HackMaster



HACKLOPEDIA OF BEASTS DEUX

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HACKLOPEDIA OF BEASTS vol. II

Being a Catalogue of dangerous denizens and things that rustle in the night.

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Greytar's Dangerous Denizens of Tellene

The tome you hold in your hands is a copy of the highly sought after 'Dangerous Denizens of Tellene' — a traveler's field guide of sorts to the various animals and monstrosities known to inhabit the world. It is often referred to as the Takavil Kamelikar, or 'Slayer's Guide', though some refer to it as the Hacklopedia of Beasts. Greytar the Gentle (formerly the Chief of Scribes at the Royal Library in P'Bapar but now on extended sabbatical on the far end of the borderlands of the realm) originally penned the work.

He spent endless years compiling this manual. Initially, this tome was conceived as little more than a useful reference catalog to facilitate the scholar's dilettantish magical research, and a means of assembling his disordered collection of notes on the subject. Once he amalgamated this material for the first time, he realized both what he held and what it could become. This framework, it seemed, was admirably suited for recording much more than esoteric uses for various creature parts.

As fate would have it, Greytar's work was interrupted by the call of adventure. Former associates had located the reclusive mage and, after several bottles of Orlurian brandy, convinced him to accompany them on a quixotic trek through the Legasa Peaks in search of a fabled treasure. Though the quest would prove a disappointment to most of the troupe, Greytar's knack for observation served him well, as he dutifully recorded the unique tactics employed by each creature they encountered, and annotated perceived strengths and weaknesses, as well as remarking on the location and terrain in which they had encountered the beasts. After returning to civilization, he struck upon enlisting the talents of an artist to illustrate the savage monsters he had witnessed. The addition of these sketches to his growing treatise added a welcome visual element to the book and would prove to be valuable in popularizing it outside of academic circles.

As time wore on, it became clear that one man alone was incapable of compiling the breadth of information Greytar envisioned this work containing. He thus settled upon enlisting the aid of contributors. The mage sought those whose experience was dissimilar from his own, so as to provide as broad a perspective as possible. He was fortunate to have the acquaintance of an experienced bounty hunter who, though semi-literate, provided a verbal account of many creatures Greytar would scarcely have dared to approach. Much of this supplemental data though, was gleaned from the journals and diaries of adventurous souls he never met in person. Where possible he exercised due diligence in seeking to corroborate these observations, but sadly the old sage candidly admitted that this could not always be done.

Although originally written for an academic audience, copies of Greytar's Dangerous Denizens eventually made their way into the hands of military commanders, caravan masters, hunters, adventurers and others who all recognized the value of this work. In so doing, it has become an object in high demand by those who crave the knowledge it contains.

Over the years, various authors have added to the work; some improving upon its offering - others introducing factual errors and blurring the lines with common folklore and unsubstantiated claims. As such, there are dozens of variations of the book in circulation. Many copies, which undoubtedly served as field guides, have hand written notes in the margins.

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Dedicated to our friend and comrade in arms, Steven Konrad Johansson. And to empty chairs set for fallen friends everywhere.

The Field Researchers

Greytar the Gentle



In his own words, Greytar's sole intent when compiling Dangerous Denizens was "to catalogue all the strange and deadly creatures of Tellene. Those rustlers of the night that creep about, the stalkers in shadows, the vile predators intent on killing men."

As an academic and a scholar, he initially devoted himself to such details as a creature's diet, habitat, and useful parts that could further his own study of magic and the arcane.

However, as he threw himself into his research, he became more thorough. He began seeking answers to nagging questions that constantly kept popping up. How best to fight a creature if one found himself facing one? How do various creatures respond when encountered? Do they flee? Stand and fight? Pursue? What tactics do they favor in combat? For that matter, what tactics are effective against them? What parts, if any, could be shorn from a slain creature and have value in the marketplace, for research purposes or as raw material for manufacture?

As the years passed, Greytar's focus (and the book) slowly broadened. No more was it a simple work of a naturalist inspired by scientific curiosity, but an all-encompassing field guide of use to readers from all backgrounds and professions. Soon he was going back and jotting down tips on tracking such creatures (as well as evading those that may be following you) in the margins and noting such things as how to detect the signs of a creature in the area and how to defend against one if encountered (or, better yet, how to avoid encountering one in the first place).

Unable to study or witness most of the creatures first-hand, and usually dealing with dead specimens, Greytar sought out others with the knowledge he required. Early on he gravitated to the bounty master's stall at Frandor's Keep where hunters and soldiers brought their kills to collect the bounties. Over drinks and meals at the local tavern, he gleaned as much information as such individuals were willing to offer. He even employed the talents of a local artist to sketch the various creatures; some based on dead specimens brought to the Keep, others based on descriptions provided by those who had encountered them in the wild.

Greytar has often been criticized for including many factual errors in his work but most concur that his book of denizens is one of the most important and most complete guides on the subject to-date. Even so, rumor has it that Greytar is working on future volumes.

Greytar's personal observations and commentary are indicated by the following symbol: ⚒

Dealaan Daarmae



Dealaan Daarmae is a canny Reanaarian who has applied himself to many endeavors over the years but prides himself for being a "master thief unequaled in the arts of stealth, cunning and eluding justice." Born a street urchin in Geanavue, he has since traveled the known world having won and lost fortunes, fame, and many a lord's lady.

He has dedicated his life to lifting the property of others and making them his own without losing his head in the process.

This is not to say that he doesn't have ambition. Several times during his life he attempted to turn a new leaf and apply his skills toward more legitimate pursuits. Once as the Captain of the Guard at Bet Kasel, he was entrusted with defending the crown jewels. Eventually, temptation (prompted by a staggering gambling debt) proved too great and he made off with the goods – but not before detailing the building of traps, locks and other measures in a commissioned work for his master.

Written from a thief's point of view, Dealaan couldn't resist including notes on how to thwart such measures, making it a popular book indeed in the underworld when it was eventually stolen.

Dealaan eventually became a teacher for the Dark Omen, the infamous thieves' guild of Zenshahn. There he continued his writing, primarily focusing on various creatures of Tellene and how stealth and cunning could most effectively be used to get at their guarded hoards. Of course, as is typical for a thief, it has since been determined that many portions of his works were lifted from other sources and embellished to brand them as bits of knowledge gleaned from personal experience.

Greytar has graciously opted not to follow Dealaan's plagiaristic lead and has annotated the rogue's personal observations and contributions to this work with the following symbol: ⚒ He cannot, though, certify the originality of said observations.

Helena Vitira, Cleric of the Eternal Lantern



Helena Vitira was reared in the faith of The Eternal Lantern. Dedicated to the Shining One when she was only ten, the temple would be her home for the next thirteen years as she threw herself into her lessons and training. Mokira, her mentor, was so impressed that he urged her to take the unusual step of beginning her mission directly after her investiture. It was his hope she would return to the temple once her fieldwork was complete to mentor and inspire others, but it was not to be. Once outside the confines of the temple, Helena was enthralled with a world she had never seen. "At morn I await the rapturous arrival of He that doth shimmer for each daye presentest a new bounty!" she wrote in her journal. Helena embraced the life of a wandering missionary in spite of its hardships and took an open-ended sabbatical, extending her evangelical mission indefinitely.

Filled with naïve wonder, each new day was one of discovery, though she would quickly learn first-hand that the world outside the chapel was a dark place filled with many evils. Rather than being discouraged, this only buttressed her faith. "The world doth cry out in wont for the Light of the Lanthorne Eternal..." she wrote, "And I shallst bear it to every dark hollow and smitest all who wouldst seek such cover dark from whence to contrive yon villainy."

Helena has a particular interest in unnatural creatures of the night — especially agents of evil and the undead. Like a physician seeking a cure for disease, she threw herself into the impossible task of ridding the world of such terrors. Toward that end she engaged in countless harrowing missions, battling many nefarious powers of dread. In her heart she knows that she has more than a touch of the vigilante, and to console the occasional guilt over neglecting her cloistered brethren, she diligently inscribed memoirs of her adventures – taking care to provide any observations on the creatures she fought so that the Assembly of Light may disperse this knowledge. She dutifully sends these journals back to her mentor before setting out on a new quest, knowing always that each one may be her last.

Mokira has admonished her in prose many times, asking her to devote more energy towards converting people to the faith and less time in the endless pursuit of nefarious creatures. Helena's return correspondence always bears a subtly combative tone, confirming perhaps that she has become a true scintillant warrior forever lost to the mundane. "Pathfinder be I for the Luminous Laird. For doth not demonstrative evidence of his righteous brilliance inspire downetrodden wretches for to call upon his exalted name? Willst they not but seek the succor of He Who Shineth Bright when it is He that deliverest them from darkest peril? Nay, I doth admonish thee good Mokira that thou mightst pave mine path with thine acolytes aplenty."

Greytar stumbled upon her letters while residing in Bet Rogala. He was both impressed with her keen observations and frightened by her tales. He made a very generous contribution to the Pekalese Assembly of Light in recognition of their granting him permission to copy this correspondence. He considered gaining this valuable information — without having to experience it firsthand — a price well worth paying.

He has indicated her contributions to his work with the following symbol: 



"The Ravager"

The Ravager was a nom de guerre of a famous sword-for-hire and adventurer who wandered throughout the Sovereign Lands some fifty to sixty years ago. The historian Glandree, in his book, 'The Death Merchants', chronicled the exploits of the Ravager. Although a historical figure whose true identity remains shrouded in mystery, many of the deeds attributed to him are more folklore than fact. Adding to the myth surrounding the man is the fact that he disappeared without a trace, never to be heard from again. For years, the legends claimed he had departed the Sovereign Lands and crossed the oceans to find new realms to explore.

Sadly, those legends were shattered when the mummified husk of the warrior's remains were found at the bottom of a spider pit near the Mines of Chaos a few years ago. His journal was found lying nearby in a satchel – a treasure for which Greytar laid out a handsome sum to secure.

The journal was packed with detailed accounts of his encounters with all things dark and dangerous. He wrote about how various creatures behaved in toe-to-toe fights, their fighting tactics, effective strategies to counter them, as well as details on tracks, scat and other signs. This wealth of information Greytar pulled into his own work.

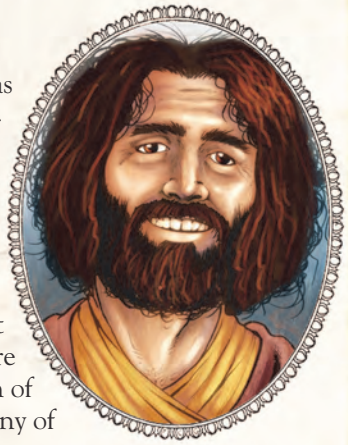
As a warrior and a mercenary, the Ravager was obsessed with humanoids in all forms, especially orcs, bugbears and kobolds, whom he considered challenging opponents. Much of his journal concerned itself with tactics on fighting such creatures in large numbers.

Although the Ravager loved the thrill of the hunt, he was also a self-professed opportunist who engaged in a fight whenever and wherever one could be found. He took everything of value from a kill that he thought could be sold in the bazaars back in the big cities. His journal reflects that mind set.

Greytar was apparently enthralled with the Ravager, for he included several excerpts and anecdotes from the warrior's journal detailing memorable encounters with various creatures.

Greytar has indicated the Ravager's personal observations and contributions to his work with the following symbol: 

Dorran Randril



Dorran is a Brandobian born to a wealthy merchant family in Dalen. From an early age he was a disappointment to his father, who naturally wished the bright boy to follow in his footsteps. Commerce held no interest for Dorran, however. Instead, he was fascinated with the family pets – many of which were exotic species his father brought back from Svimohzia to delight and amuse his daughters. These creatures, mostly birds and small lizards, did not thrive so far removed from their natural habitat, but Dorran cared for them, becoming obsessed with every nuance of their habits and personalities. He kept meticulous records of their diet, learning what they preferred to eat, and developed an artistic talent by sketching these animals.

As he matured, Dorran yearned to learn more about the natural world that was so different from the crowded city streets. He began to visit the rustic hamlets that surrounded Dalen and there made friends with a number of farmers, who were all too happy to gain the confidence of the son of a wealthy merchant. He began to spend more and more time away from home and, in the company of these rustics, embraced the Conventical of the Great Tree.

Dorran's father had tolerated his son's eccentricities, but to him this was far enough. He demanded that the boy cease his "low-born" religious practices and accept his role in the family. Rather than conform, Dorran fled to become an acolyte of the Old Oak. Dorran excelled in this service and eventually became a missionary, travelling far and wide to extoll the virtues of a bucolic lifestyle in harmony with nature. During these journeys he has had the pleasure (and sometimes misfortune) of cataloging many of nature's most intriguing creatures.

Dorran, now being an esteemed master of herbology, is routinely sought out by mages for consultation. In time, this brought him to Greytar's attention, and the old wizard and he have corresponded for years. One evening, when Dorran's work brought him to P'Bapar, the two spent a long evening over herbal tea discussing various matters of common interest. The subject of Greytar's "little book" came up, prompting Dorran to share his travel journal. The mage was stunned at the scope of knowledge contained therein, offering to buy the travelogue there and then, knowing it would fill a known and gaping void in his manuscript. To his complete surprise, Dorran said it was his pleasure to assist the magician in his important work, and that he could keep the book if doing so would help educate learned people on matters dear to his heart.

Greytar has indicated Dorran's personal observations and contributions to his work by the following symbol:

Larzon Bayz



Larzon Bayz is all about finding man-killers. Tracking them. Slaying them. Bagging them. As far as he's concerned, no challenge is too great – as long as there's money or treasure involved.

An experienced bounty hunter, Larzon has worked the border region of the Legasa Peaks for years and has a well-earned reputation for being one of the best in his field. This is perhaps why Greytar went to such lengths to include his commentary in his works.

Moving from town to town, he pitches himself as something of a 'problem solver.' He deals with meddlesome pests, be they man or beast, and moves on once his work is finished. Recently, however, he's taken a prolonged hiatus at Frandor's Keep on the borderlands where he's found more than enough work (and coin) to keep him busy.

He's become something of a minor celebrity at the Keep after hauling in countless bounties (including a half-dozen bugbears he claims to have taken single handedly). He quickly caught the attention of fellow Keep resident Greytar, who went to great lengths to befriend the giant of a man. Since both men enjoy pulling a cork, they spent many nights in an upstairs room at the Tilted Keg with Greytar hunched over his pen and parchment, asking Larzon questions and then faithfully transcribing his answers. Larzon was more than willing to share his wealth of experience as long as the mead kept flowing.

The information Greytar gleaned proved invaluable. Larzon knew first-hand that lizard man flesh makes "good eating when in a pinch — so long as you boil it and are careful to drain the fat." He related that a wounded owlbeast will "play dead if outnumbered only to rise back up and attack again at the most inopportune moment" and that kobolds sometimes "intentionally lay down tracks hoping to lure the unwary into a kill zone or elaborate trap." Greytar couldn't write fast enough. "Worth every copper piece I laid out for mead!" he later wrote.

Unfortunately, Larzon is also prone to exaggeration as well as being greatly superstitious. Many readers have raised an eyebrow at his claim that "sprinkling salt around a campfire will keep the undead at bay" or his belief that "keeping the thumb of a known thief in a coin pouch will improve the bearer's luck and increase his profits." Sometimes one has to take Larzon with a grain of salt.

Greytar has indicated Larzon's personal observations by the following symbol:

Monster Descriptions & Data

Our crack team of dedicated scholars and field agents has fully researched every creature detailed in this encyclopedic offering. We know from first-hand accounts that no such creature should be taken lightly. Even the most (seemingly)innocuous of beasts can be a challenge for hardened heroes, when effectively utilized by a GameMaster of clever and cunning mind. Since you are reading this book, we assume that you must fall into this category (or will in short order).

If you're a player, well, let's just say that you're on your way to arming yourself with potent knowledge – forcing your GM to become increasingly skilled, or run the risk of you running roughshod over his precious campaign.

The following introduction explains how to interpret the monster listings contained within each entry.

Explanatory Notes

Monster Name:

Each creature is listed alphabetically, compiled in order by the name to which it is most commonly referred by sages, scholars, hunters and those in-the-know. Names less-oft used, but still relatively common, are listed as "aka" or "Also Known As…." immediately thereafter.

Expert Commentary:

Each Hacklopedia entry includes a first-hand account in the form of an excerpt from the memoirs, field notes, scholarly works or penned books of one of the foremost authorities on the creature in question (see the appropriate biographical entry on pages 6 through 8 for each such expert). Each commentary includes tidbits of useful information written by a professional with direct, personal experience with the creature. Common annotations range from useful items that may be taken from such a kill, or how to evade (or fight) the beast, to tips on tracking it. Of course, the type, extent (and even quality) of the records varies depending on the source. While the editors of this exalted tome have taken every effort and spared no expense on verifying the accounts presented, we cannot guarantee that the field details related herein are completely universal or conclusive. For the intrepid player relying on this encyclopedia, that means be wary and forewarned.

Monster Description:

The information immediately subsequent to the authoritative commentary is more detailed and contains certain rule-specific data that falls largely in the realm of the GM, although, in a break from the traditions of previous HackMaster editions, it is not outside the purview of players to read these sections. That said, players should be wary of all entries in this book as their GM may receive clarifications and further information to which they are not privy, making complete reliance on this tome a dangerous thing, indeed. Accordingly, if you are a player, you should refrain from studying these beasts until completing at least your first encounter, and then make your own notes in the margin as your experience under your particular GameMaster could vary somewhat or even depart dramatically from that of the experts referenced and cited in this Hacklopedia of Beasts. Each monster description is broken into the following categories (as appropriate for each creature):

Combat/Tactics:

This entry describes how the monster fights, whether singly or as part of a group (or both). Does the beast attempt to avoid encounters or does it boldly or recklessly rush in, taking on all challengers? Will it fiercely protect its young and/or home? Does the thing know no fear? Is it a toe-to-toe fighter or does it prefer to pick off enemies at range? Creatures intelligent enough to employ weapons, armor and other tools may also have lists of these and other such favored instruments of war frequently used.

Habitat/Society:

The monster's natural habitat, its social organization, mating habits, gestation period, life span, description of lairs and so forth as well as any other factoids that might be useful to the GameMaster find their way here.

Ecology:

This section describes how the monster integrates with its environment, such as the manner in which the monster fits into the world and environment it occupies. What niche does it fill? What other creatures is it related to on the evolutionary tree? Where does it fall in the food chain? How does it fit in the grand scheme of things?

On Tellene:

Although HackMaster can be played using any campaign setting, play is maximized on the default world of Tellene (the Kingdoms of Kalamar campaign world). This short entry briefly describes where the creature fits into that setting.

Animal Signs: This area displays the monster's tracks to help your character recognize when he's entered a creature's range or to otherwise track a specimen. Additional information may also include other "signs" of the beast's activity in the area, such as scat, territorial markings and nesting/sleeping areas.



These tracks and markings reveal the presence of skitter rats.

Relative Size: Shown here is a representation of the relative size of an average, mature creature of the indicated type compared to a typical six-foot-tall human. Note that specimens may vary in size somewhat, so, depending on species, be prepared for smaller (whether adolescent, pygmy or simply undersized adults) or larger creatures than shown.



A fearsome drake dwarfs an average human.

Tellene Range: This chart shows a small map of Tellene displaying the monster's typical range or territories. These are the areas where the species is most common but note well that this does not mean that the creatures will never be encountered outside of their typical range as pockets of creatures may appear in unlikely locations. However, outside of the listed ranges, the probability of encountering the creature in question drops dramatically.

QUICK REFERENCE DATA BLOCKS



Sturm-wolves are most commonly found on the cold northern plains of the Drhokker horse lords.

The right-hand margin of each entry contains three quick-reference data blocks. Here the GM can quickly find a summary of game information for that particular monster entry. To further increase efficacy and speed of use in-game, three categories further subdivide the data blocks:

Combat Rose

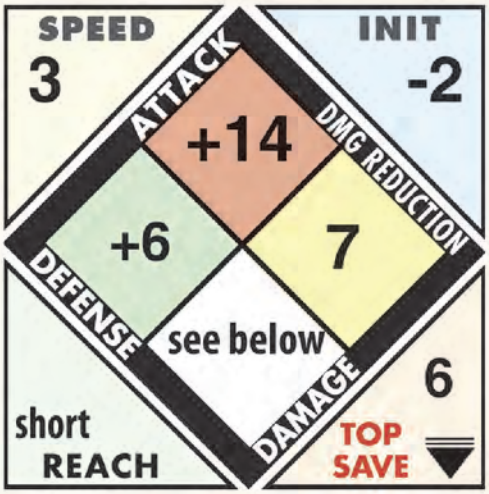
The Combat Rose is a standard icon containing all pertinent monster combat data elements in one convenient box. It yields the following information:

Speed: This statistic describes how much time (in seconds) passes before the creature can attempt to make another attack after its previous strike.

For creatures with varied attack routines (e.g. the griffyn has a Speed 3 and lists two claw rakes (2d4p+4) and a bite (4d8p) as its attack routine), the attacks occur in sequence as listed.

For instance, a Griffyn makes its first attack for 2d4p+4 potential damage upon closing within Reach distance of its opponent. Three seconds later it again attacks for 2d4p+4 potential damage and three more seconds later (7 total) it attacks again, this time with a bite for 4d8p potential damage. Three seconds after that, it again attacks for 2d4p+4, and so on.

Initiative: This number is added to any Initiative die roll. Quick and nimble monsters receive a bonus (negative numbers improve their reaction time) while slow



ATTACK:
Griffyns attack with two individual rakes of their avian foreclaws (doing 2d4p+4 points of damage each) and a vicious bite of their hooked bill (the latter inflicting 4d8p damage)

SPECIAL DEFENSES:
Flight

The Griffyn's combat rose.

or ponderous creatures are usually saddled with a penalty.

Attack: Monsters add this value to their d20p Attack roll when striking an opponent.

Defense: Monsters add this value to their d20p Defense roll when defending against an opponent. Note that monsters listed with "Shield Use" as a special defense receive a d20p-4 Defense die when not employing a shield, but other monsters use a standard d20p at all times (the −4 penalty is already factored into their natural attack ability).

Damage Reduction (DR): Whether gained through body armor, an exoskeleton, bulk, the supernatural or sheer orneriness, this is the number by which the GM should reduce the damage of any successful hit inflicted upon a monster (a hit may be reduced to zero effective damage). Creatures that normally wear armor are listed with their most commonly worn armor incorporated into this figure, but natural hide (if any) will also be listed so that the GM can easily remove or modify armor type.

Damage: This value lists the damage a creature inflicts when it successfully lands a blow. For humanoid, human or demi-human creatures, this figure corresponds to the most likely weapon they may employ. The creature's Strength score has been incorporated into this value but appears so that the GM can employ different weapons with ease.

Reach: This indicates at what distance the creature can strike. Reach is important because the unsurprised individual or monster with superior reach gains the opportunity to strike first.

As a GM, if you need to quickly calculate reach in feet, you can generally treat short as two feet, medium as three feet and long as five feet (or if the monster carries a weapon, use its Reach instead).

If the latter is applicable, this information is annotated in the monster's statistics.

Trauma Save: When struck by a single blow exceeding 40% of its maximum Hit Points, a creature must roll this figure or below on a d20 to avoid the debilitating effects of a grievous wound. Creatures with a value of "n/a" need never make a Trauma save as they either cannot feel or are immune to pain.

For example, an Orc with 28 Hit Points needs to make a Trauma save whenever it suffers 12 points of damage from a single hit (28 x 40% = 11.2, round up because 11 is insufficient to force a Trauma save).

Because Orcs have a Damage Reduction value of 3, the actual blow must be for 15 or more points of damage. Thus, if this Orc is struck by a longsword for 15 points of damage (suffering 12 points of damage), it must then attempt a Trauma save. The Orc must roll 6 or below on a d20 or be rendered temporarily incapacitated for 5 seconds times the difference in the save rolled and the required ToP save number (in this case, 6).

Special Attack: Certain creatures have attacks that have ancillary effects other than Hit Point damage. These are listed here. If a creature has any skills useful in attacking, they will be listed here as well, space permitting.

Supplemental Poison Rules: Many creatures possessing a toxic bite or sting may deliver this venom via

an attack form insufficient to penetrate its target's damage reduction [DR] rating. This does not mean that said attack failed, merely that it was insufficient to inflict a measurable wound. It may well have broken the skin and disgorged its poison despite the innocuous wound.

In order to simulate this very likely possibility, the following rule applies:

When successfully attacked by a creature with a poisonous bite that caused insufficient damage to penetrate one's armor, the difference between the armor's DR and the bite damage is applied as a bonus to the resultant saving throw.

For example, a very large spider bites a character in chainmail. The bite causes only 2 points of damage, insufficient to penetrate the mail. The character thus sustains no Hit Point damage. However, the bite may still have bypassed his armor to deliver a very minor laceration or puncture sufficient to allow the venom to enter his system. The difference between his armor's DR [5] and the bite damage [2] is 3. He thus must attempt a saving throw versus poison but adds +3 to his check.

Special Defense: Certain creatures have defenses that have ancillary benefits other than a defense bonus. These are listed here. If a creature has any skills useful in defense (such as Hiding or Sneaking) they will be listed here as well, space permitting.

Data Blocks

Herein lies everything the GM needs to conduct combat using the monster. Relevant statistics include everything from Hit Points to combat statistics to movement rates. We've presented this information so that GameMasters have all the salient data right at their fingertips.

General Info: This block contains a summary of information pertaining to the creature. This box proves most useful to the GM when planning encounters and placing monsters but is not cluttered with in-combat-related values.

Yield Box: While including some information relevant to encounter planning on a macro-level (such as EPV), this block can really be described as the 'post encounter' section. Here one can find details on anything useful that might be taken from a fallen monster (including experience points) once successfully defeated.

The three data blocks and their subentries are described in detail, below.

COMBAT DATA BLOCK

Hit Points: Each creature possesses a range of Hit Points for the monster. To determine the exact total, simply roll the indicated dice and add the resulting sum to any base HP number listed for each individual crea-

Tenacity [Morale level]	Tenacity [Morale] Roll modifier	Trigger event
Hero	None	None
Fearless	+2	50%+ in one hit.
Brave	+1	Suffer enough for ToP check; attacked from rear, front and flank; battle appears hopeless.
Steady	0	Suffer 25% dmg in one blow; flanked on 2 sides; character and allies unable to significantly damage foes in 30 seconds; outnumbered.
Nervous	–4	Suffer 20% damage in one blow; flanked; unable to significantly damage foe in thirty seconds; even numbers or worse.
Cowardly	–8	Any wound; double-teamed; unable to damage foe after two attempts; do not outnumber opponent 2:1
Timorous	None	Automatically flees at any threat, surrenders if escape impossible

Size Category	Description
T (tiny)	1'-2' in height or length (examples: giant rat, weasel)
S (small)	3'-4' in height/length (examples: halfling, kobold)
M (medium)	5'-7' in height/length and without significant girth (example: human)
L (large)	7'-9' in height or length [or shorter with appropriate bulk or girth] (examples: bugbear, gnole)
H (huge)	9'-15' in height or length (examples: griffyn, ogre)
G (gigantic)	15'-25' in height or length (example: hoar frost giant)
E (enormous)	26'-40' in height or length (example: Arakian Queen, Tetzylwyrm)
C (Colossal)	Over 40' in height or length (example: Worm, Titanic)

Movement Type	Very Fast	Fast	Quick	Standard (human)	Sluggish	Slow	Very Slow
Crawl	5	5	5	2½ ft/sec	1¼ ft/sec	½	½
Walk	20	15	10	5 ft/sec	2½ ft/sec	1¼	½
Jog	25	20	15	10 ft/sec	5 ft/sec	2½	1¼
Run	30	25	20	15 ft/sec	7½ sec	3⅓	2½
Sprint	35	30	25	20 ft/sec	10 ft/sec	5	3⅓

ture encountered. If a Hit Point range is given, a decision on the size (and thus Hit Point range) of the monster may need to be made prior to rolling for Hit Points.

Regeneration: Some monsters (Trolls for example) have a superlative capability to recover from any injuries they've sustained. In the description, it will be said to regenerate wounds at a rate of 1 hit point per X seconds. This means that the creature will recover one hit point per time interval regardless of the number of individual wounds it has sustained. This point will be subtracted from the most severe wound.

Size/Weight: This category summarizes the creature's physical mass and height (or length) as well as the typical weight. Smaller creatures are far more susceptible to knock-backs resulting from massive blows (regardless of whether or not the blow bypasses the monster's 'damage reduction' statistic to cause actual damage).

Tenacity: Tenacity (Morale) is an indication of just how willing a monster is to engage in combat and stay in the fray once suffering injury, losing a comrade, etc. Creatures with animal intelligence, or that act on instincts, have Tenacity listed. Intelligent creatures typically have Morale. Player characters, barring certain quirks, and rarified monsters have a tenacity entry of "Hero". Such a rating indicates that the creature will never be compelled to retreat due to inherent fear or injury no matter how dire the situation is or seems. This does not oblige the Hero to fight to the death; rather it places the choice solely in the creature's hands. Hero NPCs and monsters may rationally evaluate the circumstances and choose to engage or disengage as befits their objectives. This requires GM judgment on a case by case basis.

Checking Morale: Individuals check morale any time they suffer a hit in combat (or other event) that results in a trigger event for their Tenacity level. Thus, a Nervous creature must make a tenacity check any time one of the following events occurs: it suffers 20% damage in one blow, becomes flanked, is unable to significantly damage its foe in thirty seconds, its allies have even numbers or worse.

Intelligence Value	Comparable Intelligence Score
Non	Nil
Semi	0/01 to 1/100
Animal, Low	2/01 to 4/100
Animal, High	3/01 to 5/100
Obtuse	4/01 to 6/100
Slow	7/01 to 9/100
Average	10/01 to 12/100
Bright	12/01 to 14/100
Smart	15/01 to 16/100
Brilliant	17/01 to 18/100
Genius	19/01 to 20/100
Supra-genius	21/01 to 22/100
God-like	23+

Tenacity checks are handled by a competing d20p roll. The subject of a check modifies his roll by the Morale Modifier for his Tenacity Level, while the counter-die is modified by the Charisma Morale Modifier of the attacker (if a character) or the Tenacity Modifier as indicated in the HoB entry (if a creature). If the subject's roll is lower, it has failed its check.

A failure means creatures with Intelligence of 6/01 or more immediately begin executing a fighting withdrawal and move to leave combat – they can return if the triggering event is no longer in play (e.g., healed or no longer surrounded) or they are rallied by a leader. Creatures with lower intelligence immediately flee with a failed result.

Intelligence: This entry shows the relative level of a monster's intelligence/cunning compared to humans.

Fatigue Factor: After every 30 seconds of combat, monsters must attempt a competing d20p save against a d20p modified by its Fatigue Factor score. Failure in-

dicates the creature is winded and suffers a −2 penalty to its Attack and Defense, a +1 penalty to Speed and −1 to Damage. Successive failures double these penalties each time (i.e. −4 Attack et. al. after the second failure, −8 et. al. after the third). A listing of n/a indicates that the creature can never become fatigued..

Movement: This section shows the creature's speed for various types of locomotion as shown in the chart at the top of the page.

In addition to standard movement, any special movement types will be listed here, for example, flight, brachiation, swimming, burrowing and so forth.

Saves: During combat, monsters may be required to make various saving rolls. This section lists the base saving throw including any inherent modifiers based on any special mental acuity or physical advantage.

WILL FACTOR

This statistic is only listed for undead and extraplanar creatures. It is a measure of their ability to resist the efforts of a cleric to override their autonomous choice of actions by compelling them to flee the battlefield or commanding them into service. For the undead, it is also an indication of the fortitude of their special attacks

The icon beneath its Will Factor indicates the moral alignment (i.e. good, neutral or evil) of the creature. Unlike the monsters presented in *Hacklopedia of Beasts vol. I*, there are good and neutral extraplanar creatures that may be subject to priestly influence. This alters the paradigm and necessitates some additional explanation.

Although an Evil cleric's power is listed as "Command Undead," any Good creature with a Will Factor liability may be Turned by any Evil cleric possessing such power (bearing in mind that this is not a universal ability available to all faiths). Thus Evil (LE, NE and CE) clerics may attempt to drive away an Angel. Neutral clerics (here specified as LN, N and CN) with the Turn/Command Undead power may do likewise. Good clerics may attempt to either Turn such a creature (though what circumstances would drive such a need would be puzzling as collegiality is a hallmark benefit of goodness) or Command it into service. "Command" is a legacy word choice here and in this specific instance should be interpreted as "favorably influence to render assistance." Unlike an Evil cleric's total dominion over an undead being he Commands,



Will Factor for Good, Neutral and Evil beings

a Good cleric can be assured of cooperation but not subservience.

Neutral beings with a Will Factor liability may be Turned by clerics with antagonistic ethics. For example, a CN Fianna may be Turned by any Lawful cleric (LG, LN or LE) with the Turn or Command undead power. True Neutral beings (e.g. Helvetians) may only be Turned by non-neutral clerics (LG, CG, LE and CE only).

Good and Neutral clerics with turning powers may Turn any Evil creature with a Will Factor liability be they undead or extraplanar. Evil clerics may opt to either Turn them (dispatching a possible dangerous nuisance for a time) or Command them.

Evil Command Authority: The degree to which an Evil cleric may dominate those beings he's Commanded depends on the creature. For automatonic undead, the control is absolute and any order, even self-destruction, will be immediately executed. Control over intelligent undead is severe though not absolute. These beings will obey most orders save those that will result in their immediate destruction (such as ordering them out into direct sunlight). With regard to extraplanar beings, Command results in a begrudging ally. Aid will be provided, perhaps even eagerly if the priest and extraplanar being's interests align. However, if goals differ or if they were enemies prior to Command being asserted (a not uncommon situation amongst evil creatures), the creature will liberally interpret any orders so as not to subject itself to inordinate risk.

To Turn one of these unnatural beasts, the cleric must be within sight of the creature or otherwise have its attention, boldly present his holy symbol and speak (in any language) a prayer or command of his religion. The player then rolls a d20p and adds both his character's level and his Turning Modifier (based on Charisma) to the roll. The GM also rolls a d20p, adding the monster's Will Factor to the result. If the priest's roll exceeds the monster's, it is turned back and

must immediately flee from the cleric at its maximum rate for 3d4p minutes. If the results indicate a tie, the monster is held at bay for 5 seconds and then may re-engage.

Turning takes 5 seconds to complete and may be performed any number of times, as long as the priest is successful or ties. Once a priest fails, he may try again, but the undead being receives a +4 bonus to its roll. Each successive failure results in a further cumulative +4 bonus.

Attacking in melee or otherwise forcing oneself or allies onto the creature negates the repelling effects (though missile attacks do not), but does not otherwise affect future attempts or provide a bonus to the undead or extraplanar being's Will check.

GENERAL INFO DATA BOX

Activity Cycle: The Activity Cycle entry indicates which times of day/night the creature is typically active. Of course, there are always exceptions to the rule, e.g., goblin guards are active during the day even though goblins are nocturnal.

No. Appearing: Average number of creatures of the indicated type that might be encountered in a wilderness area in the creatures' home range.

Certain entries will contain details about lairs, hunting parties and other ways of encountering different numbers from the main entry. The GM should adjust these numbers up or down depending on the situation.

% Chance in Lair: This is the chance a monster is actually at home, important for determining whether the female human thief gets mauled by a family of intelligent grizzlies or finds unguarded valuables, like comfy furniture and porridge.

Frequency: The Frequency entry represents the relative likelihood of the creature inhabiting an area. The occurrence chances are based on areas likely to be traversed by human and demi-human heroes and the like and general population density of the creature in question.

For example, a Bugbear might be encountered infrequently in human lands, its frequency might become commonplace in a Goblinoid Netherdeep kingdom. Further, while a Bugbear might be encountered infrequently near a human village, its ability to hide or slay any witnesses might mean that no living local has ever seen one.

Alignment: This is the typical alignment for the creature. Unintelligent monsters have no alignment at all; they behave purely on instinct.



Frequency	Likelihood of Encounter
Ubiquitous	~50% (5040 per 10,000)
Commonplace	~ 25% (2520 per 10,000)
Frequent	~ 12.6% (1260 per 10,000)
Infrequent	~ 6.3% (630 per 10,000)
Sporadic	~ 3.1% (314 per 10,000)
Unusual	~ 1.6% (157 per 10,000)
Scarce	~ 0.8% (78 per 10,000)
Exotic	~ 0% (1 per 10,000)

Vision Type: This entry is an indication of a monster's eyesight. Normal, low light vision, hindrance by sunlight, sight in complete darkness, and more are covered.

Low Light Vision:Creatures with low light vision may operate without penalty in the region of dim, shadowy light created by any light source.

Such is the visual acuity of these individuals that they can still make out objects if within 120 feet of a torch or lantern. They are, however, subject to both

−4 Attack and −2 Defense penalties in this extended range.

Extreme Low Light Vision: Creatures with extreme low-light vision are supremely adapted to conditions of darkness requiring only the barest measure of illumination.

If within 120 feet of a torch or lantern they may function without penalty. Even in conditions perceived by those with eyes less sensitive to be complete darkness (e.g., up to 200 feet from a light source), they can see well enough to differentiate between objects and so can target opponents with projectiles and move about without fear of crashing into objects. In these incredibly dim conditions, even their superlative vision is challenged, causing them to suffer both −4 Attack and −2 Defense penalties.

Farsight: Creatures with this vision type, primarily aerial hunters, have extremely acute long-distance vision being able to perceive details at up to tenfold the range of an average human. While extremely beneficial at the extended distances flight permits, its utility is not statistically significant within the abbreviated confines in which combat takes place.

Undead Sight: The undead have a visual perception totally unlike that of the living. To these creatures, everything appears slightly surreal as if in a monochromatic dream. Ambient light is not required nor does its absence detract from their ability to 'see' the world around them. These evil phantoms can thus never be rendered sightless – at least in the traditional sense. Though some may flee the sun's rays, they do so for it pierces the shroud of dark energies fueling their aberrant existence rather than because it blinds them.



Awareness/Senses: Some creatures have unique or situational weaknesses/advantages that may affect an encounter. For example, a black bear might smell an approaching party from a mile or more away. These other senses are summarized in this block.

Habitat: This entry indicates the creature's preferred habitat. Some burrow underground while others live in trees, underwater, in nests, hives, lodges and so on.

Diet: A basic summary of the animal's diet or eating habits has been included.

Knowing whether the creature eats man-flesh or is an herbivore certainly helps with its motivations. Obviously, a herbivore won't attack a dwarf for food.

Organization: The general social structure of the creature is described here. Knowing whether the monsters have a hive mentality, or are solitary, tribal, etc., is of great use when designing encounters and lairs alike.

Climate/Terrain: This entry indicates where the creature tends to be found. Climate includes the full spectrum, ranging from arctic and subarctic to temperate and tropical. Terrain includes plains, scrub, forest, hills, rough, mountains, swamps and deserts. Sometimes a simple range will be given, (i.e., "Cold" indicates artic, subarctic and cold temperate climes).

YIELD DATA BOX

Every adventurer who drops a monster hopes to gain something from the experience. Slaying a monster invariably leaves the conqueror with a pile of meat, fur, bones and/or feathers. If he is really lucky, there may even be treasure in the form of carried items or hoarded items in a nearby lair.

Real treasure is usually obvious, while other yield items, perhaps not so much. GameMasters should never volunteer yield information to players. Such knowledge should be gleaned during game play. For example, a character notices Owlbeast claws are fetching one gold coin each at a local market and slaps himself in the forehead when he realizes he left a fortune lying in a gut heap along a mountain trail not two days prior. Of course, players that have invested in this tome likely have a leg up on their buddies.

Note that some yield items may require certain skills

Spell Immunity

Certain creatures have accrued resistance to magic (either Arcane, Divine or both, depending on the immunity). This Spell Immunity may come naturally, supernaturally or through exposure. The result is that when a spell of a particular type is cast upon such a creature, that spell fails to affect the creature a certain percentage of the time. This failure chance can be increased or decreased by location (e.g., hallowed ground or despoiled ground), a ley line or knot, present plane, magic items, and so on.

Each creature with Spell Immunity will have a corresponding type (Arcane, Divine, All) and a value. The value indicates the roll or higher needed on a save against the type of spell (or d20 roll if no save is allowed). Success indicates that a spell simply does not work. It fails with no effect on the target at all. Spells with area effect, or that affect groups, can still affect other creatures as normal, but the creature with Spell Immunity remains unaffected and unimpeded as if nothing had occurred. Spells that create other environmental effects that might indirectly affect the immune creature are not ignored (for example a spell that creates a permanent pit can still pose a falling hazard).

Spell Dampening

Creatures with this power have a supernatural resistance to arcane magic. This operates passively and is independent of Spell Immunity (though it acts as a sort of failsafe should that prove ineffective). All die rolls related to the casting of arcane spells and the use of wands receive a scaling penalty.

The level of dampening (x) varies by the capability of the power. All damage dice are individually reduced by x (if applicable) but cannot fall below 0. Likewise, the Saving Throw determined by the caster of the arcane spell is dampened by an equivalent amount.

Note that clerics casting named arcane spells from their unique prayer book (spell list) are unaffected. The latter are divine spells that merely replicate arcane effects.

in order to be successfully harvested.

Once collected or harvested, yield items must be safely stored. Don't forget that meat rots and uncured hides draw flies, not to mention the stench of a kill is sure to draw scavengers.

Medicinal: Yield listed under this category are parts of an animal that have curative or medicinal powers. Dust from the ground-up horn of a minotaur sprinkled over a wound might stop the wound from bleeding, for example.

Spell Components: Of interest to any practitioner of magic — animals and monsters are a valuable source of spell components.

Hide/Trophy: This entry indicates the street value of any fur, teeth, claws, etc. that such items taken from the indicated creature will fetch in the city markets. Note that such trophies must be carefully taken using any appropriate skills. Prices should be adjusted accordingly for creatures with maximum Hit Points (upward) or who were maimed or took unusual damage when felled (fireballed, for example).

Treasure: Treasure items that the monster is likely carrying or has squirreled away in its lair will be indicated here. Treasure can be anything from hard coin to gemstones to armor and weaponry.

Edible: Sometimes the greatest immediate yield taken from a fallen monster is much needed sustenance. This category indicates whether or not a monster's flesh can be eaten (note that some monsters are poisonous). Edible meat may also fetch a good price at the town/city markets, exotic meats considered a delicacy especially so.

Other: Yield items that do not fall in any of the other categories will be listed here.

EPV: This is the base number of Experience Points that should be awarded for defeating a monster of that type. Note that monsters encountered singly should offer only half the EPV listed. Monsters encountered in groups double the size of the party such that their superior numbers can come into play should be awarded 150% of the EPV of the group. Even larger numbers should be adjusted as warranted based on the monsters' ability to use numbers to their benefit.

Monsters and the Animal Phobia Quirk

Characters that suffer from the irrational fear of a certain animal may freeze or flee when encountering said animal pending a morale check. These animals are arachnids, bats, birds, canines, felines, rodents, snakes, reptiles, flying insects and insects.

Unfortunately for characters suffering from such a phobia, they may also have the same reaction when faced with monstrous versions of those natural creatures, such as a warg. In such an example, treat the warg just as any other canine.

Likewise, monsters that bear certain physiological similarities to the phobia animal also trigger a potential freeze or flight response, pending morale check. A sturm wolf, for example, would also force a morale check for a character with a canine phobia.

Angels, Malakhim

Also Known As: Angels, Larklyans



"… and the youth cast off his ragged cloak and shone before them in the full radiance of the divine. His voice was the clarion call of the morning, and they were humbled to gaze upon perfection. The Malakh stepped forward and with sacred unctions anointed the head of the leper, and lo, was her affliction banished and her skin healed.

"Who are thee, o youth?" asked the pagan folk, their eyes wide with ignorance.

"I am Malakh, one sent down from up on high."

"And will you be our lord and live here forevermore, to heal our ills and guard us against the evil lurking beyond the walls?" they pleaded.

With sad eyes, the youth did speak, "One voice cannot make a chorus, but it may sound the first note of discord. To raise my voice before the one true god is to raise it above him."

And the pagans wept, "Then slay us now, for a sword of fire cannot compare to the pain of wasting sickness."

And the angel fell silent.

--Temptation of the Malakhim, verse MCCCXIII, Book the Third

The Malakhim are the lowest order of angelic beings and serve their gods as emissaries and messengers. These lesser angels manifest on Tellene only at the direct behest of their gods for the fulfillment of a divine errand. Malakhim always corporealize as strikingly comely, youthful, and athletic examples of whatever sentient race they have been sent to interact with. While manifested, Malakhim are indistinguishable from the mundane beings they masquerade as, although they possess sonorous, almost otherworldly voices and, of course, an expansive set of feathery wings sprouting from their backs. These wings are capable of flight but can meld seamlessly into the angels' corporeal bodies when not needed.

Combat/Tactics:

The Malakhim, though messengers, are still angelic beings and do not shy from combat in pursuit of their mission or when roused to righteous anger. In battle, they wield flaming greatswords (as per *Flaming Weapon*, +d4p fire damage) of shining silver and outmaneuver slower, flightless opponents to exploit the shifting fortunes of battle. Evil creatures burned by the holy blade of a Malakh must make an immediate tenacity check. Lesser angels emit a 10 ft-radius aura of *Protection from Fear*, *Arcane Spell Dampening 1*, and *Fiery Furnace* at all times. Anointed followers of a Lawful Good religion automatically succeed on their tenacity checks when in the presence of a Malakh, so bolstered are they by the divine being's holy energy. The Malakhim also possess the equivalent abilities and powers of a 14th level paladin excepting that they can Turn Undead with a +14 bonus. They are immune to poison, whether supernatural or mundane in origin.

Malakhim are proud beings and do not brook interference or

Angels walk among us disguised but cannot fully conceal their beauty and vigor

WILL FACTOR 24

Size Comparison



insult well, though they can master their anger if losing their temper would mean unmasking themselves.

Habitat/Ecology:

Angels reside within extra-dimensional realms ruled over by Lawful Good deities and are organized into different "choruses" according to their ranking and power. After their creation, an angel can never leave their chorus or achieve a higher ranking in the pre-determined angelic hierarchy. Malakhim occupy one of the lowest echelons of these heavenly kingdoms and are the angels most frequently sent to interact with, and guide, the affairs of mortals. In their own realms, the Malakhim exist in a perpetual state of humble servitude to the angels of the greater choruses and may only sing in harmony with "their betters."

In the material world, however, the Malakhim suddenly find themselves beings of comparative power and strength, able to alter the course of events. This sudden transition from total subordination to relative independence can be jarring for some, and Malakhim are often subjected to great temptation during these early visits. However, being creatures of purity and virtue, few of the lesser angels have ever surrendered themselves over to vice (and the stories of those that do live on in infamy). Those that do become apostates and live out their existences trying in vain to escape from the discipline due to them. Newly created Malakhim are only entrusted with tasks that keep them in the material world for short amounts of time, but proven emissaries may be entrusted with missions that can last for years.

Upon entry into the material world, the Malakhim are assigned a material form. This assigned form is always a beautiful youth, athletic and lean. Being genderless entities, lesser angels often appear to be fairly androgynous by mortal standards (comely though they may be) as they find portraying gender a confusing and seemingly arbitrary exercise. As they age and gain experience, Malakhim eventually learn how to outwardly project the behaviors and body language of the sex they are meant to be portraying but not without gaffes along the way.

All Malakhim share a deep and abiding love of music. The Malakhim all possess Expert Mastery of Musician: Vocal and have pitch perfect, enchanting singing voices. Many are also skilled in different instruments, especially horns and harps.

On Tellene:

Though they are the angelic beings most likely to be encountered on Tellene, Malakhim are still exceedingly rare. Even if a person did come into contact with one of the lesser angels, chances are that they may not even realize the beautiful youth they interacted with was anything more than just that. Strangely enough, the people who have the closest connections to the Malakhim are also the ones least likely to notice them. A few blessed individuals, for whatever reason, are deemed too important by heaven to simply live a mundane life with its attendant dangers. Older Malakhim are assigned to these people to act as guardian angels, secretly aiding and protecting their charges while keeping themselves hidden or disguised.

Angel, Malakh

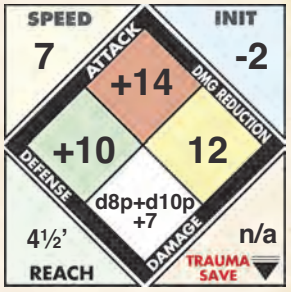
Hit Points:	7d8+30
Size/Weight:	M / 165 lbs.
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Fly:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+17
Mental:	+17
Dodge:	+17



Attack: Wield +3 silvered flaming greatswords (as per *Flaming Weapon*, +d4p fire damage). Evil creatures struck by the Malakh's sword must make immediate morale checks. Turn Undead +14. Springing.

Defense: Immunity to poison, 10-ft constant aura of *Protection from Fear*, *Arcane Spell Dampening 1*, and *Fiery Furnace*. ***Intimidate Evil*** power.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1 (rarely 2-4)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Lawful Good
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Otherworldly
Diet:	None
Organization:	Chorus
Climate/Terrain:	Otherworldly

Yield

Medicinal:	See below
Spell Components:	Blood applied to wound adds +1/die to cures
Hide/Trophy:	Corpse source of high prestige for evil clerics
Treasure:	Possibly sword
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	777

Animated Armor

Also Known As:
Phantom Warriors



Even the bravest of men and the most seasoned warriors have been known to turn and run at the sight of these fearsome oddities.

Over the years, I have bravely faced many opponents, both cunning and fearsome. But the faceless opponent is always the one that drives me mad. To look into the eyes of one's enemy gives you a measure of the challenge to come. But how can this be done when the opponent has no eyes, or any face at all?

When once I was traveling through the kingdom of Zazahni, my companions and I were forced to venture through the edge of the Vohven jungle. There we came upon an abandoned castle which had fallen into ruins. Upon investigating, we found the ruins to be inhabited. But not by the living. A suited, armored figure in plate mail which sat against the wall rose to meet us, raising a long-rusted sword in its gauntleted hand. It moved toward us and attacked, moving far faster and with much more grace than I ever would have imagined an empty suit of armor to possess.

Yes, I knew the armor was empty. For the visor of its helmet was up, and I could glimpse inside. What remained of the skull had long since turned to dust.

A fierce battle ensued between the armor, myself, and my companions. Nothing seemed to harm the thing. We hammered at it and hammered at it until the armor itself began to come apart. Finally, a decisive blow from my mace shattered the chest piece, knocking the thing to the ground. It tried to get back up, and we struck it again. Only after it had been ripped completely apart did it finally stop moving.

What did we encounter? I am not sure. But my friends called it the "Hollow Man". I had heard stories of these fought by others but never believed it until that day. — S

Animated Armor is a magically inspirited suit of plate mail. It often appears to be old and rusted perhaps revealing the duration it has stood guard. Poor maintenance is not endemic however as specimens have been encountered in various state of repair, even seemingly brand new.

Since Animated Armor derives its motive powers from the enchantment that created it, the quality of the armor itself matters only to the creature's hit point total. All examples utilize the same base combat stats.

Animated Armor seems to possess a degree of intelligence with regard to combat, but little else.

The armor itself is empty and is held together and powered by magical means.

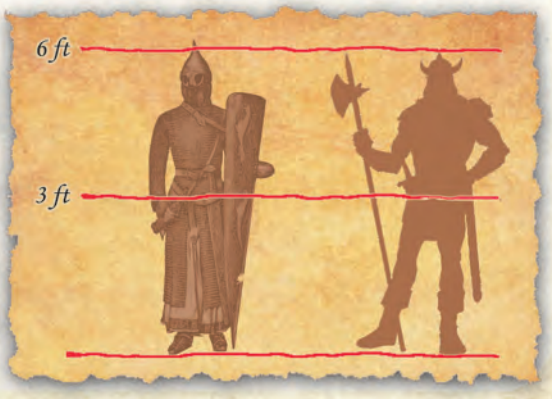
Combat/Tactics:

Animated Armor "sees" via an enchantment paralleling the mage spell *Third Eye*. This affords it standard human visual capabilities as well as infravision (60' range), the ability to see invisible creatures and objects as well as the ability to penetrate magical darkness. For purposes of countering Sneaking or Hiding, it has an effective Observation mastery of 50.

The object's response to intruders is subject to its programming. This may be quite simple as "attack anyone entering this room" to incredibly complicated with all manner of conditions adjudicating its possible course(s) of action.

Animated Armor, particularly specimens that have been well maintained, can be formidable sentinels as they are difficult to disable either via weaponry or magicks. One should attempt to take advantage of their rudimentary tactics whilst armed with weapons advantageous versus heavy armor.

Size Comparison



The magicks empowering Animated Armor are always keyed to a specific location. The automaton cannot leave its zone of control – typically an area about a thousand square feet, though a good deal of variability in this value has been observed. Animated Armor will pursue intruders but will not willingly cross over the boundary of the spell's area of effect. If it reaches the perimeter, it will simply stop and stand guard until the intruders re-enter the region. If attacked at range by enemies beyond this border, it will slowly retreat until it can find cover or get out of range if possible. Should it be forced to cross the spell's border by any means, it will immediately lose spell cohesion and collapse reverting to an ordinary suit of plate mail.

Should its programming dictate a hostile response to creatures entering its zone of control, Animated Armor will react aggressively and attack as soon as it senses an unauthorized intruder.

The typical suit of Animated Armor is equipped with a medium shield and longsword (this is reflected in the combat data block). The mage responsible for its inspiriting may have had the opportunity to alter the equipment though most wizards don't possess the tactical skill to risk making a poor choice and stick with the default. A customized model will require alterations to the baseline statistics.

Wizards sufficiently skilled to perform the animating ritual may have had access to quality weapons they themselves could not employ. As Animated Armor is frequently encountered wielding quality weaponry, the mage may have repurposed weapons of little value to him personally.

While an exceptional combatant, Animated Armor lacks flexibility in that it follows a precise set of instructions with regards to melee. This can result in seemingly poor tactical decisions. This liability is offset by the immunity to Mental spells its brainlessness provides and the fact that it never needs to check morale.

When moving toward an enemy, the Armor will always sprint. But it is clumsy and tends to ignore objects that are in its way, preferring to bash its way through obstacles such as tables and chairs, for example, rather than walk around. It tends to ignore environmental hazards unless they are extremely obvious.

When fighting, it does not concentrate on one enemy at a time but constantly shifts focus based on which enemy it senses to be its most immediate threat. While engaged with an adversary, if a new enemy approaches and engages the Armor, the Armor will automatically change the focus of its next attack to the new target. Also, any time it is hit by an opponent – whether the hit did any damage or not – it will change the focus of its next attack toward that opponent. If this was a ranged attack, the Armor will immediately disengage from any melee opponents – suffering any disengagement penalties in the process – and will attempt to move toward the ranged opponent in order to attack.

Animated Armor

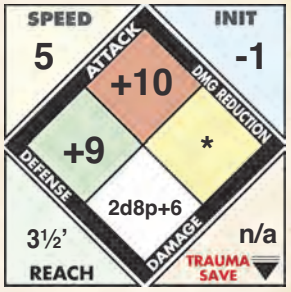
Hit Points:	7d10
Size/Weight:	M / 55 lbs
Tenacity:	Special
Intelligence:	Special
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	12½
Sprint	15

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Animated Armor utilizes pre-programmed instructions. It will shift its attacks towards any new engagement or to anyone that damages it.

Defense: Animated Armor utilizes Armor Degradation rules for hit points rendering it far more difficult to injure.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1-6
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	*Third Eye* spell equivalency
Awareness/Senses:	Infravision, see Invisible
Habitat:	Special
Diet:	None
Organization:	None
Climate/Terrain:	Special

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	None per se but; many mages would pay for the remnant plate mail for research purposes, alternatively can be used as armor
Treasure:	Many are equipped with quality weaponry
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	750

The Animated Armor is size Medium and suffers knockbacks as usual when hit. A heavy blow may still knock it back, even if it takes no damage.

Wily opponents may take note of the Animated Armor's apparent lack of intelligence and use this to their advantage in combat, working as a team to distract and/or trap it. While this may be effective when confronted with a lone Animated Armor, this strategy is difficult to implement when fighting more than one Armor at a time.

Only penetration rolls on damage dice (once per penetration, double penetration does not double the armor damage) by an adversary in combat, critical hits, certain fumble results and some spells will cause Animated Armor to lose one hit point per occurrence.

This rule makes Animated Armor a formidable adversary as it is difficult to inflict armor damage (following the Armor Degradation Rules set forth on p. 197 of the *Player's Handbook*). Successful attacks may fail to damage the Armor regardless of the damage rolled.

Note, however, that weapons specifically noted for their efficacy against heavy armor, either ignoring 1 DR (flail, horseman's mace, horseman's pick, great sword, warhammer) or 2 DR (battle axe, lance, mace, military pick, two-handed sword) will inflict 1 or 2 points of damage to Animated Armor with any successful hit. Any damage resulting from penetration dice or crits are added to this baseline damage

A blow that is blocked by its shield may also do damage to the Armor, but only if it meets these preconditions: a) The damage rolled is in excess of the shield's DR rating (default 6 for a medium shield), and b) The damage rolled penetrated. If either condition didn't occur, then the Armor takes no damage from the shield hit.

Penetration rolls occurring when casting an attack spell that calls for a certain number of dice to be rolled may also inflict armor damage at the rate of 1 point per penetrating die. If the damage dice do not penetrate, regardless of actual damage rolled, the Animated Armor is unaffected by the spell. Note that should Animated Armor succeed at its saving throw, the number of dice rolled are halved (rounding down) instead of the resultant damage being halved.

The Armor has 7d10 hit points – this being a function of its physical condition. Old and poorly maintained suits of Animated Armor, perhaps with previous combat damage, will tend towards the lower portion of the distribution curve while a mint condition specimen may have maximum hit points.

Animated Armor can be attacked and damaged more effectively via certain spells.

Dismiss Enchantment – This spell, if successful, disrupts the enchantment invigorating the Animated Armor causing it to lose its magical *élan vital*. It collapses immediately, falling immobile to the ground. The remnants are a standard suit of plate mail (damaged to the extent dictated by the Animated Armor's remaining hit points) that may be scavenged and put to use.

For purposes of the opposed check, assume that the Animated Armor is enchanted by a spell that was cast by a mage of level 14+1d6.

White Hot Metal – If cast on Animated Armor, this spell will not directly damage it. However, it will cause the armor to soften via annealing making it vulnerable to ordinary attacks. If struck by an opponent during the spell's duration, it will suffer the full damage rolled, rather than incidental armor damage resulting solely from penetrating rolls or critical hits. Once the spell duration expires, the Armor returns to only being able to be damaged indirectly.

Rust – This prayer will destroy Animated Armor leaving behind a pile of iron oxide.

This list is not exhaustive. Other spells with unusual effects may be effective at the discretion of the GM.

Habitat:

Animated Armor is a magical construct filling a similar purpose as golems. However, its appearance is far more innocuous, allowing it to be situated in plain sight without alarming guests or creating a public ruckus. Doubtlessly expensive in time and materials to create, these automatons most often serve as guardians of treasure troves or passive sentries.

Ecology:

It is surmised by arcane loremasters that a powerful ritual was employed to create suits of Animated Armor. The secret to that enchantment has been lost, but active research continues. Spellcasters have been studying Animated Armor for quite some time, attempting to ascertain this secret. To this end, remains of Animated Armor are highly sought after by schools of wizardry. Many have tried to duplicate the spell, crafting a spell that would create an obedient animated armor thrall – a powerful ally indeed. But no present-day mage has been successful, so far as is known.

It is unknown how long Animated Armor can exist in place, but it surely is not infinitely, as rusty and corroded specimens have been observed to be quantifiably less durable.

On Tellene:

Most recorded encounters with Animated Armor have been in tombs of long deceased mages. It is possible that the wizards responsible for the creation of Animated Armor subcontracted their services to other wealthy clients, so one should not be surprised to find them elsewhere.

It is theorized that variant forms of Animated Armor exist composed of Splint Mail or Chainmail. These would doubtlessly be less resilient probably having but 6d10 or 5d10 hit points respectively with combat abilities corresponding to *Conjure Warrior Avatar II* or *I*.

Ankylosaurus

Also Known As:
Clubbed Terror,
Boney Bright



When a Boney Bright turns its back on you, do not be fooled. It is positioning for a bludgeoning attack with its massive clubbed tail!

I was sent beyond Tarisato on direct orders from the emperor. OK, well, maybe not exactly direct, but the military was offering a bounty on information leading to the whereabouts of the fabled Oliphant – a beast like an elephant but as big as a house. Like I've been telling you, I have had some run-ins with some huge lizard-like beasts in the jungles, and since I'm the most famous of big game hunters in the area, unsurprisingly, the men in charge came to me for guidance. I'd not seen one of these "Oliphants", but I heard of 'em of course – who hasn't heard those childhood tales from the skalds? – but honestly, I had no idea where to find one. Naturally, I took the job anyway. I figured I'd find them a replacement beast. ,Along the way learnt that their goal was the scariest shock troop, or creature of terror, that they could unleash in the foreign wars. The idea was to strike fear into the Pekalese and end the battle before it started. So, I stretched the truth a bit, leading the legionnaire's scouts into lands where I knew we'd find major beasts. And find them I did. Between us, I could find these massive beasts, but I don't know much about taming them or catching them, just taking them down for trophies and such. Anyway, I was looking for one that could be ridden, so one that would go on all fours and also one that wouldn't eat its handlers – or us. We found one all right, big as a house, completely armored in bone and with a massive stone club for a tail and a mean disposition. I got paid for the finding, but I've since often wondered if they ever tamed one. —

These massive quadrupedal omnivores grow up to 35 feet long and can weigh 15,000 pounds. Their low, broad, bulky bodies feature a wide, low head and a beak-like mouth. Its body and neck are covered in bony armored plating, making it difficult for predators to attack. Worse, the ankylosaur's tail terminates in a massive stone club, which it can deftly swing to and fro, crushing bone and sinew of would-be predators. While typically slow-moving, this creature can move quickly for short bursts in order to position itself for defense against perceived enemies. It has a wide mouth, used for indiscriminate grazing of vegetation as well as insects, snails and other invertebrates that happen to be under mouth.

For those that can survive the encounter, the ankylosaurus supplies phenomenal amounts of edible meat, but killing one is nigh-impossible without loss of limb or life. The monster's tail club is greatly prized by shamans and primitive peoples, but they are typically found amongst remains rather than harvested. If the right buyer can be found, the tail club can be used effectively in various primitive rites and rituals.

Combat/Tactics:

Ankylosaurus rely on their armored plating and dangerous tail club to deter most predators. When faced with a real or perceived foe, this beast turns away and swings its tail with bone-crushing force. Since they are solitary creatures for the most part, battle often consists of the creature rotating around in an effort to place its head out of reach, although, should it fail, its head is as heavily armored as the rest of its body (though its underside is unarmored having only 7 DR). Their tail clubs are indeed formidable, inflicting double damage to armor[1],

Sign/Tracks



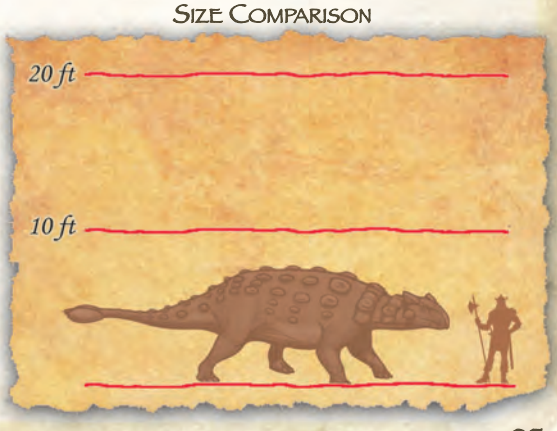
Tracks of a female clubbed terror.

The legs and pads of the anky lack the boney armor that rest of the body enjoy — a weakness local hunters have learned to exploit.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



while even shield hits deliver 3 full dice of damage. Any hit showing two penetration dice or any critical hit (regardless of penetration rolls) always indicates a broken bone[2] (only actual critical hits can result in supplementary damage; penetration results simply result in a break and any consequential penalties).

[1]i.e. a penetration die causes 2 points of armor damage

[2]roll hit location using the critical hit charts to determine location of broken bone

Habitat/Society:

These enormous omnivores spend most of their lives foraging and grazing alone, relying on their immense size, armored plating and formidable tail club to ward off enemies. Ankylosaurs prefer the jungle uplands where they browse indiscriminately on low-lying plant life, leaves, fibrous material, fruit and any invertebrates that happen to be encountered along the way. Their front feet are well adapted to digging, allowing for foraging of roots as well as insects.

They come together only to mate, and young are left to fend for themselves from birth. They mate yearly, finding one another through vocalization. Rarely, when two males come upon a female during mating season, a colossal battle will ensue. These clashes are noisy affairs and all creatures in the area rightly flee from the violence. The two males sidle up to one another and pummel away with their clubs until one of the two submits and ambles off. Despite the noise and incredibly forceful blows, these battles are almost never fatal, except to the foliage in the area.

After mating, the female will lay a clutch of a dozen or so massive eggs in a dug hole and then cover them with soft dirt. The eggs hatch in a few weeks, and the young will emerge and begin a life of foraging. At this point, the tiny ankylosaurs are vulnerable to predation since their defenses and tail club are not yet effective. If they can survive the first year, they will be large enough to defend themselves at about 1/3 the size of adults and with completed armor plates. Only about one clutch in four actually produce an offspring that survives to sexual maturity. Commonly, these animals live for at least 35 years, half of that if made captive.

Ecology:

These omnivorous monsters thrive in temperate to subtropical climes, seeking the uplands within the Obakasek Jungle. They thrive in this habitat, amongst the monsoons and periodic rainfall, intermixed with dry spells so arid that they often produce forest fires. Ankylosaurs feed mostly on low growth plants because of their low-slung head positions. Although when hungry they will use their bulk to unseat taller plants, particularly conifers and cycads. They have few predators once past sexual maturity due to their size, armor and crushing tail.

On Tellene:

These giant omnivores are found primarily in the Obakasek Jungle uplands, such as the Lopilari Range and related peaks and slopes.

Ankylosaurus

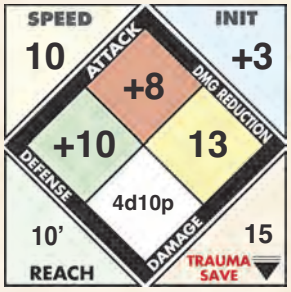
Hit Points:	16d8+35
Size/Weight:	E/ 7½ tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	–4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+18
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Threatened Ankylosaurs will turn away from foes and swing their tails threateningly, crushing any foolish enough to approach. The tail clubs inflict double damage to armor, shield hits deliver 3 dice of damage, any hit with two penetration dice or a critical hit always indicates a broken bone (only actual critical hits can result in supplementary damage).

Special: Armored body and long tail reach make attacking this creature remarkably difficult.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 (90%) or mated pair (10%)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands, jungles, forests
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to tropical jungles, savannas and rainforests

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Their bony carapace can be used to fashion magical shields
Hide/Trophy:	Tail is a trophy worth displaying and can fetch up to 100 SP
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1425

Apparition

Also Known As:
Wandering Spirit,
Revenant, Visitant



In my youth I often saw them, the spirits, you know. I never felt afraid when I saw them. They didn't seem like sinister beings at all—more sad than anything else. There was one woman I used to see often, she had gray hair done up in a very old fashioned manner and always had a look as if she had just finished crying. She wandered often through the garden, looking at the peonies in the moonlight. I would ask her what was wrong and she would just repeat that she couldn't remember— that she had forgotten where to find what she was looking for. Well, being a child, I volunteered myself to help. We would spend long hours looking for something or other, I can't actually remember what. Maybe it was… a necklace? No, a locket. Yes, we were looking for her locket.

Well, one day some porters were delivering a monstrously heavy new divan for our family's study, and one of them lost his grip. The thing fell onto our old wood floor and smashed right through. My mother was furious with the men, shouting invective and didn't notice what I did. There was a small hollow space under the floor. I reached in and pulled out a small object wrapped up in layers of yellowed lace. Of course, you've realized by now that it was the locket wrapped up inside. It was beautiful, a sort of delicate carved crystal. I rushed out to the gardens to show the spirit, but in my haste I tripped. The locket flew through the air, struck the base of our sundial, and shattered right there.

The spirit asked if I was all right and "what was it you wanted to show me?" I lied and said it was nothing, that I was just playing a game. She smiled her sad smile and went back to her wandering. I didn't talk to her much after that. I suppose I was too embarrassed or ashamed, who can say. We moved to a new house on the other side of town not too long afterward and, you know, life happened. I never saw her again. I wish that I could have made things right somehow, but you don't get many second chances when you're as old as I am.

— transcript of an interview with the apparition known as The Marquis

Apparitions may be friendly or baleful. It is best to placate them if possible for they can be mischief makers.



Size Comparison



Apparitions are spirits bound to the mortal world by unfinished business. Until an apparition's worries can be laid to rest, it is unable to pass on to whatever fate may await it. Apparitions are unable to affect objects in the mortal world and rely on others to help them carry out their desires.

Combat/Tactics:

Because they are totally incorporeal and possess no combat abilities, Apparitions cannot pose an obvious threat. They may be turned by a priest, but their tenuous link with the physical world makes this an imposing task.

Apparitions possess the power of speech and can prove a nuisance (or even an agent provocateur) should they take a dislike to a living being. Their personalities are as varied as any living being's. Some are downright malevolent while others are quite friendly.

These creatures may pass through any matter.

Society:

Apparitions, like living people, are driven by likes, dislikes, desires, and ambitions. The chiefest of these is usually the desire to fulfill whatever purpose is binding them to the world of the living. Apparitions sometimes offer rewards of hidden wealth or forgotten lore in order to entice living beings into aiding them. Of course, like people, not all Apparitions are totally honest or have some last noble deed to accomplish. Some Apparitions are tethered to the mortal world by reasons that many would deem petty, cruel, or irrational—again, just as varied as the living.

More complicated still are those Apparitions who cannot remember what it is that prevents their passing. These piteous individuals are cursed to wander the world with no idea of how they might even begin to pass on. It takes the effort of truly caring people in order to help these poor souls along the way. On the opposite end of the spectrum, there are some stories of Apparitions that know exactly what business they need to take of but for varying reasons refuse to do the task, whether because to do so would violate some moral, or simply because they fear the prospect of an unfamiliar afterlife.

On Tellene:

Forgotten corners of Tellene's oldest cities are generally the best place to find Apparitions. In the Brandobian city of Cosolen, there is said to be a particularly large number of the creatures inhabiting the ruins of an old manor house on a hill outside of town. Supposedly, they celebrate their unlife with raucous parties all through the night and have done so for nearly a hundred years.

Apparition

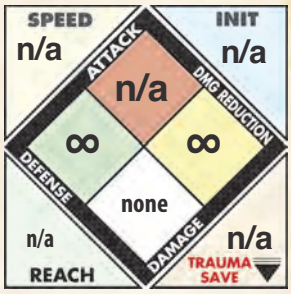
Hit Points:	n/a
Size/Weight:	M/incorporeal
Tenacity:	Any
Intelligence:	Obtuse to Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Fly:	10

SAVES

Physical:	Immune
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	Immune



Attack: Apparitions are incorporeal and cannot harm or be harmed by physical creatures; they are capable of speech and may use that power to irritate those they dislike (and may act as an agent provocateur).

Special Abilities: Invisibility

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1 (occasionally more)
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Any
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Varies
Diet:	None
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	None

Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock



"When I was first coming up in the world, it was often my pleasure to travel into the countryside and listen to the old farmer's tales of the strange creatures that, every now and again, would come wandering into their villages. In one such place, there was a tavern I often frequented that had a gargantuan rooster head mounted above the bar. The owner of the head, the barkeeper, Grandfather Larch, would only tell of its acquisition when sufficiently drunk. During one of my visits around the New Year, I was lucky enough to find him in such a state; and he related the tale. When Larch was a young brewer of about twenty-three winters, making moonshine in secret stills, there was an unusually hot summer. Crops withered, animals sickened, and the entire pace of life seemed to slow considerably, even for the countryside. On an especially humid day, Larch was sitting with some other farmers in the shade of a tree, passing around a jug of hooch. "It was too durn hot t'work," he reminded me several times before continuing. While languishing, Larch spotted something on the edge of the forest. It looked to him like a rooster of some sort. "Only, it had faahhr legs, understand? Damn-nest thing y'ever did see." As the wild rooster began to head towards them, it became apparent, however, that apart from its unconventional locomotive configuration, it was also of prodigious size. "Taller than three men on each other's shoulders! And the way it moved, by gum! It broke into a gallop and; we scattered immediately, a'course. Damn thing busted open my still and guzzled down all the mash! Then it went mad! Tearing up an' down flying onto treetops, only to jump down again, crowing and cuckooing, like it were fightin' some other rooster that weren't there at all! Then, all of a sudden, it jes' keeled over. We waited a spell before we approached, but there it was—stone dead. I guess you kin' say that big critter did me a favor, that mash could have ruined my health."—

Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks are large quadrupedal, rooster-like birds infamous for their extremely aggressive and territorial behavior. The giant birds stand six and a half to seven feet tall and weigh in excess of 350 pounds. There are many varieties of Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks, but the most common coloration consists of bright red coxcombs and waddles, bright orange neck and head feathers, mixed black and orange wings, and iridescent tail plumage of alternating black and white stripes from which the creature's moniker derives. Other specimens have been sighted that have entirely black plumage save for the tail feathers.

Each of the creature's four legs has a set of sharp claws with the foremost pair featuring a particularly cruel spur used for fighting rival males and disemboweling opponents. The beaks of the Giant Fighting Cock are also extremely dangerous as the creatures can rip out huge chunks of flesh thanks to their heavily muscled necks.

Combat/Tactics:

Giant Fighting Cocks are flightless but exceptional runners able to outdistance most predators with ease. Their large keen eyes and acute hearing combine to make them difficult to get the drop on.

Unlike most prey species, Fighting Cocks are temperamentally biased toward fight rather than flight. Despite their speed advantage, they often will face down predators rather than making the rational choice to flee. Such orneriness has engendered a healthy respect for the beast amongst hunters but undoubtedly contributes to their relative scarcity in the wild.

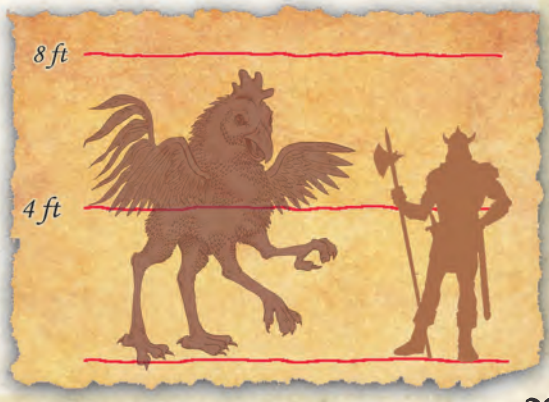
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks assert dominance within flocks through infighting. The birds leaping at one another with outstretched claws and spurs to lacerate their opponent typify such battles. Generally, the fights only last as long as the lesser bird's tenacity holds out, so they're rarely to the death.

When confronting other adversaries, they make use of this same instinctual style. However, what might be a glancing blow for a fellow Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock could disembowel a human being or cripple a hunting dog. Should their initial slashing strokes fail to drive off an adversary, they will commence tearing at their enemy with their hooked beaks (a tactic never employed when sparring with rivals).

If prodded to employ their full offensive capabilities (rather than ritualized fighting against other cocks), Fighting Cocks will always use the Aggressive Attack special combat move (gaining +5 Attack but suffering -2 Defense). When so enraged, they can be extremely dangerous as their rapid movement prevents most creatures from countering this onslaught by giving ground or scampering back.

Habitat/Society:

Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks are very social animals. Alpha males maintain a harem of smaller hens which they mate with exclusively. Within the flock, the Alpha is at the top of the pecking order; any males that he perceives to be a threat to his dominance are driven out via intimidation and ritualized attacks.

Males expelled by an alpha tend to congregate together in rogue flocks. These gangs may pose a threat to anyone unlucky enough to wander into what the birds consider their territory. Such danger zones are difficult even for local hunters to precisely define as a rancorous flock may unexpectedly shift locations in response to unknown environmental stimuli. Conversely, flocks headed by an alpha male tend to reside in a fixed abode. This no doubt stems from the fact that a dominant male can command prime territory.

A mature alpha may be larger and stronger than the younger males but is generally content to protect his flock and prevent encroachment on his chosen locale. Simply driving off any interlopers, rather than killing them will usually satisfy alphas.

Bandy Tailed Cocks and Hens are able to communicate to one another via a modest vocabulary of distinct calls and songs. While this does not approach the complexity of human language, it is sufficient to convey adequate information to permit the creatures to act in tandem.

Ecology:

These gigantic birds can be found in vast plains where small game and wild grains are plentiful. Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks may also encroach on human farmlands owing to the ready supply of food and inability of most farming communities to drive them off. Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks will eat small mammals and birds, large insects, as well as cereals.

Farmers that live in close proximity to a flock of Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks have learned to never drop their guard when a flock may be moving by. Certain areas have formed militias whose sole purpose is to band together into a sheltron of ten or twenty men in order to drive the creatures away with long pikes.

An apocryphal story describes a Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock that swallowed an entire chest of gems in order to better help it digest. These birds certainly have been observed swallowing stones to aid in mastication and, such behavior is no doubt the source of this story.

On Tellene:

Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cocks are native to central and southern Svimohzia. Some have certainly been captured and occasionally can be encountered as exotic fighting beasts in gladiatorial arenas. That a specimen may have escaped and gone feral is undoubtedly possible.

Giant Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock

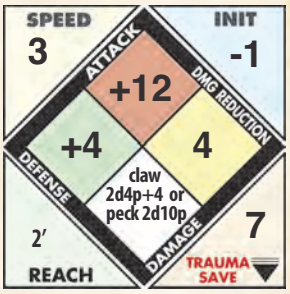
Hit Points:	5d8+33
Size/Weight:	L/375 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	25
Run:	30
Sprint:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Fighting cocks initially swipe with their clawed forelegs (with +7 ATK, +6 DEF) inflicting 2d4p+4 damage on a hit. Should they fail to drive off their combatant, they begin an ***Aggressive Attack*** on all subsequent strikes (Combat Rose reflects *Aggressive Attack*). This begins with the beak that inflicts 2d10p on a successful bite followed by two individual swipes with forelegs before pecking again.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-6
% Chance in Lair:	100% (alpha males) or 0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Keen eyesight & hearing (Improved Initiative - 1 die)
Habitat:	Grasslands
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Flocks
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	650

Banshee

Also Known As:
Groaning Spirit, Keening Spirit



Feign not my empathy for the sorrowful circumstances that did germinate the horrible Banshee with pity for this malignant being. For I am too a maiden and comprehend the bealuful wound the loss of a newborn child wouldst inflict. However, to wallow in despair to such a degree that one develops an irrational loathing and jealousy of life itself is a moral failing of the first order. Afford no clemency to the Banshee for she hast brought this wicked existence upon herself and wouldst gleefully slay any being she didst happen upon.

Take heed of the doleful wailing of this vexatious spirit, for it heralds her approach and doth possess the ability to sap the spirit and render the stoutest heart like unto a mewling babe. Yield not to these moanings for in so doing you leave yourself vulnerable to her spiteful vengeance. It is your death she seeks, not in vengeance for a wrong you have inflicted, but purely to ineffectually sate the bottomless well of malice in which she steeps.

My admonition is that lest ye be most accomplished and esteemed by thyne deity, make haste and depart the despoiled lands that the Banshee haunteth. These are clearly evident to even a dullard as her curse has likely exterminated even the flora leaving a barren land.

The Banshee can be slain but, the manner ye employ must differ. For unlike other variety of spirituous evil, she possesseth but the slightest vulnerability to weapons argentine and will sustain but little harm from even the severest of blows. Iron and steele will pass harmlessly through her diaphanous presence.

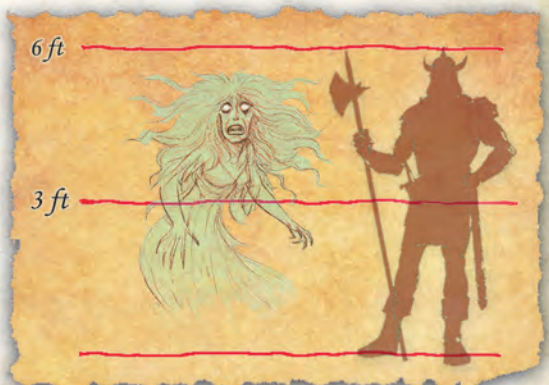
To truley wound her, you must strike with weapons blessed by thyne god. I speak not of rarified artifacts but of simple martial tools a priestess may imbue with her god's favor. Only these will strike true to their full grievous intent though the Banshee spirit doth exhibit supernatural resistance to even these armaments.

Pay heed to thyne fellows for the Banshee will selectively impart her gift of death upon those unable to actively resist her.

These baneful spirits wallow in their misery. Dismissing them from their abode of internal torment is especially difficult



Size Comparison



Banshees are the spirits of women who've died during or shortly after childbirth. Wracked with emotion and distraught over the loss of their child, they've returned to haunt the living. Often heard before they are seen, Banshees resemble ghosts in a physical sense. They appear as incorporeal white, or blueish-white images of their former selves. Because of their immortality, elven women are particularly susceptible to becoming banshees when they die during childbirth.

Combat/Tactics:

Banshees can automatically sense living creatures up to half a mile away and will let out an initial wail at that time. Thus, more often than not, one is likely to hear a banshee before encountering her.

A Banshee's wail induces fear with the game effect expressed as a reduction in the morale (or tenacity) of a character (or creature) by one morale level (e.g., a "hero" level morale becomes "fearless" instead). Subsequent howls cause an additional stepwise loss of morale (to "brave", "steady", "nervous" "cowardly" and finally "timorous"). Within 60 feet, this keening can also render a combatant ineffective.

This loss of morale has explicit implications for players accustomed to acting completely at their own discretion with respect to the perils of combat their character may face. Characters with the Coward quirk will already be familiar with these restrictions. In effect, PCs must now react to "trigger events" listed in the Tenacity/Morale chart on page 12 by attempting a morale check. Should they fail, they are compelled to immediately begin executing a fighting withdrawal and move to leave combat – they can return if the triggering event is no longer in play or they are rallied by a leader (assuming one has been designated).

Characters (along with NPC allies and animal companions) are automatically spooked by the Banshee's initial wailing and drop one morale level upon its utterance[1]. Determining if one succumbs to subsequent Banshee moaning (and consequent one additional step morale drop) requires a Morale Check. The character rolls a d20p and adds/subtracts both the Tenacity (Morale) Roll modifier for their current morale level (see p. 12) as well as their Charisma based Morale Modifier. This number is compared to the Banshee's roll of d20p+2. Those failing to equal or better the Banshee's roll suffer a loss of morale.

When adversaries approach to within 200 feet, the Banshee will wail again and continues to do so every 30 seconds thereafter. With proximity (≤60 feet), an additional

Banshee

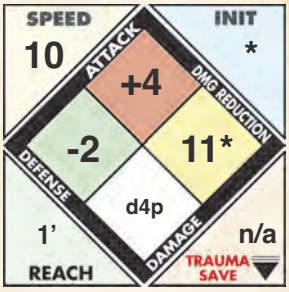
Hit Points:	d8+20
Size/Weight:	M / weightless
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	n/a
Walk:	n/a
Jog:	n/a
Run:	n/a
Fly:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+17
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+16



Attack: Can sense living creatures half a mile away and thus cannot be surprised (always act on second 1); Drains CON equal to hit point damage; Wailing lowers morale

Special:
Silver weapons only mildly injurious – others ineffective; Can fly at 10'/s to bypass obstacles (i.e. passing through objects)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Sense living creatures within half mile
Habitat:	Desolate places
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Jewelry and beautiful objects they have buried out of spite and hatred
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	800

power of the Banshee's wail comes into effect. Those failing their Morale Check within this distance from the undead creature not only lose a morale level but are also rendered incapacitated (as per the trauma rules), whimpering quietly, paralyzed with fear[2]. The latter persists for one minute for every integer they failed their morale check by.

Defensive measures may be taken to contravene a Banshee's doleful grieving. These include stuffing one's ears with wax or putting solid or sound absorbing objects between the victim and the creature (even something as simple as a wall helps). Every 20-foot interval from the creature will add a +1 to the morale check (e.g. +1 to morale check at 21'-40', +2 at 41'-60'). Stuffing a soft, sound-absorbing material into the ears (such as cotton or wax) will add another +1 to the Morale Check. Dropping handheld equipment and covering one's ears with hands affords another +1 to the morale check. Putting some form of physical material between the player and the creature (such as a wall) will add an additional modifier from +1 to +3 (GM's discretion). However, the maximum sum of all bonuses cannot exceed +5.

Once an adversary has been incapacitated, the Banshee will proceed to sap his life force by angrily striking him with her hands. As with most undead, such a blow will inflict 1d4p damage (no DR). This damage also reduces the victim's Constitution score by an equal amount. When Constitution drops to <2/01, a character cannot move; with a score of <1/01, he falls unconscious from dread for an hour; and when the constitution drops to zero, he perishes, frightened to death, leaving only a white-drained corpse, face twisted in eternal terror. She can perform this touch once every 10 seconds in combat or every five seconds against foes who are unable to fight back.

Banshees can only be injured by blessed (*Bless Weapon, Bless Weaponry, Bless Weapons)*, true magic weapons (full damage), and Holy Water (full damage).Silver weapons inflict 25% damage. Others weapons are ineffective. The Banshee's DR applies to these wounds (sDR for holy water is ignored). All other weapons pass through her nearly incorporeal body. A Banshee is vulnerable to arcane magic but receives standard saving throws.

Habitat and Society:

A Banshee is created when a woman dies during childbirth. When this happens, the pain and emotion is so great that the soul refuses to fully cross over to the afterlife. What remains behind is a hate-filled spirit bent on destroying all life. Banshees are typically found wherever they died. While they are most often spotted at night, they are active during the day as well.

One peculiar aspect of the banshee is that they also act as heralds predicting the coming death of people of importance. They have been known to arrive at locations where a powerful or influential person might dwell and wail in grief at their coming death and loss of life. One could easily dispute that the Banshee herself is often the cause of this person's death. Afterwards, the Banshee typically remains in the area for an extended period of time.

The wail of the Banshee is so destructive that it will stunt and kill flora and fauna in the area. As such, a Banshee's lair is often a desolate place, barren, stark and full of death. As one draws closer to the heart of the lair, the grass will become blackened and vanish completely. Plant life will fail to sprout and no animals will enter.

Ecology:

Banshees seem tied to the locations in which they died. They can move freely about and have been known to pursue creatures for considerable distances, but they eventually return to haunt the location of their death. Many will pantomime actions that have occurred in the time leading up to their demise. Because of this, Banshees are often confused with other incorporeal undead such as ghosts and haunts. Banshees have no regard for life of any sort. They see it as an affront to what was taken from them, especially children. When they sense living beings are near, they will hunt them down and destroy them.

Though most cultures consider a Banshee an ill omen of death, Brandobians believe they were created to usher people of importance into the afterlife. When a Banshee arrives to wail over a chosen one it is considered an honor and gift from the gods. Those witnessing such an event will quickly alter their opinion on the matter.

On Tellene:

Banshees can be found anywhere on Tellene where a woman dies in childbirth. These creatures rarely sprout from evilly aligned creatures, though it has been known to happen from time to time.

[1] Note that clerics of the Church of Everlasting Hope and Halls of the Valiant are immune to this effect and need never attempt a Morale Check. Proximity to these clerics (≤10') provides a +1 bonus to all Morale Checks made against the Banshee's wailing. A knight may apply his **Inspire Others** power affording allies within 10' a +4 bonus to Morale Checks.

[2] Several clerical prayers (see *Zealot's Guides*) can bolster morale. These will counteract the morale dampening effects of a Banshee's wail and permit a Morale Check re-roll for individuals incapacitated by fear.

Bat, Giant Vampyre

Also Known As:
Death Wings



I was running as fast as I could manage. My head swam as I drew in ragged breaths of the humid jungle air. Behind me, the sounds of battle faded as I splashed farther into the jungle interior. It had been an ambush. So stupid not to have seen the signs, but by then we were beyond exhausted. In the four weeks since our departure from Zha-nehzmish, we had completely consumed our supplies—including the fresh water. Our "jungle guides" had assured us that it would be a simple task to resupply along the way, but the opposite turned out to be true. There was water everywhere, to be sure, but all of it was fetid and reeked of decay. The only game to be had was snakes and frogs, brightly colored and oozing with venom. When the ambush began, my first thought was that dying would be a mercy compared to trudging one more mile through that damnable jungle. The screams of my porters convinced me otherwise. I had heard stories of what the men of the Vo-hven did to their captives, but I had no wish to confirm their veracity. I leapt from my palanquin and ran headlong into the jungle, shedding my robes of office as I did so. Undignified for a man of my station, I know, but we were a long way from Ahznomahn. Besides, all of the necessary insurance had been purchased to cover the loss of the laborers.

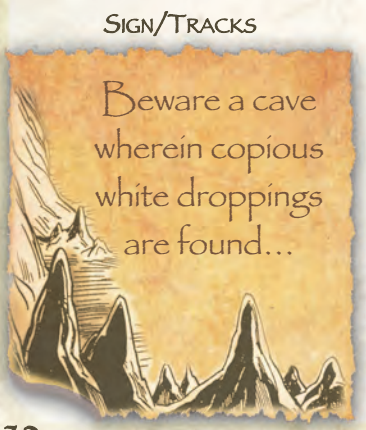
Just when I was sure I could run no longer, I found myself at the edge of a wide clearing with a prodigiously large, dead tree standing in the center. The standing water was knee deep, but any fear I had of water snakes was of little concern next to the fear of capture. I emerged out from under the canopy and light from the risen moon shone down as I waded through the water towards the tree, hoping that it was hollow. There was an opening in the base of the tree, and I had to suck in my paunch in order to squeeze through to the interior. My nostrils were immediately assaulted by the powerful odor of the place. It stunk worse than my uncle's horse stables on a hot day. My boots (already ruined by my retreat through the jungle) sank down into some sort of soft, stinking mud until the rank stuff began to flow over and into my boots.

I retched and began trying to squeeze my way out, but stopped dead when I heard the slow, rhythmic breathing above me. By now the moon had progressed in its nightly journey until it was almost directly over the opening at the top of the hollow tree. Its light illuminated a dozen or more furry bodies handing upside down about 25 yards above my head. Each one seemed to have a torso about three feet long, they didn't actually seem that large at all. My attention was suddenly drawn back to the tree's exterior by the low murmurs of human voices from the forest's edge. Emerging from the tree line came two of the warriors from the ambush, inspecting something hanging from a low branch. I looked down at my silk tunic. There was a scrap of fabric missing. It must have torn off as I ran. One of the warriors pointed towards the tree and they began to silently wade out towards my hiding place, brandishing long spears. I would be skewered like a pig as soon as they found me.

Wasting no time, I tried to squeeze my way back out of the tree and make a break for the jungle. It was useless. The hole in the base of the tree angled inward, I couldn't force my way back out. That didn't stop me from trying, however. I slammed myself against the tree, trying to force my way out if I had to. My efforts sent vibrations shooting up through the tree's dead bulk and the slow breathing from above me was replaced by high pitched chirping as the creatures began to stir to wakefulness. I froze. The dozens of beasts were on the move now, climbing up towards the light of the moon. When I saw them spread their leathery wings, I finally realized that they were bats! Gigantic bats of a kind I had never seen. Their wings must have been eight feet from tip to tip. The giant bats cast huge shadows onto the water in the moonlight and I heard the warriors cry out in alarm. From my vantage point, I watched the colony of bats swoop down onto my would-be assailants landing only long enough to sink their prodigious fangs into the exposed flesh of the warriors before taking off again—only to return seconds later. Blood ran freely from the bite wounds inflicted by the bats and soon the tribesmen were stumbling back towards the tree line, unwilling to fight against the black-winged monsters. One of the pair tripped as he ran. When he resurfaced, all twelve of the bats were on him at once. He shook and screamed, but the bats were too much for him. They drank their fill and left the man, pale and limp, to float quietly in the water before he eventually sank below the placid surface. I hid in the base of that tree for four days, covering myself in bat guano and keeping absolutely still to avoid detection. On the morning of the fourth day, I was able to squeeze my way back out and escape from that hideous clearing.

From the testimony of Izvan Izahn, Defendant in the Case of Izvan Izahn vs. The Ahznomahnii Spicer's Guild

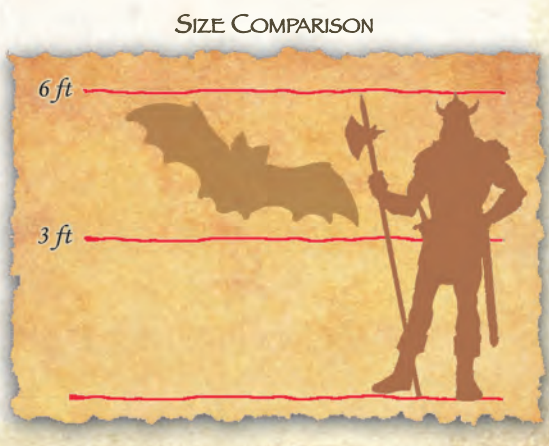
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Giant Vampyre Bats are social, nocturnal parasites that subsist on a diet consisting entirely of blood. These hematophages grow to weigh about 33 lbs and stand about three feet tall. Their wingspan ranges anywhere between seven to eight and a half feet wide, and their fur ranges from jet black to light brown and in rare instances, snowy white. Some claim that these albino giant vampyre bats grow even larger than the more common varieties, but this has never been verified.

Combat/Tactics

Giant Vampyre Bats hunt best in complete darkness where they can use a combination of echolocation and thermal detection to find their prey. A Giant Vampyre Bat's large, fleshy nose has thermoreceptors used to detect the warmth of blood in its potential victims. A Giant Vampyre Bat attacks by swooping down onto its prey and puncturing its skin with its razor sharp fangs. These enamel-less teeth are sharp enough to puncture the thick hides of most large mammals or slide through mail links and functionally ignore two points of DR. Creatures who sustain a wound of five or more points from a giant vampyre bat are subsequently subject to severe bleeding as the anticoagulants in the bat's saliva inhibit blood clotting. The bite of a Vampyre Bat is also dangerous as a disease vector. Giant Vampyre Bats are host to several diseases that, while having no effect on the bat, can be dangerously injurious to human health.

Habitat/Society:

Giant Vampyre Bats congregate together in social groups called colonies. Small colonies may be found in hollow trees, old wells, or abandoned houses while larger colonies require more space and are often located in caves or particularly spacious abandoned structures (such as the ruins of a high-ceilinged church, a barn, or a manor house). While small colonies of the bats may only have around twelve individual members, larger colonies may number hundreds strong or even thousands strong. Colonies produce massive amounts of guano which piles up beneath the bats. The guano is highly prized by farmers for its properties as a fertilizer, and some mages believe it can increase the potency of a Fireball spell. Guano also attracts large numbers of insects that feed on and help to decompose the guano. Particularly large concentrations of guano are rumored to attract insects of comparatively greater size as well.

In the wild, the primary prey of Giant Vampyre Bats are large herbivores. As Giant Vampyre Bats range from cold to tropical climates, these prey animals also vary considerably, from elk to water buffalo, camels, mule deer, and in some cases, human beings. Giant Vampyre Bats are the bane of ranchers and herdsmen whose large herds and flocks are prime targets for the bats' nightly feeding. Extermination of the bats is difficult, not only because of their large size and dangerous bite, but also because locating the actual site of the colony is complicated by the bats' fifteen square mile hunting range.

Giant Vampyre Bats are very social creatures that practice altruistic sharing of food. A Giant Vampyre Bat cannot go more than two days without feeding, and not every night will end in a successful hunt. Giant Vampyre Bats will beg for food from their fellow colony members who will vomit a portion of their gathered blood into the less fortunate bat's mouth. That bat will later reciprocate the favor if another bat is in need.

On Tellene:

Giilia is known as The City of Bats for a reason. A cave complex just over a mile west of the city holds one of the largest colonies of bats on Tellene. The sixteen million bats which live in the cave system are primarily of the small, insectivorous sort; but the cavern also houses thousands of Giant Vampyre Bats which fly off nightly into the hills to hunt for larger prey.

**Untreated severe bleeding continues to cause damage at the rate of d6—2 hp per minute. However, a natural "1" on the damage roll indicates that the wound has clotted sufficiently on its own to halt further hp loss. A character with the First Aid skill can staunch the bleeding with a pressure bandage. This requires an average skill check for a novice and can automatically be performed by anyone of higher skill mastery. The time required is equivalent to other applications of critical care. Note that the patient continues to suffer bleeding damage until the first aid provider completes his task.*

Giant Vampyre Bat

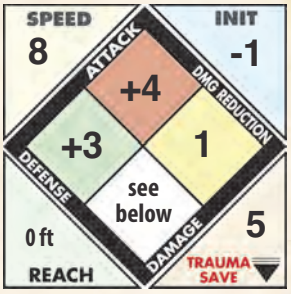
Hit Points:	d8+16
Size/Weight:	S / 33 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	5
Fly:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+3
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Lands on stationary prey or flutters about active targets; bite inflicts 2d4p damage and bypasses 2 DR; anyone suffering a ≥5 hit point wound (*e.g. after DR*) is subject to severe bleeding*. May spread disease via bite.

Special: Flight, Blind Fighting

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-12
% Chance in Lair:	100% (during the day) or 50% (at night)
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Extreme low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Blind Fighting
Habitat:	Caves
Diet:	Hematophage
Organization:	Flocks
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	Guano is thought to improve night vision
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Wings and fangs
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes (though meat may be a disease vector)
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	75

Bears: Polar & Short-Faced

I was on a hunting expedition north of Shyta-na-Dobyo in search of the most amazing furs. The snow-white softness of the runtling seal makes for lucrative sales even if collection is dirty business. To find my quarry, my local guide took me by dogsled along the eastern coastals of the Shadesh where the ice breaks into the bay. On our third day north, we headed onto the frozen waters. It was there, without warning that we encountered the fell beast. Even now, I do not know from whence the creature sprang. It was suddenly upon us, blood and gore spraying in contrast to the whiteness blanketing all else. We lost two dogs from the team before we could rally. By the time I found my blade, the beast was already devouring its prey. The sheer size and ferocity made me realize that the cost of the dog was the best of the deal we could hope.

Now, having spoken to my guide and other Dejy I have met since, I know this white beast of the north to be a massive bear, considered a magical beast – the White Ghost Beast – by the locals. The locals insist the bear has the intelligence of a man, able to attain invisibility by hiding its black nose with its great paws. If I can find the right team and guide brave enough for the task, I will track one, for the hide should fetch a kingly sum in the southlands or make a nice cloak should these invisibility rumors prove true. —



Polar bears are known stalkers and ambushers. They are also known to hunt and attack in the dark of night.

These large creatures are surprisingly fast.

These bear subspecies exhibit large, bulky, immensely strong bodies just as their brown, black and cave bear cousins do. The following sections detail the major distinctions in these animals.

Polar Bear

The polar bear is a carnivorous bear whose native range lies largely within the frozen north of Tellene, primarily in the bays and oceans and their surrounding islands and shorelines (but inclusive of Lake Jorakk of course). A typical polar bear weighs around 1200 pounds, is 4 feet tall at the shoulder when on all fours and stands nearly 9 feet tall on its hind legs. The great white bear's powerful, large, stocky limbs and huge paws allow it to cover miles on foot run on land as well as swim proficiently in any size body of water. The polar bear has an elongated build and a longer face than other bears. Its claws are designed for grabbing hapless prey as well as digging into drifts and ice.

Combat/Tactics:

Polar bears are stealth hunters, tracking and ambushing the hapless victim who is generally unaware of the bear until far too late. They attack by swatting prey with their paws and grabbing it; if this bear scores 6 or higher than required on a specific attack or scores two consecutive hits, it has grabbed its foe.

Thereafter, the bear will hold its prey and automatically bite the head (DR for helmet only, if any) every 4 seconds (do not roll to attack); the grip can be broken by a successful Feat of Strength vs d20p+16 or by a strong enough attack as to deliver a knock-back to the monster.

Polar bears are biologically adapted to extreme cold and gain 8 DR vs. magical attacks that inflict damage via freezing.

Sign/Tracks

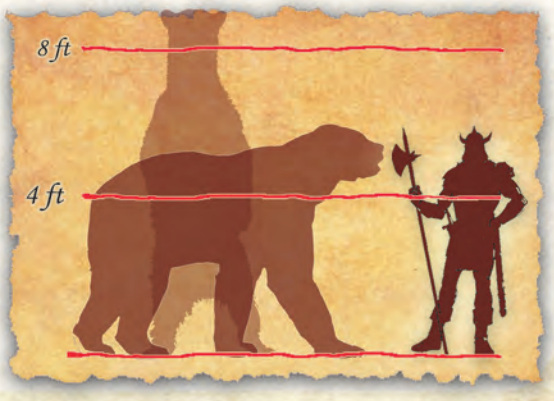


Fighting toe to toe with these creatures is foolhardy. Their massive claws are capable of delivering frightful damage.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Short-faced Bear

One of the largest predators on Tellene, the short-faced bear is similar to its smaller brethren, the cave bear and brown bear but has a smaller snout and larger build. It stands only 5 feet tall at the shoulders, making it shorter than the cave bear but its elongated, bulky body helps it stand at 12 feet when up on its powerful hind legs. With its broad, muscular build, the short-faced bear tips the scales at over a ton, almost twice the mass of a typical cave bear.

Combat/Tactics:

The short-faced bear attacks by swatting foes with its powerful paws. If a short-faced bear successfully attacks with two consecutive claw attacks, it traps its opponent in a crushing hug, inflicting automatic damage every 3 seconds thereafter. The hug can be broken with a successful attack that is powerful enough to cause a knock-back or with a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+22). A Feat of Strength can be attempted every 5 seconds after the victim is enveloped in the hug attack. While trapped in a crushing hug, a victim can only attack with a dagger or knife.

If successful with the paw, a crushing bite to the head (roll to-hit, but no called shot necessary). Damage is the same for both attacks, but the head attack considers only DR for head gear if any.

Habitat/Society:

Although most polar bears are born on land, they spend the majority of their time on the ice. Polar bears frequent areas where sea ice meets water. There they hunt their preferred prey from the edge of sea ice in the waters of the great north, especially the seals that make up most of the bear's diet. Unlike their various land-based cousins, polar bears are not territorial. They move about hunting for prey and rest when tired.

Seals are the preferred food source of polar bears, making them a dangerous threat to seal hunters.

They also hunt creatures as large as elephant seals and whales. When forced inland due to warmer temperatures, polar bears will consume caribou, reindeer, humanoids, demi-humans, humans and their ilk, even ogres and grevans are not safe when faced with this beast. Failing larger prey, they will forage for plant life, kelp, eggs, rodents or crustaceans and even hunt smaller polar bears.

The short-faced bear is omnivorous, eating berries, vegetation, fish and insects when hungry but it vastly prefers more substantial fare such as caribou, bison, moose and similar large prey. They also prey on Dire Wolves and Sturm Wolves; however packs of those creatures can drive off a short faced bear, even forcing one from its kill although this would be a rarity indeed as the pack would need to be desperately hungry and the bear only moderately so.

The short-faced bear tends to dwell in dense woodlands and at altitude. A typical short-faced bear's den may be a small cave or even a large cave system. They have been known to force whole humanoid clans to relocate when it happens to move into the front doorstep of a goblinoid or orc cave system.

Polar Bear

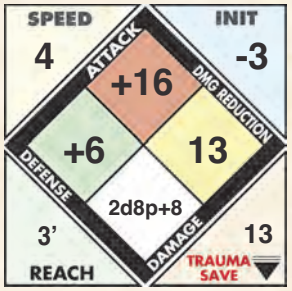
Hit Points:	8d8+38
Size/Weight:	H/1200 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	–3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+18
Mental:	+13
Dodge:	+15



Attack: Polar bears attack when hungry which is often, as a large caloric intake is needed to nourish such a large beast in its stark habitat. Satiated polar bears rarely attack unless severely provoked.

Defense: Camouflage, 8 DR vs. cold attacks

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-2
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Keen sense of smell (Tracking 90%), Sneaking 35%, Hide (65% when in snow, ice or arctic surroundings)
Habitat:	Arctic and subarctic waters and coastal regions
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Sub-arctic to Arctic

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	Polar bear hair can be used for invisibility spells
Hide/Trophy:	Hides used for clothing and rugs
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	None
Experience Point Value:	1400

Ecology:

The short faced bear sometimes encounters its smaller cousins, the grizzly, cave, brown or black bear. Only the cave bear will not flee on sight, however, even that enormous beast will give way and retreat if pressed. A ravenous short-faced bear will sometimes prey on black or brown bears though this is indeed a rarity as they seem to dislike the taste.

Neither the short-faced bear nor the polar bear has common competitors or enemies in their respective niches. The short faced-bear is simply too massive to be hunted by any creature except certain rarities such as a Drake.

The polar bear is simply too out of the way for most large beasts although Grevans have been known to hunt these fell creatures to prove their bravery (or to die trying). Certain Fhokki tribes will try their hand as well but always in a concerted effort and again, under only very unusual circumstances due to the extreme danger in comparison to the reward to be gained.

Due to its remote habitat, polar bear hides are a rarity and this, coupled with the beautiful shade, can fetch a high price if brought to the right purchaser. The short-faced bear hide is not luxurious or soft, but the sheer enormity would make it a curiosity worth selling and thus valuable in certain circles. Neither creature consciously gathers riches such as silver or gold. Despite the potential value to be had in furs, few furriers are foolhardy enough to hunt these beasts; the reward, however large, is generally not worth the price of one's life.

On Tellene:

Short-faced bears have a great range and while rare, can be seen throughout Tellene though they are least common in the arctic and deserts likely due to lack of prey. They are most common in the alpine forest of the various mountain ranges even, though very rarely, on Svimohzia.

Polar bears live exclusively in the artic and subarctic frozen north and cannot abide warmer temperatures. The polar bear spends many months of the year at the interface of ice and ocean. In the Shadesh Bay and Lake Jorakk, the ice melts completely each summer, forcing polar bears to go onto land and wait through the months until the next winter or to retreat to the ever-frozen tundra of the far north.

Both bear species avoid intelligent races and their dwellings unless extremely hungry or by accident (such as the entrance to a cave system). Any bear may attack if it is surprised or feels that it, its territory or its offspring are somehow threatened. The short-faced bear considers any living creature food and will not hesitate to initiate an assault if hungry and more usual prey has not been scented. The polar bear will only attack if hungry and humans, demi-humans or humanoids happen to be readily available or pass by a waiting polar bear. As some of the largest and hardiest creatures on Tellene, only an abject fool takes a polar or short-faced bear lightly. These creatures should be avoided.

Short-Faced Bear

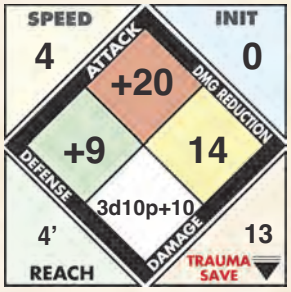
Hit Points:	10d8+45
Size/Weight:	G/2100 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	–2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+22
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+15



Attack: A short-faced bear will not hunt such relatively small prey as humans unless ravenously hungry. However, if provoked or encountered in its cave, it can be a deadly adversary. With two successive claw strikes, it has hugged its opponent and inflicts automatic damage thereafter

Defense: Intimidating size and disposition

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	20%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Caves (during hibernation)
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Alpine Forests

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hide valuable as curiosity
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes
Other:	None
Experience Point Value:	2000

Capritaur

Also Known As: Giant Goat Man, Great Rock Ram, Karrakigon



Goat Men favor charging their opponents and delivering a headbutt

Capritaur usually have the advantage on rocky, uneven ground and are extremely agile and sure-footed.

C

I had been conducting some research on local gnomic languages in the suburbs of Narnolen when I happened to overhear some locals tell tales in the tavern of the famed Giant Goat Man of the Crossing. Not one to miss out on a chance to document this creature, I inquired further and then pulled together an expedition. In short order, we headed into the foothills of the Yan Elenon Mountains; and with the direction of some fine halflings, we pursued north, following the Crondor River and on into the Dopromond Downs. There we found the fabled river crossing, an ancient stone bridge bedecorated with swirls and maze-like sigils.

The stories claimed that under this bridge dwells the famous Giant Goat Man, accosting and taxing any that wish to cross this thoroughfare. Although none claimed to have actually engaged the Giant Goat Man directly, the beast seems to have a stranglehold on this major trade route into the hills. Most humans flatly refuse to cross without tossing coins into urns placed by the beast for this purpose (and said offerings disappearing periodically and mysteriously, further evidence of the Giant Goat Man). Local halfling and gnomish traffic passed across south, burdened with worked goods and back across north, laden with coin acquired in trade, they seemed foolhardily willing to take the risk and gave no offerings.

We bivouacked in the area, searched below the bridge as well as within and without, but unfortunately we could not spot the creature. After a fortnight, we gave up and broke camp as the creature seemed to have pushed temporarily into the highlands, perhaps in search of prey. —

Sign/Tracks

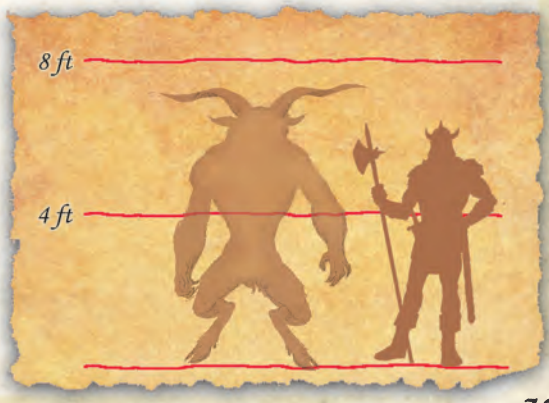


Ale mugs fashioned from the hollowed out hooves of Giant Goat Men are prized among the soldiers garrisoned at Frandor's Keep. Most are believed to be fake, however.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



The origins of this unusual creature with the head, legs and hooves of a huge goat but the torso and arms of a human have plagued the best guesses of scholars since elves were recording such things. The beasts appear to be a revolting cross between man or even Hill Giant and Giant Goat and indeed, one common hypothesis is just that, although no such mating has proven fruitful. Other theories include a Satyr coupling with a large human woman, a common enough event, or a Minotauress. Or perhaps, Capritaurs are simply massive feral Satyrs. In any event, they seem to be a race unto their own as they mate and produce fertile offspring as any natural animal. The Capritaur's muscular body stands about 7 feet tall and weighs nearly 250 pounds, making it quite a bit larger than most athletic men. Covering the head, legs and upper torso is a dense, matted undercoat as well as shaggy outer fur. Fur color ranges the spectrum of greys, whites, blacks and browns. A Capritaur's age can be determined quite easily by simply counting the growth rings on its horns.

Capritaurs are sure-footed with a physiology well suited to climbing as their cloven hooves can spread apart for grip and also come equipped with inner pads that provide traction and sharp dewclaws that keep them from slipping and make them difficult to knockback. They also have powerful shoulder and neck muscles that help propel them up steep slopes.

Females are a bit more common than males, the latter sometimes suffering grievous or even fatal wounds when battling others for mating rights. Nannies (females) are only slightly smaller than the billies (males) and can easily be distinguished by their multiple mammaries. Both sexes exhibit the distinguishing capritaur horns.

Combat/Tactics:

Like their cousins, the Minotaurs, Capritaurs derive pleasure from confusing pursuers and leading or chasing them into dangerous areas. Their mazes tend to be more three-dimensional than that of a Minotaur, including many ramps, slopes, erratic stairs, sharp drops and slippery or gravelly poor footing along any of these. Capritaurs are excellent trackers, particularly on their home turf as they have superior senses of smell and hearing. In most circumstances, they will have heard their enemy approach long before combat is initiated.

A Capritaur generally initiates the attack with a charge (which they can perform in only 10 feet with a great burst of power) and head butt, meant to inflict some crushing damage with their horns but primarily to drive the enemy back, off balance or over a precipice.

Capritaur

Hit Points:	3d8+28
Size/Weight:	L / 250 lbs.
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	–2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+7
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+13



Attack: Capritaurs favor battle axes or other weapons, dealing +4 additional points to weapon damage, but can also deal 3d4p points of damage with their horns if unarmed (2' reach in this case).

Defense: Utilize one initiative die lower & –2 to that roll; Shield use (e.g., medium shields increase Defense from –1 to +5); Body armor provides 5 DR (unarmored capritaurs have 2 DR); Listening 40

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	3d4p
% Chance in Lair:	70%
Frequency:	Rare
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Keen hearing and smell
Habitat:	Mountainous ruins and caves
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Herds
Climate/Terrain:	Any, save arctic /Mountainous

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Ground and powdered hooves increase the effect of the Unyielding spell by one size category, while ground and powdered horns reduce the SP cost of Bash spells by 10%
Hide/Trophy:	Horns/head mounted
Treasure:	Weapons, shields, armor as well as gems, coins and jewelry in lair
Edible:	Yes, tastes like bitter mutton
Other:	Shorn, Capritaurs can provide high quality wool
Experience Point Value:	170

Based on leverage, creatures hit with this attack are treated as one size smaller for knock-back purposes, two if in the Capritaur's ideal terrain – atop a precipice or with pebbly or slippery footing. Once engaged, they prefer human or dwarven-made weapons, especially axes; but they will also employ swords, flails, maces or clubs. If possible, they will disengage in order to attack from another direction or cause a distraction for their kin to attack from height or leverage, perhaps dislodging their quarry for a fatal or at least painful fall. They rarely use ranged weapons but will do so, especially from neighboring mountain precipices, trees or other unreachable sites so as to infuriate their quarry and trick them into entering their confusingly difficult maze-lair. These will in such cases usually be crossbows (of either the heavy or light variety), slings or short-bows so that enough range can be obtained. If close enough to hurl an axe or javelin, they prefer to simply charge headlong (literally) into the fray.

Habitat/Society:

Capritaurs live in high-altitude mountainous terrain, caves or abandoned ruins or, rarely, near mountain bridges. If they opt to reside permanently in a given location, they will build ramps, stairs and other elevations in order to transform their dwelling into a confusing complex that twists, rises and turns with slippery or rock-strewn rises or slopes that betray footing and cause slides all in order to cause havoc for invaders. A Capritaur can never get lost within its own labyrinth, nor will the terrain cause it the least trouble with footing. They are not great builders, generally using the natural stone of the area coupled with rough logs from felled pines either found or taken themselves with axe or saw. They sometimes befriend dwarven or human builders from the area to help with their homes and are very fond of dwarven architecture and art. They do admire a good bridge, often living near or around them, especially if of dwarven origin and design.

Capritaurs live in small herd units except during mating season (autumn) when larger herds come together for rutting and mating. Mature billies will battle one another for the right to mate with the choicest nannies. Capritaurs can also mate with humans but will only do so if one is captured and available (willing or not) during mating season. Offspring in these cases will always be a Capritaur, most human females will not survive the birth but may on occasion (25%). Capritaurs have a gestation period of seven to eight months, always a single offspring. The kid is weaned after one year and reaches sexual maturity at roughly 6 years.

Capritaurs have an average lifespan of 40 years but can live into the eighties in very rare instances. They speak a form of Dwarvish, mixed with local human tongues if such folk live in the area. While not known for their artistry, certain Capritaur clans, especially those left in peace and without external threat, will spend time and effort in the arts. They are not accomplished in music but will sometimes use reed or bone pipes to play sad, haunting melodies – the opposite of a satyr-song. So too, do they write simple poetry (in dwarvish and generally chiseled into stone), again, usually melancholy in nature.

Ecology:

Capritaurs are omnivores, and they will eat just about anything. They possess strong digestive tracks for receiving a wide variety, including bone or even metal if ingested accidentally. They consume grasses, vines and other plants but also savor the taste of animal flesh, especially that of sapient creatures. Armor and even valuables found within capritaur lairs sometimes have gnaw and tooth marks on them as the creatures enjoy chewing and biting. Capritaurs find themselves victims only of large predators for food or giants looking for a nice bail of raw wool (giants sometimes may not actually slay a defeated capritaur, only capturing and shearing it). Minotaurs in particular seem to dislike Capritaurs and tend to attack them on sight, perhaps seeking to chase them off and use their lair as a base to build their own labyrinth. Capritaurs have been known to cooperate with Centaurs but billies hate Satyrs intensely, viewing them as effeminate scoundrels bent on wooing away the nannies and mercilessly mocking the musical and carnal capabilities of the billies. Consequently, the billies are often at odds with Satyrs, even resorting to anger-spilled blood, although the nannies (who like the attention) will intervene, preventing open warfare in most cases.

