is equally large and brutish, but dangerously cunning.

There is only one family of five Trolls left in all of Rædwald and when they are destroyed the race will become no more than the myth most people already think they are.

They are huge, standing between 8' and 12' feet tall, and are almost as broad and bulky as they are tall. Their hide is grey and as tough as the granite from the western mountains of Rædwald where they dwell. Their individual appearance is varied; some have horns, some tusks, and some have both. They all look fierce. By day they appear as large rocks or standing stones and cannot be harmed. Even if this stone were hacked to pieces they would reform by night when the Trolls come alive. It is only during the night when the trolls turn from stone to flesh that they can be killed.

Þyrs: AC: 0 [19]; HD 5; HP: 17, 25, 19, 20, 24; Attack: Fists, bite, or stone axe (1d6+1, 1d6, 1d6+4). Special: Invulnerable during daylight; Saving Throw: 10; Move: 8; HDE/XP: 6/600