On Tellene:

Capritaurs can be found in most mountainous regions on Tellene, although they seem less common in Svimohzia than in the Legasas or Ka'Asas. They have never been a populous race, staying reclusive and remote. Although not verified, recurring rumors persist of sinister Capritaur-like sorcerers with human heads that supposedly have formed cults bent on worshipping and summoning extra-planar creatures and other nefarious ones in order to wreak destruction on the good races of Tellene.

Carrion Renderer

Also Known As:
Beach Reavers



The first time I encountered one of these strange beasts was during my days slinging a sword as a meat-provider for a mercenary band pawing for coin in Ek'Gakel just south of Shadesh Bay. The sun was just setting behind the hills when a group of us downed a large elk. We had hoisted our prey up on a branch and were in the process of dressing the meat when someone noticed a dim light coming from the shoreline. Thinking it was the rest of our party — who had broken off earlier to gather water, we cried out to them our position.

When we saw the lantern wave slowly in response, we continued our work, glad for the knowledge we would have help hauling our kill back to camp when finished. A few minutes later, someone pointed out that the light had vanished. Alarmed, we drew swords and turned our attention toward the shadows of the forest — and not a moment too soon. For suddenly, the brush exploded with movement and sound. A fell beast lunged towards us, its seeking flesh-rending tentacles flailing wildly. We broke ranks and let the beast rush past us, swinging at it as it did.

It seemed frenzied by the scent of fresh blood and immediately went for the gut pile. I landed a glancing blow on the beast's stony carapace and knew immediately my blade failed to bite. I was soon to regret my bad aim. Enraged, the renderer turned its attention toward me. Fear gripped me as a half-dozen barbed-tipped fleshy fists snapped at the air like bullwhips. Their strikes were hard, stinging and effective. I have vague memories of making a few ineffectual sword strikes and then going down to my knees, the light in my eyes fading as I grew numb and passed out.

I awoke later to find the battle was over, the renderer dead and my pride wounded as much as my left arm, shoulder and abdomen. I have since learned to always remain alert and vigilant when dressing a kill, hauling a wounded comrade or approaching a dead carcass. ☡

Carrion Renderers are large arthropoid detritivores, morphologically similar to crustaceans. Their thorax and abdomen resemble that of a lobster. This visual similarity is usually an afterthought though as the creature's very distinctive head – a cephalopodic horror evoking comparison with an octopus or squid – is the focal point of any encounter with the creature.

The head is translucent, such that its internal organs are visible through the rubbery skin. One of these organs is capable of emitting an eerie green bioluminescent light should the renderer so choose. It typically does so to attract prey. Because it is constructed of soft tissue, its bulbous head represents the creature's greatest vulnerability. Should it feel threatened or when attacking prey, it can withdraw its head with surprising quickness into a recess in the thorax, in

Sign/Tracks

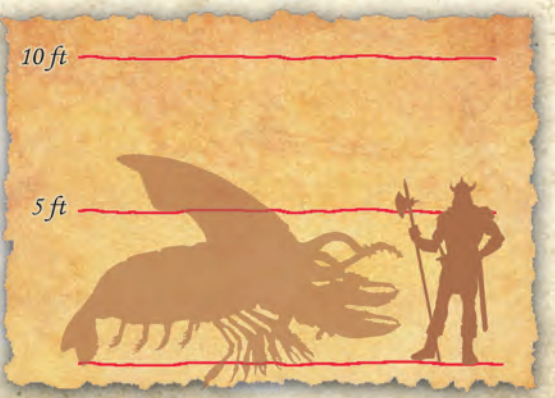
Remains of an unknown sailor found on the shore near the city of Khukagno. His remains were being eaten by a Carrion Renderer before being driven off by soldiers. Given time, the creature would have eaten the bones entirely.



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



much the same way a turtle tucks its head into its shell. In this instance, its large eyes, mouth and tentacles solely protrude from the chitinous shell. This offers maximal protection while still allowing for wide peripheral vision and full use of its tentacles in a 270° arc.

Body coloration ranges from a muddy gray to grayish-black with glossy black tentacles that end in orifices of pinkish flesh through which boney serrated barbs protrude. The head is a very pale gray.

The creature is approximately eight feet in length excluding its tentacles. The latter can extend outwards for another six feet. Body mass is around 400 pounds.

Combat/Tactics:

A Carrion Renderer's body is well armored, its thick and curved chitinous plates easily deflecting blades. The surest method of injuring a Renderer with such weapons is to target the flexible cuticle between body segments. Crushing weapons offer the potential to inflict greater harm to the body as such arms have better odds of cracking the somewhat brittle armor (carrion renderers have but DR 5 vs. crushing weapons). Unfortunately, crushing weapons have no effect on the tentacles, causing no damage whatsoever.

Such talk of injuring a Renderer presumes the ability to close with it to land these blows. This is no assurity for the creature is quite adept at flailing adversaries with its half-dozen tentacles. (The multitude of attacks represented by one attack every 2 seconds, not 6 attacks every 2 seconds!) Both sinewy and quick, they are difficult to avoid.

Though they rarely inflict grievous wounds (doing but d6p damage), the barbs deliver a paralytic agent upon a successful hit. Exposure to this toxin necessitates making a saving throw vs. VF 10 poison with failure resulting in paralysis of the victim's voluntary muscles for 20+d20p minutes.

Of note is the fact that this poison will bioaccumulate, even if initially resisted -- each subsequent saving throw past the first is made at a cumulative −2 penalty.

Carrion Renderers have a sufficiently advanced nervous system to allow them to target up to six different individuals simultaneously. Their preferred mode of attack is to strike out at as many targets as possible seeking to incapacitate one or more in its initial flurry.

Once prey is immobilized and assuming the carrion renderer is left undisturbed, the barbed appendages begin their work to shred its living prey into pieces. The Renderer's small, parrot-like beak on the underside of the head has a small mouth, so that they pa-

Carrion Renderer

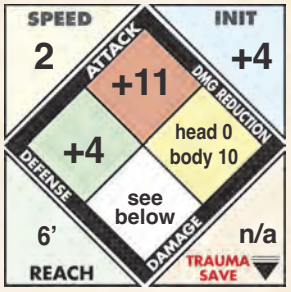
Hit Points:	5d8+27
Size/Weight:	L/ 400 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1 ¼
Walk:	2 ½
Jog:	5
Run:	7 ½
Sprint:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+5
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Carrion Renderers attack with 6 tentacles. Hits inflict d6p damage but require a save vs. VF 10 poison or become paralyzed. Subsequent saves are made at cumulative −2 penalty.

Defenses: Is immune to trauma excepting blows to the head. Tentacles have Def +10 and require 8+ damage from a single hacking weapon (or 12+ from a piercing weapon) strike to sever (lesser hits are ignored and don't count against monster's hp total); body has DR 5 vs. crushing weapons

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Aquatic (primarily)
Diet:	Detritivore/Carnivore
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate/Sub-Tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	See note 1 (bottom of subsequent page)
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	625

tiently saw apart their prey a tiny morsel at a time. They say it is a rather hideous way to die because while paralyzed, its victim is usually still conscious and can feel pain; the victim is well aware of being slowly and agonizingly eaten. If attacked by others while feeding or preparing to feed, the carrion renderer will pause to attack its foes.

A defender may opt to slash at the tentacles themselves rather than the creature's body. Because of their relatively small size, quick speed and erratic movement, the tentacles defend at d20+10.

Blows from hacking weapons may sever the appendage by doing 8 points of damage in a single strike while piercing weapons must do 12 points of damage. Crushing weapons are ineffective at severing tentacles.

Note that the accumulation of 12 points of damage will not sever a tentacle as subsequent wounds are unlikely to strike at exactly the same spot.

Hits that fail to sever a tentacle are simply ignored. If assailants manage to sever multiple tentacles (or if destroyed in a previous encounters with a victim), the creature's Speed of attack is decreased as shown in the chart below:

Tentacles Remaining	Speed
6	standard (2)
5	standard (2)
4	3
3	4
2	5
1	10
0	cannot attack

A Carrion Renderer's severed tentacles require one month to grow back during which time the Renderer cannot employ the fresh tentacles for any purpose as they are too sensitive, and the necessary nerve transmitters are poorly developed.

If a person boldly wades forward to attack the soft head, the Renderer will mount a furious defense aiming all attacks at that individual (or individuals) while making a fighting withdrawal.

The Renderer is not subject to trauma from wounds to its body but severe blows to the head (i.e. those exceeding its threshold of pain) may force it to make a trauma check. If it fails, it will become disoriented, unable to direct its tentacles to do more than twitch or thrash.

Habitat/Society:

Renderers are aquatic creatures that dwell in shallow water. However, they are capable of ranging into deep water or crawling onto shore at twilight to search for dead flesh outdoors. They may be found in dark subterranean places, such as caves – preferably with access to a body of water. In particularly fecund feeding areas, they may take up permanent residence in a sizeable pool of water.

Carrion Renderers appear to be opportunists, feeding on whatever meal is the easiest for it to catch. It is perfectly satisfied eating living flesh should it be able to find and overcome it.

Ecology:

Beach Reavers are primarily detritivores that feed on carcasses. These they slowly but inexorably saw into tiny pieces and consume. Unlike many other creatures in the same ecological niche, they devour the entire body, bones and all (utilizing the calcium in the bones to fortify their exoskeleton). They are also attracted to items made of copper, brass or bronze and will gnaw away at them as well.

Examination of a Carrion Renderer's corpse reveals that its blood is blue not red (due to the presence of copper based hemocyanin instead of the normal iron based hemoglobin).

These creatures molt every decade once mature. After discarding their carapace, they are extremely vulnerable (losing the benefit of DR and being susceptible to trauma from any wound). It takes a month for them to regrow their armor. This is an extremely dangerous time for the carrion renderer, and most adults that are killed are done in during this period. After molting, the creature becomes somewhat larger and tougher (re-rolling its lowest hit die). Older Renderers thus have nearly maximum hit points.

On Tellene:

Carrion Renderers may be found in the Elos Bay, Shadesh Bay and the shores of the Kalamaran Sea but are most numerous in Reanaaria Bay. They are a particular bane of shipwrecks being attracted to both the corpses and the numerous bronze fittings aboard the lost vessel.

[1] *If killed, a Carrion Renderer loses control of its bodily functions including regulation of its bioluminescent fluid. The head will slowly increase its luminance until it sheds as much light as a torch. This fluid may be drained and poured into a glass vessel that provides the equivalent of torchlight for 24 hours without radiating heat or having the risk of being extinguished.*

Cattle

Also Known As:
Urochs



Many an unfortunate has been disemboweled by the horns of the Urochs

Legend has it that a band of well armed soldiers traveling down Dobo's Spine once encountered a herd of Urochs traveling in the opposite direction. If the story is to be believed, over a dozen men were gored or trampled in the aftermath.

We were on a simple emissary mission that led us across Pekal; and although it was currently campaign season, we were scores of miles from any military activity beyond an occasional supply train. While our charge was of great interest and import (and, for obvious reasons, I cannot reveal the slightest of its nature), it was, I must admit, tedious and a bit mind-numbing as well as sweltering in the inescapable plains-ridden midsummer heat. For all of these reasons, our guide, and I use the term loosely because he was a military scout provided to us on our diplomatic and purely political mission, made the decision to usher us across farmland. The trespass was seen as of little import or intrusion as this was wide-grazing land, presumably owned by the prince. We had clearly seen the droppings of cows but thought little of a herd of these since our mounts should be able to outrun a bull given fair warning. What we failed to take note of was the size of the scat. The angry Urochs bull that furiously charged our direction, took us completely off-guard, sending our mounts scattering at full gallop in several directions. One soldier whose startled mount threw him was left afoot. In an instant, the snorting beast was upon him. The urochs gored him, hooked him and threw him a full twenty yards. Despite his future convalescence, we all marked him as lucky for surviving the encounter. —

Cattle are large hoofed herbivores organized into herds and characterized by their bulk and large horns. The males (bulls) are significantly larger and more muscular than the females (cows), aggressively defending the herd from predators regardless of size. Even the cows can attack with their horns, particularly if the herd's calves are threatened. Cattle come in a variety of colors ranging across the spectrum of browns, greys and blacks as well as white with large varieties of markings and patterns extant. The larger Urochs stand apart from standard cattle, exhibiting greater size and wickedly sharp and sizeable curved horns ideal for piercing flesh and hooking enemies. Urochs bulls range from a very deep brown or black with a white stripe running down the spine and a lighter-colored muzzle while Urochs cows exhibit a reddish-brown color and a lighter muzzle.

Some cattle are domesticated, but far more run wild across central Tellene. Urochs cannot be domesticated although it is rumored that certain giant clans do so. Cattle graze along the temperate grasslands, hills, certain mountainous valleys and temperate forests, moving from region to region and sometimes even over long distances to find new pastures.

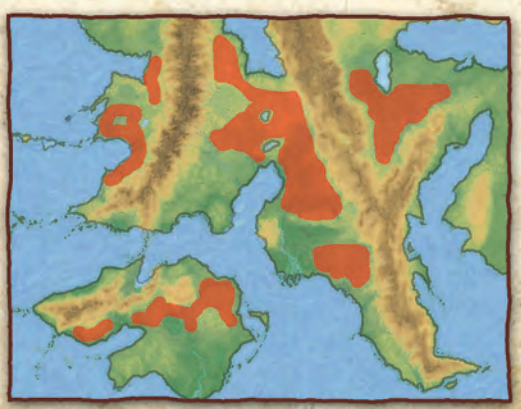
They are prized for their meat as well as milk (if domesticated or nearly so). Their horns carry some value, but they are not ivory and therefore worth only modest sums regionally based on usage.

Sign/Tracks

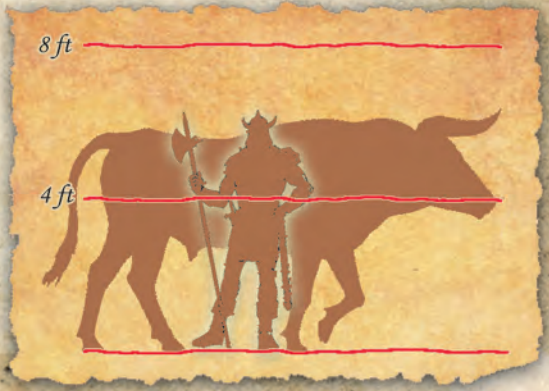


Uroch tracks are usually encountered by the hundreds. A passing herd can destroy crops, obscure tracks of those who passed through the area previously and drive other animals before it.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Combat/Tactics:

Cattle rely on their numbers, individual bulk and imposing horns to deter smaller predators. Cows will avoid a fight, fleeing if possible while bulls aggressively meet real or perceived threats. If young are present, cows will place themselves between the calves and the predators, butting and gouging aggressively if any come near. Meanwhile, bulls will charge (an action that can be accomplished from standstill in under 10 feet or with only 5 feet if already moving), seeking to impale, hook or trample threats. After a successful horns attack, Size Medium or smaller victims will suffer a trample (50%) or will be hooked and thrown (50%) with a second attack roll made against a shieldless and prone defense in either attack instance. Victims are thrown d12p feet for size Medium, increasing by d12p for each size category smaller. Prone victims will then be charged again. Urochs may also do so against size Large creatures (increase throw by 1d12p for each size category). A successful trample attack causes d8p (d12p for an Urochs) and counts as a double for knock-back purposes.

Habitat/Society:

As large herbivores, cattle are organized into herds. They spend most of their lives grazing on grasses. They rely on their numbers, size, threatening horns and aggressive bulls to ward off most predators. Cows and calves will flee while bulls will face whatever danger threatens the herd, confronting or outright attacking at the slightest provocation. Cattle are most active during the day, resting at night.

Social status within the herd is gained through displays and fights in which cows engage as well as bulls. Fights between bulls can be violent and severe. During mating season which takes place during late summer (northerly climes) or early autumn (more southerly climes), the bulls have titanic battles; and these could lead to death. Calves are born in spring and stay at the protective cow's side until strong enough to join and keep up with the herd on the feeding grounds.

Commonly, these animals live for about 12-15 years. Many live up to twenty in captivity.

Ecology:

Cattle can inhabit most temperate, warm or cool terrain, grazing and roaming on grasslands and valleys. Only the largest predators attempt to take down a bull, although mid-sized predators, including wolves and big cats may prey on the calves or cows if in groups. Of course, intelligent races also prize cattle meat.

On Tellene:

These giant herbivores roam the grasslands, valleys and forests across Tellene including Svimohzia.

Bull

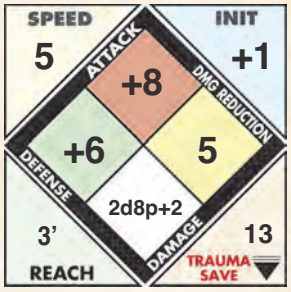
Hit Points:	6d8+30
Size/Weight:	H/ 2200 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	–1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	20
Jog:	25
Run:	30
Sprint:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+7



Attack: A bull will charge, seeking to impale perceived threats with its large horns, then trample or hook.

Special: None

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	2-12
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Animal
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands, valleys, hills, forests
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to subtropical plains

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	Jerky may substitute for fresh meat in *Boost Strength* spell
Hide/Trophy:	Horns can be fashioned into signal, hunting and drinking horns.
Treasure:	No
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	350

Cow

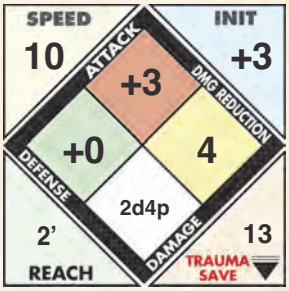
Hit Points:	1d8+25
Size/Weight:	H/ 1500 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	–1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	20
Jog:	25
Run:	30
Sprint:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	+0
Dodge:	+0



Attack: Cows avoid predators but will position themselves between calves and predators and aggressively butt any that approach.

Special: None

Urochs Bull

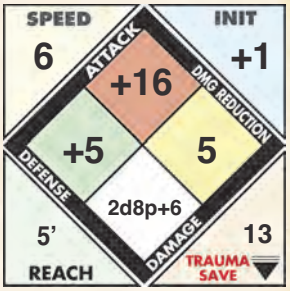
Hit Points:	8d8+35
Size/Weight:	H/ 3300 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	–1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	20
Jog:	25
Run:	30
Sprint:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+6



Attack: A bull will charge, seeking to impale perceived threats with its large horns, then trample or hook.

Special: None

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	3-36
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Animal
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands, valleys, hills, forests
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to subtropical plains

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	2-12
% Chance in Lair:	0
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Animal
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands, valleys, hills, forests
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to subtropical plains

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	Jerky may substitute for fresh meat in *Boost Strength* spell
Hide/Trophy:	Horns can be fashioned into signal, hunting and drinking horns.
Treasure:	No
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	30

Yield

Medicinal:	The Urochs horn is said to increase virility and strength and is a typical ingredient for potions of these types.
Spell Components:	Jerky may substitute for fresh meat in *Boost Strength* spell
Hide/Trophy:	Horns can be fashioned into signal, hunting and drinking horns.
Treasure:	No
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	775

Cave Lion

Also Known As:
Majaara, Kynhuran



A male cave lion pounces on its prey. Once a cave lion has sunk its claws into its prey, escape is near impossible.

I had fallen in with a group of highwaymen up near O'Par. Foolishly, they chose to ply their trade south, near the Katagas Rise and Ridara Valley in the hopes of catching some supply trains for imperial soldiers. Ignoring my advice, the group pressed on and we, of course, found no quarry we were willing to tangle with. Supplies low, they put me to work finding food. I know I'm no hunter, but hunger is a powerful motivator, so I grabbed a bow and hit the wilderness. In any case, I was more than happy to be away from that lot for a bit. Early morning, not far from our camp, actually, I spotted a large elk grazing in the marshy bog down the next valley. Thinking this was my chance, I snuck up as close as I dared and finally let loose a true shot, sending it into a sprint. Tracking through the early frost and light snow dusting was easy.

I did this twice more, hoping to wear it down, when finally I came upon it crossing a stream, laboring. I knew I could get up close now and finish it off. As I advanced I heard a terrible bellow from behind. I barely turned my head to see an enormous beast, bounding toward me. I was done-for. The next moment I was hurled aside by its enormous girth. Laying in the stream I could see this fell creature take the elk down like it was a rag toy. It was feasting before I could even stand. While I didn't stay to observe, and neither would any right-minded man, I can tell you it looked like a Svimohzish she-devil lion that roams the Zazahni plains, only triple the size. —

The largest of the great cats resembles a giant cougar mixed with a lion, as its mane is somewhat subdued but not entirely. It has a large build with males tipping the scales at over half a ton, making this beast slightly bigger than even the smilodon. The cave lion has a longer tail than its sabre toothed counterpart but stands about the same height, four feet at the shoulder. They otherwise resemble the buff to amber brown tones of their cousins, the southern lions of the savannas.

Combat/Tactics:

Males are typically loners, fighting to defend hunting grounds and to take down prey. They avoid other cave lions except to mate. Males will remain with the pride only for a year and then move off, alone again. Females remain together throughout their lives, making them a more dangerous threat to any moving through their pride lands. These wily hunters work primarily in groups, using darkness and cover to stalk and surround prey.

The cave lion attacks with its claws, only moving to a bite attack after securing its victim. If the cave lion lands two successive claw attacks (individually causing 2d6p+8 damage), it has grabbed its opponent and automatically inflicts a bite attack dealing 2d8p+8 points of damage every 5 seconds thereafter (superseding the claw attacks). The cat's grip can be broken with a successful knock-back result from an attack or a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+18). The latter

Sign/Tracks

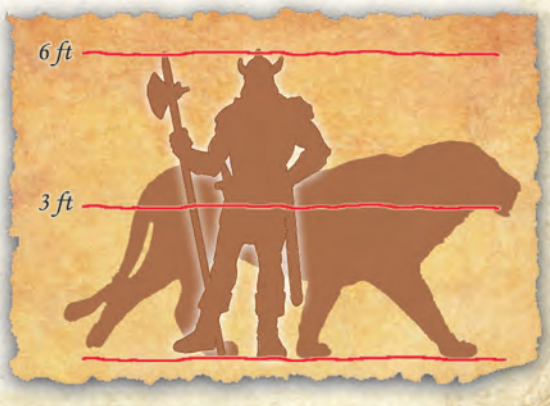


Cave lions tend to be solitary hunters and are adept at stalking and ambushing their prey.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



can be attempted after each bite attack. While held, the victim can only attack with a dagger, knife or similarly sized weapon.

Habitat/Society:

All cave lions favor cooler, dry climes. They prefer open savannas and grasslands, but also live at elevation in sparse forests, scrubs and badlands. Most female cave lions live in prides containing five or six related females together with their cubs and, at times but not always, with a lone male. Most males live a solitary life, though rarely they can be spotted as a pair, typically siblings that have bonded and hunt together.

Cave lions, as the name might suggest, use caves for shelter from the cold weather in their ranges, lining them with grass or leaves for warmth. These places are littered with bones of past kills and potentially incidental treasure, as they do not consciously hoard.

Cave lionesses have a gestation period of nearly five months, giving birth to a litter of three to five cubs. These cubs are weaned after several months and reach maturity when about three years old. At this age, the males will move on, while the females may leave the pride, but more often than not, will remain together for their whole lives. The average cave lion has a lifespan of about 10 years.

Ecology:

Cave lions feed on large herbivores, such as buffalo, moose, deer, horses and even elasmotherium, but they are also willing to make a meal of any smaller predator that they can catch including badgers, wolverines, wolves and mountain lions. They sometimes come in conflict with bears, though they avoid this. Cave lions are also scavengers, and smart enough to realize that a flock of circling birds may mean a potential meal.

Cave lions will hunt livestock, including cattle and prized mounts. This predator's preferred territories are in temperate and colder climes and taste for livestock often brings them into conflict with intelligent races. This actually makes these lions far rarer than others as they are hunted mercilessly in human lands, driving them into hiding and terrain less apt for grazing.

The cave lion is often the dominant natural predator in its habitat, competing primarily with bears. Cave lions often claim the kills of smaller predators, but only feed on the carnivores themselves when very desperate.

On Tellene:

Cave lions are native to the grasslands of central Tellene; however, they are rarely seen in those areas now. Competition and hunting by humans and their ilk has forced them into northerly lands and higher grounds. They can be found in colder climatic conditions up in the Brindonwood and Ek'Gakel and east all the way to Drhokker and north to Jorakk. They also range west of Shyta-na-Dobyo, into the mountains of the north, and even across to wind-swept Cosdol.

Cave Lion

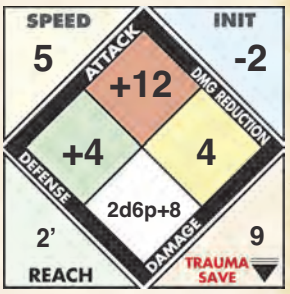
Hit Points:	9d8+34
Size/Weight:	L/1100 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint	30

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Cave Lions attempt to grab prey with their claws; upon 2 successive claw hits (2d6p+8 each) they have grabbed the prey and automatically bite for 2d8p+8 every 5 seconds (superseding the claw attacks); breaking their grasp requires a Feat of Strength vs. d20p+18

Special: None

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-6
% Chance in Lair:	5%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Caves in cool wooded terrain
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Pride
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate Grasslands

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	None
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	950

Ceratosaurus

Also Known As:
Pra'Charan



The Ceratosaurus is a feared ambush predator. Lying in hiding, in shallow waters or deep foliage, they explode into action with surprising speed for such a huge beast.

We were skiwing up the mighty Izhoven river, returning north from a hunting expedition with my quarry, a captured feral ogre sitting up on the prow like some sort of fat, grotesque mermaid figurehead. Once north, I planned to sell the chained brute to certain buyers interested in these sorts of curiosities. For what purpose you ask? I guess it was meant for some blood sport exhibition or other, but it ain't really my place to be asking and really, the less I know, the safer I be. Since the hard work was done, I was mostly relaxing in the sun, but, you know, you can never be careful enough and I had a few men keeping eye out for hippos and worse. One gave a shout just as the water beside us erupted. This giant lizard-crocodile beast burst forth from the river. It had a multi-colored horn on its giant head, but worst was its gaping maw. I swear on my rum it swallowed the ogre whole, chains popping out of the deck, wood splintering, the damage nearly sunk us. And just like that it was gone and swimming like a fish to the nearest shore, no doubt to rest after such a feast. I lost out on that trip to be sure, but I count myself lucky not to have been the meal. ☥

The Ceratosaurus is a very large biped that tips the scales at easily over a ton, standing 13 feet in height and extending 20 feet in length making it an average sized species amongst predatory dinosaurs. However, the Ceratosaurus boasts a large head, carrying an equally large maw filled with great, horrifying teeth as sharp as well-honed knives. Standing out as its most distinguishing feature is the brightly colored blade-like horn on the snout. This great horned beast also sports a pair of smaller ridges over its eyes, though these are not colorful. A row of small bony structures runs down the middle of its back, affording some additional protection. Its forelimbs are powerfully built but very short while the powerful hindquarters allow its bipedal locomotion. The long flexible tail provides balance and helps the Ceratosaurus swim, a frightening prospect for prey considering an aquatic escape across, pond, lake or river.

Combat/Tactics:

Ceratosaurs lay in wait in shallow waters or lush underbrush, then ambush their unsuspecting prey. They use their size and speed to overwhelm surprised victims. Any attack in excess of 10 above the modified defense roll of a size M creature indicates that target has been swallowed whole – for size S and T this number drops to 8 and 6, respectively. When such ingestion occurs, the Ceratosaur will spend 5 seconds swallowing and then return to attacking and devouring additional meals. After eating two size M victims (or 4 size S, but size T might be up to a dozen), the ceratosaur will leave the battle to digest. Swallowed victims can do nothing and will suffer 1 HP per second until dead unless cut out and freed from the creature's bowels, a process requiring hacking weapons, or saws, inflicting 50% of the original Ceratosaur's hit points in damage to the the swallowed creature.

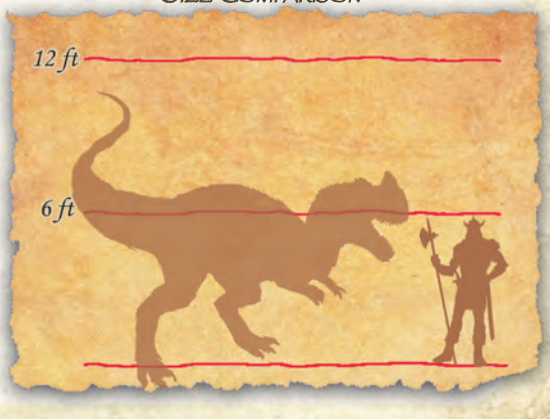
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Habitat/Society:

Like most dinosaurs, the Ceratosaurus both hunts and scavenges kills from lesser creatures (or larger ones that have left unfinished remains). Smaller than the other large carnivorous dinosaurs, the horned lizard does not generally hunt the largest herbivores. Instead, Ceratosaurs typically hunt aquatic prey, such as fish and crocodiles, although it sometimes feeds on large dinosaurs when it can make a kill without fear of scavenging by its larger competitors. Ceratosaurs are most active around waterways, using their lower, thinner bodies to great advantage in forest and underbrush terrains, relative to megalosaurs, tyrannosaurs and their ilk. They sometimes feed together but just as often appear alone. Ceratasaurs hunt during daylight hours, but their preferred time to feed falls near dawn, after waking, and late afternoon until dusk. Both times afford long shadows and extra cover to ambush terrestrials. Aquatic prey tends to be active (not hiding) during those times as well.

Ceratosaurus' great horn is used primarily for attracting mates and combat among male ceratosaurs contending for breeding rights. During mating season (spring and fall for about a fortnight), the brightly colored horn of male Ceratosaurs flushes with blood and the colors become extremely vibrant and varied, a most magnificent sight, indeed. The female horn, in contrast becomes bright red when in heat. Both sexes become violent and easily provoked during mating season, making such periods very dangerous for creatures nearby.

When the time has come to lay eggs, the female digs a nest in the ground, then lays clusters of four to twelve eggs (each over 4 inches long and weighing about 2 pounds). The nest is then covered with dirt, sand and foliage to cover the scent. After the clutch hatches, the young predators proceed to the nearest water in search of small fish or insects. The survival rate is low, with an average of one ceratosaur per nest surviving to sexual maturity, which arrives in about two years.

A Ceratosaur on Tellene might live to be about 25 years old.

Ecology:

Ceratosaurs can come into contact with larger predators, from whom they will generally flee. This typically occurs when a larger predator scavenges a Ceratosaur kill or when a Ceratosaur attempts to scavenge a kill but the larger predator happens to have remained in close proximity. Larger predators such as megalosaurs and tyrannosaurs certainly consider the smaller Ceratosaurs a fit meal given an easy opportunity. During mating season, however, even the larger predators steer clear for fear of injury from an unpredictable horned beast, such adornment providing sure notice to the larger monsters.

These adventurous creatures sometimes travel to more settled lands, following crocodiles, fish and large waterfowl. Rarely men will encounter one, generally a hapless unsuspecting fisherman or river man gliding on a watercraft.

On Tellene:

The great horned lizard hunts the waterways of the Vohven jungle and the Obakasek peninsula. Rarely, they can be spotted hunting rivers and coastal waterways as far north as Zoa, Bet Kalamar and Zha-Nehzmish, respectively.

Ceratosaurus

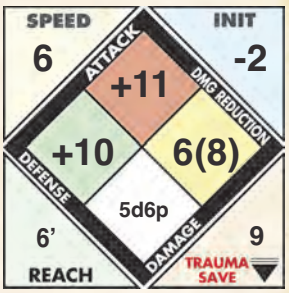
Hit Points:	10d8+30
Size/Weight:	G/ 1 ton
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint	20

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Ceratosaurs lay in wait in shallow waters or underbrush, then ambush their prey. Any attack in excess of 6/8/10 needed to-hit a T/S/M creature indicates that target has been swallowed whole.

Defense: Swim 70%, Hide 35%; creature's head is protected by bony ridges that increase DR

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-7 (50% each)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Riverine
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to tropical waterways

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	The male Ceratosaur horn can fetch up to 100 sp if taken during mating season, and the female horn up to 50 sp.
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	950

Chasm Lurker

Also Known As:
Nazan'skreez



These man-eaters should be eradicated wherever encountered.

The event I refer to occurred in Tarisato, when my companions and I rode into the mountains in search of a runaway servant – a girl accused of stealing a particular item from her master. I little expected to find her, though our fighter claimed to find tracks where the coarse grass was bent and trodden, or the dust bore the faint intimation of a footmark.

As we moved into the hills, the land became more broken. Sometimes we were between high rocky banks, and sometimes atop a rise, then down into a valley over a mile wide without a sign of occupation. We rode on slowly, watching for tracks and any signs of ambush as the canyon narrowed and forced us into a single line with myself at the rear. Our fighter, spotting a brown smear of blood, halted and soon discovered the shattered remains of the girl's body. With nothing to do, I remained behind on my horse.

Suddenly, a shadow fell over my face. Looking up, I espied a great draconian head leering down at me from the body of an enormous spider. Its long jointed limbs began clambering down the side of the canyon towards us, loosening a few rocks as it did so. For a space, I stared at it and under my breath cursed the servant girl for a fool…

My words were drowned in a terrific roar that, fortunately, spooked our mounts so that they fled at a gallop, rescuing us from that grotesque peril. Perhaps if we had returned forewarned, the fight would have been to our advantage, but somehow the quest did not seem worth the effort that day. —

The Chasm Lurker has a wide mouth lined with sharp teeth, a lizard-like body covered with black and gray scales, and eight legs like those of a giant arachnid. These long legs are between one and two feet thick, covered with stiff gray and black hairs, and reach up to 20 feet from their sockets. The creature stands about 10 feet wide and 25 feet long, with a short stumpy tail that adds another five feet to its length. An adult Chasm Lurker typically weighs around 3,000 pounds.

Combat/Tactics

Chasm Lurkers attack whenever hungry or threatened. They are ambush predators that prefer to observe prey whilst remaining hidden in shadows or camouflaged by shrubs and small trees as the terrain allows. They may also lie in wait, perched upon a sheer rock face (yielding their eponymous name) as they are excellent climbers able to easily traverse even vertical surfaces. They may do so at a rate of 5'/second.

Their preference is to attack when their quarry has entered a tactically disadvantageous position (such as scuttling up to a bridge or ledge from below or sealing off a box canyon). Often, they will have enhanced this ambush zone by having emplaced webby barricades (see *Viscous Webbing* for functional details) that limit their prey's freedom of movement and make it difficult to surround the creature.

Though possessed of a malicious demeanor, their principal motivation for hunting is simple hunger. When attacking a group, they seek to kill or incapacitate a lone individual and escape with the corpse to feast upon it. The Lurker will choose a single target (likely the closest individual) to focus upon and will employ its legs to attempt to hold any associates at bay. Barring numerous allies, it will bring the full weight of its appendages on its prey in order to

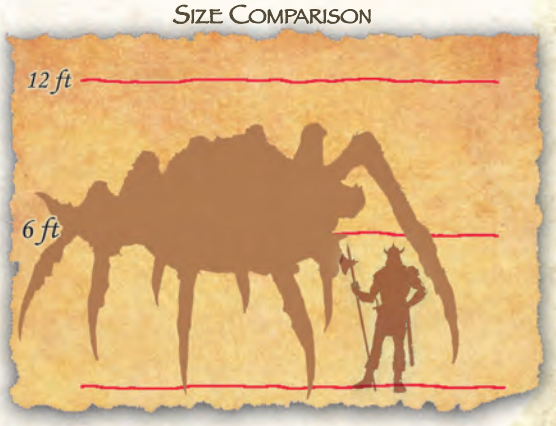
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



quickly kill it. Once it has slain its quarry, it will attempt to disengage so as to consume its meal privately.

Though it has a listed speed of 10, this is for each of its five possible attacks. If it can close to its primary target, it will initiate battle with a bite. Should the tactical situation preclude this, it will begin by attempting to hold surrounding individuals at bay while it presses forward. Either way, subsequent attacks occur at two-second intervals after the first (barring crippling of its legs).

Its legs may be individually targeted in an attempt to eliminate it as a weapon. Each leg has identical statistics as the main body; but should it sustain 16 hp of damage, it is crippled, and its attack is forfeited. Note that when jabbing, the leg gains no speed advantage merely the ability to hold opponents at bay.

Chasm Lurkers line their nests and eggs with sticky silken mats to trap any approaching pests. A Chasm Lurker can move across its own webs without being stuck and can determine the location of any creature touching the web, giving it ample warning of any attack. The creature is too heavy to climb webbing nor can it spin webbing rapidly enough to be of consequence in a battle. However, it may pass through its webbing as well as magically conjured instances without hindrance.

Habitat/Society

Chasm Lurkers live in almost every temperate and tropical habitat, save for the highest mountains and the oceans. The creature's physiology has developed so that living beneath chasms, large bridges and similar structures is optimal for its hunting practices. Sightings of multiple Chasm Lurkers are quite rare, since few chasms contain enough space and resources to support them. If more than one Lurker attempts to inhabit a territory already claimed by one of its kind, a fight for dominance quickly ensues. This begins with the rivals posturing and pushing at each other to determine their respective strengths. If one of the Chasm Lurkers is notably weaker or less fierce, it often concludes that it will lose this battle and leaves peacefully. Otherwise, combat begins immediately until one Lurker is driven off or killed. These battles happen regardless of gender.

A Chasm Lurker mates only once in its lifetime. Females are capable of spawning up to eight eggs that take three months to hatch. A Lurker's eggs have a distinct odor, causing them to occasionally be scavenged by wild animals, so only one or two usually survive to adulthood. Once the egg hatches, the young Chasm Lurker must find food and a suitable dwelling place of its own.

The Chasm Lurker has an average lifespan of 20 years.

Ecology

Chasm Lurkers find their food primarily by sensing its movement. Trailing wisps of webbing may be indicative of a Chasm Lurker ambush zone. They prefer to feed on giant insects and arachnids, though they enjoy snacking on mammals, reptiles, birds and other creatures of all shapes and sizes. Some treasure hunters have even reported seeing Chasm Lurkers hunting river valleys and attempting to spear fish with their serrated legs. Their greatest natural enemy is the giant spider, with whom they share similar habitats, followed by predatory fungi and plasm.

Unexpected events, like cave-ins or rising water levels, can result in Chasm Lurkers becoming cut off from their accustomed resources and unable to thrive in their established hunting area. These creatures may grow so bold as to approach buildings and settlements in search of food. If these predations are successful, the Chasm Lurker develops a preference for humans and demi-humans as food and becomes specifically adapted to feeding in this habitat. When this occurs, it cannot be driven off and fights to the death.

On Tellene:

Chasm Lurkers migrate, so, their location varies depending on the weather. In tropical zones, they are a constant threat.

Chasm Lurker

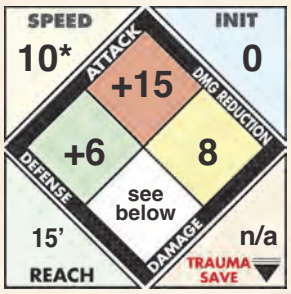
Hit Points:	7d8+42
Size/Weight:	G / 1½ tons
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+15
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Bite (4d6p+10) *but with 4' reach*, up to four leg attacks with 15' reach - each does 2d4p+6; if legs are used to hold opponents at bay, they only inflict 1d4p+6; leg hp are not included in monster's hp total, each can sustain 16 hp before being incapacitated; at least 4 legs must be held in reserve for mobility & balance

** listed speed is for each individual attack (5 possible)*

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	90%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Poor
Awareness/Senses:	Good sense of vibration & touch
Habitat:	Canyons, gorges, subterranean
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate and tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Unknown
Spell Components:	Unknown
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1020

Chupacabra

Also Known As:
Blur-Dog
Goat Hound



"May the lord protect you during your travels. May he shelter you from rain, divert storms from your path and blind the eye of the highwaymen who would do you harm. And may he prevent the dread chupacabra from detecting your scent." — Old Fhokki traveler's prayer

In the city of Baethel off the Reanaaria Bay, there is rumor of a monstrous creature that stalks the herds of the villagers who live near the base of the Arajyd Hills. They say that sheep and goats mysteriously disappear without a sound overnight, even when the flocks are watched over by the most vigilant of shepherds and dogs. Worse, children working the herds have also turned up missing overnight. Gone without a trace.

Three years ago, I accompanied the great hunter Vinson Rekthar as he investigated the Arajyd Hills. After several children had gone missing, the villagers had posted a bounty for the head of whatever foul creature was responsible. We waited for weeks, keeping watch at night with the herdsmen. Just when I thought our quest would prove to be fruitless, another child disappeared. Except this time, it was not from the herds but straight out of a tent. Our quarry, it seems, had grown bolder.

Sun was rising when we set out on the trail. Vinson Rekthar was an expert tracker. It had not taken him long to find the creature's tracks. They looked odd, indeed. Some had speculated that it might be a wolf, perhaps even a sturm-wolf. But no wolf made a print such as those.

Vinson moved quickly, and I struggled to keep up. Our search took us into the Nanakary Forest. By the end of the day, we found ourselves outside the beast's lair. It had covered an astonishing distance.

The lair was a cave set in the trees on the side of a hill. A foul stench assailed us. I am sad to say that outside the lair, a fair number of corpses littered the hillside, in various stages of decomposition. They were undoubtedly the bodies of the children. There were also a number of bones scattered around that may or may not have been human.

The smell filled me with revulsion, and the sight chilled me to the bone. I wanted then and there to leave, but Vinson refused. The child we had come to find could still be alive.

Vinson set up a large net at the entrance, and had me guard it with my sword. Torch in hand, he then ventured in. Minutes seem to stretch into hours as I waited for him, becoming ever more anxious. The sun was setting, and I felt our time was running out.

Suddenly I heard Vinson's shout from within, followed by a piercing, monstrous growl that echoed from the cave. I tell you, that sound made me shudder! I have never heard anything more frightening before, or since.

"It's coming!" I heard Vinson yell. I raised my sword, hands trembling as I looked down that dark hole that seemed to go on forever. And in that moment, some… thing came scrabbling out of the cave, and got caught in the net.

It was getting dark, and the beast was hard to see. It was big as a wolf, that was plain. But it was thin, scrawny-looking. Its fur was patchy, missing in places. It fought the net, shrieking and howling. I saw a flash of fangs, claws, and spikes on its back. I saw red eyes that fixed on mine, and the thing screamed at me. I swear, it screamed!

Those red eyes… The red eyes…

I don't know when I backed away from the net, or when I dropped my sword. I don't know how I found myself running backwards, stumbling through the undergrowth. Nor do I know how long it was that I huddled there on the ground, arms clutching the roots at the base of a large tree, as if holding on to it would keep me safe somehow. All I know is that Vinson found me later. His face looked rough. His face bleeding. He grabbed hold of me, and yanked me to my feet.

"Get up." He was angry. "You let it escape. Why didn't you kill it?"

"I… I…"

"Come on." He thrust a torch into my hand. "Hold this. I've wounded it. We'll follow the trail. It's not over yet."

I found it rather astonishing that he wanted to continue, but Vinson had a gleam in his eye. He was like a man possessed.

But I was still shaking. "I- I can't."

He stopped, and stared at me. I'll never forget the look of disgust he had for me in that moment. The utter contempt. He shook his head.

"Then go." He gestured back toward the cave entrance. "The boy is in there, dead. Show the other villagers, so they can give him a decent burial."

"What about you?"

"I've got a job to do." With that, he pulled out another torch and lit it against mine. He wiped some blood from his brow, hoisted his sword, and was off. I watched for a while, but the fire from his torch was quickly lost from view.

I never saw Vinson Rekthar again.— S

Sign/Tracks

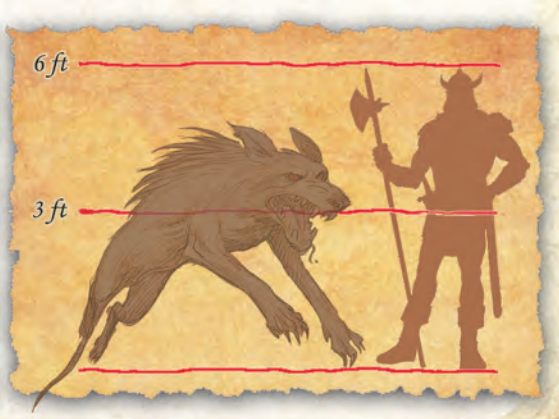


There's a deeply entrenched, long held belief that the chupacabra leaves no tracks or sign of its passing. This is most assuredly untrue. The creature's tracks oft times are difficult to identify, however, due magically enhanced speed of movement.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



The Chupacabra lurks in rocky hills and mountain ranges. Those who have seen it describe it as looking a bit canid-like but much leaner, with scrawny legs, a long feline tail and patchy, mangy-looking fur. It has small vulpine ears, a dripping snout and forward-facing red eyes. It lacks incisors but has sharp claws on its front feet that are retractable like a cat's.

Combat/Tactics:

The Chupacabra is a nocturnal hunter. Its preferred prey are the mountain goats found along its home range. Although it can eat the flesh of its prey, it prefers to carry the victim a far distance away to its lair, where it kills the creature and drinks its blood. One meal of blood can nourish the Chupacabra for a week or longer depending on the size of its quarry.

Human encroachment onto the monster's territory has led to some unusual behaviors, however. If the opportunity seems right, a Chupacabra will sometimes attack a lone shepherd, preferably a young one. Once it has developed a taste for humanoid blood – preferably human, elven, or halfling – the Chupacabra abandons its natural prey and begins to hunt humans exclusively. It stalks its victims at night. Once it has scented a potential victim, it will patiently and methodically track and follow the same individual over long distances and over a long period of time until the kill is taken. If the chase takes it too far from its home, then the Chupacabra will abandon its old den and make a new one in the area.

This monster is unusual in that it is equipped with natural spell points, and the ability to cast certain spells. These spells do not require spell components, verbal components, or somatic gestures for the animal to cast them, nor does the animal ever suffer spell fatigue. In all other ways, the spells are functionally identical to those cast by mages.

This magical ability develops and expands as the creature matures and grows. The amount of spell points, equivalent caster level, and spells available for casting depend directly on the creature's age. See the table below.

These spells are innate supernatural abilities. Most are useful when hunting, and the Chupacabra usually uses these magic abilities when stalking lone prey. Some of them, such as "Pepper Spray" which manifests as a breath attack, are highly useful in a fight. The creature is wary of any fight where it is outnumbered. Many of its abilities are very useful when overwhelmed, so it can affect an escape.

Habitat/Society:

The Chupacabra is normally found where its natural prey occurs. Its natural prey is mountain goats, which live in rocky hills and mountainous regions. The Chupacabra will usually make a den for itself in the area, either by ousting the former occupant, or rarely, digging its own.

The exception to the Chupacabra's range is one that has tasted humanoid blood. For once it has developed this taste, the beast seems to prefer it to all other, abandoning its natural food source and going to great lengths to obtain its new prey type. It also has the frightening habit of fixating on the scent of one individual and stalking its prey, sometimes for weeks at a time, before making the kill. When in pursuit of humans, elves, or halflings, this will often take the Chupacabra far out of its normal range and normal terrain. It has no problem adapting to its new environs.

Chupacabra are solitary creatures. They always hunt alone, and are always found alone.

The only exception to this solitary rule occurs when two moons are full, the female will go into heat. During this time, it will leave its range and use its Yudder's Whistle of Hell's Gate to seek a mate, roaming far and wide if necessary. If her call is answered by a like Yudder's Whistle of Hell's Gate, she will track down and engage – fighting any Chupacabra found, murdering and consuming any females or weaker males.. If a male can best the female, they will mate, and the she-cabra will flee directly after. After mating or as soon as one of the moons wanes from full, the she-cabra will hasten back to its lair and return to normal activity, whether she successfully mated or not.

For successful she-cabras, litters of 4-12 arrive in 6 months and all but the largest two pups are consumed.

At 3 months (adolescence), the pups will flee together, wisely moving as far as possible from the mother. Eventually, one will eat the other at adulthood (6 months).

Ecology:

Chupacabra Magical Powers

Age	6 months	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years
Caster Level	1	2	3	4	5
Spell Points	140	190	260	340	430
Available Spells	Aura of Innocence, Phantom Irritation, Springing	*as previous plus below*	*as previous plus below*	*as previous plus below*	*as previous plus below*
Additional Spells		Yudder's Whistle of Hell's Gate, Pepper Spray (breath attack)	Wall Walk, Frighten, Inaudibility	Cheetah Speed, Veil of Darkness, Light Sleep	Motion Blur, Shadowskin, Panic

A Chupacabra uses its large fangs and claws to kill and carry its prey, but not to eat it. Instead, the beast uses its fangs to rip at its prey's throat, and then drink the blood. It prefers to do this in its den, where it feels safe. It will carry its prey to its den for that purpose. Once it has finished, it leaves the body littered outside of the den, where the bones tend to pile up. Despite the abundance of carcasses that mount up outside of the entrance, few carrion-eaters dare to approach the area. This is primarily due to the beast's loud call which it often uses in its territory to frighten its enemies and competitors (primarily wolves) away. This call has the same effect as the spell *Yudder's Whistle of Hell's Gate*.

A mature Chupacabra can develop a taste for human, elf, or halfling blood. It has not been known to hunt any other humanoids, however.

On Tellene:

Chupacabra are found throughout Tellene, albeit rarely. Their natural environment is rocky hill country, forests and mountainous terrain where goats are plentiful or within wandering range if the beast has relocated when tracking.

A Chupacabra head is sometimes prized as a hunting trophy, but its hide is generally not wanted due to its propensity to have mange, be foul-smelling, and attract flies. Despite this, universities that have mage schools will often pay much coinage for a Chupacabra carcass for use in studying the beast's magical properties.

Notes:

The creature will usually act and fight in one of two ways, depending on the situation.

Hunting – It will stalk its prey, fixating on the scent. While doing this, it uses its natural spell abilities to assist in the hunt. It does not usually attack its target until it sure that the target is alone and unaware. It never hunts by day, only at night. It is an expert tracker and will follow its target over long distances, waiting for the perfect opportunity to attack. It often casts Inaudibility or Light Sleep before attacking.

Defending – The creature only hunts for food. If it senses a threat, it generally retreats. However, if it senses an enemy on its home territory or near its lair, it may become aggressive. Its first reaction is often to cast "Frighten" or "Panic" on its opponent. If that doesn't work, it resorts to other spells, and then finally, tooth and claw. If there are multiple opponents, the animal is more likely to attempt to run away, casting defensive spells in the process.

Chupacabra

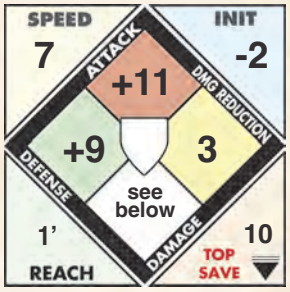
Hit Points:	3d8+25
Size/Weight:	M / 180 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT*

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+13
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Chupacabra cast attack and defense spells before the enemy comes into melee range. Once in range, they attack with their forepaws (2d4p+3 damage) and attempt to bring down their prey (two successive hits indicating this); thereafter they automatically inflict a bite (2d8p+5) every 6 seconds; breaking their grasp requires a Feat of Strength vs. d20p+15

Special Abilities: Listening 65%, Sneaking 40%; Tracking 75%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Good hearing, keen sense of smell
Habitat:	Dens, burrows, forests, mountains, hills
Diet:	Sanguinarian
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Any, follows its prey

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	Head, black spines
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Magical practitioners may be willing to pay up to 500 sp for the carcass
Experience Point Value:	875 (full grown; deduct 75XP 4 and under .)

Cockroach Men

Also Known As:
Char'kaara
Klizzyn



On hard rocky surfaces, Klizzyn make a peculiar. click-click-click sound when moving — once you've heard it, you'll never forget the telltale sound.

Prompeldian city guards use trained hounds to unearth, Klizzyn tunnels. The smell drives the dogs mad with rage.

I attended the underground slave auctions in Prompeldia, not, I am ashamed to say, for purposes of manumission but rather to satisfy my own intellectual curiosity. There, I finally tracked down a pair of brutal overseers responsible for the most curious rumor I had encountered in quite some time. They claimed to have encountered a gigantic cockroach that stood on his hind legs whilst employing twin swords and shields in its other extremities. Though I nearly received a fist in retort to my guffaw, a pouch full of silver coins mollified the aggrieved, and none too healthy looking, thugs.

Sensing the veracity of their tale, I pressed them for as many details of the beast as they could proffer. I gleaned that it mounted a stalwart defense, easily knocking aside determined efforts to wound it. The infrequent jabs that did strike true hardly seemed to perturb the insect so thick was its carapace. (I knew, too, that insects do not suffer from the searing pain of grievous injuries in the same manner that mankind and most beasts do).

It proved a skilled attacker as well, scoring blow after blow with the human crafted longswords it inexplicably wielded in its spindly arms. When I sought physiological details as to how it managed this feat, I was met by evasion and stonewalling. Methinks these "brave" chainmasters survived to relate their tale by running faster than their comrades.

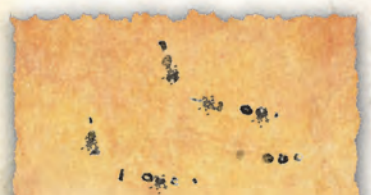
Wishing no more trouble, I thanked them for their marvelous tales and beat a hasty retreat lest social graces demand I shake their hands. If these thugs' countenances were any guide, I am certain that these cockroaches are a similar repository of disease as their innocuous kin. —T

Cockroach Men appear exactly as their moniker would imply – namely giant six-foot tall cockroaches that walk about on their hind legs. Were that insufficiently frightening on its own accord, their ancillary limbs are adapted such that they may grasp objects with unnatural dexterity for an arthropod. This permits them to employ tools – including implements of butchery.

Combat/Tactics:

Although their normal mode of locomotion involves rapidly skittering around flat to the ground (employing their central limbs to carry both shield and weapon), they stand erect to do battle with opponents. Whilst prone, they are capable of scaling walls and ceilings and may utilize this to their advantage by crawling around or above a perimeter defense such that additional drones may either surround opponents or

Sign/Tracks

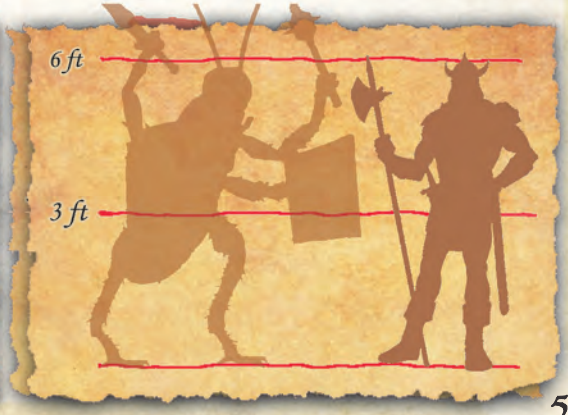


It takes a very skilled and seasoned eye to accurately discern the tracks of Cockroach Men. The pattern of small holes and disturbed soil doesn't always standout and are almost undetectable on hard ground.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



engage additional foes under the foolhardy delusion that they are safe on a two-dimensional battlefield.

Given the use of tactics described above, it should be obvious that Roach Men are not mere automatons. Indeed, they employ precisely logical strategy, always seeking to engage all opponents in melee given favorable numbers. If not, they will choose positions to minimize the number of opponents able to strike orthogonally (thereby facing only one shield for which the Roach can muster only +8 defense).

As hexapods, Cockroach Men are formidable combatants capable of wielding a pair of weapons whilst simultaneously employing a two-shield defense. Field data suggests that they employ only single-handed weaponry, though whether this is a biological limitation or mere preference is unknown. They seemingly have a preference for longswords and, as such, statistical data reflects this use. Such usage should not be taken for granted, as individuals have been observed armed with a variety of scavenged weaponry. In such less common instances, they initially attack with the swifter weapon followed by the secondary at a delay of half weapon speed.

The bugs are habituated to lightlessness and face no combat penalties even in complete darkness. Intraspecies communication takes two forms – pheromonal and a hissing spoken language. Pheromones are used analogous to non-verbal human communication while they revert to a cacophony of hissing to convey more precise information. Their keen pheromone receptors will also detect foreign odors making hiding or sneaking nearly impossible unless their attention is drawn to overpowering scents placed elsewhere.

Roach dens are also filthy breeding pits of disease. One must take care when handling carcasses or reclaiming any items handled by these squalid creatures as such may be vectors for a myriad of unnamed maladies. Their warrens may possibly be endemic repositories of virulent plagues affecting all who dare enter, and lacerations inflicted by their filthy blades certainly bear close inspection by competent healers.[1]

Roach Men are not without their weaknesses, and one is best advised to use such to one's advantage given the menacing prospects of exterminating the bugs in close order melee. Like their tiny progenitors, they are repelled by light. While they dislike relatively weak sources of illumination such as torches and lanterns, these are not sufficiently luminous to have any noticeable effect. More intense light, such as that produced by the Mage spell *Illumination*, will force an immediate

Cockroach Man

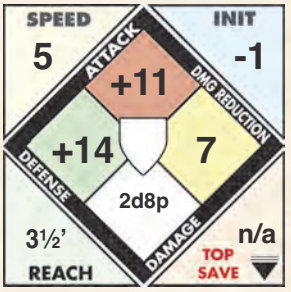
Hit Points:	22+6d8p
Size/Weight:	M /140 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	10
Walk:	15 (5 *standing*)
Jog:	20 (10 *standing*)
Run:	25 (15 *standing*)
Sprint:	30 (20 *standing*)

SAVES

Physical:	+11
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Roach Men normally employ two human weapons and two shields. Double teaming a Roach permits the second attacker to face a single shield (DEF +8). Twin shields provide cover value one step better. May climb walls & ceilings to reach "soft underbelly" of foes.

Special: Disease ridden, can detect pheromones making sneaking and hiding implausible

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2-20
% Chance in Lair:	75%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Unaffected by darkness
Awareness/Senses:	Extremely keen smell
Habitat:	Sewers and midden pits
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Nests
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to temperate - primarily cities

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	No (may be disease vector)
Treasure:	Possibly (hoarders of tools & shiny objects)
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	675

morale check. Cockroach Men are also menaced by cinnamon, which is toxic to their physiology. A full ounce affects them in a similar manner as a human suffering from the sting of a giant wasp. Applying cinnamon powder to the ground may be effective (though costly) in creating barriers that the creatures will not cross.

Habitat/Society:

Cockroach Men are thought to be the product of a very rare genetic mutation occurring in ordinary pestilent cockroaches. When this recombinant DNA manifests itself, the males of a clutch of seemingly ordinary eggs mature as gigantic drones. Though exceedingly rare, the existence of Cockroach Men is tangible proof of the veracity of this hypothesis. Given this method of progenies, eradication of Cockroach Men has proven to be a challenge as the wholesale slaughter of a nest of the creatures is no certain proof against the reappearance of further beasts. The only sure approach would be to eliminate all cockroaches. This is a tall order given the pest's tenacity in surviving in nearly all urban habitats.

As the spawn of urban pests, Cockroach Men are most commonly encountered in or near areas of aggregate filth such as midden pits or sewers. The creatures possess the ability to burrow though loam and clay and often tunnel out extensive lairs abutting such noxious areas. Naturally enough, any den will be teeming with ordinary cockroaches. One might suppose that this infestation could be indicative of the presence of Cockroach Men but, sadly, is so common amongst the urban poor as to be a meaningless indicator.

These arthropods are intolerant of cold and thus far less likely to be encountered in regions prone to severe winters. However, they are intelligent and may adapt to a periodically chilly environment by gathering detritus into fermentation vats to provide ambient heating to their subterranean lairs. Such warrens may prove doubly hazardous as the accumulation of swamp gas, itself harmless to the bugs, may prove explosive.

Ecology:

Roach Men are primarily detritivores that feed upon the waste of human society. This must be interpreted in the broadest sense, as they are far more than mindless consumers of feces. They are a tool using species and salvage much of what they need from human cast offs. It is entirely likely that some of this salvaged material may have been errantly discarded and prove valuable.

These insectoids have an occasional need for substantial protein sources in preparation for periodic molting. Their normal food supply often does not fulfill this requirement, compelling them to seek alternatives. One such source is horse manure. Available in almost limitless quantities in a metropolis, this feeding may go unnoticed. In dire circumstances, they may prey upon the dregs of society, snatching up derelicts in the middle of the night.

Cockroach Men do not pose an imminent threat to humanity as most, if not all, of their activities take place surreptitiously on the fringes of urban society. They are, however, a persistent passive threat as their harboring of disease constitutes a potential catastrophe.

They do not interpret humanity and its ilk as bitter enemies – merely as sources of protein and tools. Unless in need of these items, they are apt to skitter away, preferring to live out their existence in the shadowy edges of the city. Anyone, or thing, that enters their nest is another matter entirely. Roach Men will relentlessly attack until such foes are driven off. Anything left behind, be it corpses or objects, will be recycled.

On Tellene:

Substantiated reports of these creatures are too few in number to answer all the questions this researcher has regarding these fascinating arthropods. Primary source material was gleaned from brigands operating slave pits within the undercity of Prompeldia. Less credible reports indicate their presence in Bet Kalamar and throughout Tarisato.

[1] It is left to the discretion of the GameMaster whether or not a particular nest of Roach Men is permeated with a disease (check communicability upon entering), if they are disease carriers (check communicability upon touching a carcass or something the Cockroach Men have handled) or if their blades are a disease vector (check communicability on suffering damage). Suggested diseases are Flesh Rot or Wasting.

Compsognathus



Also Known As:
Compy, Shredders

I was called south to the house of a noble in southern Tarisato for purposes of investigation of the strangest predatory phenomenon. This lord's cattle had been set upon by a beast that could strip the cow's flesh completely from bone, while only scattering the cleanly-picked remains. After examination of three carcasses, or rather skeletons, I was able to confirm the veracity of the reports; the cattle were indeed stripped clean. Suspecting vermin, I searched about for ants or perhaps some sort of winged insect that could devour the beast, but found naught more than the norm.

I resigned to wait until night and observe, but after three nights my diligence still went unrewarded. I could find no beast, fell or stealthy, hunting the herd. Indeed, the only creature that bothered my investigations was the occasional bipedal lizard, no larger than a chicken. These curiosities emerged at dusk and poked around camp, chasing rodents and insects and the like.

Finally, after the fourth night, my assiduousness was rewarded with a site most ghastly. A calf had become separated from the herd, catching my attention only because its incessant mewling and lowing for its mother woke me from a doze. As the mother cow came around and I turned my back, I heard a horrible noise, much like a hiss, followed by what can only be described as a bovine scream from the calf. Leaping up, expecting to witness the beast, what I saw was almost more harrowing. The calf was swarming with the small, chicken-sized lizards, each rending mouthfuls of flesh even as more ran and leaped onto the poor calf. In moments, the defenseless creature was stripped clean.—

The Compsognathus is a small dinosaur, about the size of a turkey, although its lithe body couldn't be more different. This creature's long hind legs allow it to stand bipedally, balancing itself with its very long tail. The front arms are smaller, but have three enclawed fingers for grasping prey. Compsognathus have long snouts and narrow heads with large eyes, making them attractive compared to other lizard-forms. They are scaly creatures of a tender green hue, with yellowed underbellies and large, auburn eyes. Some mages have been known to keep Compys as familiars.

The Compy's form allows for swiftness and agility, making it an excellent mouser. Indeed, a compy can swallow a hapless mouse whole. When in packs, however, the Compsognathus becomes a danger to even a creature as large as a bugbear.

Sign/Tracks



Due to its speed, the shredder's tracks tend to be characterized by a long stride compared to its relative small size.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Combat/Tactics:

These small creatures shy away from larger beasts and bipeds, as they prefer insects, small lizards and small rodents for their meals. They will, however, prey on larger beings if infirm, aged, very young or very wounded. In this case, they will attack *en masse*, seeking to overwhelm prey with many sets of small but sharp teeth. Compsognathus will flee if injured or faced with a larger, healthy foe, seeking to return only when the odds are better and the prey easier.

Habitat/Society:

These tiny predators feed mostly on smaller lizards, rodents, fish, mollusks and the like. They hunt either solitarily (typically) or in packs (only when larger, wounded prey presents a feast). A Compsognathus scales higher than most lizards with respect to intelligence, using their natural wits, keen eyesight and swiftness to its advantage.

Compsognathus tend to range near others of their kind, making them moderately social. They make small nests in sand or loam in which to lay eggs. The female cares for the eggs until they hatch and within hours, the young are off hunting for insects.

If not eaten by something larger, a Compsognathus can live to be about 35 years old, sometimes longer if well-cared for.

Ecology:

The Compsognathus range from apex predator on various uncharted and smaller islands to being hunted by mid-sized predators just outside lagoons and coastal areas. They hunt marine animals such as fish, crustaceans, and snails since they are plentiful in their habitats, but can also hunt insects, rodents, lizards, and even housecats or small dogs.

On Tellene:

Compsognathus are found on many tropical islands and along the coastal regions of the Obakasek Jungle, ranging as far north as Bet Kalamar and around the perimeter of the Svimohzish Isle and various lagoons on the edges of Tellene's rainforests.

Compsognathus

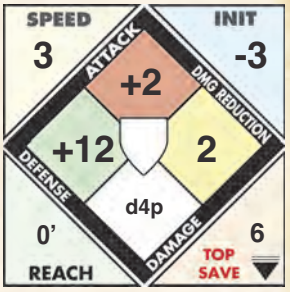
Hit Points:	1d6+5
Size/Weight:	T/8 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint	20

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Compsognathus use speed and agility to chase down smaller creatures. When attacking old, infirm or wounded larger creatures (such as humans), Compsognathuses will surround, attack from ambush and attempt to overwhelm.

Special: None

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-30
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Lagoons, beaches, reefs, shores and slightly inland
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Packs
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to tropical wilderness

Yield

Medicinal:	Tails in soup can cure vertigo
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes, tastes like chicken
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	10

Crab, Giant

Also Known As:
Wegalae,
Storm Crab



If cornered or hemmed in by a Giant Crab try diving directly under the beast and darting out behind it to make your escape. I saw this tactic work first hand.

The famous sea-farer, Urdin Faad once boasted he fed his crew of twenty marooned men for twenty days off the meat of a single Giant Crab.

I was paid to hunt a Giant Crab once. It had found its way into a ship's cargo hold outside of Shyta-na-Dobyo and refused to budge. Naturally, this irked the merchants who owned the ship. They were so sure that crab was going to gobble up all their spices, they paid triple my usual fee. I tell you, my arrows ricocheted off that thing's shell like toys. Hardly noticed 'em, so I went down into the hold with my shield and hammer to give the thing a good beating. As soon as I got close, that huge claw, practically as big as a man, shot out at me quick as a flash! The pincers closed around my shield and I could see the metal rim buckling. I unstrapped my arm and started really laying into the thing. Must've taken twenty blows to bring it down! Well, ten at least. When I went to retrieve my shield, the wood was splintered and the rim totally crushed. When I think what that thing could've done to my arm… well, I try not to think about it. —

Giant Crab is the term used to describe a diverse family of voracious crustaceans that inhabit Tellene. Giant Crabs sit low to the ground and are armored in thick exoskeletons. The crustaceans have four pairs of segmented legs for locomotion and two claws of vastly differing sizes. The large major claw is used in mating displays and as a weapon for hunting while the small minor claw is used for tasks that require fine motor skills.

The Giant Crab is about six feet across and weighs over 350 pounds. Giant Crabs from different regions of Tellene vary greatly in coloration and decoration, from vibrant patterns of red and yellow in coral reefs to dun-colored mud dwelling crabs. Their eyes are mounted on retractable stalks, which can be rotated in any direction and some subspecies have a pair of paddle-like back legs in lieu of their normal rear legs to aid in swimming.

Combat/Tactics:

Giant Crabs can be very aggressive, especially when hungry. Not especially intelligent creatures, the crabs' repetitive tactics can be easily predicted by a savvy crabber. When a Giant Crab spots prey (any animal size Medium or smaller), it will attempt to grab the creature in its major claw and crush the life out of it in an ever-tightening, vice-like grip. The major claw has a 5-foot reach, being nearly as long as the giant crab's entire body. If presented with multiple targets within range, a Giant Crab will always preferentially target the largest* creature, hoping for the biggest prize. (**Use creature weight to determine*)

A successful hit from the major claw grabs the target and deals 2d6p points of crushing damage 5 seconds later (DR applies against this crushing damage).

Sign/Tracks

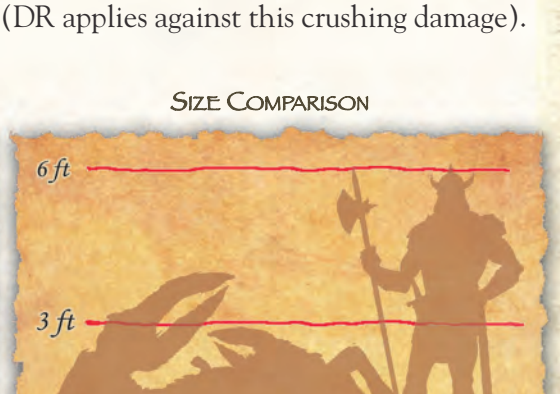


Giant Crab tracks are immediately detectable for what they are, once you know what to look for.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



A creature caught by a Giant Crab may attempt a Feat of Strength check versus d20p+6 to break free every 5 seconds after being caught. However, for every 5 seconds the crab spends tightening its grip, its Feat of Strength and crushing damage both increase by +1. For example, 10 seconds into being crushed by a Giant Crab, the victim will suffer 2d6p+1 points of damage and must succeed against a d20p+7 Feat of Strength check to break free. 15 seconds in, the crushing damage has increased to 2d6p+2 and the Feat of Strength check has increased to d20p+8 and so on. If the victim succeeds on their Feat of Strength check to break free of the crab's grip, then they take no damage that second.

If the Giant Crab scores a shield hit on a defender, then it has grabbed that defender's shield in its claw and will attempt to crush it. While caught in this manner, the defender becomes a Stationary Target (all attackers gain a +6 bonus to their attack roll against them) and, though the defender cannot move, it may still attempt to attack the crab or unbuckle its shield. The defender also loses any defensive bonuses from its shield and must employ a shieldless defense. The crab will continue tightening its grip on the shield until it succeeds in crushing it (see Shield Destruction in the Player's Handbook, pg. 225).

If the crab's attack roll exceeds the defender's roll by 4 points, then it has grabbed both the defender's torso and one of their arms (always the shield arm or arm wielding a secondary defensive weapon, otherwise determine randomly). Until the target has broken free of the crab's grip, it cannot use the pinned arm. If the crab's attack roll exceeds the defender's roll by 8 or more points, then it has grabbed the defender's torso and pinned both of their arms.

A Giant Crab always attacks with its major claw first and will not employ its minor claw until it has something in its major claw's grasp. After catching something in the major claw, the crab will begin attacking with its minor claw (attack speed 5 seconds). The minor claw has a 2-foot reach and deals 3d4 (no 'p') hacking damage. While the major claw is an immensely powerful crushing vice, the minor claw is more like a pair of razor sharp shears. If the crab is facing multiple opponents within range, then the minor claw will be used to attack them, but if no other opponents are within range, then the Giant Crab will use its minor claw to attack whatever it has gripped in its major claw.

Giant Crabs are heavily armored creatures. Their outer carapace is slightly curved and very thick, but tends towards brittleness. As such, they possess DR 3 versus crushing damage, DR 6 versus piercing damage, and DR 10 versus hacking damage. Their heavy armor and body shape make changing their facing more difficult than for other creatures. Giant Crabs must take a one second ac-

Giant Crab

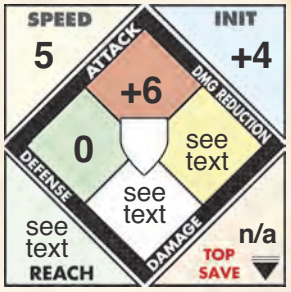
Hit Points:	4d8+25
Size/Weight:	M/ 350 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog	10
Run*	15
Sprint*	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	+2



Attack: Major claw has five foot reach and deals 2d6p dmg every 5 seconds to caught target. FoS vs. D20p+6 to escape grip. Minor claw only attacks after something is caught in major claw. As major claw tightens, does additional +1 to damage and adds +1 to FoS check every 5 seconds. See text for additional rules

Defenses: DR 3 vs. crushing, DR 6 vs. piercing, DR 10 vs. hacking. Immune to flanking and rear attacks.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	n/a or 100% during mating season
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Primarily coastal, varies by type
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Littoral regions, any climate

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	Major claw
Treasure:	n/a
Edible:	Yes, very nutritious
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	422

tion to change their facing. This action is furthermore considered a Tactical move (see *Player's Handbook* pg. 229). These crabs may only attempt attacks against creatures that they are facing.

To compensate for their slow turning speed, Giant Crabs have evolved independently moving, stalked eyes which give them the benefit of 360 degree vision. As such, a Giant Crab is immune to flank and rear attacks. Because of their weight and low-slung bodies, the crabs are also very difficult to push around. The Medium sized Giant Crabs count as size Large when calculating knockbacks, and they cannot be grabbed or hugged unless the grappler is size Gigantic or larger. A successful knockback against a Giant Crab will not cause it to release its grabbed victim.

Giant Crabs can run as fast as a human being when pressed, but only if scuttling sideways towards their target (which may necessitate changing their facing). A crab cannot run or sprint unless scuttling in this manner. The crabs are not tenacious hunters, and will give up pursuit of targets which have put 30 or more feet between themselves and the Giant Crab.

Habitat/Society:

Varieties of Giant Crabs inhabit many different biomes throughout Tellene. Most are littoral creatures, living in, or near, fresh or saltwater coastlines, although there are also purely aquatic and purely terrestrial species. These crustaceans have been observed in swamps, harbors, desert burrows, silted riverbeds, and subterranean environments.

Sexual dimorphism between Giant Crabs is virtually undetectable to the untrained observer, but there are a few key differences between males and females. Males have more brightly colored major claws for use in mating displays and combat against other males. The sexes also display different patterns on the undersides of their abdomens. During the mating season, males compete against one another for the attentions of female crabs. The males gather together at mating grounds and dig burrows in which the females will later hatch their egg clutches. Males become aggressively territorial during mating season, fighting amongst each other for the best patches of land in which to dig their burrows. Once the burrow has been dug, the male crab stands at its entrance, waving his major claw high in the air in a mating display. Females choose males with the largest claws and most energetic displays.

Once mating is complete, the males leave the burrows and resume their normal crab lifestyles while the females lay their egg clutches. Giant Crab eggs are each about the size of a chickpea and are laid in the hundreds. Females secure their eggs to their abdomens with a sticky substance and carry them there until they hatch after about two weeks. The baby crabs, or zoea, begin their lifecycles in water, undergoing various stages of moulting before they reach maturity. Crabs that live in arid regions instinctively carry water to their burrows in specialized sacs or, if feasible, dig down to the water table to flood the bottom of the burrow. Man-made wells are especially attractive to crabs in areas where water is hard to come by.

Ecology:

Giant Crabs are mostly detritivores, feeding on carrion and rotting organic matter. As hunters, they are indiscriminate opportunists and will attack any creature of size Medium or smaller. They most often prey on other crustaceans, mollusks, seals, starfish, urchins, and unwary waterfowl, as well as sifting the sand and mud with their minor claws in search of any small morsels to be found. With their thick shells and powerful claws, the crabs have few natural predators, but the nutritional richness of the crabs' meat is difficult to resist. Large crocodilians, grizzly bears, and giant octopuses frequently predate on the crabs, using various methods to crack open their hard carapaces. Human fishermen and hunters generally avoid the crabs, but will pursue the crustaceans in times of need. Crabbers use long spears to engage the crabs as specialist hunters circle behind to crack their carapaces with bludgeons.

Subspecies: Polar Crab

The Polar Crab is a subspecies of Giant Crab that inhabits the icy waters of northern oceans and Lake Jorakk. They are found under ice shelves and along rocky coasts, using their powerful claws to break open holes in the ice to reach the waters below. These unusual crabs are covered in thick golden hair (which has earned them the moniker "Yeti Crabs") and are able to better resist the frigid temperatures of their environments. Yeti Crabs have the equivalent protection of Polar Gear (see *GameMaster's Guide*).

On Tellene:

Giant Crabs are considered a nuisance throughout much of Tellene. They are generally too dangerous to hunt and are too territorial to be driven off easily. In regions where the crabs are more numerous, teams of crabbers make their living by killing the creatures for a fee and subsequently selling their rich meat. Giant Crab meat is prized in many culinary traditions, but must be served immediately after the crab has been killed, as the meat spoils quickly and does not transport well. When it can be had, crab meat is usually served in rich, buttery sauces with lemon juice and spices.

Crawling Claw

Also Known As:
Avenging Hand,
Death's Clutch



According to the scholar, Vinn the Imperial Treasury of ancient Bet Seder was once guarded by 150 Crawling Claws; A growing collection of severed hands taken from would be thieves.

We assumed the skittering we heard amongst what we thought to be a long-abandoned library was merely rats or mice. Such vermin would have proved a major annoyance for the damage they could have caused to the tomes shelved within, but the mistake we had made in assuming the noise came from so simple a creature allowed us to be truly caught off guard. As I moved some of the dusty volumes aside, expecting to see the darting movements of such vermin scurrying away from the source of disturbance, it was I who was quickly startled back as a hideous rotting hand thrust out from the back of the shelves. Thank the Gods that it missed, those broken and rotten fingernails more than made up for what could have looked a simple, yet disgusting, momentary distraction.

It was only after the thing raised itself up on its fingers, flopping to the ground, and immediately springing up and gouging out a portion of my traveling companion's cheek, that we realized the thing was alive. That was when we heard more scuttling all around us…

Crawling Claws are severed humanoid hands that have been animated by dark nefarious energies. These disgusting appendages may be encountered as minor guardians, tenacious pestilences or as the surreptitious spies of a powerful host. Although those with but a fleeting mastery of Arcane Lore could easily mistake them for the manifestation of a Disembodied Floating Hand spell, they are anything but.

First and foremost, these creatures are undead; the flesh is sallow and grey, and the severing is indicative of the appendage being torn loose by tremendous physical strength rather than severed with an implement for desiccated veins, arteries and tendons trail out from the wrist. A secondary difference is their means of locomotion. They propel themselves by crawling along on their fingertips with the back of the hand topmost. They cannot float through the air but may spring up to six feet by "flicking" themselves off a surface. Crawling Claws are excellent climbers as well.

Combat/Tactics:

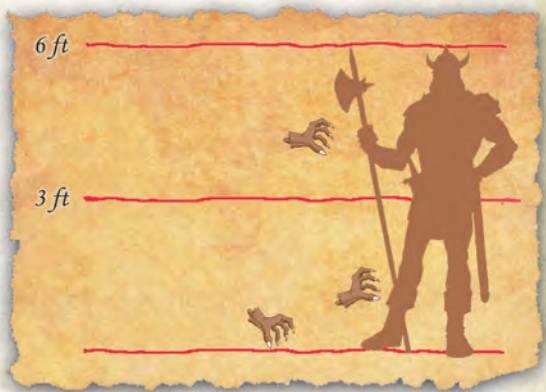
The Crawling Claw's method of attack is to flick itself up at an opponent's throat and attempt to strangle them. To accomplish this, it must score a hit and roll penetration damage (i.e. rolling "4" on its damage die) or get a natural 20 on the attack die. Failing either of these occurrences, a hit means that it has landed elsewhere on the target's body and does 1d4 points of damage as its nailed claws tear at the target.

Though its attacks may often inflict only incidental damage (or none at all to well-armored defenders), the possibility of being throttled by these creatures is very

Be most wary of these dessicat'd hands for they willst leap to thyne neck and strangle thee



SIZE COMPARISON



real. Should it succeed in latching on to a character's neck, it will automatically inflict 1d4p damage every 10 seconds thereafter with the additional caveat that this damage die penetrates on a 3 or 4 (procedurally similar to a thief's backstab). Note that a defender's DR does provide protection against this strangulation damage.

A victim of the claw's death grip (or an ally) may attempt to pull the creature away from his throat by succeeding at a Feat of Strength (*vs. d20*+9). Only one such attempt may be made per 10 seconds. It is certainly possible to attack a Crawling Craw grasped around another character's neck but this is fraught with danger.

If the attack succeeds, any damage over and above that necessary to kill the creature is delivered to the character being strangled. However, if the attack fails, the attacker delivers full weapon damage (plus any bonuses) to the strangulation victim who is permitting the attacker to haul off at his neck or face.

Their tiny size makes them difficult to hit in combat and also contributes significantly to their Hiding and Sneaking masteries (both at a mastery level of 90). Naturally enough, they will use said skills to their best advantage to take unsuspecting victims by surprise when attacking.

Habitat/Society:

Ostensibly none; however, they are not automatonic undead like skeletons and zombies and possess some measure of rudimentary intelligence and free will. They can though be easily dominated and compelled to serve the whims of powerful undead beings or evil wizards and priests.

Crawling Claws can be found almost anywhere, but tend to be positioned within locations that have plenty of cubbyholes, small cracks in walls or hiding spaces in order to facilitate their covert movement. They will only be found within structures, given their non-natural creation, be it inhabited places or tombs.

Despite their tiny size, rodents, insects and other vermin are repelled by Crawling Claws and will never attempt to feed upon them.

Ecology:

None; as they are animated undead, Crawling Claws require no sustenance, sleep, nor partnership. Their only purpose in existing is to wreak havoc upon the living.

[1]*If a Crawling Claw is used as an optional material component when casting the Disembodied Floating Hand spell, the caster gains the benefit of having a DR of 2 applied to any attack made against his hand. Additionally, he may grasp objects as if he had a STR of 16/01.*

Crawling Claw

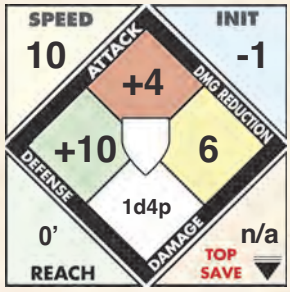
Hit Points:	1d4+6
Size/Weight:	T / 3/4 lb.
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	n/a
Sprint:	n/a

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	+5



Attack: Leap off ground or object within 6' to attack; natural 20 or penetration damage indicates claw has grasped neck (otherwise standard damage); once neck is grasped, does 1d4p/10 seconds automatic damage that penetrates on a 3 or 4; may be pulled off with FoS (vs. d20+9) or if turned by cleric; possible danger to victim if he permits other to attack claw.

Special:
DR reduced to 2 with silvered weapons

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-12
% Chance in Lair:	80%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Structures (never encountered in wild)
Diet:	None
Organization:	Individuals or small group
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	*Disembodied Floating Hand*[1]
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	85

Cueyatl

Also Known As: Hoppers, Bog Walkers, Anurans, Batrachians



A Bog Walker's warning croak can be heard up to five miles away!

It is nigh impossible to enter their territory undetected.

These creatures sometimes use whistles made from reeds to mimic other bog animals.

It was the last straw. The damned hoppers had broken in again, but this time they tunneled right through the thatch roof. When I think of all the money I spent on locks... anyway, this time they went too far. They stole my father's walking stick right off the mantle. And this after I had done everything right! The house was locked up tight, I left a decoy basket of shiny baubles right outside the front door—I even spread weasel urine around the house, and I will tell you right now that stuff isn't cheap. None of it mattered. It's the same thing every Spring, like clockwork.

Well, when I get angry, I get to drinking, and when get to drinking I make some bad choices. I grabbed a shovel from my work shed and headed out towards the marshland. I was livid... and stupid. No sooner had I made it under the canopy, I was yelling. Just, you know, really hollerin' at the top of my lungs, hitting trees with the shovel. I guess I thought I was calling the hoppers out somehow. As if frogs can understand anything.

Well, it don't take long before I can't even hear myself anymore, the whole swamp is just croaks and frog noise. I plugged my ears and grimaced, trying to muffle it (I may have been a touch hungover). It all quiets down pretty quickly and, when I look up, there's a dozen hoppers squatting in the branches above me, just watching. I look behind me and I see another dozen, still as can be and eerie quiet. I dropped the shovel in the mud and backed up real slow like. My advice to you: if the hoppers steal something—it's just gone. You'll be happier if you can forget about it. —

The Cueyatl are a sapient race of bipedal frog-people that principally dwell in secluded villages within Tellene's extensive bogs, marshes, and swamplands. Sexual dimorphism is indicative of matriarchy as female Batrachians are physically larger and usually stand about five feet tall, weighing from 150 to 180 pounds, while the smaller males are usually about six inches shorter and 30 pounds lighter. While shorter than humans, Anurans have a broad torso that accounts for their added mass. Cueyatl skin markings and coloration vary greatly and act as a discriminator of social rank. Low status individuals, comprising most males and a plurality of females, are a mottled green and brown. Those of high rank feature skin coloration of fantastic hues — golden yellows, electric blues, and deep reds.

Batrachians speak a complex language of guttural croaks and high-pitched trills produced from prodigious vocal sacs on the creatures' throats. The Cueyatl can use these sacs to produce droning, low frequency croaks, which they use to communicate with one another over great distances. In overgrown, sound dampening bayous, these low frequency transmissions are often employed as an early warning system to warn distant allies of intruders or other dangers.

Scant few humans have maintained a relationship with the Cueyatl of sufficient duration to comprehend this language. Humanoid species lack the necessary physiology to even attempt to recreate its sounds but could theoretically learn to understand it. Even such gifted linguists would require close proximity to the speaker as much of the speech transcends the lower threshold of human sensitivity[1].

The Cueyatl are intelligent and possessed of the ability to create tools. They are able to craft weaponry of wood, bone and natural fibers gathered from the environment.

Sign/Tracks

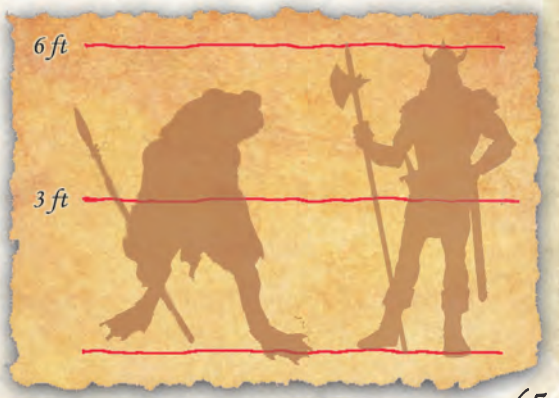


Orcs and Goblins have an insatiable appetite for Bog Walker flesh,

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Functionally, this entails that primary melee weapons are wooden clubs, nets or spears. Stone suitable for making arrowheads or spearpoints is generally unobtainable in the swamps and wetlands Cueyatl inhabit leading frogmen to substitute bone for warheads. These should be considered analogous to lithic weapons (q.v.) with the added stricture that no penetration damage is possible.

Although they recognize the functional superiority of metal weapons, these implements quickly rust in the damp climates in which these creatures dwell limiting their utility.

Bog Walkers are naturally at home in the water and all possess Advanced Mastery in Swimming. Low status individuals (e.g. those exhibiting mottled green and brown coloration) are able to readily camouflage themselves in marshes, fens and bogs and thus gain the "Hiding in Natural Surroundings" bonus (see *Player's Handbook* p. 22).

Combat/Tactics:

Batrachians do not often come into conflict with either mankind or its humanoid adversaries as the frogmen inhabit areas the latter consider economically unviable. Cueyatl are not expansionist and do not wish to and indeed cannot live in prime agricultural land. Warfare is a costly distraction for a population not overflowing in resources so hoppers prefer to avoid conflict when possible, using camouflage and stealth to conceal their presence. However, there are threats that cannot be ignored.

If the Cueyatl perceive that their villages or young are threatened, they mobilize quickly to fend off and eliminate interlopers. Similarly, they will take action to prevent depredation of their homeland from fishermen, peat excavators and those gathering bog iron.

The Cueyatl rely on the element of surprise and mastery of their natural environment to overcome their foes. Batrachians use lithic weaponry and favor bone headed javelins, spears, clubs and nets. They usually initiate an ambush with a volley of javelins from a camouflaged position[2], emerging from the water or hurling their weapons down from treetop perches. After these missiles are exhausted, Cueyatl literally leap into battle, using their prodigious jumping ability to surround and out-maneuver their foes. Cueyatl are able to move as if under the effects of a *Springing* spell (q.v.) and use this advantage to hop in and out of combat, keeping their opponents unbalanced.

The most effective weapon the Cueyatl employ, however, are the swamps themselves. Cueyatl can move through sucking mud, quicksand, and dense swamp vegetation with no penalty and often stage "false retreats," drawing their pursuers deeper into the swamp and towards these unseen dangers. The Cueyatl are able to keep in constant, secure communication with one another through these complex maneuvers thanks to their unintelligible language (which they assume is undecipherable to outsiders). Survivors of these amphibian tactics have even reported being lured into alligator infested pools, snake nests, and insect swarms. While their opponents are distracted by these hazards, the batrachians can ready another javelin volley. Batrachians will chase down retreating opponents, but rarely maintain their pursuit past the borders of their swamp territories.

Cueyatl

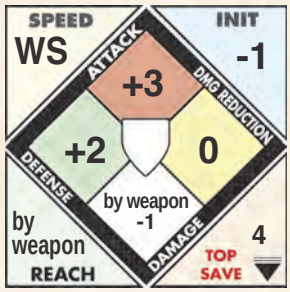
Hit Points:	d8+19
Size/Weight:	M /150 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+1
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Cueyatl prefer to use excellent hiding ability in natural terrain to establish concealed ambush zones. Attacks are instigated with javelins followed by frogmen hopping into combat. Utilize clubs (spd 10) or spears (spd 12) in melee. WS in combat rose means "weapon speed".

Special: Use superior jumping ability (see *Springing* spell) to outmaneuver and escape foes.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2d4 (hunting party), 3d4p+10 (warband), 10d8p (tribe)
% Chance in Lair:	25%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Superior camouflage ability
Habitat:	Swamplands
Diet:	Waterfowl, amphibians, fish, small mammals, and insects
Organization:	Tribe
Climate/Terrain:	Marshes, swamps, bogs, and fens

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Yes[4]
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Unusual
Edible:	Yes[3]
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	30

As amphibians, the Cueyatl are equally at home on land and in the water. Because the Cueyatl breathe through their skin while underwater, they can remain submerged for long periods of time even in oxygen poor water. This skin permeability comes with drawbacks as well. Cueyatl suffer a -6 penalty to any check made to resist the harmful effects of any gas or smoke.

Habitat/Society:

Batrachian society is tribal and matriarchal. Chieftains (always female) are chosen through unknown criteria to lead their tribes, doing so until their eventual death from advanced age or accident. Chieftains and their inner circle (usually other related females) maintain rigid control over their communities, deciding which adults are eligible to mate and organizing the defense of their swamplands. Cueyatl tribes that lose their leadership due to warfare, disease, or some other catastrophic incident almost always devolve into small hunter groups until an emergent matriarch reunites the population under her leadership. Barring such an event, however, Cueyatl tribes are very stable and can maintain themselves indefinitely in their isolation.

During the spring mating season, Batrachian males compete with one another to win breeding rights with the much smaller pool of eligible, high-ranking females. Males show their value by wrestling one another, singing mating songs, and by offering baubles as their own equivalent of a dowry. Males who believe themselves to be deficient in one of these three areas labor twice as hard to emphasize their other qualities during mating season. The baubles that the Cueyatl value are almost always human-made goods of some sort and are usually looted from shipwrecks or the bodies of those wanderers who end up lost in batrachian swamplands.

Most of the interaction between Cueyatl and other species takes place during spring. Adventurous Cueyatl males leave the safety of their swamps in large numbers and, under cover of darkness, sneak into human communities looking for valuable trinkets to steal. What constitutes as "valuable" to a Cueyatl is impossible to predict. Families who have been robbed by Batrachians have reported no discernable pattern in the behaviors of the frog men. In some cases, the Cueyatl have stolen every one of a family's silver forks, but left the rest of the cutlery untouched. In others, the Cueyatl focus entirely on red fabrics even when precious metals are present. In one of the stranger cases, a retired clerk awoke to find that every scrap of parchment and paper in his home had been taken, the Cueyatl going so far as to rip the paper out from books, leaving only their leather covers behind.

Ecology:

The Cueyatl are permanently intertwined with their swamplands. They rely on these marshy environments not only to furnish them with food and raw materials, but also to serve as a bulwark against outside threats. The majority of a Cueyatl tribe's calories come from wild game and gathered food. Wild caught water fowl, amphibians, fish, small mammals, and (especially) copious amounts of insects constitute the Cueyatl diet. Increasingly, growing Cueyatl populations have been turning towards rudimentary fish farming as a way to increase their food stores without overtaxing the limited resources of the swamp. Batrachian tribes who have mastered fish farming tend to be more populous and aggressive than their fully hunter-gatherer counterparts, more willing to make journeys outside of their swamps (possibly due to an increase in the demand for trinkets as the mating population grows).

Cueyatl villages themselves are usually hidden near the center of a given swampland and consist of clusters of houses built on stilts over deep water. Fish farms are usually little more than netted off sections of the swamp. The houses are accessible only by swimming through the murky water, where their inhabitants climb thin ladders to enter their homes.

Swamps inhabited by Cueyatl are also often populated by dangerous fauna, such as poisonous snakes and crocodilians, which the Cueyatl are totally unperturbed by. Cueyatl flesh is naturally toxic and has a repulsive ammoniac taste, which puts off most predators[3].

On Tellene:

Cueyatl have been observed swimming through pools thick with crocodiles without the slightest concern for their own safety, which has led the uneducated to believe that Cueyatl have a magical gift to calm or control reptilian minds. If this sort of tall tale were true, however, then the Cueyatl would be free of their enduring foes: lizard men. Lizard men compete with the Batrachians for swamp territory and, on an individual to individual basis, are stronger and tougher than the amphibians. When the two species are present in the same swamp, they make constant warfare against one another, raiding villages and nests in an effort to destroy egg clutches or eat tadpoles so as to reduce the size of future generations. These conflicts go on for years as the two sides fight a multi-generational war of attrition that can only end with one side being destroyed or the lizard men leaving the swamp for greener pastures. While the lizard men can use their scaly hides to conserve moisture during long treks over dry land in search of another swamp, the Cueyatl have no such advantage. Being pushed out of their swamp means death for the tribe as they shrivel up under the beating rays of the sun.

Notes:

[1] Functionally, anyone attempting to decipher the Cueyatl language must be within 30 feet and possesses abnormally good hearing (e.g. average or better Listening mastery.) Increased Listening mastery permits comprehension at progressively greater distances, provided that the listener also possesses the Cueyatl language skill. The former limitation applies to any magical form of language comprehension.

[2] Prepared ambush zones will typically offer the Cueyatl assailants 50% to 90% concealment depending on the density of local vegetation.

[3] Cueyatl flesh is edible – and some consider it a delicacy – but preparation by an individual with advanced mastery in Cooking/Baking is required. Improper preparation requires a save vs. VF 8 poison with effects paralleling effect #4 of a poison potion (see *GameMaster's Guide* p. 291).

[4] Cueyatl tendons substituted as the material component when casting *Springing* prolongs duration by 60 seconds.

Deep Stalkers

Also Known As:
Harkurdans,
Tidal Fiends



The bite of a Tidal Fiend tends to fester and heal poorly. Treat the wound with hot iron and redress it thrice daily.

Beware, these bastards have been known to feign death.

These mysterious, reptilian creatures dwell deep within the seas in great colonies that provide a constant danger to surrounding aquatic life as well as passing ships. Due to their rarity and dangerous nature, I have never been able to study the creatures, but some basic facts are known among the mermen with whom I have been fortunate enough to speak.

Deep Stalkers seem to be fish, but many of their characteristics argue against this. They are bipedal, although they typically swim. When they do walk, they amble in a manner similar to a gorilla. They have some limited intelligence, but seem incapable of developing culture or a civilization. Most unusual about their nature is that they breed similar to insects, with eggs producing either drones, hunters or queens.

Deep Stalker colonies are the junkyards of the sea. The outer rim of the colony is a collection of whale carcasses and sunken ships. These are the remains of the hunters' prey and are never cleared away. Within this refuse ring are the egg fields, and at the center of the egg fields is the queen. The stalkers do not build, and have no form of shelter, nor any particular need for it. Deep Stalker Hunters may dwell in the hulks of the ships they sink, or a colony may actually begin within a cave system, but these are rare occurrences.—

These aquatic, reptilian humanoids have green, scaly skin that is darker along the back and lighter on the belly and fins. All Deep Stalkers have webbed toes, as well as webbed fingers ending in long, vicious claws. Their sunken eyes are set on each side of their head and are of a deep jet black. Their ears are also no more than a small opening on each side of the head, but it is their electroreceptor organs (gel-filled ampullae and pores in the head) that give the Deep Stalker its greatest sensitivity, able to even find prey hidden in the sand by the electromagnetic field that all living things produce. Other characteristics of a single Deep Stalker, however, depend on its physical caste. As with some insects, deep stalkers have drones, hunters and queens, each with a distinct role and morphology.

Newly hatched Deep Stalkers are indistinguishable from one another, and it is impossible to tell drones from hunters from queens until at least the second week. At this point, the hunters' jaws begin to elongate, and the queens begin to show their incredible size.

Drones stand around six feet tall and weigh about 150 pounds. Like all Deep Stalkers, the weight of their thick scales is balanced by the light cartilaginous skeleton. Drones lack the jagged fringe or fin that appears on the legs of the hunter and have the toes of the feet webbed not more than halfway to the tips. They also appear sexless, with no obvious differences between males and females.

Unlike drones, hunters exhibit distinct differences between the sexes, with males having slightly thicker and longer limbs and digits, broader rib cages and more pronounced brow ridges and head fins. Whether male or female, all adult hunters are larger than drones, being

Sign/Tracks

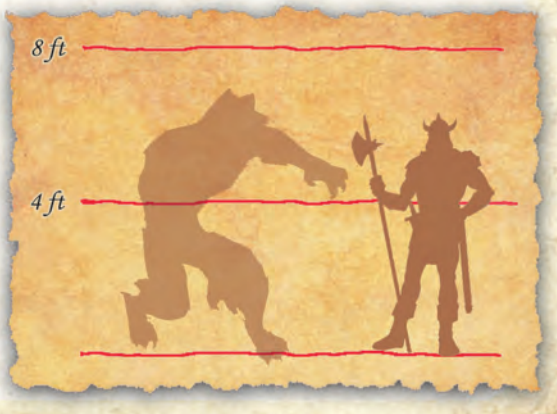
Detour around known Deep Stalker egg field as the Hunters are aggressive and will board vessels they deem to be a threat



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Deep Stalker Drone

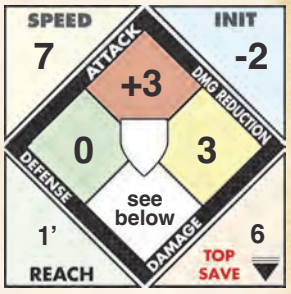
Hit Points:	2d8+20
Size/Weight:	M/150+ lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	7½
Sprint:	10
Swim:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Drones attack by raking with their claws for 2d6p and biting for 2d4p; alternate attacks every 7 seconds

Weaknesses:
-1 to Attack & Defense in daylight; electricity inflicts extra point per die (or +1 hp per 4/hp damage)

Deep Stalker Hunter

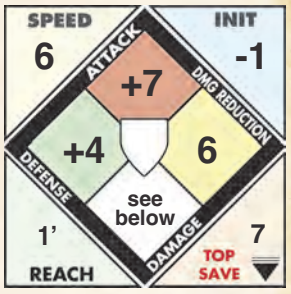
Hit Points:	4d8+22
Size/Weight:	M/200+ lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	7½
Sprint:	10
Swim:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+7
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Hunters attack by raking with their claws for 2d8p+2 and biting for 3d4p; alternate attacks every 6 seconds

Special:
-1 to Attack & Defense in daylight; electricity inflicts extra point per die (or +1 hp per 4/hp damage)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (diurnal for coastal stalkers)
No. Appearing:	6-17
% Chance in Lair:	70
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Wide field of view, low light
Awareness/Senses:	Acute electrical sensitivity
Habitat:	Aquatic (saltwater)
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Cold to temperate, subtropical

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (diurnal for coastal stalkers)
No. Appearing:	3-7
% Chance in Lair:	30
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Wide field of view, low light
Awareness/Senses:	Acute electrical sensitivity
Habitat:	Aquatic (saltwater)
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Cold to temperate, subtropical

Yield

Medicinal:	unknown
Spell Components:	unknown
Hide/Trophy:	head or egg is prized trophy
Treasure:	incidental; from shipwrecks
Edible:	no
Other:	none
Experience Point Value:	67

Yield

Medicinal:	unknown
Spell Components:	unknown
Hide/Trophy:	head or egg is prized trophy
Treasure:	incidental; from shipwrecks
Edible:	no
Other:	none
Experience Point Value:	175

about seven feet tall and weighing slightly more than 200 pounds. Hunters also have larger mouths and teeth than drones. It is the hunters that most people would recognize as Deep Stalkers, for they are the ones known to slink aboard passing ships in search of food (i.e., the sailors and crew).

A Deep Stalker Queen is the ruler and egg layer for the colony, but her abdomen cannot expand greatly due to the rigid scales covering most of her body. Thus, she has a much larger body (often in excess of a ton and 15 feet long, including a correspondingly large head). However, a queen's legs and arms grow no larger than those of a drone, and are thus too small to move her great frame at any significant speed. She spends most of her life in a reclining position, depositing her leathery eggs through an extended tubular ovipositor.

Combat/Tactics:

Deep stalker Drones attack with single-minded savagery, but fight only to defend the colony or themselves; they do not leave the colony unless accompanied by a hunter. Hunters, on the other hand, circle their opponents like sharks, attacking en masse and flanking whenever possible. The queen, with her small limbs, relies heavily on her servants for protection. When she senses enemies approaching, she summons drones and hunters and orders them to attack all nearby enemies.

All Deep Stalkers within a mile of their queen are constantly linked to her. If one Deep Stalker is aware of a present danger, so is the queen, and thus so are all other Deep Stalkers within range. Naturally, this makes them quite difficult to surprise. If one Deep Stalker in a group of three or more is not surprised, then neither are the others.

Habitat/Society:

The ideal Deep Stalker habitat is an undersea cavern adjacent to a flat plain that serves as the spawning ground. They can be found near coastal areas or in the lowest levels and trenches, or even in aboveground caves with tunnel access to the sea or another large source of brackish water.

While underwater, Deep Stalkers extract oxygen from seawater as it passes over their gills, but can survive on land as long as they remain moist. This is thanks to a labyrinth organ (a folded supra-branchial accessory breathing organ formed by vascularized expansion of the epibranchial bone of the first gill arch) that allows Deep Stalkers to take in oxygen directly from the air and absorb it into the bloodstream.

Deep stalkers are common down to depths of 8,000 feet, and some live even deeper, but colonies are quite rare below 15,000 feet. Colonies below this level produce Deep Stalkers accustomed to the greatest pressures. These deepest of Deep Stalkers are born without labyrinth organs and cannot even remain long in shallow water without great discomfort.

About 90% of deep stalker eggs produce drones. Drones perform a number of maintenance tasks, but their most important job is caring for the spawning grounds. These spawning grounds resemble enormous "egg fields" where the eggs are carefully placed after being taken from the queen. While the drones seem sexless, each is capable of fertilizing the eggs. The other 10% of eggs produce hunters.

About one in every ten thousand eggs produces a queen, the only Deep Stalker capable of laying eggs. The queen sits in a deep cavern on the ocean bottom, just outside the egg field, and is cared for by the drones. If a colony happens to have two queens at one time, the younger queen will be nurtured until maturity. At this time, she takes about a quarter of the drones and hunters and leaves to found a new colony. These mass movements are known as "swarms." If a colony's only queen happens to die, the drones and hunters continue their normal work until a queen hatches from the remaining eggs or they die.

The queen determines the sex and caste of developing Deep Stalkers during the egg-laying stage, rather than merely leaving it to genetics. Thus, if a colony comes under attack and many of its hunters or drones are killed, the next group of eggs produced will have an uneven ratio of drones to hunters. As a result of this, the colony as a whole quickly returns to its ratio of nine drones for every hunter. The queen may also choose to fertilize eggs herself, using sperm cells retained from her nuptial flight at the forming of the colony. These eggs produce non-egg laying female hunters instead of males. If these eggs are well nurtured, however, they could potentially become queens as well.

A queen lays eggs with a frequency as she chooses, depending on the desired strength and numbers of the colony and the available food supply. When it is time for the young to hatch, it uses its egg tooth (also called caruncle) to cut through the eggshell. The offspring usually remains in the egg for a full day after it pokes its head through the shell.

The average lifespan for a Deep Stalker Drone or Hunter is about 20 to 30 years, while a Queen may live up to 50 or 60 years.

Ecology:

Deep Stalkers are dangerous scavengers that fight to the death to protect their colony. Drones are effective combatants on their own, particularly in large numbers, but when under the orders of a more intelligent hunter or queen they can be a vicious terror. Naturally, Deep Stalkers have many enemies.

Mermen, for instance, do their best to keep stalkers from establishing a colony near them. Since the stalkers eat just about everything, they would quickly devour any undersea culture that could not defeat them or move away.

Deep Stalkers also have problems with sharks. Sharks often come into the egg fields and dine on the eggs and weaker drones. For this reason, most of the hunters stay near the colony at all times to defend against these attacks. While some mermen scholars would like to classify these hunters as soldiers, they do not seem to be permanently on guard duty. It seems that they simply plan to be near the colony unless there are already enough hunters to defend it.

When young, Deep Stalkers eat fish, crustaceans, tube worms and other such small underwater life. As adults, their customary prey is the whale. The hunters, usually in groups of three to seven, bring down these giants of the sea by clawing up into their bellies until they manage to kill them. The hunters are so skillful at this that, by attacking the whale from all directions, they can often bring a whale down within 200 yards of the spawning ground. With the food so close, the immature Deep Stalkers have something to eat within range of their movement.

Deep Stalkers often attack sea-going vessels, which they at first mistake for the underbelly of a whale. Once a colony learns that boats and ships carry edible creatures, however, they quickly associate them with food and increase their frequency of attacks. Not content with attacking ships and boats, they soon venture out onto any nearby beaches in search of this tasty new two-legged prey.

On Tellene:

Deep Stalkers are predominant in the Elos Bay region and the Straits of Svimohzia, though they can occasionally be found in other areas. Deep Stalkers pose a constant threat to any creature (particularly mermen) that comes too near their precious egg fields.

Deep Stalker Queen

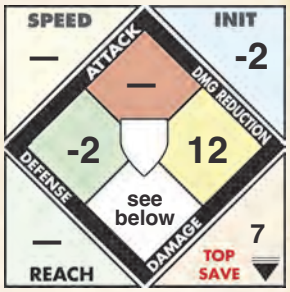
Hit Points:	10d8+34
Size/Weight:	H/2,000+ lbs
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Walk:	n/a
Jog:	n/a
Run:	n/a
Sprint:	n/a
Swim:	5

SAVES

Physical:	+18
Mental:	+18
Dodge:	+18



Attack: The Queen is incapable of physical attacks. She directs drones & hunters via a hive mind. If slain, the deep stalkers disperse

Special: -1 to Attack & Defense in daylight; electricity inflicts extra point per die (or +1 hp per 4/hp damage)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (diurnal for coastal stalkers)
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Wide field of view, low light
Awareness/Senses:	Acute electrical sensitivity
Habitat:	Aquatic (saltwater)
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Cold to temperate, subtropical

Yield

Medicinal:	unknown
Spell Components:	unknown
Hide/Trophy:	head or egg is prized trophy
Treasure:	incidental; from shipwrecks
Edible:	no
Other:	none
Experience Point Value:	story award for defeating colony

Demon, Bruiser

Also Known As:
Demon Blue,
Abysysor



This demon's mighty fists are man-droppers and they are merciless when attacking.

In my thirty-second year, I happened to be travelling through the great city of Bet Kalamar when I went calling on an old acquaintance of mine, a Deju seeress called Chadra. Arriving at her home near a bustling market square, I was happy to find that she was still alive, though by her milky eyes I could tell that she had grown quite blind in her dotage. She ushered me in, and we drank tea as we discussed our studies. Hearing of my interest in strange beings of this world, she asked if I would like to observe first-hand a creature from another.

Intrigued, I agreed to her proposal. Chadra fetched out a jug of salt with her shaking hands and began to pour it out in a wide circle at the center of the room. With this circle in place, she produced a thick piece of chalk and inscribed strange symbols upon the ground. I had never seen them before, but I assumed they must have been an obscure set of Deju ideograms. After drawing (writing?) sixteen of these symbols on the wooden floor of her living room, Chadra called out in her language, and a girl no more than nine years old slinked into the parlor. "My pupil," was the explanation Chadra gave to me. She bade the child to step into the circle of salt, and once there, Chadra lit a long candle on the far wall, securing its flame beneath a glass covering. "Do not fear, my friend" she reassured me, "the circle and my talisman of silver will keep the creature at bay. When the candle burns out, the entity will be banished. Now watch."

She began a low, thrumming chant in a language that sounded nothing like her native tongue. Her ululations reverberated throughout the room, and darkness seemed to emanate from the young girl. The child began to wail piteously; and before I could persuade Chadra to stop, black smoke billowed out of the pupil's mouth, swiftly coalescing into a hulking form, over eight feet in height. The being before me was truly fearful to behold. Its long, powerful arms terminated in gigantic fists, the knuckles of which were covered in bony protrusions. Curved spines ran up and down its hunched back, and luminous yellow eyes shone out like lanterns against the dark cobalt blue of its thick hide. I must've let out a small cry of fear, because Chadra chuckled at me and held her silver talisman, a spoon, out towards the beast, commanding it to kneel before her. But, it did not do as she commanded.

A curled fist shot out towards the old woman like the jab of an experienced pugilist and struck her dead in the chest. The force of the blow was such that she sailed through the air like a doll until her body broke against the



Left: An evil glyph — often associated with the demon bruiser. This one was painted on a wall in the ruins of Keefer castle.

"These brutes o' abysmal planes can nigh be overcome shouldst thyne faith be true."



Size Comparison



parlor wall with a sickening snap. The spoon clattered to the ground, I had only a moment to marshal my fear. I scanned the room with darting eyes. The candle! All I had to do was extinguish the candle to banish the creature. I made a dash for it and barely ducked a blow from the blue-skinned monster's other fist. The beast sprang towards me with incredible speed, but its missed punch had given me the opening I needed. I ripped away the glass cover and the flame was extinguished as a new punch rushed toward my skull. But, just before it could connect, the creature devolved back into harmless smoke. Light returned at once to the room.

I stood in total shock. The force of the blow had snapped Chadra's spine and blood ran freely from her unconscious pupil's ears. How could the ritual have gone so wrong? Then I saw it. The spoon on the floor. The poor old blind woman had picked a pewter spoon by mistake. —

Bruiser Demon

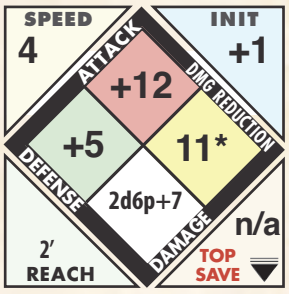
Hit Points:	6d8+35
Size/Weight:	L / 400 lbs.
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+17
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+16



Attack: Bruiser Demons normally attack opponents singularly employing rapid 1-2 punches with their massive fists. They can breathe fire enveloping several foes before them. Bruisers have a number of defensive capabilities that augment their prowess as adversaries.

Special:
Unusual susceptibility to several clerical spells

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (always active)
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Otherworldly
Diet:	Nil
Organization:	Singular or gang
Climate/Terrain:	Otherworldly

Yield

Medicinal:	nil
Spell Components:	nil
Hide/Trophy:	nil
Treasure:	proportional to time spent on Tellene
Edible:	no
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	800

Bruiser Demons are supernatural creatures native to the Abyss. Their appearance is certainly formidable as their deep indigo hued six and a half foot frame is enveloped in a superhuman musculature. Their long arms, thicker than a gorilla's, end in melon-sized fists covered in bone spurs that act like brass knuckles.

Their head juts neckless from overdeveloped trapezius muscles. As is common for their ilk, their features are a grotesque and horrific warping of the human form with massive brow ridges and an enlarged jaw and mouth bristling with gigantic misshapen canine teeth. Their eyes are unusually small and broadly spaced. A prominent pair of knurled horns sweeps back just aft of their brow ridge while the top of their cranium is bisected by a row of smaller horns.

Their deep blue skin would make them particularly difficult to spot in dark conditions were it not for the bright glow of their beady yellow eyes (which provide illumination equivalent to candlelight). Below the skin, Bruiser Demons are possessed of a metallic skeleton and ligaments. Thus, even should their flesh be entirely burned away, the demon may continue to menace its adversaries.

Combat/Tactics:

These brutish thugs lack tactical sophistication. As dim-witted and impulsive goons, they cannot — barring powerful oversight — constrain themselves from simply advancing towards their nearest adversary and mercilessly pummeling him to death.

If encountered in numbers, their initial approach is to employ similar individualist tactics with each Bruiser Demon simply wailing on whichever adversary can most readily be engaged. However, should an opponent prove unusually recalcitrant (to wit, standing his ground and inflicting significant damage to the demon in retort), bruisers may fall back on bully tactics and gang up on this individual.

One should bear in mind that despite their moronic intellectual capabilities, bruisers are supernatural beings with greater capabilities than mortal predators. They are naturally resistant to arcane magic (this is reflected in favorable saving throws as well as protection equivalent to *Arcane Spell Dampening 1* – see Zealot's Guide Book 2). They are also resistant to fire (see 3rd level Mage spell *Withstand Fire*). Given their density and resilience, bruisers are considered as size Huge for knock-back purposes. Should a Bruiser Demon attempt a Feat of Strength, it does so with a +18 bonus.

When reduced to ≤15 hit points, their flesh has been sufficiently hacked or burned away to reveal significant portions of their metallic skeleton. From this point forward (until they are terminated), a Bruiser Demon can no longer be physically injured by a spell (i.e. magic will no longer inflict measureable HP damage). All subsequent damage must be delivered by physical means.

Bruiser Demons have one final trick they can employ to savage opponents. They can breathe fire replicating the default application of the Divine spell *Fire Breathing 2* (see *Zealot's Guide Book 3*). This power may be employed a maximum of once every 30 seconds and its use substitutes for a pummeling attack. Dodge saves are made vs. d20p+12.

For all their strengths, Bruiser Demons have weakness that may be exploited by a cleric.

- These demons may be turned away by a powerful cleric. Note that even evil clerics with powers vis-à-vis the undead may attempt to turn them. They may never be commanded into service via this mechanic.
- A bruiser demon struck by a weapon under the effects of the *Bless Weapon(s)* spells is subject to diminished DR according to alignment of the caster. If cast by a Lawful Good cleric, the spell reduces the demon's DR by 6. If cast by a Neutral Good or Lawful Neutral cleric, DR is reduced by 4. A True Neutral or Chaotic Good cleric's casting reduces DR by 2.
- A *Seraphic Weapon* reduces a Bruiser Demon's DR by 6.
- *Consecrate Armor* affords a +4 DR bonus against Bruiser Demons.

On Tellene:

Summoned into Tellene, Bruiser Demons may find themselves in one of two likely situations. If the rituals used to bring them to Tellene are successful, Bruiser Demons may find themselves bound to the will of a new master (though likely one far less intimidating than their usual superiors). In the service of an evil mage or cleric, a Bruiser Demon can be turned into a stupendous tool of destruction as its otherworldly strength allows the creature to best most terrestrial opponents with ease.

If they are conjured incorrectly or sense in any way that may throw off the bondage of their summoner, Bruiser Demons will do their utmost to escape control. Freed from the shackles of duty and let loose on a world populated mostly by weak, fleshy creatures, Bruiser Demons will run absolutely amok, leaving a trail of destruction and devastation in their wake. Rogue Bruiser Demons have been known to destroy entire villages, empty garrisons, and even obliterate small orc tribes. Bruisers cannot help but to make such carnage public and tales of their depredations will soon spread far and wide. This societal networking is beyond the creature's ability to understand (and, in turn, prompt it to mitigate its behavior).

Threats such as this cannot be long endured and it is inevitable that they be confronted by individuals with the expertise necessary to combat powerful, supernatural foes. Secret societies are rumored to exist across Tellene, charged with the eradication of such otherworldly beings mistakenly set loose on the world.

Demon, Faustioch



Faustioch is a lie personified, cloaked in cunning and deceit. Woe to the mortal who allows him to whisper in his or her ear.

During this short life which the creator has seen fit to grant me, I have encountered and done battle with many terrible beings, living and undead, in service of The Eternal Lantern. Some I have vanquished, some have evaded my righteous sword, and some have driven me from the field of battle. This is the nature of struggle. I do not walk this path alone, nay, and have met with many others who do good works on Tellene though they do not dedicate themselves to The Shining One. But only once, I must confess, have I ever met a man who slew a major demon. Transcribed below is his tale.

-Helena Vitira, Cleric of the Eternal Lantern

I loved my godmother. When my parents died in the autumn flood nineteen years ago, it was my godmother who stepped in to care for me, then just a swaddled infant. My memories of those early years are little more than vague impressions now, but I can still recall with perfect clarity the hunger we lived with every day. My godfather had been lost to the floods as well, and there wasn't much to go around. The Merciful Fates who occasionally visited our village would give us small gifts of food and money, but it was only ever a stopgap. Many people starved in those winters after the flood. We didn't. At times we had to live off rats and other vermin, but we survived. It shames me to recount it now, but as a child, I became quite adept at killing rodents, smashing them with a single stomp from my calloused feet or bludgeoning them to death with sticks.

When I was six years old, I came home one day after begging in town (and with only a few trade coins to show for it), daydreaming about a bowl of hot gruel but knowing that all I could expect was millet. That's when I smelled meat cooking. I rushed through the door in disbelief, and there was my godmother gently stirring a pot of vegetable-laden beef stew and smiling at me. We ate until we could eat no longer, and my godmother told me that things were about to change for our strange little "family." When she then told me that I wouldn't have to beg anymore we cried in each other's arms for a long time. Things were different after that—better. Far from having enough to eat, we were suddenly able to afford anything we wanted. In one month, I went from being a beggar boy to attending school and wearing fine clothes. I was only a child and simply accepted the change of circumstances for what it seemed to be: miraculous.

My godmother died two years ago. The doctors said that she had been sick for a while; but really, I think she was just old. When her condition deteriorated, I returned to my hometown as quickly as I could manage in order to be with her when she passed. I was surprised when I reached my childhood home (a large townhouse, not the shack I spent my first years in) and, surprisingly found it full of people. My godmother was a kind woman, but she never maintained more than a few friends and acquaintances in all the years I lived with her. What few visitors she did receive were never met with excitement. Those visits left her in a morose, contemplative state for days afterward. I practically had to push my way past the throng to climb the stairs to my godmother's bedroom. Nine elderly people were standing around her bed, all of them looking quite well to do and talking softly amongst themselves as if they were waiting for something to happen. I looked down into her face, and I saw that I was too late. She was already gone. I knelt at her bedside and wept like a child.

From that low vantage point, I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye. Something small was skittering around under the bed, tiny claws clacking against the floorboards. It dashed near me in a blur; a mouse-sized thing. Old instincts took over, and with a mixture of sadness and rage I slammed my fist down on the little creature, crushing it into a pulp. There was a gasp from the small crowd. At first, I supposed my petty act of violence had shocked their sensibilities but I was wrong. I looked into their darkening, aged faces and then down at my bloody hand. Gore coated my fist, but what I crushed was no mouse.

The body I smashed into the floor looked almost like a tiny person but twisted into an obscene form. It had had two curling horns, but one of them had snapped off and embedded itself into the skin between my knuckles. I didn't have time to wonder at the little thing, because then the crowd was moving towards me with murderous intent in their eyes. Confused, frightened, and angry, I shoved my way through my geriatric attackers without a second thought for their well-being and barreled out the front door. I never went back.

That's it, really. That's all that happened. And you're telling me that little creature was what, exactly?

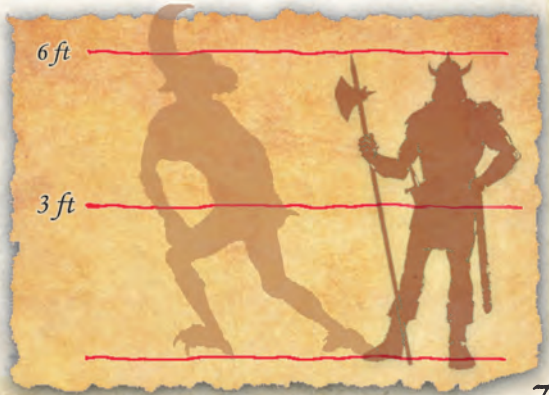
-first meeting between Helena Vitira and the Paladin, Liamar Lorot

'Tis incredulous folly to imagine that one mightst profit from association with demonkind



WILL FACTOR 30

SIZE COMPARISON



Faustiochs are greater demons native to the Abyssal realms. While formidable combatants, their modus operandi is to employ guile and trickery. When violence is required to achieve some end, these fiends will usually employ servitors, thralls or other flunkies to meet out threats and punishments. Should a matter spiral to such urgency that the Faustioch must attend to it personally, woe to both its incompetent minions and those whose actions have drawn its ire…

These demons focus a great deal of their effort on enticing mortals into becoming their thralls. These relationships allow their demonic influence to, over time, increasingly percolate through to the material world. Given sufficient temporal duration and an adequate clientele of foolish mortals who've pledged themselves to the Faustioch's service, they may be able to cross over into the world of men. Once there, they reap souls and resources alike to bolster their power, status and prestige in the underworld.

When they first emerge into the material world, they are initially quite small and weak, only recovering their physical prowess after feasting on the souls of those foolish and shortsighted individuals who sought some fleeting advantage from the creature.

No two of these demons look exactly alike. In fact, their appearances vary so substantially from individual to individual that even those unschooled in demonology are able to clearly distinguish between specimens. Despite this, the demons all share certain traits in common, namely, one large pair of horns, clawed feet, a tail, bipedalism, and skin flaps which connect their underarms to their bodies like a flying squirrel's. Other than these basic commonalities, the demons vary in terms of coloration, facial structure, musculature, fat stores, eye size, etc.

Combat/Tactics:

When first materializing on the material plane, this demon is but 3 inches tall and may easily be dispatched simply by stepping on it. However, even in this diminished form it possesses potent magical powers. It may invoke effects that replicate the following spells as desired (though limited to no more than one 'spell' every 10 seconds with effects and saves as if a 1st level caster): *Cursing*, *Defame*, *Mind Reading*; *Perceive Desire*; *Polylingualism*; *Hologram, Static*; *Hologram, Dynamic*; *Ineptitude* and *Venal Jinx*. Should it be caught by adversaries in this vulnerable state, it will employ illusions to attempt to intimidate, bluff or otherwise discourage foes from learning its true nature.

Once it regains full power, the demon may add the following spell-like abilities to its repertoire: *Come to Me*, *Firewall*, *Transport* and a special form of **mass domination**. All magical effects and saves are now as if a 20th level caster though only one power may be invoked in a 10s interval. Additionally, they radiate an aura within a 10' radius that causes all who fail a Mental save to be affected per the clerical spell *Addle*.

Though powerful enough to easily vanquish a giant or three, Faustiochs will always seek to obtain subservient minions to do their bidding. Their mass domination power facilitates this. By enacting this capability, all mortals within 30 feet need to succeed at a Mental save (vs. d20+20) or fall into a charmed state. Though seemingly exceedingly powerful, the demon is limited to controlling 1000 EP worth of creatures at any given time. Potential thralls are determined from those failing their saves in order of lowest EP value. *For example, a Faustioch encounters a group of 20 orcs and 3 ogres. Assuming all fail their saves, the demon can dominate all 20 orcs (680 EP) but only 1 of the ogres (242 EP) before reaching his limits.* See GMG p. 190 for EP values of leveled characters.

As greater demons, they are quite resistant to arcane magic (this is reflected in favorable saving throws as well as protection equivalent to *Arcane Spell Dampening 2* – see *Zealot's Guide Book 2*). They are also highly resistant to fire (see Divine spell *Fiery Furnace*).

For all their strengths, these demons have weakness that may be exploited.

- These demons may be turned away by a very powerful cleric. Note that even evil clerics with powers vis-à-vis the undead may attempt to turn them. They may never be commanded into service via this mechanic.
- A Faustioch demon struck by a weapon under the effects of the *Bless Weapon(s)* spells is subject to diminished DR according to alignment of the caster. If cast by a Lawful Good cleric, the spell reduces the demon's DR by 3. If cast by a Neutral Good or Lawful Neutral cleric, DR is reduced by 2. A True Neutral or Chaotic Good cleric's casting reduces DR by 1.
- A Seraphic Weapon reduces a Faustioch Demon's DR as above.
- *Consecrate Armor* affords an additional +3/+2/+1 DR bonus (again, alignment dependent) against Faustioch Demons.

In addition, wrought iron weapons (e.g. standard +0 metal arms) reduce the creature's DR by 4. True magic weapons offer a similar benefit.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Faustiochs are greater demonic beings, each individually named, that originate in the Abyss, a plane of pervasive evil and chaos that exists parallel to Tellene. The Abyss is constantly in flux as multitudes of warring demonic factions vie for dominance of that chaotic realm. This incessant warfare, ongoing for countless millennia, has reduced the Abyss to a tumultuous, smoking wreck. Like the Infernal realms, the Abyss relies on a steady influx of evil souls to birth new demons. Faustiochs' unique advantage is their sporadic ability to travel to Tellene in order to collect souls, hastening collection and ensuring personal control over this invaluable resource. They may also seek secondary resources, be it gold, iron, quality weaponry, worked stone, or nearly any other conceivable item available in abundance on Tellene. The immediate needs of these chaotic demons are difficult to predict and often change depending on their fortunes (or misfortunes) in waging war against their peers.

In order to force their way into Tellene, Faustiochs need access to a sentient being's soul at the moment of that mortal's natural death. They are able to use this soul as a "backdoor" of sorts into the mortal realm. In order to gain influence over a mortal, Faustiochs will promise to give him or her whatever their heart desires, be it material wealth, success, the romantic attentions of another, or even the death of a rival. Unlike devils which only offer their "assistance" to mortals after a lengthy contract has been drawn up (and then only within the confounding limits of Infernal legalese), Faustiochs are not beholden to any such agreements. They will make any promise, great or small and without regard as to whether they can actually fulfill it or not. The rewards promised by the Faustioch come in fits and starts, or sometimes not at all. Some rare seekers may get a much greater gift than they had ever hoped for and never have the demon ask anything of them their whole life long, while most others find themselves constantly hounded by their "patron" with assurances that their reward will find them, if only they could do one last task first.

A Faustioch, while in the Abyss, is able to channel the innate magical properties of that dark place to affect the course of events on Tellene. Even with such powers at their disposal, they can only "nudge" events this way or that, making coincidental-seeming changes to the world. However, in certain situations, even a small change can cause events to unfold in an entirely different way. The

Faustioch Demon

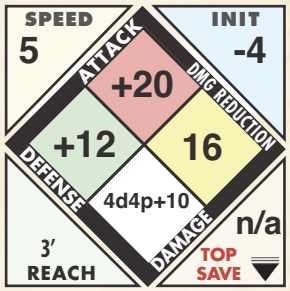
Hit Points:	33+11d8
Size/Weight:	L/ 600 lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Smart
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+24
Mental:	+25
Dodge:	+24



Attack: Though capable of inflicting brutal pummeling damage, a Faustioch prefers to employ its considerable magical powers to beguile, deceive or intimidate adversaries. It may invoke any power at will though is limited to one spell-like effect per 10 seconds.

Defense: Resistance to Magic per *Arcane Spell Dampening 2*, fire retardant per *Fiery Furnace*

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (always active)
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	80%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Observation (50)
Habitat:	Otherworldly
Diet:	Nil
Organization:	Singular
Climate/Terrain:	Otherworldly

Yield

Medicinal:	nil
Spell Components:	nil
Hide/Trophy:	nil
Treasure:	yes
Edible:	no
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	2300

Faustioch can slightly modify already occurring phenomena, but not create its own effects (in effect replicating the effect of a *Hex Skill Mastery* or *Venal Jinx* spell). Imagine that a Faustioch had made a deal to eliminate a merchant's more successful rival. With prompting, it might periodically interfere with the rival's business or tip the scales in what otherwise would have been a minor accident. The demon also may take a completely different approach to removing the rival, by influencing a close friend to expose his secrets, or in any number of other, subtler ways.

Faustiochs, fully aware of the inherent limitations of their influence, recognize that they can usually effect greater change by using mortal agents to do their bidding. They maintain networks of mortal adherents (all of whom have already promised their soul to the demon) to employ as messengers, gofers, and possibly assassins. Said individuals, having voluntarily opened themselves to the demon's influence, are subject to otherworldly domination. Given the interplanar separation, attempts to resist need only succeed at an opposed Mental save vs. d20p+1. However, were the demon to manifest in Tellene, all Mental saves versus it are subject to a -6 penalty.

Because these mortal agents are all indebted to the Faustioch in some way, they can often be counted on to carry out orders to the best of their ability. Faustiochs are shrewd beings, however, and give agents tasks best suited to their abilities and resources, rather than blithely ordering them to their deaths in some foolish errand. They are always playing the long game and are loathe to unnecessarily sacrifice even a pawn unless it means advancing their emergence into the world.

If one of the mortals that pledged their soul to the Faustioch dies a natural death (that is, dies with no direct or indirect action on the demon's part facilitating this demise), the demon must immediately decide if it will attempt to capitalize on the small window of time it has to force itself into the mortal realm. Should it do so, the Faustioch shrinks down to a minute size, suppressing its natural form, and squeezes its way onto Tellene through a small rift created by its adherent's death. Once in the mortal realm, the Faustioch is incredibly vulnerable, with only 1 HP and diminished magical abilities. In order to return to its more powerful form, the demon gathers adherents around itself to carry out profane rituals and offer sentient sacrifices to restore the its strength. To expedite this process, they often prepare their way into the mortal realm by ordering adherents to construct or seek out safe and secluded areas where they can carry out their complex ritual of restoration without interference from forces that might seek to interfere. Of course, even the best-laid plans sometimes fall apart (especially when they're being arranged by a capricious demon), and the relatively defenseless Faustioch may find itself scrambling to avoid destruction.

If the Faustioch is able to return to full strength, it will quickly commence pillaging. Soul acquisition is of foremost importance and 'loyal adherents' are usually the first to be slain. Unlike lesser demons, Faustiochs have responsibilities in their native realm and thus cannot dawdle ad infinitum lest their subordinates revolt or some other greater demon seizes upon their absence to wipe out their base of power. If they have adequately prepared, their devotees will have cached material goods of value to the demon. It is unlikely that any Faustioch, save one whose abyssal holdings were destroyed by rivals, will remain in Tellene for more than a week or two. When its objectives have been sated, the demon returns to the Pit to continue its sinister machinations.

Perhaps ironically, wholesale slaughter of goodly innocents is an indulgence they cannot usually afford. It cannot reap their souls as these are pledged to whatever righteous deity the peasants worship. Particularly villainous crimes (such as slaughtering the priests of a lawful good temple) may garner some slight boost to its reputation, but no more as the victims were mere mortals.

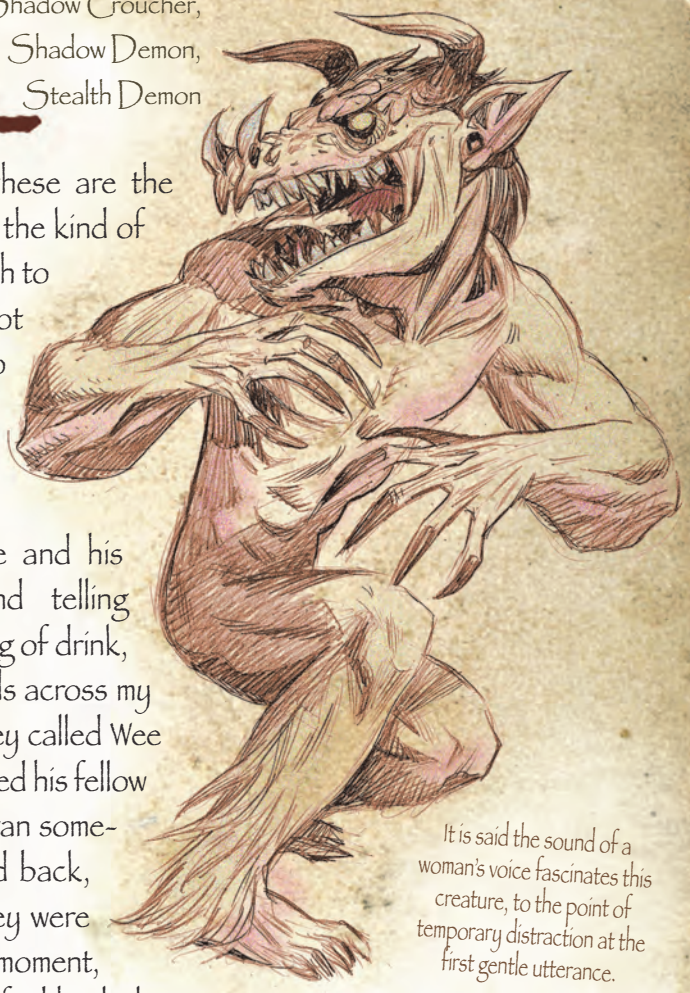
On Tellene:

It is impossible to know how many Faustiochs have ever successfully made their way to Tellene, but folklore from many different human cultures concern pacts made with sinister, otherworldly beings. Though these stories differ considerably in many regards, they all share the same theme: that those who make such bargains, despite any subsequent effort on their part, are eventually dragged down to the underworld to suffer for eternity. Where other stories (perhaps ancestral memories of interactions with devils) stop there, a certain folkloric subset of tales focuses on the plights and travails suffered by those left behind to deal with an emergent demonic being and the heroes who inevitably arise to vanquish the creature.

Editor's Note: The tale of one particular Faustioch named Marbas is the subject of the adventure ***The Secret of Blackgate Farm****.*

Demon, Yadervæld

Also Known As:
Shadow Croucher,
Shadow Demon,
Stealth Demon



It is said the sound of a woman's voice fascinates this creature, to the point of temporary distraction at the first gentle utterance.

These Shadow Crouchers -- these Yadervælden, these are the creatures of horror that you've heard tales about -- the kind of tales that make your blood run cold and make you rush to light a candle to ward off the night. They are creatures not meant for this world, which is what makes them so crazed, so enraged, so truly dangerous. Trapped in our world by someone, a person tampering with forces best left alone, they prowl relentlessly and silently.

I first heard of their kind on my father's knee as he and his mates sat around our fire, quaffing stout ale and telling stories. Most of their tales brought laughter and the sloshing of drink, but this one brought their voices to a whisper and sent chills across my frame. They talked about a long-lost companion, a man they called Wee Nyt, and how he was taken by a Shadow Croucher as he trailed his fellow travelers. They were returning home after escorting a caravan somewhere near the Wastes. Spirits were high as they trudged back, purses full from a job well done. Night was falling, and they were scouting for a campsite. My father was in front of Nyt one moment, he said; and the next thing he knew, he turned around to find his little friend gone. They scouted for their friend all night, tracking drag marks, finding claw marks in trees and blood puddles. Eventually, they said, they caught a glimpse of the creature by the river, long claws and fangs flashing in the moonlight. Its claws and teeth were bathed in red. When it saw them, it leapt to the top of a tree in one bound and ran, leaving Wee Nyt's body decimated before them.

"It was the Yadervælden, ya see," they said. "The old folks came as we buried our friend and said they don't know why it didn't attack us too, but that we were luckier than most." My father says he still can't understand why Nyt didn't cry out as the demonic beast dragged him into the darkness. Since then, I have studied the creatures and can tell you this; they bring a swift and silent death to any they choose to take out of this life. —

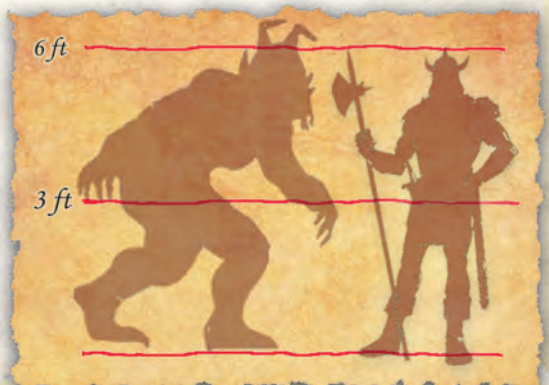
Tracks



Set of Yader'Wald tracks stalking its prey. Found on a muddy river bank south of P'Bapar. Despite the creature's enormous weight, impact of prints were only one-half inch in depth.



Size Comparison



The Yadervæld is a terrifying creature reported to have been summoned to the human realms by the powerful mage, Synor Kapeshbent, to serve as guardian of his remote mountain lair. Doubtless other foolish wizards have engaged in identical sorcery.

As is so oft the case with skilled practitioners of the arcane, Synor became arrogant and therefore, blind to his own limitations. He was able to exert control over these horrid fiends throughout his lifetime, but not even exalted mages live forever.

Over the years, he summoned and enslaved six such creatures though two were struck down during a great battle waged against Synor's fortress by a rival and thus, returned to their native plane.

Decades later as Synor lay dying of cancer, he charged the four remaining Shadow Crouchers to eternally guard his tomb. He left instructions to his minions to bury him with his scrolls (which contained his life's work garnering information of the arcane from the far corners of the world), along with his most valued possessions.

His faithful followers did as ordered, and Synor, along with the Yadervælden, were sealed inside a mountain tomb.

Trapped inside without a master, the creatures spent centuries in pitch darkness, becoming enraged beyond measure. When tomb raiders eventually breached the complex and attempted to carry away the riches within, they were ripped to shreds. Amazingly enough, one sole survivor managed to scurry away with pockets stuffed with treasure and a wild tale of "Shadow Crouchers" who seemed to step out of the dark at will.

Freed of their magical bondage, these insane Yadervælden were loosed to roam aimlessly causing mayhem wherever they appear.

Combat/Tactics:

Though formidable combatants, Yadervælden are not dumb bruisers that arrogantly seek battle with opponents in a vainglorious attempt to demonstrate their power. Nay, they are like unto a sly jungle cat – a patient and stealthy hunter content to stalk its prey and strike only when the opportunity presents itself to ambush its quarry or to nab an unwary sentry or straggler.

Shadow Crouchers are well equipped with natural skills to facilitate their preferred mode of attack. Despite their size, they are intelligent and graceful prowlers, possessing Hiding and Sneaking skills at 86 mastery. Further augmenting stealth is their sound-deadening aura – functionally identical to the clerical Hush spell albeit with only a 10-foot radial envelope. Not only is detecting a Yaderwald via a Listening skill check impossible, but they routinely employ this power to prevent prey from sounding an alarm or summoning aid. They are also exceptional trackers (mastery 95).

When the Yadervæld strikes, it does so quickly and with a vengeance. The creature can leap great distances (analogous to the apprentice Springing spell) and will often bound from a concealed location. Those confronted in close quarters by a terrifying Stealth Demon must make a saving throw (vs. d20p+14) or suffer effects akin to the mage spell Induce Nervousness (though, naturally, individuals immune to fear disregard this effect).

When engaged with a lone opponent, a Yadervæald will seek to grab him with its huge taloned fists (striking at a speed of 5). Though this inflicts less severe wounds (d4p+5) and nullifies any knockbacks, two successive hits indicate that it has grabbed the individual. Breaking free requires a successful Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+14) or a massive blow to the creature by an ally (e.g. a knockback). Until such time, the held individual is defenseless (d8p defense) and cannot attack except with a knife. Successful attacks by prey will undoubtedly trigger the demon to bite it in an effort to subdue the obstinate victim. Read further for details…

Having grabbed an opponent, the Yadervæald will usually run or spring away from melee and seek to escape with its prey. The demon can carry weights up to 257 pounds (with heavy encumbrance that negates its spring ability as well as sprinting – prey weighing 171 pounds or less constitutes medium encumbrance and can be carried whilst springing). Elves, halflings and gnomes are favored targets due to their ease of portability.

Obviously, with prey in hand, a Yadervæld forgoes the ability to assail others.

If compelled by circumstances to engage in a knockdown, drag-out fight, the Shadow Croucher can bring its full fury to bear. In this instance, it attacks at a speed of three, initially raking alternatively with its claws (such blows inflict 2d6p+5 damage) followed by a bite (2d8p). The latter is toxic…

Yadervæld venom: The demons have poisonous saliva that any bite victim will certainly be exposed to. Those failing to save vs. Virulence Factor 14 suffer the loss of d4p points of Strength (those saving suffer the loss of a single point of STR). This effect wears off in 2d6p hours. Anyone reduced to 0 Strength collapses, unable to perform any actions (including movement) save for speaking in a whisper.

Note that a Shadow Croucher is not overly fond of slugging it out with worthy adversaries that outnumber it by 3:1 or greater. Unless said opponents prove themselves utterly incapable, it will quickly make use of its superior mobility to extricate itself from such a melee. Unless severely battered, it will vengefully stalk said individuals, seeking a point in time where they let their guard down and then attack again.

Inherent Defenses and Weaknesses: Yadervælden are immune to any spell with a Mental save. In addition, they are resistant to cold, lightning and fire (having a baseline DR 13 vs. any such attack whether magical or natural in origin). Said DR is subtracted from residual damage after they've had an opportunity to save vs. the spell (if applicable). Toxins cannot harm Shadow Crouchers.

These creatures can see in complete darkness with vision akin to Undead Sight. However, if in full sunlight, they suffer a -2 penalty to Attack and Defense.

Yadervælden can be turned by a cleric (Will Factor 22) though they may never be commanded.

Habitat/Society:

Yadervælden are creatures native to the extraplanar abysmal realms. In their home environment, they are craven scavengers that hunt in packs, waylaying weaker demonkind for sport. They are generally despised troublemakers; and should a Yadervæld fall into the clutches of a greater demon, centuries of brutal torment lie in store. There is no loyalty whatsoever between peers as these creatures will readily capitalize on their fellows' misfortune for the slightest of advantages.

It is theorized that Shadow Crouchers are born from the souls of recreant thieves condemned to spend eternity in the maelstrom of villainy.

On Tellene:

Yadervælden can only cross over to Tellene via the application of powerful summoning magicks enacted by puissant mages or clerics devoid of morality. While conjuring such creatures may provide some momentary advantage to the summoner (though such is not guaranteed), the malicious damage they wreak is always grossly disproportionate. Whether this is shortsighted folly, a calculated gamble or sheer wickedness is a question for the individual abjurer.

Once released from their servitude, voluntarily or by murdering their caller, Yadervælden are free to roam the world, butchering anyone that has the misfortune of encountering them. Given their vulnerability in full sunlight, they will often seek out abandoned buildings (perhaps having ~~evicted~~ killed the previous occupants) or make their way to dark forests and even the Netherdeep.

As supernatural creatures, they have no need for rest or nourishment. This alone makes them deadly pursuers. They are also despicably cruel, always torturing any prey they capture before eviscerating it. They may make a theatrical display of a sentient being's serrated pieces and wait nearby, hoping to catch the look of horror and disgust on those that find the corpse.

Yadervæld Demon

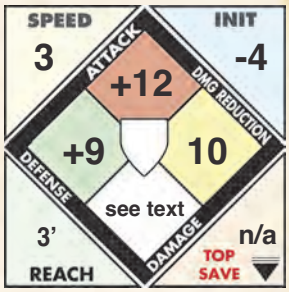
Hit Points:	6d8+33
Size/Weight:	L/325 lbs.
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-6

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+14



Attack: In toe-to-toe combat the creatures slashes with its claws (2d6p+5) followed by a toxic bite. May use *Springing* for enhanced mobility. Preferred attack is against a lone opponent where it attempts to restrain (see text).

Special Defenses: DR 13 vs. cold, lightning & fire; immune to Mental spells; immune to toxins; high mobility; excellent Sneaking & Hiding skills.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Poor hearing due to *Hush* aura
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	None
Organization:	Solitary (occasionally packs)
Climate/Terrain:	Avoids full daylight

Yield

Medicinal:	none
Spell Components:	skin enhances *Shadowskin*
Hide/Trophy:	a demon head is always a notable trophy
Treasure:	incidental loot creature pilfered
Edible:	no
Other:	unknown
Experience Point Value:	966

Deva

Also Known As:
Devi, Asuras



Devas have an affinity with natural creatures. The wildest beast from the darkest shadow will not attack or attempt to one harm.

A deva can snatch an arrow that has been loosed at it right from its path. And pluck a weapon from the hand that swings against him.

Death was upon us. My back pressed into the wet, mildewed wall of the crypt; and I felt my shirt slowly soaking through. There was no place left to run. The living bones were shambling forward, gripping notched axes in their skeletal hands, their rusted armor jangling with every lurching step. Longbeard was dead for sure. The horrors had surrounded him, and there was nothing we could do. He cried for us to help him as they were still chopping at him on the ground.

Yendo fell to one knee, clutching her white rose pendant and wept like a child as she prayed in her strange language. I readied my dagger, held it before my heart. I promised myself that I wasn't going to die like Longbeard. I whispered goodbye to Yendo, cursing myself for never revealing my true feelings for her, when the light appeared from behind the skeletons.

It wasn't a flash or a burst, but rather, I felt as if I was just now noticing something that had been there all along and yet invisible. The skeletons turned towards the emanation of light and began to cower, running helter-skelter into the tunnels of the crypt. The light surrounded us, and I felt myself being lifted, raised up by lean, but incredibly strong arms.

And then we were outside, squinting in the sun. I didn't have time to wonder at our change of circumstances. I saw Longbeard, caked in blood, lying in the grass. Yendo was already bending over him, helping the warrior rise to a sitting position. He was dirty, but totally unhurt. There wasn't a cut on him. I looked to Yendo, a thousand questions running through my mind; but she didn't have to say anything. She just smiled this serene smile and we both started laughing. We had been saved. What else mattered?

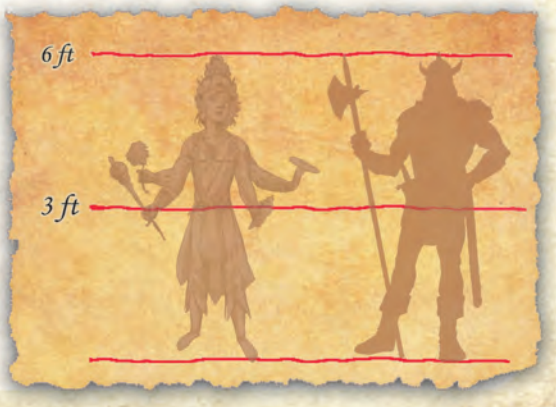
—Sightings of the Divine, Book IX

Devas are divine beings who exist in service to gods who represent Neutral Good. Devas have a striking appearance, with four arms, lavender skin, and beautiful, androgynous faces which seem to radiate calm and peace. The third eye, which rests just over the brow of a Deva, allows it to see the truth of the world and cut through illusions or other trickery meant to bedevil or fool lesser beings. The Devas do not wear armor or fanciful garments, preferring simple, unobtrusive garb and necklaces made from flowers. They are little taller than most human beings (Devas usually stand around 5 feet 7 inches tall) and appear very thin and frail, like mountain-dwelling ascetics. Most devas have thick black hair which they keep tied up with beautiful pins and combs, one of their only nods towards self-decoration. Devas move with deliberate, otherworldly grace and seem to almost dance even as they perform mundane tasks. The Devas are also beings that, above

A deva will never harm living creatures but is fully capable of incapacitating very capable adversaries

WILL FACTOR
26

Size Comparison



all else, value life in all its forms.

Combat/Tactics:

Devas never kill. For any reason. Under any circumstances. They also cannot turn a blind eye when the actions of those around them will lead to killing, even in the name of helping others and even if the victims are evil (but living) beings. While the Devas will not kill, they still have many abilities which can be used to incapacitate, drive off, or otherwise neutralize threats to themselves or those they wish to protect.

Devas have many passive defenses which insulate them from danger. No creature of Animal, Low to Animal, High intelligence will ever attack a Deva. Through their body language, scent, and the sounds they make, Devas appear completely non-threatening to animal intelligence creatures and may walk amongst them without disturbance. A Deva could easily enter a literal den of lions or get between a mother bear and her cubs and cause no more a disturbance than a falling leaf might. When Devas do interact with animals, they do so with great tenderness and obvious affection (which is returned in kind).

The Devas also are immune to critical hits, all mind-influencing effects, cold, and fire. Their third eye can see through all types of invisibility, illusion, and mundane disguises—giving the Devas an effective Observation of 100 as well. This preternaturally enhanced visual acuity also prevents a Deva from being flanked in battle and makes it practically impossible to surprise them. In combat, Devas always act on the first second of combat and their defense die cannot be reduced from a d20p. They radiate a passive blessing on all neutral good creatures within a 30ft radius. The blessing bestows a +3 bonus to attacks, damage, and defense while simultaneously rendering them immune to fear.

Devas are also extremely fast. If an attacker scores a "Nat 1" on its attack roll against a Deva and the Deva in turn gets a free attack in response, the Deva may steal their attacker's weapon if their own free attack is then successful. The Deva usually keeps, and then discards the weapon afterward. As a 1 second action, a Deva may settle into a trancelike state in which they are able to move at the speed of light. When moving at such an incredible speed, the Deva seems to simply disappear from sight before instantaneously reappearing at its destination, leading many to believe that the Devas possess the ability to teleport. After moving at the speed of light to their destination, the Deva can come to an immediate stop and act normally. Such immense speed is sufficient enough to allow them to escape from the planet's gravity to move amongst the stars. This incredible speed allows a Deva to travel immediately to where it is needed most. It should be noted that the deva can also walk on the surface of any liquid, meaning that no body of water can form an impediment to them.

Deva

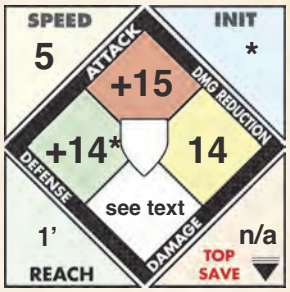
Hit Points:	8d8+23
Size/Weight:	M/120 lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Genius
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+19
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+19



Attack: Never kills. Uses its abilities to neutralize foes. See text. Acts on 1st second of combat.

Special: May move at the speed of light as a 1 second action. Immune to critical hits, mind-influencing effects, cold, and fire. Can see through invisibility, illusion, and mundane disguises unerringly. Animal INT creatures will not attack a Deva.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0% on Tellene
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Neutral Good
Vision Type:	Third Eye (see text)
Awareness/Senses:	Third Eye (see text)
Habitat:	Extraplanar
Diet:	None
Organization:	Singular
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar

Yield

Medicinal:	nil
Spell Components:	nil
Hide/Trophy:	mortal form vanishes if killed
Treasure:	flower garland
Edible:	mortal form vanishes if killed
Other:	nil
Experience Point Value:	901

The Deva do not carry or make use of weaponry. If forced into a situation where combat is their only recourse, they can neutralize most foes with the merest touch. A Deva may use one of its four hands every five seconds to use one of four different abilities on their opponent (a deva is considered a 14th level caster).

- **Nerve Pinch:** If it fails a Physical Saving Throw, the touched creature must make an immediate trauma save.
- **Nice:** as per the cleric spell.
- **Abjuration:** If it fails its contested Will check, this ability banishes one touched extra-dimensional creature back to its home plane.
- **Repel:** This ability causes an immediate double knockback if the creature touched fails its Physical Saving Throw, regardless of its size relative to the deva.

While the Devas are steadfast defenders of life in all its forms, they are also the eternal enemies of undead beings and their profane gods. A Deva has no compunctions about doing everything in its power to wipe out the undead wherever they can be found. Devas radiate a constant turning aura of Will Factor 20. Any undead being who looks upon or finds themselves in the presence of a Deva is subject to this aura. The inner light of the Deva suffuses its very being and is anathema to the corrupted *elan malfease* of the unliving.

Habitat/Society/ Ecology:

Devas are beings of kindness and virtue, totally at peace with themselves. In their home plane, Devas exist in a state of quiet contemplation and serene enlightenment. There are no moral conundrums to a Deva—good and evil exist in direct opposition to one another and may be easily distinguished between.

The real world, of course, is not so clearly delineated a place. Merely existing amongst mortals is severely taxing for a Deva. While in the material realm, a deva is subjected to a constant bombardment of emotions from the minds of those around it.

Sadness, elation, fear, anger, self-doubt, and other intense feelings are unpleasant for an enlightened being to experience for too long. As a result, Devas only leave their home when beseeched by their worldly clergy (usually only in times of great crisis). As they are relatively unable to grasp gray moral areas, Devas must often rely on their mortal priesthood to act as interpreters of worldly events. Obviously, this means that the Deva cannot be relied on to navigate tricky social conundrums or act as mediators, unless there is an obvious moral imperative.

Though the Deva are creatures of kindness, grace, and serenity, the people they interact with may not always view them that way. The Deva are immortal beings, to be certain, and this immortality inherently causes them to take a much more "long term" view of existence. The daily challenges and plights which mortals brave seem less and less relatable as your existence stretches on for millennia. Their enlightened state of being can also be paradoxically intense as the Deva experiences no obvious emotional reactions, even in the face of terrible suffering or great evil. As a consequence, those who meet a Deva not knowing what to expect may find them aloof or overly contemplative—even alien.

When a Deva does descend to the material world, its many supernatural abilities allow it to have a profound effect on the individuals and communities it interacts with. Devas are intrinsically connected to all living things. As they walk across the earth, flowers spring up in their steps, and seeds germinate in the soil.

A Deva is able to cause even the sickliest plants to flower and bear fruit. Stories of farming communities teetering on the brink of starvation only to be saved by the timely arrival of a deva in their withered fields are not unheard of. This ability is not limited to plants, either. Devas can make any living being fecund (but not pregnant), permanently removing sterility whatever the initial cause may have been. Children born to mothers blessed by a deva are said to live interesting and serendipitous lives.

A Deva manifests wearing a garland of flowers around its neck at the center of which is a large lotus blossom. A deva is able to use the petals of this blossom as a panacea in a ritualized ceremony. The Deva plucks one petal from the blossom and, with it between its hands, gently breathes on it, causing it to turn into a small, fist-sized, shimmering cloud of vapor. A creature touched by this vapor is subject to several effects simultaneously.

He is cured of all diseases (mundane or otherwise), and any poison present in his body is immediately neutralized. Broken bones, torn ligaments, ability drain, and other physical injuries are healed as the target regains 3d8p+5 hit points. Each blossom has only 20 petals. If the Deva uses all the petals, it must return to its home plane to pick a new blossom from the mysterious mountain slopes from where it grows wild.

On Tellene:

Devas are keen observers of cosmic motions and heavenly bodies who are believed to use their incredibly to speed to escape the surly bonds of Tellene (and other worlds) to journey to distant stars. These sojourns may last for hundreds of years or more and some historically reported Deva have still not returned from their pilgrimages. Folk mythology portrays devas as being accessible on Tellene, but only if a seeker is willing to travel to their lofty, mountaintop observatories. Because of the Devas' distaste for remaining on the material plane, however, it is unlikely that these tall tales hold much merit.

Devil, Polar

Also Known As: Ledikkarthr, Ice Devil, Polar Demon



I speak not here of the devil of ice of which much has previously been written. Rather, I wish to encourage all to seek out the cults these devils develop around them and who sustain these devils during the brief summer months. These individuals are arguably worse than the devil itself for they make possible its intermittent existence on our world.

Even in the northernmost reaches of Jorikk there is a summer, however brief, that this loathsome devil cannot endure. It is during this time that its thralls guard its treasure and protect its temple — sometimes by clever and unusual means. It is rumored that the devil's wealth is distributed far and wide amongst its worshippers so as to minimize any catastrophic loss.

For those readers lacking piety and fueled by greed, let me reiterate. The devil's considerable wealth is broadly scattered betwixt its congregants during the summer months. You are thus likely to find each and every one of these loathsome people in possession of wealth far exceeding their station. I share this insight to inspire gray cowled readers, and perchance some of the black cowled, to consider the potential reward you may reap should you assist our holy endeavor.

I beseech ye to make best use of your summers to hunt down these villains, the Order of Agony, for it is when they are at their most vulnerable. —

The Ledikkarthr are devils hailing from the ice-pits of Hell who winter in the far north of Tellene, summoned into the world by foul priesthoods. At first glance, a Ledikkarthr may appear to be nothing more than an especially large and corpulent polar bear but upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that the creature is no bear. A Ledikkarthr's eyes glow red in the dark and shine with cruel intelligence in the light. From its mouth sprout large, tusk-like teeth, its head sports two curved horns, and its hanging stomach swells like a bloated corpse's. When the Polar Devil opens its mouth to bite, the maw extends much farther back into its body than it would on a normal bear, revealing rows of yellow and broken teeth.

Combat/Tactics:

A Ledikkarthr does not fight like a polar bear in melee combat, preferring to stand upright and use its claws and terrible bite rather than a hug. Any creature clawed or bitten by a Ledikkarthr must pass an immediate Trauma check or be afflicted with terrible physical agony. This pain imparts a −4 penalty to attack, defense, and damage for five minutes. This debilitating effect is not cumulative with subsequent successful attacks (i.e. penalties do not accumulate but can be reapplied with a subsequent wound should the initial torment expire).

The Icy Devil is a terrible foe for it is highly resistant to arcane magic, and wounds it inflicts are often accompanied by debilitating physical agony.



Size Comparison



The creature also employs a number of supernatural abilities to supplement its preternatural strength.

Before joining melee, a Ledikkarthr will alter the environment to its advantage by creating a 30ft radius snowstorm. Such a storm limits visibility to 2 feet unless a creature possesses extraordinary visual acuity in such environments, such as a polar bear or caribou. Alternatively, the Polar Devil can create a 60 foot radius sheet of ice on the ground, centered on itself. The ice sheet functions as a *Slippery Surface* (q.v.) for all but the Ledikkarthr, which can effortlessly glide at sprinting speed over its surface. Those confronting a Polar Devil will also have to contend with its constantly radiating *Aura of Nervousness*. Anyone approaching within 30ft of a Ledikkarthr will need to make a save vs d20+22 or be affected as if by the 7th level mage spell *Induce Nervousness*.

The Polar Devil is also capable of casting several spells (as a 22nd level mage), having a spell point reservoir of 1200 SP for this purpose. These include:

5th level: *Panic*
6th level: *Mind Reading*
12th level: *Icy Fog*
12th level: *Ice Wall*
13th level: *Mist of Corralling*

Defensively, the Ledikkarthr, being a devil and a creature of the cold, boasts immunity to poison and easily shrugs off cold-related damage (zero damage sustained by attacks or environmental considerations of extreme cold). Further, the Ledikkarthr regenerates 1hp every 5 seconds. They are highly resistant to arcane magic possessing a Spell Immunity of 10.

Polar Devils are vulnerable to silver to a limited extent; silvered weapons reduce the DR of a polar devil to 13 which can make the difference for those prepared.

When a Ledikkarthr is killed on the material plane, its body melts into a pool of stinking bile, and the spirit of the Ice Devil is banished back to the depths of Hell. Polar Devils that are killed in this way return to their icy home planes in disgrace, stripped of all rank and authority as incompetent blunderers, regardless of the actual circumstances which may have contributed to their failure. After 90 years of grueling service on the front lines of one of hell's many theaters of war, the Polar Demon is allowed to return to its former post and woe betide the descendants of its killers.

Habitat/Society:

The few Ledikkarthr found on Tellene are exceptions to the norm of their kind. Most Polar Devils have a great deal of responsibility on their home plane and cannot disappear for months at a time to lead a life of relative idleness. Such individuals are thus disgraced in some manner, having likely been demoted and stripped of authority for committing some error in judgment or being of low status with respect to their peers but nonetheless skilled at manipulating hell's byzantine bureaucracy to their own personal benefit.

The rituals and sacrifices necessary to summon a polar devil into the world can only be attempted during the winter; and even then it is a daunting process. During particularly violent blizzards or periods of extreme winter weather, however, the veil between Tellene and the home plane of the polar devil grows thinner, and the summoning process is made easier. It is these outcasts and manipulators that pay heed to these infrequent unofficial solicitations made via back channels for devils of their status to accept a clerical summons to Tellene.

Accepting a summons can be very risky for the Polar Devil for it could very well find itself bound to service by the summoning priest (or mage). Extensive contractual wrangling is often a precursor to accepting a summons with the devil having to balance risk versus reward in comparison to its limited opportunities at home. That being said, a few Polar Devils have profited handsomely from such relationships and during the winter months are regularly summoned into the cold places of the world by priests of evil religions though they must depart and live in their native realm during warm periods on Tellene.

Many northern cultures have taboos against going out on the first bad winter storm of the year, and many children's tales warn of hideous beasts arriving with the first snows, eager to devour mischief-makers and the misbehaved. Perhaps there is a sliver of truth to these old stories because once summoned, a Polar Devil's appetite is insatiable.

During its winters in the mortal world, the Ledikkarthr feasts unendingly on meat supplied by its cabal of mortal followers who flock to the creature as a living symbol of their unholy god. Cultists are initially attracted into the service of the Ice Devil with promises of wealth and power. The Polar Devil uses its considerable abilities and resources to eliminate (by one way or another) the mortal enemies of its

adherents, in exchange for a lifetimes of winters spent in servitude. These same followers tend to live lives of ease and plenty in the summer months, however, bolstered as they are by the aid of the Ice Devil.

The creature is able to communicate telepathically, and usually uses one of its adherents as a mouthpiece unless the Polar Devil deigns it necessary to speak. The cultists that serve the Polar Devil are fanatically dedicated to their lord and will perform any task or face any threat if commanded to do so. Any death they might find in service of their lord is far better than the hideous punishments the Polar Devil metes out when displeased. Any follower the Polar Devil suspects of wrongdoing (or, worse yet, betrayal) are slowly tortured to death as befits the whim of the Polar Devil. When the world begins to warm, the Ledikkarthr returns to its own world to wait until the snows fall once more. Ice Devils are loathe to depart back to their home plane, preferring to remain as long as is possible with their cults where they answer to no one and live a life of luxury.

Every Ledikkarthr possesses a great deal of wealth that it keeps in the material plane, stolen from its victims. When the creature returns yearly to hell, its followers each take a piece of its wealth and scatter it until the creature is summoned in the winter. This is at once a way to safeguard their master's wealth from thieves and also a test of loyalty. Bad times follow those who spend the Ledikkarthr's wealth, as they will be hunted every winter until the debt is repaid.

On Tellene:

Ledikkarthr are found in secret temples throughout the frigid north of Tellene, although it is rumored that they may lurk in high mountain enclaves further south. Many of these temples appear seasonally on Lake Jorrak when the ice returns. Scattered far and wide in the spring and summer, living in strange watercraft, adherents of The Order of Agony lash their ships together as the lake begins to freeze, creating a small colony where before there been only open water. Some believe that a Ledikkarthr winters within the Theocracy of Slen, and that is why that terrible enclave has not yet been swept away.

Polar Devil

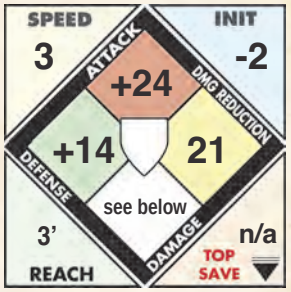
Hit Points:	50 + 12d8
Size/Weight:	H/1800+ lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+26
Mental:	+25
Dodge:	+19



Attack: The White Demon fights with its two paws (3d6+8 and Agony) and a bite attack (2d10p+8 and Agony)

Special: Immunity to cold and poison. Regenerates 1 hp/ 5 seconds. DR 13 vs silvered weapons. Spell immunity 10.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Winter only
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Mind Reading, Telepathy
Habitat:	Any cold [Otherworldly]
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Sub-arctic to arctic [Otherworldly]

YIELD

Medicinal:	n/a
Spell Components:	n/a
Hide/Trophy:	n/a
Treasure:	n/a
Edible:	n/a
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	2,700

Djinn

Also Known As: Mar'aani, Genie



I have only once met a Djinn. And truth be told, I was not aware of it until long afterwards. An acquaintance of mine lived with a beautiful and exotic young woman who I tookto be his wife, girlfriend or romantic companion though he would always deny any involvement and the exact nature of their relationship was circumspectly never made clear. That she was devoted to him was clearly evident but this affection was accompanied by possessiveness and jealousy.

My companion was seemingly endlessly beset by improbable occurrences that served to rattle his nerves. That these incidents were mostly beneficial did little to calm him. Why such a beneficence of good luck would be unwelcome was difficult to fathom. Regardless, it was as if some guardian angel was watching over him except when he strayed from the path of virtue. Though a good man, he was human and subject to moral failings like all of us. When tempted, inexplicable accidents would occur either to those offering the allurement or to the general environs. Only rarely would he be affected, and if so only comically.

My curiosity piqued, I inferred his companion to be a mage of some power. Despite increasingly determined efforts to demonstrably verify this, I was unable to do so despite seemingly years of effort. I recall suffering from numerous lapses of memory whilst pursuing my inquiry. I progressively grew more concerned about the onset of senility but this passed as my interests shifted.

It was years later when invited to my associate's wedding that he confided in me the truth. His new bride was in fact a Djinn. —

Djinn are immortal creatures native to the elemental plane of air. They are chaotic, whimsical, and generally tolerant of others while maintaining an innate curiosity about the world at large. Genies physically resemble mankind in many ways, with a similar musculature and facial features, though their skin color ranges across every spectrum of the rainbow. Djinn stand between eight and ten feet tall, are broad shouldered and strong. Genies enjoy flaunting their physical features and choose revealing clothing made of silk. Males favor facial hair, and both sexes enjoy jewelry and other ostentatious displays of wealth.

Combat/Tactics:

Djinn wield massive scimitars in combat, though they rely upon several innate magical abilities as well.

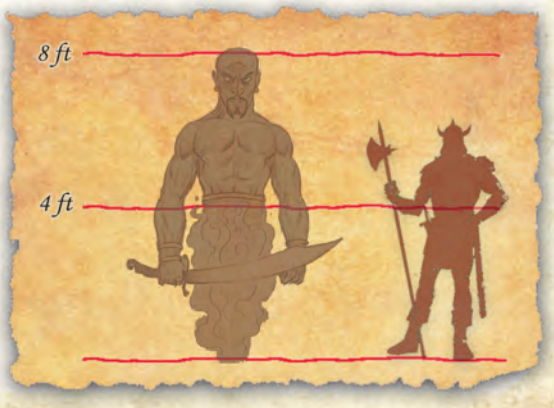
They may transform themselves at will into gaseous form. In so doing, they become transparent and essentially insubstantial. Weapons will pass harmlessly though their body. Many magical spells will also prove ineffective, save those that excite air molecules. Spells that retain their full efficacy are generally those that create an area of heat (i.e. *Fireball*, *Lightning Bolt*) or remove it (i.e. *Icy Blast*). Those that simply inflict damage (i.e. *Magic Projectile*) will not harm a Djinn in gaseous form. It is left to the GM to adjudicate edge cases.

Djinn are often dismissed as vain and egotistical pranksters but can be valuable and powerful allies when focused on a cause they deem morally objectionable.



Bottle purported to be the one Abzar Fynn trapped an djinn in. .Now in the collection of the School f Ek Kasel.

Size Comparison



Whilst in gaseous form, the Djinn may not physically attack but they may utilize their full magical repertoire. They can propel themselves in any direction at walking speed and may pass through any obstacle that is not air-tight. However, should they encounter even relatively mild winds, they may be carried away if the windspeed exceeds their walking speed (10'/s = 6.8 MPH). Should they encounter any magical wind (e.g. *Strong Breeze*, *Gale*, *Hurricane* or *Storm Force Wind*), Djinn receive no saving throw and suffer maximum damage for knock-back purposes.

From gaseous form, a Djinn may transform into a whirlwind. The shape is that of a frustum of an inverse cone with a lower base 10' diameter and upper base 30' diameter and height anywhere from 10 to 70 feet as desired. It takes 30 seconds to spin up to the equivalent of *Gale Force Wind*. Thereafter, anyone within the whirlwind's volume is subject to effects identical to that of *Gale Force Wind*. Should the Djinn desire, it can ramp up the whirlwind to *Storm Force Wind* in another 30 seconds and *Hurricane Force Wind* in a further 30 seconds.

When in whirlwind form, a Djinn can propel itself in any direction at one-quarter of its centrifugal windspeed (i.e. 15'/s, 20'/s or 30'/s). Should the Djinn wish to dispense with the whirlwind, it must decelerate back to zero windspeed in an equally lengthy process as accelerating.

Djinn are masters of illusion and may, at will, employ magicks equivalent to *Disguise Object 3* and *Illusory Terrain 3*. They can *Transmogrify* or become *Invisible* as they see fit and may also employ *Lesser Memory Wipe* as desired. Once per day they may also *Transport*, *Shrink*, inflict a *Jinx*, utilize *Housecleaning* and create a *Miracle Meal* or *Create Water*.

If forced into corporeal hand-to-hand combat, Djinn employ large one-handed scimitars. They can strike every 9 seconds with these weapons and each hit inflicts 3d8p+6 points of damage.

Habitat/Society:

Djinn are native to the elemental plane of air and make their homes in elaborate villas crafted into sparse landscapes scattered across the realm. They enjoy time upon other planes and interacting with mortals. Djinn are natural enemies with the Ifrit and they've been waging wars upon one-another for as long as either can remember.

Genies despise slavery and the human-trafficking operations the Ifrit run. They attempt to disrupt these activities at every turn. In retaliation, the Ifrit enjoy capturing genies and trapping them into mundane items (like boxes, lamps, vases, or other such vessels) and then flinging them into the far reaches of other planes for

Djinn

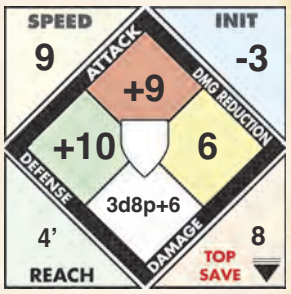
Hit Points:	7d8+31
Size/Weight:	L / 360 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	–2˅

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+19
Dodge:	+22



Attack: Djinn will seek to avoid encounters in which they have no personal stake via Invisibility and illusions. If they opt to engage, will form a whirlwind to disrupt adversaries. Can fight with scimitar as last resort.

Special: May use transmogrify to appear human if advantageous. *Lesser Memory Wipe* often used to forestall trouble.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Fashionable villas [or Djinn prison]
Diet:	Whatever local culture deems trendy and sumptuous
Organization:	Singular
Climate/Terrain:	Elemental plane of air

Yield

Medicinal:	nil
Spell Components:	nil
Hide/Trophy:	nil
Treasure:	elegant jewelry
Edible:	no
Other:	nil
Experience Point Value:	750

others to find.

These devices allow others to summon the Djinn and force them to do their bidding, providing a lifetime of amusement for the Ifrits. The time in which a genie is trapped is largely dependent upon the magic used to ensnare it. It could be for a predetermined amount of time (such as 100 years), or until the Genie completes a set of pre-determined goals (such as aiding those who summon it 10 times), or forever. These traps are a fate far worse than death to a genie, as they loathe slavery. Forced compliance is insulting, especially when the Djinn is forced to serve a being less powerful then they.

Summoning a genie is easy enough, but forcing him to comply is far trickier. Djinn are hesitant to help and they must be tricked, coerced, or charmed into doing the bidding of those who summon them (see Djinn prison). To make matters worse, the Ifrit have propagated rumors that summoning a Djinn will provide the recipient with a limited amount of wishes - even though this is false.

An emboldened and helpful genie is a viable asset. When a favor or service is granted the djinn takes whatever method he or she thinks is best to complete the desired request. For example, if a person asked to be rich, the Genie might lead them to a nearby caravan laden with expensive trade goods before instructing the summoner to kill the men and make his dreams come true.

Some Genies are more willing to help than others. They view the task as an opportunity to be free from their confinement. In these instances the Djinn will do whatever is in his power to remain free from his bondage for as long as possible. He will instruct his master to take the longest route to a destination, offer patience in negotiations, and stall the inevitable. There have been instances where mortals and genies have developed feelings for one another. While rare, these situations create an awkward relationship as the mortal holds most of the power.

Being bound into an inescapable extra-dimensional space is torture on the mind. For every fifty years of imprisonment there's a 10% chance the genie develops a mental quirk (determined randomly the table accompanying the spell *Quirkiness* found in *Zealots Guide Book the Second*). There are no limits to the number of quirks a genie might acquire.

Finally, some Genies develop affectionate feelings or even a type of Stockholm syndrome towards their masters. They feel emboldened to help them, perhaps even love them. When this occurs the genies take on an aggressive and protective attitude towards their master's well-being. They become overprotective to the point of annoyance, quick to lash-out at anyone who even glances wrongly in their master's way. Worse, these Genies often act out of their own free will — doing what they *believe* is best for their master, often at the most inopportune times.

Ecology:

Genies share similar physical traits to humans, with exception to their height and the color of their hair and skin. Their skin ranges across a broad range of colors and their hair often a similar, but darker or lighter, shade. Unlike many races, Genies do not bond with one mate for life. They freely love whomever they choose and have been known to share lovers. Women give birth to only one child before going barren. During this time they remove themselves from their society and raise their child in isolation, traveling through the planes together to experience the various ways the planes work together. It is a time of bonding and the young child is exposed to many different paths before returning to their native home.

Djinn only consume food for pleasure. They are omnivorous and enjoy a wide variety of unusual and exotic foods. However, a Genie never needs to eat or drink. Nor do they need to sleep. Like elves, Djinn are immortal. They cannot die from old age – a fact the Ifrit abuse for their amusement.

On Tellene:

Genies visit Tellene often and can be found in any location.

Djinn Prison (magic item):

Ifrit construct Djinn prisons using ancient rituals and spells they've developed. Constructed from mundane vessels (bottles, boxes, pots, cauldrons, etc.), these items become imbued with magic powerful enough to serve as a prison. While unseen, a genie is lashed to the prison and unable to travel further than the Ifrit determines at the time of construction. Particularly cruel Ifrits might only allow a few feet of separation from the prison, while others may alow the djinn to roam miles away.

Once trapped, a Genie cannot escape the prison until a precise period of time; a specific set of tasks are completed; or the prison is destroyed. The length of imprisonment and requirements for release are determined at the time the Genie is captured. Ifrits are notorious liars and they enjoy taunting their captives with a list of impossible tasks that can never be accomplished. Assuming the tasks are true, the Genie must convince others to complete them or take them to a location to meet the guidelines.

Most Genies are imprisoned forever and the only way to free them is to destroy the prison itself. This is no small task. Exposure to dragonfire, molten lava, or other highly magical or toxic materials is usually involved.

Dragon

The Frightening Wind

And they came down from the hillsides, what few of them remained. With them were but a sickly goat and a mule heavily laden.

Of their place in those hills, no trace remained.

And they wept— relating that all of their kin had become food for the beast.

And folk in those parts soon made haste to flee, for a Dragon had come.



Physical Description:

Dragons lay shrouded in mystery and legend. Yet even the smallest child knows that a Dragon is a terror to face - few encounter such a creature and are lucky enough to tell the tale. Furthering the difficulty of species research is the fact that no two Dragons have ever been the same – each exhibits different superficial physical characteristics and completely unique mental faculties, although all are magnificent in both respects.

A massive four-limbed reptilian, its arms are bat-like in appearance. The forelimbs predominantly serve as wings, though the claws on each feature an opposable thumb for grasping. As with man, the Dragon has greater functionality in the upper limbs than the lower. These lanky extremities are disproportionately large in length when compared to the body. Thick, leathery wings attach to the underside and splay out beneath when the limbs extend. When the forelimbs are not outstretched, the wings collapse into bunched folds that contour the Dragon's body. Conversely, the hind limbs are much shorter and unusually thick at the thigh.

These appendages are birdlike in appearance and do not afford many purposes outside of snatching prey when in flight, pinning an opponent when landing or providing locomotion and balance while terrestrial. When aloft, the hind limbs draw up as with birds, but can easily extend to



In addition to great strength, cunning and magical powers, dragons have devastating breath weapons. They come in many forms, all deadly — and they reserve them for the most opportune attacks.



aid in landing or attacking prey. Dragon natural coloration runs the spectrum and is thought to be a product of the environment from which the Dragon emerged, although it also has chameleon ability to mimic its immediate surroundings.

The Dragon has behavioral characteristics that are rooted in the animal kingdom. Locomotion, either ground or aerial, correlates directly with creatures such as the bat, birds of prey and large reptiles. Dragon feeding habits and activity cycles are similarly based on their lesser cousins, though they spend much longer periods of time in hibernation.

Personality traits are generally similar to men, however, those things that motivate and drive a Dragon to action are more narrowly focused than that of man with a spotlight on greed, power and an ego unmatched by the most arrogant of kings.

Habitat/Society:

Dragons have no society per se. A Dragon lives a solitary life, emerging from its lair to ravage, feast or machinate as it sees fit, maintaining an ever-larger territory as it ages. All Dragons are male; they mate with female Drakes if they choose, siring another Drake. Dragons do not seek out mates. Rather, female Drakes are drawn to them based on their territorial dominance, reputation and hoard size.

Of the origin of Dragons, no mortal completely understands. Dragons are unique in so many characteristics as to defy analogy. Their reproductive cycle is no different. Indeed, Dragons own Tellene's most unusual and unnatural procreation for contrary to common perception, Dragons are not hatched, neither are they born. Rather they evolve from a hibernating Drake.

Analogous to a caterpillar cocooning into a butterfly, a Dragon emerges from a hibernating male Drake's egg-shaped bone cocoon. Unlike the caterpillar-butterfly transformation, not all hibernating Drakes undergo this change; in fact, the chances are under one percent for a whole lifetime of Drake hibernations.

Only an ancient Drake can evolve into a Dragon and then, still less than one in a hundred do. Prior to such a hibernation, the Drake will follow an overwhelming urge to gorge itself, rampaging to epic proportions and ravaging the land for miles around. Transformation is actually a function of the number of virgins devoured in its lifetime; the male Drake begot from a dragon has a biological urge to eat maidens but does not consciously realize why. During cocooned hibernation, the Drake is helpless and can be destroyed prior to waking.

When a Dragon emerges from an ancient male Drake's bone cocoon (after an extended ten-year or longer hibernation), the Dragon is already mature and, in fact, ancient in age. All Dragons are singular individuals, born with unique abilities and knowledge.

Ecology:

The Dragon is the apex predator among all native species, a mighty being, the greatest of all creatures. They prefer to feast outside their lair, leaving the area littered with bones of past meals. No other living thing, save perhaps the most powerful of wizards who have extended their natural lifetime, possess the raw power of a Dragon. Thus, a Dragon will hunt anything it desires; fear of Dragons is a common trait all others share.

Dragons will hunt and eat Drakes to secure breeding grounds and to kill off threats to its growing territory; an elder male will not tolerate the slightest scent of a male Drake in his territory. If two Dragons find themselves in competition for lands or anything else, a colossal struggle ensues with one murdering the other and gaining the combined wealth and territory, although, there are fables of the victor suffering a mortal wound, leaving two relatively unguarded treasure hoards for the taking.

Dragons never eat other Dragons, but will slaughter them with little provocation, although such encounters are rare, happening once a millennia or less, typically only when some vast dwarven treasure has attracted more than one to an area.

Magical Nature

Though the Dragon is not intrinsically magical, like men it understands how to use magic and the advantages it brings. Unlike men, however, who must study and practice magic to hone and grow skill over time, a Dragon is innately blessed with the use of magic and endowed with an instinctive knowledge of it. They have a natural understanding of magic, excel in its mastery and can use it in powerful and secret ways of old, not known or understood by mere mortals.

They have the power of 20th level casters (including SPs), knowing one spell from each spell level. Dragons do not require spell books as their spells are intrinsically known. They can learn new spells automatically if they can find either a spell book, scroll or are taught by another creature. They do not suffer from spell fatigue, and their Spell Points replenish with any 8-hour nap up to three times per day.

Alignment

Each Dragon has a unique personality and alignment, though only a few legendary Dragons were considered good. Most specimens are classified as evil, though some unique individuals could be thought of as indifferent (neutral). A Dragon is motivated purely by its own interests with no

consideration for anything else. It has no need to advance the cause of others; a Dragon thinks of itself and none other. In a way, a Dragon is beyond concepts of good and evil; it is a Dragon and thus not constrained by the rules and dictates of morality or immorality. It worships, serves and affords thought for the well-being of itself alone. Followers of good and evil are but pawns in a Dragon's master plan to advance its own machinations.

Running a Dragon

Perhaps the most difficult challenge to presenting a Dragon in HackMaster is ensuring it is properly run by the GM. Dragon schemes and designs are far-reaching and typically beyond the scope of the campaign story line. They are genius, master planners, spiteful, arrogant, egotistical and thoroughly cunning.

They are terrible foes and not just by brute force. It is entirely plausible a particularly nefarious Dragon has hatched a plan and put it in motion years before the grandparents of the characters in the campaign were born. Unless they have drawn its ire, characters are not usually the object of a Dragon's machinations but they can inadvertently walk right into the middle of them.

While each Dragon has a unique weakness (see below), all suffer from arrogance and an inflated ego. When characters are pitted against such an enemy (in combat or otherwise), the GM must take this into consideration. The Dragon is not so self-centric as to be stupid, but it can make miscalculations ("miscalculations" because as any Dragon will tell you, they never make mistakes). A GM must carefully navigate this unique personality and should put a good deal of thought into the Dragon prior to any encounter.

Natural Defenses

A Dragon has significant natural defenses that serve to protect it.

Chameleon: Dragons enjoy the ability to shift coloration to match their natural surroundings. This is an excellent tool when hunting, affording a Hide skill of 90% when motionless.

Scaled Hide: A Dragon's natural hide is scaled, and very tough. There are two areas of scaling on a Dragon, and each is different in appearance and capability.

Back: This hide covers all areas of the Dragon save the underside (all limbs, tail, head, etc.) and is extremely resilient to physical attacks. These scales are relatively small in size, though thick and coarse and stronger than steel, affording a DR of 20.

Underside: The belly area is lined with broad scales that run the width of the beast. These scales are smoother than and not as thick as the back scaling, being unchanged from its pre-metamorphosis Drake scales. They allow for greater flexibility and mobility at the cost of a diminished, (as compared to the back) but still substantial, armor rating of DR 13.

Fire Immunity: A Dragon cannot be harmed by fire or heat.

Cold and Electrical Resistance: A Dragon enjoys great resilience to cold and electrical energy, though not to a degree of complete immunity rating, at a DR 20.

Flight: The Dragon can take flight to escape its enemies when necessary. A Dragon will rarely position itself so that a quick escape by wing is unavailable when fighting outside its lair. Even when a magical escape route is available, it is hard for the Dragon to overcome this basic, natural instinct.

Powerful Constitution: A Dragon is an extremely hardy creature and never succumbs to disease or other sicknesses.

Natural Healing: A Dragon is a fast healer and will recover lost hit points rapidly, at a rate of 2 points per wound per day of rest, 1 point per wound per day if active.

Magical Resistance: innate understanding of magic affords a cunning resistance to magical attacks and affects. Dragons boast a Spell Immunity of 2.

Immunity to scrying: A Dragon cannot be spied upon by scrying devices such as a crystal ball, magic mirror, magic pool, palantir, or other spells.

Natural Weaponry

A Dragon's weapons are many, and each is deadly. All are covered in detail under the Attacks section.

Claws: The Dragon has claws on it wings (considered forelimbs) as well as its rear legs.

Head: The head can be used to bite and gore.

Tail: The tail is used to slam or knock down opponents.

Wings: The wings are used to buffet enemies and accentuate breath attacks.

Breath: The classic Dragon weapon, its fiery breath can quickly wither opponents.

Advanced Intellect: A Dragon's cunning cannot be underestimated; it is a brilliant tactician. Its skill in combat is magnified by its shrewd and innate ability to understand the capabilities of those it faces and make viciously wise decisions when fighting them. While this does not directly correlate to physical damage, it ensures that the Dragon rarely makes poor use of those weapons that do.

Combat

Every fight is different, but below are general methods the Dragon will employ against its enemies.

Offense

As detailed further in this entry, a Dragon has a myriad of

attack options available to it. It is a shrewd and extremely intelligent creature and will place utmost pressure on its enemies until it is clear the enemy is outmatched or doomed to fail. At this point, the Dragon may toy with the opponents or finish them off as the case may be. In rare instances, the Dragon may spare a foe to use it as a pawn in future efforts.

The Dragon's favored form of attack is from the air where it feels safest. When targeting enemies on the ground from the air, the Dragon will soften them up with breath or other fly-by attacks. Afterward, it will choose the enemy it considers the greatest threat and perform a landing attack with the intent of pinning the target beneath its great weight. It will then set about clawing, biting and breathing in the most logical method possible to break the remaining opponents.

Defense

A Dragon is a tough opponent and can take an onslaught of physical damage before it feels threatened. When necessary, the Dragon will retreat to the air if things are going against it. Having done so, it will heal itself and return to the fray with renewed vigor. If its opponents have escaped, they can be assured the Dragon will not forget and will most certainly pursue reprisal.

Attacks

The weapons available to the Dragon are many.

Aerial Based Attacks

The Dragon is king of the air, and can devastate opponents caught on the ground and in the open. A Dragon's vision is superb, and it can pick out details on the ground from great distances during both daylight and darkness, making it difficult to hide from when it is aloft. Note that the Dragon cannot stop in flight and hold its position; virtually all aerial assaults are fly-by attacks as the Dragon speeds past, wheels and turns as described in the GMG under the aerial-ground interface rules. From the air, the Dragon may attack in the following ways:

Strafe: The Dragon breathes fire as it glides over opponents on the ground. This attack has a range of 240 feet but covers a reduced area (10 foot radius) as opposed to a ground based breath attack. If a direct attack is not possible, Dragons will readily set fire to any flammable cover in which its victims may be hiding. Note that the cinder cloud, fiery breath and fire spit weapons are available to the Dragon as a strafe attack (see breath attacks section).

Rake: Using its rear claws, the Dragon rakes the target. This attack counts as a charge.

Snatch: The Dragon attempts to grab an opponent on the ground and carry it into the air to subsequently be crushed (see claw attacks section) or dropped from a high elevation.

Bombard: Dragons are cunning and will drop available items onto those below for various effects.

Examples include fallen trees, heavy barrels, boulders, wagons, anything available that might cause considerable damage. This attack is difficult for the Dragon to pull off as wind, air currents, weather, relative speeds and so-forth all come into play, making this attack largely one of terror and disruption rather than targeting any specific terrestrial victim.

This is a ranged attack with a -2 penalty for every full 50 feet of elevation, with success indicating that the object landed within a particular 10 foot by 10 foot area.

Any creature within that area would only have a 1 in 20 chance of being impacted per size category of both the object and target, starting with Size S (Size Tiny adds 0 chances, so a size Tiny object dropped in an area with a Size T creature affords only a 1 in 100 chance of hitting the target, after a successful to-hit roll for that 10x10 area!).

For example, suppose an Ogre (Size Huge Object) is dropped 100 feet by the Dragon onto a party of one halfling (Size S) and 3 Dwarves (Size M) huddled together in a 5 foot by five foot area. The Dragon must make a successful ranged to-hit roll (at -4, -2 for each 50 feet) to successful drop the ogre into the general area of the party. If successful, check a 6 in 20 chance to hit each Dwarf (4 in 20 for the ogre, plus 2 in 20 for the Dwarf's size) but only a 5 in 20 to hit the halfling (4 in 20 for the ogre, plus 1 in 20 for the hobbit's size).

If aware, any hit targets can also make a feat of agility vs. a straight d20 (+1 per size of the object over Medium, in this case +2) to dodge out of the way. Damage will be based on the size and make-up of the object but could possibly be fatal.

Open Claw Landing: A devastating attack, this landing attempts to grab an opponent as the Dragon lands on it, putting the full weight of the beast on the target as it crushes it within its rear claws. Due to the size difference between the Dragon and most characters, this is a very difficult attack, and the Dragon will generally only make it against those mounted on war horses or elephants.

The landing itself takes 5 full seconds and results in 10d8p damage. Thereafter, the target is pinned (treat also as "grasped" as in a claw attack) and unable to move until the dragon changes position.

Ground Based Attacks

With a myriad of attack options, the Dragon is a terrible foe in close combat. It is capable of attacking enemies both

near and far, can do staggering damage and is able to engage multiple enemies at once under the right conditions. A Dragon executes ground based attacks from one of two stances: crawling or rearing. It can shift between these positions with little effort, taking only one second.

Crawling

In this stance, the Dragon is low to the ground and at least three of the four limbs are supporting it at any given time. Only one claw attack at a time (always one of the forelimbs) is available to the Dragon from this position while the head and tail are available weapons. While crawling, the Dragon enjoys greater defense and mobility. This is the Dragon's default stance while on the ground.

Rearing

In this position, the Dragon is upright and using its rear legs and tail for support. It is unable to move about the battlefield from this position and must revert to a crawling stance to do so. While rearing, both forelimbs and the head are available for attacks, though range for these attacks is limited when compared to the crawling stance. The Dragon is more vulnerable from this position (weaker under armor) and will generally avoid it.

However, some of the Dragon's attacks from this stance open up greater damage potential, making it a tremendous hazard for those engaging the beast. It is a position from which the Dragon can best display its frightful, towering presence (extended wings, arched neck and bellowing roar), and it may choose to present itself this way solely to indulge its ego.

Breath

The quintessential Dragon attack, the breath weapon can be used in several ways. Its primary role is as a devastating, stand-alone attack of heat and flame, but it can also be used in conjunction with other attacks to horrific effect. A dragon can prepare its breath weapons while using other methods of attack.

Cinder Cloud: The Dragon exhales a cloud of thick, sulfurous smoke that can confuse those trapped within it. It is excellent for obscuring opponents' field of vision, inflicting penalties of -4 to attack and -2 to defense. In addition, the cloud is lined with burning cinders that cause minor damage of 1 HP/ second with no DR. The cloud envelops the area surrounding the Dragon and it will use this weapon to confuse its enemies or to affect an escape. The cloud persists for 20 seconds.

Fiery Breath: The Dragon blasts out a cone of scorching flame stretching 80 foot long, and that widens as it extends away from the mouth of the beast to a 30 foot diameter cone, causing 12d12p damage, though a successful Dodge or Feat of Agility against a d20p+2 (d20p-2 if within 5 feet of the edge) will halve the damage. The weapon can only be used intermittently while the Dragon's innards replenish the required fuel; there is a 10 second delay.

Fire Spit: While similar to the fiery breath, this attack is a 'wet' weapon comprised of a flammable, sticky substance from deep within the Dragons gut. Targeted opponents are drenched with a sticky, flaming liquid that continues to burn. This attack has limitations: the range is less than half that of the fiery breath (35 feet), it targets a smaller area (10 foot diameter) and it can be used only once per minute. It causes 4 damage every second for 30 seconds.

Enveloping Flames: The Dragon breathes with less force, but for a greater duration as it swings its head back and forth. This creates an inferno of flame that completely envelops the immediate vicinity around the creature (15 feet in every direction) and burns any who are caught in the area.

This weapon has limited range and does not target a specific creature or creatures, but rather an area. Damage is the same as with Fiery Breath.

The weapon can only be used intermittently while the Dragon's innards replenish the required fuel; there is a 10 second delay.

Flaming Bite (when biting): While biting an opponent, the Dragon breathes flames. The breath weapon only affects the bitten foe, who suffers all damage with no ability to avoid it. The weapon can only be used intermittently while the Dragon's innards replenish the required fuel; there is a 10 second delay.

Searing Bite (when biting): Similar to a flaming bite attack, this attack utilizes the Dragon's 'wet' Fire Spit breath and is possibly the single worst attack a target can suffer. The breath weapon only affects the victim, who suffers all damage with no ability to avoid it.

It is a fearsome sight to behold, as the flailing opponent writhes and screams in agony while flaming spittle runs freely over it and through the Dragon's teeth, dripping to the ground below in a terrifying display of power.

Flaming Gore: When goring (see head attacks), the Dragon can breathe flames to maximize the impact of the attack. The flames affect all those in the area the gore affects, even those who are not struck by the gore attack itself.

The gore attack is resolved first so that if an opponent is knocked prone by the gore, it has a diminished ability to defend against the flames that are bearing down upon it (-4 to Feat of Agility). The weapon can only be used intermittently while the Dragon's innards replenish the required fuel; there is a 10 second delay.

Claw

The Dragon can make ground-based claw attacks from the crawling or rearing position as specified below (see attack matrix charts). As with head attacks, the reach of the claw attacks is impacted by the Dragon's stance. The Dragon never utilizes its rear claws for ground based attacks as they are critical for balance and locomotion while on the ground. Instead, the Dragon uses one or both of its deadly forelimbs to:

Claw: A single claw attack meant to tear at a nearby target. If in the rearing position, the Dragon may attempt to attack with both claws individually against separate targets. While this second option enables the Dragon to target two opponents, it pays for this with an additional to hit penalty (-4) on each attack. Damage is 3d10p.

Rend: A single attack using both claws against an individual target. The Dragon can only perform this attack when rearing due to the need to maintain balance. Damage is 4d10p.

Grasp: A single claw attack that will cause crushing damage, but is meant to hold the opponent in the claw and limit its actions. A successful grasp can subsequently enable a crush, hurl or smash attack.

While maintaining a grasp, a Dragon's claw attacks are limited to those with the 'grasp' classification (for the claw grasping). A foe held in a grasp may attempt to break free after 10 seconds with a Feat of Strength (vs d20+18). Otherwise, the grasp lasts until the Dragon chooses to release the opponent. A grasped opponent is a prime target for a breath or bite attack as it is helpless to defend itself.

Multi-Grasp: A grasp attack using both claws to target two separate foes. The Dragon can only perform this attack when rearing due to the need to maintain balance.

While this attack enables the Dragon to target two opponents in one attack, it pays for this with an additional attack penalty (-4) on each attack. A foe held in a grasp may attempt to break free after 10 seconds with a Feat of Strength (vs d20+18).

Crush (when grasping): When grasping a foe, the Dragon simply crushes it within the claw. At the end of the crush, the grasp may be ended or maintained at the Dragon's discretion; the Dragon cannot use the Crushing claw to perform other attacks until ending the Grasp. Damage is 5 HP per Second of crushing (no DR).

Smash (when grasping): When grasping a foe, the Dragon smashes it upon the ground. At the end of the smash, the grasp may be ended or maintained at the Dragon's discretion; the Dragon cannot use the Smashing claw to perform other attacks until ending the Grasp.

Damage is 3d10p (no DR) and no attack roll is needed.

Hurl (when grasping): When grasping a foe, the Dragon hurls it away (10 + 3d12p feet). Damage is 3d12p (same as distance roll, no DR), and the victim ends prone. The grasp is ended by a hurl.

Lunge: A single claw attack that does lesser damage, but has greater reach (25 feet total) than a standard claw attack. A lunge may only be performed from the crawling position. Damage is 2d12p.

Pin: A single claw attack that does lesser damage (d12p) but, if successful, will hold an opponent down on the ground. A pin may only be performed from the crawling position. A pinned foe may attempt to break free during its action with a Feat of Strength vs d20p + 12). Otherwise, the pin lasts until the Dragon chooses to release the opponent. A pinned opponent is a prime target for a breath or bite attack as it is helpless to defend itself (no save versus breath weapons and d8p defense).

Head

The Dragon can make ground based attacks with its head from the crawling or rearing position with the difference being the reach of the neck (see attack matrix charts). The Dragon does not have an overly long neck, but can reach one third to one half of its body length based on its attack position. The Dragon can attack with its great maw or horned skull to:

Snap: A quick, snapping bite that causes hacking damage of 4d12p.

Bite: A Dragon's powerful bite, meant to slaughter weaker fare and trap more powerful game, inflicts 6d12p of hacking damage. Quarry not immediately slain by the substantial damage will be trapped within the Dragon's jaws, limiting the victim's actions. A successful bite can subsequently enable a chew or devour attack. While maintaining a bite, a Dragon's bite or breath related attacks are limited to those with the 'bite' classification. A foe held in a bite may attempt to break free (a five second Feat of Strength against a d20+18). Otherwise, the bite lasts until the Dragon chooses to release the opponent.

Chew (when biting): An automatically successful attack against a target that was previously caught in a bite beginning 2 seconds after the bit. The attack causes crushing and hacking damage of 4d8p every other second (every 2 seconds). No head attacks can be performed while chewing, however, the Dragon can use any of its other attack forms independently.

Devour (when biting): An attempt to swallow quarry that was previously caught in a bite. The target can attempt a Feat of Strength against a d20p+12 to hang on to a tooth and avoid such a horrific fate. Once swallowed, the target will suffer fire and acid damage when it reaches the belly of

the beast a number of seconds later. A swallowed target can attempt to cut itself out of the Dragon from the inside, but this is difficult as the creature has evolved to eat live prey and the esophagus is far too restrictive area for even Tiny creatures to maneuver. It requires d4p seconds to be swallowed for size S, 2d4p seconds for Size M, 3d4p seconds for size Large. Those larger cannot be eaten until crushed into smaller size (after death of course). Once in the gullet, a character can attack with any size small puncturing weapon in-hand at the time of ingestion, while the victim suffers 10 points of fire and 10 points of acid burn damage per second (20 total, no DR). The Dragon's internal DR is only 6.

Ram: A head attack that drives the head frontally into an opponent to do 4d8p crushing damage. The attack is a means to knock down or push the opponent away from the beast, with damage counting as a charge with respect to knock-backs.

Gore: A close range head attack that does crushing and piercing (horns) damage of 4d10p.

Sweeping Gore: A head attack that sweeps the head from side to side. The attack does crushing and piercing (horns) damage of 3d6p to all within the arc and has the potential to knock down opponents or displace them, with damage counting as a charge with respect to knock-backs.

Presence

A Dragon is an awesome sight to behold; its mere presence can be a weapon. Any creature aware of the presence of a Dragon will automatically have its morale/tenacity reduced by one level (e.g., Hero to Fearless) and those non-burrowing terrestrial creatures with animal intelligence will flee as soon aware of a dragon (birds and rodents, for example will only flee beyond the Dragon's immediate reach). Cowardly creatures will seek to escape via the most direct path. Some of the attacks detailed below are capable of indirect damage (hearing loss for instance), while most work directly on the morale of the enemy. As with other attacks, the availability and potency of these attacks varies over time.

Hiss: Dragons employ the hiss to warn nearby enemies and/or frighten them. Any creature within earshot is now on notice that there is a Dragon, causing hair and anxiety to raise.

Tail Slap: An attack to frighten lesser opponents. Any creature within 150 feet that can see, hear or feel (the vibrations) must make a morale check or flee in panic (50%) or seek immediate cover (50%).

Dragon Fear: The mere sight of a Dragon can generate fear in the weak-willed, leading many to flee in panic; a Dragon flying over a city can create mass chaos. Any creature aware of the presence of a Dragon will automatically have its morale/tenacity reduced by one level (e.g., Hero to Fearless). Cowardly creatures will flee via the most direct path.

Roar: The Dragon announces itself to all those who would dare stand against it with a tremendous, bellowing roar. All that hear the Dragon's roar and can also see the Dragon must make a morale check or break into a panic and flee in abject terror. Those within 100 feet will deafened for a 4d12p seconds.

Announce: An Dragon loves nothing more than displaying its tremendous power and terrible form to lesser beings. Often, it will open encounters by landing amidst the enemy's ranks and demonstrating its greatness. It rears, putting itself on proud and startling display for all to see. It is a visage that will cut at the will to fight in the most ardent of foes. All within sight of this magnificent display immediately lose one morale/tenacity level (cumulative with Dragon Fear).

Thunderous Announcement: Dragons can combine the roar and announce abilities. There are few who will not break before such a visage. At a minimum, they will have diminished capacity to effectively combat the Dragon for a time as they struggle to get hold of their wits. All within sight of this terrifying display immediately lose one morale/tenacity level (cumulative with Dragon Fear) and must make a morale check or break into a panic and flee in abject terror. Those within 100 feet will be deafened for a 4d12p seconds.

Tail

The Dragon can only make ground-based tail attacks from the crawling position (see attack matrix charts) as the tail is used for support when rearing. A Dragon's tail is not prehensile and, while dangerous, is relatively crude when compared to its other weapons. However, it is a rear guard for the Dragon while on the ground and may be used as an attack once every ten seconds, with only a 1 second delay until the next attack. The Dragon attacks with its tail in the following ways:

Slam: An attack that targets a single opponent within 90 degrees and twenty feet of the Dragon's rear facing. It brings the full force of the tail down onto the target in a crushing attack for 4d8p.

Sweep: An attack meant to strike one or more targets in an arc. The damage is lesser at 2d8p, but an attack roll is made against all creatures within a 120 degree arc behind the dragon up to 25 feet away and those injured must made a Feat of Agility against d20+damage rolled or be knocked prone.

Whip: The tail lashes in a whipping fashion, targeting a single opponent for 2d8p and can target any opponent up to 120 degrees and within 30 feet.

Dragon Attack Matrix			
Attack	**Damage**	**Range/Reach**	**Next Attack**
Flying			
Strafe	By Breath type	240 feet, 10 foot radius	See Breath Weapon
Rake	4d10p	0 feet	5 seconds
Snatch	None, grab	0 feet	2 seconds
Bombard	Variable	Any	1 second
Open Claw Landing	10d8p	0 feet	5 seconds
Breath			
Cinder Cloud	Choking; blindness; 1 HP/second for up to 20 seconds	30 foot radius	3 seconds before and 2 seconds after
Fiery Breath	12d12p	80 foot long by 30 foot diameter cone	5 seconds before, 3 seconds after
Fire Spit	4 HP/seconds for 30 seconds	35 feet range, 10 foot diameter	3 seconds each but can only be used once per 60 seconds
Enveloping Flames	12d12p	15 foot radius for 5 seconds	5 seconds before, 3 seconds after
Flaming Bite (biting)	12d12p, no save	None	5 seconds before, 3 seconds after
Searing Bite (biting)	4 HP/ Second for 30 seconds	None	3 seconds each but can only be used once per 60 seconds
Flaming Gore	Gore/12d12p; -4 Feat of Agility for those knocked prone	As gore attack plus 15 foot radius for 5 seconds	5 Seconds before, 3 seconds after (10 seconds after for breath based attacks)
Claw			
Claw	3d10p	15 feet	2 seconds
Rend (rearing)	4d10p	10 feet	3 seconds
Grasp	d12p	10 feet	2 seconds, but cannot use this claw until ending the Grasp
Multi-grasp (rearing)	d12p each	10 feet; 90 degree arc on each side	3 seconds
Crush	5 HP/second (no DR)	N/A	2 seconds, but cannot use this claw until ending the Grasp
Smash	3d10p (no DR)	N/A	3 seconds, but cannot use this claw until ending the Grasp
Hurl	3d12p (no DR)	10+(Damage roll) feet	3 seconds
Lunge (crawling)	2d12p	25 feet	3 seconds
Pin	d12p	15 feet	2 seconds, but cannot use this claw until ending the pin
Head			
Snap	4d12p	30 feet crawling; 15 feet rearing	3 seconds
Bite	6d12p	30 feet crawling; 15 feet rearing	4 seconds
Chew (biting)	4d8p	0	No head attacks
Devour (biting)	4d8p	0	No head attacks
Ram	4d8p	20 feet crawling; 10 feet rearing	1 second
Gore	4d10p	15 feet crawling; 5 feet rearing	2 seconds
Sweeping Gore	3d6p	15 feet crawling; 5 feet rearing in 120 degree arc from front	2 seconds

Dragon Attack Matrix (continued)			
Attack	**Damage**	**Range/Reach**	**Next Attack**
Tail			
Slam (crawling)	4d8p	20 feet of rear; 90 degrees	2 seconds
Sweep (crawling)	2d8p + FoA	25 feet; 120 degrees	2 seconds
Whip (crawling)	2d8p	30 feet; 120 degrees	2 seconds
Corral (crawling)	FoA	20 feet; 120 degrees	2 seconds
Wing			
Rake (rearing)	4d4p	25 feet; 90 degrees arc	2 seconds
Buffet (rearing)	FoA	50 feet in 180 degrees	4 seconds
Fan (rearing)	+ 2 damage dice	+25% range	None, but +2 seconds to previous action
Pounce	10d6p	30 feet	2 seconds before/3 seconds after
Presence			
Hiss	0	Within earshot	0 seconds
Tail Slap (crawling)	Morale check	150 feet	2 seconds
Dragon Fear	Morale drop	Sight range	0 seconds
Roar	Morale check, deafness 4d12p seconds	100 feet	5 seconds
Announce (rearing)	Morale drop	Sight range	5 seconds
Thunderous Announce (rearing)	Morale check, deafness 4d12p seconds	100 feet	10 seconds

Corral: A specialized attack meant to push or pull an opponent into an area the Dragon would prefer it to be (over a cliff, into a lava pool, within reach of the Dragons bite, as far away from the Dragon as possible, etc.). This attack does no damage, but forces a Feat of Agility (vs d20p) to avoid the Dragon's desired result.

Wing

The Dragon can only make wing attacks from the ground, and most can only be made from the rearing position (see attack matrix charts). The Dragon may use its wings to make direct physical attacks, to accentuate other attacks or to hamper opponents.

Rake: A single wing attack meant to strike one or more targets in an arc. The damage is lesser, but the attack has the ability to knock opponents down or push them away. Damage is 4d6p and counts as a charge with respect to knockbacks.

Buffett: While rearing, the Dragon flaps its mighty wings to knock opponents down with high winds. No damage but a Feat of Agility against a d20p12 is required, or the victim is knocked down and blown away a number of feet equal to the amount that the check failed. Creatures under size G suffer an additional -5 penalty per size category to their FoA roll (e.g., Size M creatures suffer a -15 penalty) and flying creatures suffer an extra -5 penalty as well. Cover can help mitigate at the GM's discretion based on size, sturdiness and other circumstances.

Fan: While performing a breath attack from the rearing position, the Dragon flaps its massive wings to increase the breath weapon damage (adds 2 dice) as well as range (adds another +25% feet in range). Fanning has no effect on breath attacks with the bite classification. Does no damage itself but blows away any size S flying creatures. Fanning takes an addition 2 seconds.

Pounce: The Dragon uses its powerful rear legs and a quick burst of wing flaps to perform a flying leap of up to thirty feet, allowing it to pounce on a nearby opponent. This attack can be performed from either stance.

This is the only ground based attack that allows an attack with the rear legs. The pounce itself requires 5 full seconds (2 seconds before and 3 seconds after) from start to finish and results in 10d6p damage. Thereafter, the target is pinned by one of the Dragon's hind legs (treat also as "grasped" as in a claw attack) and unable to move until the dragon changes position.

Dragonslayers

It was said he was from the land of Torakk for his skin was keenly fair as is common of those folk. One eye had been gouged from him, and his pitch beard was of great length. He traveled lightly, carrying naught but an old iron shield, a blade of unknown origin and a light pack.

Of him, hardly anything is known for he spake but

little. His words were woven with wisdom though, and men came before him with their troubles. He stayed some small number of months and then left one autumn morn, said to have coincided with a new moon. Into the mountains he went and was not seen again in those parts.

Some say it was he that slew the beast, for in a fortnight its carcass fell from the Jorakk cliffs and the Fhokki found that one eye was amiss from it.

For most, there is no hunting a Dragon; there is only avoiding it as a Dragon is beyond the reach of entire armies of men. Such a beast is vulnerable only to age, disease, its own kind or, in rare instances, a single, devout individual bent on its destruction: The Dragonslayer.

The term Dragonslayer is one thrown about by loud mouthed and exaggerative types in taverns and by campfires across the lands. Many there are that claim the title of Dragonslayer after a bit of whiskey, but most have never even seen one.

A true Dragonslayer is a rarity. Committed to a greater cause, it is an extraordinary individual who dares take up such an endeavor as it is often one that can consume a lifetime. Never would a true Dragonslayer be so brash as to speak of their quest, much less brag of it; it is often a heavy weight carried in silence.

Typically, a Dragonslayer is not an individual who seeks to slay Dragons in general. He or she is one who seeks to slay a particular Dragon for some noble reason. It is a burdensome, trying and often doomed mantle the individual has taken up. In the rare event such a challenge is met with success, it is the type of tale that ascends into legend and is sung about by bards for generations.

The only real chance for success requires significant time, research and funds (usually provided by an outside party or group that shares the Dragonslayer's goal).

Such an individual is often driven by the greater good and it is no surprise many are associated with one religious entity or another. Common driving factors that motivate an individual to take up such a risky venture include:

- The greater good
- A divine impetus (a calling from within, forced atonement or an order by a superior)
- Vengeance

A Dragonslayer will have little or no success without a thorough understanding of its foe. Having any hope of success in the direct conflict that is required will demand significant and meaningful research be done prior to any encounter.

Only through ascertaining the Dragons weakness, if any, will the slayer have any luck (see Weaknesses section).

Dragon Acquiescence

And on the day the city of Oaxea burned, a magic'd thrall came before the court of His Majesty Irovaua. It spoke in dead tones and saw with hazed eyes and did not take food nor drink. It was a man once, but had been made a puppet of the wyrm. From some secreted place high in the P'roral Wilds it had come and its cut feet showed it was a journey. Two hundred and fifty stone of gold it did demand and 100 cut gems no less in size than a walnut. These were to be paid on the summer solstice without fail. For 88 years the Dragon did expect this and only then would it speak again. And it would take what it would from the land, but agreed to spare him his city-state and navies as long as he met this without fail. The greatest demand was that Irovaua was made to place his crown on the thrall and lay low that all would see the Dragon held power over him.

A wise leader will play to a Dragon's greed. If he is aware of a Dragon's presence in his realm, a king may seek to (carefully) make arrangements to buy off the beast by payment of gold or blood to keep it from exacting a greater toll of said treasure on its own. Alternatively, a king may be forced to capitulate to a Dragon's demands should he not seize the initiative on his own.

Oft times, a longstanding, possibly centuries old arrangement will be in place in a kingdom that is simply a matter of course in the day to day lives of the folk in those parts. Items typically demanded or offered include treasure, blood or labor. A king may seek a way to end the agreement if possible, but never openly. Secretly supporting those who seek to kill or drive off the Dragon is an endeavor a king may take up.

Man as Prey

Dragons find man flesh particularly tasty. That men mine and craft gold (a highly desired commodity to a Dragon) is of added benefit. Dragons find great joy and great profit in ravaging human lands. That said, Dragons will prey on men as a key food source as well. While he can take most any prey, men caught out in the wilds are prime targets to a hungry Dragon.

A Dragon need not concern itself with attacking individuals or small groups in some remote locale; they are capable of mass destruction. Dragons will move up from hapless wayward folk to small enclaves. Eventually, they will begin to terrorize entire communities if left unchecked. While it is not terribly common, Dragon attacks on cities

can reap heavy casualties and cause large scale devastation. Fortunately, as they age and their power grows, a Dragon's metabolism slows and its activity cycle lessens. Large-scale attacks by Dragons are not common. Most such attacks are provoked in one way or another. However, it is the threat of such attacks that leave men in fear.

Dragon Lore

We believe it lairs somewhere along the western slopes of the Krond Heights, but none can say for sure. The sage Grandvus of Cosolen said a shepherd that worked the high slopes near the Dalmond River some 50 years ago told a tale of a large wyrm that terrorized his flock in the area for several months. After taking one animal in each claw, he would reliably fly to the northeast, disappearing between the peaks. This is our best clue to its location.

Over its life, a Dragon will gain a reputation in the region in which it resides. While men are easy prey, they are also not stupid and word of a Dragon spreads quickly. This information is not lost to all and there are some who are keen to gather any information available as they know this is the best hope of finding and/or defeating the Dragon. A Dragon easily outlives men.

As generations pass, information about the Dragon builds, but is also lost if not careful. The most reliable source for information is often around a campfire listening to a bard or a grandfather's stories of old. Sages or royal record keepers may also provide insight.

Those who manage to survive will tell of encounters with the beast, customs or rituals may develop around the creature and sages will certainly know the legend of it. Most leave well enough alone, but the adventurous at heart may choose to seek out a Dragon for any number of reasons: a king's bounty is offered, vengeance for a fallen comrade, the challenge and glory of the kill or, of course, the Dragon's hoard.

Simply seeking out a Dragon is likely to produce poor results. They are cunning, secretive and impossible to track. Encounters with Dragons are almost exclusively at a time and place of their choosing.

Wise heroes will spend the time and resources to gather as much information as possible before beginning any journey to locate a lair. In many instances, this information may be incorrect or exaggerated. It will take careful work and cross referencing of information and clues to yield actionable data. Even then, what becomes available can be vague or incorrect. Dragons have been known to weave false tales over many years just to protect themselves from such meddlers; there is no limit to a Dragon's conniving.

Followers

They scaled the walls in darkness and set upon the library in short order. From within, they stole ancient manuscripts and several prized tomes. As an insult, they put flame to what remained. While we were able to save most of his majesty's annals, several key indexes are gone. As they dropped back over the walls, men reported hearing them gleefully announce what was stolen from their master a century past was now to be returned.

Over time, a Dragon will (if it chooses to) take followers. These followers will be voluntary or involuntary (enthralled and/or charmed) as the case may be. In either case, the Dragon will not be so foolish as to surround itself with creatures that do not serve it unquestionably, testing such unswerving loyalty subtly and periodically.

Minions

Minions perform a critical role for a Dragon, handling any number of things it does not care to or does not have the time to address itself. Minions serve willingly and are attracted to the beast, often not even understanding why, but responding to a deep compulsion or desire to serve the beast. These creatures have greater than animal intelligence, for those with such low intellect flee as rapidly as possible once the Dragon is detected. Humanoids sometimes serve in this capacity, worshipping the beast as a god, although Dragons dislike their presence and abuse them greatly. On rare occasions, primitive human tribes can be found serving in this capacity. Occasionally, a Dragon will seek to hire mercenaries and these will function in this capacity, however, they must be carefully curated to ensure loyalty.

Thralls

Thralls are charmed or dominated beings that serve the Dragon unquestionably. These are generally weak-willed individuals that have been subjected to spell or direct Dragonspeak. They can behave and act naturally and go about their lives in a more or less standard fashion except when the Dragon issues a request or demand. Such orders can be very broad or wide-ranging, overriding much of the thralls freewill.

Other

Some dragons may have additional allies. These can be unintelligent creatures that live nearby and are being used and cultivated as a defense or warning system. Others may be ensorcelled or forced into servitude by other means. Finally, some Dragons have the expertise to create automatons that serve whatever requirements or desires the Dragon may have.

Lair

A Dragon can be near impossible to find and if actually located, its lair can be a treacherous place in and of itself. A Dragon begins using the lair that it occupied as a Drake. As it ages, the Dragon will typically relocate its lair to a more appropriate location. Where this is depends on the Dragon's motivations at that time – it could be a better hidden, more defensible or simply more grandiose locale, such as an ancient abandoned (or evacuated) palace or fortress.

Generally, the location will be more remote and dangerous than the previous lair. Some Dragons will have multiple lairs, they may even be leagues apart, with portions of its hoard spread among them, although it will always have a primary lair with the majority of its wealth.

Some of these will no doubt be false lairs with less valuable, though seemingly rich treasures, in order to throw any would-be thieves off the scent.

A Dragon will always hunt down any thief, even one that falls for a false lair, as the Dragon will seek furious retribution even for losing one trade coin. If under threat, a Dragon may even relocate its main lair, although they dislike doing so and will surely seek revenge (once the lair is secure) on any that it feels might have forced such a move.

When not sleeping, sometimes for years at a stretch, some Dragons seek to expand their lairs or make them more comfortable. Other Dragons also fill their lairs with tricks and traps to confuse or slay would-be burglars, either out of spite or perhaps simply to sleep more soundly. A powerful Dragon may populate its lair with charmed or unintelligent minions.

These must be chosen carefully and dominated completely, as all but the haughtiest Dragons take great measures to keep their lair locations a secret – even rivals will not reveal this information about each other (if it is known).

A Dragon will never reveal the location of its lair to an intelligent creature that is not under its direct control, or if the location is obvious (such as a former palace), the Dragon will keep its resting place hidden, hard to get to, or covered in magics or defended by warnings and traps.

As to the lair itself, they can vary from a simple cave from the original Drake lair, to a magnificent palace, built for some great king now brought low (probably by the Dragon). The lair will be large enough for the Dragon to rest easily, stretch out and change positions while sleeping. This makes for a very large cavern or great hall indeed given the Dragon's sheer size. Most Dragons will also have an upward exit route for ease of egress via flight, although not always.

The Dragon Hoard

Dragons have egos the size of oceans, fueled by power and greed. The size and quality of a Dragon's hoard is a status symbol for its ego and reputation. A Dragon revels in mortals whispering in awe and spinning greater and greater tales about the magnificence of its hoard. These exaggerations tend to land not so far from the truth. Dragons have at least double the treasure associated with their encounter level (typically 40) plus those of any tricks, traps, thralls, mercenaries and so-forth. Of course, this might be distributed somewhat in lesser lairs, but the main lair will house at least 75% of the total value.

Roll d12	Effect (lasts for one day unless otherwise noted)	Presence required?
1	Dragon can be observed via scrying for one week	No
2	A thrall or minion breaks its spell or allegiance and escapes	No
3	Feebleness, -2 to all physical damage	Yes
4	Breath Weakness, +4 to saves and -10% to damage	Yes
5	Hoarse, roars and bellows at 50% strength and effect	Yes
6	Old wound rekindled, immediate 10% hit point loss	No
7	Scale falls off, empty patch on underside, 2 DR, (-10 for called shot) for one month, randomly determine location*	No
8	Scale falls off, weakened patch on back, treat as underside DR, (-10 for called shot) for one month, randomly determine location*	No
9	Suffers from random quirk for one hour	Yes
10	Dazed for 10 seconds, d8 defense and no attacks	Yes
11	No effect	No
12	Roll twice	
*Can occur only once per month		

This doubling also includes special items. Together, these make a Dragon's hoard simply the most glorious sight ever set eyes on by even the most avaricious of kings, truly a vision to please even the gods themselves.

Weaknesses

Every rock can be broken.

In the larger picture, Dragons are the terrors of the world. Their power is unmatched on Tellene; their ability to raze entire armies is testament enough to their strength. However, while few know it to be the case, most every Dragon has a weakness. Clearly, such weaknesses are closely guarded secrets and even if known it is not a guarantee of victory over the Dragon.

Still, such knowledge can afford the possibility of defeating the mightiest creature in the land. It is worth noting that it is not unheard of for a particularly sly Dragon to propagate incorrect information regarding a weakness to

draw foolhardy foes to it, making the acquisition of treasure all the easier.

Physical

> And when he came to the lair of the beast, he made camp and drew up a small fire. In a pot, he boiled a measurement of yew sap, which he had gathered from a glade in Rokk Woods. In this froth he dipped his spear and set still for some moments to make peace with his god. Deep in his dream of grandeur, the old wyrm smelt the sap on the breeze and was awakened with a troubled mind.

A Dragon can be prone to physical weaknesses, though this is not the case with every individual. These weaknesses vary widely as does the degree of risk they pose to the Dragon. These flaws could be the result of a past battle or may be intrinsic to the wyrm since hatching, a flaw incurred by the drake in some way.

A weakness could present only minor risks such as a diminished DR in one area, while others could be extremely dangerous to the Dragon (an allergen). These weaknesses would be discovered through research or by an encounter with the beast.

- Damaged limb limits mobility
- Missing eye causes problem with ranged attacks
- Damaged scales equate to poor DR or no DR in a certain area
- Lost teeth or claws reduce damage
- Specific vulnerability to a substance due to allergy or other reason
- A curse that limits or costs spell immunity

It is worth noting that similar to a physical weakness, a Dragon may have a unique physical characteristic that is of benefit in one way or another.

Dragon Names

> And the witch's chant chained the wind and held it still before her. And at once, she grabbed it fast in her gnarled hand. And when she spoke, it spoke in kind. And when she asked, it did answer. And from the wind she took the given name of the wyrm. And it was T'Scavratün.

A Dragon's magical might has bound it to the magical energies coursing through the world. This connection ties the creature in a way that is hard for all but the most learned of men to understand. However, it is known that as part of this process a magical phrase, from a basic, formative tongue of the ancient world, links the Dragon to the great powers it draws upon.

While it is not a name per se, it is thought of as such by many. It guards this True Name and keeps it secret, to pre-

Dragon

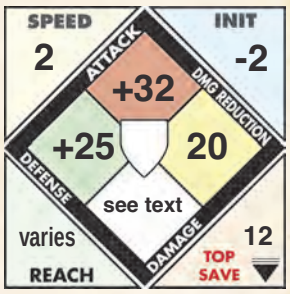
Hit Points:	16d8+52
Size/Weight:	C/ 6-7 tons
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Special
Fatigue Factor:	-5

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25
Fly:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+25
Mental:	+25
Dodge:	+18



Attack: see text

Special: Spell Immunity 2 (all)

Dragons' intelligence is beyond mortal compehension

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	90%
Frequency:	Unique
Alignment:	Beyond mortal comprehension
Vision Type:	Dark, far vision
Awareness/Senses:	Excellent scent, hearing, air motion
Habitat:	Remote and barren locales
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Singular
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	see text
Spell Components:	see text
Hide/Trophy:	hide can be used to fashion magical armor and shields
Treasure:	see text
Edible:	Yes
Other:	nil
Experience Point Value:	11459

vent certain magics from being worked against it, however, the True Name itself must be used by the beast to conjure its own magic and may exist in traces within the sorceries themselves. The True Name is certainly unique to the creature. Knowing this secret True Name bestows a powerful advantage over the dragon. If used clandestinely, the True Name might reveal additional information about the Dragon. If uttered aloud in the presence of the beast, the creature temporarily loses its Spell Immunity for an hour and the magical binding of its spells can be disrupted for a like period of time (75%) or even permanently broken (25%). This can leave the Dragon in a relatively weakened state by stripping it of powerful defenses and making it vulnerable to attacks to which it would otherwise devote little thought.

Additionally, so powerful is the shock of such an utterance that the Dragon will probably suffer from another injury or ailment. Roll on the following chart, noting that some effects work clandestinely as well. If direct audience is required and the effect occurs clandestinely, treat as no effect (a mild headache or the like with no game effect).

The real challenge here is how to discover the name. Certain divination spells, sometimes only available by ritual or from outer plane creatures, may be required. Oft times this requires a trade of service, sacrifice, quest or blood.

Older Dragons are very likely to have a second, common name. Those in the region terrorized by the creature might have given this name or the Dragon itself could have even propagated it (Dragons cannot resist the temptation to self-aggrandize). As it ravages over time, legends about the beast will share common threads or perhaps reference a particularly specific trait, style, preferred attack or other bit of defining information. A Dragon's common name will often arise from one of these unique characteristics. Knowing a common name provides no benefit as does the True Name and mistaking common for True in its presence will likely spell doom to the utterer.

Ego

All Dragons share one common weakness: their own arrogance. It is this raging flame that drives them to such magnificence, but also puts them at risk of the occasional miscalculation. This haughtiness is not an easily exploited weakness and requires careful planning or, on occasion, quick wits to exploit.

A Dragon's self-assuredness is well justified and any attempt to take advantage of it will come with great risk. Dragons are known to:

- Underestimate an opponent
- Believe a situation is well in hand when it may not be
- Assume all others hold it in the same high regard that it does
- Be lazy
- Overlook some details in a plan that it may consider afterthoughts
- Gloat and may inadvertently reveal information its opponents could find very useful

A GM must be very cautious in running a Dragon and always be mindful that this mighty being does fall prey to itself from time to time.

Variations

The base physical form and appearance is the same for each Dragon; there are not a host of major physical variations, colorations and subspecies of varying abilities. However, one Dragon to the next is easily recognized if the observer pays attention. Several factors may set one Dragon apart from another; below are general guidelines with some specific examples. Feel free to use this list as a starting point to create new variations.

Minor physical differences:

- An additional horn or horns on the head or a subtle difference of the horn distribution on the skull.
- A greater or lesser number of spines or a subtle differance in the spine pattern.
- Variations in the chest scales (size and pattern).
- Subtle color variations of the chest scales from dirty ochre to a blazing golden hue.
- Subtle color variations of the hide from ruddy brown to a deep, almost black walnut.
- Eye coloration varies widely.
- Physical scarring or other permanent damage accumulated over the years: one eye lost, torn wing, broken horns, etc.
- Unique deformities such as a claw that is lame or a split tail.

Innate strengths or weaknesses (see Weaknesses section)

- More powerful breath
- Clumsy or exceptional flyer
- Naturally stronger or weaker
- Varying power level of breath attacks

Behavior

- More or less brazen
- Exceptionally cruel or noble

Draconic Tongue

Dragons are brilliant creatures and can speak a great many languages. In addition, they rely on an ancient tongue born

from their own kind. Certain learned men know some of the elements of this language, but it is not fully understood by any. Some attempts have been made to gather the language into a single volume, but these are rare and priceless tomes, indeed.

The draconic tongue is a powerful conduit for magic and is thought to be one of the reasons the wyrms can use magic to such a great effect. When the correct phrasing is used, mighty power can be unleashed. Wizards have attempted to duplicate this, but at great peril for they cannot control what they do not fully understand.

Dragon Body Parts

Aside from a substantial hoard, if a party can manage to slay a Dragon, the Dragon's carcass itself could yield substantial monetary and mystical rewards. A Dragon being intrinsically magical, leaves behind a nearly as enchanted body, usable by those with enough Arcane Lore to exploit it. A Very difficult Arcane Lore check will reveal one power with associated body part and is repeatable (on different parts) until a failure is rolled (after which, no new knowledge may be gained by such an individual).

Generally speaking, salvageable – that is, not obliterated by the slaughter of the creature -- organs, bones and various parts provide different effects and uses. Listed below are the most famous and common (if anything is common with respect to a Dragon slaying), but certainly not an exhaustive catalogue.

Brain: Consuming an entire dragon brain requires a successful save against Virulence Factor 14 poison or die a painful, convulsing death within 10 seconds. Those who survive roll 1d6 (elves may roll twice and choose):

1 Gain 1.5 points of Intelligence
2 Gain 1 point of Wisdom
3 Develops Delusional Quirk (where a "1" on the subchart makes the consumer believes he is a Dragon), no corresponding BPs gained.
4 Gain 1 point of Strength
5 Gain 10% bonus to Experience immediately (double for mages, 1.5x for multi-classed mages)
6 Second poison Save

Blood: Dragon's blood has a variety of uses. It can temper steel, making it ready for enchantment. Drinking even a drop of Dragon's blood is deadly and victims must save vs. Virulence Factor 16 poison or perish instantly. However, bathing in dragon's blood can provide the following healthy benefits: cure any disease, neutralize any poison and cure one mental quirk, even those of the magic kind.

The bather ceases to age over the next decade. It will restore hair (due to baldness or other aging loss), clear skin and make scars and tattoos disappear (whether the bather desires it or not). Additionally, it can be used directly as ink for magic scrolls of all kinds.

Dragon Hide: Dragon hide makes excellent armor and can be enchanted to +5 as scale mail or make any size shield up to +5. An armorer capable of making gear that can accept such a dweomer is obviously required in both cases. Additionally, such enchanted Dragon armor can provide protection versus fire attacks, with DR ranging from 4-15 (d12+3).

Eye: A dragon's eye can be used for a Potion of Prescience. The eye itself can sometimes be enchanted and mounted on the top of a staff, allowing the user to cast either Low Light Vision or Sense Invisible Beings once per day (or reduce the SP cost by half for either or both spells whenever cast). Legend has it that there is a spell that will graft a Dragon's eye to another living creature, allowing it the vision of the Dragon.

Gutstones: All Dragons have gutstones. These start out as small stones that the dragon swallows as a Drake hatchling to aid in the digestion of its food. With time, as the Dragon grows, the stones become transformed into precious stones charged with magical abilities.

The powers vary (roll a random 20th level item from the GMG and use one power from it) but they are highly sought after. Dragon gutstones are the basis for many magical weapons and items.

Tongue: A Dragon's tongue, much prized for its magical properties, can be used to create a Potion of Mental Domineering.

Bones, Teeth and Horns: Depending on the size of the bone, they can be crafted into weapons, usually daggers, short swords and long swords. These blades are perfect for enchantment of up to +10. Dragon bones are also excellent for wands, staves or rods.

Stomach Acid: Up to 5 flasks can be recovered from a Dragon and one flask of this acid will quickly eat through anything except Dragon, glass, ceramic or glass-like or ceramic-like substances.

Heart: Although the blood may be toxic, the meat in the heart, if properly prepared, is not. This is indeed a rare feast, fit for an emperor. Serving a dragon heart can provide many additional Honor points for its slayers (+12 each). Those who ingest the meat will find that they do not require sleep for d4p days.

Liver: Highly valued by mages in-the-know, these livers can filter poisons, but leave magic potions unharmed. Thus, straining a potion will destroy a potentially deleterious poison leaving only a potion. However, straining poison through the liver will destroy it after only one such use.

On Tellene:

Dragons are exceedingly rare, but are widely spread over Tellene. They can exist in any climate or terrain that can support their appetite. They typically live in barren areas; a Dragon does not like visitors and tend to turn the areas around their lair into a wasteland through overhunting, rage, or simply accidental burning. Any intelligent creature will permanently move to where they perceive is beyond the Dragon's reach. Therefore, all known Dragons on Tellene live in far reaches of wilderness, either by design or through hunting, migrations and desertions.

Draugr

Also Known As: Dreygur, Afturganga



We were huddled together under a sort of canvas tent pitched in the center of the deck. I shivered and pulled my wool cloak closer around my body despite its dampness. The Fhokki sailors around me didn't speak-- just stared off into the mists outside. The mist was nearly the same color as the slate gray water lapping at our boat, and I felt as if I was ensconced totally within a cloud of gray and white. The boat didn't make a sound as it bobbed in the icy water. It was completely still.

This was my second week on the lake, and it didn't seem like I would be leaving anytime soon. The journey was supposed to take four days but on the second night out the crew decided to pop one of the barrels of bitter-korn whiskey and let their hair down, so to speak. I joined in their revelry, not wanting to appear the puritanical southerner. While we slept, the jets and eddies of the lake drew us off course, and when we awoke the shore was nowhere to be seen. Assured by our captain, Eddorad, that the trade winds would drive us in the general direction of our destination, we decided to wait for a fair breeze. We were still waiting for the wind when we spotted the other craft.

The stillness broke when Eddorad lifted up his mitten-clad hand to point into the mist. Steam rose from beneath his icy moustache as his breathing quickened. I wanted to ask what he saw but before I could speak a word of inquiry, one of the other sailors clapped his large hand over my mouth and held me still. Now every eye was on the mists encircling the boat. I peered into the distance, seeing and hearing nothing but the gray water and floating hunks of ice gently clacking against one another.

The other craft appeared all of a sudden, like spotting an animal concealed in the underbrush. It was broken in half, the prow pointing upwards out of the water. The sail was tattered, and hung limply in the frigid air, draped in icicles. Some unseen force seemed to impel the craft forward, as it drifted towards our boat. Then, I saw them. Four figures huddled near the prow of the ship, draped in long tresses of kelp. Under the kelp I could still see the remains of what looked to be fisherman's garb but it was hard to be sure. Their blue faces looked out from underneath the kelp fronds and regarded our vessel with wide, pale yellow eyes. No one moved a muscle in our little canvas tent—not even to shiver. One of the creatures seemed to be looking directly at me. I sneezed.

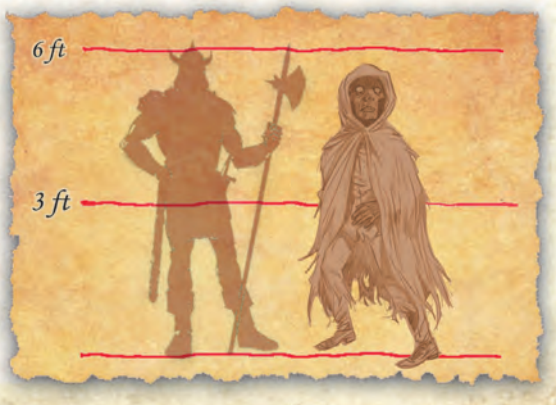
The creatures shrieked out in guttural Fhokki and plunged their hands into the water, paddling towards us. The sailors were on their feet in a moment, all running towards the oars. The men were screaming at one another, and they paddled in a blind panic without coordination, succeeding only in turning the boat about widdershins. The other craft was gliding through the water now, getting closer to our boat. Eddorad appeared at the prow of our boat with his drum, beating out a quick pace to the oarsmen. With the familiar sound, the sailors were able to row in tandem and our ship began to lurch forward through water. We were too slow. The other craft reached the aft of our ship and the creatures reached out with grasping hands towards the nearest sailor, a red-bearded man named Hedorn. I watched as he attempted to scramble away from the revenants, but they grabbed him by his arm before he could get away. Hedorn was a big man, but when those three hands grabbed him, he went limp, as a dead octopus, as if the strength had been sapped from his body. The other men hadn't stopped rowing, though; and we pulled away from the craft as Hedorn's screams faded into the mists. The crew rowed for two days straight until we found a trade wind.

--from the diary of Sulat Serrel, Kalamaran wine merchant

"Not all Draugr are dark of heart nor murderous in their intent. In fact, there are Draugr who are not completely beyond redemption".



Size Comparison



The Draugr are resurrected corpses, driven on by vengeance, jealousy, and greed. A Draugr can find no solace in death until its lingering desires have been satiated, much like a ghost might need to complete unfinished business before it can pass on. However, unlike most ghosts, Draugr's minds are utterly corrupted upon their transformation. Their memories become hazy and indistinct as the Draugr are twisted into macabre facsimiles of their former selves. The only things of them that remain are a few scattered memories and that single, driving emotion which impelled the Draugr to unlife in the first place. Only, with its memories largely tainted, the Draugr can no longer remember what first spurred it back into consciousness. As a result, the Draugr can never complete the task it had set out for itself. This inner conflict drives a Draugr completely mad. Any memories the creature can cling to become evil obsessions and focal points of the Draugr's relentless motivation. Anyone who dies with a curse on their lips may rise again as a Draugr.

For instance, a man being tortured to death may swear vengeance on his killers and later rise as a Draugr. With his memory corrupted, the newly risen Afturganga may take on the identity of his former torturers, and then murder victims in the same way he himself was killed. Perhaps a wealthy merchant never quite felt he could get out of the shadow of a prominent rival and died covetous of his wealth and prestige. As a Draugr, he may still be driven to amass great riches in his grave but he would have forgotten the identity of the man he wanted to ruin.

Not all hope is lost for the Draugr, though. If a Draugr can be reminded of the person it used to be, then the creature can experience a rare moment of clarity in which it remembers its original purpose. The creature will then single-mindedly pursue its original intent, upon completion of which the Draugr dies its second death. For many Draugr, however, this moment of clarity might also be accompanied by a revelation that it is now impossible to fulfill its purpose. Perhaps the tortured man's murderers all grew old and died long ago or the merchant's rival lost his fortune to bad investments. Because these Draugr are now unable to carry out their purposes, the drive to exist quickly fades from them and is instead replaced by the desire to destroy themselves. A Draugr will often ask the person who freed it from its task to end its unlife. Of course, some Draugr's identities are lost; and they are cursed to struggle on eternally in their unending quests, accomplishing nothing.

Since anyone may rise as a Draugr (as opposed to the barrow-wight or wraith who were usually people of means in life), the outward appearance of a draugr

Draugr

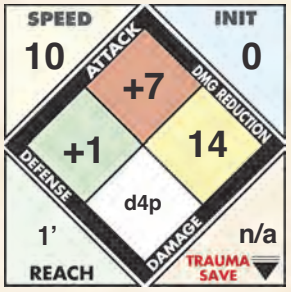
Hit Points:	3d8+25
Size/Weight:	M/150 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Fly:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Chilling touch inflicts d4p points of damage and equivalent CON drain (save for half). Armor or natural DR does not mitigate this.

Special Abilities: May only be fully damaged by iron or silver weapons (reduces DR to 7).

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-6
% Chance in Lair:	40%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Any
Vision Type:	Undead sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	Individuals (infrequently bands)
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	425

can vary immensely from individual to individual. However, all Draugr look to be slowly rotting (or desiccating, depending on climate) corpses, but their skin is always stained the deep, blackish blue of a severe bruise. Draugr are capable of speech and thought, but their minds are so twisted that what they have to say is usually little more than ranting soliloquy.

Combat/Tactics:

Draugr hate living beings and may mistake them for the objects of their obsession if the being is unfortunate enough to draw the attention of a Draugr. The touch of the Draugr saps the life from those it comes in contact with, inflicting a d4p wound (for which armor offers no protection) and an equivalent Constitution drain (though a successful save, d20+CON vs. d20+8, reduces this by half). Though their minds are tainted, Draugr are still intelligent and able to weigh the benefits of retreating from combat if it could help them fulfill their obsession.

Draugr have a high DR that can be overcome by iron or silvered weapons. In Neolithic communities and other areas where iron weaponry is not used, the Draugr are especially terrible foes.

Habitat/Ecology:

Draugr can be found in different locations depending on what drives them to keep existing, but they most often lurk in graves, bleak moorlands, deep forests, and catacombs. Draugr who died by drowning inhabit harbors, ponds, and other bodies of water. The Draugr who die at sea can be spotted on stormy days and nights piloting the waves in half broken boats, their bodies draped in seaweed.

Sometimes Draugr spawn in groups. Mass graves, shipwrecks, or battlefields may become the homes of varying numbers of Draugr. Groups of Draugr will stick together, attempting to question one another as to what their purpose may have been. Their combined delusions usually cause the Draugr to deviate even further from that original purpose and go off on terrible rampages through local communities in search of satisfaction.

On Tellene:

Draugr can be found near settled communities all over Tellene, whether landlocked or coastal. Areas around Reanaaria Bay and Lake Jorakk, in particular, have strong oral traditions concerning sea-bound Draugr who follow fishermen through the mists at dusk. Beneath the sprawling cities of Svimohzia, murder victims are said to rise from their graves to exact revenge unless their feet are tied together before burial. Near the border of the militocracy of Korak, both sides of the ongoing war between humans and Hobgoblins avoid a certain canyon, which was once the site of a mass grave. The cadavers interred there are restless and almost impossible to spot in the blue dim of evening when they rise to feed on any interlopers who draw too close to their charnel den.



Dunter (Lesser Sidhe)

Also Known As: Redcaps, Powries, , "Denters"



While they are not evil beings, Redcaps are pathologically violent and cannot live amongst other species.

At first, I thought it was my children that were responsible. Things had been found broken around the house, but nothing big. Buckets with holes in 'em, my wife's flower vase shattered, you know, little stuff. I sent them to bed without supper and thought that would be the end of it. I was wrong.

The next morning while my children were still sleeping, I found my pitchfork with all its tines tied into knots. Now I was certain it was one of the Fenapa lads from the next farm over. I was putting on my boots (Their father was going to get a piece of my mind) when I heard a deep baritone belch reverberate from out behind my woodshed. Peering behind it, I saw a little naked old man sitting in the dirt, several empty liquor bottles scattered around him. I say naked, but his shame was covered by some sort of hair tunic, and he was wearing a floppy hat that drooped over his eyes, wet with red paint or something. Oh, and he had shoes. Big iron things. I thought he could be an escaped prisoner with those shoes he was wearing, but I didn't have time to wonder much. One of the little man's eyes shot open, bloodshot to hell, and he began to speak in halting sentences. I could smell the whiskey on his breath from 10 paces.

"What're you looking at, longshanks?" he intoned. Not knowing what to say in response, I merely listened.

"S'matter, you simple or something? You got... you got no class is your problem, you big sack of it... I'm sack...si-ck... of you... come into my house,--no way" He tried to stand, brandishing his fists like a miniature boxer but he only managed to lean up against the shed. My father had been a habitual drunkard, so I knew how this was going to go down. I kept listening to his rant, saying nothing, but also not letting him put his hands on me as he stumbled forward.

"C'mere. Don't... now, stop walking... I've got something to say to you, you pig-faced son of a whore. Yeah, you don't like that, huh? Feeling... feeling... feeling mad, friend?" I had heard worse.

"I bet those scrawny little stilts you call legs lead right up to...right up to a... what do you mean, 'what am I up to?' I should be asking you the questions, you sack of... sack off, I don't care. Not in my house... " I left the little man a pitcher of water and told my children to avoid the shed while I tended to my work. When I came back a few hours later, the pitcher was smashed and the little man was nowhere to be found. All that was left of him was that floppy hat out baking in the sun.

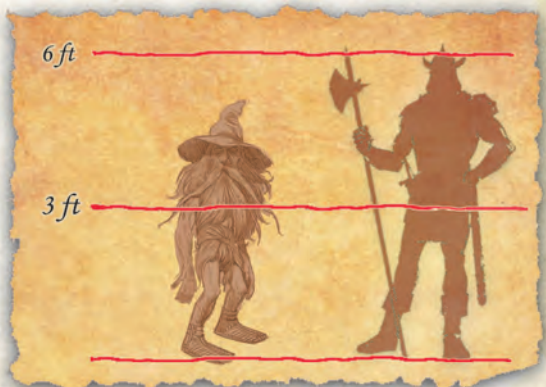
Sign/Tracks

Unlike conventional turning, Lawful clerics - regardless of morality - may turn a Dunter. Chaotic aligned clerics command (goad) them into service. Neutral clerics cannot affect a Dunter.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Dunters superficially resemble skinny, aging Dwarves or overfed Gnomes with their wizened features, long beards, and short (4' to 4 ½' foot tall) build, but any further similarity ends there. Redcaps are extra-dimensional beings from a realm of internecine warfare and chaos who exalt in battling, drinking, and leaving a trail of bloody destruction in their wake. Powries' irises and pupils are blood red and churn like pools of molten rock. As unkempt as they are tangled, Dunters wrap their long, smelly beards around their bodies like hair kilts in loops and knots.

The only pieces of clothing Dunters deign to wear are heavy iron boots and their ubiquitous red hats. Dunters use these iron boots as weapons, careening down on the heads of unsuspecting foes. The red hats of the Dunters (from which they derive appellation "Redcap") are so colored because dunters must keep them wet with blood at all times or risk being banished back to their home dimension.

Dunters are quick to anger, thin-skinned, and violent when provoked. While they are not evil beings, they are pathologically violent and cannot live amongst other species. Most encounters with Dunters take place around the fringes of civilization or near sites of recent calamities where the little miscreants can most easily worm their way into Tellene from their home dimension.

Combat/Tactics:

An encounter with a Dunter (or worse, Dunters) almost always ends (or starts) with a fight. The cantankerous Powries are easily provoked and are always spoiling for combat. In battle, the Powries fight with their iron shoes and short spears which they wield like pikes. If a Dunter is able to get the drop on his opponent, he will open battle by leaping down from a high perch onto his opponent's head. This attack uses the "Dropped Object" rules as detailed in Chapter 2 of the GameMaster's Guide. A Redcap's iron shoes give it the quality of being "Solid" when calculating Softness Mitigation (see Table 2.7: Dropped Object Softness Mitigation). Dunters always land on their feet and take no damage from falling, regardless of distance. They delight in leaping from truly prodigious heights to kill an opponent and can earn great renown for themselves if successful. Particularly well-aimed jumps are immortalized in Sunter drinking songs and remembered for generations to come. These weaponized jumps have earned Powries the derisive nickname, "denters" for all the helmets (and skulls) they have ruined. Dunters being Dunters, however, they have adopted the name as a point of pride.

On the ground, Dunters are still dangerous—especially in groups. Redcaps always aggressively attack with their short spears and use no other combat maneuvers. For small-size creatures wearing heavy iron boots, Dunters are surprisingly fleet of foot, able to run circles around human beings and other medium-size creatures. Dunters use their superior speed to launch lightning fast hit and run attacks with their short spears, never staying long enough to get bogged down in a pitched battle. However, all Dunters are affected by Hacklust (see Player's Handbook, pg. 131) and may fly into an uncontrollable berserker rage if the Quirk's conditions are met.

Being extra-dimensional creatures, Powries have a number of supernatural qualities which make them implacable foes. Apart from their immunity to falling damage. Dunters are also unaffected by poison, Charm spells, and any type of fear or fear effect. They also require no food, water, or oxygen. Dunters radiate a 10 foot aura of the spell Addle, Partial (Zealot's Guide 3) but upgrade the effect to Addle if three or more are present. For spells that banish denters back to their home dimension, only those from a Lawful cleric are efficacious.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

While they are dangerous creatures, powries are not simple murderers. Dunters often openly address their targets before battle begins, hurling insults and invective in an attempt to goad potential opponents into combat. Their need for battle is paired with an inherent desire to spread chaos wherever they go, but not without reason. Dunters come from a plane of chaos where the souls of devotees to The Way of the Berserk travel after death. The majority of these souls accrete into Dunters who spring into being from out of the ground itself, like primordial wildmen. Dunters are the lowest caste of being in this land, living a hardscrabble life as they fight amongst themselves and the dimension's other, more powerful denizens. Nominally bound to this dimension until they attain a higher state of being, Dunters are not so easily held in one place. Chaotic and catastrophic events on Tellene weaken the barrier between worlds allowing a few fortunate Dunters to struggle their way into Tellene to live the good life in a land of relative plenty. Events that could weaken this interdimensional barrier can take many forms, including mob justice, mass confusion, large-scale battles, or (especially) violent ends to sieges and the sacking of towns. Redcaps may manifest during the initial violence or even days afterward with no clear pattern. Those few who have witnessed the emergence of a Redcap into Tellene all agree on one characteristic, however, that they always rise up through a pool of blood, dousing them red in the process.

Once on Tellene, a Redcap has two main goals: to sow chaos and to keep its hat red with blood. Dunters are moved by a desire to bring as many of their kind with them through the interdimensional barrier as possible and once in Tellene, to do their best to further the chaos necessary to allow more through after them. To this end, Dunters wander Tellene stirring up trouble wherever they go.

"Trouble" can mean different things at different times when it comes to the entirely unpredictable Dunters. A lone Dunter may play "pranks" on isolated farmsteads or villages, breaking pottery, chasing off (or eating) livestock and setting fires. In groups, however, Dunters become much more potent, goading each other into more serious acts of vandalism and violence. Though they have no need of food or drink, Dunters greedily consume both if the opportunity presents itself. They are especially fond of alcohol in all its forms and become even more aggressive when inebriated, attacking any non-Dunter in sight and generally embodying the worst aspects of a drunkard. Groups of drunken Dunters can be extremely dangerous and have been known to destroy farms and cause widespread devastation in isolated communities, only leaving once they lose interest or are driven off by staunch resistance.

Dunters have a more sinister side as well, as evidenced by their interactions with savage humanoids like Orcs and Gnolls. Dun-

ters understand that by agitating these humanoids they may start a chain reaction that could throw entire regions into chaos. Powries seek out humanoid tribes in the wilderness, launching humiliating raids on their camps before retreating back in the direction of the nearest human or demi-human settlement. Being different species, most humanoids look at humans and demi-humans as being part of the same general group. I.e., to an Orc, an Elf, human, or Dwarf is just a "non-Orc." Attempting to distinguish between species is just too intellectual a feat for a dim mind to consider in the first place. When bearded little "non-orcs/gnolls/ogres" stir up trouble, it is the local settled communities that endure the consequences. In the past, Dunters have successfully goaded tribes into sacking towns, assaulting fortresses, and generally running amok. While the chaos is in full swing, they wade into battle, targeting both sides of the conflict in attempt to create conditions for the emergence of more Dunters to continue the bloody cycle. Though this behavior leads to great hardship and sorrow for these people, Dunters seem to be totally unconcerned with the consequences of their actions.

The ubiquitous red hats of the Dunters are, for no known reason, the safety tether which keeps the chaotic beings anchored to Tellene. When Dunters wriggle into Tellene, they arrive clawing their way up through pools of blood. If their hats ever dry out, the Dunters are immediately catapulted back to their home dimension to begin their labors anew. Dunters generally emerge from blood pools wearing crudely made hide caps but are attracted to the more flamboyant head coverings they spot in Tellene. A group of Dunters that has been on Tellene for long enough will almost always sport an unusual hodgepodge of stolen hats. No one knows a Dunter's criteria for what makes an attractive lid, and the little beasts have been spotted in everything from guards' helmets to mourning veils, conical Gnome hats, turbans, mitres, and wide-brimmed ladies' sun hats. Whatever the hat, the Dunter must keep it at least damp with blood at all times. The blood may come from any source so long as it flows red. As one might imagine, a great deal of a Redcap's time is tied up in procuring fresh blood to wet his crown.

It is possible to dissuade a (sober) Dunter from combat, by meeting violence with non-violence. Dunters feed on aggression and chaos but are less sure of how to deal with pacifistic acts. Ignoring or tolerating a Dunter can anger it but it is more likely to cause the Dunter to lose interest in a target who refuses to rise to its provocations. Of course, Dunters are excellent agent provocateurs and do not easily abandon their quarry, nor is there any surefire way to defuse a Redcap's temper if its hackles are up.

On Tellene:

Though Dunters are always on the move, many accounts place them in ruined towers and old buildings. Though this seems to be at odds with their wandering lifestyle, Dunters are thought to often return to these places—usually sites of violent upheavals—luring wanderers or humanoids there in order to spill fresh blood where the interdimensional barrier has already been weakened. Peasant legends often advise avoiding these lonely ruins, lest the iron shoes of a Dunter stove your skull in.

Dunter

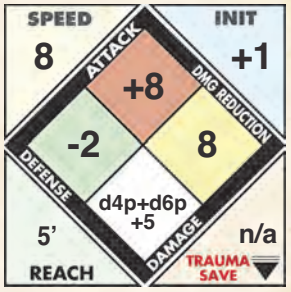
Hit Points:	4d8+25
Size/Weight:	S /90 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+11
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+13



Attack: Attacks with short spear or jumps on opponents with iron shoes (see GMG "Dropped Objects" rules). Uses hit and run tactics, Aggressive Attack and superior speed to avoid getting bogged down in combat.

Special: Immune to poison, falling damage, Charm spells, and fear. No need for food, water, or oxygen. Can be banished only by Lawful clerics. Dunters may fly into a Hack-lust rage if conditions are met. Radiate Addle, Partial or Addle if three or more are present.

General Info

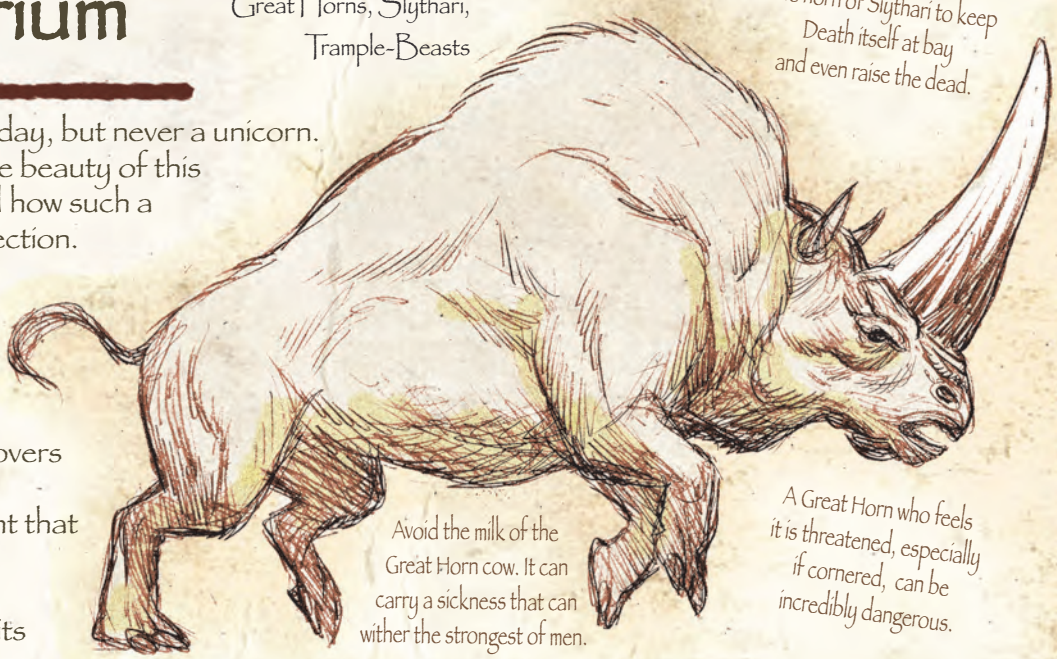
Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1, 3, or more
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Undead sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Ruins, esp. old towers and castles
Diet:	Alcohol and meat
Organization:	Gangs
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar visitor

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Iron shoes
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes, but unappetizing
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	340

Elasmotherium

Also Known As:
Great Horns, Slythari,
Trample-Beasts



I had seen many things in my day, but never a unicorn. I wanted to see for myself the beauty of this majestic creature and imagined how such a trophy would enhance my collection. I admit that I was also curious about the medicinal properties, and whether legends of the fabled horn's magical qualities indeed be true. I assumed they'd be elf-lovers and forest dwellers, but legend drew me north. I thought that maybe that was the reason for scarcity? Could it be that this beast of legend actually inhabits the northerly plains rather than sylvan lands? I followed the legends to the vast wilderness west of the great Shadesh Bay. It was there that I found a local Bylenjy guide to lead me to my quarry. We trekked through tall grasses and drifts of snow until we came upon my unicorn. Only it wasn't. I expected a handsome creature with a shining horn. What we saw was a massive hairy beast with a horn fully the length of a grown man, coming to a sharp wicked point. It used this horn to sweep away whole snowdrifts, presumably to forage. While not what I expected, I felt a stronger pull than ever to take one as a prize. My arrows were true but seemed ineffective, prompting the beast to charge. I realized my mistake too late. My guide fled, so I did as well but the beast bore down on him, impaling him and tossing the Dejy aside. I fell and was nearly crushed but played possum. Long I laid hidden in the grass until the creature moved on and I could make good my escape.

Elasmotheres are herbivores the size of mammoths, characterized by the large, thick horn protruding from the head. This horn is deployed wickedly for defense but also helps attract mates by driving away competitors with lesser projections. They also use these horns to sweep snow from the grass in winter and to dig for water and roots. These beasts stand with head lowered like a buffalo, weighted by the massive protuberance on the forehead. Weighing nearly five tons, the Elasmotherium measures almost seven foot at the shoulder and fifteen or more feet long.

They graze along the vast northerly grasslands, moving from region to region over long distances to find new pastures.

Elasmotheres are prized not only for the prodigious supply of red meat, but especially for the qualities of the horn. The ivory horn is so large that a wagon is required for transport, giving great riches to those able to attain one. The horn is also believed to contain many medicinal and magical

Sign/Tracks

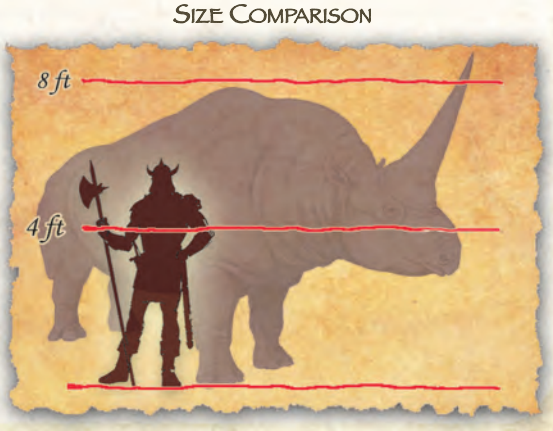


If the tracks of the fore hoof are considerably larger than the tracks of the rear hoof you can be sure a bull left them.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



properties.

Both Dejy and Grevan legends tell of a huge Elasmotherium bull with pale blue locks. Sacred to both cultures, this mystical beast is said to control winter and its horn is said to be the object of the Flaymaster's early desire.

Combat/Tactics:

Elasmotheres rely on their immense build and imposing horn to deter smaller predators. They will avoid a fight, fleeing if possible. If during mating season or the herd is threatened, any bulls will turn to aggressively eliminate perceived threats. If young are present, cows will as well. A threatened Elasmotherium will charge, seeking to impale aggressors with its large horn, then trampling up to two Medium or one Large or Huge creature in its ten foot-wide path with a successful trample attack on the following second. Given the damage from the horn and charge status, all but very large victims (assuming survival) are typically thrown free of the following second's trample attack. If it cannot flee after the trample, or the herd or calf is still perceived to be in danger, the adult will wheel around for another run, taking a minimum of 12 seconds to stop, turn and attain speed again. A successful trample Attack (rolled separately on each individual in the path) causes 2d8p and counts as a charge (i.e., double for knock-back purposes).

Habitat/Society:

Elasmotheres are large herbivores, organized into herds. They spend most of their lives grazing on tall grasses in northerly plains. They rely on their numbers, size and threatening horns to ward off most predators. Given enough warning, the herd will flee from larger predators (and potentially impale and trample such a predator in the process). An Elasmotherium is most active during the day, resting at night.

Elasmotheres mate yearly, resulting in a single live birth following about 18 months of gestation. The young begin walking within a day, protected by the herd. They feed on mother's milk for about 20 months before moving to grass. They typically remain with the mother for about 3 years.

Commonly these animals live for at least 30 years, but the maximum life span is not known because they have never been kept in captivity and usually become victim to large predators before succumbing to age.

Ecology:

Elasmotheres inhabit fairly inhospitable terrain, feeding on northerly grasslands and low-hanging leaves. Only the largest predators attempt to take down an Elasmotherium bull, although larger to mid-sized predators may prey on the young, weak and infirm.

On Tellene:

These giant herbivores roam the northerly plains across Tellene, from northern Cosdol to west of Shadesh Bay to west and south of Lake Jorakk.

Elasmotherium

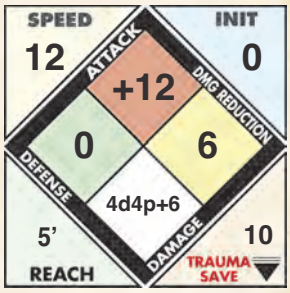
Hit Points:	45+8d8
Size/Weight:	G / 9500 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous [Brave]
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+20
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+15



Attack: Threatened, it will charge, seeking to impale aggressors with its large horn, then trampling up to two Medium or one Large or Huge creature in its 10 foot-wide path with a successful trample attack on the following second. If it cannot flee after the trample, or the herd is in danger, it will wheel around for another run, taking a minimum of 12 seconds to stop, turn and attain speed again.

Defense: None

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	3-12
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to subarctic plains

Yield

Medicinal:	The horn is believed to be a base for many potions (growth, virility, poison antidotes) and may even help in raising the dead
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Base of the horn can be fashioned into bowls of ivory, The horn itself can fetch well over 100 sp for the ivory alone, depending on size (age) of the animal, rare blue specimen's hide can fetch up to 500 sp.
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes, red meat
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	750

Eōten

Also Known As:
Phantom Warrior,
Dobble'Nurgin



A Dobble'Nurgin known as Kurn terrorized the Cosdol frontier for many years before bounty was finally collected on both his heads.

Avoid the large powerful clawed-hands .. The Dobble'Nurgin favors grabbing hold of opponents and brutally bashing them.

In the summer of my 49th year, I booked passage aboard a Brandobian spice trader bound for Cosolen. I had just completed a second tour of the Svimozhish savannas and was ready to return to cooler climes to rest and focus on turning my jumbled collection of notes into the newest volume of my bestiary, The Hacklopedia of Beasts. The captain of our ship, a rather stingy Brandobian by the name of Glandal Stron, had purchased insufficient supplies during our departure from Svimohzia. He insisted that with prices being what they were in that wealthy land, resupplying the ship would be prohibitively expensive. So, in an attempt at frugality, Glandal bought only minimal supplies, insisting that it would be but a small task to resupply our stock of food and fresh water at any of the uninhabited islands which dot Brandobia's broken coastline.

There was, of course, grumbling from the crew but apparently, this was not the first time Glandal had attempted such a maneuver; and we all went about our business without complaint. The time to resupply came sooner than expected, much of the bread our captain had purchased at a discount had gone to mold, and we were soon to be in dire need of food. The captain announced that we would weigh anchor at the first island we saw. The very next day, our lookout spied an island on the horizon. After consulting the sea charts, our captain deemed it to be one of a cluster of small islands known as the Maragas'. The ship was anchored off the coast, and I accompanied the foraging party ashore, hoping to perhaps gain some insight into the island's ecology.

The island was almost totally barren. Weeds grew from cracks in the rocky soil, and lichen seemed to be the dominant life in the rocky landscape. Here and there I saw plants pulled up, their roots missing. Perhaps the island had some species of wild pig? Before we could become discouraged, however, distant squawking betrayed the presence of a seabird colony. I told my crewmates that such colonies often numbered in the hundreds, if not thousands of birds and would be rich in eggs and hatchlings. The crew seemed pleased at this news but our captain scowled at my upstart suggestion. We made for a cliffside in the distance where the colony was most likely to be located. The island was rough, hilly country, but with no vegetation to slow us down, we made quick time. As we drew nearer to the cliff, we crested a tall hillock covered in loose scree and beheld an unexpected sight at its base.

Below us, we saw a small, muddy spring and a crude but very large lean-to haphazardly cobbled together from tree-sized pieces of driftwood leaning against a boulder. I cautioned that, from my experience, we were best off giving this site a wide birth and circling around to the cliffs but our captain, in a bid to re-establish his reputation, insisted the lean-to could have valuable supplies, and so we went down to search for food. No sooner had we reach the bottom of the hill, a large figure appeared from behind the boulder. It was at least twice as tall as our largest man; and two heads sat on its shoulders, momentarily slack-jawed and staring. The creature was lean, almost emaciated and it was totally nude with a 6-foot shark slung over its shoulder in one hand and a sharpened driftwood spear in the other. There was only a breath of silence before the two heads let out an ear-splitting bellow, and the beast hurtled towards us, dropping the shark onto the dusty ground.

We wasted no time and beat feet as quickly as we could back up the hillside. The large creature stumbled as the scree shifted under his feet, and we were able to add precious seconds to our lead. We reached the dinghy and rowed furiously back towards the ship. The creature waded into the water after us, quickly gaining on our little boat. The creature reached a muscled arm into the boat and constricted tightly around Glandal's neck, yanking him towards the surf. We all held tightly to our captain's feet and pulled with all our might, freeing him from the creature's grasp. The deepening water proved too much for the beast, and it relented, wading back to shore and we climbed back into the ship. In the days afterward, I spent many days wondering why such a powerful creature lived in isolation on that desolate island with next to nothing available to furnish it with sustenance. What was it hiding from?

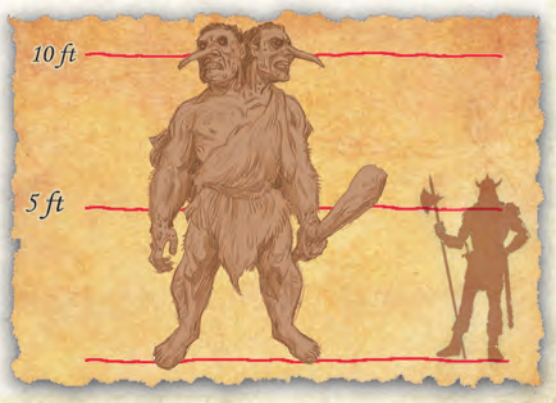
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Eōten are huge bipedal creatures vaguely reminiscent of a lean Ogre in general build albeit exhibiting dicephaly (two headedness). While such polycephaly might lead the casual observer to immediately categorize the creature as simply one of the rumored varieties of lesser Ettin, the monstrous being exhibits sufficient morphological and behavioral differences to warrant a closer examination.

Unlike the porcine, orc-like features of an Ettin, Eōten have a narrow, elongated proboscis often reaching a foot in length. Their light brown or brownish skin has greenish or yellowish undertones and is frequently covered with warts on the face, neck, hands, wrists and knees. Also notable is that their feet and hands feature five digits.

It is not unreasonable to suggest that the Eōten is a progenitor species from which both Ettins and Trolls developed – each further specializing on the basic form.

Combat/Tactics:

It bears noting at the onset of this section that Eōten, with a fully cognizant head controlling each side of the body, have two independent actions available when their count comes up. Unlike other creatures with multiple actions that are staggered into shorter intervals, these brutes will always strive to act in tandem.

Though capable of wielding oversized clubs much as an Ogre (to wit, inflicting 2d10p+6 damage when striking an opponent with these logs), their preference is to immobilize prey with their formidable grip, and, once secured, eat them alive! This is likely a behavioral adaptation to prevent their most common prey, quadrupedal mammals, from bolting after sustaining a non-incapacitating initial wound when ambushed.

Functionally, an Eōten will initiate combat by making a claw attack against its nearest adversary. If successful, it has firmly grabbed hold of the subject, preventing use of the *Give Ground*, *Scamper Back*, *Fighting Withdrawal* and *Flee* special combat moves. Additionally, the restriction on movement subsequently permits only the use of a d12p Defense Die.

Some incidental damage may be inflicted by its talon-like nails (2d4p hp), but the purpose of this strike is to fix its adversary rather than wound him. Once an opponent is held, the Eōten will then use its leverage to advantageously bite at the victim – inflicting a 4d4p hp wound should it score a hit.

The creature's two heads permit it to independently focus on two separate opponents utilizing the tactics described above. Additionally, the encompassing 360° field of view negates the use of backstab, rearward strike

Eōten

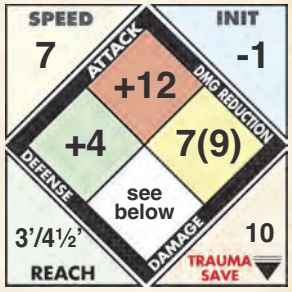
Hit Points:	6d8+35
Size/Weight:	H/ 800 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	–6

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+14
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Eōten normally attack by grabbing adversaries and then biting for 4d4p once they are immobilized and cannot escape. Alternatively, they can wield two clubs striking for 2d10p+6 with each. Both attacks are simultaneous on the creature's count.

Special: Regeneration, excellent all-around vision

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	360° vision, -1 Init die
Habitat:	Caves
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Singular
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Yes
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	850

or any flanking advantage and allows the Eōten to use 1 smaller die type for initiative.

If challenged by a solitary foe, an Eōten will attempt to grasp its adversary with both hands and completely immobilize it before biting. This requires a second successful claw attack; but once this is achieved, the subject cannot attack back and is limited to an unmodified d8p defense die. The Eōten cannot attack simultaneously with both heads against a single opponent, so they will take turns with each head biting alternatively every seven seconds.

Grabbed opponents may, of course, direct their actions at freeing themselves from the Eōten's grasp rather than attacking the creature. Those held by a single arm must succeed at a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+7) while full capture requires a check vs. d20p+14. Attempts may be made every five seconds. Should the Eōten be knocked back as the result of a tremendous blow, it involuntarily releases any held prey.

Eōten are clever enough to adapt their tactics to best suit their opponents. Adversaries deemed inedible will simply be battered with twin clubs. Alternatively, a frisky adversary or one proving difficult to repeatedly smash may be grabbed by one arm, and while restrained, battered with the other.

Since they are not native to colder climates, these creatures often wear thick furs, hides or other gear to protect themselves from inclement weather. This provides additional DR, boosting their natural value of 7 to 9.

These creatures are remarkably resilient, often surviving grievous wounds. They regenerate 1 hp every 10 seconds though they cannot regrow appendages. However, were a shorn limb recovered and held in place with a dressing, it would quickly heal. An Eōten's regenerative power – impressive as it may be - does not trump death. If coup-de-graced or reduced to -10 hp, it will die.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

The Eōten are quite rare and limited to niches unexploited by their better-adapted progeny species. This often relegates them to remote locations with undesirable climate and poor hunting prospects.

They are loners, preferring the exclusive company of their brother (or sister)-head to that of others. Most relationships with sapient beings end poorly as one head becomes jealous of the seemingly undue attention paid to his "sibling".

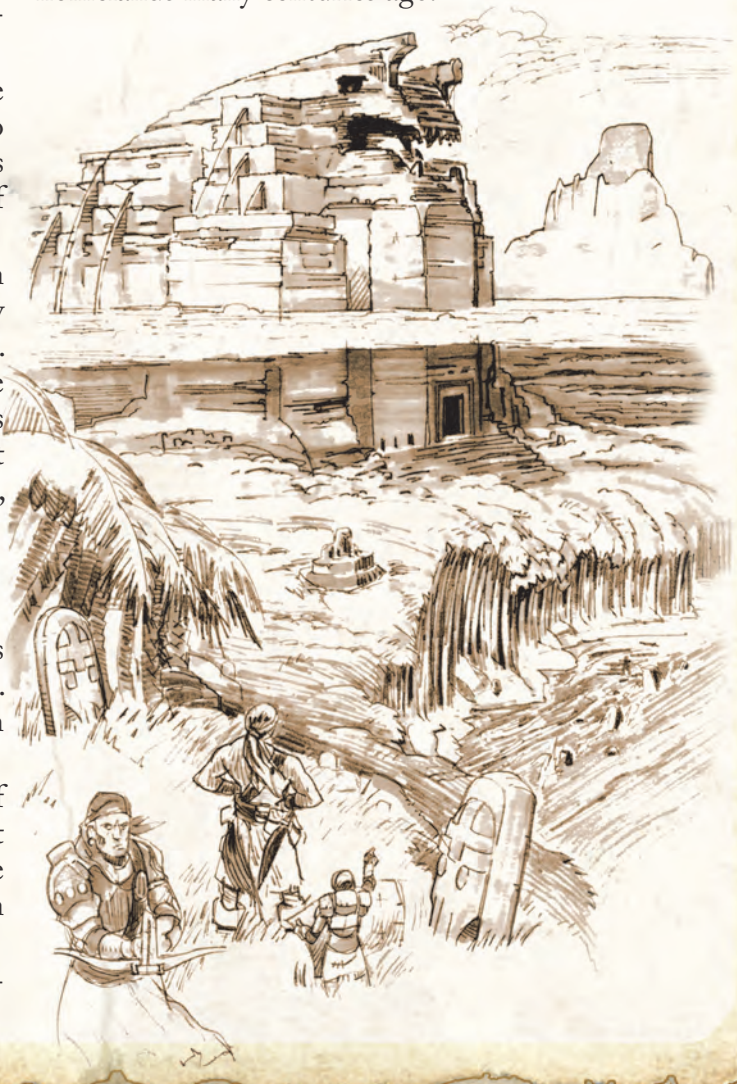
Despite their ineptitude at interpersonal relationships, they frequently are competent animal handlers. Depending on their current biome, they are capable of taming a variety of local fauna and transforming them into animal companions and hunting assistants. These pet animals incidentally fill the social void a lonely Eōten may grapple with.

Eōten are extremely long lived, often reaching half a millennia in age before succumbing to old age. Were this not the case, the species surely would have died off long ago as the Eōten are not noted for their fecundity…

On Tellene:

The Eōten have dwindled in number and are usually encountered in the most remote regions of human habitation such as the Cosdol frontier and the windward isles off the northern Brandobian coast. They allegedly inhabit the frigid Deshada and Jorakk Mountains, though confirmation is impossible.

It is theorized that these creatures are native to either Svimohzia or Tarisato – admittedly based on little more than their coloration - but were driven from their homelands many centuries ago.



Fey Dragon

Also Known As:
Dry'kynn



Almost delightful companion did I find in the sole Fey Dragon I had chance to encounter in my many journeys. When it fixed its gaze upon me, did I verily feel as if I were the only person of interest at the soiree – despite the presence of a cavalcade of fascinating personalities.

Long did we converse as I was taken with his interest in my travels throughout the known realms. The stories seemed to flow with a clarity and precision I am so often lacking unless I set ink to parchment.

Inspired by the interaction, I endeavored thereafter to document the encounter fearing only that I had scant vellum to fully elaborate upon the unique creature. Loquacious as he had been, I found that I could recall scant details. To this day I cannot recall with any clarity pertinent information. It was as if I was in a dreamy haze blissfully enraptured by the shimmering lights without perceiving my surroundings.

I know now that I was in the presence of a true dragon. Long did I previously hold to the assertion that fairy dragons were a pseudo species that merely mimicked the powers of their namesakes. Perchance it is their diminutive size and jovial personalities that fosters such errors. I now most heartily dismiss these notions.

Fey Dragons are a species of dragonkind bearing a strong influence of the faerie realms. Like other such creatures, they are diminutive in size, and given to senseless frivolity, according to many humans and others of more dour personality.

They are highly social beings that thrive on personal interactions with like-minded individuals. This combination of traits is very much in opposition to the aloof and magisterial demeanor that most dragons, regardless of ethical disposition, prefer to display to the rabble of lesser races. It is such an outlier that some have dismissively termed them "false dragons". This is assuredly not the case.

Their appearance is a curious blend of reptilian and fairy features. While their body displays a traditional dragonesque form (i.e. that of a lizard albeit one with

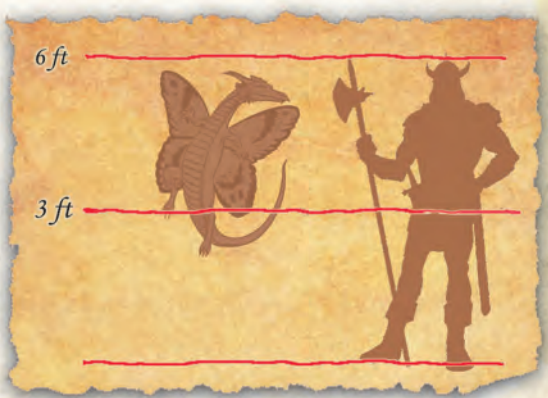
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



an elongated neck and legs), their wings are gossamer and butterfly-like. Their tail is exceptionally long and terminates in a barb reminiscent of a wyvern. Overall color is a mottled green though their wings are iridescent.

Fairy Dragons are not puerile cowards. Though slow to anger, once vexed they will assume a countenance every bit as intimidating as their larger cousins. In this rare state, they are steadfast in their determination to mete out vengeance.

Combat/Tactics:

Fey Dragons are as capable as Grel at concealing themselves in natural terrain. Likewise, they are capable of wizardry as one might expect from a fey creature or dragon. They may cast any of the following spells once per day: *audible clamor*, *bedazzle*, *dismiss enchantment*, *enfeeble*, *force fumbles*, *fumble zone*, *glitterlight*, *inaudibility*, *inflict temporary blindness*, *motion blur*, *phantom irritation*, *pine tar*, *sense magic aura*, *shrink*, *sniper's bane*, *tangle*, *throw voice*. Note that these magicks require only a verbal component to conjure and do so at the spell's baseline efficacy. To save against any of these spells, one must compete against d20+15.

Fey Dragons are also resistant to arcane magic having Spell Resistance of 16.

Naturally lighthearted and jovial, Fey Dragons seldom initiate combat. Their inclination is to perpetrate harmless pranks on strangers as a means of gauging their personalities. Those that take such shenanigans in stride without becoming unduly upset are deemed worthy to converse with. Should the targets of the fairy dragons sport react in a sour and grumpy manner — though not maliciously so — it may compel the dragon to continue with its taunting from concealment until such time as it feels that the joke has worn thin. Obviously ill-tempered and knavish quarry will not be teased for fear of provoking them into some senseless act of brutality. However, the dragon may stealthily trail them to learn what their purpose for being in its woods is.

Should the Fey Dragon become truly irate — a rare instance usually provoked by some atrocity, the destruction of its home or an unusually determined foe intent on killing it — it will put on its game face. In this state it exudes palpable fear (effectively causing all within 30 feet to react as if a *panic* spell were in effect).

Fey Dragons can hover in flight at will and will employ this maneuver in battle to both bite and sting an opponent from above. With the benefit of this mobility, it can choose whom to fight while avoiding being surrounded or double and triple teamed.

Its speed of 5 represents alternative bites (inflicting a 3d4p wound) and stings of its tail. Though the latter causes but d4p damage, it is poisonous.

Fey Dragon Poison: With a successful stinger attack, a Fey Dragon injects a VF 12 poison. Victims must save or lapse into a cataleptic state for d6p days that is indistinguishable from death except by a First Aid provider of at least average mastery. Should the victim fail this save by 6 or more, his body fails to stabilize at this reduced metabolic state and perishes within d6p hours.

Breath Weapon: Thrice per day, a Fey Dragon may employ its breath weapon. This produces an oddly scented cloud of narcotic smoke with the dimensions and vision impairing capabilities of a *Massive Smoke Screen* spell. In addition, those within its billowing area must save vs. a VF 14 toxin or become "really stoned" (those succeeding at a check will nonetheless suffer the effects of a body high). Rules for cannabis intoxication can be found in the *GameMaster's Guide*).

Habitat/Society:

Inexplicably for a creature so fond of social interplay, Fey Dragons are notably reticent at engaging with their own kind. Perhaps this is due to the creature's rarity, palpably expressing itself so that seldom are two Fey Dragons encountered in the same locality. Those with a keener understanding of the creature's mind are given to suggest that this quirk is more of an expression of the natural hubris all dragons possess. A fairy dragon desires to be the center of attention and retain his unique status amongst his circle of acquaintances. They typically have a wide circle of confederates from the surrounding region, many of whom number amongst the most influential, artistic or intelligent of

their kind. These individuals are the dragon's treasure hoard. Indeed, they actively curate this hoard by acting as a muse to promising artists or wizards with the intent of burnishing their collection.

While "collection" may be a demeaning term to apply to a social group, it is nonetheless appropriate. For all its gregariousness, the Fey Dragon never forms true bonds of friendship. It does not consider those in its circles to be peers. Rather, they are pretty baubles to enjoy in a decidedly one-sided relationship. Those who have known a Fey Dragon for years may be astonished upon sober contemplation to realize how little they truly know of the creature.

Ecology:

Though not conventionally nocturnal creatures, Fairy Dragons are most active during customary times of revelry and usually awake at the crack of noon. Their diet is adapted to that of their circle of affiliates and generally comprises the rich fare served at festivals or other times of merriment. More than a few have developed a pronounced sweet tooth and delight in all manner of pies and cakes – often becoming rotund.

On Tellene:

Fey Dragons are most common in Elven enclaves within Brandobian lands.

Fey Dragon Body Part Magical Properties:

Blood: When prepared with myrrh to form a cream, it may be applied topically to remove the effects of the flaws Facial Scar and/or Pocking. Only one such application is possible.

Brain: Consuming an entire Fey Dragon's brain requires a toxicity check vs. VF 14 with failure resulting in death. Those who survive gain the Supernatural Affinity Talent.

Eyes: Consuming a Fey Dragon's eye requires a toxicity check as above. Survivors gain +30 to their Appraisal: Artwork mastery (or a flat mastery of 30 if they do not already possess this skill).

Skin: A Fey Dragon's hide can be enchanted to create incredibly tough (though size S) leather armor.

Fey Dragon

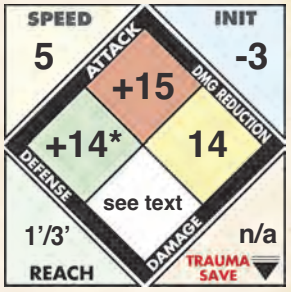
Hit Points:	6d8+18
Size/Weight:	S/70 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Fly:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+21
Mental:	+25
Dodge:	+24



Attack: Alternatively bites for 3d4p and stings for d4p (+ VF 12 poison). May breathe an intoxicating obscuring cloud thrice per day.

Special: Spell Use, exudes 30' fear aura when angered, spell immunity

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	20%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	One die better for Init roll
Habitat:	Fey lands
Diet:	Nil
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate forest

Yield

Medicinal:	See end of description
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	See end of description
Treasure:	Various objects d'art
Edible:	See end of description
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	900

Also Known As:
Gird Warriors

Fianna (Greater Sidhe)



If a Fianna enters the fray against you, pray there is a person of great faith among your number to challenge him.

By now, all of Kalamar has heard of the tragedy that befell Fort Balarog. As per Consul Hap'nam's request, I have drafted an official account of the sacking as well as this classified debriefing for the military high command. As far as the public is concerned, the fort was simply destroyed by a barbarian army. The truth is somewhat more disturbing.

Four months ago, a horde of barbarian savages marched south out of the Jorakk wilderness as they do most summers. Fort Balarog has always withstood these incursions, though not without loss of life and through no small effort on the part of her defenders. Despite its critical strategic position as a northern bulwark, Fort Balarog was underprepared for the attack that came that summer. The fort was a motte and bailey design, a stone keep encircled by a high timber palisade. I firmly believe that had my requests for funds for the building of high stone walls been approved, the fort would still be protecting our kingdom today.

Fort Balarog has stood unbent, against five major barbarian incursions, and cavalry operating out of the fort have driven back dozens of smaller warbands over the years. The barbarians, to their credit, are staunch warriors on the field of battle but their understanding of siege xcraft is limited. Eight times they have thrown themselves against our fortress and eight times we have forced them back to lick their wounds.

This summer was different. Our scouts reported that a large force was making its way south—the banners of a dozen tribes, some of them mortal enemies, flying together in the horde. We tracked their movements and made all the necessary preparations. The fort was provisioned for a three-month siege, and a new catapult had just been constructed atop the keep. We were ready to turn back an army of men, but what came for us was an army of demons. From atop the keep, I heard their drums approaching, then screaming, the clamor of axe upon shield. I saw our soldiers standing like statues, their eyes fixed upon the horizon. These were hard men, veterans of border wars; and yet they were afraid. The barbarian army came to within 200 feet of our walls and halted, watching us for a few moments in total silence. There were hundreds of them. The largest horde I had yet seen.

A huge man emerged out of the mass of unwashed savages, dwarfing the muscled northmen of the horde. He was tattooed all over his body and held a broadsword in either hand. For a helm, he wore the skull of some unidentifiable beast and out from under it hung a wild, black beard. With a bellow, the towering barbarian rushed towards our walls with a small collection of warriors at his side. The rest of his army followed close behind, screeching as they careened towards us. Volleys from our archers did nothing to dissuade their wild charge. They reached the walls in seconds; and the huge warrior began to climb with his warriors, hand over hand, up the rough palisade wall until he had reached the top of the gatehouse. My archers told me that their arrows had no effect against the madman, bouncing off exposed flesh and armor like toys. The barbarian disappeared with his warband inside the gatehouse; and I could only watch as our soldiers deserted their post, scattering like rats abandoning a burning building. Within a minute, the gates were open; and the horde surged into Fort Balarog.

My honor guard and I were able to retreat on horseback through a hidden escape route, but we were the only ones to survive that terrible day. Fort Balarog is now a barbarian holdfast, a base from which to launch new invasions into our lands.

--300 year old letter to the Military Council found in the Imperial Archives

Unlike conventional turning, Lawful clerics - regardless of morality - may turn a Fianna. Chaotic aligned clerics command (goad) them into service. Neutral clerics cannot affect a Fianna.



Size Comparison



Heavily muscled and standing over 7 feet tall, the Fianna could be easily mistaken for mortal barbarians with their ubiquitous tattoos and conspicuous armaments. Warriors though they may be, the Fianna gave up their humanity one and all. Every Fianna was once a human being who so distinguished himself on the field of battle that he drew the attention of The Battle Rager. Once inducted into the martial brotherhood that is the Fianna, the warriors do battle day and night in a land of endless conflict. When a warrior is deemed a true Fianna, he travels to Tellene to participate in worthy battles and win further glory. The Fianna each have a distinctive (some would say ostentatious) style reflective of their staunch individualism. They tend to sport outrageous hair and beard styles but otherwise no two look exactly alike. Every Fianna has one to three pieces of flair to set him apart from his fellows such as a horned helmet, golden bracers, a belt of Ogre skin, or whatever else fits his personal taste. Their time on Tellene usually finds them leading fierce armies of screaming barbarians who leave a path of destruction in their wake.

Combat/Tactics:

The Fianna are indefatigable warriors who cut great swaths across the battlefields of Tellene with their twin broadswords and bottomless courage. Fianna do not retreat; and in battle they only use the aggressive attack maneuver, caring little for their own defense and throwing themselves, heart and soul, into brutal melee. The Fianna wield dual +2 broadswords and gird themselves in light chain shirts. A Near Perfect Defense always counts as a Perfect Defense for the agile Fianna.

Apart from their combat skills, the Fianna also have a number of supernatural qualities which aid them in battle, the foremost being a total immunity to arcane magic. No arcane spell can affect a Fianna, for good or ill. Spells that create physical barriers such as a wall of stone or an open pit still work normally. Divine magic functions normally.

Fianna are immune to poison, fear, and mundane fire. They think nothing of charging through a burning building or fields of lit pitch. Though they enjoy the ritual of feasting on raw meats washed down with strong ale, they are supernatural beings that do not require sustenance. They regenerate 1 hit point every 5 seconds, and mystical runic tattoos covering them from head to toe impart heightened damage resistance.

All allies within 50 feet of a Fianna go berserk when combat is joined. In this state, the warriors become immune to fear and can never fail morale. Barbarians in this state cannot succumb to their Barbarian Superstition (see *Player's Handbook*).

Fianna

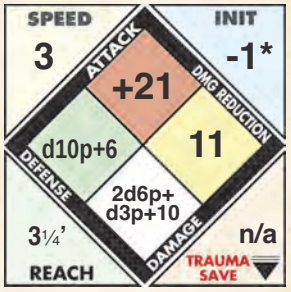
Hit Points:	35+8d12
Size/Weight:	M/300 lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+20
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+17



Attack: Fianna attack aggressively but recklessly with their twin +2 broadswords. Prefer to target what they believe to be the strongest opponent on the battlefield.

Special: Immune to arcane magic, mundane fire, poison, and fear. Near Perfect Defense counts as Perfect Defense. Do not eat, drink, or breathe. Regenerate 1 HP/ 5 seconds. Allies within 50 feet go berserk (immune to fear/never fail morale).

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Undead sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	N/A
Organization:	Leaders of barbarian warbands
Climate/Terrain:	Otherworldly

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	None known
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	+2 broadswords, chain shirt, other incidental
Edible:	Yes, see text
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1850

Fianna are proud and value victory in battle above all else. A Fianna will never turn down a martial challenge, and in battle they always focus their attacks on the most powerful opponent present. Offers to duel one on one are always honored but any treachery on the part of their opponent will be met with swift revenge. Though they are accomplished killers, the Fianna are not malicious and do not kill for the sake of killing. Combat against worthy or numerous foes is a sacrament to The Battle Rager. The Fianna accept surrender from weak enemies but only do so with the greatest scorn. Those spared by a Fianna can expect to be subsequently captured or enslaved by his barbarian allies. Surrendering also carries the stigma of cowardice with it. Surrendering to a Fianna always incurs an honor penalty on the character raising the white flag (left to the GameMaster's discretion).

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

The Fianna are a warrior brotherhood who exalt The Battle Rager through martial prowess. Every Fianna was once a human warrior of Tellene whose deeds caught the attention of The Battle Rager. The Battle Rager does not idly induct new warriors into the Fianna and only accepts those whose alignment matches his own. There are no knights or paladins amongst the Fianna, doughty warriors though they may be, for they cannot reach a state of true rage and thus can never come to know the Battle Rager's essence.

Most devotees of The Way of Berserk who enter this realm become Dunters (see, Dunter) and forget their former lives. Only after centuries of struggle can these hardy souls struggle their way up the greater prominence and become Fianna. Naturally, they are resentful of the warriors who pass over this grueling process and attack newly arrived Fianna ("whelps" as the Dunters name them) with extreme prejudice.

After a warrior has been noticed, a single Fianna is sent down to Tellene with an offer to induct the warrior into the Brotherhood. There is no pomp or circumstance in the offer, merely a straightforward promise of a swift death and eternal glory. If the warrior agrees, then the Fianna chops his head off on the spot and ascends with the warrior's soul back to his dimension where the warrior's soul is remade as one of the Fianna. This realm is a place of constant internecine warfare, feuds, duels, and other struggles where immortal warriors do battle with one another and the forces of other deities. The longer the newly-made Fianna's soul remains in this realm, the more he will come to resemble his brothers in skill and appearance.

As he grows in power, the Fianna is tattooed by his fellows to celebrate his victories. These runic tattoos are all unique creations that tell the story of the warrior's skill and deeds in battle. When tattoos cover his entire body, he is considered to have truly completed his transformation. The process of "maturing" into a full-fledged Fianna may take decades. Once his tattoos are complete, the Fianna adopts a *nom de guerre* and seeks to be beckoned to Tellene to fight in the name of The Battle Rager, spreading the faith through mighty deeds and brutal combat.

Barbarians, wild men, and devotees of The Battle Rager are drawn to the Fianna's leadership, and warbands swiftly crop up wherever he goes. These warbands can expand into full-fledged hordes or armies, attracting more followers to the Fianna's cult of victory. The Fianna are not great tacticians however, and fight not to hold territory or acquire wealth, but simply for the glory of combat. Armies led by a Fianna may experience numerous victories but are eventually ground down or defeated by dint of overextension. Oftentimes, it is the Fianna's own wild courage that is responsible for the army's loss. Whereas other commanders see the value of a tactical withdrawal or defensive battlements, a Fianna sees only defeat and cowardice.

No warriors in the Fianna's horde are kept there against their will, but anyone caught deserting the army is branded by the Fianna as a coward with a permanent tattoo of shame in the middle of their forehead.

Aspects of life other than battle seem to bore the Fianna. Outside of combat, they are frequently moody and distracted, unable to find passion in anything else.

On Tellene:

The tattoos of a Fianna hold their defensive powers even after the death of the warrior. By eating the tattooed skin of a Fianna, a character gains a permanent +1 to their DR. Just eating the tattoo is not enough, however. The prospective eater must have at least scored one wound on the Fianna, otherwise eating the tattoo will have no effect. Only one person can gain the benefits of eating the dead Fianna's skin. If the eater scored the killing blow on the Fianna, he also gains +2 Honor (supplemental to standard Honor awards).

Once the flesh is ingested, the tattoos transfer to the eater's body. Clerics of The Battle Rager recognize these sacred designs on sight and know that to bear them can only mean that tattooed person has defeated a Fianna in mortal combat. Whereas adherents of other faiths would recoil at the death of one of their sacred beings, clerics of The Battle Rager consider it part of the natural order. On the contrary, these clerics will press the character for an account of the battle, eager to know every detail of the conflict.

Flailing Snail, Gigantic

Also Known As: .
Flail Beast



The meat of the Flailing Snail is considered a great and rare delicacy, especially the flesh of the tentacles.

F

The light from our torches was flickering on the cavern walls. Biting winds from the surface still managed to find their way down into those tunnels despite the depths we had descended to. Our passage was fairly narrow for a limestone cave in those parts, maybe only about ten feet wide. Maybe less? I wasn't exactly paying attention at the time. I was too focused on the floor. I remember crouching down to examine a sort of film on the rocks as my traveling companions moved past, keeping an eye out for more of those, uh… "spider-bat" things on the ceiling. The film was grayish in color and had the consistency of dried phlegm, I'd say—just a little bit of moisture still in the center.

I heard a short yelp from my companion; and, immediately, I looked up from my grimy rocks.

She was gone. I struggled to my feet, jogged a few steps forward and saw that the tunnel took a sharp turn downwards. Just as I was processing that information, I realized that I was also slipping. My last footfall had found no purchase on the ground, and I fell hard onto the slimy stones. I began to slide down the passage, picking up speed as I tumbled and swerved. I felt my helmet collide with a large rock, probably saving my life just before I slammed into the level cavern floor at the base of the steep passage.

Groaning and writhing on the ground, I managed to pull myself up to my knees. It was totally dark. Above the ringing in my ears, I could hear a sound sort of like, I don't know… it was what a cow chewing cud might sound like, but if it didn't have any teeth. My torch was lost, and I was certain my lantern had been smashed to bits, but the candles! I still had my candles. Working in the dark, I found my flint and steel and sparked up one of the small candles. The light illuminated the source of the sound, a snail of colossal size bent over my companion and nibbling away at her face as easily and as casually as if it were a bit of lettuce! Tentacles terminating in cruel, bulbous knots sprouted from the snail's head like giant bludgeons, and its white shell swayed gently as it gnawed.

My eyes darted around the chamber, and I spied another passage leading away. I had no idea where it went, but there was no way I was staying to get eaten myself. Only the passage out was just to the left of the snail. I didn't think. I just knew I needed to run. I darted towards the passage as fast as I could, but the snail must've felt I was getting too close for comfort. One of those club-like tentacles whooshed down from on high and struck me square between my shoulder blades as another two went wide. I was thrown forward by the force of the blow and by providence landed in the very hallway I had been running for. The floor was soaked in the same slime as the other chambers, but I managed to hold myself up against the wall as I hobbled forward into the dark.

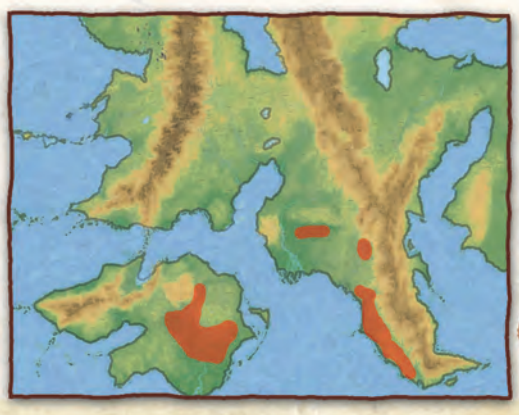
And I swear, that was the last I saw of her! You have to believe me—I'm no murderer. It was the snail that did it! I swear!

— testimony of A. Ironbeard, murder suspect, Kalamaran Courts of Justice CCLVI

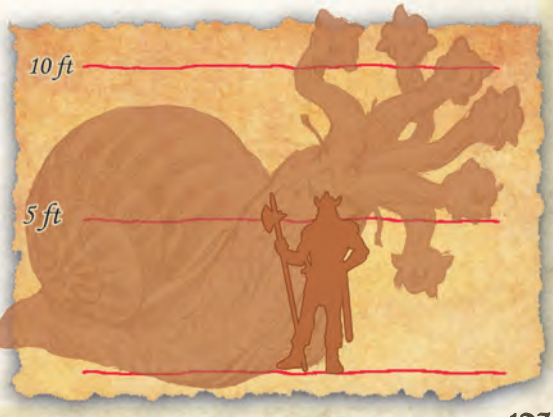
Sign/Tracks

Slime from a Flail Snail trail is a mild form of poison. Tarisation warriors often smear it on spear and arrow points. It is said the viscous toxin impedes the healing of wounds.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Gigantic Flailing Snails are terrifying land mollusks. When not ensconced within its 12 foot high coiled shell, the creature measures 25 feet from tentacle to tail.

The creature gains its moniker from its mutated tentacles. Each of these six appendages features a bulbous head from which numerous calcareous protrusions extend, giving them an appearance similar to the warhead of a flail. These bony crowns sit atop a sinewy trunk capable of deft yet tremendously powerful whip-like motion.

Combat/Tactics:

This horrific snail has six flailing tentacles with which it can batter opponents out to a distance of six feet. Individual appendages have a speed of 12 giving the creature a theoretical capability of attacking every other second.

However, it cannot focus more than three tentacles on any given opponent even should it face a solitary foe. When combatting multiple individuals, it will disperse its attacks equally.

Thus, a combatant assailed by three tentacles is attacked every 4 seconds, those attacked by two face a blow every 6 seconds and a lone tentacle strikes every 12 seconds.

Like their genetic cousins, Tentaslugs, a Flailing Snail's pliable physique is exceptionally resistant to crushing damage (having DR 12 vs. such attacks though only 9 vs. piercing and but 7 vs. hacking).

The snail may only be substantively harmed by wounds to the body proper. Effecting such injuries, though, mandates either disabling the formidable frontal barrier of flailing tentacles or puncturing its shell.

Individual tentacles are difficult to hit as they whirl around between attacks (thus the stated +8 Defense). Each one can sustain 15 hit points of damage before being severed (if hacking implements are employed) or immobilized (the result of other wounds).

These injuries do not count against the creature's hit point total as the tentacles harbor no vital organs and can be regrown over the course of a fortnight. Should all six tentacles be mangled, the snail will withdraw into the protection of its shell.

This process requires 10 seconds; and during this interval, the creature's body is subject to attack.

A Flail Snail's shell is subject to fracturing as the result of a forceful crushing blow (hacking and piercing attacks — excepting lances — are ineffective means of circumventing this stony carapace).

This is an all-or-nothing affair handled in a similar fashion as the mechanic for breaking shields excepting that full damage is rolled, and the snail only rolls d8p for defense against these attempts.

Successful fracturing of the shell creates a 3' diameter hole through which attacks may be launched upon the snail's body and against which the mollusk again rolls but a d8p defense.

Crushing Blow Damage	Required Save
16	Competing d20p roll, snail gains +6 bonus
24	Competing d20p roll
32	Competing d20p roll, snail suffers -6 penalty
40	None; shell automatically fractured

A Flail Snail is not without defense when retreating within its shell. Upon beginning this process, it exudes frothy acidic mucus that within 10 seconds will bubble out to a distance of 5 feet.

Anyone entering this goo will suffer 2d4p damage for every 10 seconds they are exposed to its corrosive effects. It is theorized that application of powdered Natron (a naturally occurring mixture of soda ash and bicarbonate) will neutralize this excretion.

It also bears noting that the snail leaves a 10' wide trail of transparent slime in its wake wherever it travels. This slime is not readily apparent, requiring an average Observation check to spot, but has significant consequences as it mirrors a Slippery Surface spell in effect. Anyone circling behind the creature is likely to encounter this slime as will anyone pursuing the creature should it physically retreat.

Habitat/Society:

Flail Snails are native to temperate and sub-tropical zones, existing in all habitats save semi-arid or deserts. They are also reported to inhabit shallow limestone caves.

When encountered in settled agricultural areas, these omnivores can prove to be extremely destructive pests as it is very difficult to dissuade these gigantic creatures from slowly working their way through a field of crops.

An effective, though expensive, countermeasure has been to ring fields in copper wire that the snails find repellant to the touch.

This is hardly a panacea though as such installations

attract bandits and are subject to pilferage, consequently requiring guards to watch over what should ideally be a passive remedy.

Flail Snails are hermaphroditic though self-fertilization is highly unusual and generally occurs only during a population collapse. Courtship rituals are initiated via a gypsobelum (aka a "love dart") that the dominant partner shoots into the submissive snail. This calcareous harpoon injects a hormone that facilitates the mating and fertilization process.

Although a Flailing Snail will not employ this as a weapon, this mating precursor can have an unexpected consequence for those seeking to deter a Flailing Snail.

Whereas one would assume that a fusillade of arrows, bolts and javelins might serve to drive off the creature, the exact opposite is true. Missile fire serves to errantly trigger the reproductive drive and will actually compel the creature to advance!

Ecology:

These creatures are voracious omnivores capable of wreaking devastation on farming communities given their appetite.

This frequently goes beyond merely consuming crops in the field as they will tear up orchards to gain access to fruits and nuts and topple homes and barns on the trail of food stores.

Given their sluggish movement rate, most animals can readily escape predation excepting perhaps those confined in pens or corrals…

Those encountered in subterranean settings can have a transformative effect on the environment. Their slime trails persist for 8 hours before desiccating and transforming into ineffectual grayish patches of muck. However, until such time, lengthy stretches of corridors may exist as "slip and slides". This may be merely inconvenient but possibly lethal should a descending passageway lead to a sinkhole.

On Tellene:

Though certainly rare enough to be the thing of chilling bedtimes stories related by peasant grandparents to scare slothful juveniles rather than a persistent concern, tales of rampaging snails do occasionally surface in Svimohzia, Tarisato and even Kalamar.

Flailing Snail, Gigantic

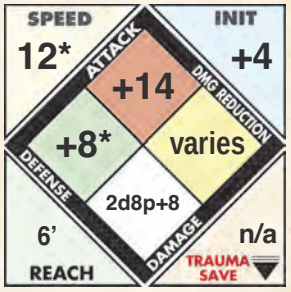
Hit Points:	40+9d8
Size/Weight:	G/2 tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Non
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	10
Sprint:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Batters opponents with 6 flail-like tentacles (though no more than 3 per opponent). Speed is 12÷# attacking tentacles. Variable DR based on attacking weapon type (crushing=12, piercing=9, hacking=7). Offers only passive defense (d8p) when withdrawn into shell.

Special Defenses: Exudes foamy acidic mucus in a 5' radius when withdrawing into shell. Thick shell is difficult to penetrate (see text). Leaves trail of slime approximating *Slippery Surface*.

General Info

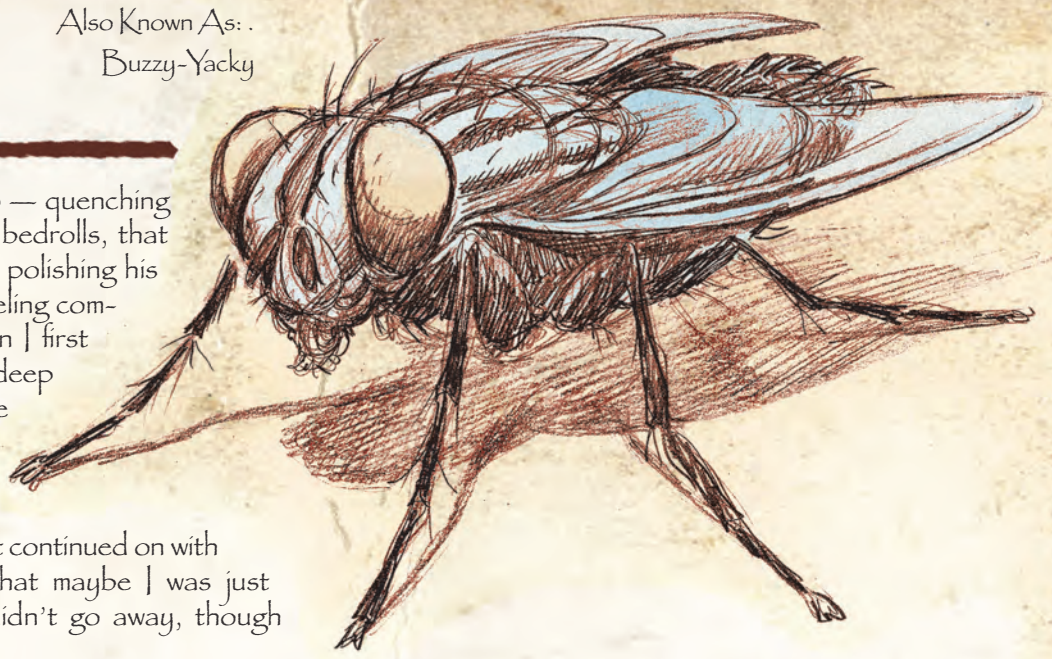
Activity Cycle:	Any (avoids full sunlight)
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	None
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Lush agricultural areas, underground
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Non-arid temperate & sub-tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	None known
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes (and delicious!)
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1275

Fly, Giant

Also Known As: .
Buzzy-Yacky



I had just begun breaking camp — quenching the campfire, packing up the bedrolls, that sort of thing. My master was polishing his blade and speaking with our traveling companion, a mage named Alis when I first heard the buzzing. It was like a deep whining noise off beyond the tree line. I wanted to alert my master then and there, but he always told me that good squires have open ears and closed mouths. So, I just continued on with the business at hand, hoping that maybe I was just imagining things. The buzzing didn't go away, though —it just got louder.

I was watering the horses when the fly-riders appeared, popping up from under the canopy and zipping through the air as quick as you'd like. I had seen goblins before, so there was no question as to what the wretches were, clutching crossbows and shrieking insults. What was new to me were their mounts, flies the size of wolves! The creatures were absolutely disgusting. They reeked of carrion, and their bodies were covered in a greasy film. Ten fly-riders zoomed over our camp, laughing as they loosed their bolts down over our heads in a wild barrage. An errant bolt struck my master in the leg as he dove for his shield, but the mage Alis was unfazed. She stood and began to chant a strange incantation. When the flies had wheeled around to hit us again, Alis was ready for them. A ball of fire exploded from her hands, engulfing the flies in expanding flames. Three of the fly-riders were incinerated on the spot, their flies popped like corn kernels as they died but some survived the onslaught. I saw a fly caught in the edge of the fireball topple wingless from the air. Its wings had been burned off in the flames. The wingless fly survived the fall and scuttled up a tall tree like a spider.

The six remaining fly-riders bore down on us with another barrage of crossbow bolts, coming in closer to improve their aim. I hurled our kettle at one of them and knocked him senseless. The goblin fell from his mount and broke his neck on a stone. No sooner had he hit the ground, his fly was upon him, vomiting up an off-white, steaming ooze onto its former master's body. The ooze acted like an acid on the goblin's flesh, and soon the fly extended a sucking, mouth-like apparatus and began to slurp at the half-digested meat. By now, my master had gained his footing and shield in hand, prepared himself for a characteristic goblin charge. But the fly-riders never gave him the satisfaction. All my master could do was attempt to block their projectiles as they passed, he was totally at a loss. Luckily, we had Alis on our side. Recovered from her fatigue, the mage conjured up a gust of wind to knock the creatures from their mounts. The flies faltered under the intense wind and were forced to the ground where my master dispatched them handily. Still, I can't imagine what would have befallen us if it had not been for the mage's arcane powers.

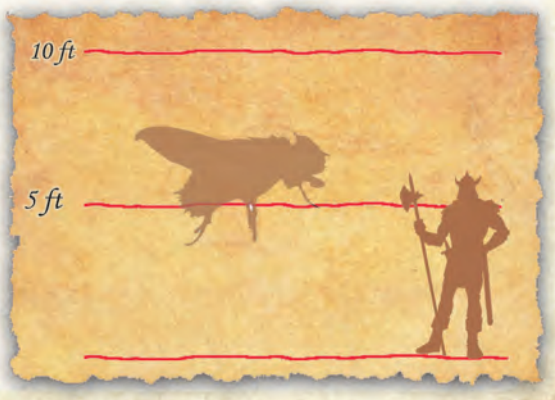
Sign/Tracks

While giant flies seldom leave tracks per se, areas they occupy are ridden with noxious waste

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Giant Flies resemble their smaller cousins— albeit massively scaled up. About the size of a wolf, the Giant Fly displays the many grotesque details of its ilk usually hidden due to their diminutive size. Greasy, rigid hairs sprout from the carapace as thick as cattails. Red, compound eyes twitch in an unblinking stare. Diaphanous yet powerful wings anchored to the fly's back produce a loud buzzing sound when in flight. Giant Flies frequently stroke their heads and legs to keep themselves free of debris, but they are anything but clean. Giant Flies stink like the rotten things they eat and are often carriers of virulent diseases.

Combat/Tactics:

Giant Flies have no natural weapons and are not conventionally dangerous. As detritivores, they exclusively feed upon carrion and other decomposing organic matter. Given their bulk, they require substantive quantities of nourishment and are persistent in the pursuit of nutrient dense food sources such as fresh carcasses.

In a tactical environment, the carnage of battle may present a veritable smörgåsbord to Giant Flies. Though they will not approach ambulatory beings, the dead and incapacitated are another matter. Thus, Giant Flies only truly pose a threat to people who have been rendered helpless. If a character has failed their Trauma Save or otherwise been incapacitated or rendered unconscious (or died), nearby Giant Flies will be drawn to their body looking for an easy meal.

Perhaps fortunately for potential victims, Giant Flies are highly territorial vis-à-vis food and will not tolerate the presence of others of their kind on anything other than a gigantic kill. Having muscled out its peers from around a cadaver, a Giant Fly vomits out globs of digestive fluids onto its intended meal and then proceeds to suck up the jellified flesh left behind. Initial acid damage is 2d4p with additional d4p damage occurring at 30 seconds and then 60 seconds of sustained contact with the phlegmatic corrosive. This mucous can be wiped away with spare garments or blanket although doing so dissolves the fabric. The acidulous slime may also be washed away with a bucket's worth of water or by immersion.

Giant Flies are skittish and will retreat from any determined aggressive action. However, given their enormity, they cannot be "shooed away" like mundane flies unless the perpetrator is giant sized (in which case the "shooer's" physical bulk is interpreted as threat enough to warrant departure). Only an attempt to physically strike the fly is sufficient to compel it to retreat into the air.

Giant Fly

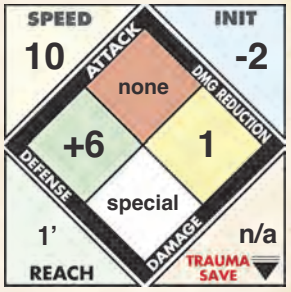
Hit Points:	24+2d8p
Size/Weight:	M /100 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Fly:	30 (25 with rider)

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	+1
Dodge:	+12



Attack: 2d4p acid damage, d4p acid damage 30 seconds later, then d4p acid damage 30 seconds after that.

Special:
Disease ridden, Flight, Ability to walk on any surface.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	4-16
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any non-cold area, goblin warrens
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Individual or swarm
Climate/Terrain:	Any non-freezing

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil (may be disease vector)
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	32

A Giant Fly always responds to attacks by using the special combat move Scamper Back to leap backwards and up 10 feet into the air before flying away out of harm's reach. The fly will then loiter above the battlefield or perch on a nearby surface, waiting for another opportunity to get back to its meal.

If a food source is still present, the Giant Fly will never retreat too far. If the aggressor responsible for its retreat moves 5 or more feet from the food source, the fly will take it as an opportunity to return. As soon as the coast is clear, the fly will buzz back in and try to resume feeding. Should an active opponent stand guard over a corpse, no flies will approach.

Note that it is the active effort of attacking that will compel a Giant Fly to retreat, not the efficacy of said attack. Thus, even a small child swinging a broomstick can chase off Giant Flies, provided he expends the time to do so (in game terms, one must undertake a timed action devoted to attacking).

Giant Flies have excellent maneuverability in the air and can hover at will. They also can traverse nearly any surface in the manner of a *Wall Walking* spell. They can run at full speed while moving vertically up a wall or even while upside down. While in flight, the wings of a Giant Fly produce a loud, droning noise that can be heard up to a furlong away.

The wings of a Giant Fly are very susceptible to fire. If a giant fly fails its saving throw versus a fire spell (or its wings are struck by a called shot with a torch), its wings are damaged beyond use. If airborne, it plummets uncontrollably to the ground.

Ordinarily a nuisance, Giant Flies can be put to effective use as a combat multiplier when ridden by small size creatures such as Goblins. Goblin fly-riders mount up using specially made saddles or by riding bareback, holding on to the fly's rigid hairs. From flyback, Goblins can leisurely take on earthbound foes with ranged weapons. Goblin fly-riders like to strafe their foes from fly-back, wheeling around the battlefield in wide arcs to give themselves time to reload before coming in for another attack, aiming as they close the range with whatever projectile they are using. More aggressive Goblins may employ flies as battlefield taxis permitting them to rapidly deploy in tactically advantageous positions or as a means of extraction.

Because the wings of their flies make a discernable buzzing noise, fly-riders will sometimes approach their foes from just above ground level using terrain and obstacles to shield their advance.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Giant Flies live in every environment on Tellene except especially cold locales, eating detritus in all its forms. Ravenously hungry, Giant Flies can smell a food source from several miles away. Individual flies mate frequently, and eggs are laid in dung, garbage, or cadavers to provide maggots with an immediate food source upon hatching. When the eggs hatch, foot long maggots wriggle forth to gorge themselves on whatever food is present and eventually pupate into an adult Giant Fly.

Giant Flies are predated upon by large, undiscriminating predators. Giant varieties of spiders are most likely to thank for keeping the population of Giant Flies in check, although giant toads, beetles, snakes, and even big cats such as tigers and pumas have been spotted consuming the creatures.

Giant Flies thrive under the ownership of Goblins who create large amounts of garbage on their own. Much like early man's domestication of the dog, Goblins first began riding Giant Flies that were attracted to the waste the Goblin warrens produce in excess. Because flies have no emotions and are not self-aware, they are able to weather the vile treatment they receive at the hands of their Goblin masters better than any other animal the Goblins may keep. Goblin fly trainers are highly valued individuals, often captured or traded as war booty between different tribes.

Any small size character can learn the skill Riding (Giant Fly), but few non-Goblins ever attempt the training. Not only because of the disgust most species harbor for the flies themselves, but also because maintaining a stable of Giant Flies requires keeping massive amounts of refuse and offal to serve as the creatures' fodder. Giant Flies are also notorious for being riddled with diseases. They often pick up diseases as they are feeding and act as vectors for transporting the disease quickly over great distances. Merely coming into physical contact with a Giant Fly's body is enough to prompt a Communicably Check for whatever disease it has managed to pick up.

On Tellene:

Giant Flies are found on both of Tellene's continents and vary considerably depending on location. While some resemble in appearance and life cycle the common house fly, others resemble the botfly, laying their eggs in the skin of living hosts. Some Giant Fly varieties have the familiar black carapace and red eyes, while others may range from iridescent green or blue, to dusky sand-colored camouflage. Still others resemble other creatures altogether, having evolved camouflage to be nearly indistinguishable from giant bees or wasps.

Frore Wolf

Also Known As: .Arctic Mastiff

I already knew it was a crazy mission when I set sail from Narr-Rytar to cross that frozen lake of the north. I was driven by greed – I can admit that now. Overwhelming greed that clouded my judgment. But it was such an unheard of bounty.

Three months previous, I had met with a Meznamish merchant prince that desired the furs of several arctic mastiffs. I assumed it was for some ridiculous societal one-upsmanship but that was hardly my concern. He was offering a sizeable advance based on my reputation and a veritable fortune upon completion.

My hired guides and trackers were good, sturdy men but grossly outmatched when after a fortnight of fruitless hunting the wolves obliged our quest. I witnessed the porter and one of the burly mercenaries frozen solid in a flash as a wolf emitted an opaque shimmering cloud from beyond the reach of Viljar's spear.

I knew then that this task was beyond me and sought merely to escape. Though pursued by three of the creatures, I managed to stay ahead. I later learned this was a ruse for they had herded me to a bend in an icy river from which there was no escape for a man of ordinary means. Fortunately, I was not that man.



These ferocious creatures are utterly immune to cold . But fire lad, that is their weakness.

F

Frore Wolves are unusual large and hearty canines adapted to arctic climates. Their natural maliciousness is compounded by a human-like level of intelligence, resulting in an extremely dangerous predator.

Combat/Tactics:

Easily the size of a brown bear, the Frore Wolf is a dangerous combatant able to sustain terrific punishment. Its jaws and neck musculature are strong enough to tear reindeer limbs from their sockets with ease. As such, it is able to inflict terrible biting wounds in close quarters combat.

These virtues alone would make for a worthy adversary. However, the Frore Wolf possesses another asset. It may exhale a blast of pernicious frost so cold as to cause lethal frostburn to creatures not adapted to extreme cold weather.

This swirling cloud envelops a 10'x 10' area in front of the wolf and subjects all within its confines to 5d6p damage. Those so affected may attempt to Dodge vs D20+9 to reduce this to half damage.

An Arctic Mastiff must refrain from its biting attack to employ its icy breath. Once it does so, it may not utilize this power again for two minutes.

One must be cautioned that the Frore Wolf is no mere predator. It will use its intelligence in stalking foes, and will always seek to attack when it has a situational advantage. If facing multiple opponents, it will withhold its breath attack until it can position itself to inflict maximum damage. It is not unknown for them

Sign/Tracks

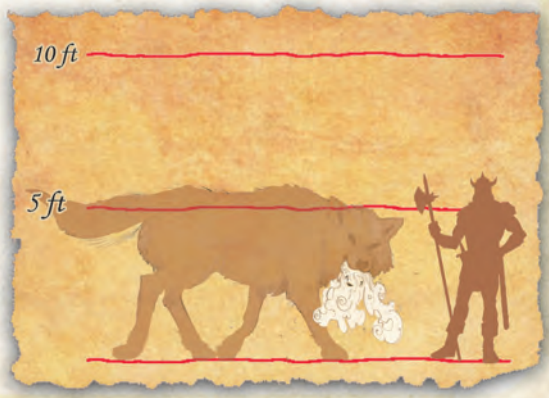


The tracks of Frore Wolf tracks in fresh snow is sure to quicken one's pulse.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



to give ground to lure attackers into an ambush or simply to buy time until they can once more use their frosty breath.

These creatures are completely immune to the effects of cold. However, they are vulnerable to fiery assaults. Boldly presenting a torch may be sufficient to keep them at bay (though such tactics are just as likely to draw their ire and ensure the torchbearer is the target of a blast of cold). If subjected to magical fire, they do not receive a saving throw.

Habitat/Society:

Frore Wolves sit high atop the food chain. Indeed, they are one of few predators that deliberately target such fearsome creatures as bears. It is fortunate for mankind that the Arctic Mastiff cannot tolerate even moderate temperatures – roving north of Lake Jorakk or retreating to alpine heights in the Byth Mountains when temperatures approach 40° F.

In the wild, Frore Wolves roam in packs of 2-8 individuals. They are capable of speech and utilize their guttural howling language to coordinate attacks. Hoar Frost Giants are known to keep these creatures as watchdogs and hunting companions.

Ecology:

These creatures are motivated as much by sheer maliciousness as hunger. Their standard prey of mammoths, reindeer and bears serves only to sate their appetites. It is humans and other sapient races that provide them sport. These creatures have decimated entire Fhokki villages with casualties often left uneaten only to be discovered by survivors returning in the spring. It is not unknown for them to play cruel games with their victims such as pursuing slowly and exhausting their victim until he collapses or driving him into a frozen river in stark terror there to drown.

Despite their fearsome reputation, they are sometimes themselves hunted. Their pelts are unrivaled in luxuriousness and highly prized in southern lands for their beauty and uniqueness. An undamaged Frore Wolf pelt can fetch as much as 400 silver pieces in the royal courts or rich merchant houses of Svimohzia.

On Tellene:

Frore Wolves inhabit only the coldest and most desolate regions of Tellene. Encounters with the beasts are extremely rare but never forgotten.

Frore Wolf

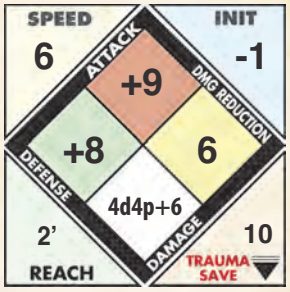
Hit Points:	35+6d8
Size/Weight:	L/ 550 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	10
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+9



Attack: Bites for 4d4p+6; may breathe frosty cloud (10'x10') directly in front of itself that causes 5d6p damage (save vs. d20p+9 for half); this use substitutes for an attack and may be employed once every two minutes

Defenses: Immune to cold; Susceptible to Fire (no saves allowed)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Crepuscular
No. Appearing:	2-8
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Good eyesight; Listening mastery 65%
Habitat:	Forested hills and mountains
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Pack
Climate/Terrain:	Arctic

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Undamaged pelt worth 400 sp
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	600

Gargoyle, Elder

Also Known As:
Ga-Goji, Giant Stone Demon

The elder gargoyle is a fearsome beast, four or five times the size of its smaller cousin. Even so, the same methods of hunting can apply to the elder gargoyle as well. And hunt them, I did, for their lairs are chock full of gems and jewelry of all shapes and sizes, although they rarely have useful items such as swords, shields or armor. In any event, the most direct method of trapping an Elder Gargoyle into a fight is to trick it into attacking large, helpless animals. My favorite method is to buy some swayed-back glue-bag or three and string them along behind me. This will entice the wretch to spring out from hiding – they're great at hiding amongst stones and the like.

I also recommend bringing a few men-at-arms or other lackeys, and maybe some sheep or giant goats. While this creates quite a train, and maybe some up-front expense, it's worth it if you can plunder the elder one's lair. The men-at-arms are for dealing with any standard gargoyles under the ga-goji's control. And the sheep and goats? Just in case the giants come across you before you find your Elder Gargoyle. You will be hunting in giant-ridden wilds, of course!



Cowards at heart, these creatures love the element of surprise and singling out the weak.

G

These demonic-looking creatures appear much as their smaller cousins, except even more disfigured and disgusting in appearance, owing to their brutish heritage. Their large, muscular frames sport four arms ending in vicious claws plus powerful bat-like wings, a demonic pointed tail and a large, grotesque pot belly. The gut and girth, coupled with relatively shorter arms, provides the appearance of squatness despite their height. Demonic horns spiral from the sloped, demonic skull which also boasts a sharp-toothed maw and long, forked tongue. Their skin ranges from ruddy to deep red, although they tend to cover themselves with mud, dirt and detritus to better hide.

Elder Gargoyles share ancestry with standard Gargoyles. While they cannot mate, there is some strange relationship as the Ga-goji can summon any standard Gargoyles in the area and compel the smaller variety to do their bidding indefinitely.

Combat/Tactics:

Elder Gargoyles seek to ambush prey, crouching on stony terrain or assuming the stance of a statue on a slab or pedestal in order to surprise their foes. While not very intelligent, they are certainly clever and will seek advantage in height, stealth and secrecy [Hiding mastery 30%]. They seek to avoid the largest giantish creatures; likely owing to their certain eviction from giantish lands as young, they see such creatures as overwhelming foes.

They are cowards at heart and will seek to pick off lone stragglers and young Giants, fearing vicious reprisals from groups and larger adults. When faced with smaller folk, typically caravans and the like given their habitat, they will often reflexively attack the horse train and later move to the human guards. If an Elder Gargoyle commands standard Gargoyles, the latter will naturally fall upon the smallest of the quarry while the elders engage the largest.

Sign/Tracks

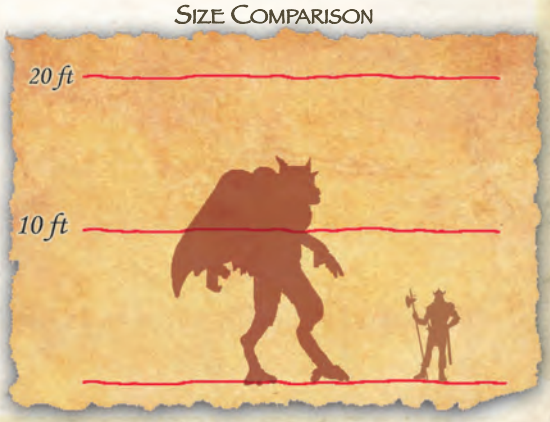


Elder Gargoyle tracks are extremely rare and are often attributed to other fantastical creatures.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Their demonic heritage offers them unique advantage as combatants. Only silvered or high quality (+3 or better) weapons may harm them to full effect (reducing their DR to 7) – mere iron blades are far less efficacious at inflicting mortal wounds. In addition, they are resistant to fire, being able to tolerate exposures that would ordinarily cause burns of up to 15 points in any 10 second interval. Elder Gargoyles cannot be poisoned nor are they susceptible to disease.

Habitat/Society:

Elder Gargoyles were originally the product of demonic rape of a Giantess, typically a Hill Giant but larger varieties can be birthed by bigger giant species. Once born, the Gargoyle is rejected with the parents attempting to slay the creature. Those that escape grow to be Elder Gargoyles. Mature specimens can interbreed and produce offspring as well, presumably creating the majority of the fell beasts, although research in this area is limited for obvious reasons.

The rarity of Elder Gargoyles coupled with their belligerent disposition, makes them solitary creatures. Once a decade, two will mate then viciously fight, occasionally fatally, after the act. The result, always successful, produces twins, although the mother will consume the smaller within hours of birthing. The other follows the mother for a few months before fleeing for fear of becoming her next meal. At this point, the young are as large as a standard Gargoyle. Other than small differences of appearance (sexual organs), the sexes are equal in size, shape and cantankerous temperament.

If standard Gargoyles wander within a mile of an Elder Gargoyle, it will be attracted to its scent and circle nearer, remaining at the outer edges of the elder one's domain but too attracted to leave. Elder Gargoyles seem to pay little attention to their smaller brethren until needed, at which point, they will summon the lesser cousins and force them to their will. Elder Gargoyles live in high mountains and hillier areas, nesting on cliff ledges or caves. Occasionally, they will live in dank dungeons or the Netherdeep, having been driven below ground by the local giants.

The average Elder Gargoyle has a lifespan of about 200 years.

Ecology:

Elder Gargoyles are nocturnal, preferring to move and attack in the darkness and moonlight, although their quarry often dictates they attack at dusk or twilight. They prefer to eat Giants and other sapient bipeds but due to rarity, generally subsist on large mammals such as moose, elk, bears and the like. They will seek out merchant caravans, falling upon them at night, dispersing the guards and gorging on the mounts. The human remnants of the now immobile train (due to lack of mounts) can be slowly hunted and consumed over the next several days. Elder Gargoyles are by no means proud, and if failing in the hunt, they may also chase off predators and feast on carrion (or even whatever has been left behind).

On Tellene:

Elder Gargoyles tend to live on the fringes of giantish holdings. On Tellene that places them in and around mountainous regions and the lower slopes as well. A few Elder Gargoyles have become infamous due to gathering standard Gargoyles into a formidable force, even pushing giants from certain areas. These locales tend to be near overlaps between Gargoyle and Elder Gargoyle haunts such as elevated population centers such as P'Bapar, Daruk or Bet Dodera.

Elder Gargoyle

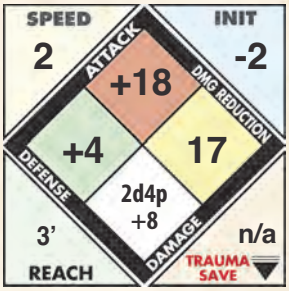
Hit Points:	10d8+48
Size/Weight:	H / 1 ton
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+20
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+16



Attack: Elder Gargoyles prefer to waylay, snatching mounts first; they attack with a fury of quick blows (every 2 sec)

Special: Elder gargoyles are skilled at concealment, but their large size often gives them away [Hiding mastery 30%]; only silvered/high quality (+3) weapons are truly effective in harming them reducing their DR to 7; resistant to fire.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1 (80%) or 1-4 (20%)
% Chance in Lair:	85%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Hills and highlands to mountain peaks
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Fringes of giantish lands

Yield

Medicinal:	Blood helps defeat disease and neutralize poison[1]
Spell Components:	Tooth or claw, for *Resist Fire Spell*[2]
Hide/Trophy:	Head may ward against evil[3]
Treasure:	Elder Gargoyles prize magical items, although they seldom put them to proper use. Like their lesser cousins, they are also known to hoard jewelry and gems
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1300

Giant, Fire

Also Known As: .
Flame Giga, Haaria'Daur



Though I had heard tales of these fearsome giants in my youth, I paid them no great heed. In truth, they were of little concern. For not once in my century of life did I hear a confirmed story of one of my clan encountering one. Not to say that I hadn't seen Giants. The Ka'Asas are home to many dangerous creatures, including Hill Giants. These I saw on more than one occasion and though granting them a grudging respect as terrible combatants, did not consider them an overwhelming challenge to a prepared troop of veteran dwarven skirmishers.

When that bastard Kabori laid siege to Irontop, we laughed it off as yet another vainglorious attempt by the humans to futilely bleed their numbers on our impregnable fortress. Sure, their numbers were bolstered with Hobgoblins; but we knew these foes well and could punish their arrogance as we long had with their human allies. What changed that day was the presence of the Fire Giants.

Those of us who had battled Hill Giants were astonished at the power of these foes. Single blows would routinely kill experienced fighters and hurl their corpses yards away. Clad in iron armor, our axes could not bite deep and did little to dissuade their advance through our lines. Though relatively few in number, we could not resist, and the lesser men and Kargi – capable warriors in their own right – surged through and penetrated our ranks.

Our strongest gates proved child's play for the Giants as they methodically circumvented them with relative ease. Indeed, it was more than brute force for they did seem to grasp the principals of metalwork and were equipped both with tools and skills to assist them in their work.

- Aro Graniteye, survivor of the Battle of Kadir Ridge

Fire Giants are among the most formidable of giantkind. Though their stature is little greater than a Hill Giant, they are broad and muscular with a stocky build comparable to a Dwarf. They are usually darkly complected, though their dusky appearance is undoubtedly enhanced by soot. Most Fire Giants are ginger-haired, and they favor broad swathes of facial hair.

Combat/Tactics:

The Giants do not engage in the ad-hoc combat style typical of giantkind. More disciplined than others of their ilk, when they mount an attack it is with purpose and likely to be conducted with at least rudimentary tactics aimed at achieving their intended purpose rather than simply causing mayhem.

When battling men and humanoids, they readily adapt to the tactics most frequently used by large numbers of diminutive creatures to forestall their advance. A pair may engage the serried ranks of polearm bearing foot soldiers but will give ground to avoid encirclement and seek to draw the creatures forward at oblique angles to disrupt their formation. Their peers meanwhile will attack the flanks, seeking to drive into the rear and smash the leaders. If successful, as is often the case, they are quick to accept surrender for they are interested in adding to their slave gangs rather than butchering potentially useful captives.

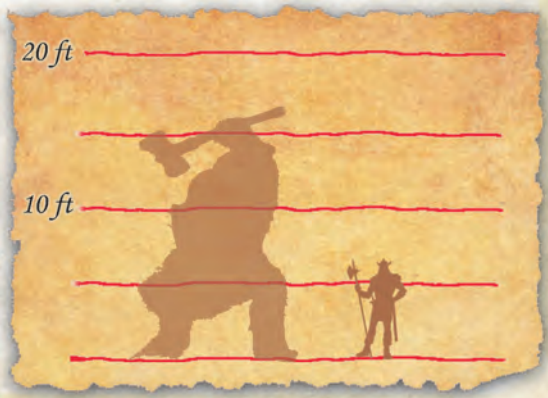
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



In battle, Fire Giants wear iron piece armor that provides excellent resistance (DR 12) to blows from puny creatures. They typically wield huge weapons such as hammers and picks that inflict horrendous wounds – more often than not capable of crushing a man-at-arms into lifeless pulp where he stands.

Many Fire Giants will also be armed with smaller hammers balanced for throwing. In their enormous hands, these missiles have the range of javelins and inflict 3d8+10 HP of damage should they strike true (or 2d8p+10 damage when contacting a shield). Note that such attacks largely depend on aiming skill not brute strength; and as such, the Giant only gains a +7 Attack bonus.

Naturally enough, Fire Giants are extremely resistant to fire and able to sustain 24 HP of such damage (magically inflicted or otherwise) per 10 second interval without feeling its effects.

Habitat/Society:

Fire Giants do not present the same capricious threat to humanity as many other Giants do. For they are, by and large, not raiders. Rather, they settle in mountain ranges with active vulcanism. These regions are naturally desirous for their great warmth but serve a far more valuable purpose. You see, Fire Giants are adept miners and such regions often abound in iron pyrite ores as well tin and valuable deposits of copper, silver, gold and platinum. Their lairs are usually one gigantic mine. Active lava is particularly desirous as it permits direct smelting of ores.

Fire Giants are more dangerous when they have played out their mines after perhaps centuries of inhabitation. In these instances, they seek out new mines. They will frequently have years or decades to plan these relocations as production from their home mines slowly peters out. During this period, they will become more active and take up scouting and raiding over a large swath of territory seeking out the best area in which to relocate. This frequently brings them into conflict with dwarves with disastrous results for the latter.

Ecology:

Fire Giants have, by and large, little interest in hunting and foraging. Only the most destitute and unsuccessful clans deign to personally engage in such activity. Those who can utilize their thralls to perform such tasks. These giants are notorious slavers and routinely keep a large retinue of indentured servants to perform sundry tasks that would otherwise distract them from their chief interest in mining and metalwork. Ogres and Gnoles often form the bulk of the slaves as they are hearty creatures and most likely to survive the abuse their masters dish out. And dish it out they certainly do for these dim-witted and chaotic thralls have to be actively managed.

On Tellene:

Fire Giants are concentrated in areas of active volcanism, most notably the Ka'Asa Mountains and surrounding regions (the Counai Heights and its eastern reaches the Sotai Gagalia Headlands). Fire Giants are also known to inhabit the Krimppatu and Tanezh ranges in Svimohzia and are rumored to exist in the southern Elenon Mountains though these snowy peaks undoubtedly discourage Fire Giants from roaming much from their subterranean lairs hence the uncertainty.

The depths to which these Giants bore into the earth causes many a sage to speculate as to whether or not they are engaged in active trade with the shadowy denizen of the Netherdeep and if their mines might be conduits to this frightening realm.

[1] *Fire Giants carry satchels that hold various mundane items. They also typically contain 10d20p gp. Fire giant lairs can contain vast amounts of wealth mined over decades, in the form of precious metals and gems.*

Fire Giant

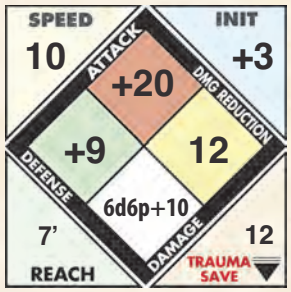
Hit Points:	12d8+50
Size/Weight:	G / 1¾ tons
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-7

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+22
Mental:	+19
Dodge:	+18



Attack: Attacks with huge hammers, picks or maces for 6d6p+10 crushing damage; may also hurl hammers (see text); a Fire Giant's DR is 6 sans any armor.

Special:
DR 24 vs. any fire damage;
Extreme Low light vision

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-4 (patrol) plus numerous slave troops, 22-36 (lair)
% Chance in Lair:	95%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Vision Type:	Extreme low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Mines
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Clans
Climate/Terrain:	Regions of active vulcanism

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Yes[1]
Edible:	Yes, but subject to cultural taboos regarding eating sapient beings
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1600

Glowworm

Also Known As: Lux Slug, Tunnel Charger, Beacon Jelly



I have but on a solitary occasion ventured into the infamous network of warrens that transect the ground beneath us. Known colloquially as the NetherDeep, it is a realm of macabre inky blackness populated by creatures at once bewitching, powerful and otherworldly.

One such creature remarkable for its unheralded appearance is the Glowworm. In this darkest of darks, we encountered a slug emanating pure white light reminiscent of high noon on a cloudless summer day.

Having not seen the sun in a fortnight, I was in awe until my master shook me from my bliss with a stern rebuke. "Move, move, move" he shouted. "This thing's going to crush us!"

And surely, he was most correct. The Lux Slug advanced steadily upon us leaving no room for maneuver as the jelly filled the what formerly seemed wide tunnel. I attempted to blast it with my admittedly limited array of offensive magicks, but they proved insufficient to bypass the formidable glacis plate protecting the creature's head.

Our valiant pair of warriors attempted to restrain it but were too flummoxed by the creature's thick armored plate. With this, it repeatedly battered the warriors who were hard pressed to retain their footing. In due course, one was knocked head over heels, lying prone before the worm. He was subsequently crushed beneath the Slug as it continued to advance.

Bewildered and downtrodden at the loss of our friend, we sprinted for safety.

The Glowworm is a 20-foot long subterranean creature resembling a mollusk with an insectoid admixture. Its low-slung, transparent body glows bright white* with internal bioluminescence, illuminating caverns and tunnels as it slithers through, sweeping them clean of detritus. The thousands of foot-long grasping cilia lining its undercarriage provide its propulsion.

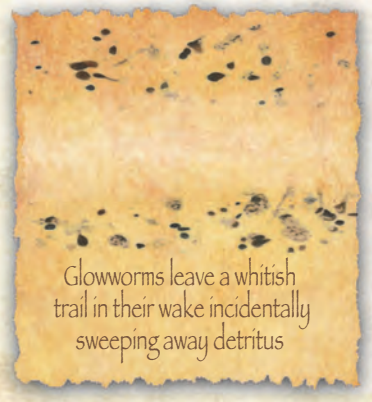
Aside from these locomotive protrusions, the tunnel charger has a pair of mandibles on its head that have evolved into a wedge-shaped battering ram. The Lux Slug's mandibles are extraordinarily large and unusually shaped in that they resemble chitinous plates that slope upwards at a 45° angle from nearly ground level. The inner edge of each has an interlocking pattern of saw-like teeth.

The creature customarily keeps its mandibles closed such that together it appears like a wedge (or a railway cow catcher). This facilitates rooting through rubble or loose top soil unearth fungi, rotting vegetation or even corpses.

When employed against mobile prey, its configuration facilitates knocking quarry to the ground. Bipeds are particularly vulnerable.

The creature's head has a dense cluster of compound eyes,

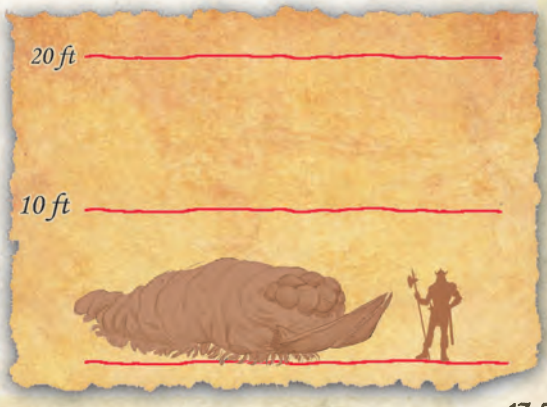
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



allowing it to see in a full 360° radius, but no mouth. The Lux Slug's four mouths are instead positioned in three-foot intervals on its underside and each is specialized to ingest foods of varying coarseness and size.

Glowworms are not territorial animals, but they are voracious eaters. Though principally detritivores, their usual sustenance is not calorically dense, and these creatures will eagerly seek to supplement it with fauna – deceased or living.

Creatures caught beneath a Beacon Jelly are eventually smothered by the sheer mass of the Slug or asphyxiated. The creature lacks a hard carapace (other than its armored mandibles) or legs, instead moving by undulating two rows of dense, muscular "dorsal wings," that allow the animal to achieve explosive forward and backward momentum by pushing off the ground.

The tunnel charger almost never stops moving, stopping only to retrieve knocked down prey or to break down a barrier blocking its path.

* The Glowworm emits a cool bluish-white light very unlike that produced by combustion (i.e. the reddish-yellow light of torches and candles). A 60-foot radial perimeter surrounding the creature is lluminated in "good light" with "dim light" extending to 120 feet.

Combat/Tactics:

Given the Lux Slug's literal brilliance, it is extremely unlikely to approach creatures surreptitiously – particularly in a dimly lit or completely dark subterranean setting. Indeed, creatures cognizant of its formidable defenses and voracious appetite will beat a hasty retreat upon catching sight of its glow so as not to be caught in a constricted tunnel with the Slug.

The Lux Slug's mandibles, when closed into a wedge, form an almost insuperable sloped armor glacis plate although the creature can see frontally via a small vision slit in the plate. Against missile fire it provides 90% cover (catching missiles on a roll of 3-20). Damage inflicting spells directed at the Glowworm's armored plate potentially afford it an additional +12 save bonus and reduce damage by half. The GM should make a judgment call based on the nature of the magical attack. For example, concentrated bursts of energy (e.g. *Icy Blast* or *Lightning Bolt*) are preferentially deflected whilst spells that blanket an area (e.g. *Fireball*) are not adversely impacted.

The armored shield is also incredibly resistant to physical damage delivered by hand-held implements. When subject to melee attacks, it has 16 DR (damage above and beyond this threshold injures the lux slug via concussive force). Note however that this protection only extends to a 180° arc in front of the creature. The Glowworm's thick and rubbery dermis is far more vulnerable to damage (DR 4)*.

If it senses prey, it will accelerate and charge towards it. If it can overtake or corner its quarry, it will butt with its mandibles, attempting to sweep individuals off their feet. The "cow catcher" design greatly facilitates this maneuver as it strikes at the lower legs compromising balance and then "guides" the stricken individual up and over the wedge as a follow through.

Functionally, any successful hit by the Glowworm's wedge necessitates a Feat of Agility by the target with the threshold of success being the amount of damage rolled on behalf of the Glowworm (not amount of damage inflicted, mind you, as body armor offer no protection versus this ancillary effect). This is not a contested check in the ordinary sense (i.e. d20p+FoA vs. d20p+damage rolled) but simply d20p+FoA vs, damage rolled. For example, Joe Kalamar (human FTR w/ 14/31 DEX) is successfully struck by a Glowworm for 12 damage. Although his banded mail reduces this to a 6 hp wound, he must make a Feat of Agility roll (d20p+5 given his DEX score) and tie or beat 12 to avoid being toppled.

Smothering Discussion:

Anyone caught under a Glowworm will be pulped and masticated with the resultant protein and fatty mash ingested by its nether-side orifices. The digestive process is slow and not applicable to the timeframes involved in melee combat.

Of immediate concern is suffocation.

Being trapped beneath a Glowworm is unlike "standard" hug attacks with which creatures such as an owlbeast can entrap an adversary. Once the 4000-pound Slug has slithered atop prey, one cannot hope to simply brute force this slimy and gelatinous mass off of them. Extraction will require outside assistance.

Individuals upon whom the Glowworm has crawled are considered incapacitated. The enormous weight upon them will induce compression (smothering) damage at a rate of 1d8p/10 seconds.

Additionally, they will endure suffocation as if drowning. Trapped victims are assumed to have the wind knocked out of them either by the buffeting incurred while being knocked down or the sheer weight atop them and thus immediately begin "drowning" (d3p damage/10s and 0/05 CON loss/s - see p. 189 of the Player's Handbook and p. 74 of the GameMaster's Guide).

It is important that the GM not reveal the trapped individual's peril to their companions.

Failure indicates the target has been flipped head over heels paralleling the effects of a double knock-back (q.v.) except that the individual lies prone before the Glowworm instead of being propelled 10 feet backwards.

Should this occur, the Glowworm will advance and smother the fallen creature. Once the Glowworm has slid over a meal, it will vigorously defend it. This does not necessarily mean it must remain static for it can advance up to 15 feet whilst still keeping its quarry under foot so to speak.

If in a non-confined space and confronted by multiple residual combatants that attempt an eminently logical strategy of avoiding its armored shield and striking at its body, the Glowworm has a few tactics it may employ. Firstly, it can easily pivot the shield +/- 90° to keep it facing its most vexing opponent(s). If this is insufficient, it may make a Tactical Move (q.v.) to pivot its entire body 90° to achieve better facing vis-à-vis its tormentors.

The Glowworm will employ its principal attack mode as long as it is free to subsequently advance over any fallen opponents. If this is no longer an option – whether due to having ensnared too much prey to feasibly cover and squash any more or simply given tactical conditions – it will switch to opening its mandibles and using them to snap at adversaries.

This maneuver comes with a pronounced disadvantage in that the worm becomes vulnerable to a single opponent directly to its front. Said adversary may strike directly at the creature's head, bypassing the armored carapace. Only this individual gains such an advantage; allies directly to his left or right are still stymied by the armored mandible.

This vulnerability is offset by the ferociousness of the injuries the worm is able to inflict upon the individual so audacious as to challenge it in this manner. Should it hit, the creature's saw-toothed mandibles deliver a 7d4p hit point wound. In the case of a shield hit, the Glowworm has firmly clamped down upon its adversary's shield delivering 4d4p damage (mitigated by both shield and armor DR). The saw-tooth inner lip of the mandibles will dig into the shield preventing extraction regardless of the shield bearer's strength (the shield's straps will give way more readily than the Lux Slug's grasp).

An individual held by their shield will no longer be explicitly attacked, rather they will endure an automatic shield hit every 10 seconds. They may take an action to release their shield (see PHB p. 218) but otherwise are effectively held in place until their shield succumbs (see PHB p. 225). They may attack the creature but lose the benefit of striking at its head due to the shield's interference thus must contend with the heavily armored carapace. Even if its adversary discards a snared shield, the Glowworm will continue to crush it rather than release it to snap again. In this instance, shield damage should be rolled to determine if a contested shield destruction check is warranted.

Glowworm

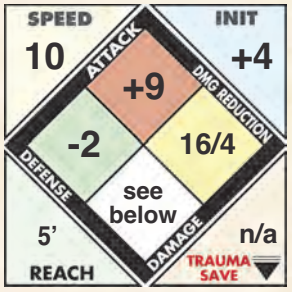
Hit Points:	35+8d8
Size/Weight:	G/2 tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+14
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Batters prey with "cow catcher," inflicting 4d4p+2 damage and requires a FoA to avoid toppling. Will move over and crush toppled foes (see text). Alternatively can snap with mandibles for 7d4p damage.

Defense: Armored glacis plate provides 90% cover and is very resistant to damage.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0% (100% if nursing larvae)
Frequency:	Usual
Alignment:	None
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Subterranean
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Subterranean

Yield

Medicinal:	nil
Spell Components:	luminous fluid doubles duration of any light producing spell when at least 4 oz is added as material component
Hide/Trophy:	organ containing 7 qt. of luminous fluid
Treasure:	nil
Edible:	No
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	700

* Note: Any successful attack with a puncturing or hacking weapon resulting in damage >10 hp will result in the attacker being splashed by the creature's luminescent mucosa. They will subsequently radiate light with the intensity of a candle for the next 30 minutes.

Habitat/Society:

Like many Slugs, Glowworms are simultaneous hermaphrodites capable of self-fertilization. Due to their relative scarcity, this is their primary means of reproduction. However, only when acclimated to an abundant food supply over a prolonged period will the creature reproduce.

The Lux Slug leaves a slimy phosphorescent trail in its wake as it transits the NetherDeep in search of food. When fresh (e.g. within 30 minutes of the creature's passage), this mucosa will glow with the intensity of candlelight. Even after this illumination has faded, the trail will still dimly glow for another 12 hours (proving dim light directly over the trail). The mucosa bears a pheromone to which other Glowworms are attracted and will compel them to seek out others of their kind for mating.

After mating, whether hermaphroditic or sexual, Lux Slugs travel to isolated "nursery tunnels" and adhere their bioluminescent eggs onto the walls where they stick in place. These tunnels are considered a great natural wonder of Tellene, though few have seen them. It's also extremely dangerous as the parent remains in the nursery (becoming very territorial/aggressive during this time – all attacks should be considered to be an "Aggressive Attack" (q.v.)) until the larvae hatch. These nurseries are isolated, and the parent will lose a great deal of body weight during this nursing time. Cave Lizards, Giant Spiders, and Goblins (really like the eggs) prey on the babies – the former for food while Goblins capture larvae to employ as living torches until they die. The parent will stay with its offspring until the young grow large enough to navigate the tunnels on their own and wander off.

Since the creatures leave a glowing trail in their wake, they are extremely easy to track in an otherwise pitch-black environment. It is generally not for food value that they are hunted for even Orcs and Goblins find their gooey innards unpalatable (though creatures such as Arakians will devour them for nutritive value).

The prize inside a Glowworm is a basketball-sized organ that contains a pure distillate of luminescent fluid having the consistency of maple syrup. When oxidized, either metabolically or when exposed to air, it sheds a bright bluish-white light. The tough organ may be carefully pierced and decanted into a glass vessel that will glow for 12 hours. The amount of illumination depends on the vessel's volume: a 4 ounce potion bottle provides the equivalent of a candle, a pint the equivalent of a torch and a half gallon jug the functional equivalent of the 8th level mage spell Illumination. The organ contains seven quarts of this fluid.

It is possible to coat an object in this fluid, but it is very inefficient providing only a candle's illumination lasting but 30 minutes and necessitating at least a pint of fluid.

It is rumored (perhaps fancifully) that Goblin tribes may domesticate these creatures – capturing them as larvae — and keep them penned up in a sewage pit to harvest their eggs. An even more incredulous fable is that they have managed to fit saddles to the beast so as to ride it into battle.

Ecology:

Though some scholars believe the Glowworm may have once lived on the surface, they have long since evolved into purely subterranean creatures. Beacon Jellies inhabit the twisting network of tunnels dug by Titanic Worms (see Hacklopedia of Beasts vol. 1) that interconnect Tellene's naturally occurring cave systems. Beacon Jellies serve a useful role in keeping the tunnels clear of debris by sifting through the contents of cavern floors, picking up organic matter, clearing small stones and other indigestible material to the sides of a tunnel, and sometimes by smashing their way through impassible tunnels. The chitin wedge located on the front of tunnel charger's body has evolved to serve as a battering ram for the creature. If a Glowworm encounters a blocked up passageway, it will charge at it at full speed, attempting to break through.

If it is unsuccessful, the Glowworm may try dozens of times to break through before giving up. The force of the impact is carried backward into the creature's slimy body where its internal ichor dampens the force of the impact. This unusual physiology allows it to endure impacts that would instantly kill a weaker animal.

A Glowworm can cross water as it is buoyant, and its dorsal wings can adequately propel it for miles if necessary. Despite this ability, Beacon Jellies seem loath to cross large bodies of water presumably since their bioluminescence attracts even larger predators.

On Tellene:

As denizens of the NetherDeep, Glowworms are only found in the labyrinthine network of tunnels and caverns that wend their way through Tellene's subsurface. Were one to contemplate an extended descent into the precarious depths of the earth, surely encountering such beasts would prove a mixed blessing.

Grimalkin

Also Known As: Faeline, Tigris Mouser, Elfin Tabby



Elfin Tabbies are always of the male sex. The origin of this strange and cunning creature is a mystery.

Practitioners of magic are known to pay a hefty price for the carcass of a Grimalkin, prized for the many spell components that can be harvested from them.

A Grimalkin? Yes, I've seen one, though I wish it weren't the case. The thought of that encounter still haunts me to this day. I had been hired to catch one, on account of my reputation as someone that can catch any man or beast on Tellene. I don't often like to admit these things, but on this one I fell short – which is proof enough that the Elfin Tabby is not of Tellene. My story proves that they come from below, cousin to the infernal if you catch my meaning.

Being as how they seem to be in league with the Eldoran Elvish folk, we started our search in the Lendelwood. I won't reveal my trade secrets, but I have a special way of getting the facts that I need and finding things and it didn't take but a fortnight before we had found our way to the hunting grounds of the Tigris Mouser. Knowing also that these be magical beasts, I brought along my sorcerer companion, figuring I might need to fight fire with fire so to speak and such arcanum being beyond me I'm not ashamed to say (my strengths lay in different skills).

Anyhow, we found one alright and when we came upon it, or rather it came upon us, it was just lazing there on a tree branch. It addressed us, quite plainly, using the Elven tongue. Now my ally, he actually did the speaking, but I can relate to you that the creature was arrogant, mad, calm and quite irrational all at the same time. We tried to catch it in time, but it eluded us, and did so repeatedly over the next week. It mocked and pranked us mercilessly (and pride won't allow me to share the details of those tricks). But in the end, my wizardly cohort, blasted the creature off a high rocky outcropping, dumping everything he had into the shot, even as the creature tried to plane shift. It fell, but landed on its feet, strutted a step, peering back grinning and darted off. That was the last we saw of the damned thing. But its antics, grin and voice still haunt me to this day.

Sign/Tracks

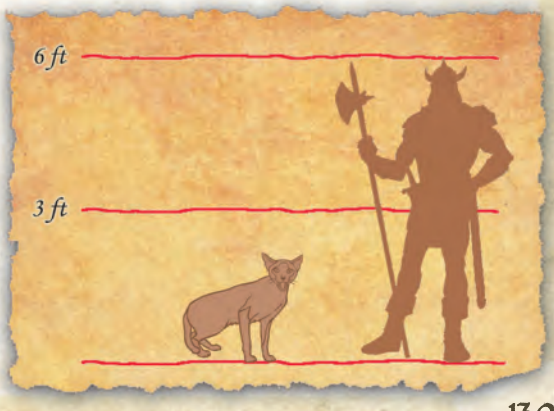


There is nothing unique or particuilarluy noticeable about Gremalkin tracks that would distinguish them from the common cat.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



These rascally Faelines appear very much like normal, albeit very large house cats, with a few notable exceptions. Grimalkin are thicker in build, with coats of coral or pale pink and tiger-like stripes that can range from fuchsia to purple, depending on specimen. Even more oddly is the Grimalkin's mouth, which is catlike until amused, at such times it spreads into a wide anthropomorphic grin, with pearly-white, straight humanesque teeth. Grimalkin stretch to about two feet with a tail about half that length again. They are heavier than most cats, weighing around 25 pounds in average (and indeed tending toward the portly as hunting is not overly difficult for these cunning, magical beasts).

Smarter than most animals (average to a human), the Grimalkin can fluently speak one language (typically Elven) and can learn a new language by simply listening to others speak for one week. Strangely, as the new tongue is learned, the previous is gradually lost completely leaving the Faeline unable to communicate in the prior tongue after one week. Changing languages this way is voluntary, can be reversed back to an old language if needed and generally dictated by necessity or traveling companions.

Grimalkin are superior hunters, aided by a natural Hiding mastery of 90 as well as an equally astounding Sneaking mastery of 90. They use these skills mainly for filling their bellies -- hunting small rodents and birds, but occasionally for stealing a meat pie or fish from the home of the unsuspecting. If somehow caught or suspected, the Tigris Mouser will employ its *Aura of Innocence* ability (see below) to evade suspicion or punishment. Grimalkin also have several potent magical abilities that they can muster should the need arise. These spell-like powers are not cast as spells, although they require time to initiate equivalent to twice the standard casting time during which the Grimalkin must focus and cannot move or act in any other way. In addition to *Aura of Innocence*, an Elfin Tabby can also employ *Mind Reading* and *Emergency Teleport at Random* (100 yard range only). These powers can only be used once before a 4-hour or longer nap is needed to replenish.

Grimalkin may also move into the Aetherial plane at will, although the process requires 10 seconds, during which time the Faeline will fade out from view, save its unnerving grin, which disappears last in a wink. They use this ability to escape, but also to move between locations unseen and appear without notice.

Grimalkin love clever conversation and especially a good riddle contest, having a solid Riddling skill mastery of 50. They sometimes speak, annoying enough, in riddles. They are apparently self-aware of this, but still don't care. All Grimalkin suffer from the Inappropriate Sense of Humor quirk, much to the annoyance of companions.

Grimalkin are exceedingly difficult to slay; Tigris Mousers are blessed with 20 luck points, which are only deployed to avoid fatal situations. Use of these luck points necessitates the Grimalkin fleeing the area, although if not faced with immediate danger, the creature will strut away from the near-fatal incident in such a manner as to indicate extreme confidence despite what may have recently occurred (and how foolish the Faeline may have looked to an observer). These luck points will replenish at the choice of the Grimalkin, but each individual may only restock eight times during its lifetime.

Grimalkin have nine lives. Should one be slain, provided this isn't the ninth instance, it will immediately disappear into the Aetherial plane where it is functionally reincarnated as its former self replete with all memories of its past live(s). This process takes a day. Hopefully wiser for the experience, the Elfin tabby may opt to return to its former abode or choose a new, and less dangerous, place to live. If its mortal form is killed a ninth time, its corpse remains where it fell.

Combat/Tactics:

Elfin Tabbies are not generally aggressive unless threatened, in which case they usually flee, or if hungry, in which case any local birds or rodents are in the most danger. If compelled into melee, a Grimalkin can attack quickly with its sharp claws. They typically seek to exit combat as quickly as possible and will not tolerate being bait or monster food on behalf of a companion, even if it appears that is the best course of action at the time. Grimalkin are not noble creatures. In very dire circumstances, should they cavalierly lend a hand, they will expect a disproportionate award for such an effort.

Habitat/Society:

Grimalkin live in sylvan and other pleasant wooded settings and will sometimes adopt a companion and then dwell within its abode. These adopted companions are expected to serve, feed and care for the Grimalkin in return for its company. Elfin Tabbies prefer elves due to their frivolous nature, but also enjoy

Human, Gnome and Halfling females, and occasionally males as well. When not living with a chosen companion, Grimalkin can be found nesting in hollow trees, small caves, trees, shelters in rock tumbles, crevices or areas with dense plant life are preferred. They avoid urban areas and if forced to spend time there, will complain ceaselessly.

Grimalkin, who are always male, sometimes take on feline mates. In such cases, they will sire litters of kittens, but they always seem to grow to be standard, albeit a bit smarter than normal, cats. The Grimalkin will not remain long, growing bored and abandoning its mate after a few months. It is unclear where Grimalkin hail from, leading scholars to postulate that they are extraplanar, gaining entrance to this plane by happenstance or some form of summoning.

Ecology:

Grimalkin primarily hunt rodents and birds but will also eat insects, other small mammals and reptiles if very hungry. They also eat fruits, roots, berries and other vegetables, generally eating those only when better fare is unavailable, forced by a superior or those are simply the table scraps available. Few animals hunt Faelines simply due to the difficulty of catching and defeating one. If on its last life and somehow surprised, cornered and slain, any predator that would eat a domestic cat or lynx would happily dine on Grimalkin meat. Tigris Mousers tend to be nocturnal, but some are crepuscular or even diurnal, especially those with masters that have gone to (great) lengths to break them of their nocturnal noisemaking. Sages debate their lifespan, but little is known beyond the fact that Grimalkin have a natural lifespan of at least centuries or longer and may in fact be immortal or even extraplanar.

On Tellene:

Grimalkin can primarily be found in sylvan forests and similar settings. They more rarely dwell in other temperate woodlands or very rarely in other non-subarctic or arctic areas. In any event, Grimalkin will always make their homes near Elves (in particular), Pixie-Fairies, Brownies or other sylvan forest dwellers.

[1]If Grimalkin whiskers are used as a substitute material component of Invisibility, the recipient's odor will be masked as well. Use of said whisker as a substitute for an ordinary cat's whisker when invoking Night Fighters triples the duration. Use of a Grimalkin paw as a supplemental material component whilst invoking Hush triples the duration. Substituting Grimalkin scat for the standard rock crystal when casting Mind Reading may be gross but does apply a -4 penalty to an individual permitted a saving throw.

Grimalkin

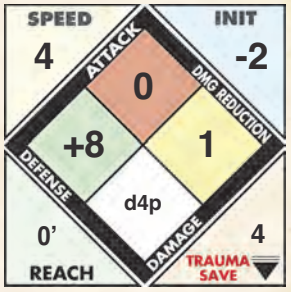
Hit Points:	d8+8
Size/Weight:	T /25 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+16



Attack:
Grimalkin attack from ambush

Special:
Spell Resistance 17, Hiding 90, Sneaking 90, Luck points (20), nine lives, spell use, Aetherial plane access, spell immunity.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1 or 1-6
% Chance in Lair:	10% (night), 75% (day)
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard [Mind Reading]
Habitat:	Hollow trees, small caves, trees, shelters in rock tumbles, crevices, or areas with dense plant life are preferred
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Individual or, rarely, Clowder
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate and warmer forests

Yield

Medicinal:	A blanket made of Grimalkin pelts purportedly cures rheumatism
Spell Components:	Whiskers (Invisibility, Night Fighters), Paw (silence), Droppings (Mind reading)[1]
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Fur can fetch a high price equal to ermine
Edible:	Yes, plump and meaty, especially kittens
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	72

Hellhound

Also Known As: Grim, Old Shuck

If thou wouldst 'scape from that accursed dog of Hell, take haste in headlong flight as best thou may, and halt not 'til thy breath no longer sufficeth to speed thy sinews. Save for battle, no greater advice canst I give, for its raven-ousness will cannot be sated.

From the demoniac realm it comes in visage vile, as I canst say from my own sight. It was once I did travel near the Rokk Woods when, attentive to danger, loud rustling I did y perceive. And lo, out of the boughs there appeared a naked man torn with briars, in headlong flight followed by four black mastiffs gaunt and fleet of foot, as starving hounds that had newly slipp'd the leash. Yet, the heads held aloft with intelligence and the hunger-mad want in the glowing eyes showed them to be no mere beasts of the land. Indeed, they near o'erwhelmed me with the fell cruelty of their appalling presence and I stood fear-struck e'en as the man cried me to haste.



Hellhounds can expel a stream of fire from their maw that can extend up to 10 feet!!!

Although Hellhounds require not sustenance to survive, they still relish the hunt as well as the kill.

The "night howl" refers to the Hellhound's terrifying growl. It is said it can be heard from miles away when pursuing its quarry.

They were nearer now, the closest then opening wide its sharpen'd visage and protuberant teeth to draw down air for (I thought) utt'rance of some savage bite or howl. Instead, superfluous flame flew from the slavering mouth to consume the shrieking man.

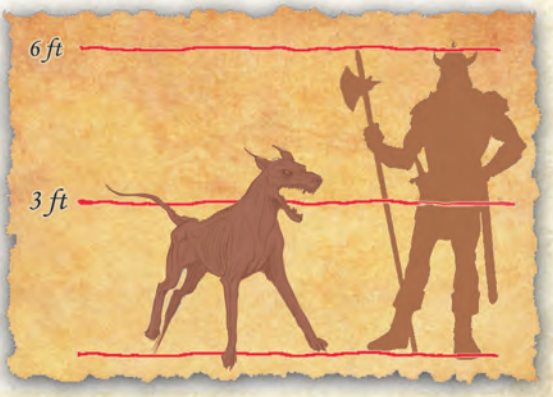
He fell in flame, his belly stretch'd out prone, barely an instant fore the hound of flame stuck deep his fangs in a shoulder-joint, whilst the other fell pair took hold on the legs. Their teeth affixed, they dragg'd him o'er the ground for but a pace or two, then vanished I know not how, by force demoniac and powers invisible to man, bearing away the tortur'd limbs.

I stood disconsolate for a time while the sun in silence sat, haunted by the visage of those furious shades on whom mine eye had rested. Mourn with me now that man, perhaps never at peace and impell'd to flight from their cursed shapes for all eternity.

Hellhounds excel as watchdogs, possessing astounding Listening and Observation masteries of 100. Their senses are so keen in fact, as to permit them to Sense Invisible Beings (as the 5th level Mage spell).



Size Comparison



A cursory glance from a great distance might cause an observer to believe this infernal canid to be a large guard dog or maybe she-wolf. However, even a trivial observation check will expose this beast's true nature. The Hellhound's glowing and clearly intelligent (relative to most dogs) red eyes make it impossible to mistake for any normal canine. Grim's fur is a coarse black coat, patchy and matted. Its tongue and razor-sharp teeth are both jet black, though few persons survive coming so close as to notice these peculiar features.

A typical Hellhound stands about 3 feet tall at the withers, though its emaciated appearance belies its strength and makes it appear somewhat smaller than its true size. The largest specimens are reserved for the Dukes of Hell and other powerful immortals. Anyone within 50 feet of the creature will pick up the unmistakable overpowering stench of brimstone that follows the foul monster. Hellhounds will emit a low growl when scenting and pursuing prey. This rumbling snarl will seem loudest at a distance, but quiets slowly as Old Shuck gains on its quarry, being barely audible when it strikes.

Combat/Tactics:

A Hellhound will use supernatural fear to cause its victims to weaken or flee, as Grim loves to give chase to bolting prey using its superior speed and scenting to track down and catch its game. Any being with animal or greater intelligence that hears the bay, bark, howl or growl of Old Shuck will have its Tenacity or Morale Level automatically reduced by one. Thus, Hero becomes Fearless (for player characters in particular), while Fearless becomes Brave and so on. Further, these creepy, supernatural sounds cause a Trigger event for any creature that has a newly modified Tenacity (or Morale Level) of Steady or lower. This effect on Tenacity and Morale Level lasts for one hour or until the Hellhounds that caused it have been slain.

Hellhounds possess the capacity to expel flame from their mouths, a tactic they often use as they approach prey before moving into melee. This fiery expulsion takes the form of a 10-foot long arc of fire that engulfs all creatures within an adjacent 10' x 10' area. Anyone scorched by these supernatural flames suffers 3d4p points of damage (bypassing Damage Reduction

Hellhound

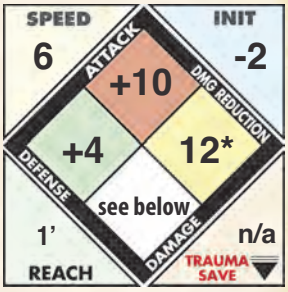
Hit Points:	34+6d8
Size/Weight:	M/75 lbs.
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	25
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Breathes 10-ft area of 3d4p fire damage (ignoring armor/shield DR but Feat of Agility save (vs. d20p) for half damage) or 4d4p+4 bite damage (may hold on and deal auto damage each 5 seconds; knock-back or FoS vs. d20p+9 to break
*silvered/magic weapons lower DR to 8

Special Abilities:
Listening and Tracking mastery 100%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (always active)
No. Appearing:	1-8, or as dictated by master
% Chance in Lair:	25%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Vision Type:	Undead sight
Awareness/Senses:	See invisible, two die better for Init roll
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Nil
Organization:	Individuals or pack
Climate/Terrain:	Hell (native); Any warm

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	600

from armor or shields, though a successful Dodge (vs. d20+9) reduces this to half damage). A clever tactician, or one with direct experience of Hellhounds, will wisely attempt to remain outside the potential area of effect. Hellhounds may also breathe flame when in close quarter combat but forego a bite attack to do so (i.e., Hellhounds can bite or expel fire when they attack, but not both simultaneously).

A Hellhound's razor-sharp black teeth inflict 4d4p+4 points of damage with a bite. When hunting in packs, a Hellhound often chooses to latch onto its prey, automatically inflicting bite damage every 5 seconds thereafter. The Hellhound's grip can be broken with a successful knock-back or Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+9). Otherwise, the Hellhounds follow the standard dog pack mauling rules as detailed in the previous Hacklopedia's "Dog" entry.

As natives of Hell, they are immune to toxins, diseases and to all intensities and types of fire. Silvered and greater magical weapons are the best hope of inflicting damage on such a creature. When slain, they burst into flames and crumble into nothingness.

Against cold attacks, Hellhounds receive only a d20p+4 saving throw. They avoid cold climates, for sustained ambient temperatures of less than 40 degrees Fahrenheit dispel them back to Hell.

They are the keenest of trackers, with all Hellhounds having Listening and Tracking skills of 100%.

Habitat/Society:

Hellhounds, as their name implies, originate in the bowels of Hell. Although a few run wild through the fiery plains, most serve a devilish master as hunters, trackers and guard dogs. They are ruthless in protecting their master and can be incredibly loyal to that individual. They appear on the Terraverse mostly in the capacity of retrievers, hunting down their master's enemies.

Should their nefarious master be defeated by some greater force, or even neglect or abandon his pets, the Hellhounds may become strays. As pack animals, stray Hellhounds naturally gravitate towards the fiercest male or to powerful and evil masters (such as fire giants) whom they voluntarily serve of their own accord.

They have a limited vocabulary and can communicate in a rough, growling speech, but do so only for their masters. Amongst their kind, and others who have picked up their particular brand of infernal language, their communication takes the form of baying, barking and growling, but most often simply body language. These forms of communication sound and look very much akin to normal canids, but with deeper tonality and far, far more sinister.

Ecology:

Though lacking any need to consume flesh, Hellhounds do still enjoy the thrill of the hunt. Grim particularly enjoy stalking intelligent prey, feeding on the abject terror of their target. Hellhounds attack and kill for the pure savage joy of it, leaving their victim's corpse behind for whatever carrion-eaters might happen by.

When they appear on the Terraverse, they are said to often materialize in lands of heat and fire (i.e., in or near volcanoes). Whether this is because such locations are more easily breached, are the locations of planar gates, or simply because the Hellhound has some innate preference for them, is unknown.

On Tellene:

Tales of supernatural black dogs abound throughout the Sovereign Lands. Though they may be known by different names, they all display one or more of the typical physical characteristics of a Hellhound. Glowing eyes are particularly common in many of these stories. This often makes it difficult to tell whether such a tale truly involves a Hellhound, a phantom or merely a stray black dog.

In most stories, a sighting is thought to be a precursor of imminent death. Some legends even speak of folk dying merely upon hearing the creature's howl. A few tales even state that a pack of Hellhounds, each latched onto their victim with a bite, can drag that poor soul down to Hell along with themselves. The veracity of this is also unknown.



Helvetian

Also Known As:
Pordkin

I was running as fast as my bruised feet could carry me. Each step was agony at this point, each ragged breath of icy alpine air was a cloud of needles in my lungs. I must've been leaving a blood trail from my bare feet, but it was too late to worry. From behind me, there was a low howl. Their dogs had picked up my scent again. They would catch me now-- I realized that. They were faster and could see better at night than I ever could. They would catch me, but I was too afraid to stop. Part of me hoped that my heart would explode before they caught up. Before they could do to me what they did to my sisters. Then one of my feet had nowhere to land.

I tumbled forward, head over heels into the hidden tunnel, grunting in pain as I rolled to a halt. The cold earth of the tunnel was hard as stone and I began to weep, partly from the pain and partly from the knowledge that this earthen passageway would surely be my tomb.



Powerful frames and limbs make the Pordkin surprisingly agile climbers for their size.

From deeper in the passage, I heard movement and could smell the scent of some large animal. I felt immediate relief. Surely this creature would merely kill me. I closed my eyes and waited for death. As the sounds from deeper in the tunnel drew closer, I could hear the barks and snorts of my pursuers up above. "Please," I thought, "please just let me die now before anything happens." I opened one eye and saw my pursuers entering the tunnel, silhouetted against the moonlight. There were twelve of them along with three of their "dogs." One pointed towards my resting place and they began to hustle over, panting and holding long knives. One of them lost control of its dog and the creature rushed towards me, spittle flying and baying like a mad cur.

From out of the darkness, a poleaxe arced through the air, neatly removing the beast's head from its body in one fell cut. More weapons appeared, forming an advancing wall of metal above my head. Huge, hairy bodies stepped gingerly around me, taking care not to scratch me with their protruding spines. With me safely behind them, the creatures then locked ranks, filling the breadth of the tunnel and grunting aggressively as the creatures advanced on my pursuers. The sounds of those beasts being slaughtered was like music to my ears as I faded into unconsciousness.

When I finally awoke, it was impossible to tell how long I had been asleep. Days? Weeks?

I was lying in a small circle of flowers in the sunshine, fresh clothes on my back and sack full of provisions sat next to me. I recognized my village in the valley below and stumbled toward it. I never did find out what those spiny warriors were or if they really even existed. I don't go back to the mountains anymore.

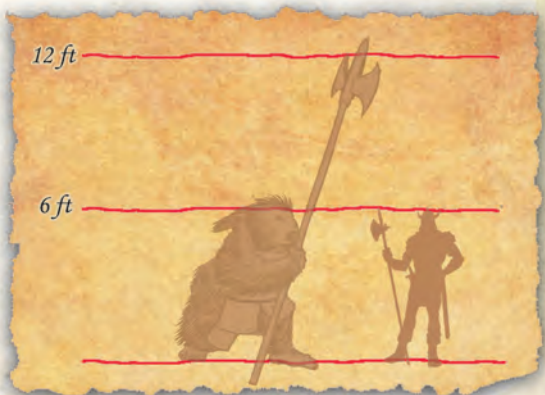


Helvetian quills can be used to make support weapon points by skilled weapon smiths. Such weapons are highly sought after and are regarded as status symbols.



WILL FACTOR
27

Size Comparison



Helvetians are the rank and file soldiers of the Concordiant, an organization of extra-dimensional beings dedicated to gods who are neither good or evil, chaotic or lawful. They resemble bi-pedal, six-foot tall porcupines with wickedly sharp, four-foot long adamantine quills covering their backs. The Helvetians are gruff and distant, but polite and not prone to strong emotional displays. Doughty warriors, the helvetians are famed for their unbreakable battle lines and incredible toughness.

Combat/Tactics:

Helvetians fight in tight lines of halberd-wielding infantry. In battle, they wear large helmets and heavily armor the fronts of their bodies, preferring to leave their backs naked and their quills unimpeded. These four-foot quills are made of solid adamantium and are used as a passive defense by the Helvetians against enemies who manage to flank them. Any creature attempting a melee attack against a Helvetian's unarmored backside with less than four foot reach will automatically take 6d3p points of piercing damage as the are enveloped in a sharp forest of adamantine quills.

The Helvetians are slow moving, indomitable phalanx fighters and possess numerous physical resistances. Helvetians reduce damage from cold, fire, electricity, and acid by 15 points each. They cannot be knocked back, are immune to any emotion-altering effect or spell, and their defense roll can never be lowered below a d12. Taken together, these advantages (and the long reach of their halberds) make them excellent defensive fighters.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Unlike the solitary porcupines they resemble, Helvetians are social creatures that live in communal burrows of a few hundred individuals in alpine and forest environments. Like porcupines, Helvetians are primarily nocturnal creatures and are also exceptional tree climbers. Helvetian burrow-cantons, as they are called, are twisting networks of underground tunnels connecting large, multi-purpose chambers together. A chamber used as a sleeping quarters during the day will be tidied and converted into a nursery or workshop after sunset. Helvetians sleep communally, piling themselves in a protective heap (quills out) around their young both to conserve heat (especially in cold alpine areas) and as a vestigial evolutionary behavior to protect against burrowing predators.

Traditional burrow-cantons are constructed from dirt and wooden supports, with several exits and entrances spread over a wide area. These areas of ingress generally have no protection other than a movable fence of thorny brambles to keep out pests and nuisance animals, the Helvetians feeling confident in their own martial skills to deal with any threat.

In borderlands and other dangerous areas, however, burrow-cantons are often veritable fortresses, reinforced with stone walls, iron portcullises, and multiple choke-points where the Helvetians' favored phalanx tactics can be used to greatest effect.

Most burrow-cantons are located in or near forests and woodlands, both for benefit of concealment and the nearby supply of fuel. Areas of woodland are cleared of trees to make room for compact fields where Helvetians grow their staple crops: tubers and other root vegetables.

Their otherwise vegetarian diet is supplemented with protein from colony-dwelling insects, primarily termites, which Helvetians keep in the lower strata of their cantons. A single termite colony may contain several million individuals and needs only to be fed with a steady supply of waste wood, making it both a convenient and reliable source of food throughout the year.

Adamantium, which the Helvetians' quills are made of, is present in trace quantities in the soil of and around their colonies.

Termites consume plants which grow in the soil and, through biomagnification, concentrate greater amounts of adamantium within their own bodies which are then eaten in vast quantities by the Helvetians who keep them. After several decades (and millions of termites consumed) Helvetians eventually concentrate enough adamantium in their bodies to begin growing their adult quills. This rite of passage is similar to a human male's first beard and confirms the Helvetians' new status as an adult.

With well-stocked and easily maintained larders, the Helvetians are free to dedicate their time to crafting and martial pursuits.

Helvetians distrust trade and have no regard for money. Instead, the Helvetians craft all of their own weapons and tools, both by forging the metal from shed adamantine quills. The Helvetians one acquiescence to mercantile activity is their active ore and mineral markets.

Adamantine quills rarely shed and when they do are primarily converted into weaponry and armor. Iron ore is the most frequently traded metal and is mined from a relatively small number of mining colonies. These colonies, with their focus on mercantile endeavors, are decidedly unconventional for Helvetian communities and have reputation for eccentricity. Those Helvetians who do not fit in with the traditional mores of the canton-burrows often leave their homes to take up residence in the more bohemian colonies.

Helvetians have powerful limbs and strong abdominal muscles that make them excellent climbers, although because of their weight and size only large, mature trees can support them. Immature Helvetians are more adept climbers and spend a great deal of their waking hours foraging for food, playing in, and exploring the treetops.

As they age and gain weight, Helvetians spend less and less time in the trees and gradually lose interest altogether. "Coming down from the branches" is a widely used Helvetians idiom which means "to grow up and take responsibility."

Personal responsibility and stoic, unwavering determination are the most prized qualities in Helvetians society. After their lackadaisical childhoods come to a close, Helvetians quickly mature into taciturn, practically-minded adults, ready to sacrifice and pull their own weight for the sake of the community. There is little difference between the sexes; male and female Helvetians serve their community both in domestic and martial roles. Pregnant females being the only exception.

Helvetian gestation lasts for nearly 13 months and produces only a single infant, which is born blind, helpless, and hairless. Infants stay with their mothers and nurse for the first five years of their life when they are afterward weaned and brought into a communal nursery to be raised alongside their peers.

On Tellene:

Helvetians are homebodies by nature and rarely travel far from their home cantons unless absolutely necessary. Coupled with the fact that they inhabit a different plane of existence, their presence on Tellene is doubtful. The few of their kind who do end up in Tellene have been summoned by magical means and are yet to find their way home.

Helvetian

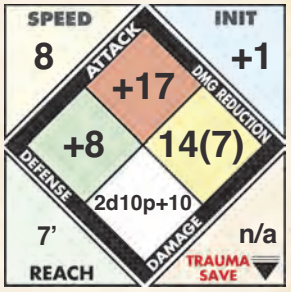
Hit Points:	35+10d8
Size/Weight:	L/ 450 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-8

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	7½
Sprint:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+20
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Phalanx fighters armed with halberds.

Special: Immune to knockback and emotion-altering effects. Cold, fire, electricity, and acid resistance (15). Defense roll cannot be lowered below d12. Front DR: 14, Back DR: 7. Quills automatically damage all enemies within 4 feet for 6d3p damage.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 or 3-12
% Chance in Lair:	90%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Burrows
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Burrow-cantons and military units
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Helvetian quills may be used to make the highest quality warheads if the weaponsmith can work with Adamantium
Treasure:	Expertly manufactured tools & weapons
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1000

Hippopotamus

Also Known As:
River Horse, Zharvo



Ill tempered, unpredictable and surprisingly fast, any encounter with the Hippo can be deadly — Do not underestimate these crenatures.

Some years ago, when my naïve youth was readily given to pursing fanciful stories of easy riches awaiting the bold explorer, I was canoeing the Izhano River below Emosvom en route to a rumored diamond mine deep within the Vohven Jungle. The river was wide and relatively calm, and our guide was carelessly relaxing in the bow, neglecting his principal duty of scouting for dangers unknown to us in this foreign terrain. Suddenly, I heard a resonant thump beneath my feet.

As we would soon learn, a Zharvo had come up beneath the canoe. Seconds later we were perched crosswise on its head. As I frantically glanced around, I saw the guide rising to his feet. The beast had bitten a great chunk out of the rear of the canoe. As the canoe sank, we dove into the muddy water, for the Zharvo was thrashing around and biting at anything that floated. The guide urged me to swim for shore as fast as I could, but without splashing, for it would attract the creature.

For what seemed an eternity, but could hardly have been more than a minute, we swam for the bank as the Zharvo bit savagely at everything in the vicinity. It then stopped, peered about and sank eerily beneath the surface, leaving only bubbles to mark its position. I feared it must have seen us. The guide shouted anxiously to me, asking where the beast had gone.

I lied, claiming ignorance, and began swimming perpendicular to where I seen the creature's froth. Again, the Zharvo's distinctive "bow wave" appeared on the surface. Dog paddling for my very life, I watched in terror as it drew closer and closer. It was mere yards from me when I was finally able to scramble onshore. My guide was not so fortunate.

This heavy, barrel-shaped mammal has some resemblance to an elongated giant pig, with its hairless body and short stubby legs. Unlike the pig, however, the hippo's four toed feet are webbed, proof of its semi-aquatic lifestyle. Though it prefers to dine on vegetation, its huge maw contains both tusklike canines and incisors, making its yawn quite a threatening expression. Its thick hide tends towards grayish-brown, though extremes of either single color are also possible.

Hippopotamus Amphibious:

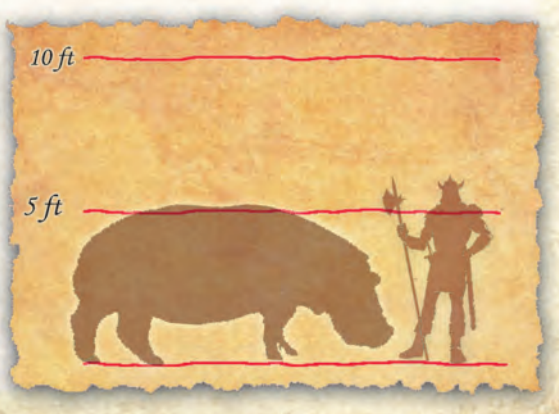
An average adult male Hippopotamus stands about 5 feet tall at the shoulder, with a body length of roughly 14 feet (including a nearly 2-foot long tail) and an overall weight of nearly 2 tons. Females are slightly (about 10%) smaller than the males and stop growing after about 25 years, while males continue to grow as they age.

Hippopotamus Gorgops:

An average adult male Hippopotamus Gorgops stands 7 feet tall at the shoulder and stretches up to 17 feet in length. These beasts dwarf their smaller hippo cousins, weighing-in at well over 4 tons. Aside from the size difference, a gorgops is distinguishable by its eyes, which protrude above the skull. This adaptation allows the gorgops to remain com-







pletely submerged, exposing only its eye stalks above the surface in order to spy its surroundings.

Combat/Tactics:

The Hippopotamus is an unpredictable beast with a bad temper at the best of times – a condition that can be even further exaggerated when it feels its young are in danger or during mating season when the bulls are under stress and in a state of heightened aggression. If its first charge fails to trample the threat, it may continue to charge until the enemy falls. It is particularly dangerous to river boats, lying low in the water appearing passive and meek (or worse, nearly invisible) until the boat approaches within what it feels is an intolerable nearness. The beast automatically hits any watercraft it attacks, capsizing it if the watercraft weighs less than the hippo. Those falling into the water may then be attacked with a vicious bite.

A severely wounded hippo may retreat to water, submerging itself (which it can do for up to 6 minutes) or swimming away.

Habitat/Society:

Hippos dwell in warm lands in and around slow-moving rivers or pools deep enough for submersion, spending most of their time wallowing in the muddy banks when not actually in the water. On land, hippos are solitary creatures that prefer to graze alone. A hippo's diet consists primarily of grass, which it grazes on for up to 5 hours each night.

In the water, hippos live in pods of a single male and 6 to 10 females, though pods nearly 10 times this size are possible. As long as a rival bull hippo acts suitably submissive when in another male's territory, fights between males are rare, but can occur on occasion.

Hippopotamus Amphibious:

Female hippos have a gestation period of around 8 months, giving birth to a single offspring either on land or in the water. A young hippo matures slowly, eating grass after 3 weeks but still suckling for up to a year and not reaching maturity until it is 5 or 6 years old.

A typical hippopotamus lives about 40 to 50 years

Hippopotamus Gorgops:

Female Gorgops have a gestation period of around 9 months, giving birth to a single offspring either on land or in the water. A young hippo matures slowly, eating grass after 3 weeks but still suckling for up to a year and not reaching maturity until it is 6 years old.

A typical Hippopotamus Gorgops lives about 40 years, longer in captivity.

Hippopotamus

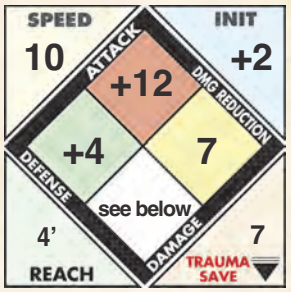
Hit Points:	38+8d8
Size/Weight:	G/3½ tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Swim:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Hippos deal 6d6p points of damage when trampling an opponent. If cornered, or in water, they may bite for 2d12p points of damage.
Automatically capsizes watercraft that weigh less than the hippo.

Special Abilities: Listening 60%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2-24
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Uncommon
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Poor eyesight
Awareness/Senses:	Good sense of smell and hearing
Habitat:	Deep lakes and rivers
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Individuals or herd
Climate/Terrain:	Semi-tropical to tropical wetlands

Yield

Medicinal:	Powdered bones/teeth said to cure incontinence
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hide may be used in place of leather
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	750

Ecology:

Though mostly herbivorous, an anomalous hippo may resort to scavenging or even predatory behavior.

Hippopotamus Amphibious:

The Hippopotamus' greatest natural enemy is the crocodile, who attacks the young, though giant crocodiles have been known to eat both adult and calves. On land, dinosaurs, lions and other big hunting cats, giant hyenas and Aarnz Hounds all prey on the beast. Larger predators also eat hippos (such as the Roc), but these attacks are so rare that such creatures can hardly be considered natural predators. Sapient beings (particularly humans), who hunt hippos for their teeth, meat and hide are also a threat that the hippo recognizes.

Hippopotamus Gorgops:

Similar to the Gorgops' younger cousins, large or giant crocodiles prey on immature Gorgops. Adults and calves are too large for even giant crocodiles. On land, much like the hippopotamus amphibious, larger predators will consume the Gorgops. The larger dinosaurs,of course, but also cave lions, sabre toothed tigers, packs of giant hyenas and aarnz hounds all will prey on the beast. Fantastical predators such as Drakes, Rocs might also eat a Gorgops, but these attacks are extremely rare, therefore, such creatures can hardly be considered natural predators. Very brave sapient beings (particularly humans), who hunt hippos for their teeth, meat and hide can also be threats to the Gorgops.

On Tellene:

Hippos and Hippo Gorgops are native to Svimohzia and are quite numerous in the Vohven Jungle. They do not appear on the northern continent, though rumors persist that they can be found in the rivers in the Obakasek Jungle.

A Kalamaran emperor once commanded Vohven hippo be imported to Bet Kalamar for the next season's games. Unfortunately, it never made its appearance – at least, not in the arena.

While the cage traveled through the streets, the beast broke loose, crushing citizens and market stalls alike before finally expiring.

Afterwards, the beast trainer wept from sorrow that the hippo never made it to his care, having died from dehydration and exhaustion (rather than from the clumsy sword blows of guards frantic to slay the creature before its path of destruction brought the Emperor's ire upon them).

Hippopotamus Gorgops

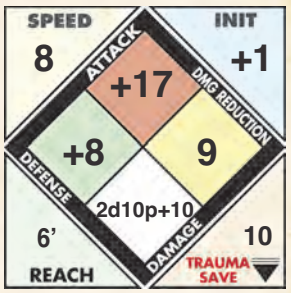
Hit Points:	42+11d8
Size/Weight:	G/5 tons
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT*

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Swim:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Gorgops deal 8d6p points of damage when trampling an opponent. If cornered, or in water, they may bite for 2d10p+10 points of damage. Automatically capsizes watercraft that weigh less than the hippo.

Defense: Listening 65%

GENERAL INFO

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-8
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Poor eyesight
Awareness/Senses:	Good sense of smell and hearing
Habitat:	Deep lakes and rivers
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Individuals or herd
Climate/Terrain:	Semi-tropical to tropical wetlands

YIELD

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hide may be used in place of leather in fabrication of higher quality goods
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1250

Ifrit

Also Known As:
Taunra Deiz-sim



My initial and sole encounter with the Ifreet was an unexpected and unpleasant surprise.

For a time, I lived in Bet Kalamar pursuing various business pursuits, some reputable and others of, let us say, less formality. When engaging in the latter, I naturally maintained many contacts within the populous underworld of Kalamar's principal city. All possessed some valuable quality to me; be it specialization in one form of contraband ensuring easy disposition, favorable terms, lucrative contacts within the city watch, et cetera. Understandably, no group had all of these virtues, so like any wise gambler, I spread my bets around to avoid a catastrophic loss.

For months I had dealt with one group of smugglers specializing in avoiding tariffs on certain high valued goods only obtainable in Svimohzia. I was able to leverage my contacts in Ozhvinmish to source these goods at favorable prices and arrange transport on fast sloops to their vessels in the Kalamaran Bay. Though always wary of Kalamaran patrol vessels, my experienced crews would unerringly arrive in the dead of night and deliver our merchandise. The arrangement was by all accounts satisfactory and proved handsomely profitable.

As I set out one day to return to Nenehi, I was disconcerted to be approached on the docks by a pair of ruffians I recognized from this gang. They insisted the boss wished to speak with me personally regarding our arrangement. When I protested that my ship was to sail momentarily and that I would certainly take this meeting when I returned, their tone changed menacingly and insisted that it was a matter of immediate concern that they would be pleased to escort me to.

Having never explicitly cheated these guys and as a good businessman wishing to maintain cordial relations with my partners, I reluctantly agreed against my better judgment at this coercive summons.

After a circuitous meandering through several districts, I was brought to a shabby warehouse. Focused on the possible danger, I quickly assessed that all was not what it seemed. Having a keen eye for such things, I judged that the warehouse was merely a façade concealing a robustly built inner structure. I gulped in trepidation but refused to allow my escorts any glimpse of the fear I felt.

Inside the disguised fortress, I was led to the boss' office. Flanked by some dangerously looking guards was a burly ginger-haired man. He tried to set me at ease, but I could feel the condescension he felt for me. When I enquired as to the success of our joint venture, he seemed politely dismissive though not angry. Perplexed, I asked if there was anything I could do to better serve his needs. With a wicked smile he answered, "Yes."

"I require slave girls from overseas, pretty young ones", he continued. Having fairly comprehensive knowledge of the players dealing in such sordid business, I was surprised as this group was not amongst their number.

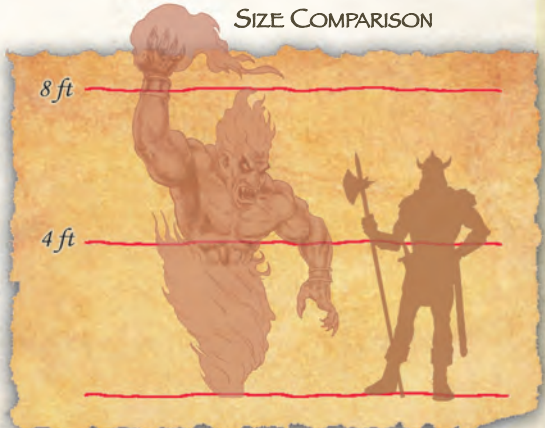
I politely tried to dismiss this line of inquiry, putting forth my utter lack of knowledge in human trafficking and offering up several fully qualified brokers that could more professionally meet his needs. He would not hear of it and became angrier and angrier at my deflection. "NO! It is you who will fulfill this task!"

"The Ifrit is like a great shadow moving behind the history of men through the ages. Taking human form and moving among societies, dabbling in the affairs of mortals. Both seeking power for themselves and serving the powerful, for a price."

The Ifrit of Tekal, Greytar



Size Comparison



Ifreet are infernal Jinn who originate from the elemental plane of eternal fire. In their natural form, they are ten foot tall creatures bearing dark red to coal black skin. Their hair is composed of living fire, their hands ends in vicious claws, and large black horns sprout from heads, giving them an infernal appearance.

With a high resistance to physical and magical damage, Ifreet are dangerous and difficult foes. Their ability to shapechange at will not only allow them to ambush foes, but also easily venture to other planes of existence in pursuit of human women, whom they kidnap to bed and marry.

Combat/Tactics:

In their native form, Ifreet are powerful combatants wielding oversized scimitars, though they are equally dangerous with their claws. Given a choice, Ifreet prefer to use their swords which they swing every 8 seconds to inflict 2d10p+6 points of damage. If unarmed, they can attack with their claws every five seconds for 2d4p+6 points of damage.

While a ten-foot tall, scimitar wielding demonic biped is terrifying enough, Ifreet also have a highly effective defense mechanism in that they can self-immolate at will.

When an Ifrit immolates, his entire body exudes an aura of living fire affecting anyone within ten feet of the creature. Those within five feet suffer 2d6p fire damage (no DR for armor) every 5 seconds while those within six to ten feet only suffer 1d3p points every 10 seconds.

It should be noted, that an Ifrit can only self-immolate in his natural form. Should he attempt to do so while shapechanged, he will immediatly revert to his natural state.

Ifreet possess thick skin tempered by a lifetime of living in incredibly harsh environments.

They have a DR of 12 against physical attacks and resist magic damage via innate Spell Dampening (2). Ifreet are immune to fire and all fire related magic.

They are, however, extremely vulnerable to cryogenic magic which bypasses their normal Spell Dampening defenses. They receive no saving throw and all damage inflicted is +1/die rolled.

In addition to their natural combat prowess, Ifreet can shapechange at will.

While they can assume any biped form within 50% +/- of their height and weight, their preference is to assume the form of burly, muscle-bound humans, often with red hair.

Habitat/Society:

Ifrit society is a structured and lawful one where the strongest and most intelligent rule the weak. Much like modern day gangsters, this social order is often disrupted by corruption, sabotage, in-fighting, and political jockeying. The most powerful Ifreet also boast the largest harems.

Among those who are knowledgeable about the other planes, Ifreet are well-known to partake in human trafficking with an eye towards finding mortal women to take back to their homeland to marry or sell at auction.

These women are blessed with magical jewelry which allows them to resist the harshness of the fiery realm and their new lifestyle as a concubine wife.

Ifreet take a harem of wives who not only perform wifely duties but also serve as status symbol.

The wives are kept under guard, and once brought to the elemental plane of fire, they never leave. Once impregnated, a human wife will give birth to one Ifrit, and die in the process. As such, Ifreet rarely lay with their favorite or most prized wives.

Competition for wives is fierce, and bidding for the most comely women can reach incredible prices. Gang wars have been started over harem wives, and some Ifreet go to great lengths to steal wives from their competitors.

On the mortal realm, Ifreet often take up positions of authority as thuggish brutes, guards and even the heads of powerful organizations.

Their ability to assume human form assists them greatly in this endeavor as do their natural immunities to weapons and magic.

Ifreet have been known to work as hired muscle for thieves' guilds or powerful patrons who can afford their expensive prices.

No matter what position an Ifrit takes up, he will always go to great lengths to increase his foothold and power within the organization.

Given enough time, he will eventually wrest control of the organization and alter their priorities towards the procurement of women and slaves.

Ecology:

As supernatural beings, Ifreet never need to sleep; and they eat only every several days. Like most mortals, they are omnivorous though they prefer their meat blackened to a crisp. Many Ifreet have a preference for spicy foods, and they can consume the hottest foods without breaking a sweat. Ifreet love to drink, and their high immunity to alcohol means they can drink the fiercest spirits in great quantities.

They love wines but abhor beer and ale, preferring hard alcohol and drinks like gut bruisers.

Ifreet will go to great lengths to avoid environments with temperate, sub-arctic, or arctic climates. When forced to visit these places, Ifreet will often dress in an abundance of layers, including donning gloves and hats in the even the mildest temperatures.

On Tellene:

Ifreet working in mortal guises are most commonly found in major cities in the warmer climates of Tellene where they partake in human trafficking, particularly Prompeldia. Deserts and arid lands are attractive and popular places for winter vacation resorts.



Ifrit

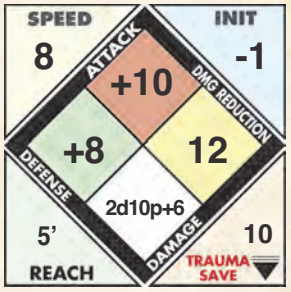
Hit Points:	24+7d8
Size/Weight:	L (9-10' tall)
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+25
Mental:	+18
Dodge:	+18



Attack: In their natural form, Ifreet attack with outsized scimitars and can self-immolate, inflicting fire damage to those within 10 feet; in human disguise they attack with the weapon speed and damage of the weapon with which they've chosen to arm themselves (but add +6 damage)

Special: Immune to fire, Spell Dampening (2), vulnerable to cold

General Info

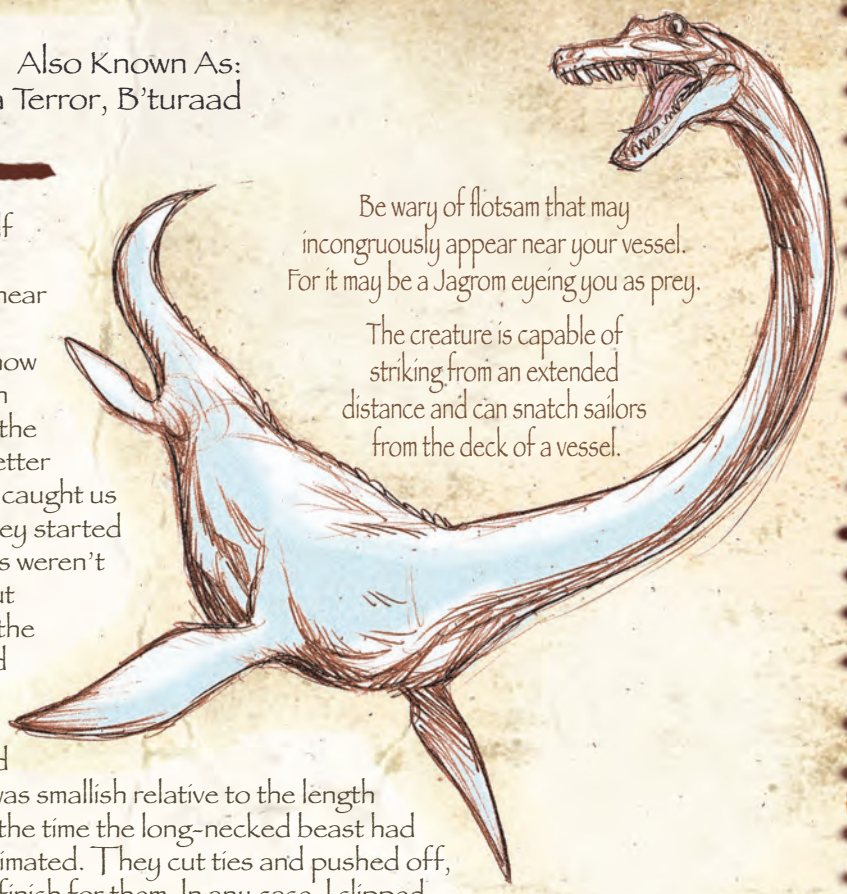
Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Lavishly appointed lairs
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Leader
Climate/Terrain:	Elemental plane of fire, major cities, deserts

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Varies related to Ifrit's status
Edible:	Nil
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	950

Jagrom

Also Known As:
Sea Terror, B'turaad



Be wary of flotsam that may incongruously appear near your vessel. For it may be a Jagrom eyeing you as prey.

The creature is capable of striking from an extended distance and can snatch sailors from the deck of a vessel.

As often seems to be the case in life, I found myself thrown in with the wrong partners. I had gotten chummy with a salty sailor-type while rolling beggars near the wharfs of Zoa. Anyway, he lured me to sea with tales of Kalamaran silver and easy marks. That was how I ended up on a pirate sloop being chased down by an imperial frigate. Well, by frigate, I mean not a ship of the line, but some privateers no better than us, though better armed and with numbers to be sure. Eventually, they caught us and lashed the ships. After some volleys at range, they started to board. I'm not saying I'm a coward, but the numbers weren't going to add up, and I started thinking real hard about whether I could slink down below deck. That's when the beast's head came right across the frigate's prow and snatched a sailor clear off the deck. Swallowed him whole. In my nightmares, I still envision his form sliding down the long shaft to its gullet ,even as it plucked the Kalamaran captain from the forecastle. Its head was smallish relative to the length of its neck, which itself was as long as our sloop. By the time the long-necked beast had eaten its fill and submerged, our opponents were decimated. They cut ties and pushed off, but then we had the numbers and forced an untimely finish for them. In any case, I slipped away next port and haven't tried my hand at pirating or the seas since.

An aquatic sea monster, the 45-foot Jagrom hunts the seas in search of prey. The creature itself appears comical, with large, paddled limbs and a short tail juxtaposed to its ludicrously long 30-foot neck. The neck ends in a slim head, eyes atop for peering upward through the waters and above the surface. Jagroms boast large fangs for gripping prey and lesser teeth further back for savaging victims prior to swallowing. Its body is, of course, sleek allowing for smooth propulsion.

The Jagrom is an ambush predator. It will wait in the depths appearing lesser than it is with its small head extended, then strike large fish and marine mammals swimming above. If it spots a ship it may move closer to the surface and observe with only its eyes above the surface. If hungry and there is visible prey, it will protrude its head and snatch a morsel from the deck. The Jagrom will remain on the surface, body exposed and feast upon the sailors until chased off or sated with half a dozen or more victims.

Combat/Tactics:

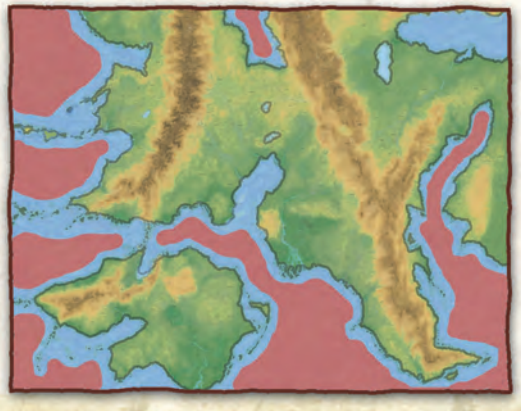
A Jagrom hunts by ambush, either floating deeper than its prey and attacking from below, or with its head barely breaking the waves, eyes searching the horizon. It uses surprise and its long neck to reach its quarry before its victim becomes aware of the monster. The creature's fangs

Sign/Tracks

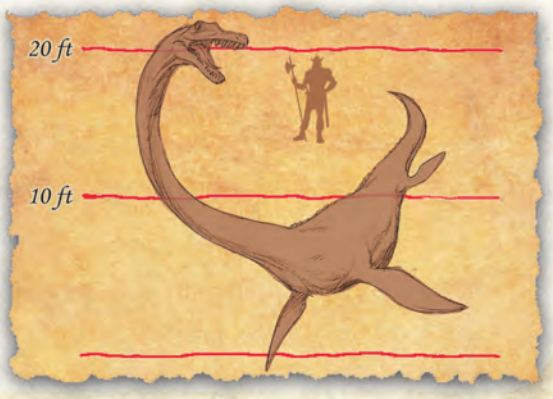


Jagrom skeleton
These remains were found on a beach near the coastal town of Hatak.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



are designed to hold wiggling prey and any damage roll that includes two or more penetration rolls indicates that a Jagrom has caught fast its prey. The beast will shift and adjust its prey and then swallow it whole, this process requiring 3d4p seconds and during which time, the hapless prey will suffer 1 HP damage per second (ignore DR) from the many rear teeth and pressure from crushing jaws. Those captured can attempt escape prior to being swallowed only with a successful knock-back against sized M creatures (as only the head needs to suffer such a blow for the Jagrom to drop its prey). Anyone can deliver the knock-back, but it must be to the creature's head, attacks to the body or neck will not save a trapped victim. The jaw size of the Jagrom restricts prey to size L and smaller only. Swallowed creatures suffer 1 HP per second until they perish, and full digestion begins.

Habitat/Society:

Jagroms use surprise and ambush to capture their prey, then swallow it whole. Because of this, they require gastroliths to help digest the bones and other parts of their victims. As a result, anyone brave and strong enough to defeat one may find treasure in its gullet.

Jagroms are solitary hunters but occasionally come together in pods to prey on large schools of fish. They mate after these occasions when the females are sated and more accepting. The gestation period is unknown but believed to exceed nine months after which time the female gives birth to a live Jagrom. Within a few days it is hunting along with the adults. It will reach sexual maturity within two years but is unlikely to mate for several due to its smaller size. After five years, Jagroms are full grown. While their life expectancy is unknown, sailor sightings of certain notorious scarred Jagroms indicate they may live for centuries.

Ecology:

A Jagrom often hunts shallower water to avoid predators, but it can fall victim to larger sharks or orca attacking in numbers. Megalodons certainly make meals of these creatures when they find them.

On Tellene:

Jagroms roam the oceans in search of prey. They are a most common scourge in southern waterways, harassing ships, but can also be found as far north as Shadesh Bay in the summer months. Rumor has it that a fresh water version plies Lake Adesh and pods of these are claimed to hunt Lake Jorakk, but none has ever been captured to verify.

Jagrom

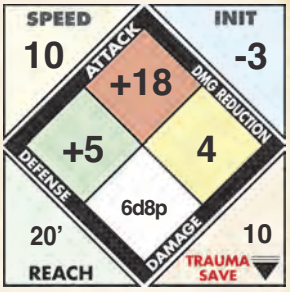
Hit Points:	30+10d8
Size/Weight:	E/4500 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Swim	15

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+5
Dodge:	+10



Attack: Jagroms ambush their prey. Any damage roll that includes two or more penetration rolls indicates that the Jagrom has caught fast its prey and will swallow the victim in 3d4p seconds (also inflicting 1 HP per second).

Special: Swim 100%, Hide 50%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Saltwater oceans
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Saltwater oceans

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Blubber makes excellent oil
Treasure:	Incidental (in gullet)
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1350

Kryzaar

Also Known As:
UberSaurian, Dark Lizard Men



My patron tasked me with rescuing a minor Tarisatan princeling held hostage by brigands in the Obakasek jungle. This type of mission was unusual in that I normally provide trophies but, the pay was good, very good, and so I agreed to the terms.

I journeyed to the agreed upon rendezvous location and there found only skinned human corpses, presumably having guarded the prepubescent waif of a boy locked in an iron cage. Thanking the gods for their blessing of good fortune, I freed the boy and he confirmed his identity as Prince Minon Ragosip. When questioned as to what occurred to his captors, he only whimpered saying that it happened two nights ago; and it was all over before he woke up to the screaming.

We began our journey back to Tarisato. Sensing all was not right,; I hefted by heavy crossbow and cautiously eyed the jungle. As night fell, I spotted movement to my flank and fired. Unsure if I hit anything or if it was just the shadows playing tricks on me, I went into the brush to find my quarrel. I found it stuck in a mahogany tree, its warhead dripping with blood.

Knowing now we had a predator but desperately needing sleep, I set some simple game traps around the perimeter of our camp. Reasoning that our predator and the skinned bodies in the brigand camp were related, I instructed little Minon to run at the first sign of trouble. I guessed that whoever was stalking me was uninterested in the boy and was consequently proven right.

Sure enough, a noise trap was triggered, and I drew my two-handed sword to defend myself. In that I failed for out of the darkness stepped a sable lizard man who plunged a trident into my gut. Having skewered me, he was beyond reach of my sword and he pressed me forward, laughing all the while. Having few options, I decided to accommodate his wishes and retreated back to the campfire carefully interposing it between us. Having won a contest of strength, I compelled him into the fire at which time he jumped back opting to release his trident. Hindered as I was by the imbedded trident, I painfully ripped it out and cast it in the fire as bloody kindling.

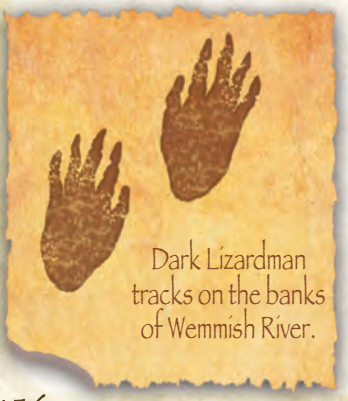
He drew a wicked knife, but I still had my trusty two-handed blade and proceeded to mount an attack. Though he was a nimble adversary and sheathed in a remarkably resilient hide, my blows began to mount; and he began to slowly but surely weaken. A monumental hit later and he lay on the ground twitching but still alive. I dragged him onto the fire to offer some encouragement as I stared him in the eye and asked, "Why?"

"Sssssport he hissed... Sssssport."

Not wanting to expose the kid to more than he'd already seen, I executed a coup de grace, kicked the lizard man off the fire and called out for the little prince.

"Is this him?" I pointed to the lizard man and asked. The boy slowly nodded.

Tracks

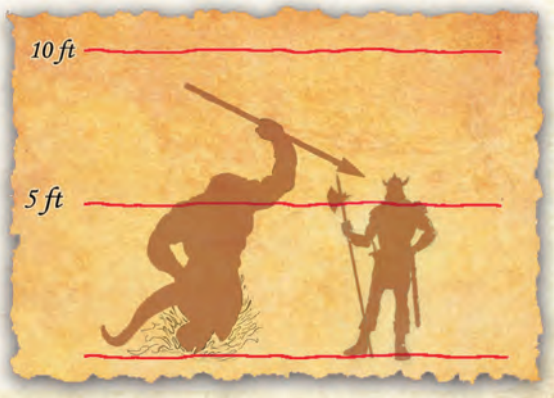


Dark Lizardman tracks on the banks of Wemmish River.

Range



Size Comparison



When one first gazes upon the monstrous visage of a Kryzaar Lizard Man, he cannot help but feel a chill of horror. These creatures stand some 7 feet tall. Kryzaars are thickly built with impressive musculature and matte black skin. One can view the darkness in their hearts simply by gazing into their smoldering red eyes.

Combat/Tactics:

Kryzaars, also known as Dark Lizard Men or ÜberSaurians, are formidable adversaries not only for their unquestionable toughness but doubly so given their puissant skill at tactics. Unlike many opponents that may challenge a band of treasure hunting interlopers delving into unknown depths of the earth or wilderness lands ne'er witnessed by human eyes, they do not confront intruders with a fury driven by animalistic, primitive rage. Nay, they are crafty and disciplined fighters who will always seek to wrest every advantage to ensure victory.

Kryzaars are naturally at home in the dark and possess excellent infiltration skills (Hiding 60%, Sneaking 35%) and the ability to see in the infrared spectrum. Given this aptitude, they are quite adept at establishing ambush zones as most observers are unlikely to spot them before the Dark Lizard Men have closed to striking range.

When faced with intruders or when they are raiding, Kryzaars actively seek to learn their adversary's strengths and weaknesses. They will often mount a cursory attack to gauge an enemy's strength, capabilities and tactics and then retreat before suffering casualties. Any intelligence gathered will be dispersed to the tribe so that a tactically sound battle plan can be formulated.

The Kryzaars are not rash and will forfeit territory to draw opponents into killing zones that favor the lizard men. They are cognizant of humanity's all consuming avarice for shiny coins and gemstones and may employ these useless items as bait for their traps.

ÜberSaurians are very competent fighters and will employ special combat moves to their advantage — *Giving Ground* to foil an attack or *Aggressively Attacking* a particularly wily opponent. They are excellent swimmers and will utilize this skill to their advantage in their often water-filled lairs.

In melee, they wield large, barbed tridents with keen skill. The reach provided by these pole arms will usually afford a preemptive strike on most enemies — often to deadly incapacitating effect. Should the Kryzaar inflict penetrating damage on a successful attack, this indicates that it has skewered its adversary. Said transfixed adversary is automatically *Held at Bay* (see PHB p. 228), neither able to approach the ÜberSaurian or retreat (e.g. *Give Ground, Scamper Back, Fighting Withdrawal or Flee*). While no longer able to attack this adversary, the Kryzaar may subsequently choose to propel him forward at crawling speed ($2^{1/2}$'/s) unless he resists with a successful Feat of Strength (vs. d20+12).[1]

Skewered victims may attempt to free themselves from this impalement, though the Kryzaar will resist any attempt by actively manipulating its implement to fend off possible escape. Success mandates a five second action culminating in a successful Feat of Agility (vs. d20+4) or Escape Artist skill check (average difficulty).[2] Understandably, crudely wrenching a barbed tine from one's flesh is going to hurt (success is accompanied by an additional 2d4p hit point wound not abrogated by DR). Failure in this attempt results in a d4p hit point wound (also not ameliorated by DR).

Further, with eyes set wide on their head, Lizard Men have a 300° arc of vision providing almost no blind-spot. They are thus

Kryzaar

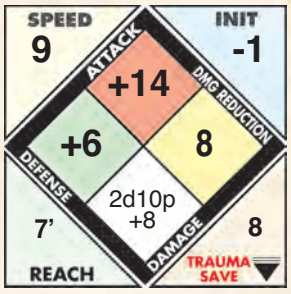
Hit Points:	33+6d8
Size/Weight:	L/ 325 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk/Swim:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+13
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+12



Attack: -1 die type for initiative; Employ oversized tridents (see above); any penetrating damage dice indicate opponent has been skewered (see text for details); will always employ special combat moves (see PHB) to their best advantage. the Kryzar can rip its weapon out for 2d4p+8, no DR if it so chooses. This action takes one second only

Defenses:
Bludgeon with tail, wide arc of vision; excellent swimmers (55% skill)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-2 or 5-20
% Chance in Lair:	20%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Vision Type:	Infravision, 300° arc
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Swamps
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Tribal
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical or tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Coins and other transportable loot
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	550

rarely surprised, having one die better for Initiative rolls. A Lizard Man's defense never drops below d12p, unless surprised, even in the case of rear attacks.

As competent tacticians, they will employ this wide field of vision to monitor their surroundings, paying special attention to adversaries attempting to surreptitiously move around to their rear. Should they notice such an attempt, they will likely execute tactical moves to position themselves against a wall to forestall rearward strikes. Even if this is not possible; they still have a means to counter posterior attacks – namely bludgeoning opponents with their weighty, muscular tail.

Their tail may only be used to attack adversaries in a 180° arc to their rear. If the Lizard Man observes such a foe, he gains an additional sustained attack that occurs 5 seconds after that of his primary weapon. This attack is not made with the puissance of their trident or with the potential for injury (Reach 3', +11 Attack, Damage 2d6p+4) but can capably serve as a deterrent for those seeking an unopposed rearward strike. Even an opponent deftly positioning himself to a ÜberSaurian's rear may be attacked – albeit with only a +3 Attack bonus due to the Lizard Man's effective blindness to his presence.

[1]*Those with the Stout talent gain a +4 bonus on this roll*

[2]*Individuals possessing the Freedom of Action ability may automatically dislodge the trident the following second but at the cost of an exit wound (see above).*

Habitat/Society:

Kryzaar Lizard Men thrive in dark, damp places. Their native territories are arboreal wetlands (i.e. swamps) with a pronounced canopy that allows but a tiny fraction of sunlight to penetrate down to the forest floor, effectively providing illumination no brighter than twilight. Inland these are typically cypress swamps while those living along coasts or in estuaries inhabit mangrove swamps.

The Kryzaar are cold blooded (both literally and figuratively) and cannot easily tolerate even the mild winters experienced in the southern reaches of the temperate zone. As such, most ÜberSaurian tribes are found in the tropics. Where such regions are geographically linked to temperate zones – especially by rivers – these creatures may migrate north on a seasonal basis to exploit resources and to avoid depleting those found in their winter habitat. Of particular interest is the presence of bog iron in the swamps they migrate to during summer months. As tool makers, this is an invaluable resource otherwise very difficult to procure.

Kryzaars build villages on hammocks (dry land protrusions) carefully concealed within native vegetation. The number of buildings in said communities is entirely dependent on the activities pursued by the tribe. Individual Lizard Men have no need (or desire) to sleep indoors; thus, there are never residences. Buildings exist to support functional uses such as a smithy, storage or a prison; and their design reflects this.

Kryzaar tribes are highly organized, usually led by a chieftain. Chieftains are selected by a council of elders and then must undergo rigorous physical and mental tests and trials before they are ceremonially given the reigns of leadership. Once he is selected, the chieftain's word is law. Disobedience is met with swift and certain death.

As befits this warrior culture, Kryzaar are extremely interested in gathering intelligence so as to more effectively hunt prey. As their preferred game animal is humankind – an adaptable tool-using species – such "research" is far more important than it would be for non-sapient animals. The ÜberSaurians are interested in how humanity thinks and what affects this has on their actions on both a tactical and strategic level. Their actions can often be inscrutable compared to other adversaries humanity faces – often seemingly toying with foes rather than simply going in for the kill. When new to a territory, they will conduct extensive probing to evaluate defenses as a form of pattern analysis permitting them to predict reactions so as not to be surprised by a black swan event.

Also unlike humanoids, Kryzaars do not engage in wholesale slaughter or looting. From their perspective, a human village is analogous to a herd of wild cattle. They will take and kill what they need, but it is in their own self-interest that the herd remain viable as a future sustenance source.

One of their favorite things to do after they have skewered their human prey is to roast it slowly over an open fire. The entire tribe gathers to join in the feast on such occasions. Non-combatants are preferentially roasted as warriors will be kept alive for a while to train young Kryzaars in anatomy and weapons tactics. In the rare case in which a Kryzaar has learned some of the local human language (only possible if they've been in intermittent contact for years with a particular community), they may spare a tough old gray-hair for questioning and as a reference source.

Depending on the availability of human prey, Dark Lizard Men may retain prisoners to ensure a steady food supply. Such captivity is surprisingly benign with the Lizard Men providing a steady supply of carbohydrate rich food and never demanding labor. Of course, this is merely to fatten up their human cattle and ensure they are as juicy as possible when eventually slaughtered.

Ironically, ÜberSaurians may be drawn into conflict with other foes of mankind over "cattle poaching". An enemy that threatens their herd – particularly one far less palatable to the Dark Lizard Men – may be attacked and destroyed as a nuisance.

In some cases, these nuisance adversaries may be sufficiently numerous and possessed of such defensive works that they pose a persistent threat to the Kryzaars (or at least their human herd). A frustrated tribe of Kryzaars may have no better option than to occupy such dungeons. They will then divert natural springs to ensure their habitat is dank enough. Transformed subterranean lairs are usually dripping with moisture, and there are usually puddles of water along the floors, although most of the complex will not be flooded. Egg chambers, however, are usually partially flooded to maximize moisture needed by the growing offspring.

Ecology:

Kryzaars are carnivores with a distinct preference for human flesh. "Bald Monkeys" (as humans are known in the Kryzaar language) will always be hunted as game if available. Halflings are also considered highly delectable. Dwarves, Gnomes and the various humanoid races are too gamey for most pallets and will only be eaten if no better fare is available. In dire circumstances, Kryzaars will eat fish; but even starvation cannot compel them to consume reptilian flesh.

Once a season (in the fall), female Kryzaars lay between1-6 eggs each. All eggs laid are stored in a communal egg chamber to be cared for and guarded. Each egg chamber usually holds between 10-60 eggs. One month after the eggs are placed in the chamber, they hatch. Between 1-10 hatchlings will be killed and eaten by the strongest hatchlings. This ensures that only the strongest Kryzaars populate the tribe.

Lärvæ

Also Known As:
Soul Maggots



Bequeath nay a hair's breadth of tolerance upon these wormy wretches for they doth now reap the blasphemous reward of a life's wickedness. Slayest forthwith any nefarious lärvæ thou may chance upon in thyne beneficent duty to the Almighty. Warrant caution despite its carriage small, for should it blood draw ,thine haleness may diminish. To unlife clingeth it most resolutely in a manner trixy, thus sever its crown with blade argentum for to assure its perishment.

Whilst feeble amongst the unholy ranks, its presence may portent a puissant foe doth in environs near dwell. Verily be forewarned lest such a being of malfeasance should upon thee creep. Shouldst ye prove worthier than the being in a test of combat mortal, yet it make escape to another day'as fight, be cautious in three-fold magnitude. Know well that such entities can readily feast upon devil worms and by such ingestation regain much ferocity as ye vainly strove to absolve it of. Hence the strength of admonition I did previously place upon ye that these soul maggots be slain with great vengeance and furious anger.

Entreat thee not with Sorcerers or Priests malignant that may set upon ye with disguised intent offering aurum aplenty for extraordinary rendition of Nefarian maggotry. Rituals most foul predicate upon these vile beings. Facilitate not such villainy by casting an eye blind to the greater goode for to heft add to thyne purse.

So sayeth the Shining One.

These loathsome creatures resemble enormous pale white slime daubed maggots some four feet long albeit with humanoid heads. They are the embodiment and physical repository of evil beings' souls once they arrive at the extra-planar dominion dictated by their life's accomplishments.

Lärvæ are the lowest of the low, their souls being deemed too venal, weak-willed, impuissant or vapid to serve as anything but feedstock for the machinations of the evil beings that dominate these horrid environs.

Combat/Tactics:

Lärvæ, though essentially filling the role of small farm animals in the reproachful extraplanar regions from whence they originate, should be approached with caution for even this bottommost Nefarian can be dangerous.

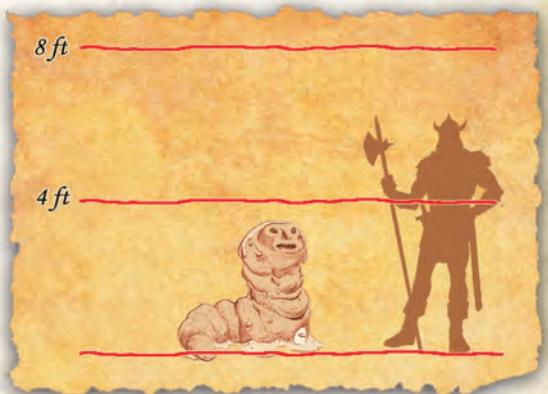
If threatened, they may bite at their adversary, potentially inflicting a d6p wound with their snaggle-toothed maw. While not exceedingly dangerous on its own accord, these bites – should they draw blood by circumventing a mortal opponent's damage reduction - may infect said individual with the Wasting disease (see *GameMaster's Guide*). Because the ailment is delivered directly into a wound rather than by proximal exposure as is typical of this affliction, communicability is far greater (increasing from 0 to 10). Severity is unaffected.

Should an individual contract this malady, be aware that he is

Lärvæ are more dangerous foes for the power and replenishment they can provide to others than as individual combatants.



Size Comparison



now a disease vector and can spread this sickness to anyone else (including allies, co-belligerents and associates) via its standard means of propagation (e.g. anyone within normal talking distance (3') needs to check for communicability at d20p+CON vs. d20p+0).

A medical provider cognizant of the malady's properties may suggest or demand proactive ostracism to the detriment of the victim (i.e. forgoing casting spells that require close contact, not treating wounds and generally keeping one's distance even in a melee). Obviously, it is vital that the GM strictly enforces information disclosure to avoid tipping off a potential patient zero.

Anyone wishing to ensnare a Soul Maggot, perhaps to sell or utilize the creature's powers themselves, will find this to be a frustrating task as its slimy coating allows it to wriggle out of many potentially confining solutions. Webbing (both natural and magically enacted) poses no hindrance. Lassoing a lärva is a temporary solution but given time (e.g. 10+d10p seconds), it can undulate its body and progressively slip free of the rope. Perhaps the best option is to cast a net upon it and promptly cinch it up. Should a competing Feat of Strength be necessary, a larva rolls d20p+0.

As is typical of supernatural beings, lärvæ are unusually resistant to physical damage for a creature their size (6 DR). Their spongy bodies further reduce crushing damage by an additional 4 points. Furthermore, they are resistant to fire (absorbing up to 6 hp in any 10 second interval) and immune to toxins and diseases.

Soul Maggots possess a minimal regenerative capability of 1 hp/10 minutes. While meaningless in a tactical sense, it is often sufficient to ensure their survival.

They are extremely unlikely to be predated upon for they smell like rotten meat – sufficiently intense to deter the hungriest carrion feeder. Any creature consuming its flesh must succeed at a Constitution check else they begin immediately vomiting. Only by severing its head with a silver blade can the maggot's death be assured.

They possess a very limited form of telepathy by which they can project and understand base emotions (anger, greed, hunger, fear, et alia). This is clearly far more limiting than speech but can serve as a rudimentary means of communication.

Habitat:

Lärvæ have no free will and are usually "imprisoned" by their masters. Conditions vary according to the organizational skills and attentiveness of their possessors. For example, those owned by powerful devils will likely be individually caged to prevent fratricidal attrition and sorted/graded by size for most efficient use. In contrast, a middling demon may simply toss his clutch into a pit, accepting a certain pecking order loss in exchange for the lack of effort needed to constrain them. Demonstrable and barbarous torture is exacted upon potential escapees to cow their peers – again an acceptable loss for the reduced diligence required. The more mindful approach is not kinder, merely more efficient as befits the difference between these Nefarians.

Given their value, lärvæ are traded around like the commodities they are. In some circumstances, they may ironically find themselves back on the very lands upon which they existed as mortal beings.

In these rare circumstances, they may retain some knowledge of their surroundings and certainly know the basics of social interaction and how to employ it to their advantage. It is not unheard of for their masters/owners to perish suddenly and unexpectantly, leaving them behind unattended. Some have escaped into the wild and survived for some time.

Ecology

Soul Maggots resent their captivity and will often seek to escape. This is most likely to occur under the unwatchful eye of demonic masters, particularly in the abject chaos following the death of such a being.

Left to their own devices, individual lärvæ are nasty creatures that revel in inflicting pain and misery on any creature they can overcome. The degree to which this is expressed is dependent on their alignment. More lawful lärvæ will exercise some plan and may even duplicitously cooperate with other beings in enlightened self-interest to ensure their survival. Those of a pronounced chaotic bent are simply miserable killers that can only be kept in line by fear of immediate retribution.

Lärvæ are themselves the basis of the Nefarian ecology as they can be consumed by demons, devils and powerful undead. Such beings must periodically ingurgitate a lärvæ to maintain their physical form. However, they may devour a lärvæ's life energy at other times as an expedient measure to restore power.

This requires a 10 second period of uninterrupted physical contact after which the Soul Maggot's élan malfaisant is absorbed. This replenishes the feeding creature with hit points equivalent to the larva's current total or spell points equal to ten times the maggot's current value. It is rumored that evil mages and priests may also have means of extracting a larva's dynamism to bolster depleted resources.

Alternatively, in times of need, lärvæ can serve as feedstock. Individual Soul Maggots may be "promoted" to imps or quazits through a ritual involving the expenditure of their less-deserving peers. In a similar fashion, a superior demon or devil may transmogrify a lesser Nefarian over which he has authority into a more powerful creature via another ritual.

The Soul Maggot slaughter required increases exponentially with the powers conferred, so the expenditure of this valuable commodity is carefully weighed against the opportunity cost of retaining a substantial maggot brood.

Society:

Lärvæ are veritable pond scum to their demonic overlords. However, these miserable creatures have immense value in that they serve as the raw energy that fuels the underworld. More powerful demons and devils sustain their physical presence by consuming the life energy of these Soul Maggots.

Most of these creatures are shockingly unprepared for the horror and brutality of their afterlife when they spawn as lärvæ. Despite their life of wickedness, few imagined that the consequences would be this severe. Many simply cannot cope and are readily marked as expendable. The heartier souls may, largely by chance, survive long enough (decades, centuries or millennia) to advance up the hierarchy and achieve a moderately less horrific existence.

Dark Dinner

Level: 13 (Arcane)
Base SP Cost: 170
Components: S, C
Casting Time: 90 minutes
Range: touch
Volume of Effect: one meal
Duration: until eaten
Saving Throw: none
Additional Spell Point schedule: none

Unlike powerful extraplanar creatures, sapient humanoids have no natural means of siphoning the *élan malfaisant* of a oul maggot. This ritual permits a mage to consume the life essence of a lärvæ – either to regain hit points or spell points.

This procedure biologically mimics the extractive capabilities of demons and devils. The mage must thus prepare a gourmet meal consisting of a freshly slain lärvæ's heart and black turtle beans (with additional ingredients to suit the dish). A minimum of expert mastery in cooking/baking is a prerequisite.

For role-play purposes, it is recommended that anyone wishing to cast this spell procure a recipe containing steak and beans that they wish to prepare and acquire the necessary ingredients in-game.

A very difficult cooking/baking skill mastery check is necessary to properly prepare the lärvæ's heart (a failure will only be evident upon completion of the ritual when the mage blotches the meal!) Once the meal is complete, the gourmand must drink a glass of fine red wine to conclude the ritual.

If successfully prepared, the mage gains his choice of either restoring the full hit points of the lärvæ to his own (i.e. healing 21-28 hp) or 10x the creature's hp as spell points (e.g. 210-280 SP). The eater cannot receive more hit points back than he is injured but may exceed his spell point cap for the remainder of the day.

The meal may be prepared for another individual, but this person must assist in the preparation as sous-chef (necessitating advanced mastery in cooking/baking).

In theory, people can eat up to three *Dark Dinners* per day. The meal must, however, be eaten immediately upon completion. No doggy bags.

Though it seems superfluous to note, performing the Dark Dinner ritual is an evil act. Just sayin'.

Nefarious Feast

Level: *11 (Prayer)*
Components: *V, S, M*
Casting Time: *3 hours*
Range: *0*
Area of Effect: *special*
Duration: *Permanent (villainy points expire after 24 hours)*
Saving Throw: *not applicable*

This spell parallels the capabilities of Dark Dinner but is tailored to the needs of an evil clerical ritual.

The presiding cleric must have advanced mastery in cooking/baking but need not make a check as his deity's minions will intercede to ensure that the Soul Maggot (or maggots – up to three may be sacrificed in the ritual) is/are fit for humanoid consumption.

The priest and up to 12 anointed followers may participate in the feast, and they must assist in the meal preparation if attending (though needing only novice mastery in cooking/baking to do so).

After preparation, all guests sit at a large table and upon thanking their god for the gifts they are about to receive, participate in the meal. The hit points of the lärva/ lärvæ are distributed as individual servings that may be distributed as the presiding cleric sees fit. Each hp either restores a hit point to the eater or provides a Villainy Point (these parallel the function of a Knight's Chivalry Points).

Only a single *Nefarious Feast* may be held per day.

Lärvæ

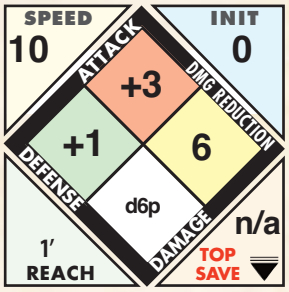
Hit Points:	20+1d8
Size/Weight:	S/ 50 lbs
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	5
Sprint:	5

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Bites inflict a d6p wound; and if blood is drawn (i.e. DR does not cover damage), a Communicability 10 check must be made else the victim has contracted Wasting disease.

Defenses: Resistant to fire (6 hp/10 s), immune to toxins & disease, extra +4 DR vs. crushing weapons, slow regeneration (1 hp/10 minutes); slimy skin facilitates escaping confinement.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-1,000,000
% Chance in Lair:	99%
Frequency:	Sporadic (Ubiquitous on lower planes)
Alignment:	Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Telepathy (see text)
Habitat:	Lower Planes
Diet:	None
Organization:	Brood
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	See new spells at end
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Absolutely not (see text)
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	99

Leucrotta

Also Known As: Crocotta, Leucrocotta, Yena



My companions and I leave Bet Kalamar tomorrow for the southern lands, and I have high hopes that we may encounter the reclusive Leucrotta, which has been variously described to me as having the general appearance of a stag and badger combined, curiously blended with lion and boar.

While my knowledge comes mainly from the capital arena's beast master and his helpers, they seem outspoken but truthful - though the fee I paid for their information was far from beggarly. It seems that the Leucrotta becomes male and female in alternate years, the female bearing offspring without any male; that it can break anything with the unbroken ridge of bone in each jaw, which forms a continuous tooth without any gum, and instantly on swallowing it digest it with the stomach. Also, that it digs up corpses; that its female is seldom caught; that when its shadow falls on dogs they are struck dumb; and that its eyes have a thousand variations of color.

As a final word of warning, and this I was able to confirm with a reference in one of my scrolls, they told that in the wilds among lonely homesteads it simulates human speech, and oft imitates a fearful child to rouse some woman's instincts and draw her away so that it may attack.

Also, that it picks up the name of one of them whom it knows it can easily vanquish, so as to call him to come out of doors and tear him to pieces. It is surely good fortune that I found such knowledgeable men, for now the creature can surely have no surprises left for us.

L

Tracks

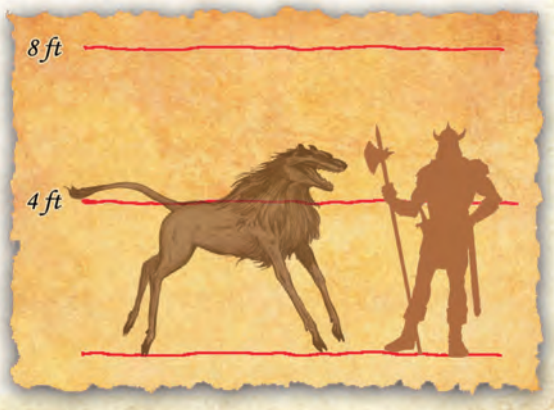


As their tracks resemble those of a common stag, even an adept woodsman may be unaware of the presence of Leucrotta.

Range



Size Comparison



The Leucrotta is a beast of extraordinary swiftness, with the legs of a stag, the neck, tail and breast of a lion, the head of a badger, cloven hooves, and two serrated bony ridges set within a wide mouth slit up as far as the ears.

The typical adult Leucrotta stands about 4 feet tall at the shoulder, with a body length of about 7 feet (including the tail) and an average weight of 400 pounds. A Leucrotta's slender yet powerful legs give it a long stride, good movement speed and the capability for horizontal leaps of up to 8 feet without touching the ground.

A Leucrotta has a dense coat of short, silvery fur, excluding the head. Its triangular face shows a distinctive black and white pattern of stripes or patches. Running along its lower back is a thin line of brush-like hairs that stand on end when the creature senses danger.

Males also sport a flat, leonine mane of black and white hairs that cover the shoulders, upper back and chest. Save for this mane, there is little other obvious sexual dimorphism between males and females.

Despite its bizarre appearance, perhaps the most extraordinary attribute of the Leucrotta is its vocal cords. These complexly muscled folds give the creature extraordinary skills in vocal repertoire and mimicry. Leucrottas can render with great fidelity the individual cries of other animals and birds, and mimic anthropomorphic generated noises such as tools of all kinds and musical instruments.

The Leucrotta is capable of imitating almost any sound — from a whistle to a crosscut saw and sounds as diverse as: leaves being crunched underfoot, the plodding of hooves on a hard road, the clang of sword against shield, dogs barking, babies or women crying, and even human speech (with such accuracy that it is able to reproduce the specific voice and accent of an individual it has heard). Both female and male Leucrotta are excellent mimics, but the female is not heard as often.

Combat/Tactics:

Although they feast primarily upon carrion and smaller animals, a Leucrotta may lure larger or intelligent prey close enough to paralyze with its gaze, and then bite at the throat or other exposed flesh.

Characters within 30 feet that meet the Leucrotta's gaze must save (vs. d20p+10) or be paralyzed for 6d4p seconds. Fortunately, Leucrotta share the same poor eyesight as their morphological badger kin rendering

Leucrotta

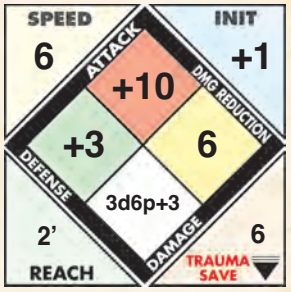
Hit Points:	28+6d8
Size/Weight:	L/400 lbs.
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	20
Jog:	25
Run:	30
Sprint:	35

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+9



Attack: Initial attacks against small or paralyzed creatures are with a bite that inflicts 3d6p+3; if attacked from the rear, gains an additional kick attack every 10 seconds for 2d6p damage (which it will use as a final attack when fleeing an encounter).

Special: Vocal Mimicry, Hiding, Listening, Sneaking, and Tracking (by scent) at 60% mastery.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Crepuscular
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Forested hills, open woodlands
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals or familial
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to sub-tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Vocal cords for Polyglot spell[1]
Hide/Trophy:	Yes
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	650

their gaze effective only within a 90 degree arc in front of them. Those approaching from its flanks or rear are secure from its paralytic gaze unless the beast turns its head to meet them. Thus, only those that approach the Leucrotta directly are presumed to have met its gaze unless they take countermeasures (see below).

Characters covering their eyes, wearing blind-folds, and so-on suffer a -8 penalty on attacks. Characters that simply avert their gaze may be able to detect the creature via peripheral vision.

These characters suffer a -4 to their Attack but are still susceptible to the creature purposefully gazing at their eyes. Fortunately, in the latter case, the character gains a +4 bonus to his save.

Unfortunately, those that avert their gaze or use a similar method that causes their body to contort unnaturally in combat (in contrast to simply wearing a blindfold), suffer a -3 to all Damage rolls as well.

The luring sounds mimicked are usually based on its maternal-taught or personal experience with that particular species of prey. Thus, younger Leucrottas frequently mimic the distressed cries of infants or wounded females, while older and more experienced Leucrottas utilize a wider range of sounds to appeal not only to their prey's maternal or paternal instincts, but also to their curiosity (sounds of battle), greed (clinking coins), lust (moans of pleasure) and so forth.

If cornered or attempting to flee, a Leucrotta may kick with its rear hooves.

Habitat/Society:

Leucrottas primarily inhabit the border regions of savannahs and forests and are mostly solitary. Mating season occurs in late fall, with the female usually bearing one or two offspring at a time (triplets are uncommon) after a gestation period of nine to ten months. Only the mother cares for offspring.

Newborns learn to walk within the first hour but stay hidden in deep brush or long grass for several days. Before leaving them to go hunting, the mother licks them clean until they are almost free of scent in order to avoid predators.

The young stay with their mother for about one year, maturing around the age of two. Males usually never see their mother again though females sometimes return with their own young and form small familial groups.

A Leucrotta has a natural lifespan of roughly five years.

Ecology:

The diet of the Leucrotta consists mostly of smaller mammals, rarely attacking large or sapient creatures unless they are alone. It also enjoys carrion, even digging up shallowly buried corpses like a pig rooting for truffles. It tends to avoid other predators, though a female Leucrotta sometimes clashes with the bears, wolves, crocodiles, and big hunting cats that threaten her offspring.

A Leucrotta's vocal communications and good auditory senses play an important role in contact between individuals, while scent marking aids in defining its territory or simply maintaining contact with others.

When spooked, it may also communicate silently with its long tail, raising it to warn any other Leucrottas within sight. A Leucrotta is immune to the paralyzing gaze of its own kind.

On Tellene:

Leucrottas are said to dwell primarily in rugged temperate climates overlapping the territories of the deer that they in some ways resemble. Hearty explorers have though reported encountering this species in southern Tarisato, along the borders of the Obakasek Jungle, in warm deserts and even swamps.

[1]*A Leucrotta's vocal cords, when used as an additional material component, double the duration of a Polyglot spell.*



A female Leucrotta near its lair in Faunee Rise

Lizard Man, Serpentine

Also Known As:
Slitherman, Shizzzssthafazzim



The southern Khydoban Desert has an ominous reputation for the undead that tirelessly roam its sun baked surface, and I suppose deservedly so. I had signed on as a Khyk-syba, or go-between, brokering deals with certain secretive types, abominations that need support to acquire materials to further their clandestine aims. Not exactly glorious work, but it pays well to those that don't ask and don't tell. If you're the type willing to skim some coin, you can make far more than a simple commission, making that a lucrative pastime.

It seemed simple enough; and since those mysterious types looked to me to be the most dangerous denizens of the area, I figured as long as I was providing a service, and no one knew all the accounting involved but me, I was safe. For a bit I was correct; and the job was really ridiculously cushy. But I learned the better. For there are other things out in that desert that hunt the living.

They fell upon us, materializing out of thin air. Well, from under rock and hole, really. The Shizzzssthafazzim fell upon our rear guard silently, inflicting small but venomous wounds. Before we could rebut and counter, they disappeared into the sands and stones. But no, that was not the end of them. While my retinue was weakened, they returned again and again, always retreating and ever weakening my suffering men. Most of them were dragged off in the end, I assume food for the Slithermen.

How did I survive? Well, those that walk the City of the Dead still rule the sands in any event. I made good my escape when the Shizzzssthafazzim fled such an encounter, but I had had enough of those lands and went south to port and new lands. ✠

Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



One of the rare subspecies of the Lizard Man group is the Serpentine Lizard Man. This category has two known and very different groups, the larger boidae and the smaller but nimble and deadly veninatus. Like their other Lizard Man cousins, these snake-like creatures are hominids in that they have arms and legs. Where they differ is that Shizzzssthafazzim have long, flexible snake-like tails and necks with smallish-heads and sturdier, slightly thicker torsos, at least relative to their heads and necks.

They possess thick-scaled hides with the toughest specimens boasting scutum. Certain of the veninatus species boast tails with rattles that can be used to alert cohorts of danger and sound the alarm (as raising a hue and cry). Such rattles will also cause morale checks for creatures of nervous tenacity (such as characters with the snake phobia). While often living near or around water (especially boidae types), Serpentine Lizard Men are in fact air breathers and not amphibious in nature; and many veninatus tribes live exclusively in arid regions.

The Serpentine Lizard Man thermophysiology varies somewhat. The majority of these creatures are ectotherms, but some scholars have reported a few veninatus species living deep in the Khydoban and Elos Deserts that exhibit bradymetabolism.

Serpentine Lizard Men range in size, depending on ancestry. Boidae are the biggest with some sub-species weighing almost 400 pounds with large, muscular, heavy coils. Veninatus types tend to be small, quick and nimble. Both types rely on hiding and ambush to attack prey.

Serpentine Lizard Men employ forked tongues as olfactory sensors and have poor auditory sensors (20% penalty to Listening checks) due to lack of ears, their organs being located under their protective skin. To offset these deficiencies, Serpentine Lizard Men exhibit superb tactile senses allowing them to perceive even slight movements within a body of water (where sound also travels well) and tremors on the earth due to approaching enemies or victims, even those walking below an occupied branch (a favorite perch for boidae).

Finally, most subspecies have decent vision, on par with humans in daylight. However, in low light conditions, they have far superior sight owing to their vertical pupils which open wider than round ones, affording more light. But where the Slithermen have a unique and massive advantage is seeing in complete darkness; they have the ability to see heat signatures using a special 6th sense, essentially allowing complete darkness vision. This makes them nearly impossible to surprise. Further, with eyes set wide on their head, Serpentine Lizard Men have a 300 degree arc of vision providing almost no blind-spot. Eye placement plus heat vision allows these creatures the benefits of vastly improved initiative -- a full two dice better for Initiative rolls – and all backstab attempts are merely rearward strikes. A Serpentine Lizard Man's defense never drops below d12p, even in the case of rear attacks.

Like other Lizard Men, serpentine varieties organize themselves into tribes. Typically, these Lizard Men self-organize, however, on rare occasions, whole tribes will be subjugated by a higher power such as an evil mage or priest, typically but not exclusively Ssishnisskan (q.v.). When left to their own devices, Serpentine Lizard Man tribes will be led by a chieftain with a cleric and/or witch doctor handling the spiritual or superstitious duties. These spellcasters generally only serve in a cloistered capacity, never leaving the lair on raids, preferring to stay behind and manage sacrifices or other activities but fiercely defending the clan home with their lives.

They provide knowledge and advice to the chief as well as brew potions and create salves. Finally, they provide spiritual (and superstitious) direction to the tribe, this function varying dramatically from tribe to tribe. As with other Lizard Man species, each serpentine tribe has at least one shaman with clerical capacity with mage ability found in only 25% of the witch doctors. Their levels of spellcasting ability are not substantial, for boidae only d10p-5 for clerical and d10p-7 for mage and veninatus d10p-4 for clerical and d10p-5 for mage (negative being zero level and zero half level). For boidae, roll the clerical capability for the first shaman. For every two full levels, the tribe has another shaman (rolled independently) and for veninatus roll for mage instead since they are more prone to arcane magic than clerical. Perform this check only once in either case.

Serpentine Lizard Men are not solely evil but are prone to such as well as to lying, deceit and misleading others. They rarely directly raid and plunder except if food is scarce or outsiders appear likely to threaten them or intrude upon their lands.

That said, Serpentine Lizard Men certainly view humans and other sentient races as a tasty food source or even as sacrificial victims, depending on religion and will lie in wait for children (or adults if boidae). Both varieties prefer the taste of gnomes.

Serpentine Lizard Man tribes each speak their own strange tongue consisting of whistles, hisses, clicks and barks. Different tribes cannot natively communicate with one another (and, in fact, rarely consider one another racially the same or even similar), but they can learn new languages if given reason to do so. On rare occasion, some Serpentine Lizard Men learn the language of their neighbors, speaking it with a heavy lisping accent.

Serpentine Lizard Men are fairly lazy, preferring to live off the land, hunting prey as it comes available. They tend to lair in dismal out-of-the-way locales such as insect- infested bogs, dreary marshlands, harsh deserts, deserted tropical is-

lands or deep jungles being the norm. Most primitive tribes use natural cover such as trees, holes and rocks for housing but more advanced tribes construct crude villages from bamboo, reeds, wood, or rude stone buildings built by simply stacking naturally-occurring rocks available in the area.

Combat/Tactics:

Serpentine Lizard Men prefer to attack from ambush, dropping from a tree or springing from bog, foliage or rocky outcropping to attack with surprise. This is where the similarities between the two subspecies ends.

Boidae Serpentine Lizard Men have sharp fangs that can hold prey for their muscular tail to coil around and grip. Together with their determined resistance to pain, Boidae Serpentine Lizard Men can be terrifying adversaries. They will seek to surprise foes whom they generally perceive long before they themselves are detected, striking from the underbrush or dropping from a hidden perch. A successful attack roll of 6 or more indicates not only weapon damage but also that the boidae has coiled its tail around its foe's legs. This hold can be broken with a successful knock-back or Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+18; can attempt every 10 seconds). Victims so impeded by the Boidae's coils find that their resulting lack of mobility and leverage causes a -2 to Defense, Attack and Damage rolls plus the elimination of all special combat moves. The Boidae will continue to attack with its weapon, always concentrating on the held foe.

Generally primitive creatures, most Veninatus Serpentine Lizard Men typically attack from ambush with their lightning-fast venomous bites. They then try to flee into the underbrush, down holes or up and out of reach. Once out of combat, they will keep a safe distance or even depart entirely, returning when their poison has had a chance to weaken their foes.

When wielding weapons, these cowardly creatures prefer to use backstabs and rearward strikes. Since they are small of stature and weaker, Veninatus Lizard Men employ smaller weapons such as daggers and short swords. Such tools can conveniently be deployed against anyone entering a small tunnel entrance to an underground lair, for example, as well.

Boidae are larger and can heft medium weapons one-handed and employ medium shields if available, although many primitive tribes (75%) do not own any tools; and these brutes do not manufacture their own beyond simple spears (25%). Veninatus are much smaller and can only employ bucklers and size small weapons or short spears.

Serpentine Lizard Men cannot wear bipedal armor due to their particular shape, though they can if specially made or altered. Armor employed will typically be hides, skins, heavy cloth, furs, leathers and the like, although these can be augmented with bits of bone, wood or even metal scales or links.

Every group of 12 Serpentine Lizard Men encountered has a warrior leader with maximum Hit Points. For every 36, the warband has a warband leader big enough to deliver a +1 to Attack, Damage, Defense and a 1-point bonus to Initiative in addition to maximum Hit Points plus an extra d8 Hit Points.

For every 72, the tribe will have a sub-chief with +2 to Attack, Damage, Defense and a 1-point bonus to Speed and Initiative in addition to maximum Hit Points plus two extra d8 rolls for Hit Points. This is in addition to the nine basic leaders and three stronger leaders.

If the tribe contains 144 or more Serpentine Lizard Men, it has a powerful chieftain. This largest and most powerful leader has a +3 to Attack, Damage, Defense and a 2-point bonus to Speed and Initiative as well as maximum Hit Points plus three extra d8 rolls for Hit Points. This is in addition to the other leaders and an extra 4d6p warrior sub-chiefs that function as the chieftain's personal entourage of attendants.

For more advanced tribes, the various leader-types employ the choicest weapons and wear various armors to provide the following improvements to Damage Reduction: warrior leader +1 DR, warband leader +2 DR, sub-chief +3 DR, chieftain +4 DR.

Serpentine Lizard Men attack to gather food or less frequently to defend their territories (since many threats are not perceived as so unless blatantly obvious). When hunting, Boidae warriors tend to eat incapacitated or perished victims directly during combat, not realizing that other foes might take exception to such predation of their allies. Such ingestion requires 30 plus 3d20p seconds for size small and twice that for size M foes.

Veninatus prefer to poison their enemies, then flee. They will return later to drag off incapacitated victims back to the lair for a tribal banquet.

If not urged on by a tribal superior or some other force (such as a Ssishnisskan leader), Serpentine Lizard Men are quick to disengage if a combat turns against them, fleeing into the underbrush or other natural barrier. In such an instance, Serpentine Lizard Men will regroup at a nearby rendezvous point or back at the lair and wait for a leader to redirect them, often returning for an unexpected counter-attack in short order.

Habitat/Society:

Serpentine Lizard Men can be found in any temperate to tropical climate; and while they sometimes live below ground, they vastly prefer living in the wilderness under the sun. When they do live in caves or tunnel systems, they have easy avenue to the out-of- doors to access food. Unlike standard Lizard Men, Serpentine Lizard men are more likely to dwell near other races, hiding in or near plain sight.

Unless dominated by Ssishnisskan, Serpentine Lizard Men live in disorganized societies where the strongest rule

Lizard Man, Serpentine - Boidae

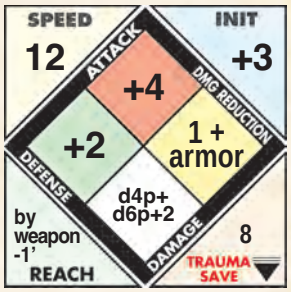
Hit Points:	2d8+29
Size/Weight:	L/100-400 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Slow - Average
Fatigue Factor:	4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	0
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Boidae tend to carry lithic weapons, axes (boidae) (stats reflect this use), but prefer blades when available and will employ a variety of weapons; may attack unarmed with a speed of 5 biting for 1 HP of damage; bite attack supersedes standard near-perfect defense. Prefer backstab/rearward strike. Tail grab.

Special: Shield use (medium) increase Defense to +6 or +4 respectively); Two dice better for Initiative. Wide field of sight catches backstab attempts 50% of the time & improves flank/rear defense; 20% penalty to Listening checks.

Lizard Man, Serpentine - Veninatus

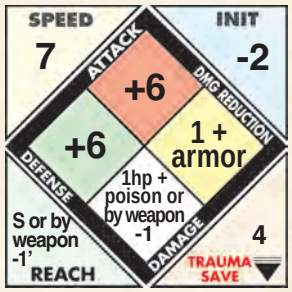
Hit Points:	1d8+11
Size/Weight:	S/40-80 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Slow - Average
Fatigue Factor:	2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+1
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Veninatus tend to carry lithic weapons like daggers (stats reflect this use), but prefer blades when available and will employ a variety of weapons; may attack unarmed with a speed of 5 biting for 1 HP of damage; bite attack supersedes standard near-perfect defense. Prefer backstab/rearward strike. Tail grab.

Special: Shield use (buckler) increase Defense to +6); Two dice better for Initiative. Wide field of sight catches backstab attempts 50% of the time & improves flank/rear defense; 20% penalty to Listening checks.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	d4p (hunting); 3d4p+8 (warband); 30d12p (tribe)
% Chance in Lair:	25%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Neutral (chaotic and evil tendencies)
Vision Type:	Infravision
Awareness/Senses:	Vibration sensitivity (two die better for Initiative)[1]
Habitat:	Forests, caves and rocky places[2]
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Tribal
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to warm lowlands and forests

General Info

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Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Tribal
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to warm lowlands and forests[3]

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hides make nice boots 3d4p sp each
Treasure:	Any and varied
Edible:	Yes, tastes like chicken
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	55

Yield

Medicinal:	Venom can be used to create a salve that allows another TOP check from an open wound
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hides make nice boots 3d4p sp each
Treasure:	Any and varied[4]
Edible:	Yes, tastes like chicken
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	45

the weak. The chieftain is always the strongest, smartest or greatest in some fashion (hunter, liar, fighter, climber, etc.). Once established, the chief remains so only until forced to relinquish tribal dominance through an appropriate challenge of his dominance or other appropriate circumstance such as an external threat. As chief, his challenge is to keep the pots full of food and enemy threats at bay.

Females comprise 50% of the population of the tribe and are equal to males in all respects. Serpentine Lizard Men have an average lifespan of about 60 years, but some species have shortened lifespans (40 years) while a few have been known to break the century-mark when environmental conditions are favorable and enemies rare.

Both major species are oviparous, laying large, tough-shelled amniotic eggs in clutches of five to nine that hatch in about five months. Eggs are stored in a tribal hatchery with the eggs separated by nest. Young are cared for by any tribe member in the area or assigned that duty. Some tribes, particularly in areas where food is scarce, consume some or all of their young, especially those that are too small.

Serpentine Lizard Man young occur in numbers of about 10% of the total adults, half able to fight well (use a 20% reduction in statistics) and the other half fighting only if cornered (use half statistics). Veninatus young have venom equal to the adults.

As with other Lizard Man species, Slitherman lairs employ trained (or partially trained) animals as guard and watch beasts as appropriate to the climate and terrain. There is a 40% chance that a Lizard Man village contains 2d6p giant lizards, a 30% chance of 2d12p giant scorpions or other insect (deserts only) or crocodiles (shoreline or swamplands) and a 10% chance of 2d6p giant birds or 2d4p dinosaurs (the latter only in the Obakasek Jungle).

Ecology:

Serpentine Lizard Men regularly feed on large insects, including the giant variety, rodents of all sizes, small and large game, birds, mammals, other lizards, eggs (veninatus only) as well as various fruits, vegetables, seaweeds, barks, leaves, ferns and the like. Unlike other Lizard Man species, Slithermen tolerate other species in their lands as long as they and their lair and ilk are not discovered. They view these erstwhile interlopers as a food source with these outsiders aggressively hunted, particularly their tender and easily-digestible offspring. Many Serpentine Lizard Man tribes have developed a fond liking for orc-flesh and man-flesh andcertainly consider them food like any other animal to be hunted.

On occasion, and certainly more often than other Lizard Man species, Slithermen seem susceptible to subservience at the hands of a powerful creature such as a Wyrm, Dragon or mage, or a very powerful force of some sort, especially the Ssishnisskan, who seem to relish controlling these species almost like pets, likely due to their similarities.

Religion:

The religious nature of any particular Serpentine Lizard Man clan varies dramatically from tribe to tribe. Most Serpentine Lizard Men fear magic (both divine and arcane) and are quite superstitious, making their shamans (if any) powerful within the clan.

The existence and power of a shaman relative to the Lizard Man chieftain determines how much sway the clergy or arcanum has over the day-to-day tribal lives and activities. Serpentine Lizard Man spiritual leaders tend to follow evil deities, although most neutral religions have representation within various tribes. The Confuser of Ways is by far the most popular (especially among veninatus), but the Vicelord (particularly among boidae) and the Creator of Strife have significant followings. The Old Oak is also common amongst certain tribes.

On Tellene:

Serpentine Lizard Men can be found all across Tellene in temperate to tropical less-civilized areas. They are most numerous in warm wetlands, swampy areas, tropical jungles, islands and coastal regions; but veninatus varieties can also be found in deserts and mountainous areas. Significant tribes occupy the both the Vohven and Obakasek jungles and both major deserts.

[1]Awareness/Senses: Serpentine Lizard Men can see very well in the dark due to heat sensors. They have an average olfactory sense and excellent mechanoreception but poor auditory (-20% to Listen checks).

[2]Habitat: Serpentine Lizard Men live below in deserted locations and forested areas above ground or in shallow caves with access to the outdoors.

[3]Climate/Terrain: Highly specialized based on particular physiology; live and thrive in every climate from temperate to warmer, but also in caves and in rare cases, in the Netherdeep as well.

[4]Treasure: Advanced tribal members living near other races carry 2d4p sp each and possibly some low-value gemstones found in the area. Serpentine Lizard Man lairs sometimes contain stashes of copper, silver and trade coins as well as gems and magical or special items depending on local raiding and trade opportunities.

Manticore

Also Known As:
Matikoras, Tharkus



The manticore can launch a fusillade of quills with a swift tail attack. Each quill contains a deadly poision!!

One of my Kalamaran colleagues in his history of the Elos refers to this savage beast as Matikoras but also mentions that the Elos Dejy refer to the monster as Tharkus, or "maneater". The evidence suggests, as does my inclination, that the horrific creature relates closely to the Androsphinx. The claim that it has three rows of teeth along each jaw and spikes at the tip of its tail that it rains like sling stones at distant enemies, is, I think, a fable passed on amongst the folk of Dijishy, a baseless exaggeration owing to their excessive dread of the stately Sphinx.

However in as much as a certain druid of my acquaintance, a man fascinated not only with creatures of the green but also those of the arid lands, also records the creature, I could not leave it out of my books, for there is much to be gained by neither believing nor yet disbelieving everything and everyone. Accordingly, I asked Dorran (for that is the name by which he is known to me) the question of whether there exists a beast called the Matikoras, or Tharkus. "What have you heard about the make of this thing?" I asked. "It is probable that there is some account given of its shape."

"There are," replied Dorran, "tall stories current which I cannot believe, yet I have seen the beast myself, though from a distance. I tell you truly, the creature has four feet, and that his head resembles that of a man, but that in size it is comparable to a very large lion. Further, the tail of this brute puts out barbs a cubit long and sharp as thorns; it shoots them like a volley of arrows at prey. Myself, I call it Manticore, a name that I feel flows far easier off the tongue."

M

Sign/Tracks

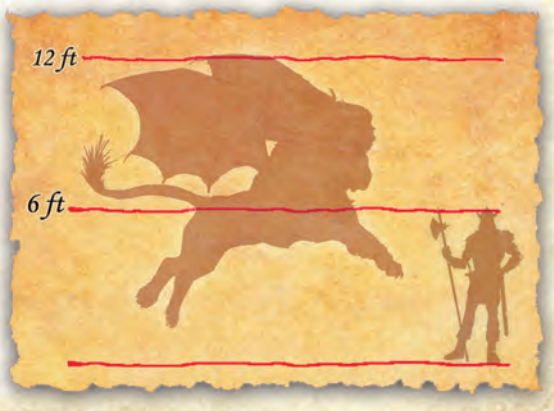


As their tracks resemble those of a large lion, even an adept woodsman may be unaware of the presence of a Manticore

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Because of obvious physical similarities to the Androsphinx, most sages believe the Manticore to be either a separate sub-species or the extremely rare mutant offspring of a Gynosphinx, its appearance due to some mutation of birth (akin to the Criosphinx and Hieracosphinx). The truth of the matter remains a mystery, though none dispute the creature's physical characteristics.

In appearance, its main body resembles that of a very large male lion but with several important differences. The head unmistakably resembles that of a bearded human, though far larger, so comparing it to the head of a Giant may be more precise. The maw boasts treble rows of sharp, shark-like teeth. Two enormous bat-like wings (sufficient in both size and span to carry its weight in flight) sprout from its shoulder blades. Perhaps worst of all, the tail ends not in a furry tip, but a cluster of poisonous spines. The Manticore can loose these upon opponents at range.

Manticore fur and wings range from light tan to reddish shades of brown with wings slightly darker shade than the body due to black skin beneath less-dense, even sparse, fur. Dark brown and even gray specimens exist, while albinism has also been reported but not concretely verified. The underparts of body and wings carry generally lighter shades while the tail spines sport a jet black, shiny sheen. A typical adult male stands between 4 to 5 feet tall at the shoulder, but larger specimens can grow as large as a horse. Females remain slightly smaller than their male counterparts. Weights for adult Manticores tend to range between somewhat over a quarter-ton and 1200 pounds.

Combat/Tactics:

A Manticore's hunting tactics depend on the position of its prey relative to cover and to a lesser extent, whether the prey appears capable of injuring the beast. If the meal lies in open terrain with little or no cover and cannot reasonably flee from the Manticore, the monster will first launch a volley of poisoned tail quills with the intent of weakening its prey prior to engaging with its sharp claws and teeth. If multiple targets are available, a Manticore will generally also deploy its ranged attack, figuring some will unavoidably escape in any case. Each spike attack launches 2d4p barbs, and each barb deals 2d6p+3 points of damage with range as if launched from a sling. The spikes can target any number of creatures within a five-foot radius (determine randomly). Though these spines grow back at a rapid pace, their number is not infinite; the creature may loose no more than four volleys per day and no more frequently than once every 10 seconds.

A Manticore's quills contain a numbing venom. Those stuck by a missile must save versus a VF 9 poison. Failure indicates a -3 penalty to Attack, Defense and Damage for 3d6p minutes plus a one-step movement rate penalty (saves result in a -1 Attack, Defense and Damage penalty). The toxin is cumulative, potentially rendering those impacted by a fusillade of quills combat ineffective. Movement reduction is assessed at each increment of -3 combat penalties (*i.e.*, successfully saving against 3 separate missiles nonetheless carries with it an aggregated movement penalty). Human jogging movement rates decrease thusly: 10'/s (normal), 5'/s, 2 ½'/s and 1 ¼'/s. Should a creature accumulate -12 in Attack/Defense/Damage penalties, it lapses into unconsciousness.

If its prey appears capable of escape, the Manticore will swoop down, using any cover including the sun when in open terrain, to enhance its chances of surprise. Once in close-quarters combat, the Manticore savagely mauls its target with claw attacks, each claw dealing 2d3p+7 points of damage. After both claws successfully attack in sequence, the Manticore has grabbed its prey and thereafter, will automatically inflict a bite causing 2d8p+9 points of damage every 5 seconds. Breaking a Manticore's grip requires a knock-back attack or a Feat of Strength check (vs. d20p+16) which can be attempted after each bite attack. Grasped victims can only attack successfully with a dagger or smaller weapon.

Further, a Manticore can thrash its tail like a spiked club to cause 2d8p+5 points of damage to any would-be rescuers of trapped victims. Such an attack can be effectuated independently of any claw attacks and occurs every 10 seconds (the first coming 10 seconds after grabbing a foe) against enemies on the Manticore's flanks or rear only for the dangerously barbed tail cannot reach the creature's front. When doing so, the spines do not detach as they do during ranged attacks. However, those struck by the tail receive a larger dose of numbing poison such that it is effectively a VF 17 poison. In lieu of such an attack, the Manticore can fire a ranged volley against targets in front or front flanks, again once every 10 seconds.

Habitat/Society:

The Manticore lairs in mountain caves and such bleak surroundings appropriate to its dark temperament. Though it prefers warm, arid climes, these beasts

can be found even among snow-covered mountain peaks or in lands with long winters.

During the fall, males and females may form pair bonds to mate. Average gestation time is long (when compared with a lion of similar body type), lasting nearly 300 days. The period between births is also distant, requiring a gap of 10 to 12 years. However, should a female lose her offspring, she may mate again within a few weeks and produce another within 8 months. The single birth offspring is born precocial, reaching full growth at the age of four but lacking sexual maturity until after its first century.

A typical Manticore has a lifespan of 300 years.

Ecology:

When the Manticore sees another threatening predator approach (a sphinx or armed giant, for example), it raises its tail above its back, rattles its spines and claws the ground with its forefeet.

A Manticore craves the taste of man-flesh including humanoids and demi-humans and prefers to prey on those races over all others. The monster will attack and devour humans in vast preference to all other hominids. That said, a Manticore will greedily consume any creature it can catch, consuming the entire creature, sometimes whole then lapping up any spilled blood with obvious delight.

Manticores love the taste of salt and sometimes encroach on human habitats when in search of the mineral, eating not only those people unlucky enough to encounter them but also any items coated in salty sweat such as saddle blankets, yokes and so on. Manticores also consume natural sources of salt including salt-rich plants and mud in salt-rich soils, fresh animal bones, outer tree bark and even objects imbued with urine.

On Tellene:

Manticores seem most prevalent in the Elenon Mountains, for many monster hunter tales speak of the winged horrors dwelling in the peaks north of Dijishy. Tales of Manticores elsewhere on Tellene are so vague that they could easily refer to Androsphinxes or even to Gorgons and Griffyns.

[1]*A Manticore tail spine used as an additional material component in the Journeyman level Bar Portal spell increases the duration by 1 minute.*

Manticore

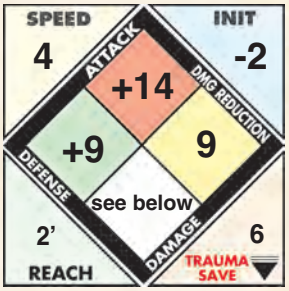
Hit Points:	33+6d8
Size/Weight:	L/600-1200 lbs.
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Fly:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+15



Attack: Claw attacks deal 2d3p+7 each, with 2 successive hits foe is pinned and subject to auto bite doing 2d8p+9. Grip can be broken with a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+16). May also attack rear/flank w/ tail every 10s for 2d8p+5+VF 17 poison. Can launch fusillade of 2d4p tail quills that inflict 2d6p+3 damage per missile plus a numbing poison (VF 9) with range as a sling.

Special: flight

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Keen sight and hearing
Habitat:	Caves or subterranean
Diet:	Carnivorous (humans preferred)
Organization:	Individuals or pride
Climate/Terrain:	Any, save arctic (prefer warm arid)

Yield

Medicinal:	Ground claws, drunk with wine, said to cure impotence
Spell Components:	Tail spine for Bar Portal spell[1]
Hide/Trophy:	A fully intact hide with wings may be worth much silver to trophy hunters
Treasure:	Incidental – arms, shields, dropped items, bits of armor and material wealth carried by victims
Edible:	Yes, edible but gamey
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1100

Meadow Spider

Also Known As:
Wolf-in-Sheep's Clothing,
Trapstump, Tree Kraken



I find myself constantly amazed at the variety of magnificent plant species hiding in groves, forests, meadows and fields all over Tellene. I marvel at the beauty of all flora, even such plant life as the Meadow Spider. Ah. The name. It does predispose one to imagine an arachnid, I admit. But it is nothing of the sort. I first found a sample of the very dangerous plant when I visited the abandoned, overgrown Garden of Myrtree, once belonging to a man like myself, who loved exotic, rare plant life. The plant itself wasn't in the garden. It sat just outside the garden gate. What I found looked like small foraging animals, rabbits and squirrels, running around the edge of the fencing. They seemed to be nibbling the grass and frolicking with abandon. Then, I saw it. A feral cat had been hunkered down in a bush outside the old house. When it was ready, it sprang at a rabbit; but instead of pouncing on a furry prey, the poor feline suddenly became snared by tentacles, whose camouflage as creatures of the forest was simply a lure to predators.

Once the cat was wrapped tightly as it wriggled and yowled, the poor thing was dragged to the center of the plant, which appeared to be just the stump of a former tree. The center is where the mouth is located.

That terrible maw opened up and devoured poor puss, with a sudden large gulp. I learned to stay away from small forest creatures until I was certain of their origin. In spite of the dangers such plants pose, I can't help but admire the meadow spider, for how it has adapted in order to survive and flourish. Though these plants are rather rare, they are able to thrive because of their natural abilities. I admire such abilities, no matter how dangerous they may be.

The Meadow Spider is a massive carnivorous plant that inhabits meadows, small groves and open fields, rooting into the earth and spreading its tentacles out beneath a loose layer of earth, grasses, weeds and leaves. The tips of the tentacles resemble rabbits, hares, ground squirrels or similar small rodents or other mammals and move languidly about the ground, simulating foraging creatures. When predators approach the apparently defenseless prey, they find themselves bludgeoned and ensnared, dragged towards the horrible maw at the center of the trap, concealed in what appears to be an ancient stump.

Combat/Tactics

Tree Krakens are ambush predators with the tips of their tentacles serving as bait. When the bait is attacked, they rouse the Kraken to action; and it lashes the assailant with the nearest two or three tentacles. If the target is incapacitated (dead, fallen in pain or unconscious), then the creature will drag its victim towards its central stump and awaiting maw. The bait-tips of the tentacles can be broken off without harm to the beast; they will regrow within 5-10 days.

Meadow Spiders pummel and lash with thick tentacles for 2d4p+5. They will attempt to seize victims with their vines

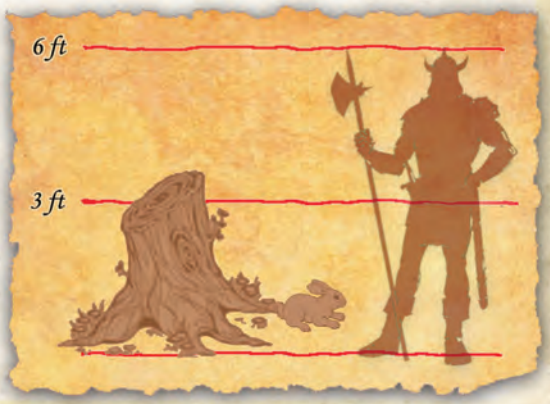
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



M

and drag them to the maw at the center of their body. Breaking free requires a Feat of Strength against a d20p+7 or inflicting 9 points of damage with a hacking weapon (after accounting for damage reduction) which will sever the vine. This can be done every 5 seconds. The grab attack is subject to the same restrictions as an unarmed attack, including being fended off by a retaliatory attack, so Trapstumps usually do not use them against opponents that are still moving, instead focusing on helpless enemies (dead, unconscious, or TOP'd). When prey is grabbed, the Trapstump manipulates its food towards the mouth at 5 feet per second. The maw attacks at +5 and inflicts 5d4p damage every 10 seconds. Escaping the toothy maw requires a Feat of Strength against d20p+14.

Difficult to spot, a Wolf-in-Sheep's Clothing has an effective hiding skill of 75%, but each mastery level in Survival or Monster Lore provides a +5% to Observation to notice the beast (so someone with Novice in Survival and Average in Monster Lore will receive a +10% to notice the Tree Kraken for their Average Monster Lore, over-riding the bonus from Survival). Tree Krakens have an equivalent of 30% Listening and Observation with a +50% within the radius of their tentacles. The creature has a 5 DR against hacking weapons; against piercing and bludgeoning weapons, the DR is 10. Only damage done to the trunk reduces its hit points.

Habitat/Society

The Tree Kraken is a solitary plant-form, seemingly springing up fairly distantly from others of its species. This is actually not the case as sprouts begin life often amongst many of their ilk, forming a quite dangerous nest. Food sources can never support them; and in time, only one will survive to adulthood. This process is sped by any tentacles within reach of another Meadow Spider wrapping and uprooting those of the nearest neighbor. The strongest plant wins such matches, permanently damaging the weaker and accelerating its ultimate demise. They are monoecious plants, flowering in spring.

Ecology

Meadow Spiders thrive on sunlight, good earth, and fresh blood. Not properly intelligent they nonetheless use care to conceal themselves after taking prey, and their powerful maw can completely consume any prey the Meadow Spider can subdue, given enough time; something the size of a human might take an hour to completely consume. Beneath the stump, a large stomach will slowly digest anything forced down the gullet. Like most plants, the Meadow Spider requires adequate water and sunlight, although the former is also gleaned from victims. Some intelligent humanoids actually hunt the beast when hungry, using fire and ranged weapons to subdue it.

On Tellene

Though rare, Meadow Spiders can be found throughout plains and less dense forests of Tellene. They are particularly prevalent near and around Ek Gakel, although the local Dejy tribes are particularly adept at detecting them.

Meadow Spider

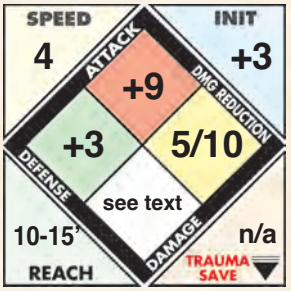
Hit Points:	9d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/ 650 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	0
Walk:	0
Jog:	0
Run:	0
Sprint:	0

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+6 (stalks), -4 (trunk)



Attack: Ambush foes with tentacles for 2d4p+5, then grab with vines, FoS vs d20p+7 to break free or 9 dmg to sever. Maw attacks every 10s at +5 for 5d4p.

Special: Special: Hide 75%, Listen (equivalent) 30%, Observation 50%. DR 10 vs. Piercing and Blunt weapons (5 vs Hacking)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any land
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Tea made from bark of vines strong hallucinogen. Ground into paste can ease pain.
Spell Components:	Fresh, a piece of tentacle-root adds 30 minutes to the duration of a *Liana* spell. Preserved, it adds 2d10p minutes with a value of 5cp
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	700

Mimikos

Also Known As:
Kaya'ru, Trecheron



I've heard of plenty of poor bastards who have had bad enough luck to run afoul of a Mimikos. It's because of these stories that most people think Mimikos only take the form of a fat chest of gold coins or maybe a door, but the truth is that they can look like nearly anything. Case in point, about a week ago I found myself in need of a hiding spot. There had been a misunderstanding with a local prefect and laying low for a few days seemed like the thing to do.

I managed to evade the guards by dipping into the tangled alleyways of a slum, and it wasn't long before I found a boarded up shack and slipped in. I could hear them rooting about outside and knew I needed to keep quiet. Hardly a problem for me. Turning to scan the environs, I was delighted to spy an overstuffed leather chair in the corner. My legs were aching from the pursuit, and a nice sit seemed like just the thing. I quietly and cautiously plopped myself down into the seat, being careful not to scrape the legs against the floor. The feeling was like heaven. I sank into the soft leather and prepared to have a nap while I waited out the patrols. Only, I didn't stop sinking.

The chair seemed to be drawing me deeper and deeper into itself. As I tried to rise, I found that my limbs and torso were stuck firmly to where I had let them rest on the lounger. I struggled to stand, and the chair began to pummel me with suddenly emerged pseudopods! Unable to defend myself, it was all I could do to keep quiet as the thing gave me the thrashing of a lifetime.

Blow after blow rained down on my face, and the demon chair creaked and hissed. I could see rows of small barb-like teeth closing about me as I continued to sink. I could stand it no more and cried out. The guards heard my voice and tore down the front door. Their two snarling faces turned at once to shock, and the last thing I saw before I sank down into the creature's gullet was their brandished weapons against the flailing pseudopods of the carnivorous armchair.

I was enveloped by darkness and felt the burning digestive fluids of the gut begin to consume me. I gathered my strength; and with a final wrenching effort, I broke free from the sticky embrace. Jolting up out of the clinging morass, I saw the beast was slain. It was strange to look down on it sprawled out on the ground, something between inanimate object and newly dead cadaver. The guards, too, were dead. Their skulls had been dashed against the floor, and their blades and hands were still firmly adhered to the Mimikos' sticky hide. I relieved them of their purses; and as I left, I happened to catch my reflection in a puddle outside. My beautiful face was so swollen and bruised from the beating I'd taken that I could scarcely recognize myself. With this realization, I gave a chuckle and strode down the high street to spend the guards' money.

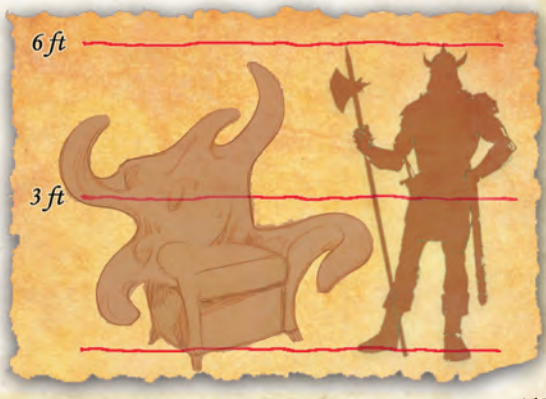
Sign/Tracks

Ironically, the absence of any tracks may signal the presence of a Mimikos - or may simply indicate that the item in question is as it appears and is not a monsterous mimic.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



The Mimikos is an amoeba-like creature possessed of a remarkable skill in mimicry. This creature can imitate the form of many inanimate objects ranging in size from doors and statuary to large pieces of furniture.

Combat/Tactics:

When typically encountered, a Mimikos is hibernating and slowly metabolizing an object it has enveloped. Unless touched or prodded, it will remain asleep as it is unresponsive to sound or light whilst in this state.

Scrutinizing an inactive Mimikos may reveal inconsistencies, permitting the observer to conclude with relative certainty that the "object" in question is not what it appears to be. Obviously, this must be done without touching the object for so doing will reveal ***with absolute certainty*** that it is counterfeit when the creature arouses!

Revealing the true nature of an unconscious Mimikos requires some appraisal skill vis-à-vis the object it is imitating. For a master, this is a trivial Scrutiny skill check.

For those of lesser skill, the following Scrutiny checks are required: Expert=Easy, Advanced=Average, Average=Difficult and Novice=Very Difficult.

If physically touched, the Mimikos will awaken from its cataleptic state. It cannot do this instantaneously hence its significant Initiative penalty. However, it is not completely defenseless until it regains situational awareness. Its outer skin is impregnated with a very sticky adhesive similar in effect to the clerical spell *Pine Tar* (q.v.). Anyone who touched the Mimikos is held fast unless they can succeed at a Feat of Strength (vs. d20+12). Such persons suffer a 2 point penalty to their combat stats (Attack, Defense, Damage & Speed) while ensnared and cannot execute combat maneuvers premised on their ability to move freely (e.g. give ground).

As a Mimikos regains consciousness, its mimicked form will gradually transform into an amorphous blob — the creature's true form. This process may take several minutes to complete. While mutating forms, viewers will see incongruous pseudopods materialize from the object. The creature employs said protrusions to flail defensively at what it perceives to be predators.

These pseudopods strike with appreciable concussive force but also bear the same adhesive that coats the creature's membrane. Anyone struck by a 'pod will be held fast with consequences to martial ability as above. Note that anyone employing a shield for defense will see this defensive ward ensnared even on a failed attack by the Mimikos (*that is, should it miss by less than 10*). Users have the option to remove the shield (an action requiring d4p seconds) else they are held as if they were successfully attacked. In addition, an ensnared shield no longer contributes to a character's defense bonus.

The Mimikos will extrude another pseudopod with which to attack should it snare an opponent. It is entirely possible for an individual combatting a Mimikos to be restrained by multiple appendages. In such instances, the disabling effect is cumulative.

The creature, like others of similar composition, is resilient to damage inflicted by crushing and puncturing weapons. As such, its Damage Reduction rating is dependent on the type of implement used to harm it. Crushing weapons face a DR of 12, Piercing 8 while Hacking weapons contend with a mere 2.

Habitat/Ecology:

Mimikos are detritivores that have the ability to metabolize lignin. They feed primarily upon wood but can readily digest animal protein or plant based carbohydrates if available. It is theorized that they can even maintain life functions by oxidizing noble metals or carbonate rock.

Mimikos digest materials by initially flowing over the object in question. Once an object is enveloped, the creature forms a rigid outer skin that exactly replicates the item being devoured — albeit it somewhat larger than the original. This skin hardens over a period of days and pigmentates such that it forms a veneer that replicates the underlying object. Quite unwittingly, it forms a duplicate of the thing it is consuming.

Digestion occurs over many days or weeks depending on the nature of the object being consumed. Once a Mimikos has completed "eating" an object, it enters a period of hibernation during which it slowly processes the material it enveloped.

As a Mimikos spends most of its life in metabolic hibernation, this is the state most are encountered in.

On Tellene:

As these creatures can be found anywhere with

ambient temperatures above 20°F, it is difficult to offer advice on how best to avoid being duped into provoking one of these creatures. Given their proclivity for hibernation, one assumes that they are disposed to seeking concealed locations with little foot traffic.

One could imagine that a skilled, daring and appropriately equipped party of explorers might be capable of capturing one of these creatures alive — perhaps through the use of heavy nets for temporary restraint before transfer to an iron cage.

Such a captive creature may be of interest to a wealthy patron possessed of an aberrant sense of humor who wishes to surprise unwelcome houseguests with his unusual "pet". Alternatively, it could be employed as a sentinel, perhaps of treasure, provided that said valuables are supplemented with objects more desirable by the Mimikos else the creature may consume the wealth it was set to passively guard.

Whilst possession of a Mimikos might initially be appealing to a prankster, particularly a malevolent one, it seldom ends well.

The time required for a Mimikos to consume an object is highly variable, complicating management of the creature. It is also very shy except when threatened and tends to move towards and consume its next meal when unobserved — preferably under cover of darkness.

Unless meticulously watched, one is likely to be unaware of when the creature has moved; and even should that be noted, the new form the creature has assumed could be anything from a door to a section of stairs or hardwood flooring or a piece of furniture.

At best, this will result in a frightened domestic staff delicately tapping everything with long poles; or, more likely, quitting en masse.

New hires will be difficult to find and will demand outrageous wages to work in a house of horrors (as former staff will undoubtedly have spread embellished stories of their experiences).

It is entirely possible that the mischievous patron introducing a Mimikos into his home may be hoisted on his own petard by falling prey to its vigorous self-defense mechanism when alone, surprised and unprepared to meet this challenge.

Mimikos

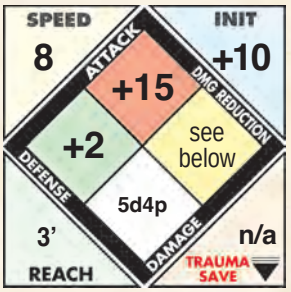
Hit Points:	30+5d8
Size/Weight:	L/650 lbs.
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	2½
Run:	2½
Sprint:	2½

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+6



Attack: A mimikos' outer membrane is sticky and able to hold fast anything touching or touched by the creature. Forms pseudopods to flail opponents for 5d4p damage. Can generate additional 'pods to continue attacking while holding opponents with other protrusions. DR dependent on weapon employed (see text).

Special: mimicry of static objects, glue.

General Info

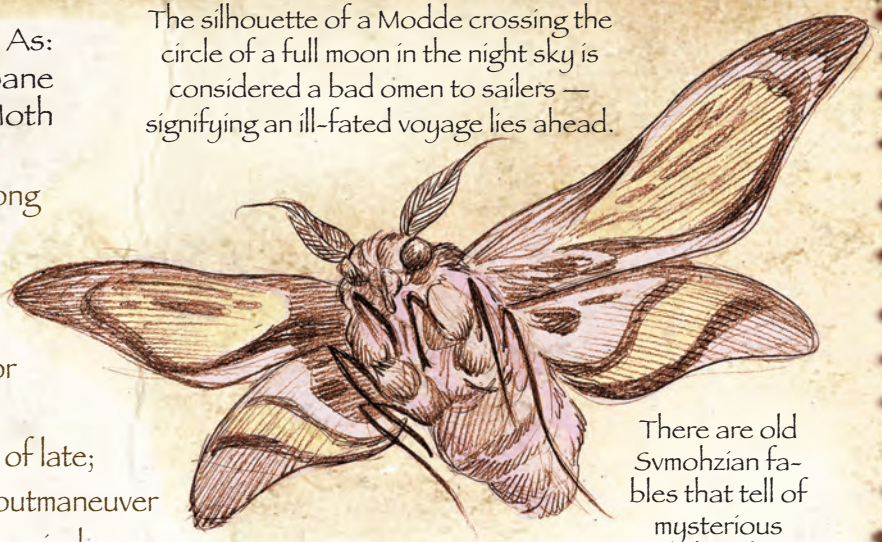
Activity Cycle:	Any (typically hibernating)
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	n/a
Awareness/Senses:	Touch only
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Any
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	520

Modde

Also Known As:
Sailor's Bane
or Sea Moth



The silhouette of a Modde crossing the circle of a full moon in the night sky is considered a bad omen to sailers — signifying an ill-fated voyage lies ahead.

There are old Svmohzian fables that tell of mysterious "Moth Riders"

In those days, having fallen in with the wrong sort and been more or less impressed into duty upon the pirate ship, Ferocity, I found myself falling more and more into black moods, looking to improve my lot without having my neck stretched or being run through or clubbed to death by an angry drunken mate.

The looting had been fair but had fallen off of late; and what's worse, we were currently trying to outmaneuver and escape from a Mendarn navy frigate aggressively looking to end our days of marauding the Brandobian Coast. Outmatched for speed and firepower, our belligerent captain took to the reefs and shoals betwixt the many isles; and we moved west. While they pursued us most doggedly, we did manage to shake them and conceal in a recessed cove. We dropped anchor for what repairs we could make, planning to slip out in the cover of darkness. The plan worked; but as we unfurled and the schooner creaked and lurched, three giant ghostly forms descended upon the vessel. The gust from their wings nearly knocked one cuss overboard. The first mate knew a curse was upon us and shouted orders to slay the Sailor's Bane before it was too late. Grabbing a crossbow, I shot the nearest one, chasing it off. Even so, I could see that the beasts were eating the ship's planks. I used the confusion of the fight to grab a few baubles from the captain's chamber, abandon ship and swim for the beach, taking my chances on the beach over the hangman's noose coming with the dawn.

Moddes have large, thick wings, full of grace and beauty, bearing marvelously stunning designs and patterns. Their mandibles are small and have little bite force, meant for feeding on flowers and soft vegetation, their main food sources. Unfortunately, for those that ply the seas of Tellene, Moddes also have a taste for billowy fabrics, cloths and silks, such as a ship's sails.

They are especially prevalent when winds are strong during squalls and tempests as they can be blown from their seaboard habitat out above the nearby shallows where they might encounter vessels and their tasty sails. Since they feed at night, they often approach unnoticed, taking crew by surprise.

Combat/Tactics:

A Modde is essentially a non-combatant, only looking for a free meal. Since the creature can nimbly fly and will typically land high on the rigging, getting to one can be difficult; and the strong DR from their wings (which fold over its body when landed) can prevent damage from most attacks.

Sign/Tracks

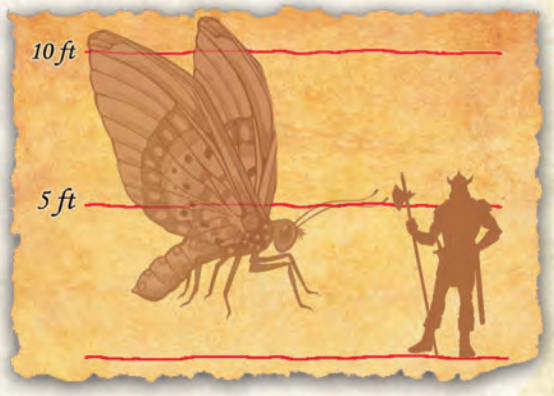


A Modde attacking a ship's rigging

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Further, DR is 4 (body) or 9 (wings) against puncturing attacks, making arrows a difficult option for dislodging the beast. For every second that a Modde feasts upon sails, it devours 2% of the fabric. It will voluntarily fly off once feeding for a number of seconds equal to its hit points. A successful knock-back from a non-puncturing attack or reduction to 30% or fewer hit points will also cause the Modde to disengage and immediately flee.

Habitat/Ecology:

Sea Moths inhabit littoral zones in tropical areas, especially islands, feasting on the lush vegetation nearby, in particular flowers, which they savor. They lay their supple eggs in shallow depressions on beach sand, soft dirt or fine gravel. A single female Modde might lay as many as a score of eggs. She then carefully covers them, using wing and tiny foot to rather quickly complete the burial process. There, the sun warms the surrounding earth; and the eggs incubate over a period of around one week. They hatch into giant caterpillar-like creatures known as Moddepilles, although roughly half or even more might be consumed by their siblings, reducing the yield substantially. A Moddepille will pupate after a few months depending on food availability and eventually emerge as an adult Modde.

Because of their fondness for rigging, sails or any proteinaceous fiber, Moddes are regarded as a major nuisance to sailors who consider them vexing and dangerous foes that could cause a ship and crew to perish if far from civilization; thus, the nickname of Sailor's Bane. Ships in wild areas near shore sometimes choose to douse all lights as these have been known to attract a Modde. Moddes have also been known to circle bright lights such as campfires, eventually crashing into and extinguishing it.

There are some reports that they may be repelled by the scent of wood from juniper and cedar, by lavender, or by other natural oils; however, many consider this unlikely to prevent attack.

Any flying animal fast enough to catch and large enough to eat a Modde is a potential predator as they are savory and full of protein and don't fight back. Giant bats, eagles, dinosaurs, Rocs and so-on will eat a Modde if seen. Any terrestrial predator that can catch a Modde will also feed upon them. While much harder to do so, many will pounce once a Modde lands. These include giant lizards, great cats, dire creatures, humanoids and men.

On Tellene:

Moddes thrive in the tropical coastlines throughout Svimohzia and Brandobia, but also along Reanaaria Bay and the coast south of Bet Kalamar through the peninsula.

Modde

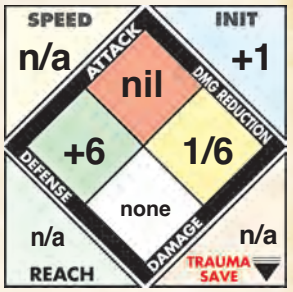
Hit Points:	20+2d8
Size/Weight:	L / 30 lbs.
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Fly:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Sea Moths cannot attack

Defense: Fly, Sneak 85, +3 DR vs. puncturing weapons

General Info

Activity Cycle:	nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Common
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Littoral zones
Diet:	Herbivore
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Non-Arctic Littoral zones

Yield

Medicinal:	Salve from wings mitigates sunburn
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Intact wings with designs can be sold
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes, high in protein
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	20

Moddepille

Also Known As: Sand Ambusher, Giant Carnivorous Caterpillar



Moddepilles buried in sand with hot coals are often prepared for great feasts. One such creature can feed an entire village.

Some Svimohzish villages organize Moddepille-hunts, building huge bonfires on beaches and baning drums to lure them to the surface.

The voyage ended badly, but it turns out not to have been our greatest horror. The gales lashed our sloop and forced us into the shoals and aground even as the lashing rain subsided to a drizzle. As the hull cracked, the rats fled the ship as did the crew. We managed to drag ourselves onto the island's sandy beach, cold and wet. We had some meager provisions that we managed to bring ashore and with the rains now passed, thoughts turned to fire and shelter. Since the hour was getting late, our choice was clear, use the plentiful flotsam and driftwood to build a fire, dry out and wait for morning to assess the damage and if necessary, build shelters.

If only it had been that easy.

In short order, we had a few bonfires started. There we sat, sailors miserably encircling the flames, passing around what scanty rations we had. After our paltry meal, we began to relax, thinking ourselves safe until we could swim to the sloop in the morning. Just then, one sailor, a particularly brusque fellow by the name of Kal the Hook, though he was not maimed save for a nick on his left ear, let out a cry. No sooner had we espied the mandibles locked onto his ankle, then the sand began to erupt all around the bonfires. I can still hear the shrieks of agony as I plunged into the water and hastily swam for the sloop.

Long, hairy, soft and plump with massive, sharp mandibles, Moddepille voraciously forage on buried clams, crabs, seaweed, worms, detritus, fish, turtles, anything that they can find in coastal beach areas. They are actually the larval form of the giant Sea Moth or Modde. After hatching the Moddepille lie burrowed just under the surface of sandy beaches, foraging nonstop. They emerge to feed on any wildlife that passes over them, typically popping up d4p at a time, often encircling their prey and feeding as a frenzied mob. They are attracted to vibrations on the sand but even more so, exhibit heat sensitivity endangering anyone camping on a beach. A campfire will draw a Moddepille's attention from hundreds of feet away.

Combat/Tactics:

Moddepilles typically attack by surprise, emerging from the sand or loose soil below their victim. Thus, in the standard case, a Moddepille attacks on the first count since most creatures cannot detect them (although many animals and familiars sensitive to vibration or with powerful hearing will recognize that something is below and be able to react prior to the attack). Most of the time (75%), Moddepilles encircle their prey prior to emerging, although the attacks seem instinctual and are not coordinated. The result is d4p emerging simultaneously; and if there are greater numbers in the colony, there is a 25% chance per second of another emerging (check

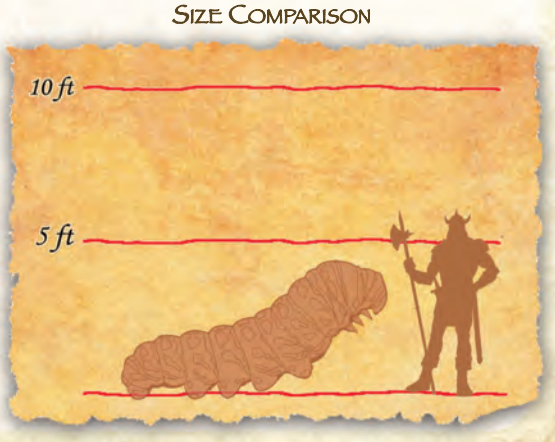
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Moddepille

Hit Points:	5+d4	10+d8	15+2d8
Size/Weight:	T / 5 lbs.	M / 20 lbs.	L / 50 lbs.
Tenacity:	Fearless		
Intelligence:	non		
Fatigue Factor:	n/a		

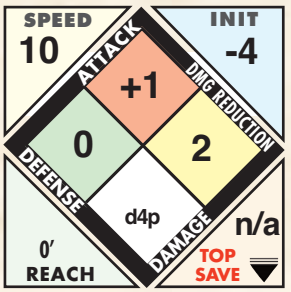
MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½	2½	5
Walk:	2½	5	7½
Jog:	2½	5	7½
Run:	5	10	15
Sprint:	5	10	15

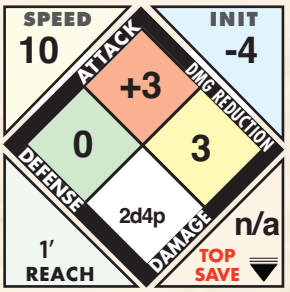
SAVES

Physical:	+3	+6	+9
Mental:	+1	+1	+1
Dodge:	+2	+2	+2

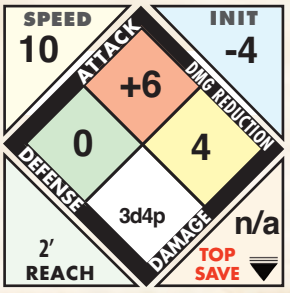
Moddepille (1 month)



Moddepille (2 months)



Moddepille (3 months)



Attack: Typically attacks by surprise (see text).

Defense: Burrowing, Hiding 99%, Sneaking 65%, Vulnerable to cold.

randomly to see which character they emerge near and from which side – you can use a d12 as a clock face to determine location relative to a victim). They emerge this way until the whole colony is attacking.

Moddepilles are susceptible to cold, and any cold-based attacks will cause triple damage. The scent of certain woods also repels them including juniper and cedar as well as lavender and certain scented oils.

Habitat/Ecology:

Modde Sea Moths lay their eggs in shallow depressions on beach sand, soft dirt or gravel where they incubate. In a few weeks they emerge as Moddepilles. The Moddepilles eat voraciously and continuously. Their soft bodies grow rapidly, molting often as they grow in size. After just over three months, each will dig underground and use its spinnerets to spin a silk cocoon. There the Moddepille will enter a pupal stage and in the cocoon undergo a metamorphic change and eventually emerge as an adult Sea Moth.

Ecology:

Moddepilles are rapacious eaters and will attack creatures of any size as well as eat remains and plant material. Since they are so rich in protein and can aid in healing, many animals and monsters, especially wounded ones, will seek out Moddepilles. Methods of Moddepille hunting are varied, including waiting near beaches where seaweed is plentiful, dropping fish on beaches and even directly digging for cocoons. Many human and humanoid tribes also eat Moddepille, and merchants greatly value their silk if it can be harvested from cocoons or a live specimen captured and delivered quickly (as it will pupate in due time).

On Tellene:

Moddepilles are found on the beaches and gravels of any shoreline with enough available food.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	6-48
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Common
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Littoral zones
Diet:	Herbivore
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Non-arctic littoral zones

Yield

Medicinal:	Properly sautéed and prepared can temporarily provide Fast Healing (q.v.) to characters while on a strict diet of moddepille
Spell Components:	Silk reduces Web spells by 10 SP
Hide/Trophy:	Captured alive can be sold to merchants for 2d6p/4d6p/10d6p sp (age 3 mos, 2 mos, 1 month)
Treasure:	Silk will sell for d6p sp per cocoon
Edible:	Baked moddepille meat is quite tasty.
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	14 24 64

Mold

Also Known As:
Black Mold, Yellow Mold
Brown Mold



Though carnivorous beasts do disproportionately fill the pages of my colleague Greytar's catalogue of dangerous denizens, explorers of the thinly catalogued hinterlands have other dangers to be mindful of. Though my deepest knowledge pertains to plants, I have accumulated a deep knowledge of other potentially deadly creatures. Here I speak of various mold species that are occasionally found cohabitating the very same locations so often home to weird and malicious creatures whose slaughter fills many a bard's repertoire.

These creatures may often pose as serious a threat to life and limb as more well-known beasts, but their means of posing such hazards and their weaknesses are far less commonly known. In order to enlighten my audience, I present here some examples from this little understood or appreciated taxon.

"The lesson here is clear, lad. Consider Mold in all its many and varied forms to be suspect."

Black Mold

Black Mold is an extremely common problem in interior locations where organic materials (such as wooden beams and other structural elements) have been subject to water damage or excessive humidity. It is most prevalent in areas with poor ventilation such as cellars (and particularly in enormous subterranean cellars known colloquially as "dungeons"). In many such cases, the Mold is not confined to a singular location but is endemic to the entire complex.

This type of Mold is not expressly toxic though some individuals may display a particular biological vulnerability to its spores (see Allergies: Mold flaw). These people suffer a -10 penalty on all skill checks when exposed to Black Mold.

Yellow Mold

This pale Yellow Mold is a nuisance common to underground locations. It may also be encountered in above ground structures where shielded from direct sunlight. Ultraviolet light will incapacitate and eventually kill Yellow Mold.

Yellow Mold presents a far greater hazard than ubiquitous Black Mold. When the Mold is contacted (e.g. stepped upon, brushed, or an object is hurled into its area of growth), it discharges a cloud of fine spores in a 10-foot diameter hemisphere from the point of impact.

These spores present a choking hazard (if inhaled) as well as exposing an individual or other organic material (such as cloth, wood or leather gear) to its flesh-eating spores.

Exposure to Yellow Mold is considered to be a Virulence Factor 11 toxin. Should an individual possess the Allergies: Mold flaw, he suffers a -6 penalty on said check.

Effect if Save Failed: This indicates the individual has inhaled a sufficient volume of spores to induce a coughing fit due to bronchial irritation.

Said person is greatly incapacitated. The following afflictions apply:

- Coughing fit lasts for 5d4p x10 seconds. During this time, individuals are limited to strolling [crawling] speed. Attacks are impossible, and defense is subject to a -6 penalty.
- All skill checks are subject to a -30% penalty.
- Individual suffers 2d4p damage as a result of irritation to lungs.

Once the coughing fit has subsided, the individual remains winded as the inhaled spores make it difficult to breathe normally. As a result, he effectively gains the Weary flaw until the injuries sustained are remediated. (If he previously possessed this flaw, penalties are now doubled).

More importantly, the Yellow Mold's spores are now embedded in precisely the type of dark and moist environment with ready access to organic material (e.g. the victim's lungs) that optimizes growth. They will begin to grow in-situ inflicting damage upon the host at a rate of 1 hp/6 hours.

This damage may be remediated by various curative spells, but such revivification is no panacea as it will not eliminate the spores merely repairing the damage it's done. Completely mending all lung damage (e.g. from the initial choking fit and any subsequent

time-dependent injury) will temporarily negate the Weary-*esque* penalty until the spores inflict further damage.

In-situ Yellow Mold spores are treated as a non-communicable terminal disease (e.g. the patient cannot overcome the "infection" by means of natural constitutional prowess – unless routinely bolstered by curative miracles he will eventually succumb). However, a miracle that specifically combats disease organisms (e.g. *Treat Disease*) will kill off the spores and permit full recovery. Note that given the nature of the "infection", priests attempting such a spell need not check for communicability.

A botanist with advanced or better mastery may be able (upon passing a difficult skill check) to prepare an herbal expectorant of peppermint oil or leaves of the evergreen climbing plant ivy.

Such treatment provides the patient with an opportunity to expel the Mold from his lungs – in game terms affording a re-roll of the poison save albeit with a -4 penalty.

Should an individual die from Yellow Mold inhalation, the spores will consume the body within a week and establish a new colony centered on the corpse (unless it had been burned or buried).

Individuals may choose to manually hold a scarf or comparable piece of cloth over their mouth and nose as a preemptive ward against Mold spores. This presumes foreknowledge of the threat (e.g. it cannot be done instantaneously upon being asked to make a saving throw) and prevents use of the limb for any other purpose (e.g. holding a shield or weapon, somatic spell casting, et cetera). This ersatz "gas mask" is far from perfect but does allow for a +3 bonus to any initial saves vs. poison.

Effect if Save Successful: Success indicates the victim has resisted inhaling a sufficient volume of spores to establish a colony in his lungs. However, his skin and gear will still be coated in the spores. This presents a health hazard and exposes cloth, wood and leather gear to damage.

Unless decontamination is performed, four hours after exposure, individuals will experience sensitivity on exposed flesh accompanied by redness. After 12 hours, they will sustain 1 hp of damage and another every 12 hours thereafter. The victim's epidermis will develop sores covered in pale yellow pus as the infection progresses.

Leather, wood and cloth gear will also begin to deteriorate after exposure. Thick robes, leather, studded leather and ring mail sustain 1 armor hp of damage every 8 hours. Other items (including shields) will drop 1 quality level per 24 hours (see Quality of Goods on p. 122-125 of the GameMaster's Guide).

Decontamination can be successfully performed by thoroughly scrubbing down exposed individuals and their items in soap and water (mere immersion is insufficient – it requires the surfactant properties of soap to dislodge the mold spores). No less than 2 ounces of soap is required for decontamination of either an individual or his equipment.

Sterilize is an effective miraculous alternative and will decontaminate a single individual and his equipment.

Yellow Mold is a biological hazard, not a monster per se, and thus cannot be adequately presented in the customary manner. It is subject to destruction by fire, cold, acid, electricity and comparable application of energy. Any energetic spell cast upon Yellow Mold will destroy all Mold within its area of effect. Thus, *Scorch* will eliminate a 10' x 10' patch while *Fire Finger* would only eliminate a 5' x 2" wide portion of the mold.

Brown Mold

This pale brownish-white Mold is another subterranean hazard. Like other Molds, it is killed by exposure to sunlight. Again, this is due to the UV constituent of said light not the visual spectrum light similarly provided by torches and lanterns.

This life form feeds on organic material like other Molds but employs a tremendously endothermic metabolism. Thus, in order to feed, it must literally suck heat out of its environment.

This mechanism is subject to severe constraints for were it free to actively pull heat from relatively warm surroundings, say >70° F, on a steady-state basis, it would rapidly overload and die from hypermetabolism.

Intermittent heat sources, even energetic ones such as a bonfire or perhaps a *Fireball*, will not induce hypermetabolism as the heat source will be quenched before its metabolism spirals out of control. It is thus found exclusively in cool to cold environments.

The presence of Brown Mold may be suspected as the ambient temperature will be noticeably colder the nearer one approaches until reaching 32°F at the edge of its growth. Note that freezing ambient temperatures will mask this clue.

Any warm-blooded creature that approaches within 5 feet of the Brown Mold is subject to chilling damage as the mold absorbs their body heat. This equates to 2 hp/second in game terms (though those clad in Arctic or Polar cold weather gear reduce this to 1 hp/second).

In addition to draining heat from warm-blooded creatures, Brown Mold will also instantly extinguish fire-based light sources.

This absorption of heat will kick start the Mold's metabolism, causing it to grow 1 foot per second towards the heat source for each person/second it extracts heat and another foot for each torch or lantern extinguished.

Should fire-based magic be directed at the Mold or any portion of its area of effect fall within 5 feet of the Mold's current growth, the spell's effect will be completely absorbed (incidentally causing its perimeter to expand by 2 feet for every 10 hp of damage the spell would have inflicted). Electrical attacks will be similarly absorbed but without the accompanying growth spurt.

Note that any cold-using or cold-adapted creatures, even if nominally mammalian such as Frore Wolves or Hoar Frost Giants, are not subject to heat drain.

Moderately intelligent arctic dwelling species such as Snogres have reportedly employed Brown Mold as passive defensive measures in their lairs.

Destroying a patch of Brown Mold may be a difficult task for warm-blooded creatures, but that is due only to being homeotherms. Brown Mold is actually subject to predation by chill-tolerant insects.

Moose

Also Known As:
Forest King



It was in the Wild Lands that I first encountered a moose up close, in the Rytarr Woods abutting Lake Jorakk where they were known to forage in the marshy areas abutting that great lake. We had seen many from afar alongside the Jorakk River as we travelled from Trarr to Narr-Rytarr in a river ferry, but only the close proximity to these great beasts truly allowed me to appreciate their size and ferocity. It was in observing this herd that a pair of dire wolves crept in desirous of an easy kill. This was to be denied to the savage duo. The bull confronted them and seemingly dexterous in the shallow water head butted them off with savagery crushing one wolf mid-stride with a flick of its antlers and denying the other a kill with an effortless repositioning of its bristling hornage. This seemingly effortless dispatching of a pair of formidable killers spoke clearly of the creature's ability to inflict lethal damage upon a creature that riled it to anger. S

Moose are giant cervids, easily 6' tall at the shoulders, the males of whom have broad, flat antlers like many-fingered hands with open palms. They usually shed these antlers in winter, though young males may keep theirs. While not usually aggressive, they will defend themselves; and the males can be particularly vicious.

Combat/Tactics

A male moose that has decided to attack will usually begin with a charge with his antlers. This charge does great damage (5d4p) and can knock back even large predators. Females and a male pressed into close combat will use a combination of hoof strikes and bites, both of which cause d8p damage.

As solitary animals, moose are quite adept at using the environment to their advantage. A common tac-

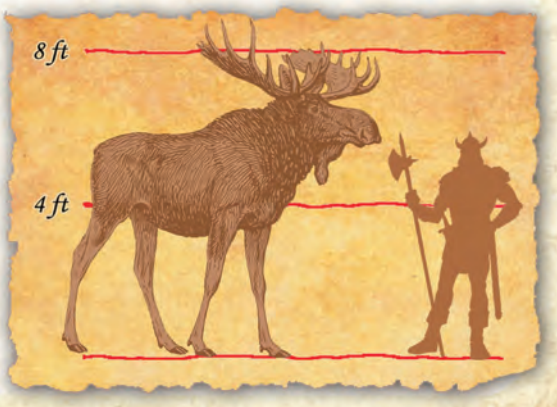
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Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



tic is to stand in water; tall and with long legs and good footing, they may only be knee-deep in water while their opponents are up to their thighs or even forced to swim (see GMG pg. 24). Moose will also do the same with snow, using their great size to move through snow others would find impassable.

Ecology

Moose are solitary herbivores, eating shoots, leaves, and fruit as well as aquatic plants. They are not grazers, being poorly suited to grasses; and the mainstay of ranching, hay, can cause deadly obstructions. This makes them very difficult to domesticate.

At their size, they have relatively few natural predators. Tigers, Smilodon, and bears might all take a full grown moose; and a wolf pack will also consider it, especially if led by a Warg or bolstered by some dire wolves. Where their territories overlap, moose must also beware of Rocs, Wyverns and Wyrms.

On Tellene

Moose live throughout the Brindonwood and the Shadesh West, though they are less common in the Sanakir and Shashyf Hills.

[1]Moose hide can be tanned and used in clothing, boots, and shoes. It frequently sells for 30-40 sp per hide. Moose horns can be used as materials for weapons (and frequently are by those with limited access to metal); but their intact horns or the horned head of a male is a popular trophy with hunters and mercenaries, fetching 100 sp if well taxidermized.

[2]Moose meat is delicious but somewhat difficult to acquire, especially as moose avoid places of dense habitation. In larger markets, it may fetch as much as 1 sp a pound due to its relative rarity.



A Dejy spirt-totem made from a moose skull. Often erected on poles and placed on the shores of bodies of water or the banks of rivers and streams.

Moose

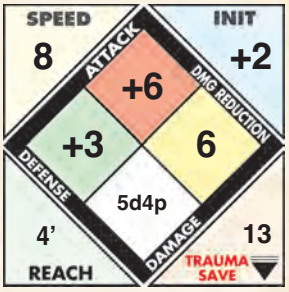
Hit Points:	5d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/ 1000 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk/Swim:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Initial attack will be a charge if possible; normal damage and double knock-back. 5d4p damage from a male's horns; if using hooves and a bite, speed reduces to 4, and damage to 1d8p.

Special: Moose resist cold damage; during the summer, they reduce any cold damage by 2 points, while they reduce it by 6 in their winter coats. Moose are always considered to be wearing snowshoes if it is advantageous. Swim 40%.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 (adult) or 2 (mother and calf)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Uncommon
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Cold boreal forest
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Sub-arctic woodlands and marshes

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Using a piece of moose hide as an additional material component in *Doeskin* or *Doeskins* adds +1 DR and allows the subjects to resist 1 point of cold damage
Hide/Trophy:	Hide, horns, head[1]
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes[2]
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	175

Morlock

Also Known As:
Murg'wy,
Nether'Men



If a comrade succumbs to the gaze of a Morlock, throw a. tunic or robe over his head to break the stupification.

I am telling this to you in attempt to make sense of what has happened to me. I am a miner—was a miner. I was taken by the things you call "Morlocks" some time ago. My friends tell me that I have been missing for weeks, but I no longer have any sense of time. There is only hunger now. Hunger and pain.

The last thing I can remember seeing with my own eyes was my own stream of piss as I relieved myself just behind the tree line near our camp. I can still smell mutton cooking on the spit, can still hear the whining of my hound, Ogo, as he begs for food. I was thinking about how I would admonish the beast when I caught sight of two luminous yellow orbs floating in the darkness in front of me. After that, I can't remember anything. Maybe I was being carried at some point, dragged at other times, I think.

I wake up in complete darkness. True darkness. I can… smell them still. The rank odor of the bodies all around me and yet invisible. When I try to stand and walk off, rough hands pull me back to the ground and force some sort of plant into my mouth. It tastes dry like sawdust, and it sucks up all the moisture in my mouth. The hands won't let go of me until I swallow the stuff. It goes on like this for a long time. Maybe a few days.It's impossible to tell time in the dark.

I feel something happening to me, changing me. I am sprouting thick hair on my shoulders, and my beard is falling out. My eyes are sore, and it's too painful to keep them open anymore. Whatever is in this cave with me (the walls, floor, and ceilings are made from uncut stone, so I can only assume a cave) is no longer holding me in place at this point. I'm free to wander as best as I can. Soon enough, I begin to get a sense of the cave's layout: where the fresh water can be found and where not to crawl (my captors always drag me back when I crawl in a certain direction). I look forward to my plant meals. I crave them now, feel ill without them. I can feel myself begin to forget my life. Memories are slipping away, and trying to hold onto them is like cupping water in your hands. I lose a little bit more every day.

Then! Screams! Pain! Light! Terrible, terrible light! And the baying of… of Ogo! People's voices. "There's another one! Don't look at its eyes! Smash its skull in!" Ogo is near now. He's in front of me, growling—but not at me. It's too much. I pass out.

That's all I can remember from my time in the morlock caves. I can no longer see, but for that I am grateful. I know something of how I must look now. How twisted and hideous I have become. It's all right, though. I still have Ogo here to keep me company. He doesn't seem to mind. — Excerpt from Tales of the Ka'Asa Mountain Twelve

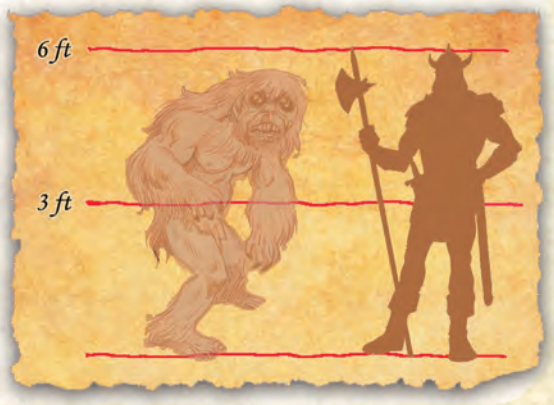
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Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Morlocks are bizarre subterranean creatures who prey upon the surface world for food and for purposes of reproduction. No Morlock is born, they are instead created by degenerating surface creatures' biology through exposure to a narcotic and mutagenic fungus. Once transformed by the fungus, the creature's body twists into the common Morlock form; from five to six feet in height, 160 to 200 lbs in weight with lank white hair and powder blue skin. Hair grows thickly on their shoulders, back, and limbs; but their faces are beardless and grotesque with hypnotic, lamp like eyes.

Morlocks are totally blind, but their other senses compensate to allow them function in complete darkness. The Morlocks use their mastery of the dark to stage ambushes and overwhelm their prey, but they are cowards at heart and will not hesitate to retreat if things do not go their way.

Combat/Tactics:

Morlock combat relies on deception, darkness, and the Morlocks' own luminous eyes. They fight with nets, clubs, and weaponry looted from previous prey. As stated before, all Morlocks are blind but have exceptional secondary senses that give them the equivalent of the Blind-Fighting talent. The Morlocks use their ability to move around unhindered in the dark to surround or head off their foes while remaining quiet and unseen. Morlocks use this opportunity to listen to their quarry, using their sharp ears to determine how many individuals are present and, especially, hoping to listen in on conversations.

Morlocks are infallible mimics and can perfectly recreate the vocal qualities of anyone they hear, even if only for a few seconds. Morlocks then attempt to separate their prey, trying to lure their targets away from the main group by whispering to them in the voices of their friends or companions. Individual Morlocks then draw near (within five feet) and make themselves visible to the target, casting their hypnotic gaze on it.

Anyone caught in the gaze of a Morlock must make a Mental saving throw vs. d20p or be transfixed in place, unable to take any actions. If eye contact is broken or if the target is moved more than five feet away from the hypnotizing morlock, then the effect is broken. An ally can assist a person hypnotized by a Morlock by vigorously shaking their shoulders which can also break the effect. After the effect is broken, the target enters a fatigued mental state for five seconds as he recovers. During this time, he takes a -6 to defense rolls, may not roll attacks, takes a 30% penalty to all skill checks, may only move at half speed (running and sprinting are impossible), and all other actions take twice as long as usual to complete. Once a character has resisted the gaze of a Morlock, he becomes immune to the effect for the rest of the encounter. A Morlock who is maintaining eye contact with his prey rolls only a d12p for defense.

With their quarry effectively paralyzed, other Morlocks then move to net or tie it up for transport back to their den. Morlocks only attack groups when they have nearly double their opponents' numbers, one half disabling the prey with their hypnotic gaze and the other half trussing them up. If the prey resists, the Morlocks will fight back with whatever stolen weapons they may have on hand. The Morlocks' brains have been warped and degraded by fungal exposure, and when pressed to fight, they respond with savage ferocity. Morlocks are only able to use the Aggressive Attack combat maneuver when attacking, with its attendant benefits and drawbacks. Despite this initial show of aggression, Morlocks have a nervous disposition and may easily have their morale broken if it appears the fight is no longer progressing in their favor.

Habitat/Society:

Morlocks live in subterranean passages and cave systems, occasionally ascending to the surface at night to hunt for prey. The Morlocks, however, do not hunt their prey to eat it—they hunt their prey in order to adopt it. Morlocks are opportunists and target any sentient bipeds they come across. Anyone unfortunate enough to be hypnotized and caught by the Morlocks is taken down into their lightless, cavernous dens where they are force fed a noxious green fungus. Morlock fungus is fairly nutritious, but also has intense narcotic effects which can quickly lead to addiction even in short term users. After the first few days of imprisonment, Morlocks stop placing guards on their captives. The darkness of the caves and their winding tunnels is usually enough to keep prisoners from wandering far and even those who do eventually return for the fungus. Long-term consumption of the fungus causes the prisoner to degenerate and slowly warp into a Morlock themselves. By the end of this transformation, the individual loses any traits from their original species and becomes Morlock through and through, eventually losing all memory of their former lives.

The lifespan of a newly created Morlock is short lived, however. The transformation into a Morlock takes a terrible toll on the hapless creature's health; and the subsequent Morlock lifestyle of squatting naked in remote caves means that a new Morlock has at best, ten years left to live after their transformation. Certain unusual individuals, however, exhibit an inborn resistance to the fungus and manage to retain some small scrap of their former personalities. These individuals become keepers of what scant Morlock oral traditions which exist. Namely, the location of other caves where Morlock fungus grows and how to get there.

Some foolhardy souls have attempted to consume Morlock fungus for recreational purposes; but while the drug has a brief euphoric effect, it quickly fades, leaving the imbiber wanting more. Those who eat fungus experience a -2 to attack, -2 to defense, +2 weapon speed, and gain the Melancholy quirk after the euphoria elapses until they get their next fix or a full night's sleep and a meal.

Ecology:

Morlocks as a species are entirely reliant on the fungus of the same name but lack the intellect to cultivate it. Instead, a Morlock colony will simply inhabit a cave until such a time that their supply of fungus dwindles. At that point the Morlock colony, under guidance from older individuals, will relocate to caves which they have previously inhabited hoping that the fungal supply has replenished itself. These periods of migration are trying times for a Morlock colony. Many of them may die on the journey to a new cave system, and regions which unknowingly play host to the colony usually experience a rash of disappearances after the Morlocks move in.

On Tellene:

Those lucky few who have been rescued from Morlock colonies before they could be transformed themselves have described hearing strange dealings spoken in unknown languages while being held prisoner. One described how, a few days into his captivity, he detected the arrival of a distinctly non-Morlock presence within the colony. After the being conversed with an elder Morlock, the captive could hear three of the recent prisoners being dragged away deeper into the cave system. Their fates, the purpose of the interaction, and the identity of the unseen being remain a mystery.

Morlocks

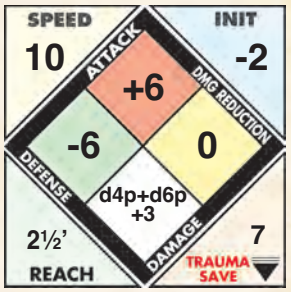
Hit Points:	1d8+18
Size/Weight:	M/160-200 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	-1
Mental:	-2
Dodge:	+1



Attack: Morlocks always *Aggressively Attack* (stats reflect this). Hypnotic gaze (vs d20p mental save). Blindfighting

Special: Mimicry

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-4 (scouts); 3d4p (kidnappers); 4d12p (clan)
% Chance in Lair:	85%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Blind
Awareness/Senses:	Exceptional Listening (76% mastery)
Habitat:	Lightless subterranean tunnels
Diet:	Special narcotic fungus
Organization:	Groups
Climate/Terrain:	Subterranean

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Morlocks value only morlock fungus
Edible:	Yes, though transforms eater into a Morlock
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	65

Muck Men

Also Known As: Swamp Beast



Muck men are adept at blending into their surroundings by simply going motionless or crouching.

Whilst residing for a time in Pekal, I found myself in need of replenishments for my supply of holly. Inquiry revealed that winterberries were plentiful within the Otekapu Fens, the marshy delta of the E'liral river.

I was well aware of the dangers this wetland held as brigands reportedly in the pay of King Adoku had been harassing the port village of Kuwidu that lies nearby. In light of this danger as well as the animosity of the indigenous Lizard Men, I hired a few stout men to accompany me as bodyguards before heading out.

It was neither infiltrating brigands nor hostile Lizard Men that would prove to be a threat. Rather, anthropomorphic creatures seemingly comprised of peat assailed us.

Despite my years of study of flora and fungi, these were creatures I had never heard tell of. Misguided as I was, I took them to be constructs of some sort animated by strange magicks.

As my doughty mercenaries formed a defensive perimeter, I sought to learn what dark enchantment animated these creatures. To my surprise, there was none. These beings were apparently plants or possibly mycobiota — a fascinating though also immediately horrifying prospect.

The creatures seemed to display a degree of intelligence as they adapted their approach to counter our defensive realignment. Moving no less swiftly than a man, they advanced, swinging arms that ended in large nodules where a hand would be. Before they could bring these to bear, one footman landed a severe blow with his glaive, severing a creature from crown to crotch. Confident now that these beasts were mortal, our spirits were lifted as battle commenced.

The creatures proved adept at landing blows with their bulbous fists with fair rapidity. They were also quite able to absorb terrible punishment with nary a reaction. But most notable was their regenerative powers. The foremost creature that had been sliced in twain did in short order reanimate as two separate, albeit smaller, creatures.

We prevailed in this encounter but suffered many small but manageable wounds throughout the company — so many that I could not attend to them all. In light of this novel threat and despite my criosity being piqued, I abandoned my holly gathering and agreed to recuperate in Kiwidu before pursuing any further investigations into these new creatures. It was fortunate I did.

The journey back would take three to four days. Though seemingly a brief period, it would prove excruciatingly long. Shortly after our encounter, those amongst us with untreated wounds began to experience a rash at the site of the injury. This portended trouble and necessitated inquiry. Sure enough, the wounds had all become infected. There was nothing I could do immediately, so we hastened our pace.

After awakening the next morning, we noted other disturbing reminders of our last battle. Our weapons had begun to rust, far more than one would expect from a brief foray into the swamp. This was also evident on body armor. However, the underlying leather and padding was more seriously affected, having blackened and evidently was in the process of jellifying. Similar deterioration was evident upon our shields.

This was all serious but paled in comparison to our most gruesome discovery. Our companion Hul'Mar was slow to rise because he had evidently passed away from his numerous but tractable injuries. What lay in his bedroll was another of the swamp beasts!

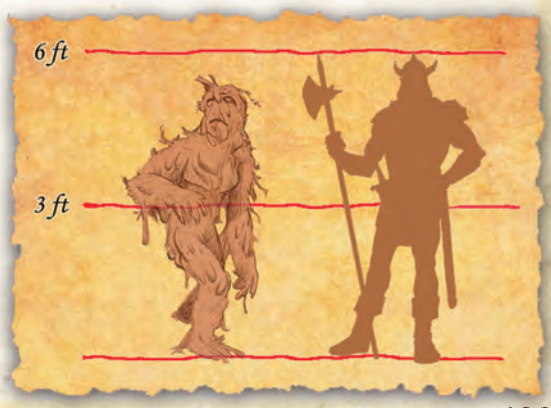
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Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Muck Men are a race of semi-intelligent, spore-like creatures that evolve from virulent and disease-ridden pools through an organic spawning process. Muck Men resemble man-sized bipedal humanoid creatures comprised of compost, moss, mud, trash, feces, or any other highly mutable substances. Each Muck Man is unique in size, shape and composition though all members of a tribe will have spawned from the same pool and share similar physical characteristics.

Combat/Tactics:

Muck Men attack by successively battering their enemies with disease-ridden fists. Those surviving this physical assault are forced to deal with the residual side effects of being exposed to a highly contagious creature. All Muck Men carry infectious diseases and exude a viscous, caustic sludge that breaks down organic matter and corrodes metals.

Any matter coated with a Muck Man's sludge (including shields and armor that deflected or absorbed the force of a blow, weapons which struck the creature and injured flesh) that isn't cleansed after a battle will slowly begin to decompose. In the case of flesh, the collateral damage can be severe. Individual wounds (e.g. distinct physical hit point damage that wasn't negated by DR) will develop a rash after an hour as they become puss-ridden and infected.

This "Muck Man Necrosis" left untreated will inflict an additional d3 damage per day per wound (all damage sustained compounds the individual wound's severity) and prevents natural wound healing. Individual wounds successfully treated by a First Aid provider postbellum are not subject to this necrosis. Failing this, the injury will continue to worsen over time until the afflicted individual dies and the carcass subsequently transforms into a Muck Man within 6d4p hours.

Cauterizing the wound with a torch will halt acute necrosis though d4p damage will occur per wound so treated. Alternatively, miracles such as *Sterilize* or *Treat Disease* may be employed (for the latter assume Muck Man Necrosis has 14 severity).

Given the filthy conditions in which they dwell, Muck Men also serve as hosts to a variety of pathogens. Most are a vector for Rat Bite Fever (80% of the time). However, some Muck Men carry far more potent diseases including Brain Fever (10%), Flesh rot (8%), or even the Plague (2%). Communicability should be checked each time they inflict a wound. All Muck Men of a given tribe will host the same pathogens.

d100	Disease Carried by Tribe
01-80	Rat Bite Fever
81-90	Brain Fever
91-98	Flesh Rot
99-100	Plague

Organically derived goods (made of wood, leather or plant fibers) and metals contacted by Muck Man slime will decompose over time. This poses little more than a nuisance to attentive explorers aware of the slime's corrosive properties. Cleaning weapons and armor after each battle will resolve this issue. However, this requires time, 1d6p x 5 minutes assuming running water, rags and soap are available. Add 10 minutes to the multiplier for each item lacking (e.g., 1d6p x 15 minutes if only running water and rags are used but no soap and 1d6p x 25 minutes if only rags are used). Note, water or a solvent of some sort is absolutely required.

Failure to clean items at all will ensure they deteriorate. Metal will rust and corrode, and wood will rot. Shields will lose one point of DR per day if they are not properly cleaned. Additionally, neglected shields losing structural integrity will break easier under severe stress, suffering a cumulative -1 to all shield breakage rolls per day. Likewise, armor will suffer one point of damage per day if not scrubbed, eventually suffering losses in DR and ultimate ruin. Weapons suffer a -1 penalty to damage per day of exposure to the material. Loses to potency stemming from this damage cannot be reversed. Superior quality items do not suffer as rapidly, instead delaying damage to exposure by the number of days per bonus. Thus a +2 sword wouldn't suffer until it had gone three days without maintenance.

Muck Men possess a startling defense that complicates dispatching them. Any Muck Man failing a trauma check or suffering a knock-back is not subject to standard repercussions; instead it will split, forming two smaller Muck Men (each with half the original creature's remaining hit points).

Muck Men spawns require 10 seconds to reanimate after being cleft. Their stats are identical save for being size S, gaining +4 to Defense and inflicting only d6p damage. Given a week of time to consume nutrients from the tribe's host cesspool, they will grow into full Muck Men. This mitosis can only be performed once, subsequent trauma checks are simply ignored while knock-backs occur per standard rules.

It bears noting that Muck Men are plant creatures and thus are immune to mental spells that influence an animal mind's consciousness.

Habitat/Society:

Muck Men live in large stagnant spawning pools in fetid areas rife with feces, refuse, muck, contaminated water, compost, or other disease-ridden materials. They belong to a genetically homogenous tribe ruled by the largest Muck Men. All Muck Men instinctively follow the largest member of the tribe without question or challenge. This attitude appears to be hardwired into their make-up; and

when the tribe leader dies, the next largest Muck Man assumes leadership by default.

Muck Men subsist on waste, breaking down and consuming any organic material coming into their spawning pools. They favor lairs in humid, bacteria infested areas where there is a constant flow of fetid water (such as sewers and swamps), though they have been known to organically spawn in the wild; in marshes, bogs, or stagnant pools in jungles.

A tribe's primary purpose in life seems to be to spawn and break down and consume matter. Muck Men have no goals or ambition, and they are not intelligent enough to formulate plans or plots. However, they are quite potent in combat and naturally defend their lairs in a proactive manner, attacking anyone coming too close.

Muck Men spawn asexually, splitting off into multiple Muck Men through a naturally forming spore growth process (much like mold). Any variation between individuals is simply environmentally based expression. This process continues throughout a Muck Man's life, and they will split multiple times without conscious thought or control.

Ecology:

No one is certain of the origins of Muck Men, though it is presumed they are a naturally forming creature and not magically created even if no one is entirely sure. Not much is known about their composition, creation, or diet, primarily because they are impossible to study without coming into contact with their diseases.

It is believed Muck Men don't sleep, instead entering into a semi-conscious state whenever they are not active. During this state, they continue to break down matter at a ponderous pace. When a Muck Man's spawning pool loses its potency or suffers from a lack of food, all of the Muck Men enter this semi-conscious state before eventually wasting away into their base matter.

What is known about Muck Men is that, if left unchecked in a constantly filthy cesspool, they can spawn incredibly large tribes that live for hundreds of years. Luckily, Muck Men will eventually erode and die if the primary food source (garbage, waste, filth, etc.) dries up. Muck Men don't travel, and it is unheard of for them to relocate to remotely removed lairs even if they had the desire to do so.

On Tellene:

Muck Men are found in cesspools, sewers and disease ridden bogs throughout the Sovereign Lands. They favor city sewer systems and hot humid conditions. It is rumored a vast tribe of Muck Men lair deep beneath Bet Kalamar, though this remains unconfirmed.

Muck Men

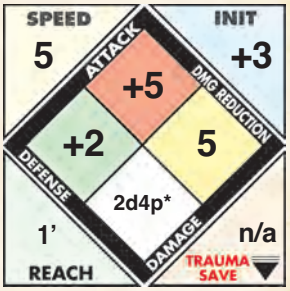
Hit Points:	3d8+28
Size/Weight:	M/250 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Semi
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	15

SAVES

Physical:	+5
Mental:	special
Dodge:	+0



Attack: Muck men attack by bludgeoning with their fists. This will leave necrotic slime in a wound and exposes victim to a variety of diseases.

Special: Undergo mitosis upon first severe wound, splitting into two smaller individuals. As plant creatures, they are immune to mental spells affecting an animal consciousness.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	2-20
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Employ senses other than vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Stagnant fetid water
Diet:	Any organic material
Organization:	Tribe
Climate/Terrain:	Found only in regions not subject to freezing tempera-

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental (though no wood, leather or metals)
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	120

Muscheron

Also Known As:
Fungonid, Toadstoid

We were trudging through the Netherdeep, hunting down some dark Elven scum when we decided it was time to make camp. Since we were in the Netherdeep, we couldn't make out if it was day or night, so any time seemed as fair as the next just as long as you felt tired. And I know I sure felt tired. Those shorties seemed to have energy to match their darkness, cowardice and stupidity. Anyway, we just lay there for seeming forever. Not a one of us, as tired as we was, could get ever a bit of shut-eye, exceptin' the Dwarf. He just lay there and sawed a forest full of wood. Anyway, when he woke all fresh, the rest of us could barely function.

Well, we broke camp and plodded on, soon coming to a grotto filled with all sorts of mosses, lichens and some giant spear-toting mushrooms that seemed to be a threat. In any case, we right away associated our bad disposition with them and fell upon them. The Dwarf waded-in with glee, chopping them to pieces. We found the best way was to light them on fire with a torch; they burnt up like dried twigs. Our thief also seemed to have a lot of success with his sneaking and then slicing and dicing with his stealthy dagger attacks. Anyway, we figured them as dark Elf lovers, and the whole grove deserved what was coming to them since they must have helped our quarry. We never did get that Elf guy, but at least we got revenge on his mushroom friends.



Muscheron armed with primitive spears can be quite effective, keeping opponents on their heels and driving them toward potential traps and pitfalls.

These creatures can release toxic-spore attacks which cannot be detected by the human eye.

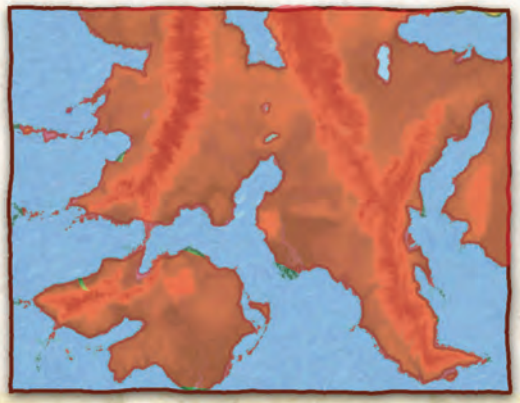
Muscheron are evolved, intelligent fungi that organize themselves into colonies. Thousands of different species of Muscheron exist, living both below and above ground. They exhibit wildly varying abilities and capabilities; however, they bear several common characteristics that can be categorized.

Muscheron have poor eyesight, although they can see well enough in complete darkness and dim light, the mere presence of light greater than a torch blinds them. This is but a minor hindrance, however, as Fungonids are quite sensitive to vibrations and air currents and can effectively locate objects via these sensitivities alone. Further, while they lack auditory capability and cannot speak, they have their own language and can communicate via vibrations and movements, even over great distances as long as they have a proper substrate on which such vibrations can be transmitted such as solid ground. Because Fungonids are able to detect the tiniest of seismic and air vibrations, they cannot be surprised by other creatures and always act on the first second of any encounter. Fungonids do not feel pain and never need make a threshold of pain check. Puncturing weapons deal only one point of damage, and bludg-

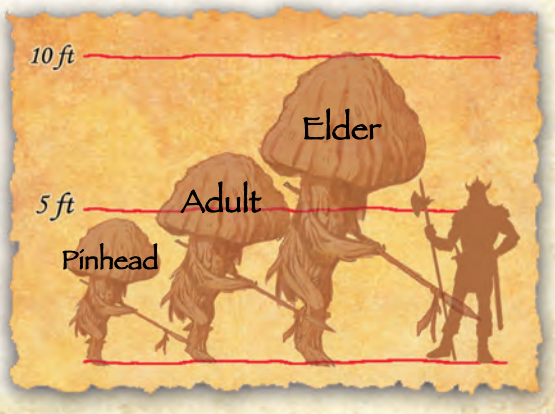
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



eoning weapons lose half of their damage dice (take largest first and rounded up). Hacking weapons on the other hand, gain a +1 damage bonus against them with axes gaining a full die damage bonus (use the smallest die as a bonus).

Muscheron are primitive by human standards. They live in their natural outdoor or cavernous environment, although they clearly alter their home to fit their needs by building primitive walls and structures.

They also farm, hunt and harvest. They employ rudimentary tools for farming and primitive spears for hunting and defense. Muscheron continue to grow throughout their lives; and the older the creature, the larger they become. Elder Muscheron can also emit spores that produce various effects, dependent entirely by species.

Combat/Tactics:

Muscheron favor primitive weapons, primarily wooden or organic bone-tipped spears. They prefer to keep opponents at bay and employ reach attacks regularly, although they are incapable of Phalanx Fighting. They will brace their spears to disrupt charging opponents. For most colonies, their most potent attack is their elder's release of spores. This invisible attack occurs at-will and can be performed at any time, regardless of previous attacks. Microscopic spores are released from the elder, and any creature within 30 feet of the elder must check against the 10 virulence factor of the spores (d20 +CON vs d20 +10). The virulence factor drops by one for two-feet in range (e.g., at 40 feet, the VF is only 5). A new spore cloud can be generated every 60 seconds. Plants are immune to their effects.

The exact effects of this elder spore attack vary by species such that an entire colony will generally have the same spores (see table below).

The spore effects last 5 minutes unless stated otherwise. A *Treat Disease* spell can eliminate (with successful roll) all ill-effects and expel the spores from the body.

Muscheron also have several weaknesses that can come into play during warfare. Any illumination brighter than a torch causes them to slow to half movement, while direct sunlight causes one hit point of damage per minute and also eliminates a Fungonid elder's ability to generate spores.

Strong winds or the equivalent also disrupt and disperse spores so greatly as to render the attack ineffective. A *heat metal* spell will cause direct damage to the Fungonid as if it were wearing armor due to the concentrated sunlight.

Elder Muscheron Spore Effects	
d20	Spore Effects
1	**Allergies:** Effects mirror the Allergies (Mold) flaw. These are doubled for characters with another allergy and tripled if said allergy is to mold or pollen.
2	**Anxiety:** Affected characters are overcome by an overwhelming feeling of anxiousness. A second dosing at any point thereafter in the character's life, manifests itself as the Paranoid quirk.
3	**Berserking:** Victim is affected by HackFrenzy or HackLust (equally likely). Disconcertingly, the character cannot differentiate between ally or foe.
4	**Brain Fog:** Arcane spellcasting is impossible. Divine spells require twice the casting time.
5	**Confusion:** Sufferers stare blankly for d4p minutes [Defense limited to d8] then are confused and unable to take any action unless directed to and assisted by another individual for further 2d4p minutes [Defense limited to d12].
6	**Convulsions:** Characters failing check fall into convulsions for 4d12p-CON seconds. They cannot take any action and defense limited to d12.
7	**Coughing and Choking:** Victims suffer 2d4p points of damage from incapacitatingly severe coughing and choking over the course of 10x that number of seconds. They are unable to act during these spasms. During this time, their defense die is limited to d8, as they are incapacitated and subject to coup de grace.
8	**Enthrallment:** Character becomes a mental slave under absolute control of the muscheron for 24 hours.
9	**Hallucination:** Treat as Delusional Quirk (roll randomly for each victim to determine specificity).
10	**Hopelessness:** Affected character sits down and weeps, refusing to take action. Defense die is limited to a d8 but he cannot be coup de graced.
11	**Inability to concentrate:** Victims suffer -4 to Attack and Defense. Spells require double SP and casting time (divine spells require twice the casting time) and skill check are made at -20%.
12	**Inability to sleep:** For the next 48 hours, character cannot sleep. Without this required rest, they may not pray for or study to regain spells nor do they recover hit points. Weariness penalties are double those of poor sleep (see GMG).
13	**Memory-wipe:** Character loses memory of past six hours (see spell for details beyond extended duration).
14	**Migraine:** Character suffers a Migraine (see flaw).
15	**Multiple Vision:** To the victim, all other creatures appear as if they were under the influence of the Copycat spell.
16	**Poison:** Victims suffer 2d4p points of damage from incapacitatingly severe coughing and choking over the course of 10x that number of seconds (with a 'nat 1' indicating death at the end of the coughing fit). They are unable to act during these spasms. Afterwards, they suffer -3 to Attack, Defense, and Damage for 2d12 hours.
17	**Unconsciousness:** Affected character falls unconscious for 6d12p-CON seconds.
18	**No effect:** Inert Spores
19	Roll twice (spores have both effects). Ignore repeat occurrences.
20	Roll thrice (spores have all effects). Ignore repeat occurrences.

Muscheron

Type:	Pinhead	Adult	Elder
Hit Points:	10+d8	15+2d8	20+3d8
Size/Weight:	S / 20 lbs.	M / 60 lbs.	L / 180 lbs.
Tenacity:	Steady		
Intelligence:	Low		
Fatigue Factor:	n/a		

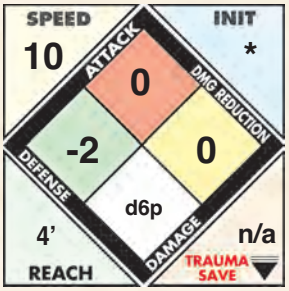
MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½	2½	2½
Walk:	2½	5	7½
Jog:	5	10	15
Run:	10	15	20
Sprint:	10	15	20

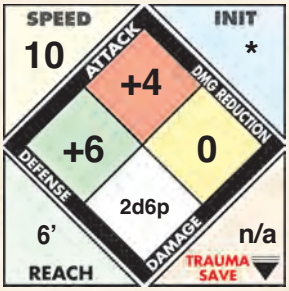
SAVES

Physical:	+8	+8	+8
Mental:	+8	+8	+8
Dodge:	+1	+2	+3

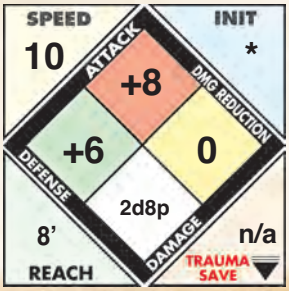
Pinhead



Adult



Elder



Attack: Elders emit spores with various incapacitating effects

Special: Vibration/Light Sensitivity: cannot be surprised (always act on second 1 due to superior senses); Puncturing weapons deal only 1 hp damage; Bludgeoning weapons deal half damage dice; Hacking weapons unusually effective (see text)

Habitat/Ecology:

The various species of Muscheron can be found in any damp, dark location, including the Netherdeep. They do not ingest food through an orifice; Muscheron stand atop their meal and drive microscopic tendrils into it, slowly absorbing required nutrients and leaving non-digestible material behind. When food is plentiful, Fungonids tend to keep to themselves, content to grow and prosper, refraining from meddling in the affairs of others. Some species tend vast gardens, feasting on the remains of the fallen plant life but tending to them prior. If threatened or when food is scarce, Muscheron can be roused to war or raiding of neighboring communities.

They willingly harvest animal flesh (including sentient beings, which they do not consider much different than any other warm-blood) for use as fertilizer for their gardens or to feed the colony directly.

Ecology:

Muscheron find themselves both predator and prey, depending. They will harvest any plant or animal if the situation dictates or food is scarce; however, they are also content to simply farm and may let creatures pass through their lands or even dwell amongst them. Most organisms find Muscheron edible, so a Fungonid colony is always at risk of becoming dinner for anything from a Giant Worm to a humanoid or even a common swarm of locusts or ant species.

On Tellene:

Muscheron thrive in the Netherdeep where they are one of the most prolific races. They can be found anywhere underground, and in smaller numbers in temperate to warm climates with enough cover to protect them from the sun.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	4-24
% Chance in Lair:	90%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Extreme Low Light
Awareness/Senses:	Vibration & air motion sensitivity
Habitat:	Dark and Damp locations
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Subterranean, forests, jungles, wetlands

Yield

Medicinal:	Ingestion can alleviate quirks or flaws related to the spores of the elder
Spell Components:	10% SP reduction for spells related to the spores of the elder
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	From prior victims, under colony
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	10 36 330

Naga, Phaya

Also Known As:
Ryrnaga, Tormar



I have looked into the face of evil and watched it smile back at me. After my near escape from the Killer Apes of the Vohven and subsequent rescue by the Virunga, I had had my fill of the jungle and its dangers. Little did I know, the jungle was not yet finished with me. When I had regained my strength, the Virunga brought me to the edge of their forest home and to within sight of a small Svimohzish village on the edge of the jungle. After an emotional farewell, I crossed through the village's neatly ordered yam fields; at once excited and nervous to be back in civilization. I spied a farmer working in amongst the plants and waited, unsure how he would receive a stranger. I breathed a sigh of relief when he raised his hand in a friendly wave and approached closer. The farmer happily took my hand in his, but it became evident we shared no language. Through awkward pantomime, I gathered that he wanted to lead me into his village. I followed and soon smelled the intoxicating aroma of hot food cooking. There seemed to be no other villagers present, but the smell of food clouded my thinking, and I blindly followed on.

In the center of the humble village was a newly constructed lodge of sorts, larger and grander than the practical domiciles that made up the rest of the village. The farmer led me through the heavy double doors of the lodge, and I was surprised to see dozens of villagers hard at working cooking and tidying up the lodge. Then I saw the creature. Sunlight streamed down into the lodge from a skylight cut in the ceiling. Reclining on a pile of fine textiles and pillows was a repulsive beast. It had a head like a man's, but at least twice as large. Its body was that of gigantic constrictor snake with alternating bands of vibrant colors of black, yellow, and red. As I was led forward, it slowly cracked open one eye, revealing a slit pupil. Seeing my foreign face, the creature raised itself up to its full height and looked down upon me with a wry sort of smile. It began addressing me in the different languages of humankind until it reached Kalamaran.

Seeing my understanding, it continued on, asking me where I had came from and why I had chosen to visit its "southern palace." I shared my tale of the Killer Apes and rescue by the Virunga, and the creature seemed genuinely interested. We talked at length; and soon, I found myself telling the creature my life's story; my hopes, my encounters with strange beasts—things I would never share with a stranger. I stammered an apology; and the creature raised its tail to stop me, laughing that my stories had pleased it and that I was allowed to stay as long as I cared to, that I would have everything my heart desired as long as I shared more of my fantastic tales.

I thanked the creature and was led to an unoccupied hut. Sleep could not find me that night. I lay on the rough spun mat, sweating in the heat. Something just didn't feel right. There was a quiet knock at my door; and a beautiful young woman entered, holding her index finger to her lips. She told me that I was in terrible danger and that to stay in the village would mean certain death. I followed her lead as she led me out of the hut. We followed winding trails through the nearby jungle for hours until I was thoroughly turned around. When I finally asked her how much longer it would be before we reached safety, she stopped dead in her tracks and slowly turned towards me, smiling. It was the same wry smile I had seen before in the lodge.

Suddenly, I felt as if I was paralyzed—rooted to the spot. Her pupils elongated and she began to step towards me, still smiling that terrible smile. With a hoot, a stone flew out of the forest—breaking the thing's concentration. The Virunga were in the trees in the dozens, screeching and pelting the impostor with whatever they could find. She hissed and disappeared into the underbrush. That was twice I owed the forest people my life.

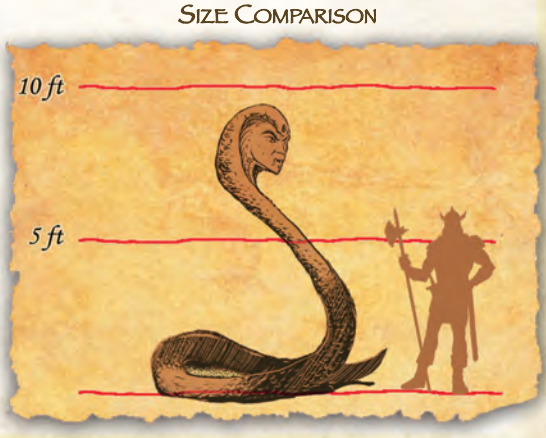
SIGN/TRACKS



RANGE ON TELLENE



SIZE COMPARISON



Phaya Nagas are human-headed snake-like beings who wield words and magic with equal power. Originally extra-dimensional beings in service of Lawful Good gods, Phaya Nagas were cast out into this world after a terrible but forgotten betrayal. As part of their punishment, the Nagas were rendered sterile and now live out their lives in bitter resentment of the gods and those who follow their religions. With no chance of reproducing, Nagas (already fairly solitary) now live out their immortality totally separated from their own kind.

Nagas have a bizarre appearance, human heads on the bodies of massive constrictor snakes, slick and shiny with a coating of clear slime. Their snake bodies are brightly colored with alternating bands of yellow, black, and blood red. The face of a Naga may appear human at first, but closer inspection reveals its serpentine features. When Nagas smile, their mouths open too wide, revealing rows of crooked, yellow teeth—double the number to be found in a normal human mouth. A Naga's eyes have reptilian, vertical pupils; and their gaze can completely hypnotize even the strong-willed. Nagas have hair on the tops of their head as a human does; but because of their natural slime production, it is almost always slicked down and lank. The tail of a Naga sports a rattle that it shakes to produce a shrill, ear-piercing noise.

Combat/Tactics:

Phaya Nagas are formidable spellcasters with the equivalent abilities of a 13th level mage. Their inborn ability to cast spells is a holdover from their earlier life as extra dimensional beings; Nagas require no spellbook to work their magic. However, Phaya Nagas have also lost the inherent creativity and passion necessary for magical growth; and as a result, they cannot expand their repertoire of spells. Nagas' spell rosters vary from individual to individual; but every one of the serpent people are familiar with the spells *Fireball*, *Skipping Betty Fireball*, and *Transmogrify*. They are not subject to the full effects of spell fatigue, as a mortal spellcaster is. After casting a spell, a Naga suffers none of the physical penalties of spell fatigue, only a delay in casting its next spell.

Apart from their arcane magics, Phaya Nagas also wield a number of supernatural abilities. Their hypnotic gaze can root a victim to the ground, allowing the Naga to leisurely crush the target to death. To hypnotize a target, the Phaya Naga must be within 30 feet of the target and be able to look into its eyes. No saving throw is permitted, and the Naga may only hypnotize one target at a time. While hypnotizing, the Naga may only maintain its gaze, move, or use its constrictor attack. A hypnotized target may take no actions and is effectively paralyzed. Targets must be able to see the Naga's eyes to be affected by this ability.

Phaya Nagas prefer to rely on their magic and minions to win a fight, only resorting to physical violence if they have exhausted all other options. Despite their reticence, the snake people have strong jaws and prodigiously strong core muscles used in constriction. The bite from a Phaya Naga deals d6p points of damage and causes Sterility (as the Flaw, but without the BP bonus) in the victim. This condition is called "naga dosam" in Svimozhish, and it is widely believed that the only way to reverse the condition is to worship and pay obeisance to the Naga responsible. In reality, the condition is irreversible. Some scholars suggest that it may have been the Nagas themselves who first disseminated this misinformation in order to bring more victims under their malign influence. Whatever the case, Nagas use the threat of their sterilizing bite as yet another lever to manipulate their followers.

Phaya Nagas also have a powerful coiling attack. When Phaya Nagas are within 10 feet of an opponent, they may attempt to wrap them in a crushing grip. Small- or medium-size targets must roll a Feat of Strength versus d20p+20 or be constricted. Nagas can kill with this attack but prefer to use it to subdue opponents. For every 10 seconds that a target spends in the grip of a Phaya Naga, it must succeed on a ToP check or be rendered unconscious. Every ToP check that a target makes after the first while constricted is made at a cumulative -1 penalty (i.e., if a target with a ToP of 7 succeeds on their first save, then on the next check their ToP will be 6 and so on).

These penalties are reset once the target is removed from the Naga's constriction. Though the Naga uses this attack primarily to restrain, it can also kill. Every 10 seconds the Naga does 5d4p damage (no DR) to its target with the coiling attack. Targets may attempt to escape the constriction by either winning a Feat of Strength or by succeeding on a (Difficult) Escape Artist check.

Larger creatures are able to more easily resist a constriction attack, suffering 2 less dice damage, rolling against a lower Feat of Strength check (+15), and rolling against less severe ToP checks (beginning with a +5 bonus and decreasing from there by -1 increments per usual). M: -4 to ATTACK, -d4p damage, -5 to the Feat of Strength difficulty, and -2 bonus to ToP checks

Unlike mundane reptiles, the scales of a Naga are slick and slimy, similar to those of a fish. The slime that the Nagas secrete is magical in nature, suffused with their own inherent mystical essence. The slime endows the Nagas with the supernatural ability to escape from any bonds and also grants immunity to spells and magical effects that restrict or inhibit movement. They may never be taken down, grabbed, or held in unarmed combat.

A Naga's senses are highly developed, and they have an effective Observation score of 80 as well as infravision out to 100 feet. (similiar to the spell). This ability is especially effective underwater, allowing Nagas to detect their prey while entirely submerged, even in the murky waters they favor. If a Naga approaches a body of water at their "running" speed or faster, the creature is able to glide across the water's surface, though it will sink if momentum is lost. For unknown reasons but perhaps owing to the Nagas' serpentine physiology, they have an innate aversion to all mustelids (weasels, badgers, etc.) and suffer a -4 penalty to their attack and defense versus any creature from that family of animal.

Habitat/Society:

Nagas are found mostly in the wet, steamy jungles and marshlands of Tellene. As at home in the water as on land, Nagas haunt estuaries, rivers, lagoons, and other such places but may also be found far from sources of water when on the move. While Phaya Nagas can breathe both salt and fresh water, they are almost never found in the open ocean. The beasts and strange beings of Tellene's oceans pose too great a threat to the snake people to risk a sea journey unless absolutely necessary. Brackish waters, however, are quite agreeable habitats to Nagas.

Nagas bear each other great disdain and live out their forced immortality doing their best to avoid their own kin. Each Naga believes that it was the collective fault of the others which drove them from their homeland. This banishment took place so long ago, however, that no Naga can remember the exact reason why it was exacted in the first place. Being capricious, jealous creatures, Phaya Nagas pay scant regard to the reasoning behind their banishment and instead focus their bitter resentment on the earthbound avatars of the gods who spurned them so long ago.

While Nagas abhor association with their own kind, they are otherwise very social creatures—master manipulators of a particularly sociopathic bent. Phaya Nagas will make any promise, tell any lie in order to further their aims. They possess 70% skill mastery in Persuasion, Salesmanship, Diplomacy, and Fast Talking. Any outward displays of regret, contrition, or good intentions are

entirely an act. They make liberal use of the *Transmogrification* spell to alter their appearance and move unseen through communities, using bribery, lies, and leveraging xenophobia to gather fighting men and other creatures around themselves for the express purpose (despite their lies) of pillaging temples dedicated to their hated former gods.

These makeshift alliances do not usually last long. Once the warband's targeted temple has been pillaged, the Naga will sometimes simply leave its soldiers to their own devices. Other Nagas may linger with their forces if the snakes can exercise influence that survives the conclusion of a battle. With no temple to destroy, Nagas instead turn to earthly pleasures, gorging themselves on flesh, wine, and their followers' misplaced adulation. Nagas derive little satisfaction from their unending lives, save for when they are worshipped or fawned over. Followers of a Phaya Naga refer to the creature as a "spirit naga" and believe that their servitude will bring them riches, eternal youth, or whatever odious reward the Naga has falsely promised them.

The easiest way to socially engage a Naga is to feed its self-worth with compliments and praise. Nagas think very highly of themselves and are extremely susceptible to flatter. However, their egos are as fragile as they are overblown; Nagas will turn on their most favored followers in an instant if they perceive any slight against themselves. Easily bored, Phaya Nagas enjoy pitting their followers against one another in escalating competition through rumors and whispered gossip. This toxic behavior is usually responsible for the dissolution of the Nagas' forces as infighting tears their confederate forces apart from the inside. When things start to fall apart, the Naga is always the first one out the door, heedless of the chaos it may be leaving behind.

Ecology

In the wild, Nagas fill an ecological niche similar to that of large constrictor snakes. They kill and eat large game infrequently and spend most of their time resting in the sun. Because the entire species is sterile but immortal, the number of Phaya Nagas in the world is destined to dwindle until none are left. Nagas are aware of this limitation as a species, but care only for their own personal survival and betterment.

The morally unsullied counterpart to the Phaya Naga is the Sentinel Naga, an extra dimensional divine creature sent by Lawful Good gods to serve as temple guardians. Visually, the two species can be difficult to distinguish between as they both sport yellow, black, and red bands of color. Phaya Nagas use this visual similarity to masquerade as Sentinel Nagas if they can advance their own personal aims. In order to tell the difference between a Phaya and Sentinel Naga, an onlooker must succeed on a (Very Difficult) Monster Lore or Divine Lore skill check. If the observer is an anointed follower of a lawful good religion, he may make a (Difficult) Divine Lore check instead. Sentinel and Phaya Nagas vary primarily in their body language and speech mannerisms (which the Phaya Naga can imitate thanks to its natural skill at deception), but their bands of colored scales differ in the order they appear.

On Tellene:

Southern Svimohzia and the Obakasek Jungle are thought to contain the greatest numbers of phaya nagas, but there is simply no way to be sure. Nagas may be hiding anywhere in plain sight from the halls of government to the slums of the world's great cities and no one would be the wiser.

*Unctions made from the slime of a phaya naga supposedly can bestow the user with the naga's ability to escape any bonds for a short time, although the inherent danger of collecting such a resource means that few have ever had the chance to test the recipe's efficacy.

Naga, Phaya

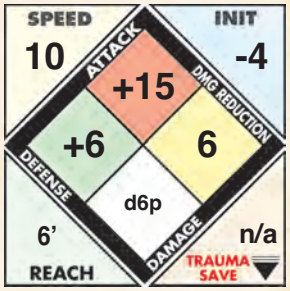
Hit Points:	10d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/ 700 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+16
Dodge:	+14



Attack: Phaya Nagas prefer to employ magic and use minions for physical defense but, if pressed, can bite (inflicting sterility) or coil (see text for details)

Special: 13th level Arcane spellcasters that do not suffer effects of spell fatigue other than a delay before they can cast another spell

General Info

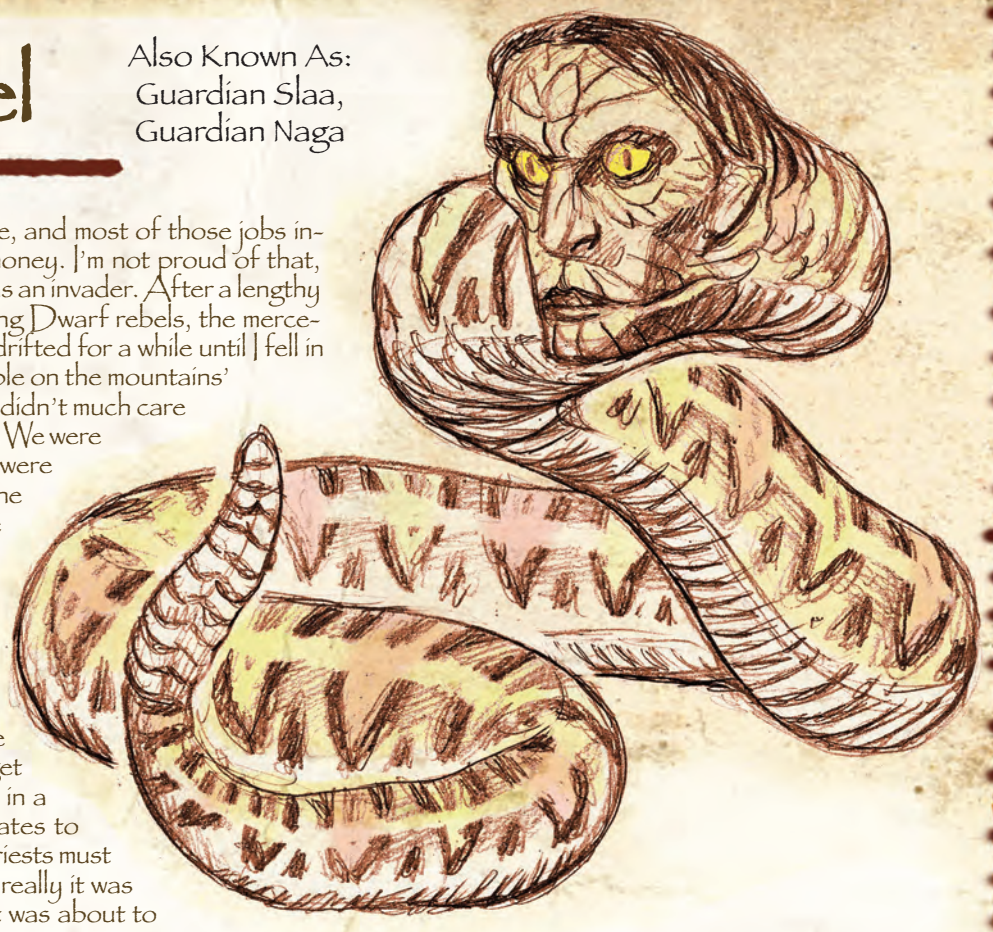
Activity Cycle:	Primarily nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Infravision
Habitat:	Jungles, swamps, freshwater
Diet:	Fine foods (when available), carnivorous
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Jungles and cities

Yield

Medicinal:	*
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	A variety of valuables; slime
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1200

Naga, Sentinel

Also Known As:
Guardian Slaa,
Guardian Naga



I've done a lot of jobs in my life to survive, and most of those jobs involved doing violence upon others for money. I'm not proud of that, but it's the truth. I first found my way here as an invader. After a lengthy campaign in the Ka'Asa Mountains hunting Dwarf rebels, the mercenary company I had worked with folded. I drifted for a while until I fell in with a new outfit: raiders out to sack a temple on the mountains' eastern slopes. I was hungry and poor and didn't much care what I had to do to reverse my predicament. We were promised a great reward when the priests were killed. I never met our employer, but everyone assured me he was a "visionary"—that he would lead us to great wealth or greater slaughter or just victory depending on who you asked. I didn't need to be inspired; I just needed to be paid.

We were a motley bunch, half-Orcs, humans, other creatures. I kept to myself. By the time our "company" reached the temple, we were spoiling for a fight. Orcs get bored so damn quickly. We rushed down in a full frontal assault. There weren't any gates to knock down. I remember thinking that the priests must have believed their temple was safe, when really it was just remote. I felt sorry for them. For what was about to happen to them, but I was going to help do it anyway.

We charged straight in, screaming battle cries in a dozen different languages until we reached the temple's inner courtyard. It was open-air, ringed with wide, alabaster pillars carved into the shapes of saints and deities I had never heard of. The war band slowed. We had encountered no resistance, and our blood was cooling. The different cliques began muttering amongst themselves; and we split up, combing for plunder. The others began kicking in doors and rummaging through the austere priests' quarters. I knew they wouldn't find much there, but there was no point trying to dissuade them. I felt unsure of myself, like there were eyes on me.

The others filtered back to the courtyard, tossing their meager loot in a communal pile when we heard it—a deep, bass rattling like the sound of a distant avalanche. We were rooted to the spot, weapons drawn, when a globule of some sort of clear liquid flew through the air and landed on our captain's sandaled foot. As he let out a scream of agony, the bolts started flying. The priests were above us on the pillars, raining down quarrels and rocks. I was sheltering under my shield, crouched low and looking for an escape route when suddenly I felt myself lifted into the air and enveloped in a crushing embrace. It was unbelievably strong. I gasped for air; and as I exhaled, the grip tightened. The last thing I saw as I fell unconscious were the coils of a giant snake.

That battle was seven years ago. When I woke up, I was being cared for by the brothers here at the monastery. They told me that my life was spared by "the Sentinel", and that it had determined that I wasn't really a threat. As soon as I recovered, I was free to leave if I wanted. But, as I said, that was seven years ago.

—Interview with Brother Andross, concerning his conversion

The Sentinel Naga is a powerful guardian of treasures sacred to those espousing law and goodness. Their mere presence is confirmation of the value attached to that which they guard.



Size Comparison



Sentinel Nagas are extra-dimensional divine beings who exist to serve Lawful Good deities as guardians of their most holy sites. These entities have the bodies of 30-foot constrictor snakes and the heads of serenely beautiful human beings. Only sent down to Tellene in times of utmost peril, the appearance of a Sentinel Naga always means great or terrible events are just around the corner.

The snake bodies of a Sentinel Naga are colored with wide, alternating bands of red, black, and yellow scales. Their scales are smooth and cool to the touch, and the creatures exude the aroma of freshly burnt incense and pure spring water. Nagas all sport large keratin rattles on the ends of their tails which they shake to create a deep, resonating drone when danger is afoot. The face of a Sentinel Naga (though twice the size of a human head) is human-seeming at first glance with strong, attractive features and a somber expression. Closer observation, however, reveals the Naga's slit pupils, forked tongue, and golden irises. Nagas rarely deign to speak, and their long silences may inadvertently give the impression of aloofness and otherworldly disregard for those around them. Nothing could be further from the truth. Sentinel Nagas defend their charges with unrelenting tenacity when pressed and will fight to the death-- and beyond-- to fulfill their holy charge.

Combat/Tactics:

Sentinel Nagas all possess the equivalent magical abilities and spell repertoire of a 12th level cleric of their own Lawful Good religion. Sentinel Nagas, as their name implies, exist to defend fixed points: dedicated temples, holy sites, or other places of divine significance. They use their abilities first to subdue or neutralize intruders and only to kill if they deem it absolutely necessary to maintain the safety of their post. Because they guard important religious sites, Sentinel Nagas are rarely encountered alone and spend most of their terrestrial postings surrounded by acolytes, priests, and other holy men. A Naga will never leave its post unless doing so is integral to the post's own protection. Even though Sentinel Nagas are Huge in size, they are able to hold perfectly still and have a 60% Hiding skill.

Sentinel Nagas have extremely keen senses, both visual and olfactory. They possess 100% in the Observation skill and are able to flick out their tongues to detect vibrations as a snake does. This natural ability is taken into account whenever the Naga rolls an Observation check, though a successful Hiding or Sneaking check still obfuscates a creature from the Sentinel. Sentinel Nagas have infravision out to 100 feet and can see through invisibility. Because of these heightened senses, Sentinel Nagas roll 2 dice lower on all Initiative checks.

As extra-dimensional creatures, Sentinel Nagas have other supernatural qualities as well. The snakes are affected by ongoing equivalents of Fiery Furnace and Arcane Spell Dampening 1. They are immune to poison and do not need to eat, breathe, sleep, or fulfill other biological needs. Inflict Wounds spells do extra damage against Sentinel Nagas. Damage rolls from Inflict Wounds penetrate not only on a die's highest result but also on a die's second highest result. While on Lawful Good holy ground, Sentinel Nagas are also immune to any mental affects or spells. This last ability is forfeited if the Naga leaves holy ground.

Blessed by their gods, Sentinel Nagas regenerate 1 hit point every minute; and their bodies can recover from any wound, even those that seemingly kill them. A Sentinel Naga cut into pieces, burned to a crisp, or pulverized into mush will still fully recover, given time. The only known way to permanently slay a Sentinel Naga is to reduce it to 0 or fewer hit points and then have an evil cleric cast a level 13 or greater curse on its temporarily lifeless corpse. After this curse is cast, the Naga's body disintegrates into gray dust and cannot be regenerated.

Sentinel Nagas do not bite (they consider it beneath them and gauche besides) but are able to deliver powerful venom by spitting. Strong muscles contract around the Sentinel Naga's venom sacs, sending their venom flying through the air towards their target with a +7 attack bonus. Spat venom has the same range increment as a throwing knife (see, Player's Handbook). If struck, a target must roll a save versus the Virulence Factor 21 venom. If the target succeeds on the save, there is no effect. If the target fails, they suffer a -1 penalty to their attack, defense, and damage rolls. Every 30 seconds after the first failed save the target suffers an additional cumulative -1 to Attack, Defense, and Damage (no further saves are required—the Naga venom is at work). As the penalties accrue, the target begins to suffer further. When the penalties reach -4, the character can no longer run, at -7 they can no longer jog, at -10 they can no longer walk, and at -13 the target becomes paralyzed. Sentinel Nagas may spit once every 30 seconds. They prefer to use this venom on powerful combatants early on in a battle to wear them down and also as a way to hamstring fleeing opponents. These effects persist indefinitely until the venom is neutralized or removed in some way.

With their constrictor snake bodies, it comes as no surprise that Sentinel Nagas have a powerful coiling attack. Sentinel Nagas within 10 feet of an opponent may attempt to wrap them up in a crushing grip. Small- or medium-size targets must roll a Feat of Strength check versus d20p+20 or be constricted. Nagas can kill with this attack but prefer to use it to subdue opponents when possible. For every 10 seconds a target spends in the grip of a Sentinel Naga, they must succeed on a ToP check or be rendered unconscious. Every ToP check a target makes after the first while constricted is made at a cumulative -1 penalty (i.e., if a target with a ToP of 7 succeeds on their first save, then on the next check their ToP will be 6 and so on).

These penalties are reset once the target is removed from the Naga's constriction. Though the Naga uses this attack primarily to restrain, it can also kill. Every 10 seconds the Naga does 5d4p damage to its target with the coiling attack. DR from armor is ineffective against this damage. Targets may attempt to escape the Naga's constriction by either winning a Feat of Strength check or by succeeding on a (Difficult) Escape Artist check.

Larger creatures are able to more easily resist a constriction attack, suffering 2 less dice damage, rolling against a lower Feat of Strength check (+15), and rolling against less severe ToP checks (beginning with a +5 bonus and decreasing from there by -1 increments per usual).

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

In their home dimension, Sentinel Nagas spend much of their existence basking in holy light, warming themselves with divine radiance. When their god's holy demesne is threated, however, Sentinel Nagas often serve as the first and last lines of defense. When a Lawful Good deity's armies are on the march, it is the

Sentinel Nagas who screen their advance, acting as the eyes and ears of the force and ferreting out hidden foes. On the home front, Sentinel Nagas serve much the same function as they do on Tellene, acting as the guardians of important sites, always ready to raise the alarm with echoing resonance or their rattle. This rattle sends vibrations through stone walls, shut gates, and other barriers that would otherwise muffle or dampen its sound, allowing the Naga's alarm to be perceived even in the most extensive of temple complexes.

If their temples are invaded by truly dangerous foes, Sentinel Nagas will mount a guerilla style defense, using their spells and abilities to whittle away at a superior force or to delay them as long as possible. Once charged by their god to defend a location, Sentinel Nagas will do so unto their ultimate death, but will not rashly spend their lives, being calculating, practical beings.

Worshippers of Lawful Good gods may have grown up hearing legends of Sentinel Nagas defending the faithful and serving as loving guardians of the laity. Upon first meeting a Naga, however, many are surprised by the creature's seeming standoffishness and brusque manner. Sentinel Nagas only speak when they have something of importance to say and then only tersely, finding human language crude and relatively unexpressive. This is not to say that Nagas are callous or dismissive of mortals, they are merely cold-blooded creatures and have little use for frivolity in any form, even in language.

Sentinel Nagas may speak little, but they are a deeply contemplative and intelligent species. When a Sentinel Naga does deign to speak on a topic not purely utilitarian in nature, its ruminations are often deeply profound or revelatory.

While in the temples of Tellene, Sentinel Nagas are vested with sweeping powers and authority by the priesthood in order to better protect their posting. In this way, they serve as a sort of "head of security" or defense-focused castellan, ordering the construction of fortifications, training of guards, or any other preparations they deem prudent. A Naga is often assigned a junior acolyte to serve as a personal assistant when they first arrive in a temple. This assistant's duties generally involve copying down dictation from the Naga so that its orders can be efficiently communicated, as the Sentinel Naga lacks appendages with which to write. In a curious twist of fate, it is these assistants and not high priests or great academics who cultivate the most intimate understanding of the otherwise inscrutable nagas over the long hours they spend in the snakes' service.

On Tellene:

Sentinel Nagas are very rare on Tellene; and though the temples they reside in may be on remote mountaintops or in the center of a busting metropolis, few outside of a temple's inner circle will ever lay eyes on them or even realize they are present.

Sentinel Nagas are aware of the presence of Phaya Nagas on Tellene and remember the betrayal of their fallen cousins but will not speak of it. The betrayal has already occurred, the judgment of the gods has already been rendered, and Phaya Nagas are already suffering through their well-deserved discipline, reason the Sentinels, so what is there to discuss? If a Sentinel Naga becomes aware of the nearby presence of a Phaya Naga, it will labor to drive the creature from the vicinity, ultimately coming to blows with the beast itself, if doing so will not endanger its temple.

Naga, Sentinel

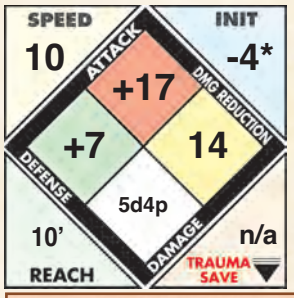
Hit Points:	11d8+35
Size/Weight:	H/800 lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Brilliant
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+21
Mental:	+27*
Dodge:	+17



Attack: FoS vs d20p+20 to escape constriction, which deals 5d4p of hp damage (no DR) every 10 seconds and forces an increasingly difficult ToP check (see text). Spit VF 21 venom, adds +7 to attack w/range of throwing knife (50').

Special: Observation 100%, infravision out to 100 feet, see invisibility, 2 dice lower on initiative checks, constant Fiery Furnace & Arcane Spell Dampening 1, take extra damage from Inflict Wounds spells (see text), regenerate 1 hp every minute. 12th level cleric, immune to poison. Are immune to Mental effects when on holy ground.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	always vigilant
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Lawful Good
Vision Type:	See Invisibility
Awareness/Senses:	Infravision, sense vibrations
Habitat:	Lawful Good temples
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	Head of temple security
Climate/Terrain:	Lawful Good temples

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1500

Nightmare aka Dæmon Steed



I have dreamed of the demon steeds my whole life. When I close my eyes, I can feel the thundering of their hooves in the distance and smell the acrid smoke that belches from within them in on the wind. When I awake, there is always nothing. If I tell my parents that the nightmares have come again, they only comfort me or laugh and coo their reassurances. I am only a child, and they cannot understand the terror that I live nightly. If I was only older, maybe they would listen to me, believe me-- but I am only a child.

I am having the dream again, the one where I know the nightmare is coming for me from a long way off. I am outside in a grassy meadow. It is night. I could run. I used to try running, but in dreams my legs turn to lead or to jelly. If I run, it will still catch me, so I stay still tonight and await it. The moon hangs over the horizon, and I can see its silhouette. At first, it looks like a tiny dot; but I know as it nears that I will slowly start to make it out. Its fiery hooves first, then a fiery, glassy mane. The dream always ends with me looking into its white eyes.

I am having the dream again. I feel the thunder and see the nightmare racing at me. I have decided not to run. I think I can be strong of will, but I am wrong. I am rooted to the spot with fear. The nightmare is suddenly here; and though I cannot feel anything, I look down and see that the grass around us is burning—I am burning alive as I watch the spittle drip from the smoking face of the rearing steed.

Awake. I am standing next to my bed, but I cannot remember leaving it. I go to lay back down, and I first notice how cold it is. How long have I been out of bed? A woman screams from outside my window. I do not know why, but I have to look. Peering over the sill, I can see it! The nightmare is real! Its hooves clatter against the cobblestone street and, streaks of fire linger in its wake before dying down. It bears a rider draped in a black cloak who slowly swings a curved blade above his head. This must still be my dream. This cannot be real. A man stands in the rider's way, and the nightmare breathes out a cloud of black smoke, and I cannot see them anymore. The man is yelling, and I can hear the shrill whinny of the nightmare through the commotion. I cannot see it, but I know that man is burning now. My parents come running into my room in their nightclothes, and I can see the fear in their eyes. My mother is crying as my father gathers me up in his arms, and we retreat up into the attic. I realize that this is not a dream. There are more screams from outside as we huddle together behind old boxes and dusty furniture. I smile. Finally, they will understand.

--transcript of the clairvoyant, Golta's vision when presented with the charred bones of an unidentified child

The Nightmare resembles a coal black warhorse with red-hot hooves wreathed in smoking flames. Its unblinking white eyes have no pupils, and the nostrils of its long snout flare in agitation and aggression. Such a bellicose disposition means that the Nightmare is seldom able to hold still. A Nightmare at rest digs in the earth with its hooves, snorts, and whinnies ad nauseum. The beast's mane and tail are full, but the hair that makes them up is brittle and rough to the touch like raw glass. Small plumes of brimstone-reeking smoke continuously waft out from the Nightmare's nostrils, gradually perfuming any area with the infernal reek of the black abyss.

Combat/Tactics:

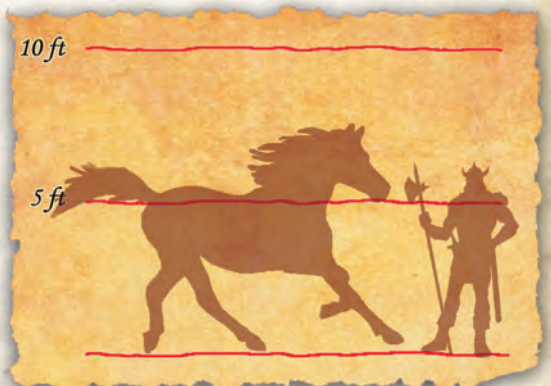
Nightmares are extremely aggressive creatures with potent natural weaponry at their disposal. Dæmon Steeds are equally adept at both terrestrial and airborne combat, being capable of preternatural flight. When in combat, they use their superior mobility to outmaneuver and isolate weaker enemies, especially if fighting as a herd. No mere animals, Nightmares are capable of planning and executing ambushes as well recognizing the value of a retreat. They especially delight in charging down from out of the night sky to surprise their enemies and prey.

Nightmares initiate an attack by first snorting a cloud of choking, red-hot gas onto their opponents before closing for melee and kicking with their flaming hooves. In order to fight with its hooves, a Nightmare must come to a complete stop and rear up on its hind legs. A Nightmare's hooves deal 2d10p crushing damage + 2d4p fire damage. DR from armor does not apply against the Nightmare's fire damage. Nightmares bearing riders cannot use their hooves to attack but may still try to trample their opponents,

Nightmares are potent adversaries on their own. The added mobility they can provide to a demon princeling or undead rider can fundamentally alter such a confrontation.



SIZE COMPARISON



inflicting d6p crushing + 2d4p fire damage. They must jog to trample in a chosen direction. Nightmares bearing riders may still use their choking gas attack.

A Nightmare's 20' radius gas cloud is comprised of hot ash and noxious gasses. It resembles the smoke from a smoldering fire but is far more intense. If anyone[1] remains in this area, such as to engage in battle, they must make a check in order to simulate the detrimental effect this intense smoke inhalation has. For every 10 seconds spent in this area, each PC or monster must make a Physical Save (vs. d20+12). This attack can be made every 5 seconds. A failed save means they begin to suffer from smoke inhalation. Assess a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense and Damage. Subsequent failures are cumulative. If an individual accumulates penalties of -10, he dies. Exiting the smoke permits one to reverse penalties at the rate of +1 per 5 minutes.

Visibility: This too is hampered by thick asphyxiating smoke. The areas are considered to be in dim lighting (regardless of illumination) thus necessitating a -4 Attack and -2 Defense penalty upon all combatants. Low light vision does not remediate this penalty. The ash cloud dissipates after 5 minutes.

Nightmares have a natural resistance to fire and take half damage from magical flames. Silver (as with other demons) is anathema to Nightmares and lowers their natural DR to 9.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Nightmares are native to Hades, where they run in great herds across the charred and benighted plains, seeking out new sources of meat to feed their large appetites. All Nightmares are created from the twisted souls of evil cavalrymen, mounted raiders, and other malign horsemen. When these souls make it to the lower planes, they are warped into new Nightmares and join the herd. Herds gallop endlessly through the hellscapes they inhabit, not only because of the energetic nature of the Nightmare but also to stay ahead of demonic pursuers.

Demons value Nightmares for their speed and endurance, but catching one is easier said than done. Demons travel in packs to lasso Nightmares with iron chains before dragging them back to their fortresses and dens to begin the long, grueling process of breaking the fierce creature to its master. Obscene cruelty must be heaped upon the Nightmare before it will consent to bear a rider and even then, the Nightmare will only ever bond with a single individual. If its master should happen to die, the Nightmare is summarily put to death by its masters' retainers with the knowledge that it can never be ridden again.

When demons make their way (by many means) into the material world, they sometimes bring their Nightmares with them. Certain evil religions as well, pray that their foul gods might bless their congregation with the gift of broken Nightmares for their champions to ride into battle.

On Tellene:

Most human cultures of Tellene believe the Nightmare to be a bringer of bad dreams (hence the name). In their myths, Nightmares ride out of the underworld, searching for sleepers to torment with nighttime visions. In some versions of these legends, the Nightmares are said to physically drag their victims from their beds in order to carry them off on horrifying journeys through phantasmagoric worlds while in other stories the Nightmare sits on the chest of their victim while they sleep, pinning them to the spot and whispering evil things in their ears. Whether any of these stories have a grain of truth to them is impossible to say, but their very ubiquity throughout human cultures seems to lend a shadow of credibility to such terrifying tales.

[1] Creatures that do not breathe air are unaffected by a Nightmare's breath. Similarly, Undead Sight is never compromised.

Nightmare

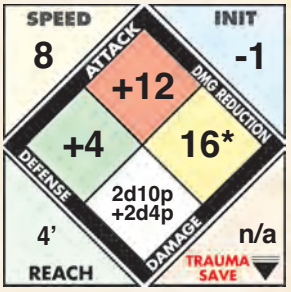
Hit Points:	6d8+33
Size/Weight:	H/1400 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	25
Jog:	30
Run:	35
Fly:	40

SAVES

Physical:	+13
Mental:	+10
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Flaming hooves do 2d10p crushing damage + 2d4p fire damage (DR does not apply to fire damage). Can make snort/gas cloud attack every 5 seconds.

Special: Silver weapons reduce DR to 9, immune to normal fire. Magical fire does 1/2 the normal damage.

General Info

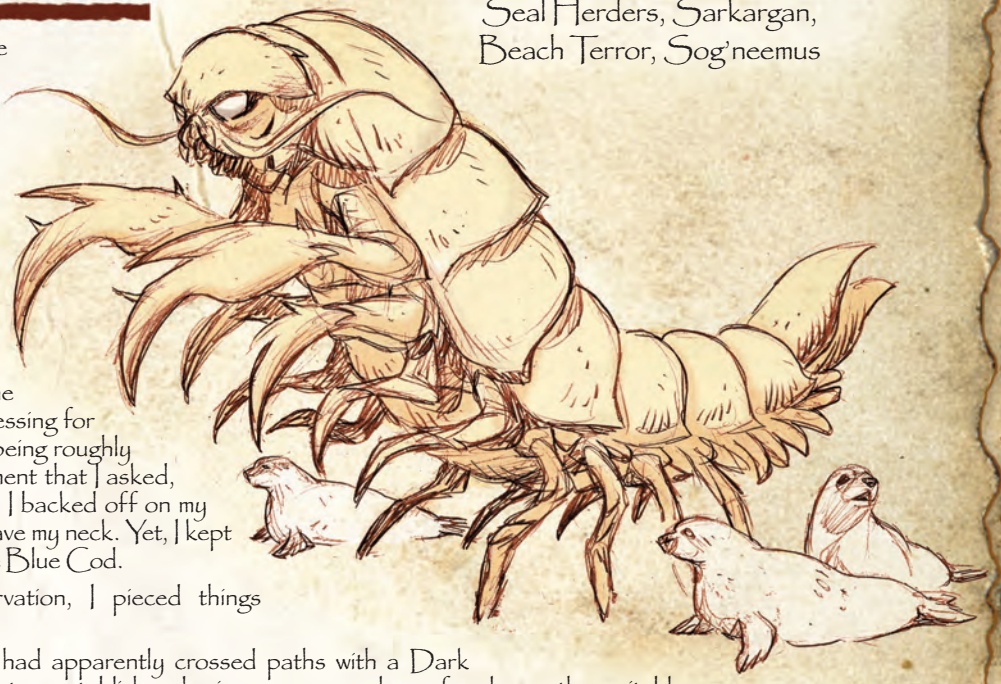
Activity Cycle:	Any (always active)
No. Appearing:	1 (or 3-12 in Hades)
% Chance in Lair:	Nil
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	None
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar creature (Hades)

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	560

Okrillamari

a.k.a. Dark Shepherds, Seal Herders, Sarkargan, Beach Terror, Sog'neemus



Among the old sailors who gather on the front stoop of the Blue Cod in Dobo, a tale is often told — in hushed whispers as a keg of rum is passed around the warming fires. A tale of a crew of seal clubbers who ventured one rocky isle too far into the Rakhoran Islands one season and suffered a fate almost too horrible for words.

For months, I caught fragments of this yarn; but tongues fell silent and eyes of suspicion always turned toward me when I was spotted within earshot. The name of a ship, The Listing Lady, and the loss of her crew to some dark terror was all I could seem to garner. Pressing for more information only got me a split lip from being roughly shoved into a barrelhead and the admonishment that I asked, "too many questions for my own good." So, I backed off on my inquires and kept cloaked my curiosity as to save my neck. Yet, I kept ears open as I nursed my goblets of wine at the Blue Cod.

Finally, after months of patient observation, I pieced things together.

The Listing Lady's crew of seal clubbers had apparently crossed paths with a Dark Shepherd — a Okrillamari. This strange creature establishes dominance over a colony of seals, or other suitable sea mammal for its own malevolent purpose.

Due to some strange limitation in producing offspring, the beast requires the warm-blooded bodies of host seals to incubate its eggs. The surrogate mothers have no choice in the matter. A powerful neurotoxin is injected into their bodies along with the eggs which brings about both physical and mental changes that destroy independent thinking and render the victims complete and utter servants of their "dark shepherd". Once taking over a colony, the Shepherd is ever watchful over his herd and woe to anyone who attempts to do its brood harm.—J

Okrillamari are marine arthropods that have developed a parasitoid relationship with several species of the Phocid family (commonly known as seals). It is unknown if they have developed a similar relationship with the related families of Odobenidae (walruses) and Otariidae (sea lions).

Disparagingly called Seal Herders by hunters in response to their frequent violent encounters with these giant aggressive arthropods while hunting sea mammals, these creatures are a bane to coastal communities dependent upon seal meat to sustain them during the finals throes of winter.

Although they have been observed to attack and eat seals, their normal mode of predation is far more sinister.

Combat/Tactics:

Okrillamari are huge crustaceans measuring over two fathoms in length. Several thoracic segments are fused with the head forming an armored cephalothorax nearly half the creature's length. When on land, it may raise this body element nearly vertical presenting an intimidating appearance to potential adversaries.

The creature's two foremost appendages are elongated and end in sharp chitinous protuberances that bear an uncanny resemblance to the head of a Bill-Guisarme. This mimicry is far from coincidental as it is able to slash and jab with these forearms inflicting similar damage. Normally a pair is used offensively while the others serve to hamper an opponent's attack.

When engaged with foes possessing a reach of under 3 feet the Okrillamari is limited to one attack every 5 seconds. However,

Sign/Tracks

Sarkargan's have a unique ability to defend themselves when threatened or in imminent danger. The ability to roll themselves up into an armored ball. Once balled up so, they are extremely difficult to injure

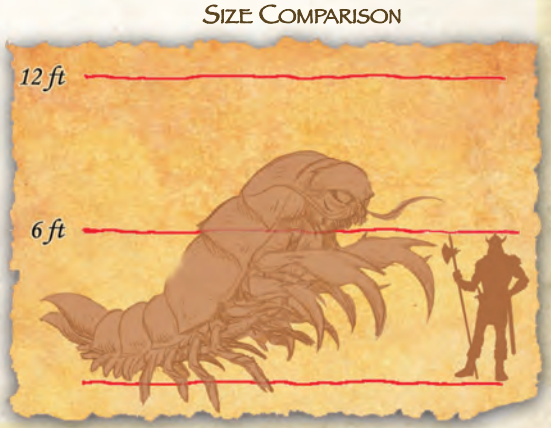


- often rolling down sloping beaches into the surf.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



should an opponent stay within this limit either due to the reach constraints of a smaller character or to use a shorter weapon, the monster may bring its bite to bear. These two pairs of maxillae are designed to gorge on soft tissue and thus do not present a serious threat of laceration as do the beast's appendages. Their true potency resides within the glands set into the creature's face.

Its bite is not venomous per se. Rather, it serves as a conduit that introduces microorganisms unique to Okrillamari flora into the system of the bitten individual via the laceration. Individuals suffering any damage from the bite must make a communicability check lest they catch seal meat madness (q.v.). Those so fortunate as to have the impact of the bite deflected by their body armor need not make this check.

The Okrillamari's abdominal region (that most likely to be exposed to terrestrial attackers) is moderately resistant to hacking and puncturing weapons (DR 4) but more resistant to crushing implements (DR 7). Its carapace though is resistant to all but the most expert or forceful of attacks (DR 13). Seal hunters who've encountered this beast at sea uniformly report that harpoons are essentially ineffective at deterring this monster.

If severely wounded or outmatched while on land, a Sarkargan can (in 1 second) roll its body up into a ball so as to protect its abdomen by presenting opponents only its extremely resilient carapace. Obviously, it forfeits any attack by doing so. However, it can roll at jogging speed when so situated and will certainly use this as an escape mechanism.

Seal Herders have another trick when encountered at sea – one intimately related to this moniker. Their mental control of seal packs (see Ecology below) permits them to "see" through the eyes of these animals. As such, they are highly unlikely not to be aware of the approach of someone or something into their territory. This benefit is not without cost. Because the afflicted seals are hosting the Herder's young, it is obligated to aggressively intervene and fend off any predator its pack cannot outdistance. When this is an orca, the Okrillamari does not often fare well.

Habitat/Society:

Okrillamari are marine creatures that dwell within the shallow littoral zone abutting many coastal shorelines. As seal parasitoids, their range roughly corresponds to the populations they prey upon, be they species dwelling in cold climates such as the harp seal or in temperate regions where the relatively common harbor seal dwells.

They are simultaneous hermaphrodites capable of fertilizing others of their kind as well as bearing young. Self-fertilization is not possible as is the norm with such creatures. Pairs mate in delayed synchronization with the regional seal species, usually with a three-month delay. Given that solitary individuals are the most frequently encountered, it is theorized that Okrillamari do not pair bond. Exceptions to this observation have been noted; and thus, caution is urged when chancing upon one of these giant arthropods lest another be lurking nearby.

Though their native environment is subaquatic, Okrillamari are capable of terrestrial movement and can subsist on land for days before returning to the sea. Such forays are uncommon and usually prompted by hunger. Those driven on shore are particularly aggressive.

Okrillamari are not the sole predators seals fear. Depending on the climate, they face danger from orca, large sharks and even terrestrial hunters such as polar bears and mankind. As Okrillamari share territory and prey with these other top predators, the potential for conflict is ever present.

Ecology:

As parasitoids, Okrillamari are more than mere predators. Their ability to reproduce is dependent upon using seals as live hosts for their eggs.

A seal herder, once fertile, seeks out seals in which to inject their eggs. Capable of short bursts of speed whilst submerged, the creature will close upon a target and restrain it within its anterior pleopods. Once secure, it injects a barb found in its terminal telson. This organ is stimulated by warmth and disgorges several eggs into the seal's adipose tissue.

This injection also secretes an entactogenic compound into the wound. This chemical induces a trance-like state in seals in which they perceive the Okrillamari as a strange hybrid of mother and alpha male. From this point forward, they are under the complete domination of the beast. Not only can the Okrillamari mentally command them as subservient, but it can also perceive their mental images, permitting it to remotely see through their eyes.

While this mental control may have ancillary benefits such as the ability to employ seals as scouts, its primary purpose is to ensure docility.

The eggs laid within the seal's body feed upon its tissue in order to grow and develop. Initially they remain within the fatty deposits, causing only minor discomfort. As they mature, they will burrow into the seal's viscera, inflicting excruciating pain. Were it not for the continued administration of the sedating chemical (periodically re-administered by the parent Seal Herder), the host would be driven to suicide by the agony and might prevent the larva from reaching maturity. Once it has sufficiently matured to survive in the wild, the Okrillamari hatchling perforates the body cavity, killing the host seal in the process.

Okrillamari fry face many challenges surviving to maturity. Should the parental Seal Herder die before they mature, it obviously can no longer sedate the seals hosting its young. The sedating chemical incidentally contains ontogenetic hormones essential to the maturation of the larva, its withdrawal prior to the visceral incursion will kill the neonate Okrillamari. The deceased infant remains as a cyst within the host seal's body.

Scions that live to exit their host still face an uncertain path to adulthood. They are delectable and predated upon by carnivorous fish. Only a small percentage survive to become full-grown Okrillamari.

On Tellene:

Okrillamari are most common in the littoral waters of Shadesh Bay though they have occasionally been witnessed in sheltered areas hosting seal populations as far south as Mewzhano Bay. Experienced Dejy fishermen in Shadesh Bay may well know a thing or two about these creatures though they are odd curiosities elsewhere.

3 Okrillamari can "see" through controlled seal eyes thus, are unlikely to be caught unaware

4 Creatures' reproductive organ may be used as additional material component in Charm, Domination or Mental Control spells providing a +3 bonus to caster's opposed roll.

Seal Meat Madness

Entire tribes of natives who subsist on seal meat have been driven to a type of madness that makes them hostile to both outsiders and one another. Traders and travelers who have encountered this abrupt change in communities previously amenable to interaction have termed it seal meat madness.

Communicability: Varies
Severity: 9+

Where is the Disease Found? Seal Meat Madness is most commonly transmitted by consumption of seal flesh that has been tainted by hosting Okrillamari larva. The entactogenic compound injected by the parent permeates the body. Eviscerated seal corpses, often found floating in the water or washed ashore after the young Okrillamari have killed the host, are the most potent (communicability 14). Avoiding such carrion is no sure proof of avoiding the disease as many live seals may carry cysts encapsulating deceased Okrillamari fry. These diseased seals may be difficult to identify by inexperienced hunters as they exhibit no outward or behavioral signs of earlier trauma, and the cyst may be mistaken for a variety of other abnormalities.

Tainted meat obtained from live seals is less potent (communicability 7). However, a widespread belief amongst many seal hunters equates this disease with common mammalian parasitism, and any harmful effects can be remedied by thorough cooking. This is explicitly untrue.

The disease may also be transmitted by the bite of an adult (communicability 9 though actual damage must be inflicted to warrant a check). This vector is certainly the exception as most humans are wise enough to avoid combat with this formidable beast if possible.

Minor Effect: While the creature's ontogenetic hormones induce a trance-like docility in sea mammals, its effect on hominid neural physiology (to include, humans, demi-humans and humanoids) is altogether different. In these closely related species, its effect tempers civility and empathy such that the individual manifests the quirks Ornery and Quick-Tempered. If the cerebritis is not severe, the patient will revert to his previous personality within 2-4 weeks.

Note that continued consumption of tainted seal meat results in bioaccumulation of the pathogen. Each subsequent day in which tainted meat is eaten necessitates an additional severity check made with a cumulative penalty of -1/day.

Major Effect: If the initial infection is particularly severe or if bioaccumulation has proceeded unchecked, the individual's personality is permanently altered. Thereafter he will forever be ornery and quick-tempered. If a PC, he must reduce his Charisma score by 1/20 and suffer a -6 penalty to saving throws vs. magic that seeks to taunt or enrage him (and a -30% competitive skill check vs. skills that do likewise). He may, however, add 15 mastery points to his Resist Persuasion skill.

Okrillamari

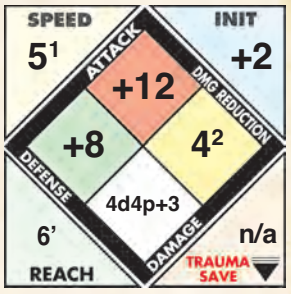
Hit Points:	7d8+36
Size/Weight:	H / 1 ton
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Semi
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Swim:	15

SAVES

Physical:	+14
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Slices with two "bill-guisarme" tipped appendages while defending with another two. [1]Creatures that close within 3 feet are subject to additional bite attack (2d4p) that may inflict a disease. Speed is 3 in this instance.

Special: Abdomen is DR 7 vs. crushing, [2]Carapace is DR 13. May contract into a ball and roll away. Mentally controls seals.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 (infrequently 2)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard[3]
Habitat:	Littorial water
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individual (occasionally pairs)
Climate/Terrain:	Under/near water

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Reproductive glands[4]
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No, flesh causes seal meat madness disease
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1000

Orgron

Also Known As:
Orgur'non, Shundkars



Froljar went out amidst the Orcs and he was as a farmer in a field of autumn wheat, his axe the scythe and he the reaper. His foes fell by the score with each mighty swing and the Orcs began to flee from their vengeful foe, as winter flees from spring. But lo, a horn sounded on the rise and from there came the Orgrons, whooping and screaming, twirling great blades of notched iron. Froljar called his brothers to him and they formed a shield wall. The Orgrons crashed into them like an ocean wave. Shields were splintered and only Froljar kept his footing. Their spirits emboldened, the Orcs rejoined the fight and together with the Orgrons pushed the men back to a narrow pass, but the tale of that desperate defense is better told in the light of day.

--excerpt from a Fhokki grandmother's tale

Orgrons are a hybrid species produced through the crossing of male Orcs and Ogresses. These brutes are much larger and stronger than the average Orc, but lesser in stature and strength when compared to their Ogre progenitors. Their mixed parentage combines the physical prowess of the Ogre with the superior cunning of Orc-kind. Of course, both sides of the disgraceful union contribute to Orgrons' cruel and malicious natures.

Much larger than Orcs, Ogrons stand 7½ feet tall and weigh somewhere between 320 to 400 pounds. Like Orcs, Orgrons have a 20% bonus to Listening and Observation checks. They are, however, less well adapted to darkness. Orgrons may not see as well in extremely dim illumination as Orcs do, but they also have reduced sensitivity to bright light. Orgrons suffer a -1 penalty to Attack and Defense in full sunlight and no penalties in dimmer natural light. Orgron body odor (and bodily leavings) is much more akin to an Ogre's than to an Orc's, to the extent that even scent-based trackers may be fooled into thinking they are on the trail of an Ogre.

Note that the overwhelming majority of Orgrons are raised by Orcs and this cultural influence strongly reinforces the Orcish portion of their mixed race heritage. Thus, from a societal perspective, Orgrons are

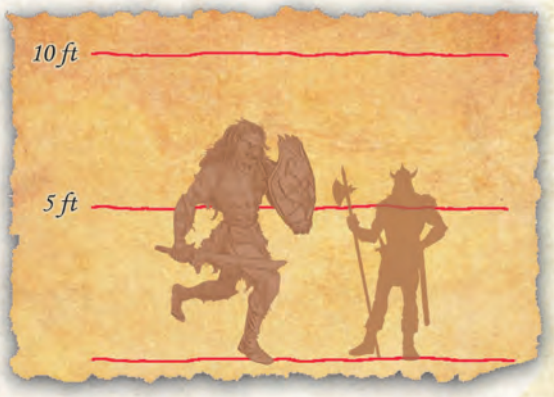
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



essentially Orcs. Not only do they exclusively speak the Orcish tongue, but more importantly they are fully indoctrinated into that race's way of life. Their beliefs and attitudes toward non-Orcs are indistinguishable from standard Orcs. Any possible differences stem from their elite and privileged status within orc society and thus is reflective of other leader types.

In rare cases where Orgrons have established a separate and homogenous tribe of their own kind, they will continue to behave as Orcs albeit with greater confidence and disregard for their adversaries as their demonstrably superior combat skills warrant. Such tribes may hold "fellow" Orcs as slaves, preferring them over other races for reasons such as ease of communication and relatability. Simply put, they are habituated to the presence of low status menial Orcs and know how to manage them. Humans and other races are far more unpredictable and thus troublesome.

Combat/Tactics:

Orgrons are usually encountered as a subset of a much larger Orcish clan, serving as elite groups of shock troops rather as members of the rank and file horde. A cunning chieftain knows that orgrons are a rare commodity and he will be loath to throw away their lives needlessly. Usually, Orgrons are held back from the front ranks until the basic Orcs have softened up the enemy, and they are needed to break through-some particularly tough defenses, or to shore up flagging Orc allies. They may alternatively be retained as a personal bodyguard for the chief or other important clan personages such as a tribal witchdoctor due to both their fierceness as well as their outsider status. Orgrons are far less likely to be accepted into a tight-knit cabal of plotters seeking to assassinate the current leadership.

Like Orcs, Orgrons are bullies at heart and fight only when they feel they have an advantage over their opponents, numerical or otherwise. Given their size and fighting prowess, their perception of whom they may have an advantage over encompasses a larger set of adversaries. Their tactics are identical to those of normal Orcs, having been mentored since childhood in this manner of warfare. Orgrons are clad in Orcish body armor that has been "let out" to fit their larger bodies and wield devastating great swords in combat.

Because of their stature, Orgrons use great swords one-handed, with a medium shield in the other hand. Orgrons' thick, Ogre-like hides have a natural DR of 2 but are otherwise reliant on their equipment to mitigate damage.

Habitat/Society:

There are only a few places on Tellene where Orcs' and Ogres' territories overlap. It is in these liminal spaces that Orgrons are most likely to be found. Orgrons favor the mountainous terrain of their homelands, but, like Orcs, can live comfortably in any climate.

While Orgrons are physically superior to baseline Orcs, they seldom challenge for leadership of their clan. Orgrons are less organized and less thoughtful than their smaller cousins and in the few occasions when they have assumed leadership of a small clan, the group quickly descended into chaos. Unable or unwilling to think in the long term, orgron chieftains are more focused on personal honor, internecine conflict, and self-aggrandizement. While Orcish chieftains all suffer from these same personality flaws, they are at least able to focus the clan on "big picture" issues like rapine pillage and slaughter. Orgrons are ineffective leaders above the war band level of organization and complexity, but can excel in those lower stations.

Although Orgrons are almost always a minority in a larger Orcish clan, there have been a few occasions where independent Orgron war bands have formed. Orgrons' immune systems are nearly identical to that of Ogres' and they are unaffected by the diseases that keep Orcish numbers from spiraling out of control. Orgrons from clans that are decimated (or destroyed) by diseases such as Orc Shingles or Mundunooguu Syndrome may find themselves suddenly alone and free to pursue their own way of life. Unfortunately for nearby communities, the Orgron way of life is identical to an Orcish one, albeit with a greater focus on the acquisition and eating of human and demi-human meat (in the manner of their Ogre forebearers). Breakaway Orgron clans never last long on their own, either because they are killed during a poorly thought out raid or eventually integrated into whichever new Orc tribe fills the vacuum of power left behind by the old one. Orcs are usually keener on absorbing independent Orgrons into their own tribes, rather than killing them outright if at all possible. They are viewed

by Orc leaders as a clan possession and are sometimes traded between clan leaders as weregild during rare instances of Orcish negotiation.

Ecology:

Orgrons are always a small minority within Orc clans. Breeding Orgrons is difficult, time-consuming, and dangerous. To begin with, Orcs must first capture and transport an Ogress back to one of their breeding pits. Ogresses are dangerous opponents of their own accord and kidnapping them away from their Ogre family groups is a risky undertaking. Even if this is successful, Ogresses cannot be kept in the same pens as Orcish or human women, as they will bludgeon their cellmates to death if given the opportunity (usually eating them afterward). To compound things further, Ogresses have very long gestation times, meaning that even if a an ogress remained pregnant for every one of her child-bearing years, she may only be able to birth 12 to 14 orgrons, at the very most.

Orgrons themselves are not sterile, but because of their inter-species genetics, have a difficult time reproducing with one another. Most Orgron pairings lead to stillbirth. When a pair of Orgrons is found to be genetically compatible as a mating pair, chieftains will often segregate the Orgron female from the rest of their slave harem, forcing her to remain constantly pregnant with the offspring of the compatible male. That an Orc chieftain would forgo his own carnal pleasures in order to guarantee the birth of a new Orgron speaks to the great value Orcs see in this nascent subspecies.

On Tellene:

Orgrons primarily inhabit the mountain ranges of the Young Kingdoms, southern Kalamar, and the western coast of Lake Jorakk. Svimozhia is free of the creatures altogether. There are rumors of Orgron war bands nominally dedicated to the Rotlord who maintain independence from Orc clans by acting as permanent hosts for Orc-borne diseases. This group is thought to prey on Orcish scouting parties and is reported to have an unquenchable hunger for Orc meat. Admittedly, the origin of these stories cannot be confirmed and could well nigh be nothing more than boogieman stories circulated by Orcish chieftains to scare and motivate their raiding parties.

Orgron

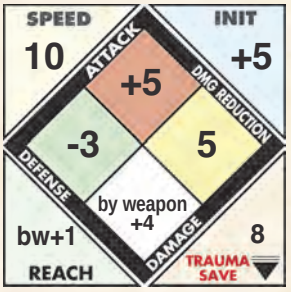
Hit Points:	3d8+28
Size/Weight:	L/ 350 lbs.
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-2/1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Rush headlong into battle wielding greatswords (d10p+d8p+4)

Special: Shield use (e.g., medium shields provide a +6 bonus, increasing defense to +3); Orgrons get 20% bonuses to Listening and Observation skill checks; -1 Attack/Defense in sunlight; unarmored DR is 2; immune to orc diseases

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	d6p (gang), d4p+6 (warband)
% Chance in Lair:	25%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Good vision, smell, taste, and hearing
Habitat:	Dismal, dim locations and mountains
Diet:	Carnivorous leaning Omnivore
Organization:	Tribal; ruled by the strongest
Climate/Terrain:	Overlapping orc and ogre territory

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Digits, for replacement Stinking spell components
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	2d4p sp each; lairs can contain vast amounts
Edible:	Yes, but incredibly foul
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	150

Peryton

Also Known As:
Kryberhauden, Farzshandee

The Perytons are surely the contrivance of sorcery. While their hybrid appearance – to wit, the forelegs and head of a powerful stag seemingly grafted upon the body of an inordinately large bird of prey – is not wholly unknown (indeed, one need only imagine the proud Hippogriff transposed through a parallax lens), other qualities of the creature hint at diablerie.

Unlike mortal beasts, the Peryton doth cast nary a shadow upon the earth. This phenomenon is not the imagination of the essayist, for indeed this strange occurrence has been related by others who have experienced the misfortune of encountering these beasts. Sailors plying the Straits of Svimohzia assert that Perytons roost upon the islets colloquially known as the "Dragon's Teeth" and at times swoop down unseen to devour the crew. Oft times the entire contingent is slain for the cutlasses employed by the mariners prove to have scant ability to deter or even injure the ravenous beasts.

It was my exceedingly good fortune to be in Monam-Ahnozh preparing for an expedition into the junglous Vohven when a wrecked longship drifted ashore a mere league from the city. For the price of a meal I was permitted to record the tale of the sole survivor – a youth who had concealed himself in the hold but witnessed the savagery through the ill-fitting deck planking. Corroborate he did my earlier observations but in so doing chronicled the carnivorous ferocity with which the beasts attacked – some tearing open body cavities with heretofore undocumented incisors to devour beating hearts.



Claw, hoof strikes and horn butts – and aerial attack by the Farzhandee can be swift, unexpected and deadly.

This unusual beast combines the hindquarters and wings of a bird with the head and forequarters of a deer and the sharp teeth of a predator. The Peryton's coat is of a brownish color, tending towards red in the summer months and gray in the winter.

Its avian plumage is also predominantly brown, with noticeable differences between the sexes. For instance, male Perytons sport blue-gray secondary feathers on their wingtips, while the back of the female exhibits numerous narrow dark brown or black bars.

A typical Peryton stands about 3 to 4 feet tall at the shoulder, with a body length of 7 feet and a wingspan of around 16 feet. Male Perytons have the bulk and branching antlers of a powerful buck, and weigh roughly 300 pounds. Female Perytons (does) lack antlers, and are roughly 30% smaller and lighter than the males.

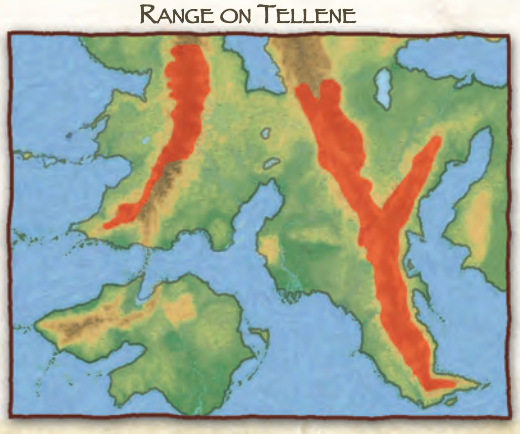
Combat/Tactics

An airborne Peryton attacks by swooping down onto its prey and clawing with its talons in an attempt to immediately incapacitate it. Once on the ground – assuming its prey is still capable of defense - a buck will butt with its massive rack until it has killed or immobilized the creature. Both does and bucks possess enlarged canine and incisor teeth and are capable of inflicting bites comparable to that of a wolf.

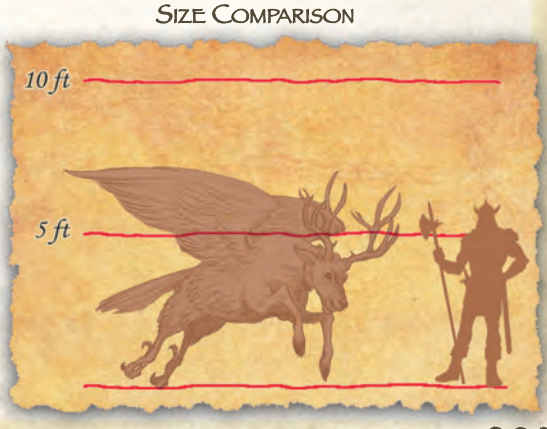
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Perytons will preferentially attack incapacitated or freshly killed creatures, eating the former alive.

When alarmed, a Peryton may stomp its hooves and give a warning snort to any other Perytons nearby. If facing an individual foe or even a small group, the bucks rarely shy away from combat. If up against an overwhelming force of numbers or obviously powerful foe, a Peryton retreats or flees to familiar terrain where an enemy might find it difficult to follow (flying away to a high mountainside or diving beneath the tree cover, for example). Unlike the buck, a Peryton doe usually flees at the first sign of danger, but can fight if cornered.

Habitat/Society

Perytons are well suited for temperate woodlands and rugged, mountainous terrain, with any obstacles easily crossed by a few strokes of the creature's powerful wings. They prefer to dwell in caves or in huge eyries built on tall cliffs or in the largest of trees, but they can equally adapt themselves to open plains and savannahs where at least some scrub brush and food sources exist.

Perytons dwell in family groups of a doe and her fawns (if any), while males live in small groups consisting of three to four individuals, except during mating time when they are solitary. Mating occurs in the fall, with bucks battling for access to does, locking antlers together and trying to push each other away. The most dominant male Perytons may mate with as many as 15 to 20 females. Calves are born late the following spring, able to graze and forage after about 45 days and becoming independent from their mothers the following fall.

An average Peryton has a lifespan of about five to 10 years.

Ecology

Perytons are omnivorous, able to feed on vegetation such as easily digestible shoots, young leaves, fresh grasses, soft twigs, fruit, fungi and lichen, as well as the flesh of other creatures. In fact, Perytons quite prefer the latter, and particularity favor the organs of humans and demi-humans, with human hearts being most prized. Though not a scavenger by nature, the Peryton eats carrion as readily as live prey.

Because of their ability to fly, Perytons are rarely threatened by the common forest and mountainous predators (i.e., wolves, bears or large cats), though they are often targets of Griffyns and Hippogriffs, which see the Peryton both as prey and competitor for food and resources. When their territory overlaps with those of humans, Perytons prefer to prey upon herdsmen rather than their flocks.

Peryton

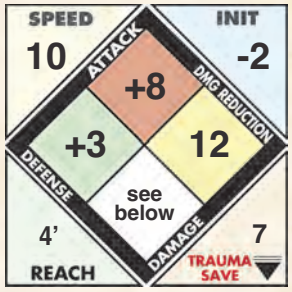
Hit Points:	3d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/300+ lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint/Fly:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+8



Attack: claw rake when diving (4d6p); when on ground, stag may attack with antlers for 3d8p; bite attack against prone or incapacitated targets (2d4p+2). A Peryton has a Speed of 5 when using its bite attack.

Special: DR decreased to 3 when struck by silvered weapons

General Info

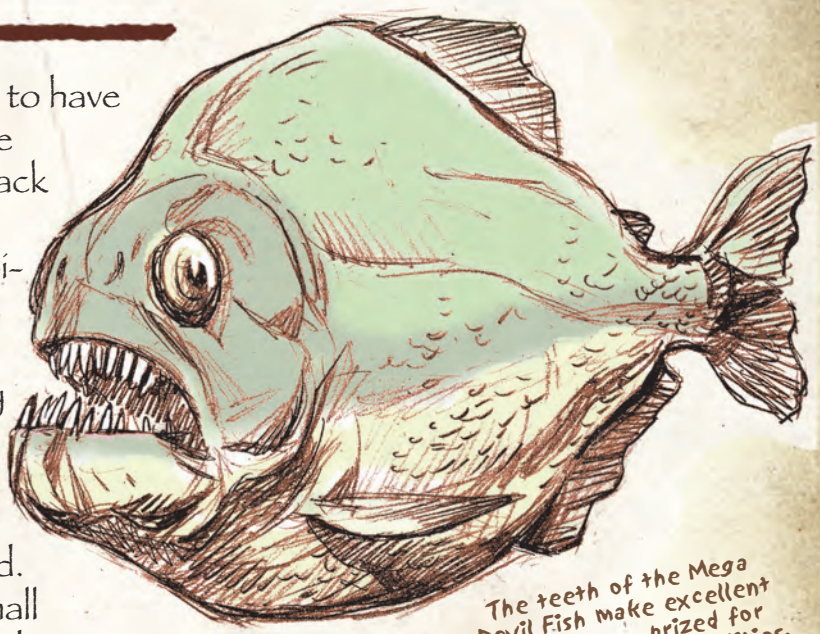
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	15
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Wide field of view, sees only gray, yellow & violet
Awareness/Senses:	Acute hearing and vision
Habitat:	Mountains, Plains
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate, Subtropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Unknown
Spell Components:	Unknown
Hide/Trophy:	Stag head is prized trophy
Treasure:	None
Edible:	No
Other:	None
Experience Point Value:	325

Piranha

Also Known As:
Devil Fish, Murky Deaths



The teeth of the Mega Devil Fish make excellent arrow tips – prized for their penetration qualities.

Years past, mine order was rumored to have erected a cathedral deep within the Alubelok swamp in an effort to push back the darkness and bring the light to the aborigines and strange humanoid inhabitants of the swamp. Today, remarkably little is known of this endeavor, indeed, most staunchly believe the stories verily more myth than fact as the failure and loss of the cathedral became lost in the mists of time. But lo, when artifacts began to surface, the evidence mounted. So, I was sent dutifully, along with a small band, to determine whether my order didst truly once inhabit hallowed ground within the recesses of the swamp's wretched gloom.

It was on said mission, assaulted by droning, biting insects, oppressive summer heat and dampness in all directions, that we happened upon an onerous river crossing. A small craft, clearly once employed for traversing the waterway, lay in the midst of the river, scuttled on what appeared to be a sizeable stone.

Sending rope-laden swimmers across the murky, slow-moving channel, I orchestrated a pair of lines to allow for the group and its supplies to attain the far side. Whilst the mechanics were successful, our crossing was not. One of our rear guard let out a blood-curdling scream. We gazed in horror as the water boiled, turning a deep crimson whilst fin and scale flashed silver. Myself and another guide dove in and swam to his aid. I felt a few painful bites, but was relieved to be near land. As I emerged on the banks, pulling my associate by the upper arm, I felt my load lessen. I assumed it was that he hadst regained his footing, but when I turned to pull him free of the waters, I realized to my revulsion that his lower half was skeletal, clean save for one of those terrible fish, still gnawing an entrail.

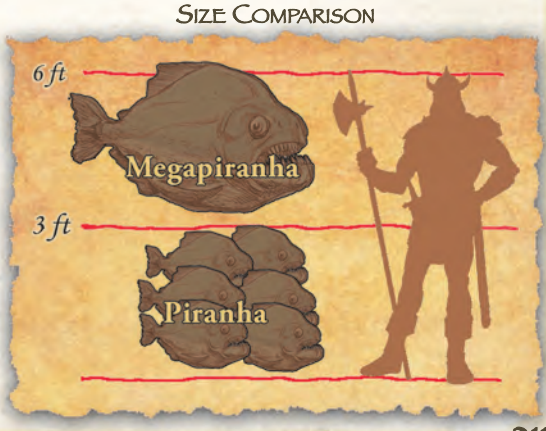
Sign/Tracks

Large animal skeletons washed up on a riverbank may serve as a warning that piranha may be in the water

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Silver-bodied and red patched, the piranha is a freshwater fish that inhabits rivers and lakes in warm climes. Omnivorous, it is an opportunistic feeder and will attack other fish, swimming animals, birds and each other when hungry. They are known for their sharp teeth and powerful bite. In times of famine, they can strip a large mammal in minutes, roiling the waters in their frenzy. Megapiranhas are merely a giant species of this already frightening creature.

The school size represents 2-3 dozen (few), 60-80 (average) or 150+ (many) individual fish scattered over a broad volume of opaque, sediment laden water that coalesce to attack as a swarm when prey enters the water.

Combat/Tactics:

Standard piranha swarm for their attacks, inflicting many bites of small damage (each less than one point) that add up over time. The effect of a piranha attack is dependent on two factors, the number of fish in the school and how hungry said fish are. The table below shows the damage per second caused by such a swarm, taking into account whether the swarm is sparse, moderate, or heavy, (metered by numbers), as well as hunger. Characters wearing protective clothing or armor will see some benefit from that coverage as the piranha will need to chew through the armor in order to reach certain body parts thus slowing the rate of HP loss. For each point of DR that the character has, add one second to the time to suffer a HP in damage on the table. For example, a character in leather armor, DR 2, plunged into a river with "many" piranha in a "starved" condition will suffer 1 HP of damage for every seven (i.e., 5+2) seconds. For purposes of healing, the sum total of the wounds indicate the overall severity of the wound (that is, 3 hit points of piranha bites will require 6 days to heal completely under standard conditions). Each increment also causes the armor to lose on hit point as well, so a new suit of leather armor (with 10 hit points) would lose a point of DR after 70 seconds of exposure. Metal armors will also become destroyed as leather straps and fabric will be eaten and parts will fall, although that might make swimming easier for the victim. The equipment of a character immersed in a piranha school will also suffer. For every time increment (i.e., every 10 seconds for an average quantity of starved piranha), the GM should roll a d12 for each non-metal item exposed, on a 1, the item has suffered a hole or has been otherwise ruined in some way. Metallic items are immune.

Megapiranha

Megapiranha attack in a similar fashion, however their size precludes large numbers. Each will attack with a devastating bite on an individual basis as a standard monster attack rather than as a swarm. Note that under many aquatic scenarios, the monster can attack in three dimensions.

Habitat/Society:

Piranha are aggressive hunters, but are actually quite skittish in defense, schooling for protection against their many predators. Aside from the powerful bite and sharp teeth, they behave much like any other fish. Although highly predatory and primarily feeding on fish, piranha diets vary extensively, including mammals, birds, reptiles, insects, crustaceans, fruits, seeds, leaves, debris and garbage. Piranhas lay their eggs in pits dug during the breeding and both males and females swim around to protect them.

Ecology:

Piranha are omnivorous and opportunistic hunters. Both the piranha and megapiranha prey on fish and any humanoids, animals, insects or monsters foolish enough to venture into their river habitat, even armored creatures such as turtles, crustaceans and paladins. They are hunted just as any other fish, water birds, lizards such as caimans, humans by line or net or even larger predators seeking a fish snack. They live up to 25 years in the wild and 10+ years in captivity.

On Tellene:

Piranha are found in many rivers and lakes throughout the warmer climes of Tellene. They are quite common in Svimohzia, Southern Kalamar, Tarisato and the Obakasek jungle.

Piranha Swarm Attack

Hunger Level[1]	Number of Piranha		
	Few	Average	Many
Starved	1 HP/15 seconds[2]	1 HP/10 seconds[2]	1 HP/5 seconds[2]
Moderate	1 HP/30 seconds[2]	1 HP/15 seconds[2]	1 HP/10 seconds[2]
Well Fed	1 HP/60 seconds[2]	1 HP/30 seconds[2]	1 HP/15 seconds[2]

[1]Chumming the water will increase "Hunger" level by one category [up] as it stimulates the fish into a feeding frenzy
[2]DR delays damage by its numerical value in seconds, however, for every increment of time lapsed in the Table, a character's armor also suffers one point of armor damage

Piranha

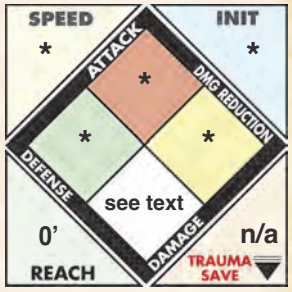
Hit Points:	special
Size/Weight:	T/ 5-10 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless [Nervous]
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Swim:	5 (10 max)

SAVES

Physical:	+0
Mental:	+0
Dodge:	+0



Attack: Piranha attacks are considered a swarm attack by the school [see text], individual fish have 2 hp

Special: Hiding 80 [Given the murkiness of most tropical rivers, individual fish are difficult to spot (and target) in situ.]

Megapiranha

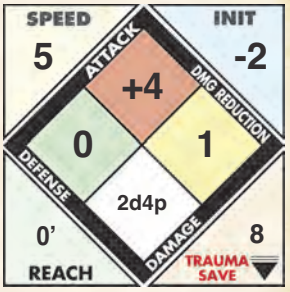
Hit Points:	1d8+5
Size/Weight:	S/ 50 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Swim:	5 (15 max)

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+0
Dodge:	+5



Attack: Megapiranha attack prey with a vicious individual bite

Special: Hiding 80 [Given the murkiness of most tropical rivers, individual fish are difficult to spot (and target) in situ.]

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1000+
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Warmer rivers and lakes
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Schools
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to sub-tropical

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	3-12
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Warmer rivers and lakes
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Schools
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to sub-tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental (river/lake bed)
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	150/250/350 (per size of school)

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Teeth can be fashioned into lithic class weaponry
Treasure:	Incidental (river/lake bed)
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	28

Pit Howler

Also Known As:
Cavern Shriek, Dread Grasper.



My studies of these hideous creatures suggest that their ancestors were a species of lizard or snake men, or even a crossbreed of both. No doubt their unusual bodies and method of locomotion evolved to ease travel through the winding, tube-like tunnels of the nether deeps. Yet, the skull structure - so similar to that of my own - makes me wonder if some captured humans were also involved in the evolution of these monsters...

It is a frightening thought, though no less so than was my first encounter with one. My companions and I, being in Balelido and hearing reports of a missing nobleman and his lady love, decided to follow their trail in hopes of rescue and reward. It seemed they had taken themselves into the P'Tikor hills, into a private "guest-chamber" his family's Dwarven slaves had long since hewn out of the rock. The bedchamber itself is a cavern, with furniture hewn from the rock, the natural colors normally providing a pleasant array of hues. When we entered, however, the dry red splashes of blood, bits of gray matter and white bone fragments were the first colors I saw. Spattered with the remains of the noble and his lady was a hideous creature of pale yellow. Our torchlight glistened off its sunken, cloudy white eyes as it turned its skull towards us, and flung itself forwards in a way than momentarily froze us where we stood. Its hind legs remained firmly in place, while its tubular body stretched in a way that seemed impossible and its massive claws reached for my face. But for the quickness of our halfling thief, whose flung dagger distracted the creature from its attacks, I might not be writing these notes today. r S

These bizarre humanoids have cylindrical bodies, topped with a head that distinctly resembles a fanged human skull, with sunken eye sockets and lipless mouth, and skin so taut as to show off the bones underneath. Their ears are also no more than a small opening on each side of the head.

Their forelegs are more muscular than those at the rear, though both sport thick, curved claws and an assortment of bone spurs, the shape and number of which vary by individual. Pit Howlers have smooth, dry skin of a pale yellow in color, with the only significant contrast provided by their bone-white teeth and claws.

The Pit Howler's cylindrical torso is full of coiled muscles, giving it the unusual ability to stretch or compress its body in a manner similar to a spring or the pleated bellows of an accordion. Although normally about 6 feet tall or long when compressed, a Pit Howler can extend its body another 8 feet, to a maximum length of 14 feet.

Pit Howlers move quadrupedally by anchoring the fore or hind legs to the ground while waves of muscular contractions alternately lengthen or shorten the body. However, they can also move bipedally (with body shortened) at rates comparable to a human. The rocking motion of an elongated specimen makes a Pit Howler distinguishable even in shadow or silhouette, as it swings each leg outward and forward, then pushes the body sideways and forward while thrusting each hind leg backward against the ground.

The typical adult weighs between 150 and 200 pounds. Except for the genitals, which are largely covered by skin,

Sign/Tracks

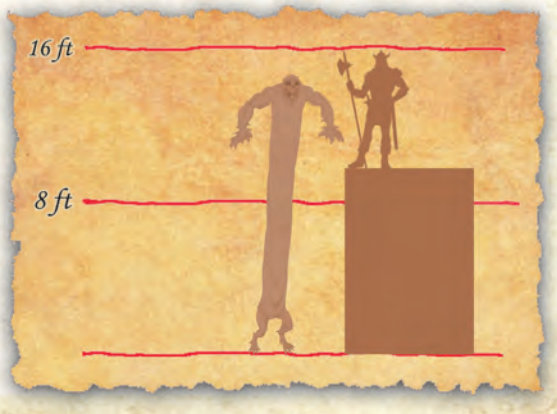


If you see tracks like these in the netherdeeps — Run my friend.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



there are no distinct differences between male and female Pit Howlers.

Combat/Tactics

Pit Howlers are ambush predators, remaining motionless in a camouflaged position (usually a lightless pit or tunnel) and then striking suddenly at passing prey. Its usual tactic is to spring forward from its hole (the Pit Howler's upper body can spring forth up to 14 feet) and emit a howl. All within 10 feet must make an opposed saving throw (with the Pit Howler receiving a bonus equal to its attack modifier). A failed throw stuns the victim for 10+2d10p seconds, during which time he can take no action other than defense (using a d8p plus any Defense bonus).

Once it has stunned its prey, it reaches out to grab the victim doing 4d4p damage and effectively immobilizing it. It will then proceed to chew away at its quarry automatically inflicting 2d8p every 10 seconds. Captured victims may either attempt to break free of the constricting hold (requiring a Feat of Strength vs. d20p+12) or attack with a small weapon (with a -4 Attack penalty). Note that a successful knock-back will free the victim from the monster's clutches. Escape attempts can be made every 5 seconds. If attacked by allies of its quarry, the Pit Howler will use grasped prey as a "human shield" giving it a Defense of +4 (T), 8 (S) or 12 (M). Just as with a normal shield, unsuccessful attacks upon the creature will damage the shield – only in this case the shield is the trapped character. Cover value is 80%.

Habitat/Society

The ideal Pit Howler habitat is an underground cavern connected to a series of winding, maze-like tunnels and chasms. Pit Howlers occasionally share territory with others of their species, but are generally solitary. The average lifespan for a Pit Howler is about 4 to 6 years.

Ecology

The Pit Howler feeds on various forms of subterranean life (such as insects, mollusks, birds, frogs, mammals, fishes or other reptiles), as well as other monsters and sapient creatures that wander into its territory.

The body size of a Pit Howler has a major influence on its eating habits. Smaller Pit Howlers eat smaller prey. Juvenile Pit Howlers might start out feeding on rats or frogs and graduate to Goblins or Orcs as an adult, for example.

Females lay eggs, but abandon them shortly after laying. The eggs hatch in 1 to 4 weeks, with infants taking 4 months to reach juvenile status, and another 6 months to maturity.

On Tellene

Pit Howlers can be found through the subterranean caverns of the Sovereign Lands, though they may be most prominent in the miles of tunnels beneath the city of Giilia.

Pit Howler

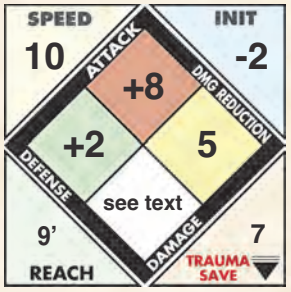
Hit Points:	4d8+24
Size/Weight:	M/150+ lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Low
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+10



Attack: initial howl to stun opponents; grab with claws for 4d4p; if it grabs an opponent, every 10 seconds thereafter it gains an automatic bite attack (doing 2d8p); use prey as shield. It can howl every thirty seconds, but cannot howl if holding a victim as it is preoccupied with eating. It cannot harm others when gnawing on prey as it is occupied with both claws and maw.

Weaknesses: recoils from very bright light

General Info

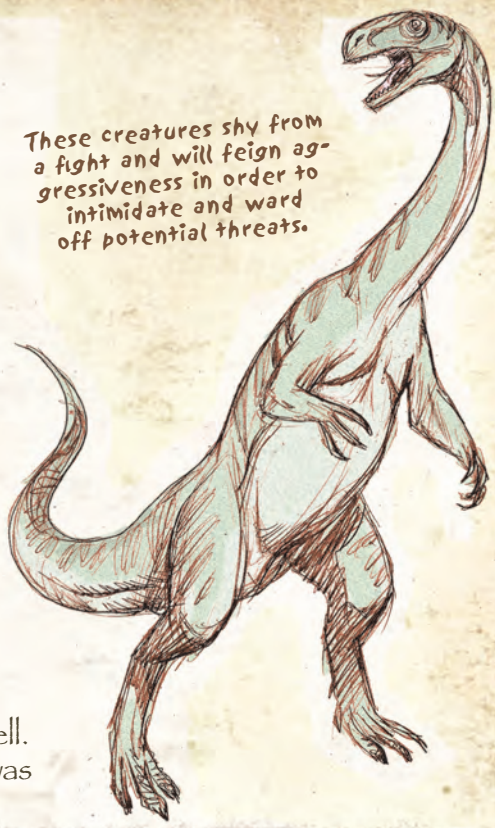
Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	95
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Can sense footfalls at 100'
Habitat:	Subterranean
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Cold to Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	Unknown
Spell Components:	Unknown
Hide/Trophy:	Pit Howler eggs are worth 5d8 sp
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	None
Experience Point Value:	425

Plateosaur

Also Known As:
Slither-Slathur, Foliage-Creep



Sometimes you hunt for glory, sometimes for trophies, others for treasure. And then there are those occasions where you're simply hunting for food. At this one occasion, I wasn't even hunting for game as ya normally would. A certain Tarisatan lord was looking for a center roast for his feast. He hired me to catch the game. Now what made it interesting was he also hired another, some ranger that brought in an Auruch's Bull to great fanfare last year. I mean they damn nearly had a parade in his honor. Guy's really full of hisself. I figured I'd have to outdo him, you know show him up. So I trekked south into the Obakasek looking for the big game. I came upon a hidden valley, filled with the tallest of trees. There I saw the biggest lizard ever – five maybe ten times the length of a man. I took aim for what I thought might be a killing shot in the eye, missed and got the long neck. Instead of fleeing, damn thing nearly trampled me as it charged. But it ran on after, not stomping me as it maybe could have. That was its mistake. I hunted it for hours after the first arrow hit, I must have emptied a war quiver before it fell. Getting it back? Well that's another story, but let me tell you, the feast was the biggest one I've ever had.

A bipedal herbivore, Plateosaurus carries its small skull on a long, flexible neck. Sharp but plump plant-crushing teeth fill its mouth, while powerful hind limbs let it stand and reach tall plants. Short but muscular arms end in grasping hands with large claws on three fingers, so the beast can grasp treetops and other towering vegetation. The creature has a long, flexible counter-balancing tail. A Plateosaurs carries its eyes closer to the sides of its skull, providing a better visual panorama to watch for predators and affording a resultantly decent initiative.

These broad lizards vary greatly in size, ranging from just under 20 feet long to 35 feet in length and weighing anywhere from over half a ton to four or more tons. Despite its size, this creature can move rather quickly, even the larger specimens. The animal eats only plants, taller ones in particular, but the Plateosaur is capable of eating lower standing plants if and when trees are scarce.

Combat/Tactics:

Plateosaurs will avoid a fight, fleeing if at all possible. They rely chiefly on their imposing girth and the size of the rest of the herd to deter predators smaller than themselves. Unfortunately for most hunters, the monsters' choice of avenue for escape typically runs directly through any assailants. If faced with creatures of size H or smaller, the herd will run directly at the would-be predators, trampling them in the process. Each Plateosaur can trample up to two size L creatures (if adjacent) or as many creatures that fit into a 15-foot-wide path. A successful Attack (rolled separately on each individual in the path) causes 2d12p and counts as a charge (i.e., double for knock-back purposes). Unlike a normal charge, a Plateosaur need only jog to perform this attack. If tired, cornered or a creature does not otherwise flee after the

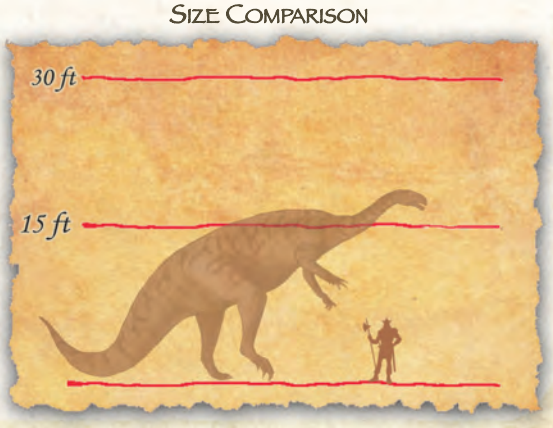
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



trample attack, a Plateosaurus will defend itself with a nasty bite for d8p damage. This attack has a long reach due to the creature's neck.

Habitat/Society:

Plateosaurs are large herbivores, organized into herds. They spend most of their lives grazing on tall vegetation, especially trees. They rely on their wide-angled vision and that of the others in the herd to spot and warn of predators. Given enough warning, the herd will flee from larger predators (and potentially trample said predator in the process). Plateosaurus remains active both day and night, sleeping at intervals, especially during midday heat when it seeks shade in which to rest.

Plateosaurs mate yearly, resulting in a clutch of eggs. The eggs are buried and forgotten until hatching. When the young emerge, they wait and then follow the calls of the herd, where they join and are physically protected from smaller predators by the rest of the herd; adults will seek to interpose themselves between stalkers and the herd's young.

Commonly, these animals live for at least 15 years, but the maximum life span is unknown as individuals become food for large predators long before succumbing to age. Likewise, maximum lifespan has not been recorded in civilized lands as Plateosaurs are not known to be kept in captivity. However, for decades rumors have filtered north out of the Obakasek Jungle, claiming that savage Goblinoid tribes have tamed these monsters and deploy them as beasts of burden or even mounts.

Ecology:

Plateosaurus is a sizeable herbivore, making a fine meal for the larger predators. Scavengers and smaller predators can gorge repeatedly simply by feeding on any Plateosaur remains left behind by a sated giant predator. On a macro scale, they serve to hold back some of the larger vegetation and tend to fell trees in their path, creating many habitats for smaller creatures as well. Their droppings make good fertilizer for a farmer brave enough to follow such a herd (and employing a hefty cart!).

On Tellene:

This giant, broad lizard roams the Obakasek Jungle primarily, eating larger plants and foliage. Several Goblinoid tribes have tamed and trained these animals. It is unknown whether they actively breed them or merely exhume and steal eggs, hatching them in their villages or lairs rather than in the open

Plateosaur

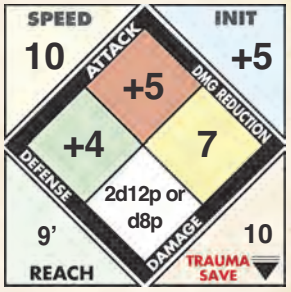
Hit Points:	12d8+38
Size/Weight:	E/ 2 tons
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+15
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Startled Plateosaurs will charge, trampling up to two Large creatures in its path with a successful attack. If it cannot flee after the trample, it will bite opponents.

Special: none

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Cathemeral
No. Appearing:	3-12
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Densely vegetated land
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to Tropical Forests

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	380

Quazit

Also Known As:
Kizzut, Winged-Kryff



Do not underestimate these little demons for they are cleverer than they appear. Mistake not my words for I do not give them credit for intellect though they may have access to resources that may yield that impression. Nay, they are manipulators that are good at getting into your head and sowing distrust. So skilled are they that learned mages – who one might think would know better than to fall for this chicanery – are routinely swept into a Quazit's web of deceit.

These wretched little demons will try to manipulate you into all sorts of trouble. It is not a matter of whether or not they lie, for that is a given. The question you must always ask yourself is why they lie. What is their goal? By deciphering this riddle you are equipped to properly gauge their responses. Make no mistake; this is a valuable counter espionage tool. Quazits have supernatural access to vast amounts of information and not all they say is untrue — it is often that the context simply is hidden or misrepresented.

These tiny demons are frequently dispatched to Tellene to serve as advisors or counselors to prominent mortals. It must be noted that they all have a hidden agenda of desiring to capture their earthly "master's" soul upon his or her death and ferry said to their true abyssal master to initiate an eternal life of persecution, torture and misery for said individual.Thus Quazits desire nothing more than their earthly master's death – provided, of course, that they are afforded the opportunity to escape with his or her soul. In practice, this makes them the ultimate frenemy. They will certainly facilitate any life shortening vices such as alcoholism or gluttony but even a death from curtailed old age is a long time to wait. As such, Quazits will subtly "encourage" reckless behavior – actions likely to result in the death of their master though not so calamitous as to threaten their own existence.

These conflicting objectives are difficult to balance as the Quazit must offer clear utility to its earthly master in order to retain his or her confidence and a modicum of trust (to the extent possible for a likely chaotic evil personage) so as to remain within the person's inner circle. Most Quazits are up to this task as they are clever little weasels with an innate ability to read a room. They will readily adapt to their earthly master's personality, feigning enthusiasm in their interests (and often educating themselves in said so as to reinforce bonding over these "shared" passions). Interactions will largely be sycophantic and gauged to tell their master what he or she wants to hear (thus reinforcing their prejudices) rather than the truth.

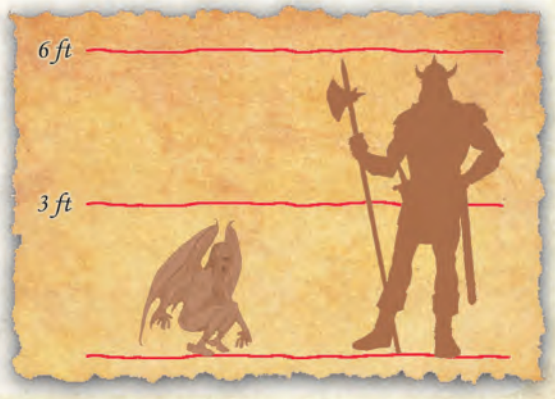
Quazits are cruel troublemakers that strive to sow chaos. They will work assiduously to discredit and undermine anyone close to their mortal master – be they friends, allies, confidants or family. This is made infinitely easier if these people are, in fact, disloyal or compromised by a vice or secret. Quazits are very good infiltrators and quite capable of ferreting out damning information. Accusations will be withheld until the time is right for disclosure to have the maximum repercussion. Should the master's associates prove reasonably trustworthy and their vices banal, a Quazit will nonetheless seek to vilify them via rumor and innuendo, possibly planting evidence or engineering interactions.

Quazits are never to be trusted for they are devious by nature and will always seek to deceive you whether for advantage or from sheer malice. Remember, they are a lie, incarnate.



WILL FACTOR 11

Size Comparison



This is a decidedly "long con" that may take a significant time to reach fruition but the little demon's in it for the duration.

Combat/Tactics:

These tiny demons are not formidable adversaries like their larger demon-kin. However, survival in the abyssal planes necessitates a certain minimal degree of toughness far exceeding that of mortal creatures. Thus whilst amongst the weakest of their kind, Quazits nonetheless have a rigor sufficient to stymie inexperienced mercenaries and similarly capable opponents from rapidly dispatching them.

Though they disdain mortal beings, their demonic arrogance is tempered by their diminutive size and centuries of harassment by onerous demonic brethren. In short (pun intended), they recognize their weaknesses and will act accordingly.

Most Quazits dispatched to Tellene have but one mission – that being the securitization of their "master's" soul. As such, they are reluctant to engage in mortal combat preferring instead to utilize their inherent powers of invisibility to avoid melee in order to survive. That said, circumstances might arise where the tiny demons may be compelled to defend themselves – if only to buy time before they can escape.

Personal defense consists of alternately raking an adversary with both of their taloned hands (inflicting a d4p+2 wound) and biting (d4p). Though usually unable to inflict a severe wound, both attack forms subject the Quazit's victim to a steroidal toxin that induces joint stiffness. Unless resisted (VF 11), the poison induces a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense, damage and movement rate1 that persists for d3p hours. These penalties accumulate linearly for multiple injuries.

All Quazits possess the ability to Sense Magical Auras (as the spell), Translate (as the spell) as well as make their own verbal communication comprehensible (per the Polyglot spell).

Quazits have a number of immunities including resistance to fire of all sorts regardless of intensity. Toxins and diseases have no effect. They are supernaturally resistant to blows from standard weapons (though silvered and greater magical ones may substantively reduce this protection). They are immune to Threshold of Pain checks and regenerate 1 HP/10 seconds.

Though they are not subject to Threshold of Pain checks, their diminutive size equates to an inability to sustain great physical damage. The only sure method of killing a Quazit is to immerse it in holy water. When killed, their bodies dissolve into nothingness.

Habitat/Society:

Quazits, with some exceptions, are essentially indentured servants whilst in the mortal world.

Ecology:

These demonettes sit at the bottom of the hierarchy and suffer scorn and abuse from more powerful demons. Their peers will readily betray them for any minor advantage.

On Tellene:

Most Quazits encountered on Tellene are familiars of a wicked mage. However, some may have secured their freedom by fortuitous circumstances. Such individuals are loath to return to their low status positions in the abyss and will carve out a niche for themselves – possibly by allying with other similarly wicked creatures.

Quazit

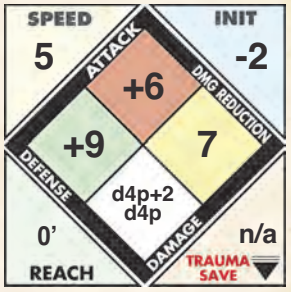
Hit Points:	3d8+13
Size/Weight:	T/ 33 lbs
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Fly:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+15
Mental:	+13
Dodge:	+14



Attack: Alternating claws/bites for d4p+2/d4p. VF 11 poison induces a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense, damage and movement rate drops 1 for d3p hours (cumulative).

Special: Immune to fire, poison & disease; regeneration 1 HP/10 seconds. Silvered weapons reduce DR by 5.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	Solitary
% Chance in Lair:	20%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Extraplanar visitor
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Singular (or gang)
Climate/Terrain:	Extraplanar visitor

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	None
Treasure:	Shiny objects denoting status
Edible:	Consumption induces vomiting
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	270

Rat Massive & Oliphant

Also Known As:
King Vermin, Ratweillers

Giant Rats are a pestilence but not much more. A forcefully presented torch is usually sufficient to keep them at bay. Unfortunately in my travels I have come to learn that even larger and more aggressive species of rodents exist. This knowledge is most unwelcome…

The Massive, or Devil Rat is a particular menace. Highly intelligent, they are a true bane wherever they are found in large quantities, as their sheer size and viciousness is a deterrent to many predators that might ordinarily keep their numbers in check. In poor lightning, be sure to look for their tell-tale red eyes as it may be difficult to distinguish between the cowardly giant rat and this far deadlier foe.

The fearsome Oliphant Rat is truly a terror to behold. As large as an adult wolf, this aggressive predator bears enormous fangs that can chew through plate armor. While docked in Ashoshani, I witnessed a score of these beasts gnaw their way through the hull of a merchant cog loaded with Kalamaran grain, sinking the vessel in the process.



These vile creatures are riddled with disease and parasites. Fearful of men one moment – attacking the very next. Avoid them!

While Giant Rats are certainly terrifying when compared to the plentiful common pestilent rodents endemic to most towns and cities, there are larger and deadlier species of rats that render the former's "giant" classification a bit of a misnomer.

Giant Rats certainly can pose a risk of bodily harm but their larger cousins are more formidable adversaries that cannot be easily disregarded as mere nuisances by all but the most novice adventurers.

Massive Rats

With the mass of a medium-sized dog, these rodents are far more aggressive vis-à-vis size small and medium adversaries than their smaller kin and, importantly, are not deterred by fire.

They have an unnaturally slick, matte black fur coat and hellish red eyes that gleam like rubies in reflected light. They are ferocious by nature, attacking without mercy, and frequently carry a debilitating disease that can be difficult to cure if not treated properly.

Though disparaged as devil-spawn, these creatures are mortal, though quite large, rodents. Their nickname stems from their tenacity in combat and unnatural red eyes.

Combat/Tactics:

Unlike commonly encountered Giant Rats, Massive Rats pose a far greater hazard. When encountering adversaries of relatively comparable size, Massive Rats are bold and aggressive – most notably so when outnumbering their opponents. They display unusual tactical aptitude in the offense seeking to double or triple team enemies rather

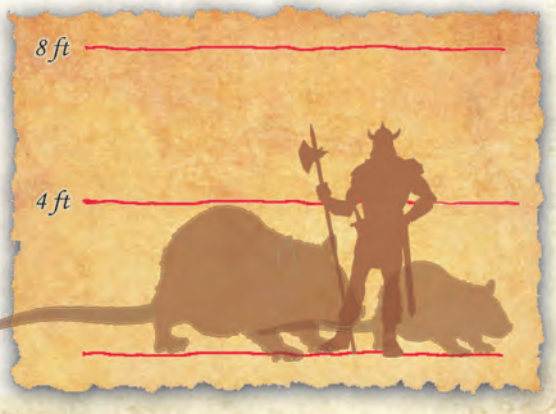
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



than spreading themselves out singly. They will also disengage and swarm almost immediately to a break in the line or other weak spot in an opponent's defense.

These rodents are masterful swimmers (100 mastery) able to tread water for days at a time. They are also excellent climbers (76 Climbing/Rappelling mastery) and resistant to falling damage (reduce effective distance fallen by 10 feet). Massive Rats are exceptionally good at worming their way through tunnels and are considered size Small for purposes of determining if they can traverse or bypass an obstacle. When hunting or being hunted, they will employ these abilities to circumvent hinderances permitting them to either mass upon the weakest point in their prey's defense or escape if need be.

Massive Rats coordinate their attacks by chirping. While this communication does not approach the capabilities of speech, it does relate sufficient information for all nearby rats to be forewarned of approaching enemies, gauge casualties and know where the critical focus of the battle is centered. This chirping is all done beyond the auditory perception of humans as it is ultrasonic and thus can disguise the very real intrapack signaling the rats employ to implement tactics. It bears noting that animal companions, be they familiars or trained sentry or attack beasts, will be aware of this chittering and will react according to their personality. This agitation may be perceived with an easy animal empathy skill check.

These rats can literally smell fear[1] and will proactively target individuals attempting to flee or otherwise disengage from battle. From their perspective, this is the easy meat and they will vigorously pursue it.

[1]*Technically, they can smell pheromones triggered by the release of catecholamines. This occurs as part of the "fight or flight" response but is perceptibly stronger in those that have opted for flight. However, it is indistinguishable from those that have gone completely manic (e.g. HackFrenzy). Massive Rats thus cannot differentiate between cowards and madmen and will focus their attention on either with equal conviction – possibly to their detriment.*

Since most Massive Rat attacks are prompted by hunger, these rodents will not disengage from a fallen opponent to engage other active threats. Rather, they will proceed to feed upon any immobile adversary (living or dead) attacking at half their normal speed. They can be disabused of this by making a concerted attack upon them which will compel them to reengage with the new opponent but this requires both numbers and a situational awareness as to what fate has befallen incapacitated comrades.

Massive Rat

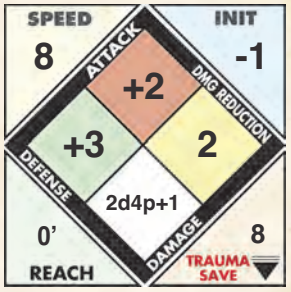
Hit Points:	d8+13
Size/Weight:	S/ ~45 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	10
Sprint:	15

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Massive rate are aggressive hunters that do not fear fire. They can be dangerous opponents as they inflict a severe bite and tenaciously attack weaker foes. Many individuals are disease carriers.

Special: can swim at 5'/second, advanced mastery in climbing

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2-20
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	non
Vision Type:	Normal
Awareness/Senses:	Superior olfactory sense
Habitat:	Cities, Wetlands, Subterranean
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Pack
Climate/Terrain:	Any Save Subarctic or colder

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Generally cautioned not to eat
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	33

It must be noted that Massive Rats are significantly less contentious when confronted with larger assailants, losing a step in tenacity for each size category above Medium their potential adversary possesses. In effect, they revert to type when acting as pests in the lairs of Ogres and Giants filling the role ordinary rats occupy in human society. This weakness can be exploited via spells that enlarge the size, whether merely perceived or real, of rat-catchers.

Devil-Spawn Rats may be carriers of a disease called devil sweats (see GameMaster's Guide). If so, communicability must be checked upon each bite.

Habitat/Society

Massive Rats are burrowing animals that dig tunnels in which they live and raise their plentiful young. These can be extensive. Surface entrances and interconnecting tunnels between chambers are very constricted and passable only by Small creatures. Alternatively, they may displace other creatures after exterminating their lair. In the latter case, they will pile up dirt, rocks or other backfill to restrict access to the nesting chambers.

Mischiefs are usually led by an alpha male and female pair with the remainder of the nest being their descendants. Massive Rats, like most other rodents, are extremely fecund and females can produce a litter of 9-12 pups every other month. Given their Malthusian birth rates and large size, hunger is endemic within mischiefs. This is likely the impetus for attacks on humans and their ilk as well as many game animals.

Ecology

Massive Rats are omnivores and will eat nearly anything. While they prefer wholesome food such as cereal grains and fresh meat, they aren't picky and will readily consume anything from carrion to feces. They are naturally attracted to sites offering stores of food such as farms and may become determined pests of both human and humanoid communities alike.

On Tellene

Fortunately, Massive Rats are nowhere near as prevalent as their smaller kin. Sheer size and assertiveness prevents them filling the role of ordinary rats in human communities. While they can be found infesting larger human cities — particularly those with a network of subterranean passages — their appetites and tendency to eat people transforms them from nuisances to dangerous predators. Far greater resources will be devoted to exterminating them should they make their presence known.

In the wild they are predated by large carnivores especially felines.

Oliphant Rats

Oliphant Rats are huge rodent abominations thought to be related to the Capybara.

Their heavy, barrel-shaped bodies are covered in coarse brown fur and they move with an ungainly waddle, baring their incisors and barking if threatened. These 200-pound rodents are quite frightening to behold. If engaged in melee, they attack with brute force and little finesse.

Combat/Tactics:

Oliphant Rats are herbivores and not inclined to attack other creatures in order to eat them. However, they are very ornery and react poorly to individuals attempting to constrain their movement or who actively block access to something they desire (such as food). Their initial response will usually be to ignore attempts to block them and simply push their way past any hindrances. Should resistance be offered, they will bite at those impeding them in an effort to dissuade said individuals from interfering with the Oliphant Rat's passage. If the object of their attack retreats or allows the rat to pass, no further attacks will be made.

If, however, their opponents fight back (i.e. instigates attacks on the Oliphant Rat), the enormous rodents will be infuriated and subsequently attack with the intent to kill. Note that purely defensive tactics such as Full Parry will not elicit a desire to kill unless paired with continued obstruction.

These 200-pound rodents can be dangerous adversaries when provoked. Their incisors are particularly good at chewing through heavy armor and thus gain the benefit of ignoring 2 DR should their adversary have 5+ DR (paralleling the capability of certain armor busting weapons). They are also considered size L for knock-back purposes.

Agitated Oliphant Rats will continue to engage retreating opponents but will generally quickly cease pursuit once they have fled the battlefield. They generally ignore incapacitated adversaries as they have no desire to feed upon them and equate "disabled" with "killed" as commensurate means of dispatching enemies.

Oliphant Rats are noted disease carriers like their lesser siblings. Their bites frequently transmit a stronger variant of the Giant Rat disease called Black Rash (see *GameMaster's Guide* for details).

Habitat/Society

Oliphant Rats are only very infrequently encountered in pristine natural environments. Unlike their Capybara relatives, Oliphant Rats are heartier and better adapted to the conditions of endemic disease so often found coexisting with communal human habitation.

Oliphant Rats are naturally at home in the water being

excellent swimmers (functional Swimming mastery 100). They may remain submerged for as long as five minutes and can tread water for days.

Most live in subtropical to tropical marshland adjacent to littoral zones. Their natural diet consists of grasses and aquatic plants but those in contact with humans have adapted to preferentially seek out calorically dense human foods.

Their natural boldness and temerity toward humankind allows them to exist as parasites of civilization. These human-adapted Oliphant Rats nest in reasonable proximity to natural harbors permitting them to swim in under cover of darkness and loot anchored vessels or dockside warehouses. Once satiated, they return to their marshy nests. Should food be sufficiently plentiful and concealed or inaccessible nesting areas available (such as putrid, filth filled sewer tunnels with ocean access), Oliphant Rats may take up permanent residence despite the risks.

Resident Oliphant Rats can be difficult to dislodge, as they are well adapted to pilfering foodstuffs. Passive security measures are frequently ineffective as the enormous rats can readily chew through wooden walls or ship hulls to access the contents stored therein. They are also excellent climbers with an effective 76 mastery in Climbing/Rappelling. Active security frequently runs afoul of the rats' foul temper to the detriment of the guards. Some claim that long-range missile fire is an effective deterrent as the creature's poor eyesight prevents it from recognizing the source of such harassment and compels flight should the rats suffer multiple wounds from effectively invisible adversaries.

If pressed, they can obtain sustenance from what their host communities discard — food waste, garbage, the occasional corpse and excrement are sufficient to maintain a population.

Ecology

While Oliphant Rats occasionally live alone, they are more commonly found in groups of around 10–20 individuals, with two to four adult males, four to seven adult females, and the remainder immature young. Males establish a dominance hierarchy. They make dog-like barks when threatened, angered or when females are herding young.

On Tellene

These rodents are a significant nuisance in several harbors in southern Kalamar and Svimohzia. They've learned that merchant ships and dockside warehouses are often full of bulk foodstuffs making them excellent sources of highly caloric meals. Their ability to gnaw through docked ship hulls has proven to be a significant headache necessitating armed guards patrolling through the night.

Oliphant Rat

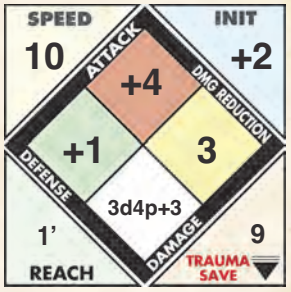
Hit Points:	2d8+25
Size/Weight:	M/ ~200 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+2



Attack: Though not as intelligent as massive rats, their sheer size and toughness makes Oliphant rats formidable opponents. Their bites can easily prove lethal. They do not usually instigate melee but can easily be provoked.

Special: Can swim at 7½ ft/second, bites ignore 2 DR of heavy armor

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-10
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Normal
Awareness/Senses:	Superior olfactory sense
Habitat:	Cities, Wetlands, Subterranean
Diet:	Herbivore
Organization:	Pack
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate or warmer

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Eating may pose health hazard
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	95

Reef Terror

a.k.a. Sailor Slaughterer, Tidal Bane, Reef Lurker



Years ago, I found myself in the port town of Miclenon shy of coin and homesick. Nearly starving in that wretched cesspool of humanity, it was only after considerable effort that I was able to barter for passage on a slave ship plying its way along the coast eastward through the Straights of Svimohzia.

It was a sorry boat with a list and a hull so encrusted with barnacles that I felt certain I was putting my life in peril when boarding the vessel, a nagging prick at my gut that would prove prescient.

We had been under sail for the better part of three days when a freak wave washed over the ship's decks and splintered the main mast tearing the rigging to tatters. The cargo, 23 sturdy slaves purchased in Dowond-Brandel, were put to the oar and the ship was rowed off her course to a small island the seasoned Captain had knowledge of. There we laid anchor while the ship underwent repairs.

It was here I first encountered the terrible creatures called Reef Terrors. While the rigging was being restrung and the sails were stretched out on the narrow beach waiting to be sewn, several of the crew broke out a fishing net that had been stowed in the bowels of the ship and set about trying to catch fresh meat for their supper. They had only been at it for a short while when a great commotion rose up from their number. One of them had inexplicably disappeared beneath the surf. As his comrades began investigating the mystery, another man was suddenly pulled beneath the surface only to reappear moments later accompanied by a set of monstrous claws darting about him. One claw managed to affix itself to his forearm as he attempted desperately to elude its grasp. Another soon seized the side of his neck. Then behind him a second pair of claws emerged from the water attempting to pull him under. The water churned around him as he struggled frantically.

With eyes wide in fear and screaming in terror, he put up a violent fight to free himself. It looked as though he just might succeed when a third pair of claws snapped up from the shallows like a whip grasping his shirt and his wide leather belt. Within seconds he was gone — never to be seen again.

Reef Terrors are abnormally large crustaceans that inhabit shoals, sandbars and rocky outcroppings along coastlines. They are readily distinguishable from common decapod species such as crabs and lobsters not only in their extreme size but also by virtue of the fact that they possess an abnormally large number of spindly yet sturdy legs.

Like their crustacean kin, their chitinous exoskeletons serve as natural armor. Moreover, its pitted and irregular texture is invariably adapted to the creature's local environment such that Reef Lurkers can blend into terrain whether it is coral reefs, lava stone or pebbly sand. Unlike true crabs that are often vibrantly colored, the Reef Terror's exoskeleton is dark with striations of muted colors that further enhance its ability to camouflage itself within its environment.

Their powerful legs are equipped with barbed hooks that can be wedged into crevices on reefs and rocks thereby holding the creature fast against pounding surf.

Like ordinary crabs, their foremost two appendages are menacing claws used to grab prey.

Combat/Tactics:

When hunting terrestrial creatures, Reef Terrors prefer to drag prey under water allowing it to asphyxiate and die before leisurely feeding upon the carcass.

Reef Terrors do not normally seek out prey larger than themselves. However, they do maintain a defined territory and will boldly attack any creature regardless of size that intrudes upon this region.

Upon detecting intruders to their domain, the resident Reef Terrors will scurry towards the interloper concentrating on the leading individual if a group of creatures has violated their territory.

Whether or not their approach is detected is largely a function of local conditions and the observation skills of those being pursued. In optimal conditions (i.e. crystal clear calm water), Reef Terrors have an effective sneaking skill mastery of 25%. However, in turbid or foamy water, their movement underwater is nigh impossible to detect (consider their skill mastery to equal 100% in these conditions). If the creature closes on prey undetected, it will surprise the target (affording only a d8p Defense die vs. its initial attack).

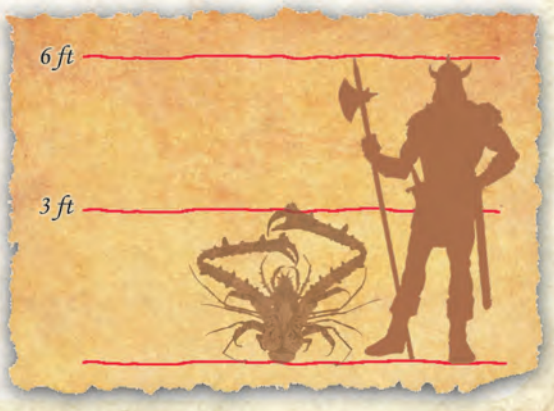
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



When closing to within striking distance, a Reef Terror will grab with one of its pincers and attempt to seize its opponent. The claw seldom inflicts serious harm but it does securely affix the target. Once secured, the Reef Terror will then attempt to move into deeper water whilst dragging the captured prey underwater. Captured opponents have three options: 1) strike at the creature 2) attempt to break the creature's hold or 3) engage in a tug-of-war with the Reef Terror.

Option 1) Reef Terrors have a tough exoskeleton that provides excellent resistance to damage. In addition, the creature is underwater thereby limiting the effectiveness of many weapons. While piercing weapons may be employed to full effect, hacking weapons inflict only the highest rolled die in damage while crushing weapons inflict the lowest die rolled.

A called shot may be made at the creature's extended claw. Although the Reef Terror gains a +6 Defense bonus against the attack, if successful and sufficiently powerful to inflict at least 3 points of damage (after factoring the creature's DR), the creature will release its grip.

Option 2) The Reef Terror exerts a vice-like grip. Extricating oneself from the creature's grasp requires a FoS versus d20+4. An attempt may be made every 5 seconds. Note, however, that an initial failure will result in the character being pulled underwater.

Option 3) A lone Reef Terror, given its body size, is limited in the sheer amount of torque it may exert. Characters succeeding at a FoS versus d20-4 may overwhelm the creature's pull, and not only remain above the surface, but also move 5 feet in a direction of their choice. Additional Reef Terrors pulling at a single creature will understandably make this an increasingly difficult task. For each Reef Terror, beyond the first, attempting a tug-of-war with a victim, increase their effective FoS by 3 (thus resisting 2 Reef Terrors requires a FoS vs. d20p-1 while 3 require bettering d20p+2). Failure in a tug of war draws the victim below water.

Defense while partially submerged: Terrestrial bipeds (to wit, humans and their ilk) partially submerged in water (up to chest high) may only use a d12p for defense instead of the customary d20p.

Habitat/Society:

Reef Lurkers typically live in a cast of 4-9 individuals all spawned from a homogenous clutch of eggs. These siblings tolerate each other's presence in forming a cooperative territory. Non-familial Tidal Banes broaching their territory will be viciously attacked. The sole exception is during breeding season when females will migrate across territorial boundaries.

Once fertilized, female Reef Terrors will hunt alone. After a few weeks of gorging themselves, they will then begin looking for substantive prey on which to lay their young, before returning to their male siblings' territory. A female will carry anywhere from two to forty small larval Reef Terrors, depending on its success at hunting. Once disgorged, they attach themselves to exposed flesh, like leeches and then feed. Female Reef Terrors have been known to crawl up on beaches under the cover of night and disperse their young next to sleeping creatures. The liberated younglings then skitter about looking for warm-blooded creatures on which to feed.

Ecology:

Reef Terrors are opportunistic feeders. Lying just beneath the surface, they snatch and drown pelicans, gulls and other sea fowl unwary enough to land near their position. They also serve as detritivores by feeding on dead fish washed in with the tide.

On Tellene:

Reef Terrors have been encountered all along the warm shallow coastlines abutting the Straights of Svimohzia and the Kalamaran Sea. One would presume that they do not tolerate chillier temperatures.

Reef Terror

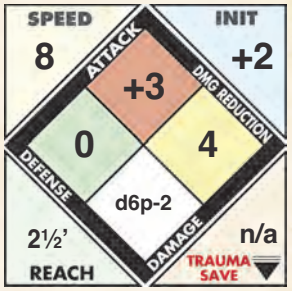
Hit Points:	d6+8
Size/Weight:	S/ ~25 lb
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	5
Sprint:	5

SAVES

Physical:	+1
Mental:	-2
Dodge:	-1



Attack: Reef Terrors possess the ability to bite and chew through carapace, bone and sinew. However, this is done solely for feeding and cannot be employed as an effective attack mechanism in the time scale of melee combat. To subdue prey, they grasp it with one of their pincer claws and attempt to drown it before mastication. Said attack is rarely severely injurious. However, the Reef Terror's grip is powerful and brings with it the threat of drowning should the prey fail to extricate itself (see text).

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	4-9
% Chance in Lair:	80%
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Normal
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Reefs, Tidal Pools, Surf, salt water pools
Diet:	Carnivore/Detritivore
Organization:	Small groups, (cast)
Climate/Terrain:	Warm Littoral

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes. considered a delicacy
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	20

Rooftop Prowler

a.k.a. Tile Clacker, Eaves Terror



The Rooftop Prowler has a highly developed sense of bat-like hearing that not only detects sound but nearby objects and creatures.

It started out when the guild of jewelers lost a couple of its members. Nobody knew what happened – they just disappeared somewhere after leaving their shops one evening. Well, those guild fellows started to get right paranoid, and pestered the city officials to do something about it. In some other places, those kind of demands might just have rounded up a few lazy guards to poke around and harass innocent folk. In Geanavue though, "trade is king", the next day the best and brightest watchmen tracked down the missing jewelers, despite the fact that there was only a few bits of jewelry to identify what was left. The watchmen were stumped, since no jewelry was stolen and eating a jeweler didn't seem like something an average citizen would do. Fortunately for them, I was in the city at the time, and my reputation was such that they called on me right quickly.

On a side note, let me just say that your reputation is as good as silver, if not gold, and it pays to let folks know you're in town. Myself, I like to make my rounds of the local alehouses and inns and have a drink at each one. A little chat with the barkeep is sure to get back around.

Now, whenever a jeweler had to leave his shop in the evening, there I was at his side. Well, it had been a week with nothing happening, and I was about to give up, when I heard about some pig farmers in the marketplace whose hogs had been torn up just like those jewelers. A bit of chat here and there soon learned me that the dead jewelers had been kinda fat and piggish themselves. That got me thinking that there must be some creature that liked fat victims but was too yellow to attack a protected one.

After that it was pretty simple. I bought myself a nice fat pig and staked it out in the same alley where one of the victims got hisself eaten, then hid myself nearby to watch. Sure enough, that night this monster came creeping down the wall as pretty as a spider. Seemed like it was looking around for a trap, but it didn't see me since I was hid pretty far back behind some rubble. Then it leaped on that hog and ripped open its throat afore it barely got the squeal out of its mouth. I hid there and watched til it ate its fill and left. Then the next night I did the same thing again, but with a handful of archers stationed roundabouts and a poisoned sword in my hand. It pays to plan ahead, I can tell you.

Hidden among the shadows high above the city streets, the Rooftop Prowler hunts the unsuspecting prey walking below.

A Rooftop Prowler's face most closely resembles a human with bat-like features, allowing it to hide easily among the variety of statues that line the highest stone buildings. Its body, however, is more akin to a feline, narrow and muscular with a long tail. It has rather long legs for its size, which can be used to leap onto its prey with a hopping fashion like that of a frog. The Rooftop Prowler walks on all fours, with its head low to the ground.

A Rooftop Prowler's leathery skin is extremely tough around most parts of its body. However, the skin around the mouth and inside of the ear is paper-thin. The Rooftop Prowlers are typically black to dark gray in color, but may appear brown or reddish from wallowing in mud holes of colored soil or in hog pens. Not only is wallow-

Sign/Tracks

Rooftop Prowlers are difficult to track as they will likely jump or scamper up to elevation without leaving prints. Always monitor above you should you suspect the presence of these creatures.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



ing important for disguising its scent and enabling it to better sneak up on its porcine prey, but the mud also acts as camouflage, allowing it to hide inside the hog pens themselves.

The outer surface of their large ears is equipped with touch-sensitive receptors on small bumps (like those found in most mammals, including the fingertips of humans and demi-humans). On a Rooftop Prowler, however, these sensitive areas are different. Each bump has a tiny hair in the center, making it particularly sensitive and allowing the creature to detect and collect information about the air flowing through the area, thus providing additional feedback to the monster about its environment and other nearby creatures that mere sound does not provide. As they get older, this hair becomes more sparse, but never disappears entirely.

Rooftop Prowlers also produce communicative noises, with the most commonly heard being "bruxing", or tooth-grinding, which is most usually triggered by pleasure as it consumes its blood meal, but can also occur while mating. The noise is best described as either a quick clicking or "burring" sound, varying from animal to animal.

In addition, they commonly squeak along a range of tones from high, abrupt pain squeaks to soft, persistant "singing" sounds during confrontations.

A Rooftop Prowler measures 4 ½ to 5 feet long, not including its tail (about 3 feet long) and weighs approximately 200 pounds.

Combat/Tactics:

While hunting, the Prowler prefers to rest patiently in secret on some type of ledge, wall or overhang. When its prey passes by, the creature pounces on its unsuspecting victim, rips open its throat and stomach and proceeds to devour it.

A Rooftop Prowler can leap up to 5 feet vertically or spring up to 15 feet forward from a standstill. If the creature gets a jogging or running start of at least 10 feet, it can leap up to 25 feet.

The creature attacks with its bite (2d4p+2), followed by two claw attacks (each 2d6p+1). If both claw attacks hit, the Rooftop Prowler makes an immediate free rake attack with its hind legs (inflicting 2d4p+1 points of damage if successful).

Should the monster succeed at a Near-Perfect Defense or Perfect Defense, it uses its rake as the immediate free counter-attack.

If the Prowler is being hunted, its tactics are very similar. If it is unaware of its pursuers, it will immediately

Rooftop Prowler

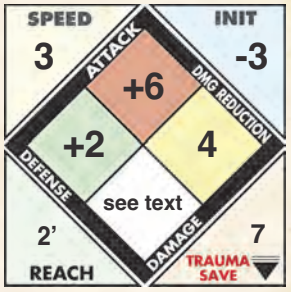
Hit Points:	5d8+20
Size/Weight:	M/ 200 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Bite for 2d4p+2 damage, followed by two claws attacks (each doing 2d6p+1). If both claws hit in succession, creature gains a rake with back legs for (2d4p+1) damage.

Special:
Climbing 70%, Hiding 60%, Listening 90%, Sneaking 60%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-2
% Chance in Lair:	30%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low light vision
Awareness/Senses:	Excellent hearing
Habitat:	Rooftops, sewers, alleys, caves
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Solitary to Pair
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to Tropical urban

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Heads are proof for bounties
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Yes, but tastes foul
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	425

run for terrain that typically cannot be traversed by normal city dwellers (such as high walls or the underbelly of archways). From there it appraises the situation and decides whether to fight or flee. It is unable to swim, but is an agile and adept climber, tending even to flee upwards.

If the Prowler is aware of its predators, it decides whether or not direct conflict is a viable option. If the pursuer is an individual or a small group of apparently weaker stock, the Prowler does not mind direct confrontation. In recent times, however, this bait and trap kind of situation has led to the capture of some Rooftop Prowlers. If the creature believes its adversary to be of risk, it will instead flee as before, perching itself someplace where it can regroup and begin hunting its hunter. Its first pounce often determines the outcome of the battle, and the Prowler is well aware of that fact.

Habitat/Society:

In the absence of humans, or the cities of Dwarves, Elves, Hobgoblins and other sapient creatures, the Rooftop Prowler can be found in mountain caves. However, the great majority are now linked to constructed environments, particularly sewers, rooftops and alleyways.

The Rooftop Prowler is a solitary creature, rarely hunting in pairs and never hunting in packs. When the Prowler does hunt in pairs, the two are always the same gender. Not only will a female not hunt with a male, but when the two sexes encounter one another, the female either attacks the male until he flees the area, or she flees the area herself.

Rooftop Prowlers in cities tend not to wander extensively, often staying within three or four streets of their nest if a suitable concentrated food supply is available, but they range more widely where food availability is lower.

Female Prowlers give birth only once in their life. Twins, one male and one female, grow to half their total size, immobilizing the female Prowler during the later months of pregnancy. The female never truly gives birth, rather, the two offspring violently tear their way from their mother's womb. Because of this certain death, female rooftop prowlers avoid mating, violently if necessary. This explains the female's hostility toward the opposite sex. The female does not necessarily kill its adversary, allowing a male to flee if necessary, but the creature will not cease its attack until the male is driven off or dead.

Males also initiate such combat during the mating season. Understanding that the female does not willingly mate, the two engage in combat. In an effort to mate, the male will die attempting to subdue the female. If he is successful, though the male will follow the female for the next year, the length of the incubation period. When the female eventually becomes disabled, after approximately five months, the male hunts for her, bringing her food so that she may live – at least, until the offspring are born. Once the young tear their way to freedom and the female dies, the male leaves for good, leaving them to fend for themselves.

This unwilling relationship between male and female provides an innate form of population control. Although the Rooftop Prowler is a somewhat intelligent creature, this only allows it to think of more devious ways to eliminate competition. Some of the more unscrupulous males will actually allow another male Prowler to fight for mating rights, only to race in when combat has finished and kill the victor.

The creature has a lifespan of 30 years, reaching maturity at age six.

Ecology:

The Rooftop Prowler is a carnivore, its diet consisting mostly of raw flesh. As it is a primarily urban dwelling creature, it is capable of eating cooked meat as well, sometimes stealing it from its prey. The Rooftop Prowler prefers foods that are high in fat; thus, the creature hunts mostly heavyset or obese individuals whose bodies naturally have a higher fat content. It also preys on local farmers' markets when the country folk bring hogs and other animals into the city.

On Tellene:

Bet Kalamar, the largest city in the known world, has perhaps the largest population of the creature. In fact, beginning in 433 I.R., the Rooftop Prowler multiplied in such numbers that a bounty was laid on its pelt. The city officials paid 10 sp each and the monster was thought to have been eradicated.

With the Rooftop Prowlers gone, the thieves' guilds quickly gained a solid foothold over the monster's former territory. Though the Rooftop Prowler is rumored to have returned to Bet Kalamar in recent years, this has not yet been verified. A few citizens speculate that the thieves' guilds are quickly eliminating any Rooftop Prowlers who invade their territory. It is even thought that the Rooftop Prowlers may have moved their habitat to another area of the city, such as the sewers, where they are again starting to breed in large numbers.

Sailback Lizard a.k.a. Stink Skinks



Ahh, yes. The Sailback Lizard. Any who spend enough time wandering the southern wilds will eventually run across one of these cantankerous beasts. The obstreperous Sailback can be a terrible nuisance for travelers and farmers alike, but it is generally only dangerous if provoked. My advice is to give these animals a wide berth and allow them go about their business… if they let you, that is.

In the early days of my travels across Tellene, I much desired to visit the Obakasek Jungle to see its exotic creatures in their natural habitats. With little money to book passage, I found work as a cook for a small caravan making its way to southern tip of Kalamar. One evening, while preparing a haunch of fresh caught venison for my fellow caravaneers (I had not yet rejected the eating of animal flesh), I became aware of an ammoniac stench emanating from the tree line near my cooking spit. No sooner had I stepped forward to investigate, when charging out from the brush, emerged a hissing reptile of shocking proportions! The beast shook its sail as it bull rushed me and I am not ashamed to admit that it gave me quite the fright! I fell backwards onto the earth as the lizard, seemingly unconcerned with me, continued its mad dash towards the venison haunch.

The other caravaneers were all yelling at this point, rushing forwards with walking sticks and other implements, in an attempt to drive the big lizard off, but it was too late. With a grunt, a foul-smelling liquid shot out from the spiny tips of the lizard's sail, showering the meat with an acrid mist. Its musk ejected, the Sailback Lizard stubbornly suffered through a few ineffectual swats from the caravaneers, before the caravan leader ordered his men away. I still remember the sound of resignation in his voice, as if he had been through this whole routine a dozen times before. "Just let the lizard have the meat," he sighed, "it's not worth it." When the caravaneers had backed off, the Sailback pulled the venison down, spit and all, and dragged it off back towards the woods, disappearing behind the scrub. A scrap of meat had been left behind on one of the spit's supports – torn off during the confusion. I hazarded a taste and promptly evacuated the contents of my stomach onto the dirt below. To this day, I believe that tainted venison to be the most repugnant flavor I have yet encountered.

The first thing most people notice about the Sailback Lizard is its namesake. The tall dorsal sail protruding from its back serves several purposes in the acquisition of food, self-defense, and mating. The sails vary from individual to individual, displaying unique patterns of dun, motley coloration. Sailback Lizards are powerfully built animals with thick, scaly hides and toothy jaws built for tearing flesh and tough cellulose alike. The relatively dim Sailback has beady yellow eyes on either side of its wide head that sport a secondary inner eyelid much like a crocodile's. Females are larger and heavier than males, but are less commonly seen as they rarely leave the safety of the marshlands.

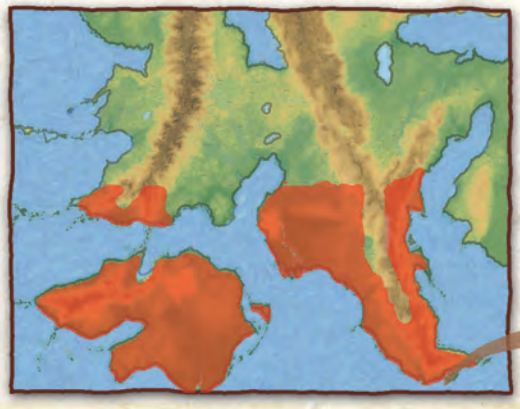
Combat/Tactics:

Sailback Lizards are not particularly aggressive towards humans or other bipeds, but do not like to be approached all the same. If a person wanders too close to a Sailback (usu-

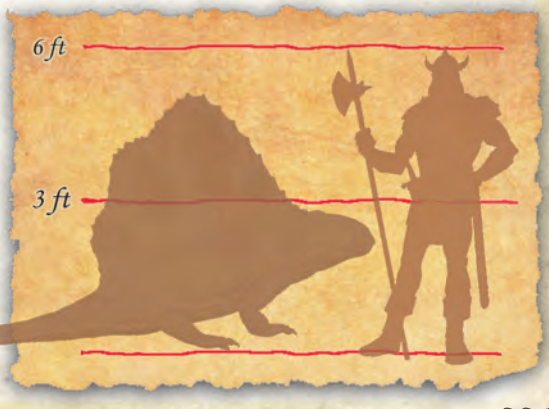
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



ally within 20 feet or so), they can expect an immediate threat display as the animal shakes its dorsal sail and hisses in an attempt to warn off the interloper. If this display proves ineffective, the lizard has other defenses to fall back on.

A ponderous animal, the Sailback Lizard cannot rely on agility or speed for its self-preservation. While the creature does possess a powerful bite and tough scales, these alone cannot inure the animal to predation from larger species and pack hunters. Instead, Stink Skinks have evolved an unusual chemical defense mechanism. The dorsal sail, which rises from the creature's back, is constructed of a row of curved spines linked together by soft, flexible tissue.

These hollow spines grow out of a special gland near the lizard's middle back which produces a potent musky, liquid. By contracting specialized muscles around the gland, the Sailback Lizard can propel this liquid out through the top of its spines, creating a foul-smelling musk in a 10-foot radius.

This acrid musk serves several purposes. First, it is a potent insect repellent. Any insect in the radius of the spray must make an immediate Tenacity check or leave its vicinity at full speed.

Secondly, the spray acts as a severe skin and eye irritant to all creatures, inflicting d4p damage to any caught inside the spray and compelling an immediate Feat of Agility check vs. d20p+ (musk damage rolled). If a creature fails the check, the musk has gotten into its eyes, blinding it for one hour. The blindness' duration can be mitigated by a (Difficult) First Aid check[1], reducing it to five minutes. Once the creature has released this spray, it cannot use it again for five minutes (when its body refills the gland).

The Sailback Lizard's bite inflicts a 2d4p+4 hit point wound, but can also cause a distracting sub-dermal irritation. If the lizard successfully inflicts a wound on its target, its saliva has seeped into the injury and the consequent inflammation assesses a penalty (-2 to Attack) until the wound has been cleaned by means of an (Average) First Aid skill check[1]. Subsequent bites do not compound the irritant effect if the substance is already in place.

Habitat/Society:

Being reptiles, Sailback Lizards live in the tropics and subtropics, taking advantage of the hot temperatures and plentiful food sources. While there have been sightings of Sailback Lizards in slightly colder climes, these have all been during summer months.

Some populations of the animal live in these liminal spaces for part of the year, migrating back when the weather begins to turn. Sailback Lizards are not at home at high elevations and exclusively inhabit lowland areas. While they can be found slowly lumbering through meadows, forests, savannahs, and jungles, Sailback Lizards are most at home in swamps and marshlands, especially those swarming with biting flies and other pests. Because Sailback Lizards possess a natural insect repellent, they are able to find comfort and safety in these wetlands, while the biting flies keep out competitors for the limited food sources a swamp can provide.

Sailback Lizards are solitary animals. Unconfirmed reports, however, indicate that these creatures might be tamed by sapient creatures such as Lizard Men or Dejy swamp men. They require large swaths of territory to feed their great appetites. A Sailback Lizard caught trespassing in another's territory can expect a violent, even deadly, confrontation. This danger is amplified if the two animals are of different sexes, as the larger females may view males as a food source. Males, therefore, spend much of the year wandering in search of food outside the safety of the swamps, which brings them into frequent contact with remote communities and farmlands.

As the mating season approaches, males migrate back to the swamps in search of females. Their dorsal sail begins to gradually shift in color, transforming from a neutral brownish hue to a burnt sienna, which stands out against their dark scales.

When males spot a female, they perform a simple mating ritual, stamping their clawed feet, bellowing, and vigorously shaking their sail in a bid for her attention. Females tend to prefer males who have the most striking contrast between scale and sail color. After the mating season ends, the males quickly vacate the swamps to resume their foraging (and for their own safety).

Ecology:

The Sailback Lizards' prodigious appetites are difficult to sate. Their internal musk production requires constant caloric intake and Sailback Lizards are known to eat anything even remotely edible. The lizards use their strong front claws to dig in the earth in search of tubers, roots, and termite colonies in the wild. When they wander into agricultural communities, the lizards often go into a feeding frenzy, digging up vegetables and mowing down wheat and cornfields in their gluttony. This, of course, brings them into conflict with the farmers who plant these crops. However, because of the lizard's large size and inherent stubbornness, most farmers find themselves at a loss to drive the creature away. Whereas other problem animals might be driven off with dogs, the Sailback Lizard merely digs in its heels.

Sailbacks exhibit an innate aggressive response to the scent of any canid species. In the presence of canid scent,

the lizard's tenacity rises to "Fearless." In the wild, Sailbacks often scavenge corpses left by larger predators and have been observed to drive other scavengers (usually feral dogs, coyotes, or jackals) and even some predators (mostly wolves) away from kill sites with their musk.

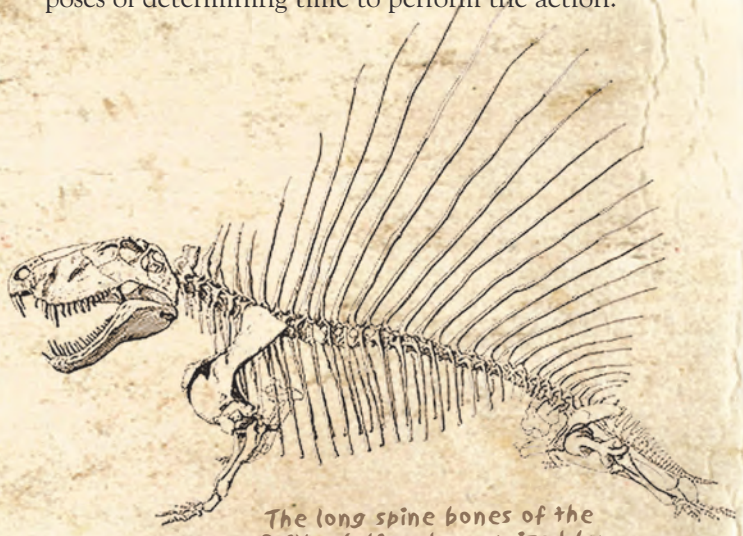
When approaching a kill, the lizard rushes forward, hissing and flapping its dorsal sail in an attempt to intimidate any other creatures present. If it comes within spraying range of the kill, the Sailback ejects its musk onto the meat, immediately tainting it with an unpalatable, chemical taste. Now, even if the Sailback Lizard is subsequently chased off from the kill, it can still come back later to eat the tainted meat. Few species can stomach the taste of meat polluted by Sailback musk, so the lizard is usually left to eat in peace.

On Tellene:

Sailbacks have a reputation in the rural and remote areas of Tellene as an unfortunate fact of life. For communities unfortunate enough to find themselves in the territory of a wandering Sailback, there are few recourses but to let it go about its business.

Some enterprising souls make a living from these beasts, however, killing them to harvest their musk-producing glands for use in the manufacture of insect repellents. When diluted with alcohol, Sailback musk can be refined into a bug repellent that is among the most efficacious in the world. In game terms, any insect suffers a -1 penalty to attacks made against a creature covered in the repellent. The spell Pestilent Swarm likewise suffers a -1 penalty on every damage die roll when cast on a target coated in the repellent.

[1] These skill checks are considered "critical care" for purposes of determining time to perform the action.



The long spine bones of the Sailback Lizard are prized by the peoples of the Zhano-mewhi Bay area, often used in ceremonial garb and items.

Sailback Lizard

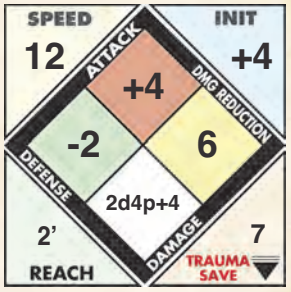
Hit Points:	3d8+25
Size/Weight:	L/ 400 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	+1
Dodge:	+0



Attack: Bite deals 2d4p+4 points of damage. Any wound caused by the sailback causes a distracting irritation (-2 to Attack) until cleaned with an (Average) First Aid check. Musk spray deals d4p damage and may blind targets (see text).

Special:
In the presence of canids, tenacity increases to "Fearless."

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Marshes, Meadows, Forests, etc.
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical and Subtropical Lowlands

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	n/a
Edible:	No
Other:	Musk gland valued as bug repellent
Experience Point Value:	165

Saw-Backed Lunger

a.k.a. Barkaara, River Terror, Hook-Drowner



One night a group of us were wandering about the market place in Dobo's Three Wells Fret when a cart rolled by carrying the carcass of a large, sickly-green beast bristling with teeth and large curved boney spikes. A mass of muscle and flesh-rending natural weaponry, it was none other than a Saw-Backed Lunger! It had been years since I'd seen one of these beasts, alive or dead. They have been eradicated for years back at P'Bapar. Lungers — ambush predators that lurk in streams, lakes and rivers wait to snatch the unwary who wander within their reach. Horrid things. I never drink from a stream without first casting a stone or prodding the waters along the bank with a stick. And always in an open space away from the cover of reeds or tall grass.

Lungers create a considerable problem for crews of river barges and travelers who follow riverside trails. Many towns and villages situated along rivers offer bounties for their hides.

I've observed hunters setting traps for the beasts by staking a lamb or calf by the waters' edge with good strong rope. A Lunger, claiming such bait as prey, becomes ensnared himself in the rope and is quickly clubbed to death by waiting hunters. I've seen four or five Lungers acquired this way, using the same calf as bait. Not a bad way to rake in a few hundred kivers in bounties.

It is reported that many villages have found a way of thwarting Lunger attacks. They do this by erecting wooden fences and putting up nets along stretches of roads which run alongside, or close to, rivers or lakes.

Sadly, Lunger attacks have been used by some villages who have implemented the beast into a tool of criminal justice. Wrongdoers are often staked near the water's edge, where authorities inflict terrible wounds upon them. Their struggles and cries of anguish soon attract a Lunger, who is more than glad to rid the villagers of their criminals. —Ʒ

This ambush-predator thrives in freshwater streams, rivers and lakes — both cold and warm. It is the object of many a grown man's worst nightmares. Lungers are pale green and bristled with sharp barbs over their bodies.

They have wing-like fins that aid the creatures in lunging out of the water. The jaw of the Lunger is lined with several rows of razor-sharp teeth. They have a large prehensile tail, which they use to ensnare their victims and hold them underwater until drowned. They also have two eye stalks on their heads, which they use to watch for prey while lying submerged in hiding.

Combat/Tactics:

These creatures prey on land animals, which travel along the shorelines; often along established trails, paths or even low bridges. They wait until a suitable victim approaches and then they ambush that victim.

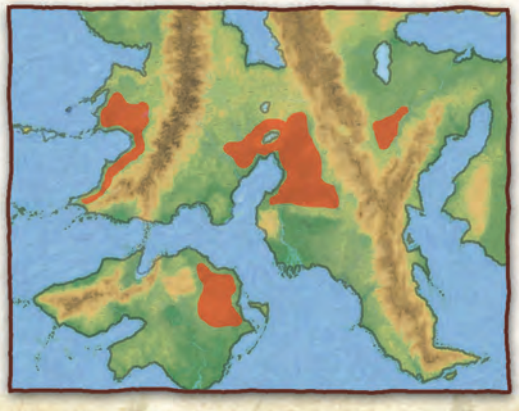
The Lunger attacks by lunging out of the water (an

S

Sign/Tracks

Should you spot a shallow depression about the length of a man alongside the shore of a lake or pond or near a riverbank, take precautions for there may be Lungers nearby.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



average Lunger can leap 7-10 feet) and attempting to bite its prey. If successful, it locks its jaws on the victim. Forcing the Lunger to relinquish its hold requires killing the beast, a successful knockback or application of sufficiently severe wounds such that it fails a trauma check.

Once it has made its initial lunge, it attempts to employ its tail to immobilize its meal. (If the initial lunge was successful and it latched onto the victim, tail envelopment strikes are made with a +4 Attack bonus.) Should the Lunger score a hit with its barbed tail, the vermicular appendage will hold the victim fast – breaking free requires a Feat of Strength vs. d20+16 and inflicts a 3d4p hp wound as the embedded barbs are violently torn free.

Having snared a meal, the Lunger will seek to escape back to the water from whence it sprung, drowning the prey and swimming off the savor the delicacy at its leisure. It does this by rolling itself and the entwined victim back to the water's edge and then into the pond, lake or stream until it reaches sufficient depth to begin swimming away.

The Lunger attacks with such great speed and surprise that few who are ensnared manage to wrestle themselves free, or escape.

Habitat/Society:

Lungers normally hunt alone, however, in large bodies of water there may be several Lungers hunting along the same stretch of shoreline.

Lungers have been known to track prey for several hundred yards before striking. A Lunger tracking prey can be detected by a distinctive ripple created on the surface of the water.

Ecology:

Lungers are water-breathing and cannot remain out of the water for more than five minutes. There have been no saltwater Lungers reported, though they frequently show up in delta areas. Lungers feed on a wide variety of land animals, though grazing mammals, such as cattle and others who take to the water during the summer months, appear to be their favorite food.

On Tellene:

Lungers appear throughout Tellene wherever perennial fresh water streams, lakes and ponds are found. They cannot survive in shallow waterways however and are usually hunted-out near larger cities and towns.

Saw-Backed Lunger

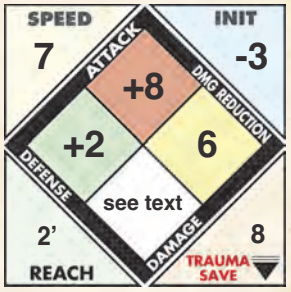
Hit Points:	5d8+33
Size/Weight:	L /500 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Swim:	7½

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Lungers initiate combat by leaping from a body of water and attempting to bite a victim. If successful, the bite inflicts 4d4p+4 damage and facilitates attacks by the barbed tail. A hit from the tail inflicts 3d4p damage and immobilizes the victim unless a FoS vs. d20+16 is made. Once prey is nabbed, they always attempt to flee back to the water.

Special: must return to water within 300 seconds or asphyxiate

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 (2-6 in prime hunting areas)
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Excellent sense of vibration/hearing (Listening 75%)
Habitat:	Fresh water lakes and rivers
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Aquatic

Yield

Medicinal:	Lunger liver drains poison
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	None
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes. Quite tasty
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	368

Scarecrow

Also Known As: Shewel



Beware o wanderers! Beware the insidiousness of evil men, for all the world wouldst they pervert. From the highest offices to the lowest echelons, they labor to make anew a world of restless shadow. Wickedness does not nest only in the crypt, the labyrinth, and the forgotten places of the world. Evil seeps in wherever men are unwary and let close unwatchful eyes. Lo, even Arcadian fields might find themselves benighted by malevolence.

It was during the height of the harvest season when my traveling companions and I were caught in an autumn gale a few days march from the eastern edge of Daresido. Chill winds buffeted us and rain threatened as we searched for shelter. From a hilltop, we espied a rustic homestead in the distance amidst a field of corn and decided it would serve well our needs. Retreating into the tall corn stalks, we were somewhat protected from the buffeting wind, but quickly became disoriented. We stumbled blindly forward, but only seemed to succeed in further confounding our passage. Amidst the grumbling and frustration of our predicament, we were thoroughly startled we happened upon a man in the field! Our "valiant" warrior let out a falsetto cry, which quickly turned to chortling laughter as we realized this "man" in the field was nigh more than a crofter's Shewel, with button eyes and a lolling, stitched head. In higher spirits, we pushed deeper through the field, the sun now descending in the cooling air. I turned back towards the Shewel to steal another chuckle at the lopsided face, but saw that it was facing toward our group. The button eyes looked blindly forward over our heads and into the field. I had imagined that it had faced the other way, but I simply blamed my overtiredness and continued on.

It 'twas not long before we ran into more Shewels. This time it was a pair in ragged motley clothing, swaying in the breeze. We had not seen these Scarecrows when we entered the field, we agreed, and wondered what farmer could need three for an area so meager. My companions stopped a moment to wonder how much farther it must be to the farmstead, as we had now been marching for a turn of the hourglass.

I uncorked my water skein and took in our surroundings and nearly shrieked when I turned around. The first Shewel was still behind us, but now not twenty feet away, planted firmly where we had trodden down the corn only moments before. Spinning back to alert my companions, I did scream, for the two Shewels in motley rags had pulled themselves down from their posts to canter toward us on silent feet of straw. Instinct conquered surprise, and we came to blows as the three horrors closed in on us. Our warrior laid a mighty blow with his hammer, but the Shewel seemed to take no notice. The motley pair lashed out swiftly, but merely touched the warrior. No sooner did their raking straw fingers make contact, he began to scream as unto a babe and collapsed into the mud below. Our Dwarf, cunning as his kind are with flame, plunged his torch into the flank of the Shewel and it went up like a fresh wick.

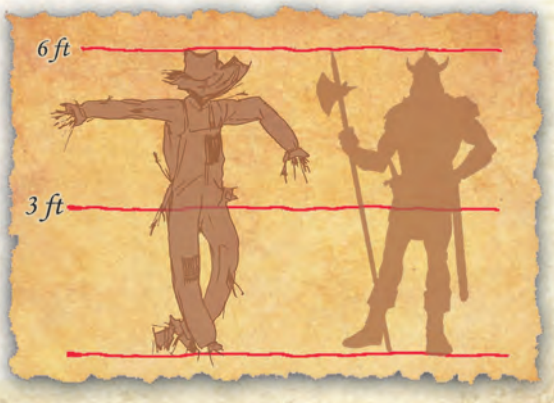
The fire jumped and caught the other Shewel aflame as well. Wind whipped through the field and the dry stalks began to alight all around us. The Shewels leaped and spun like tops as they burned. I watched transfixed for a moment, before I regained my senses and bade the Dwarf to follow our trail back. We were running in a frenzy to escape the field as the growing light of the holocaust revealed more Shewels creeping through corn with uneven, prancing gaits like vile marionettes. Racing back, retracing our path with the Dwarf close at my heels, the first Shewel loped towards me with its outstretched, crooked arms. I ducked in time to avoid its reaching touch and ran until the field was little more than a point of light, flickering and blazing in the distance.

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These undead creatures are visually indistinguishable from ordinary Scarecrows. Caution is always warranted when encountering agricultural mannequins especially when villainous clergy may be suspect adversaries.



Size Comparison



Scarecrows are animated mannequins enlivened by dark energy. No two Shewel look exactly alike, but they all tend to share a few similar qualities. All Scarecrows are generally humanoid in shape and are constructed from easily obtainable components, be it straw, rope, parchment, sacks of leaves, wicker, reeds, or other similar materials. Some may even be built from papier-mâché and purposefully replicate the appearance or serve as a caricature of an individual, monster, demon or divine avatar.

It is rumored that to imbue a Scarecrow with *élan malfaisant*, the creator undertakes a complex series of rites as he constructs the body of the creature. This involves dressing the dummy in the clothing worn by a sapient sacrificial offering. Upon the conclusion of the ritual, the victim is murdered and his blood sprinkled upon the inanimate Scarecrow thereby providing it motive "life".

Scarecrows do not possess intelligence per se, they must be directed in their actions. However, the enchantment provides for some degree of situational processing and adaptation to circumstances meaning that orders can be broad stroke — "Let no one pass unless they are with me" or "Let no one pass unless they bear this mark" being some examples of this. Given their peculiarities, Scarecrows are frequently deployed as warding guards rather than shock troops.

Combat/Tactics:

Scarecrows may derive substantial deceptive camouflage due to their essential indistinguishability from crude human mimics of the sort frequently employed by farmers. This is particularly true in agricultural regions where such effigies are commonplace. It is not unusual for animated Scarecrows to be positioned amongst straw dummies so as to deceive observers as to their true nature or numbers.

As befits its moniker, a Scarecrow's powers involve frightening opponents not physically disabling them. Every Scarecrow radiates an aura of palpable fear similar to the mage spell *Panic*. Anyone, save those with 50 or more hit points,

Scarecrow

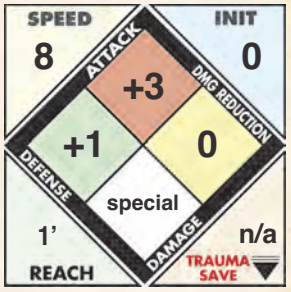
Hit Points:	16+1d8
Size/Weight:	M/50 lbs.
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+0
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Radiate Fear in 15' radius; touch lowers tenacity

Special:
Immune to puncturing weapons, largely immune to crushing weapons

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (always active)
No. Appearing:	1-6
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Undead Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	n/a
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	86

approaching within 15 feet of one of these creatures must succeed at a mental save (vs. d20p+4) or flee in terror for (d4p+3) x10 seconds.

Should this effect fail to ward off trespassers, Scarecrows will attempt to physically prevent passage. They will interpose themselves to block progress through the area or towards an aperture they are charged with guarding. If approached, they will strike out at the prospective infiltrator.

Clearly such pillowy assaults are unable to inflict measureable injuries. However, a successful attack will reduce the defender's tenacity (or morale) by one step. In the case of Player Characters (who barring certain quirks possess Hero morale and thus are never compelled to check tenacity regardless of circumstances), the initial blow of a scarecrow reduces them to Fearless tenacity (see *Hacklopedia of Beasts* p. 12) and subjects them to possible compulsion to involuntarily flee if a trigger event occurs. Subsequent hits reduce their morale in stepwise progression to Brave, Steady, Nervous and Cowardly. Should their morale drop below Cowardly (perhaps abetted by a pre-existing flaw), they are compelled to immediately surrender when faced by a hostile aggressor.

Compromised tenacity is restored at the rate of one step per hour.

Given the nature of their construction, Shewel cannot be measurably harmed by piercing weapons. Crushing weapons, while able to inflict ancillary knockback effects (against which Scarecrows are considered size S), are also unable to damage these pliable constructs. Hacking weapons are fully effective.

Scarecrows are, unsurprisingly, extremely vulnerable to fire. Boldly thrusting a torch at one will compel it to keep its distance. Should a Scarecrow incur fire damage, it will be set alight and suffers 1d3p damage every 10 seconds until consumed. However, while so ablaze, any successful attack the creature makes inflicts a 1d4p hit point burn in addition for its morale weakening effect. Armor DR provides no reduction to this damage. A burning Shewel can also be an ignition point for secondary fires – particularly if inflammable materials are located in the immediate vicinity.

Habitat/Ecology:

Scarecrows are automatons whose powers are fueled by dark energies. In the role of warders, they are supernaturally efficient at scaring away the curious trespasser. A distinct advantage they possess vis-à-vis other automatonic undead (to wit, Skeletons and Zombies) is that they are unlikely to rouse the suspicions of those that hear tell of such an encounter. The walking dead are the subjects of ubiquitous folk tales such that the mere hint of the presence of such creatures is sufficient to inspire rabid gossip if not an outright call for immediate action to seek out and eliminate the threat. Conversely, relating how was spooked by a Scarecrow is likely to elicit nothing more than a guffaw.

Shewel are subject to deterioration owing to the perishable material with which they are constructed. Those left exposed to the elements may rot within a couple fortnights in a humid climate subject to frequent rains (e.g. the tropics).



Scowl

aka: Hoot Mantaay, Kurtharars



When I was just a boy, a farmer's son if you must know, I encountered my first death. Well, not really my first, but first not being from illness or old age or accident. My stepfather, curse him and spit on his grave, had loaned me out for a month to a neighbor in an effort to pay his gambling debt. At least I wasn't being beat no more, just worked dawn to dusk. On the last day of my tenancy, we were heading back from market, leaving town near dusk. The road was pretty straight, and not much but farmlands and with a couple of torches to see by we wasn't too worried about seeing the road. It was me, the Old Man Ril as we called him and his three natural sons, well maybe just two as one was always questionable if you ask me. In any case, we hadn't gone a hundred yards or more from town -- we was still amongst some out buildings when we heard the strangest hoot. It was like a growl-hoot if that makes sense. Put me on edge, I remember it well, despite the years. Without so much as another peep these Scowling birds had come on us and was clawing and slashing as they swooped past. I got a nasty cut right on my forehead, sending warm blood running down my left eye, but I seen enough to see a sight that still haunts me. One of them birds – if birds they were, had wings like a dragon might – had grabbed the middle kid (I can't for the life of me remember his name) by the shoulder. While he was thrashing about, trying to get it off of him, the rest of the flock ignored the rest of us and swarmed this poor farmer boy. A writhing mess of feathers and gore, they rent him apart. We fled as they fed on the screaming youth.

These aggressive birds of prey have the feathered body of an owl and unusual bat-like membranous wings. Their razor-sharp talons allow the Scowl to grip its prey, while its vicious beak attacks its victim's flesh. Coloration varies in a similar manner to standard owls, ranging the full plumed gamut. Local colors are adapted to provide the best camouflage for the given environment. Scowls range from 10 to 16 inches long with a wingspan of 18 to 28 inches and a weight of roughly 4 pounds.

These birds have vaguely humanistic faces, owing to their front-facing eyes. Their beaks and coloration lend to a frowning appearance, giving rise to the name. Because of certain obvious size and physical similarities, Scowls are often confused with the more dangerous strix, however, the two creatures appear genetically unrelated upon close observation. Scowls eat flesh and whole insects, while strix subsist on blood drained from victims.

Combat/Tactics:

A Scowl hunts by swooping past unwary foes and rending flesh with its razor-sharp talons and beak. Once an opponent suffers a penetrating wound, the Scowl has hooked itself on to the victim and will use its beak to tear flesh, attacking every 5 seconds and causing 2 HP of damage, but ignoring DR. Worse, once a Scowl successfully attaches to a victim, all other Scowls in the area have a 50% chance of hastening to and attacking

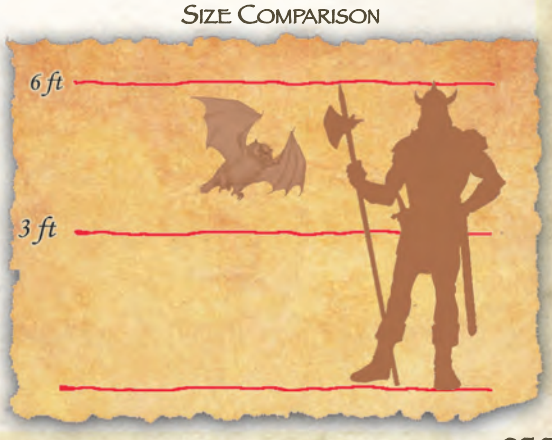
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



the same target (check when each Scowl's count comes up, if multiple opponents have scowls affixed, randomly determine which victim it attacks).

Any successful hit with or without a weapon will dislodge an attached bird. Unarmed attacks occur in the standard fashion, albeit with a -2 penalty. A victim may also attack an attached Scowl with a dagger or smaller weapon at a -2 penalty (with care) or at +6 (without care). Attacks without care or by allies (whether wielding weapons or unarmed) have a 50% chance of injuring the victim (roll the attack and then a d6 – on a 1-3 the Scowl is the true target while on a 4-6 the victim is accidentally targeted and must make a defense roll versus the attack). In addition, the victim sustains any damage to a Scowl beyond its remaining HP total. Allies or victims attempting to manually grab and remove a Scowl can simply make a successful unarmed attack followed by an immediate Feat of Strength attempt against a d20p-4. A failed Feat of Strength can be performed again every 5 seconds.

Habitat/Society:

Scowls nest in any environment other than arctic tundra, as long as there are ample mammals, birds, reptiles or insects on which to feast. They have been spotted in deserts and arid environments as well as in swamps and even in subterranean lairs, although the latter typically has an egress to wider spaces. Many live in urban areas, sleeping in belfries then feeding at night on the ample rat populations.

Scowl social structure varies, with some living in pairs or small groups and others living in flocks numbering in the scores. A female Scowl may lay two to three eggs each spring, depending on the species and the availability of food and nest sites. Incubation requires 30-35 days. The female brings small prey for her chicks for the next 5 to 6 weeks, after which they can fly and fend for themselves. Scowls reach maturity at about 6 months old.

Ecology:

Scowls hunt any available creature with living flesh, no matter the size. Birds, mammals, reptiles, insects from mice to dinosaurs are all fair game. In turn, many creatures hunt Scowls, particularly larger birds of prey, their natural enemies and in many areas, web building giant spiders. Farmers and settlers looking for a smaller game fowl for the table or simply to eliminate a potential threat, also hunt these strange birds. Scowls compete directly for food with Strix and Tarantubats when they come in contact, viewing both as potential food source and threat, depending on numbers and circumstances. Scowls tend to be nocturnal, but some species are crepuscular, while others are both. A typical Scowl has a natural lifespan of 4 to 5 years, but may live as long as 16.

On Tellene:

Scowls range over the whole of the continent of Tellene. Common creatures, they are and an important part of the food chain, controlling rodents and giant rats in cities, but also posing a threat to larger creatures such as cattle or humans if their numbers are unchecked.

Scowl

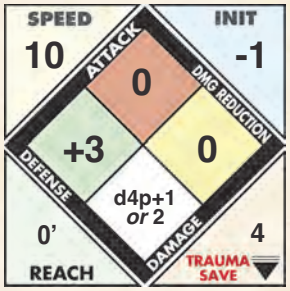
Hit Points:	d6+5
Size/Weight:	T /4 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	—
Fly:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	0
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Scowls attack by swooping onto unwary foes and tearing with their talons and sharp beaks. Penetration damage indicates the scowl has attached itself.

Special:
Move Silently 90%, Hide 50%

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal/Crepuscular
No. Appearing:	1d4p or 2d12p (50% each)
% Chance in Lair:	10% (night), 75% (day)
Frequency:	Common
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low Light
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Hollow trees, caves, trees, attics
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Flock
Climate/Terrain:	All save polar

Yield

Medicinal:	Feathers can cure wisdom loss/drainage
Spell Components:	Feathers double duration of *Levitation* or *Flight*
Hide/Trophy:	Soft down for pillows/bedding
Treasure:	Incidental on victims, shiny baubles in lair
Edible:	Yes, plump and meaty
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	10

Sharjani

a.k.a. Pseudo-Vampires, Sardan'var



I didst meet the "Brotherhood of Blood", as they called themselves years past, in Korem. They hadst set themselves up as a dark and secret society, claiming that theyst could offer immortality, though quite neglecting to mention that it involved living in the complete and horrid absence of daylight. There were the usual dreadful signs of vampiric activity, corpses drained of blood, some mutilated. The occasional reports of a person dissolving in sunlight or water were also heard. I, being an anointed servant of the Eternal Lantern, along with my flock of underlings, all devotees of Light, prepared to defend the area from these wretched horrors with silvered weapons, blessed for battle.

When we finally met our foes, we were sorely overwhelmed. We were at once surprised to see that some of them were armored, and using shields and weapons. Our holy symbols had little effect against them.

These Sardan'var were not attempting to kill us. As with so many dark minions, they wanted to take us alive, and they wanted our blood. My student, Versala, was the first to fall. A swarm of Sharjani grabbed her, and dragged her into the night, screaming. Later, we encountered her in battle against their forces. All of the Light had faded from her countenance. She was still alive, but, she was not her true self. In battle, I was forced to kill her, and then, I was sure. These things are mortal.

Pseudo-vampires, as the name implies, are not undead, but rather victims (willing or unwilling) of a curse enacted by a vampiric cult. The curse promises eternal life, but a life in the darkness, for sunlight strips them of their powers and slowly destroys them. Like true vampires, they must also fear running water; it's not only a barrier to them, but destroys them quite surely in only a short time. Unlike true vampires, however, they have no fear of holy things, nor of garlic or mirrors. This may cause issue for many would-be vampire hunters; while the Sardan'var are potent foes in their own right, the tricks that avail a hunter of the Vampyr will prove impotent when confronted by the Sharjani.

Sardan'Var may be of nearly any intelligent, living, species, though most were human, attracted to the cult for its promise of power and immortality. Elves find the entire concept morally repugnant and are naturally unaging, so the promises of the Sharjani carry no attraction

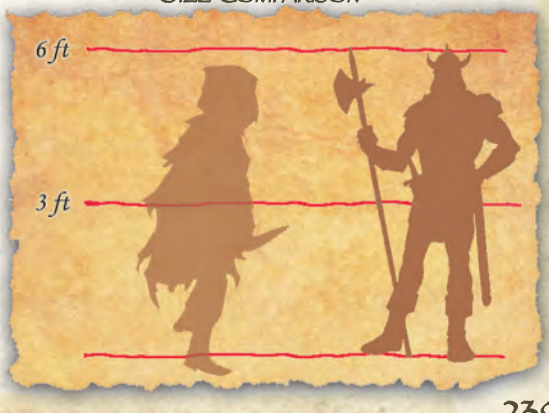
Sign/Tracks

Sharjani dread running water. Even the sound of rushing water can distract these lost souls and cause them to involuntarily repel in fear.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



to them. Dwarves, in their dark caves, may find little difference between being a dwarf and a pseudo-vampire, until it comes time to cross running water. So most are human, thirsting after power and immortality. Orcs, Goblins and Hobgoblins might embrace the changes, but their traditional enmity with humans means that few are inducted into the blood cult. The rituals to create Sharjani are not common knowledge and are rumored to invoke the Dark One. Others claim that the blood cults originally served true vampires and that the only way to become a Sharjani Lord is to drink the blood of an ancient vampire and be accepted into his service.

There are four distinct levels of Sharjani. The Least Pseudo-Vampire (Thrall) is mostly unchanged from its baseline species; its upper incisors are elongated, but it is otherwise 90% indistinguishable from a member of its own race. Lesser Pseudo-Vampires (Lackeys) are significantly paler, with sharper features, while Greater (Minion) and Lord Pseudo-Vampires have a corpse-like pallor coupled with pronounced fangs, noticeable even while conversing, and claw-like nails that easily tear flesh. Attempts to disguise oneself as the baseline species are Easy for Thralls, Moderate for Lackeys, and Difficult for Minions and Lords.

Combat/Tactics

The Least Pseudo-Vampires differ little in combat from their living counterparts; if trained, they will use weapons, shields and armor, as any similar being might. If untrained but forced into combat, they will resort to their bite attacks and may attempt to disengage unless compelled to fight by a more powerful Sharjani. As Thralls are dependent on drinking living blood to regenerate, they gain less from hit-and-run tactics than their betters. A Thrall who scores a near-perfect defense may opt to use their bite attack, instead of the standard two d4p-2.

Lesser Pseudo-Vampires may also prefer weapons, if well trained, but their bite can also inflict paralysis. A group of Lackeys will often mix weapon and bite attacks, attempting to paralyze some of their foes. A Lackey who scores a near perfect defense will always attempt a bite attack instead of the standard unarmed attack.

Minions and Lords approach combat differently. Their innate ability to climb walls (at walking speed) (and fly [Speed 30], for the Lords) allows them to lurk out of reach of many human combatants or retreat in ways that their enemies did not expect. Unless the Sardan'var is highly skilled with weapons, or wielding one with significant bonuses, they prefer to rely on their bites (and claws, in the case of Lord Sharjani). As many of the more powerful Sardan'var are spellcasters, they will use their abilities to stay away from combat and engage magically. Since becoming a Pseudo-Vampire does not make one more intelligent or wise, it is also quite likely that a Minion or Lord will gleefully enter melee combat, enjoying the increased resilience and strength that their condition grants them.

Sharjani share common traits and weaknesses. All save the Thralls regenerate as long as they have fed on living blood within the last week. All Pseudo-Vampires, even Thralls, may heal damage by drinking living blood, at a rate of 1 point healed per 2 hit points of blood drunk. In combat, this is solely determined by the points of damage from a bite attack; a Pseudo-Vampire who inflicts 1d3p on a bite attack will only regenerate if the die does 2 or more damage. Additional dice of damage (from critical hits or blood rage) do increase potential regeneration. Outside of combat, or with a foe who is paralyzed or restrained, they may drain blood, inflicting 2 points of damage every 10 seconds, thus healing 1 point of damage at the same time. In order to feed a Pseudo-Vampire, the blood must come from a living creature or a Sharjani of inferior rank. If an attack kills the Sharjani's prey, then they will gain no more after that attack. While starving Sharjani will continue to drink from a dead corpse, this is desperation, not sustenance. Once a creature has been killed, its blood has no more value for the Sharjani.

The grip of a feeding Sardan'var is strong; breaking a Thrall's grip requires rolling Feat of Strength or Feat of Agility (defender's choice) against a d20p+5; more powerful Pseudo-Vampires require a d20p+9 or more. In the event that a Sharjani has the full array of statistics (including a Strength score), consider the Strength score 4 points higher when attempting to break its grip, and it is the Pseudo-Vampire's Feat of Strength opposing the defender's Feat of Strength or Agility.

The longer they go without imbibing the blood of a living being, the paler and more feral their appearance becomes. Pseudo-Vampires that have gone a week or more without blood lose their regenerative abilities and forgo

Least Sharjani

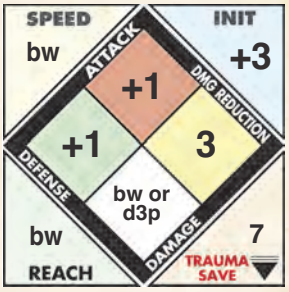
Hit Points:	1d8+25
Size/Weight:	M/160 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-3/-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Least Sharjan are little different from humans, and so will use human weapons and may wear armor (which would impact the statistics above). If severely injured (failing a trauma save, receiving a critical hit, or dropping below 50% hit points) or against an incapacitated foe, they will switch to their bite attack to enable regeneration, if doing so won't leave them terribly vulnerable. Those in a Blood Rage are less aware of the danger and more likely to leave themselves defenseless to feed on helpless prey.

Special: Thralls are vulnerable to silver reducing DR to 0.

Lesser Sharjani

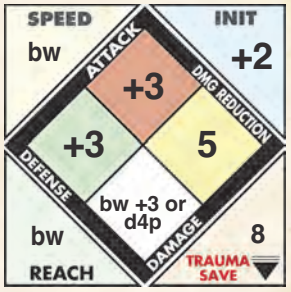
Hit Points:	3d8+27
Size/Weight:	M/160 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-4/-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Blood rage: +4 Strength, -4 initiative, bite inflicts extra die damage.

Special: Vulnerable to silver, reducing supernatural DR to 0 (doesn't affect armor worn). Can be weakened by sunlight exposure. Regeneration from feeding.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2-12
% Chance in Lair:	95% in day; 50% at night
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Any non-good
Vision Type:	Undead Sight 60' in darkness, otherwise standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Hematophagic
Organization:	Cult
Climate/Terrain:	Any

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-8
% Chance in Lair:	95% in day; 50% at night
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Any non-good
Vision Type:	Undead Sight 60' in darkness, otherwise standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Hematophagic
Organization:	Cult
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Anyone foolish enough to drink Pseudo-Vampire blood deserves their fate.
Spell Components:	
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	50% will have a small piece of jewelry or 5d6p copper coins. Never silver.
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	133 + EPV for leveled characters as appropriate

Yield

Medicinal:	Anyone foolish enough to drink Pseudo-Vampire blood deserves their fate.
Spell Components:	
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	1d3p gold coins in value; never silver.
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	242 + EPV for leveled characters as appropriate

25% of their total hit points (including a reduction in their Threshold of Pain). If they persist a month or more without blood, they begin to rot and wither. In this state, they will be at 50% of their total hit points, and will enter a state of hibernation until a suitable victim passes within 60 feet. It takes 3d6p seconds for a Pseudo-Vampire to awaken from hibernation and they immediately enter a Blood Rage.

While in the Blood Rage, the Pseudo-Vampire must attack the nearest living creature and attempt to drink their blood. The Sharjan temporarily gains +4 to Strength (or +2 to damage, if not statted as an NPC), a -4 on initiative, and inflicts one additional die of damage on a bite. While their normal regenerative abilities are dormant, they still regain hit points by imbibing blood. Once its normal maximum hit points have been regained, the Pseudo-Vampire ceases the Blood Rage and regains its depreciated abilities and mental faculties.

Sardan'var can tolerate exposure to sunlight, although they prefer darkness. In sunlight, Pseudo-Vampires cannot regenerate and lose all bonuses to initiative and attack. They suffer 1 HP of damage for every 10 seconds exposed to sunlight, and cannot heal damage by any means for 1 hour after exposure. More powerful Sharjani suffer additional penalties in sunlight. All Sharjani find silver uncomfortable to hold; while none are actually harmed by it, the feeling is simultaneously hot, oily, and acidic, and persists for some seconds after contact ends. More powerful Sharjani experience greater distress from the touch of silver. Greater or Lord Sharjani that touch silver unprotected become so discomforted as to suffer a -1 to all rolls for the next five minutes.

Because of their cursed nature, they are largely immune to effects of critical hits that stem from the destruction of an organ; they're not truly undead, but they're also not entirely alive, being more a creature sustained by magic. If one breaks a Sharjani's limb, it will be unable to use it until it has healed, but if a warhammer obliterates their heart or an arrow pierces their lung, they suffer no ill effect beyond additional dice of damage. A wooden or silver stake driven through the creature's heart will incapacitate the Sharjan until the stake is removed. Pseudo-Vampires recover from stake wounds in 8d6p seconds, but removing their head while staked will prevent them from recovering until it is placed again on their shoulders; even defleshed, they will recover enough to enter a blood rage. Burning the head kills the staked Sharjani. If they suffer enough damage from true magic or silver weapons to reach 0 HP, they must make a trauma save; if they succeed, they regenerate 1 hit point per day (often only to 50% hit points and to hibernation, unless a source of blood is available). If it fails, they are dead forever. They do not naturally regenerate from true magic or silver weapons, either. To recuperate from these wounds, they must drink living blood.

[1]Pseudo-vampires are highly variable. The stats presented reflect Pseudo-Vampires who were once ordinary Humans, but Greater and Lord Sardan'var will frequently be classed characters or advanced humanoids. Such characters' advanced capabilities should be added to the template where they exceed the baseline presented.

Pseudo-Vampires immersed in running water lose 5% of their maximum hit points every second so in only 20 seconds, even the most powerful Sharjan will dissolve into nothing, forever dead. While they do not fear the odd splash of water nor most holy items, a vial of holy water will inflict 2d4p damage, which bypasses their own natural DR.

Habitat/Society

Sharjani originate with vampire cults, such as the infamous Brotherhood of Blood. Legends tell us that these minions were created by the cult so that a supernatural Vampire monarch could rule a conquered kingdom in the day as well as at night. This Vampire monarch himself is said to reside in a place so secret and terrible that none have survived to tell of its location. Pseudo-Vampire Lords are considered demi-gods by their followers, able to grant fabulous powers. In areas with large populations, Pseudo-Vampires build cults and secret societies, often with multiple layers of initiation. Those with riches may be brought in to a life of illicit goods and other vices, with promises of pleasure and immortality; they may be made Minions, in time. Those with lesser means, but desirable skills, may be "sponsored", joining the ranks of Thralls and Lackeys. And, of course, those destitute and unlikely to be missed serve as fodder -- first for the table, then for any martial actions. Should push come to shove, any mortal is emergency rations for the Sharjani's hunger, no matter how much they paid to be part of the cult..

Ecology

Sharjani must drink living blood to maintain their

Greater Sharjani

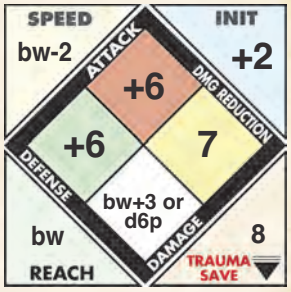
Hit Points:	27+6d8
Size/Weight:	M/160 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-4/-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	3½
Walk:	7½
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+9



Attack: Blood rage: +4 Strength, -4 initiative, bite inflicts extra die damage. May have spells as offensive capability

Special: Vulnerable to silver, reducing supernatural DR to 0 (doesn't affect armor worn". Can be weakened by sunlight exposure. Regeneration from feeding.

Lord Sharjani

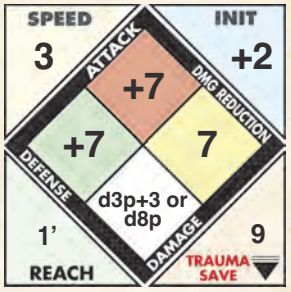
Hit Points:	28+7d8
Size/Weight:	M/160 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-4/-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	3½
Walk/Climb:	7½
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint/Fly:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+11
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Blood rage: +4 Strength, -4 initiative, bite inflicts extra die damage. May have spells as offensive capability

Special: Vulnerable to silver, reducing supernatural DR to 0 (doesn't affect armor worn". Can be weakened by sunlight exposure. Regeneration from feeding.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1-2
% Chance in Lair:	95% in day; 50% at night
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Any evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight 60' in darkness, otherwise standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Hematophagic
Organization:	Cult
Climate/Terrain:	Any

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	95%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Any evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight 60' in darkness, otherwise standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Hematophagic
Organization:	Cult
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

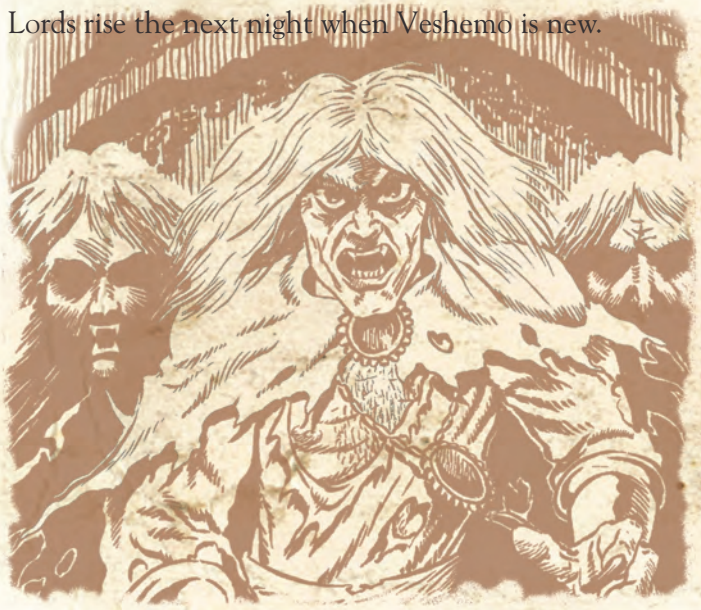
Medicinal:	Anyone foolish enough to drink Pseudo-Vampire blood deserves their fate.
Spell Components:	It is rumored that the blood of a powerful Pseudo-Vampire can be used to make protective magic circles against them
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	3d4p gold pieces worth of jewelry is common. Never Silver.
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	575 + EPV for leveled characters as appropriate

Yield

Medicinal:	Anyone foolish enough to drink Pseudo-Vampire blood deserves their fate.
Spell Components:	It is rumored that the blood of a powerful Pseudo-Vampire can be used to make protective magic circles against them
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Sharjani often seek to acquire vast fortunes. Never Silver.
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	925 + EPV for leveled characters as appropriate

mental and physical capacities; they must each drink a number of hit points of blood equal to their Threshold of Pain every day. When well fed, they look much as they did before their pseudo-unlife; Thralls and Lackeys will be slightly paler, perhaps a touch more gaunt, while Minions and Lords will also have slightly more prominent teeth and Lords will have long fingernails. Deprived of blood for a few days and they become increasingly more unstable, attacking anything that moves as they enter a Blood Frenzy. In times of crisis, Pseudo-Vampires may drink the blood of lower-ranked Pseudo-Vampires for nourishment and to sate their Blood Rage. Blood of equal or higher ranked Pseudo-Vampires acts as poison, causing 1d3p damage per point of blood drained.

Any human, demi-human or humanoid may rise as a Pseudo-Vampire if slain by the bite attack of a Sharjan, the blood drain of a Sharjan or if they undergo a special Blood Ceremony held by a Sharjan of at least Lesser status. Upon fulfilling either of these criteria, the victim must make a Constitution check against d20p plus 6 minus 2 per step their alignment differs from chaotic evil; so Chaotic Neutral or Neutral Evil will roll v. d20p+4,while Lawful Good will roll against d20p-2. If the Pseudo-Vampire creator is a Minion, there is an additional +6; if a Lord, it is an additional +12. Victims succeeding at this check are dead. If they fail in this check, they will rise as a Pseudo-Vampire. If they are to be a Least or Lesser Sharjan, they rise the next night. Greater Sharjan rise the next night that Veshemo is waning, and Lords rise the next night when Veshemo is new.



Pseudo-Vampire example

A Lawful Good character who was attacked by a Pseudo-Vampire Lord would roll d20p+Constitution against d20p + 6 (all pseudo-vampires) - 8 (LG->LN->LE->NE->CE; 4 steps times 2 per step) +12 (additional penalty for a Lord), or +10. Higher-ranked Sharjani can more easily create Thralls, but it helps if one is closer to Chaotic Evil.

Upon arising, their alignment becomes one acceptable to their rank of Pseudo-Vampire; a Lawful Good individual who became a Least or Lesser Pseudo-Vampire would immediately become Lawful Neutral, Lawful Evil if becoming a Greater Pseudo-Vampire, and Chaotic Evil if they were to somehow become a Lord. If already non-good, then Least and Lesser Pseudo-Vampires have no change, while evil characters suffer no alteration if becoming Greater Pseudo-Vampires.

Only Thralls may be created through bites or the draining of blood; all greater ranks require ceremonies. If created without a ritual, a Thrall must make a Mental saving throw against d20p+their slayer's own Mental Saving Throw modifier. If successful, they are free-willed Least Sharjani. If they fail, they are controlled by their creator and will follow any order given. This save may be made every 6 months. If created through a Blood Ceremony, the initial saving throw is automatically failed and subsequent saving throws are made at a -3. Should a Thrall's creator be killed before it rises and it fail the saving throw, it is instead in a permanent Blood Rage (though, should it survive six months in such a state, it may attempt again).

Creating Lesser and Greater Sharjan requires a Blood Ceremony and those Sharjani always immediately enter their sponsor's service with the possibility of freedom after a full year and again every year thereafter. Greater Sharjan are capable of creating Lesser Sharjani through this ceremony and Lords may create Greater or Lesser Sharjan. Lackeys and Minions whose creators are killed before they arise are simply freed from control.

The Blood Ceremony involves drinking the blood of the creating Sardan'var, as well as the blood of a Sardan'var of the appropriate rank; thus, a Lord who wished to create a Lackey may do so by providing some of his own blood and the blood of another Lackey. The blood involved in these ceremonies is only a minor wound, 1d3 hit points from the contributing Pseudo-Vampires, healed in moments by most Sardan'var. Using an inferior Sardan'var in this way is counted a great honor and binds the contributor to the creator anew; thus, a Minion with a rebellious Lackey may choose to "honor" their Lackey by helping to create a new one and gain two loyal Lackeys for a year. Thralls and Lackeys may also "promoted" by this means, though no higher than one level below their "sponsor". Lords are said to created by drinking the blood of the ancient vampire himself.

Should a player character become a Pseudo-Vampire (either by this being forced upon them or by intention), they may continue to rise in experience, but suffer a 10% penalty to experience if a Least Sardan'var, 20% if Lesser, 30% if Greater, and 50% if a Sharjani Lord.

Shark



My interest with sharks, specifically the great white began in the Elos Desert. It was there among the desolate heat that I happened upon a prominent fragment of white, which after some toil revealed a large ancient jaw bone among the sand. Though my companions found my fascination amusing I paid them little heed, collecting as many of the large serrated teeth as I could.

Two years it took to ascertain the species of the jaw. A fact found in my research and later confirmed by a Dejy craftswoman of the City-State of Dijishy, when I paid the silver to fashion a necklace charm out of the teeth I had collected. The question of how the great white had happened its way so far inland through the desert could only be guessed. But since my discovery, my fascination with sharks has never wavered.

I cannot help but scowl at those who consider these great predatory beasts all but common. In my travels alone, I have distinguished three previously undiscovered subspecies including the mysterious terror of Elos Bay, now properly classified as the bull shark. Truthfully, I believe there are many more, perhaps hundreds of species unknown; yet to be revealed, as many mysteries of the sea are. In tandem, I have witnessed the behavior of sharks firsthand, having taken travel with the shark fishermen of Prompeldia and once even daring to wade among a lagoon social of bull shark, which I do not recommend.

I can advise that if you ever find yourself treading water in the presence of these efficient creatures that your greatest weapon against them is to stay your nerve. If you find yourself being circled, swim-do not thrash, as best you can to the nearest relief out of the water. You can no more hope to out swim them, than you would hope to outrun a common lion. Better will be to do so calmly and better if you can hold your breath and do this beneath the water to keep your eyes upon them.

Unless we are speaking of the great white or the megalodon, admittedly the latter of which I've never observed, if only one shark is your attacker than truthfully you have some hope. If the shark moves in do not wait for it to bite, flail at the creature with muster. Sharks are particularly vulnerable at the top of the head, eyes and gills. Though large by humanoid standards, many of the smaller variety spook easily. If you strike them make sure it is with a closed fist. Let them know you will not be an easy meal and you might just live to tell the tale.

There are thirteen species of shark and of those over four hundred subspecies presently inhabiting the sea. While sharks are most common in warm and temperate salt water, there are a few lesser known subspecies which inhabit the coldest depths of the sea and even a few that hunt fresh water. Physically as well as in temperament, each shark species varies greatly; even some, though not a concern of this writing, being gentle giants that sustain themselves on plankton and krill.

The only feature common to all sharks are the gill slits which still vary in number between five and seven. Most sharks have a hypersensitive yet tough hide which is countershaded. The majority of sharks spend nearly half their lives at depths of 1000 feet or less, though most can delve much deeper. The sharks listed here are the most aggressive and in turn predatory subspecies known to Tellene.

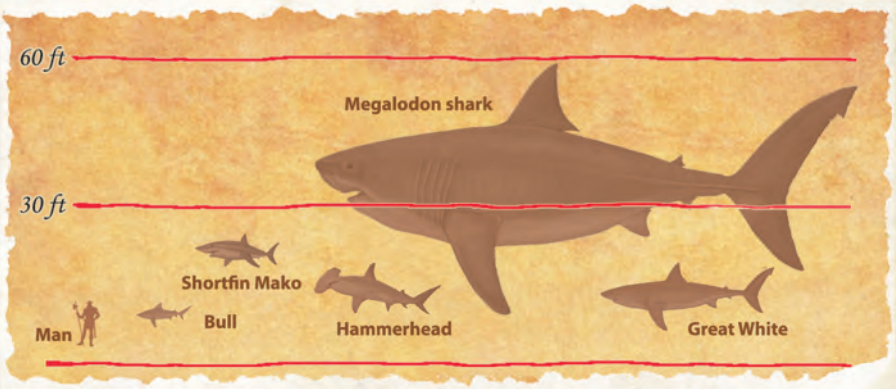
Blue Shark

The blue is the most populous shark of the sea. A fully developed blue is 6 to 9 feet in length and weighs 160 to 200 pounds. Female blue shark reside on the larger end of this spectrum. Coloration of the blue is countershaded with a blue body and white underside. The shark is distinguished by its narrow body and long pectoral fins.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Bull Shark

The bull shark is diadromous, meaning they can move between saltwater and freshwater without problem. The size of a fully developed bull shark is 6 to 8 feet long, weighing 400 to 500 pounds. Coloration of the bull shark varies from grey to greenish or brown; the shark is countershaded with a white belly. The bull shark has a thick body, with a stout nose and powerful jaws.

Great White Shark

The great white is the second largest subspecies of shark weighing 1,700 to 2,000 pounds and growing to the length of 20 to 25 feet. Females are larger than males. The body and jaw of the shark is robust, the coloration of the fins and top dorsal portion of the body is gray contrasted by a white underside.

Hammerhead

The hammerhead is a social predatory shark distinguished by its unusual hammer-shaped head and a smaller mouth than other sharks of similar size. A mature hammerhead averages between 13 to 19 feet, weighing 800 to 1200 pounds. The shark is grey to greenish with a flat white underside.

Megalodon Shark

The megalodon is the largest sub species of shark in the known world. An apex predator, the shark attains lengths of 70 feet or more and weighs as much as 100 tons. In relation to the creature's enormity, the jaw of a fully mature megalodon averages 6 to 7 feet wide and can stretch open 8 to 11 feet. The largest teeth of the Megalodon average 7 to 8 inches; needless to say the bite force of this shark is unmatched. A few bites can make toy sticks of even the finest crafted hulls.

Short Fin Mako Shark

One of the fastest fish in the sea, the short fin mako can reach speeds of 42 mph. An adult short fin mako averages 10 to 12 feet in length and will weigh-in around 300 to 400 pounds. Females grow larger than males. Its hydrodynamic cylinder shape and long tall distinguish this shark species.

Combat/Tactics:

Sharks are attracted to hydrostatic activity - motion in the water, which they can sense with their hypersensitive dermis and a collection electrorecptive organs that resides near their gill slits. Most can smell an ounce of blood in the water at a minimum distance of quarter of a mile. Though a rare occurance, great whites and megalodon occasionally thrust their nostrils out of the water in search of prey. This behavior, allows them to smell any creature in the vicinity (no bleeding required) downwind, up to a distance of one mile; similarly, blood can be sensed at a distance of three miles.

As far as humanoid interaction, smaller-bodied sharks lurk where the water temperature is warm and where prey is abundant. Also docks and fishing vessels out in open sea occasionally yield more than a few easy meals.

With the exception of the megalodon and to a lesser degree the great white, sharks are skittish predatory creatures preferring easy prey over risking injury[1]. Attacks involving humans and demi-humans are rare in open water and even less likely where the shark has limited sensory capacity such as in shallow water and coral reefs[2]. As with any predator, the larger the shark in correlation to the size and familiarity of potential prey, the more likely it attacks. This is why some of the larger varieties of shark do in fact become man-eaters.

A shark's electrorecptive sense is so keen that the predator can sense the shape of prey without vision. Bipedal shape and movement is usually foreign to most sharks[3], though the vibration caused by most creatures treading water and the smell of blood will certainly trigger the shark for a closer inspection.

In open water a shark better gauges a foreigner by circling, letting its full range of senses interpret whether or not the alien is prey, and whether or not to attack. The act of circling is not a precursor of certain attack, though the excessive vibration caused by most land-based swimmers will likely pique a shark's interest.

Smaller sharks such as the blue, bull, hammerhead, and short fin mako, attack with a testing bite[4] honing in an area of the body which is small. On humanoids the bite will usually be targeted at the limbs, if the victim stands in the shallows of the shore, this attack will usually occur at the calf. If the shark is able to successfully strike the victim on its first attempt, its next bite attack will include a full bite and thrashing motion[5]. The bite at full capacity intends to garner a chunk of the victims flesh[6].

Megalodon and great whites are known to not only attack any species in open water, but human-powered and sailing vessels as well. Whether the attack is the intentional effort of a shark hankering for humanoid flesh or just that the shark has mistakenly perceived a craft as a large species of prey, is just one of many mysteries.

When a megalodon attacks a vessel, it repeatedly bumps, bites and gnaws at the hull and keel. This biting and gnawing attack destroys and sinks most smaller craft (less than 25 feet in length), in less than a minute. If the attack is directed upon a larger sailing vessel and the hull can withstand an initial bite or two (GM's call), the shark latches onto the hull and thrashes, putting its serrated teeth to work. The thrashing motion knocks any ship equal or less than the megalodon's total body length off kilter, and seamen on the deck have to succeed a Feat of Agility (d20-6) check to maintain balance; if failing close to the rail or by 10 or more, they fall overboard. Once the beast is latched, the GM rolls an attack for the shark every 5 count; a perfect or near perfect attack indicates the shark has created a large 6 to 8 foot cavity in the hull. The size of this hole and the volume of water taken on makes repair nay impossible. The damage is done, sinking even largest of ships in a matter of 1d6+1 minutes.

Great whites are also known to prey on craft at sea, but most attacks involve vessels that are under 12 feet long. The great white attacks small vessels by first strafing along the aft or bow, and timing a burst of speed, violently bumping its belly against the hull. If the vessel is a third (⅓) or less of the total length of the shark, the attack will completely upset the boat, pouring passengers into the sea. If bump does not upset the boat, any standing seamen must succeed a Feat of Agility Check (d20-2), or be knocked off balance; a failure close to the rail or by 8 or more indicates the character has plunged overboard.

The bite of a megalodon can completely swallow a size L or smaller creature, even an Ogre, upon a Perfect or Near Perfect attack. Great whites can swallow whole size S or smaller creatures such as Gnomes and Halflings, in the same fashion.

Successful but not Perfect or Near Perfect attacks indicate a standard bite. If a character is swallowed or within the sharks mouth, the shark begins to chew which is considered a frenzied attack. The swallowed creature suffers full bite damage every 1 count.

Though unlikely, escape is possible on a successful Feat of Agility (same difficulty noted above) every 3 count.

Mass Attack Rules:

Any attack by a shark that exceeds the defender's roll by 5 or more indicates that the shark has not only injured its victim for standard damage, but that it also grabbed one of the defender's limbs. Roll randomly to determine which arm or leg the shark latched onto. However, the following caveat applies: if the shield arm is indicated, re-roll the result. A second consecutive result of this limb indicates that the shield arm has indeed been grabbed and it is, along with and defensive benefits provided by the shield, useless until freed.

Once having grabbed on to an opponent, the shark will pull and tug inflicting full damage every 10 seconds (no Defense roll allowed nor Attack roll required though armor DR applies). Further, the defender suffers a 2-point penalty to all rolls and cannot use the ensnared limb for any action other than spending 5 seconds attempting to free it of the sharks's hold (requiring a Feat of Strength *vs. d20p+shark's attack bonus*). If a leg has been grabbed, the victim cannot move. If the shark's jaws hold a weapon arm, attack is impossible and any defensive bonuses gained from weapon skill are forfeited. (Note though that the weapon is rarely dropped – a successful Feat of Strength *vs. d20p+3* retains control of any held weapon). A shark that has grabbed a character may also be compelled to loosen its grip via a successful knock-back or by inflicting sufficient damage to cause a Threshold of Pain check.

A single smaller shark provides little more than a nuisance and possible drowning threat, particularly to armored characters, halting a character (when any limb is grabbed) and hindering his attacks or defense (an arm grab). Far more frightening, however, is when a pack of sharks works in concert to attack a victim. A second shark that successfully grabs the same defender saddles the victim with a 6-point penalty to all rolls and two limbs are now incapacitated. A successful attack by a third shark will automatically grab hold.

Habitat/Society:

Sharks are always on the hunt. These opportunist predators feed on a wide variety of fish, mammals and what one might call, chance bounties of the sea. The megalodon sustains its large body on whales as well as large species of fish, octopus and squid. The great white feeds on just about anything including smaller sharks. The blue and short fin mako shark, have diets relative to their size including many species of fish that have made reefs and lagoons their home. The hammerhead and bull shark usually focus on smaller less combative fish, but are more aggressive to the territorial threats, which humanoids often unwittingly impose.

Fully mature megalodon and great white sharks are solitary predators for the most part. Not uncommon however, is for megalodon to be joined by one or two younger great white, as the creatures thrive on scraps left in the bigger shark's wake. Similarly great whites often attract smaller species of sharks for the same reason. Of all sharks due to their size and girth the megalodon and great white are the most likely to become man eaters.

Blue, short fin mako and hammerhead as well as many other species of sharks are at times social predators and maintain peaceful co-existence with other shark species. Bull sharks are solitary hunters.

Most sharks reproduce via internal fertilization giving birth to fully developed young. The number of young produced is dependent on subspecies but some can give birth to over 90 young. Once expelled from the womb, young sharks must fend for themselves and unfortunately, are often food for other sharks. Luckily, the mothers usually choose an isolated place away from other sharks to birth.

Ecology:

The megalodon sits at the apex among most creatures of the sea, its closest rival being the orca; a battle between a megalodon and orca is usually a fatal affair for the shark, due to the megalodon's solitary nature. There are additionally a few archaic species of serpents known to the depths of the seas but these species generally avoid the shark. Megalodon are powerful predators but due to their size and lack of speed have a diet consisting mostly of large slow mammals, such as whales, giant octopus, squid and crab species, common to the Brandobian Ocean, as well large seals and sea lions.

Though powerful, the great white is not an apex predator due to the fact it is one of the orcas chosen prey.

Sharks are territorial in nature, however it is more about each subspecies respecting the social order in respect to size. Though sharks attack and consume one another, this event usually occurs only during a feeding frenzy. Larger sharks may consume their smaller cousins if easier prey is unavailable.

Despite their low intelligence, sharks have decent seasonal recollection. Waters of any locale may become shark infested if easy prey is abundant in the area based on seasonal factors.

On Tellene:

Sharks are common to every sea of Tellene, though only the largest are common to artic waters.

Blue and hammerhead sharks are the most populated around the Kalamaran and Elos Bay as well as the northern coasts of Svimohzia.

Bull and river sharks are common throughout Tellene where any river meets the sea. The largest and most aggressive of these subspecies inhabit in Elos Bay. These diadromous shark have been commonly spotted in many swamp regions as well as lurking among the muddied waters of the Straights of Svimohzia.

The short fin mako is most common to the Kalamaran Sea, but can be found throughout the many seas of Tellene.

While megalodon roam throughout the depths of many seas and though a good number of attacks have been witnessed, none of these have occurred beyond the Brandobian Ocean.

Great whites are most common among the coasts of Svimohzia, Reanaaria Bay and the Sea of the Dead. The population among the Ocean of Brandobia has been hunted to near extinction.

Notes/Annotations:

[1] Inflicting ¼ of the creatures base HPs is enough to get a shark off the attack.

[2] Bull sharks are the exception, aggressive and well suited to attacking humans among reefs and shallow waters.

[3] Sharks may in fact become man eaters, wading in the tidewaters of common beach areas where humanoids swim.

[4] Test bite is listed in Damage/Attack of each listed species.

[5] The megalodon and great white usually forgo the test bite of man-sized prey.

[6] Bites are listed in Damage/Attack

Blue Shark

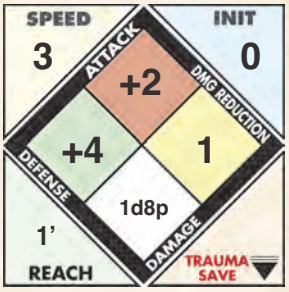
Hit Points:	20+1d8
Size/Weight:	M/200 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Animal low
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Swim:	10
Swim (burst):	35

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Test bite does 1d8p; bite and thrash does 2d8p

Special: Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

Bull Shark

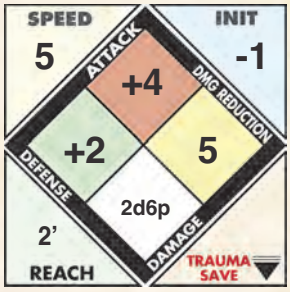
Hit Points:	15+3d8
Size/Weight:	L/500 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal low
Fatigue Factor:	3

MOVEMENT

Swim:	2
Swim (burst):	15

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	+1
Dodge:	+1



Attack: Test bite does 2d6p; bite and thrash does 4d6p

Special: Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-8, 2-16, 3-24
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Social Predator
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Sea and fresh water riverbeds
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to tropical climates

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	No
Experience Point Value:	24

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Gills double duration of water breathing spells
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes, but isn't tasty
Other:	No
Experience Point Value:	112

Hammerhead Shark

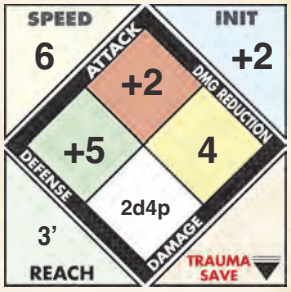
Hit Points:	18+2d8
Size/Weight:	H/1200 lbs
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Animal low
Fatigue Factor:	6

MOVEMENT

Swim:	2½
Swim (burst):	15

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+2



Attack: Test bite does 2d4p; bite and thrash does 4d4p

Special : Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

Short Fin Mako

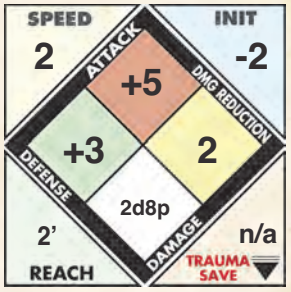
Hit Points:	25+1d8
Size/Weight:	L/400 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal low
Fatigue Factor:	2

MOVEMENT

Swim:	10
Swim (burst):	60

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	0
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Test bite does 2d8p; bite and thrash does 4d8p

Special: Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-4 or 2-12 or 3-18
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Any, Coastal Sea, coral reef
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Social Predator
Climate/Terrain:	Warm to temperate climate

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Coastal and Deep Sea
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Semi-social predator
Climate/Terrain:	Any, save Artic

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Shark head
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Fins
Experience Point Value:	44

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Fins
Experience Point Value:	67

Great White Shark

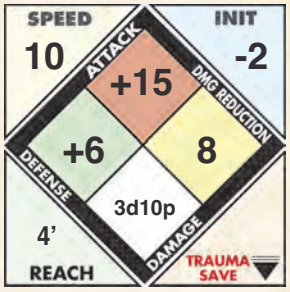
Hit Points:	35+2d8
Size/Weight:	G/2000 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	animal low
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Testing Bite does 3d10p of damage; bite and thrash does 6d10p

Special: Can capsize vessels (see text). Can swallow size S on an AT roll of 19 or 2. Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

Megalodon

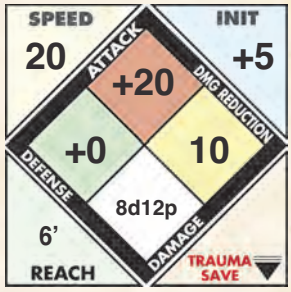
Hit Points:	250+10d8
Size/Weight:	C/100 tons
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal low
Fatigue Factor:	-10

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+30
Mental:	-10
Dodge:	-10



Attack: The megalodon bite inflicts 8d12p. Due to its size the shark does not follow the habit of test bites common to smaller sharks.

Special: Can capsize vessels (see text). Can swallow size L on an AT roll of 19 or 20. Can grab ahold and inflict automatic damage (see text for specific rules)

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-2
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Deep to Shallow Sea
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	any

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any as determined by prey
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	n/a
Vision Type:	Low light
Awareness/Senses:	Electroreception and chemoreception
Habitat:	Sea depths of 10,000 feet or less
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Any open Sea

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Preserved Head
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Fins
Experience Point Value:	1200

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Preserved Head
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	No
Experience Point Value:	6600

Skeleton, Multifarious



Whilst animated skeletons may pose a challenge for fledgling mercenaries, they are but a trivial obstacle to those more seasoned – particularly should they have on hand a holy one of influence. Perhaps this lesson has been taken to blackened heart by our immoral adversaries for in the past lunation hath I been privy to tales of a new form of this soulless automaton. For in seeking to evict a furtive coven of dark congregants didst my ward encounter an unusual form of these beings fit with additional limbs, both arms and legs.

These bespoke skeletons were most outlandish in appearance as if the animator didst but cobble them together. However, this appeared to be no mere grotesque pageant as the bony automatons didst nimbly wield multiple swords with phenomenal rapidity. Others, possessed of several additional legs, didst move fleet afoot. Thus didst they present an unexpected threat to doughty warriors. Of greater concern was that they didst more emphatically resist the divine chastening meant to drive them away. Though my charge and her able companions didst overcome these foul minions, her account provoked worry that a new and seemingly powerful implement now lies within the grasp of our eternal enemies.

Like their standard brethren, Multifarious Skeletons are animated, bipedal skeletal remains under the magical command of some evil being. Their macabre appearance alone is sufficient to frighten those not hardened to such unnatural things. These undead sets of bones can be barren, but more often they are clad in tattered bits of armor and may wield weapons and shields. Often these are rusty, old weapons, but sometimes they are standard items supplied by their master or creator. Scimitars tend to be favorites. What sets Multifarious Skeletons apart is that they have been constructed with an aberrant set of limbs, typically arms, although legs are sometimes used. Up to 6 additional such limbs have been witnessed, although 2 or 4 additional seems to be most typical. This variegated limb modification makes them far more fearsome combatants in the case of arms and more mobile in the case of legs.

Like standard peers, Multifarious Skeletons operate under a simple and fixed instruction set such as "Guard this hallway and attack any who pass." Only simple instructions may qualify their orders (e.g., "...except those bearing the scythe symbol"). They cannot differential between sexes, races or classes nor do they possess any extraordinary Observation skill, although they seem to completely ignore, or are unable to perceive, the non-living.

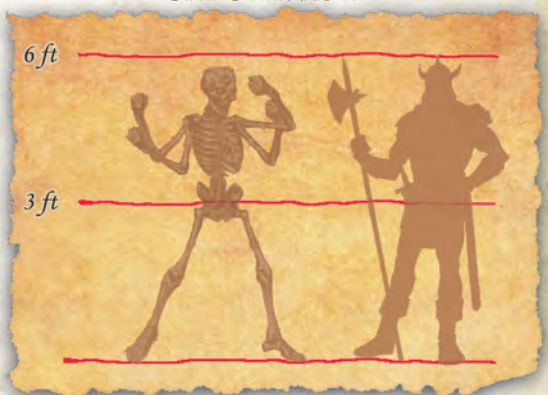
Combat/Tactics:

When attacking, Multifarious Skeletons simply rush the closest available target. Only when this victim is fully engaged will they proceed to harass any others, moving to the next nearest and so on. Like their standard counterparts, Multifarious Skeletons may be equipped as archers. When deployed as such, their tactics are firing at the nearest target regardless of circumstance. As these creatures are incapable of feeling pain or fear, they must be physically destroyed to cease their attacks.

These skeletal constructs can attack with surprising rapidity and bring multiple shields to bear. Do not underestimate the threat they pose nor the difficulty with which they can be compelled to flee.

WILL FACTOR
1+2 per extra limb

Size Comparison



This makes them far deadlier opponents than comparable living beings.

Lacking any physical incarnation beyond bones, a skeletal target is a difficult one to injure with most piercing weapons since such a weapon often simply passes right between the skeletons bones. Crushing weapons, with their larger surface, tend to be much better implements, as a solid hit to the ribcage will dislodge or break bones rather than pass through ineffectually. Hacking weapons provide somewhat mixed results, being larger and more sweeping than puncturing weapons, but not as large and effective as a crushing weapon, like a mace, club or hammer. To reflect these properties, skeletons have a +10 DR bonus when attacked by piercing weapons and a +6 DR bonus when attacked by hacking implements.

Multifarious Skeletons may also have additional defensive capabilities depending on how they are constructed. Additional legs increase movement rate by 2½ feet/s per leg (in all categories) and adding a third (or more) legs allows direction changes without penalty.

Additional limbs allow for significant offensive and defensive improvements as well. Each additional weapon adds another additional attack, reflected in speed changes as follows: 2 weapons = speed 5, 3 weapons = speed 4, 4 weapons = speed 3, 5 weapons = speed 2, 6 weapons = speed 2 *plus an additional +2 to defense*. Size large weapons may also be wielded using any two arms (these receive the standard +3 bonus to damage and may also significantly increase reach and have other ancillary benefits as defined by the weapon itself). Each additional shield adds the defensive bonus of the shield -1 (e.g., a medium shield provides a +6 defense while adding a second medium shield adds a +11 net shield defense and a third provides a net +16 defense).

As automatons with no consciousness beyond their instructions, any spells seeking to influence thoughts, emotions or bodily functions (such as sleep) are completely ineffective.

Note that the tattered bits of armor worn by a typical skeleton accounts for 3 points of the creature's DR rating. Should they not be so armored, their rating should be adjusted accordingly. If deprived of a weapon on a particular appendage, a Multifarious Skeleton may alternatively scratch and claw with its bony digits inflicting d4p+1 damage.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Multifarious Skeletons may be raised from the bones of any humanoid creature. The source material is irrelevant, for the evil enchantment providing the vigor to these bones supersedes any species differentiation. Unlike normal skeletons, the multifarious ones require additional material for creation, depending on the additions so required. For example, a Multifarious Skeleton with 4 arms requires an extra set of arms and shoulder bones beyond the original full skeleton. The bones need not be from the same race and may be mixed and matched. During the ritual and assembly process, evil priests may choose to slightly modify the bones in certain ornamental ways, for example, affixing goat horns to the skull in order to sow increased fear and perhaps fool those unfamiliar into erroneously guessing at a demonic origin.

[1] Speed decreases with multiple weapon use (see text)

[2] Dodge Save increases +2 for each additional leg

Skeleton, Multifarious

Hit Points:	32 + d8/extra limb
Size/Weight:	M/ 30 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+1
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+1[2]



Attack: Shield use (additional shields beyond the first add a Def value of the shield -1, e.g., +5 extra for a second medium shield). Effective DR altered by weapon type (+0 crushing, +6 hacking, +10 piercing); unarmored skeletons have a base DR of 0. Additional legs increase movement by 2½ feet per leg and allows direction change without penalty. Twin shields provide cover value one step better.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-30
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	Thralls
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	93 (3 limb), 117 (4 limb), 140 (5 limb), 158 (6 limb)

Skiver a.k.a. Ceiling Fiend



Old salts will spin a lot of yarns about the Living Caverns near Edros Bay. The caves supposedly "come alive" to drive off the unfaithful, or liars, or witches, or anybody at all—depending on which swabbie happens to be jawing at you. There are tall tales of "cave's teeth" snapping down on unsuspecting victims (whatever their background may be), crushing bone and cutting sinew to feed the hungry maw of the grotto below. In other stories, the caves are simply the mouth of a lazy giant, waiting patiently for beasts and fish to find their way into his ever-rumbling belly. Any educated man could easily see through the fictions and flights of fancy for which drunken sailors are so famed. The "rumbling belly" is most likely no more than churning sea water in the depths of a limestone cave network and as for the "cave's teeth," it isn't as if a stalactite has never been known to fall. Rest assured however, that if it should fall anywhere near an ignorant man, then soon it will be ascribed supernatural significance. The common narrative thread that ties all of this nonsense together, however, is that the Living Caverns are also supposedly filled to the gills with loot. These legends began to spring up just after the hanging of the pirate Moraine. No one ever found Captain Moraine's lost hoard and for an insufferable bombast like him just burying his treasure would never be enough. So of course--of course-- he would start up all of this "Living Cavern" nonsense to keep would be looters at bay. It is therefore my belief, that with a small, properly motivated dig team one could easily march in and uncover the treasure hoard at one's leisure, while those primitives cower behind their ale tankards back in port.

—journal entry found in the hands of an unidentified cadaver skewered to the floor of the Living Caverns

Skivers are amoeba-like beings capable of propelling themselves up walls and fastening themselves to cavern ceilings. They perform this by flattening out their bodies and maximizing their surface area, becoming only inches thin as they do so. Specialized organelles on the creature's exterior permit the Skiver to grip stone surfaces with incredible tenacity.

These creatures develop numerous calcite-encrusted cysts as they dissolve the skeletal structures of their prey. Digestion is very slow, causing the cysts to gradually form subject to the pull of gravity. These growths can be substantial, often weighing 30 pounds. As they are formed in a manner similar to stalactites (i.e. slow deposition of an aqueous carbonate), it is unsurprising that they resemble the latter. However, while a lime-

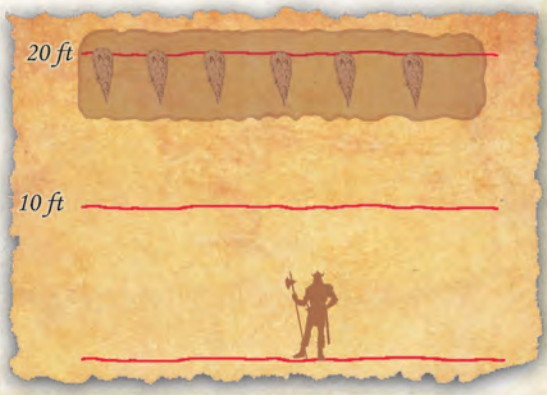
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



stone stalactite may take many scores of years to develop to an appreciable size, a Skiver may secrete several such protrusions in a matter of weeks.

Should these cysts grown to an extreme size (50 pounds), they will involuntarily lacerate from the Skiver's body and plummet to the ground. However, prior to this, the Skiver can opt to slough off the extrusion(s) of its own accord. It will always do so in an attempt to kill prey.

Combat/Tactics:

Given the fact that Skivers are ambush predators incapable of pursuing mobile prey, they will always choose to inhabit well-trafficked areas. In most instances, this entails lurking above sources of potable water or areas in which nutrients can be found.

Skivers possess thermal vision allowing them to sense creatures moving beneath them even in complete darkness. When suitable prey passes beneath its center of mass, a hungry Skiver will purposely sunder its bond with a calcite cyst dropping it on the tasty morsel below.

A dropped cyst is considered a projectile with the target permitted only an unmodified d20p for defense if moving (or a d12p if stationary).

The chance of striking an opponent as well as the severity of damage inflicted by a stalactite cyst is a function of elevation. Note that due to their conical shape, such objects present a far greater hazard than stones of equal weight dropped from a similar height, as they tend to penetrate rather than bludgeon.

Should the target fail to become immobilized, a Skiver will usually drop a follow-on projectile to finish off wounded prey. Ten seconds of preparation time is required between unlading of subsequent stalactites.

A typical Skiver can cover around 400 square feet or so of ceiling space and may have from 2 to 8 cysts large enough to employ as missiles. These are usually dispersed throughout the creature's underside and thus provide a substantial danger zone on the floor below. Creatures scurrying away from a near miss by a stalactite may well be in range of another.

Countering a Skiver

A Skiver presents a location-based hazard best countered by avoiding said area. Given its relatively large size (roughly covering a 20' x 20' area), it may be difficult to ascertain the exact extent of the "danger zone" beneath the creature. Compounding this challenge is the fact that its coloration and texture provide excellent camouflage (a difficult Scrutiny skill check is required to distinguish the Skiver from adjacent rock).

Skiver "lairs" (i.e. suitable areas they have chosen to nest over) will have broken rock shards scattered over the floor, these being the remnants of dropped cysts. Such rubble is quite common in the NetherDeep and generally unremarkable. However, these broken cysts are unnatural and may be identified as such with a [easy] Geology skill check. The presence of this scree should serve as a warning that Skiver are or were present.

Vertical Distance	Attack Penalty	Damage
5' - 10'	-4	d12p*-4
11' - 20'	-6	d12p*-1
21' - 30'	-8	2d12p*-2
31' – 40'	-10	2d12p*+4
41' – 50'	-12	3d12p*+3
51' – 60'	-14	4d12p*+2
60+'	-16	6d12p*

** damage dice penetrate on 11-12 reflecting the disproportionate chance of a severe head wound*



If discovered, a Skiver has scant overt defensive capabilities. However, given its dispersal of body mass, missile fire will only inflict a 1 hp wound per successful shot as such attacks are simply incapable of inflicting substantive harm. Were an opponent to fly or climb up to the Skiver's roost, they would be able to carve the creature up at their leisure — assuming they approached from an orthogonal vector to avoid further rocky droppings.

Habitat/Society:

Skivers have carved out an ecological niche for themselves as ambush predators within the endless leagues of subterranean caves and tunnels that comprise the Netherdeep. One should always be careful near pools of fresh water or rarified patches of edible fungi as such desirable spots beckon these creatures.

Should a Skiver kill or cripple a creature via aerial bombardment, it will slowly flow down the wall to envelop its prey. This may take a couple of hours as the Skiver moves at a glacial pace when ascending or descending vertical surfaces.

Skivers are attuned to the traffic patterns of the cave systems in which they dwell and will respond by moving when prey becomes wary of their presence. Often this will merely be to an access corridor leading to the spot now being avoided as moving is a slow and laborious process. However, given time and the impetus of starvation, the creature may relocate to a wholly different cavern.

Ecology:

Skivers are asexual organisms that reproduce by budding. When of sufficient size, a Skiver will begin to develop several buds along its perimeter. When sufficiently large to be self-sustaining, it drops these offspring to fend for themselves. The most successful breeders will deposit their buds into moving water that can disperse these hatchling far and wide establishing new colonies in downstream caves.

On Tellene:

Some of the most prominent limestone cave systems in which Skivers are likely to be encountered are located along the coast of Edros Bay, on the northern shores of the Straights of Svimohzia near Miclenon and in the Grottos underlying the Ubikokeli Highlands.

Skiver

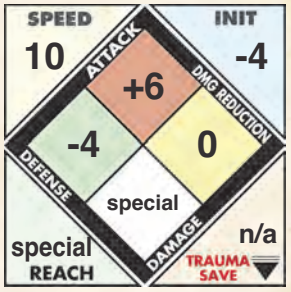
Hit Points:	2d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/ 600 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	½
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Sprint:	—

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	-4



Attack: Skivers "attack"'prey by dropping stalactite-like cysts on them. Attack bonus and damage inflicted are dependent on height.

Special: Missile [and melee Piercing] attacks inflict only a 1 hp wound

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always active
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Thermal vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Area with substantive foot traffic
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Subterranean

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Nil
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	330

Slavering Gorger

Now I've made a number of good friends with the Deju living up in the northern fringes of P'Bapar. Mostly good folks a bit down on their luck. Something I can empathize with. Been there myself. So when one of my buddies approaches me with tales of gigantic savages raiding his home tribe way out north of Ek'Gakel, color me interested. After some careful inquiry, turns out "gigantic" is just exaggeration and "large" is what he means. But these ain't no Gnoles or Bugbears from what I reckon though I couldn't say for sure, this bein' third hand and all.

Now comes the expected big ask. Could I lend my considerable expertise to help his family? He didn't have any hard coin to offer and my subsequent grimace almost shut him down right there. But hell, he'd helped me out in the past and I WAS curious, so we set out for the northern grasslands in a few days.

Once we got to the encampment, I set about questioning, as info's just about as valuable as silver. These raiders were mostly big, hairless and tough as nails. Didn't ever bat an eye when run through. And they were spitters. Seemed odd to bring up but OK.

So next morning a handful of their young bucks and I set out hunting these, er, "slobbering gobblers" as best as I could translate. My Deju's adequate but I still get tripped up. Sure 'nuff these guys weren't too far away as I suspect they'd found easy pickings and were gonna gnaw down to the bone before leavin'.

As we approached to confront them, I could tell I was facing somethin' new here. Though lookin' something like a mix of Gnole and Bugbear, they were mostly bare skinned and pretty muscular. Though wielding a bunch of lousy Orc scimitars, I didn't want to underestimate them. A pair of them fixated on me and approached. I readied for a first blow with my two-handed sword but when they got almost close enough both spat at me. Was this their way of taunting me? One had hit me square in the face and that enraged me. I hit him back with a colossal blow that even a Giant would dread and the guy just shrugged it off! Now he sure as hell was bleeding something fierce but it didn't deter him in the least.

So we get to trading blows and I manage to drop one of 'em after several strong hits proving they're mortal and all but I'm getting more and more groggy. By the time I lay out the second one, I can barely keep my eyes open though I wasn't feelin' any pain at all. Don't know what happened next because then everything went black.

Later on the braves filled me in. That loogie poisoned me, I guess, and they had to drag me away on horseback.



Slavering Gorgers almost seem immune to fear or intimidation. As such they rarely shy from a fight – despite the odds.

These bestial, savage humanoids roam the plains of the world, constantly on the prowl as they move from place to place with the changing seasons. Slavering Gorgers are dangerous, primitive humanoids that superficially resemble a depilated Bugbear with an admixture of canid features. However, they are larger and more aggressive. They lack Bugbear-kind's stealth and cunning, instead substituting brute force and unquestionable determination to achieve their limited goals.

A Slavering Gorger stands just under 8 feet and weighs almost 500 pounds. Its long, clawed hands and feet appear oversized for its body. Its face is bestial, with an extended jaw and a black, hairy mane that extends from forehead down to the middle of its back. Females do not grow a mane, but a small "topknot" of hair instead. Both males and females have thick, broad shoulders, with unusually hard and dense skin. These hides vary in color from a deep yellowish-brown to black, and their eyes are yellowish with brown pupils.

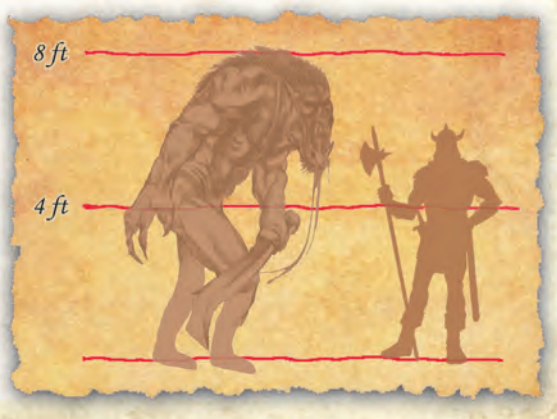
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



The Slavering Gorger gets its disparaging human name from the fact that the creature produces large amounts of thick saliva that constantly drips from its fanged mouth. Unknown to those unfamiliar with this creature, this saliva may be employed to paralyze prey.

Combat/Tactics:

Slavering Gorgers are too primitive to craft their own metal weaponry, but recognize the utility of such implements and can employ any melee weapon scavenged from a slain foe. In many instances they will utilize scimitars recovered from butchered Orcs. These frequently encountered villains are quick to attack any creature they outnumber but just as quick to flee from underrated enemies they cannot readily overcome, leaving dead or incapacitated fellows to their fate. Less frequently they bear weapons common to their regional human adversaries, as these opponents are far less apt to leave a fallen comrade behind and will endeavor, via harassment, to interdict any on-site butchery. If a Slavering Gorger has not had the good fortune to procure a better weapon, it will be armed with a club.

A Slavering Gorger has an ingrained (and biologically enhanced) sense of invulnerability and readily engages as many creatures as would be foolhardy enough to challenge it.

Though stalwart combatants, Gorgers do not rely solely on their brute strength to subdue prey. Their frothy and seemingly excessive salivation, for which aspect humankind pejoratively names them, is perhaps their greatest tactical asset. They are capable of spitting this saliva an impressive distance and woe to the individual so slathered. Whilst it may appear to the layman to be little more than a ribald insult, the mucous contains a powerful anesthetic that will induce paralysis in the voluntary musculature of an individual or creature succumbing to its effects.

It is most effective when contacting a target individual's mucous membranes (i.e. eyes, nose and mouth) but easily repelled by thick fur or clothing. As such, Slavering Gorgers will invariably choose to make a ranged called shot targeting an opponent's face. Though this imposes a -8 Attack penalty, a successful hit will necessitate a save vs. virulence factor 13 poison (whereas contact with ordinary skin will only induce numbness if quickly brushed off). Those failing this save will gradually lose motor control effectively sustaining a cumulative -1 penalty to Attack, Defense and Damage every 5 seconds (*though also gaining a +1 cumulative bonus to Trauma saves…*) Once -10 is reached, the individual collapses and cannot be roused for 30 minutes.

Though Slaverers can project a sizeable volume of saliva an impressive distance, this is in comparison to other creatures' expectoration. Gauged against contemporary ranged weapons, its effective range is modest as detailed in the chart below:

Distance (ft)	Attack Die
1 - 5	d20p (-8 *called shot*)
6 - 10	d20p-6 (-8 *called shot*)

Slavering Gorgers are veteran warriors and will always seek to first neutralize what they consider to be their most dangerous opponent. Obviously this is based on their perspective

Slavering Gorger

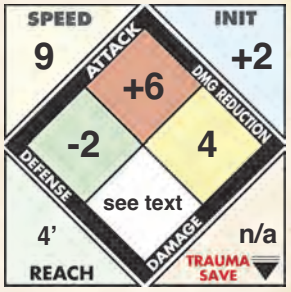
Hit Points:	4d8+30
Size/Weight:	L/ 475 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Gorgers employ standard weaponry (stats depict the frequent use of an orcish scimitar). Speed, damage (+4) and reach (+1' due to size) altered with variant weaponry. Initiates combat by spitting a paralytic poison at most formidable enemy's face (subject to +8 Defense bonus). See text for details. May spit again every 30 seconds.

Defenses: Immune to Trauma

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	Solitary, gang (2-4), pack (5-17) or tribe (18-36)
% Chance in Lair:	20%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Tribal
Climate/Terrain:	Sub-arctic to Tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Saliva can be used as topical anesthetic
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	None
Treasure:	Shiny objects denoting status
Edible:	Yes
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	270

and in most instances is a judgment call predicated on an adversary's boldness and the size of their weapon. They do not generally recognize the significant threat spellcasters can present – such encounters being highly unusual – and will usually ignore such individuals that keep their distance until armed combatants are eliminated.

Gorgers are experienced at observing the effects of their numbing saliva and can sense within 10 seconds if it is having the desired effect as their opponent's movements become sluggish.

If so, and if not double-teamed, it will simply continue to batter its adversary taking full advantage of its declining capability to resist. However, if ineffective or if set upon by multiple foes, it accumulates its spittle to expectorate again after 30 seconds have elapsed.

Slavering Gorgers that score a near perfect defense will use their powerful taloned hands to inflict disproportionate injuries (2d4p+4 hp). It also bears noting that these creatures are seemingly immune to physical pain thus bolstering their aggressiveness, morale and negating the need to ever perform a Trauma check.

It is hypothesized that the same organ secretions that permeate their saliva produce a localized anesthetic effect when the Gorger is subject to trauma.

Habitat/Society:

To see Slavering Gorgers interacting with one another, one would be deceived as to their violent nature. Unknown males, when encountering one another, merely sniff around, measuring one another.

Unless food or potential mates are scarce, the two rarely engage in any kind of violent exchange. After reaching a satisfactory understanding of one another, the two males peacefully share or both depart the area.

Mated pairs join for life. Their relationship is composed of near-constant contact, scratching, rubbing and removing any small parasites that latch onto their backs.

This relationship affects their composure in combat as well, as the two creatures do not like to put too much distance between one another.

The two willingly suffer a disadvantage if it means remaining within a comfortable distance. This relationship is not offered to offspring. In fact, neither parent invests any time with offspring once they are born.

The tribe raises the child communally with child-rearing duties foisted upon low status individuals such as the elderly, the infirm and pre-pubescent females.

Slavering Gorgers, when in a mated pair, do not share food. A corpse must be split entirely in two before either creature feeds.

Often, each Gorger takes an extremity of its fallen prey and the two pull, quartering the corpse until it comes apart at the weaker joints. If this is not possible, the creatures use their teeth and claws to dissect their meal. Once the fallen beast is broken in half, the two can feed.

The same pheromonal governor that deters fratricidal killing is reactive to all members of the Goblinoid clade (including Goblins, Hobgoblins, Bugbear and even Sil-karg).

Slavering Gorgers will not initiate violence with these creatures preferring a mutually respectful détente. In no case will a gorger ally itself with anyone save its own closest blood relatives, as they are fiercely independent and accustomed to a self-sufficient nomadic lifestyle. If somehow captured, even prolonged torture will never break their spirit or compel obedience as they are essentially immune to the latter.

Slavering Gorgers speak a guttural form of the Goblin language.

Ecology:

Slavering Gorgers are carnivores largely devoid of traditional hunting skills such as stealth, camouflage or the proclivity to employ ranged weapons. Given these deficiencies, they tend towards kleptoparasitism in which they confront, intimidate and chase away lesser predators to steal their kills. Should these predators resist, Gorgers will gladly kill coyotes, wolves, hyenas and even singular bears and eat them instead.

Another tactic is to target prey itself devoid of traditional herbivore defenses such as speed.

Sentient beings, most notably settled agriculturalists with static assets, who are loath to simply leave when threatened, are high on their list of vulnerable prey. Humans and halflings (the former due to prevalence and the latter due to sheer succulence) are most frequently targeted. Packs of Gorgers may permanently ensconce themselves on the periphery of such communities butchering small groups of travelers, individual families or anyone else unfortunate enough to encounter these creatures.

Such parasitic predation is a matter of chance and convenience. Gorgers driven off by a vigorous and sustained defensive effort will usually opt to wander off in search of easier prey rather than continue a Pyrrhic stalemate.

These creatures have no express loyalty to other humanoid races and often predate upon Orcish or Gnole tribes too riven by in-fighting to effectively contest their presence. It bears noting, however, that they will avoid eating Goblinoid flesh. Whether this is a cultural taboo or too closely approaches cannibalism for this Goblinoid race's comfort is unknown.

Slavering Gorgers live for 40 years, reaching maturity at the age of eight. However, young Gorgers are quite capable of fending for themselves within a few days of birth. Even a two-year-old Gorger has been known to disembowel a human.

On Tellene:

The Slavering Gorger can be found in several areas of Tellene, as well as being perhaps one of the most dangerous humanoids roaming the Svimohzish plains. The "stagg," as it is known in Fhokki, is infamous in both Torakk and Drohkker, having roamed the plains since the first Fhokki migration. There are few stagg left, however. The Fhokki tribes hunt the creature religiously, sparing none, not even the smallest or youngest.

Certain Dejy tribes of the Young Kingdoms have similar traditions for the creature that they call the "Nahejiny," often using it as a test of manhood. Fortunately, a young Dejy warrior is never expected to fight the monster alone, but when the tribes feel it is time, the young warriors hunt in a band and attempt to bring back as many Nahejiny hides as possible. A Dejy warrior wearing Nahejiny teeth or claws is considered to be a great warrior, someone to be feared and respected.

Slough

a.k.a. Harbor Troll, Canal Bloat



Sloughs are gluttonous creatures who are obsessed with constantly eating. They seem to be constantly on the search for food.

These huge bloated creatures are often confused with Trolls — in fact some scholars are convinced the Slough are closely related to such regenerative creatures, but after much research I am less so inclined. The Slough derives its name from the fact it continually "sloughs off" its outer layer of skin. It is this outer layer of sagging, shedding skin that gives the Slough its amazing ability to shrug off attacks. A type of natural armor, the Slough's skin actually allows blows to pass through dead sloughing flesh, absorbing most of the would-be damage before it hits living tissue.

Sloughs seeking out new sources of food often filter into harbors and waterways that are settled, where they become a menace to fishermen, sailors and pedestrians on shore.

I once knew a Slough-hunter who earned his coin eradicating these vile creatures. He related to me that his first encounter with a Slough was not planned at all. His boat was nearly capsized by one, as he floated off the coast of the Svimhohzish Isle, where he was travelling to study the spotted Lions of Mizohr. Instead, he found himself fighting for his life in the middle of Slough-polluted waters.

Turns out that these creatures are pretty clever. It was able to approach his boat unseen under the cover of mats of native water plants common to the area. No one thought twice about floating seaweed until it was too late.

The Slough began assaulting them from the water. That is when he discovered their unsavory habit of sloughing off their outer layer of fatty tissue, which floats in fetid pools atop the waters. He also noted that several battle-hardened warriors had trouble injuring the creature because, as he wrote in his journal, "weapons sink into their thick, spongy dead flesh without reaching vital tissue."

The creature also grabs its foes making it difficult to mount an effective defense or even escape. Atop a small watercraft, this can be immensely dangerous as the Harbor Bloat will intelligently use the environment to its advantage by drowning terrestrial creatures in its grasp. My associate related that they suffered a casualty this way.

A final point to note is that Sloughs work in teams. When they were beating off what they thought was a single, albeit it formidable, adversary, another one popped up on the other side of the boat. They reportedly had their hands full but fortunately when they killed the initial Slough, its ally seemed to immediately disappear. —⊰

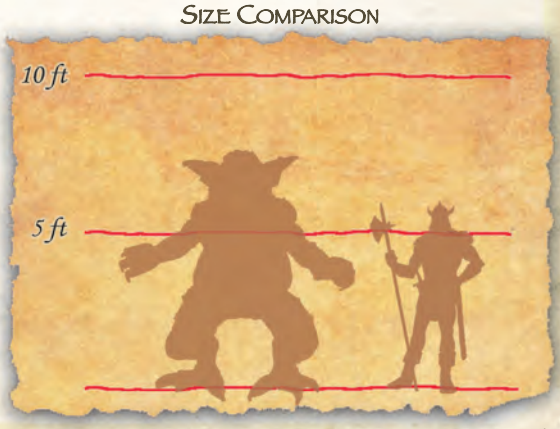
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



Sloughs are bloated-looking creatures with sagging pinkish skin covered in what appears to be boils, pimples and lesions. Reaching heights of 7 to 8 feet, these large creatures are capable of moving about on land but prefer to dwell in shallow waterways along riverbanks, under bridges and among exposed roots along streams. As air breathers, they spend most of their time wading in chest-high water or nearly submerged in shadowy muck. They are, however, capable of submerging for lengthy periods of time (up to 15 minutes is possible).

Even though they shun direct sunlight and find the drying of their skin unpleasant, neither is particularly harmful.

Sloughs garnered their name by the fact that they continually "slough off" their outer layers of skin. Globs of this telltale fatty flesh (known as "bloat") are often found floating in the water near a Slough's lair — a dead giveaway that these dangerous creatures are in the area. The Slough's high damage reduction isn't due to the fact it has a tough hide. On the contrary, the layers of sloughing skin hanging on its frame allow weapons to pass through and sink deep, thus absorbing much of the damage in dead tissue rather than to suffer damage to vital organs.

Combat/Tactics:

Sloughs are highly intelligent and calculating fighters, rarely attacking (or continuing a fight)[1] when they have a clear disadvantage. Despite their bulk, they are quite stealthy hunters that take full advantage of terrain and cover. It is not uncommon for these creatures to create ersatz "ghillie suits" of local vegetation to maximize their ability to remain hidden. Ambush is their primary weapon and they prefer to initiate the attack while unseen.

In game terms, Sloughs possess mastery of 60 in both the Hiding and Sneaking skills. When commencing melee, they may roll an Initiative die one lower than called for.

As combatants, Harbor Trolls employ their massive clawed fists to bludgeon and maim opponents. They may strike every five seconds, and if successful, inflict 3d4p+4 damage. Alternatively, they may choose to viciously grab an individual. Though this attack results in a lessened 2d4p wound, the defender is held fast by the Slough's grip. Breaking free requires a contested Feat of Strength versus d20p+5 with escape attempts permitted every 5 seconds. Held opponents suffer a -4 penalty to Defense.

While grasping a foe, the Slough may substitute a biting attack for the claw now preoccupied with detaining its opponent. Their bite inflicts 3d8p damage and such attacks may be made every 10 seconds. Thus a restrained foe is still subject to attack every 5 seconds – once from the creature's fist and then from its bite.

The creature may choose to grasp a particularly wily foe with both hands. This requires an additional successful grab attack. Once held in both claws, escape requires a Feat of Strength versus d20p+9 and Defense suffers a -6 penalty. Note that the Slough may only bite at a foe so held every 10 seconds as it forgoes attacks with its fist(s) to maintain the hold.

When in a body of water, Sloughs may attempt to drown a held opponent by willfully submerging. In this case, the victim is subject to d3p damage every 10 seconds he remains submerged (maintain this as a separate tally as this damage is restored in 5 minutes should the victim survive). Of course, the Slough will bite and rake its foe to hasten its death.

Canal Bloats possess the ability to withstand massive blows due to their loose adipose tissue. Any wounds they sustain are subject to a Damage Reduction of 10 points as their fatty flesh sloughs off at the point of impact, cushioning the blow. Incidentally, this absorption also mitigates knock-backs by one category. Opponents must score a double knock-back in order to drive the creature back 5 feet.

This sloughing effect is also proof against fire and magically induced injuries. Any damage the Slough might sustain from such attacks is subject to 10 DR. This contravenes normal spell rules with regard to damage reduction (e.g. a volley of *Magic Projectiles* ordinarily inflicting 12 points of damage would only inflict a 2 point wound to the creature. The balance of the damage is "sloughed off" by the expulsion of sacrificial greasy tissue. Similarly, a Slough subject to a *Scorch* spell reduces any damage sustained after a possible saving throw by 10 points and is not obliged to pat itself out as burning clothes – if applicable in the case of a ghillie suit – are carried away with the melting tissue.

This remarkable resiliency is not without limits. Once the creature has negated 36 hit points of damage via sacrificial sloughing of dead tissue, it is tapped and thereafter possesses only 4 DR and is subject to all normal rules vis-à-vis spell damage. Should the wound that crosses this threshold result in "spillover", it is still subject to the Slough's heightened DR (i.e. if a Slough has absorbed 35 hit points and is either hacked or blasted with a spell, that wound is still subject to 10 DR).

Habitat/Society:

Sloughs are solitary creatures by nature — spending much of their time alone, soaking in mud and mire, when available, or the shade of an overhanging bank in the water. However, there may be 1 to 3 related Sloughs in the immediate area. When actively hunting, neighboring sloughs cooperate by herding schools of fish into shallows, ambushing fishermen along the banks or attacking small boats/rafts. A favorite tactic is to wait submerged and allow small watercraft to pass over before rising up and attempting to overturn them.

When a fight breaks out, they come to each other's defense — to a point. If the battle tips against them, or if resistance seems fierce, a slough has no problem leaving an ally to his fate in order to save his own skin.

They are also patient. If the element of surprise is lost they will withdraw, waiting to regain the edge and possibly tracking would-be prey along the banks or waterway for hours. Sloughs possess the Tracking skill at 45% Mastery.

Ecology:

Sloughs are preoccupied with one thing -- eating! When they aren't eating food, they are looking for it. A group of Sloughs can fish out an area in a matter of weeks, at which point they are forced to move on or turn to preying on other sources of food (such as men). Because of the continual sloughing off of skin, their caloric intake requirements are extremely high.

Once gorged, a Slough will lie dormant for several hours—usually submerged up to the chin. When in this repose, Sloughs will employ their Hiding skill to disguise their appearance with seaweed or other aquatic foliage.

Given sufficient food, a Slough will gradually replace any dead fatty tissue lost in a battle. Ordinarily, this can be replaced at a rate of 2 hp per day until its full compliment of 36 hp is reached.

Sloughs are capable of human speech and frequently have gained a limited mastery of the local human tongue.

On Tellene:

Sloughs are highly adaptable and extremely mobile. Any body of water with a good supply of fish or game animals drawn to it for drink is prime Slough territory. As noted, once an area is depleted of such resources, sloughs are forced to move on or seek out other sources of food.

Sloughs have been reported all over Tellene, especially near costal cities and inner waterways.

Migrating sloughs in search of new territory frequently take residence in harbors and long avenues where there is considerable small boat traffic.

While overturning boats and devouring the occupants is common, some Sloughs take a different approach — extorting fish and meat from passing boats and riverbank travelers in return for safe passage.

[1] Slough fat applied to a burn wound improves First Aid skill checks by 20%.

[2] Slough adipose used as the material component in a Slippery Surface spell imposes a -1 on victim's saving throws.

[3] Slough teeth have a pearlescent lustre to them and they are often used to make ivory handles for cutlery and utensils. A handful of such teeth can fetch up to 5 sp.

Slough

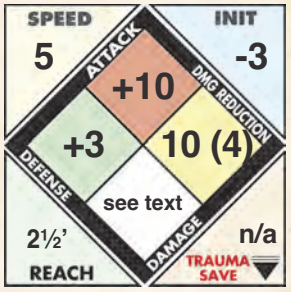
Hit Points:	5d8+33
Size/Weight:	L /750 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+11
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Attacks with massive claw strikes (3d4p+4). May grab and restrain opponents to bite.

Special:
Sloughs shed dead tissue providing superior DR. Can swim at 7½ ft/s

General Info

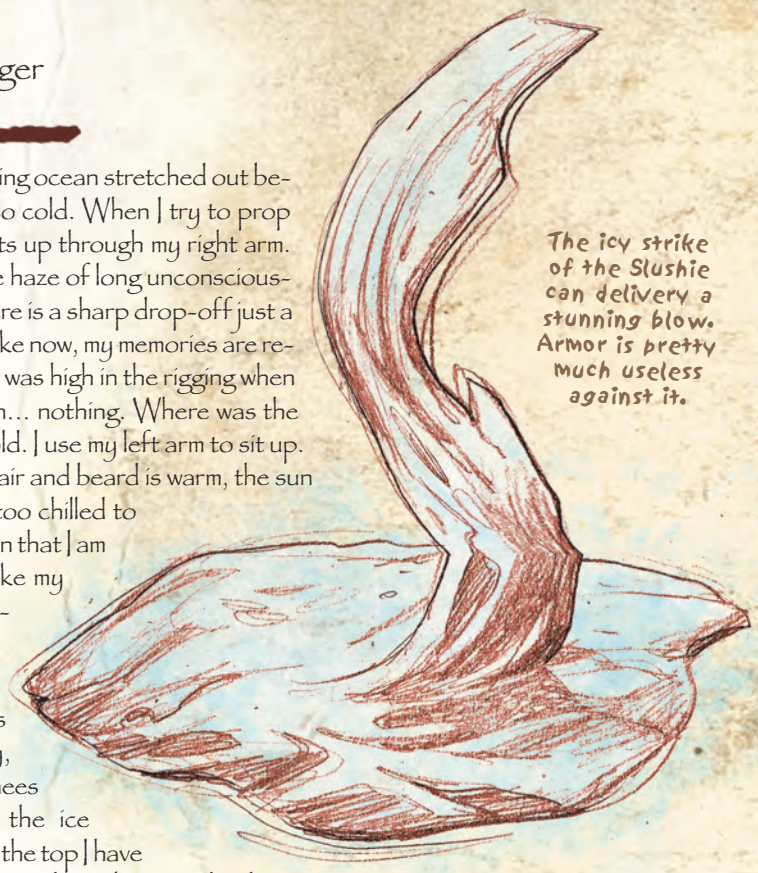
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	23%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Shallow waterways, bodies of water.
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individual, Small groups
Climate/Terrain:	Under/near water

Yield

Medicinal:	Sloughed off skin soothes burns[1]
Spell Components:	Slippery Surface [2]
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	Yes [3]
Edible:	No, flesh is poisonous
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	800

Slushie

aka: Death-cicle, Ice Springer



The icy strike of the Slushie can delivery a stunning blow. Armor is pretty much useless against it.

I slowly open my eyes. I am lying in a pool of ice cold water, the rolling ocean stretched out before me, blue and indifferent. My whole body aches and I am so cold. When I try to prop myself up into a sitting position, I fall back immediately. Pain shoots up through my right arm. Broken. Where am I? My eyes dart around, vision blurred by the haze of long unconsciousness. I am on some kind of icy ledge, floating in the sea. How? There is a sharp drop-off just a few feet in front of me. "An ice island?" I think to myself. More awake now, my memories are returning. Our ship hit something in the night-- something gigantic. I was high in the rigging when it happened. I remember flying through the air like a doll and then... nothing. Where was the ship now? No. First things first. Where am I? God this water is cold. I use my left arm to sit up. The pool of water may be cold, but the air whipping through my hair and beard is warm, the sun horribly bright. I awkwardly flop out of the pool, my legs are still too chilled to move. The warm air is helping, drying me out. I realize all of a sudden that I am thirsty and bend down to the pool I had just been lying in to slake my thirst. The water is briny, barely potable, but I gulp it down, mouthful after mouthful. I can't hold it. I vomit the brine up with hideous, convulsive retching. I need real water. I can't stay here.

I wriggle on my belly to the ledge and peer over. A precipitous drop to the churning sea below. Certain death. The other way, then-- up a low rise. With extreme effort, I crawl on hands and knees away from the ledge, up the gentle slope to the peak of the ice island. I may as well be scaling the Ka'Asa mountains. When I reach the top I have to lay down again, that crawl took a lot out of me. But, yes! The ship is down there, wedged against the ice island. The hold was full of supplies. I have to get to them. With the last of my strength, I half slide, half crawl down to the ship below, tumbling inelegantly onto the deck. More pain. I feel like I'm dying. The hold isn't too much farther away and I make it in with without incident. There's sea water in the hold, most of the spices we were carrying are probably ruined, but I don't care. I find a water barrel and drink slowly, knowing I may need to conserve what's left. After I satisfy my thirst, I begin to eat from the food stores, tearing into the salted pork. "There's enough here to last a single person for nearly a year." A single person... where are my crewmates?

I don't have time to wonder for long before something bashes me in the side of the head. I reel from the impact, my eyes blur and I can feel a numbing cold spread immediately through my body. Crawling backwards into another corner of the room, I spy the thing on the ceiling. Flattened against the ceiling of the hold is a huge blob of ice and what looks to be gel of some sort. It's still retracting the club-like limb that struck me when I notice the body parts floating freely in its clear interior. I let out a cry of anguish for my lost friends, but the creature pays no notice. It's beginning to crawl closer to me when I feel the ship shift under my feet. I realize the waterlogged craft must be coming unstuck from the ice. I scramble past the blob, narrowly avoiding another blow and collapse onto the ice island just as the ship lurches into the water below, taking the horror with it. The weeks I spent on that island, drinking seagull blood and living off rainwater are not times I care to remember, but I'd gladly relive them if I could forget the faces of my friends floating half-digested in the belly of that beast.

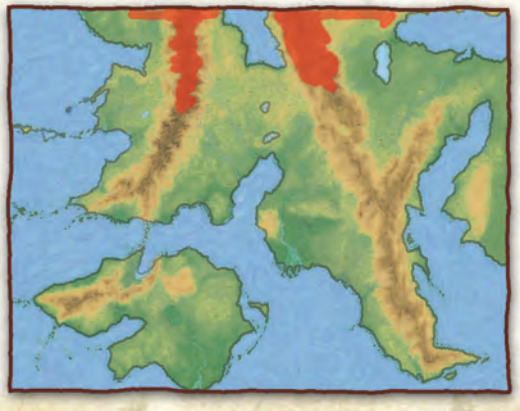
--The spice monger Ervin Malta, in an interview with Greytar the Gentle

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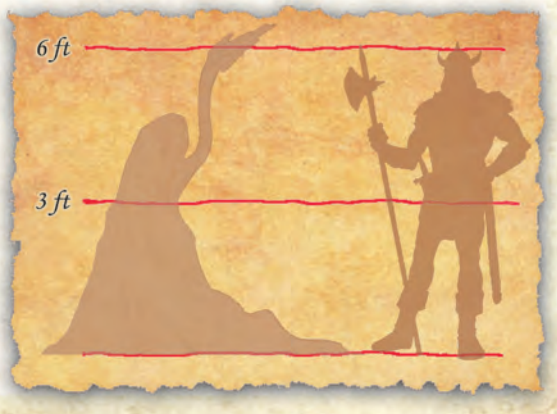
Sign/Tracks

The Ice Springer can detect potential prey up to thirty feet away through movement vibrations and up to a hundred feet away by the detection of body heat.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Slushies are an amoeboid creature adapted to the cold. Their unusual metabolism is endothermic making their endoplasm far colder than ambient air temperature. Contact with their membrane can cause frostburn.

Slushies, in their natural state, appear almost entirely transparent, but have a distinct egg white tinge to their outer membrane. However, a Slushy will precipitate water vapor as ice crystals on its surface providing excellent camouflage in its native environment.

They are able to move (flow) with surprising rapidity and may effortlessly cross even the slickest surface by creating traction via freezing to the surface with its bow and "sweating" cytoplasm to release its stern.

The Slushie's endoplasm is primarily a supercooled alcohol rich slurry. Most Slushies appear roughly circular in shape, flattened to whatever surface they crawl across, approximately 5 to 7 feet wide and weighing nearly 450 pounds. Much larger specimens have been reported and it is widely believed that the only factor limiting a Slushie's size is its nutrient intake.

Combat/Tactics:

Sluggish in comparison to most ambulatory prey, Slushies are ambush predators who hide in plain sight amidst the ice and snow of their natural environment. When concealed amongst ice or snow, Slushies have an effective Hide skill mastery of 90%. They can detect any vibrations within 30ft, but are especially sensitive to the body heat given off by living beings and are able to detect it within 100 ft. If a Slushie is able to successfully ambush its prey (i.e. a creature unaware of its presence approaches within 2 feet), the Slushie rolls a d4 for initiative while the ambushed target rolls a d12.

When a Slushie is within striking range of its prey, it lashes out with a pseudopod, inflicting both crushing damage from the force of the blow as well as cold damage. As mentioned, the body of the Slushie is supercooled and each successful attack results in 2d4p of cold damage, bypassing DR. These icy strikes also increase the target's attack speed by 1 with every successful hit as the Slushie's quarry slowly succumbs to the numbing cold. [On a shield hit, the Slushie must first overcome its target's DR before it can do cold damage or further slow the target's attack speed.]

Those wearing winter, arctic, or polar clothing (see GameMaster's Guide, p. 75) may reduce the Slushie's cold damage accordingly, and avoid the slowing effect if net cold damage is ≤0.

A Slushie's slowing effect lingers for some time.

Slushie

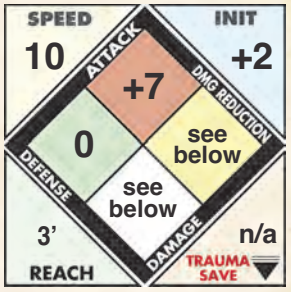
Hit Points:	3d8+25
Size/Weight:	M/ 400 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	5
Run:	5
Sprint:	5

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	+1



Attack: Blows from pseudopod inflict 2d6p crushing damage plus 2d4p cold damage and increase enemy attack speed by 1

Special:
DR varies (9 vs. crushing and piercing, 6 vs. hacking weapons); immune to cold; fire damage rolled as next larger die type

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1-3
% Chance in Lair:	n/a
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	n/a
Awareness/Senses:	Can detect vibrations/heat within 30 ft
Habitat:	Ice fields, glaciers, and similar locations
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals
Climate/Terrain:	Arctic to Sub-Arctic

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Internal viscera is a sought-after liquor
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	250

Creatures suffering from this effect can recover their normal attack speed at the rate of 1 point every 5 minutes – provided they are able to warm themselves up. This can be accomplished by wearing appropriate cold weather gear (and performing calisthenics), sitting in front of a fire, or sipping a warm beverage. If such remediation is unavailable, the speed penalty persists indefinitely.

Unsurprisingly, Slushies are immune to cold and cold-related damage, but are more vulnerable to fire-based effects. All fire damage rolled against a Slushie uses the next higher die type (i.e., d3p becomes d4p, etc.).

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

Slushies inhabit only the coldest environments such as tundra, taiga, ice caverns, glacial expanses, and occasionally, icebergs. They are solitary organisms, able to live in such harsh conditions because their alcohol steeped endoplasm resists freezing.

The alcohol that infuses a Slushie's body is formed from the waste of millions of microorganisms that float freely throughout the creature's insides. Regulation of this level (alcohol by volume) is a vital life function as it permits the creature to adapt to local conditions – increasing or decreasing proof to avoid solidifying. When these symbiotic fungi go into stasis, they become ice nucleators forming golf ball sized ice pellets within the Slushie. These pellets are propelled by a series of autonomic functions towards the creature's pseudopods, enhancing the impact force these pods can deliver.

When a Slushie kills a victim, or encounters carrion, it surrounds the meal forming a permeable food vacuole that becomes suspended within its endoplasm. Lacking any discrete organs, the Slushie is entirely dependent on the microorganism colony to digest its food for it.

Because they inhabit such remote areas, Slushies are completely undiscerning as diners, taking whatever prey is unlucky enough to cross their path. They primarily survive off frozen carrion but also prey on seals, walrus calves, small burrowing mammals, penguins, and ground nesting birds' eggs.

Slushies do not tolerate salt water well, and will die if immersed in salt water for more than twelve minutes, when their cell membrane breaks down. Fresh water poses no such problem for Slushies, however, and many Slushies use meltwater as camouflage during short northern summers. Dejy ice fishermen who inhabit the far north take extra caution when setting their lures and bait, lest a pseudopod emerge to drag them down below the ice.

Slushies cannot survive in temperatures much above freezing. When their internal temperature warms, their endothermic metabolism accelerates to such an extent that the cell, in effect, becomes cancerous. It will quickly exhaust all stored energy and essentially starve to death.

Like other ameboids, Slushies are asexual and reproduce through mitosis rather than through egg laying. When a Slushie reaches about five feet in width, it will begin to section off a small area of its body, growing a new wall of cell membrane to separate a cantaloupe-sized globule for mitosis. It also moves food particulate matter to the area, causing it to flood with microorganisms. When the segment is sufficiently full of the tiny creatures, the cell membrane is completed and that section of the Slushie falls off onto the ground as a new organism. It is unknown whether all existing Slushies are merely "clones" of some progenitor Slushie or whether multiple "bloodlines" exist. Once a young Slushie is born in this way, its growth is entirely dependent on nutrient intake. Given abundant resources, a young Slushie may mature in only three months, while a new Slushie in a nutrient-poor area may remain stunted for years.

The alcohol produced inside of a Slushie is remarkably rare and valuable, coveted for both its potency and its clean taste. The most common way to harvest a Slushie is to kill it at a distance before tapping it much like one would a maple tree. Handling a Slushie's frigid interior gel can be a dangerous if the harvester does not first wait for the gel to reach ambient temperature, but the tapping process avoids most of the danger. Once the gel warms sufficiently, it turns into a clear liquor with a strong savory note (from dissolved and digested animal remains).

On Tellene:

Scant few Slushie sightings have been reported in Tellene, suggesting that the Slushie is either exceedingly rare, or merely exceedingly remote. The northern coast of Lake Jorakk is thought to be home to the greatest concentration of Slushies, replicating their most favored environments without the threat of exposure to salt water. Detached ice floes carrying Slushies sometimes float to the Fhokki settlements and trade ports on the southern coastline. Slushies that find their way to human settlements may encounter a veritable treasure trove of food as they feed on fishermen's catches, wharf cats, and the fishermen themselves. In one port city, a Slushie was reportedly found under a wharf, living on the offal thrown daily into the water. Eyewitnesses insist that by the time it was killed, the Slushie had grown to be the size of a dock itself.

Snappers

aka: Drazzul, Hook Draz'un



Now I'm up for a bounty of any sort. Best not to limit your options and develop a reputation as a fussy contractor. That's bad for business. But that said, I hate swamp hunts. Too unpredictable and dangerous. Too many things that can go wrong. Quarry's got every advantage and the environment can swallow you whole.

So it was with great trepidation that I called upon a mysterious individual that had put up a bounty for a "turtle man". Having no idea who or what that was – and confident that I could pad my earning by relating any information I learned to my friend Greytar – I approached Sular's tower in Bet Kalamar.

After being greeted by a manservant and told to wait, I eventually was ushered into a large room wherein sat the presumed Sular. He informed me that he needed this "turtle man" for his research. Any specimen would suffice.

Never one to ask too many questions, I merely inquired as to a physical description. I could sense the disapproval in his tone as to my qualifications but he nevertheless left to retrieve a book wherein was a sketch of the creature dappled in green. As I cannot read, I asked as to the size of the creature and its habits. "It's right there..." he indicated to the text and then stopped with a knowing look and proceeded to read aloud that it resembled a bipedal snapping turtle about four or so feet tall. "They can be found in the Alubelok swamp – not an overly far journey for you."

Glad to leave the judgmental wizard's abode, I booked passage on a cog sailing to Sobeteta from where I would proceed into the swamp. Local inquiries proved useless so I acquired provisions and headed alone into the wetlands.

Though I had many fearful encounters within the swamp, reinforcing my prejudices, I was eventually fortunate to stumble upon a creature somewhat meeting the description I had witnessed in the book. Thinking to take it unawares, I hefted by heavy crossbow and fired at its back from behind. Unfortunately, the heavy quarrel seemed to not affect it in the least and it waddled into a nearby stream to make its escape. Lesson learned.

A few days later I encountered a patrol no doubt put on the hunt by my previous encounter. They were armed with clubs and fielded small shields comprised of what I guessed to be the same thick chitin that had stopped my bolt. As I required only a lone specimen to fulfill my bounty, I decided to ambush them and then retreat upon killing one and return later for the corpse. This did not go well. The creatures alternatively clubbed and snapped at my limbs. When one scored a hit upon my leg, it proceeded to drag me away. Resisting its pull required a great feat of strength for it was far heavier than I anticipated. Upon successfully flaying it open, I beat a hasty retreat as this event could prove dire should one of them immobilize my arm.

Watching from afar, I was shocked to witness the creatures engage in some light cannibalism before dragging their associate away – no doubt for the cookpot. I had had enough and left this bounty open. —†

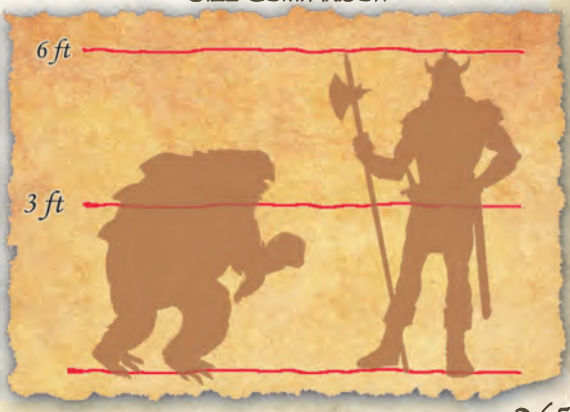
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Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Snappers are bipedal amphibious hominids believed to have somehow originated from the relatively common alligator snapping turtle. Despite standing only four-and-a-half feet tall on average, Snappers are stout, muscular and incredibly dense. Much of this weight is derived from their robust musculature and the weighty shell upon their back. With three dorsal ridges of large, spiked scales running down the length of it, the shell offers both an intimidating appearance and a substantial form of armored protection. The physiology of Snappers varies somewhat, but all feature a large, heavy head with a hooked beak. Their skin color is generally a shade of green, yellow, brown or gray, or some combination of these colors.

Combat/Tactics:

When first entering combat, a Snapper will often emit a low, angry hiss directed at his prey. This is an intimidating and frightening display of hostility. Anyone witnessing this hiss is subjected to a mental saving throw versus fear (vs. d20p+4). Failure indicates they are so unnerved they suffer -1 to all attack and defense rolls for 1d20p seconds as they muster their resolve against such a frightening foe.

Carnivorous by nature, Snappers favor a combination of nets, mancatchers (see *Zealot's Guide Book One*), crushing weapons and their bite while in combat. They alternate between biting and striking with a weapon until they manage to latch-on. Once they successfully bite an opponent they abandon use of the weapon until they are forced to let go.

Successfully biting an opponent will allow the Snapper to automatically latch-on to an arm or leg (determine randomly). Once grabbed, an opponent suffers d4p damage (no DR) every 10 seconds until the bite can be removed. Furthermore, a grabbed defender now suffers -2 penalty to all rolls and cannot use the ensnared limb for any other actions other than spending five seconds attempting to free it of the Snapper's hold (requiring a Feat of Strength vs. d20p+10).

If the leg is grabbed, the victim cannot move more unless a Feat of Strength (vs. d20+5) is made to drag the creature with him, and even then, they are limited to crawling speed. A Snapper which has grabbed an adversary may also be compelled to loosen its grip via a successful knock-back or by inflicting sufficient damage to force a Threshold of Pain check. Once grabbed, a Snapper can drag a foe by making a competing Feat of Strength check (vs. d20 +10) every five seconds.

Snappers favor crudely constructed clubs and spears, and turtle shell shields in combat. Their weapons are crafted from wood, shale, and stone found near lakes and rivers. For game purposes these are considered lithic weapons (see *GameMaster's Guide* pg. 31). If they gain access to man-made weapons they are eager to use them, though they don't possess the requisite skills to craft or maintain such implements. When these items are recovered from Bone Snapper lairs they are often in poor condition. Their turtle shell shields function just like small or medium shields. These shields are constructed from old shells the turtles shed upon reaching adulthood and from dead Snappers.

The back shell of the turtle offers a hearty measure of protection. As such, Snappers often ignore attackers at their rear (rolling only a d8 for defense) knowing that they are unlikely to penetrate their defenses. Any attack that strikes their back must bypass their substantial damage reduction. Arrows shot into the shell from the rear will deflect or imbed, though they will do no real damage. When facing arrow fire, a favored tactic of the Snapper is to submerge itself in water, leaving its shell exposed to absorb the harmless missiles. If they are stuck by enough missile fire they might even play dead in hopes of luring their enemies closer.

Snappers are excellent swimmers and whenever possible they use the water to their advantage. Once they bite an opponent they will attempt to drag them into the water to drown them. If given a choice they will always incapacitate their victims in order to drown them.

Forcible Drowning: Once in a body of water, the Snapper will submerge in an attempt to drown its held victim. Unless its hold is broken, death is inevitable. A Feat of Strength may be attempted every 5 seconds but there is a limited window of opportunity. Per the Suffocation/Drowning rules in the *GameMaster's Guide* (p. 74), this is determined by the victim's Constitution with bonuses available for certain talents. Once this time expires, individuals with less than advanced mastery in swimming risk panicking and forfeiting any further actions. Regardless, all victims still within the Snapper's hold will begin to suffer Constitution and hit point damage once their supply of air is expended.

Should a victim escape, the Snapper will be quick to re-attack. The escapee may be at a significant defensive disadvantage in the water (see Table 2.7: Situational & Environmental Combat Modifiers) in the *GameMaster's Guide*.

Habitat/Society:

Snappers live in small groups called bales. These groups are usually comprised mostly of their own kin

and rarely from other Snappers outside the bloodline. Nests are made on high ground near the water where flooding or increased water levels from weather won't threaten them. Since nests are land-based, they are often targeted by wild animals and humanoid predators who not only enjoy eating Snapper eggs, but also seek to raise the young are vicious guards of their own. A female Snapper might lay up to fifty small eggs, but usually less than half survive to be born, and only half of those make it to adulthood.

Snappers are carnivorous and will attack anything smaller in size without hesitation in hopes of an easy meal. Snappers are also cannibalistic in nature. They will consume their dead kin and even purposefully kill and eat younger Snappers that display a disability or an obvious weakness. This isn't a primary source of food by any means, but in desperate times whole bales have been wiped out by a few hungry adults. Their preference for food is to drown live victims. They will go to great lengths to drag living victims to an open water source to drown them. Once drowned, the victims are left to bloat before they are eaten.

Snappers make their homes in and around lakes, swamps and rivers in any non-artic environment. They favor lairs comprised of muddy and earthen caves, preferably those with an underwater access. Aggressive hunters, they patrol their territory with ferocity and often come into contact with Lizardmen and Cueatyl, both of whom they compete with for food and prime lair locations.

Snappers have been known to trade with other races when it is beneficial to them. Obsidian and stone for weapons, cured hides and leather, and metal are highly prized. In exchange, Snappers often harvest and grow watercress, chervil, water mint, lotus flowers, thyme and other swamp plants for trade.

Ecology:

Their aggressive nature and carnivorous appetites make studying Snappers a dangerous affair, thus not much is known about them. Man-turtles are apex predators in their home environments. They only truly respect their swamp dwelling enemies, the Cueatyl. They don't come into contact with humans and other land-bound races enough to truly fear them.

On Tellene:

The largest known Snapper colony is found in the Du'Kemp swamp, though they can be encountered in any temperate wetland.

Snappers

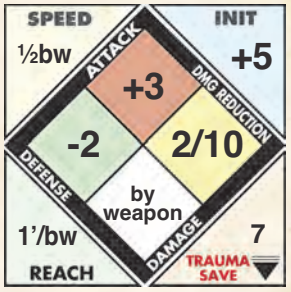
Hit Points:	2d8+26
Size/Weight:	M /350 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	7½
Sprint:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	+2
Dodge:	+1



Attack: Successful bite attack means an arm or leg has been grabbed causing d4p per 10s and -2 to rolls (break with FoS vs. d20p+10 (arm) or d20+5 (leg), a knockback or a Threshold of Pain check.

Special: Hiss causes save vs fear (d20p+4) or suffer -1 to At and Def for 1d20p

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-3, or 3d8p+8 (a bale)
% Chance in Lair:	65%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Freshwater lakes and rivers
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Bales
Climate/Terrain:	Any but artic and sub-artic

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Shells are highly prized
Treasure:	Herbs & spices
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Eggs are valuable for eating and raising hatchlings
Experience Point Value:	54

Snogre

a.k.a. Snowy Ogres



The Ogres of the north are an all-together different breed. Pale in color and possessing unique almond-shaped eyes, they can readily be distinguished from their southern kin.

It is not only in appearance that they differ. Whereas the standard Ogre is a slovenly creature possessing no virtues save enormous strength, the Snogre is a capable hunter and tracker. They seem to have a keener intellect though, in truth, this is damningly faint praise.

I have encountered these creatures but once and then much to my disadvantage. Stumble as we did upon these creatures butchering the carcass of a white-furred bear, we thought them to be of little consequence and gave them a wide berth as they were at best incidental to our mission. Had we but dealt with them immediately, we surely would not have endured the attack they made upon us days later whilst we encamped leagues distant. The creatures had tracked us for days over the frozen tundra cleverly avoiding being sighted. I had never imagined that Ogres could be so tenacious S.

Snowy Ogres (or, colloquially, Snogres) are a subspecies of these massive brutes that is adapted to arctic conditions. Though of similar size, their limbs are shorter and thicker. They also retain far more body fat on their large frames. Snogres tend towards albinism though body hair may also be pale yellow or even red. While they retain the prominent brows ridges of their southerly kin, all can be readily distinguished by the epicanthic folds on their eyes. The Snowy Ogre is also extremely hairy, sporting long knotted beards and coarse fur on all but their palms and feet.

Combat/Tactics:

Snogres are more formidable than regular Ogres for a variety of reasons. While equally strong, Snogres employ large bearded axes in their hunting (rather than clubs) as they are better suited for chopping up carcasses. Snogres are also better able to withstand punishing blows as the thick pelts they wear, coupled with their blubberous hides, permits them greater resiliency.

The harsh climate in which Snogres dwell has winnowed out the lazy and stupid from the gene pool, refining the species into a far better breed of hunters. All possess track-

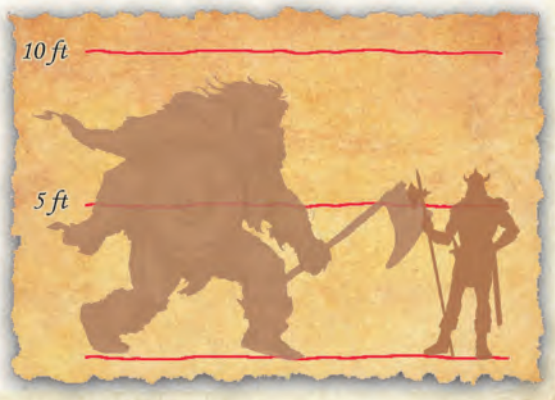
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



ing and survival skills of at least average mastery. Snowy Ogres are extremely resistant to cold and can withstand the harshest climates. If subjected to supernatural cold, they may absorb up to 12 hp of damage in any 10-second interval before feeling the effects.

When hunting, Snogres prefer to wait in ambush with individuals positioned on both flanks of their prey. They attack as a group attempting to put maximum force on their quarry. These tactics are often effective in allowing them to take down very large prey for even a mammoth cannot readily withstand several Snogres hacking it from all sides. Should they fail to kill their prey, or if it manages to escape their ambush, Snogres are tireless trackers that will pursue a foe for days.

Snogres are fond of using shields, as they value the added protection they provide. These are often covered in the white furred pelt of a creature they've killed both for ornamentation as well as camouflage.

Habitat/Society:

In most respects, Snogres retain the societal characteristic of standard Ogres. They are no less vicious brutes and killers. However, given that they often live in scarcely populated regions, Snogres do not have the luxury of sloth. They cannot depend for their survival on pillaging human villages nor do they have ready access to fawning humanoid lackeys from which sustenance can be extracted. As such, Snogres are far more industrious than the norm and are skilled hunters that utilize a modicum of intelligence.

Snogre bands are self-sufficient nomads that wander the tundra following the migrations of the animals they hunt. They waste little of their kills, utilizing the pelts for clothing or sewing them together to be stretched over mammoth bones as shelter. Nothing goes to waste.

Snogres are typically found in small bands of no more than a dozen individuals. They eke out an existence hunting large mammals such as bears and mammoths. If Hoar Frost Giants are found nearby, it is likely that the Snogres have been co-opted as thralls of the giants. In this role, they make excellent lackeys and may serve as guides and advanced scouts when the Frost Giants make war.

They may at times make their way south and interact with standard Ogres. The latter regard them as freakish curiosities but are often impressed with their battle prowess. While they can interbreed, offspring favor the standard Ogre and any uniqueness is rapidly dissipated as the Snogres are assimilated.

On Tellene:

Snogres dwell in the frigid Krond Heights, Deshada Mountains and Jorakk Mountains. During winter they may raid Torakk and Northern Cosdol.

Snogre

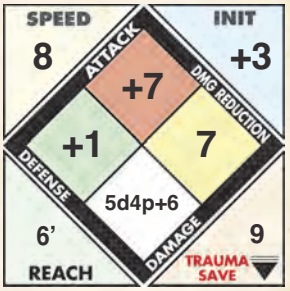
Hit Points:	5d8+34
Size/Weight:	H /600+ lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-3/-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Snogres attack with large bearded axes inflicting 5d4p+6 damage when they connect. These weapons are amazing shield splitters causing 3d4p+6 damage when striking. Snogres almost always employ shields boosting their Defense to +7.

Special: Snogres are resistant to cold having a DR12 versus any such attacks.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	3-12
% Chance in Lair:	35%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Typical tracking mastery is 25+d20p and observation is 25+d12p
Habitat:	Caves or crude dwelling made from mammoth bones and hide or packed ice
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Band
Climate/Terrain:	Arctic

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Snogres do not generally have many coins but can possess valuable furs and ivory
Edible:	Yes but foul-tasting and very, very fatty
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	435

Snow Orc a.k.a. White Orc, Jorakk Orc



Expert hunters and trackers, the White Orc are also effective fighters.

They have an uncanny ability to sustain damage, ignore the pain and continue to press the attack.

I consider humanoids worthy adversaries and enjoy learning about their habits, tactics and especially about their less common kin. I do so in the noble pursuit of the glorious goal of flaying their hides and taking their treasure.

Now I know there are all kinds of Orcs besides the standard ones you encounter all too frequently. By my count there are also gray, white, brown, black and simian. My story here concerns the White Orcs.

These are reportedly the rarest of their kind. I had to make a lengthy journey to the lands of Jorakk in the great white north in order to face them down mano a mano, as it were. Now I've heard that they sometimes live way up high in the snow-covered mountains but trekking around glaciers seemed a whole lot less appealing than visiting the north, so off I went.

True enough, White Orcs were not an uncommon foe in Jorakk – in fact the standard Orc was far less prevalent. I was told that "Snow Orcs" or "Snorks" as the locals called them were far larger than the scrawny southern specimens. Assessing the beefy warriors relating these tales, I had the feeling that everything was bigger and badder here and the Orcs were merely keeping pace.

I made my way up to Norr Bharr in Torakk in order to hire a local guide to direct me to the nearest Orcs. Surprisingly, I was not met with the dumbfound derision such an inquiry would have met in someplace more civilized. Rather, I was told that it was too warm and that the Snorks were up in their mountain hideaways. If I wanted to wait for several months, he'd have no problem leading such an excursion.

Now, "too warm" was the last thing I expected because it was plenty chilly already, but to each his own. Not having the patience to wait, I offered a handful of silver for information regarding someone who could help and he obliged by guiding me to a local tribe he knew with a reputation as Orc hunters.

I met with the chief and he heartily clapped me on the back upon learning of my quest. "I thought the southern man was soft but perhaps I am mistaken. Sure, this we can do."

With a couple of intrepid pathfinders as hired help, I made my way to a glacier abutting Lake Jorakk they said had held Snorks in the past. Approaching the lair, we were ambushed by several archers clad in white clothing that blocked the trail. I don't know if they intended to drive us back, but the Rav flees from no Orc so I charged uphill. I guess they didn't expect this so I caught up with them and hacked one down before they fled. Examining the corpse I saw it was clad in padded armor and was a girl Orc!

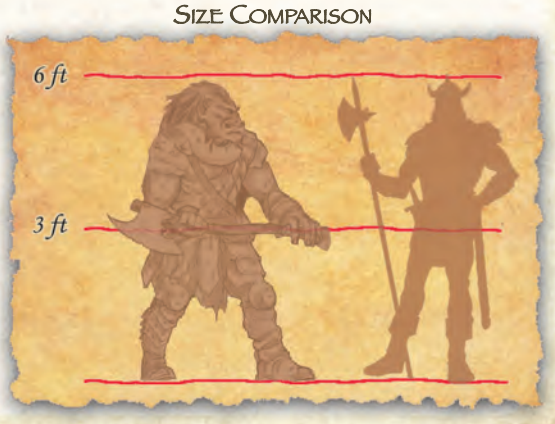
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



Checking for loot, all I gathered was some flint arrows and an obsidian knife.

Traveling further down the trail we were confronted by a handful of warriors armed with axes and spears. They meant business and advanced on us menacingly. Naturally I advanced.

In so doing I suffered a hail of tomahawks that did little harm. However, the same can't be said for the stone battle axes they used two-handed. They hurt! In battling these Orcs I could see that the rumors were true. They were somewhat bigger and somewhat tougher. But they were also much poorer with hardly two coins to rub together and not a metal weapon anywhere. My curiosity sated, I left the north poorer for my experience. 3

White Orcs, also known as Snow Orcs or Snorks, are a tribal variant of standard Orcs native to arctic terrains. These Orcs are particularly hardy and tough, acclimated to the brutal conditions found in these extreme climatic regions. In many ways, these orcs are barbaric humanoid analogues of the formidable Fhokki humans dwelling in the Lake Jorakk periphery.

Those familiar with Orkin physiognomy will note that this subspecies, while of similar height, is broader in both the chest and abdomen yielding a stocky, perhaps blubberous, build. Their limbs are shorter but also thick and pudgy. Most striking is that they are very fair skinned, ranging from light pink to near albinos, with thick, snow-white hair obscuring their porcine features. Also unlike standard Orcs, they have prominent epicanthic folds over their eyes and a pronounced brow ridge.

Snow Orcs are not technologically sophisticated, lacking the ability to smelt metals. They are, however, skilled at working with wood and stone producing lithic analogues of battle and throwing axes, spears, javelins and short bow arrows. They certainly recognize the greater functional utility of metal armaments and will meticulously gather said from slain adversaries should the opportunity present itself. Body armor is less robust than the Orkin norm but this is not just from an inability to fabricate the metallic components of medium armor but also the utility afforded by the thick, quilted padded armor they wear as protection against the cold. They are capable of making shields, but use of said is less common that

Snow Orc

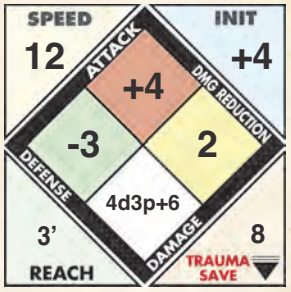
Hit Points:	1d12+32
Size/Weight:	M /215 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+5
Mental:	+1
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Warriors will hurl stone tomahawks before closing to battle with lithic battle axes (stats show two-handed use). Frequently mount ambushes by driving opponents to allies in secure killing zone.

Special: Cold resistant, Knock-Back as size L, (infrequent) use of small shields increases Defense to +1

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	d4+1 (hunting party), 2d4p+4 (raiders), 20+d20 (clan)
% Chance in Lair:	35%
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Heightened Listening, Observation & Tracking
Habitat:	Frozen wilderness
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Tribal
Climate/Terrain:	Arctic Mountains

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	Lithic tools, possible food
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	65

with regular Orcs and tends towards small shields owing to the scarcity of materials.

Combat/Tactics:

White Orcs are competent hunters and trackers having skill mastery of 26 in Listening, Hunting, Observation and Tracking as well as the Hiking/Road-marching proficiency. They employ these skills primarily to hunt reindeer but the lessons learned from stalking big game are applicable when raiding villages or assaulting travelers. In this regard they are fundamentally more dangerous adversaries than common Orcs in that they will employ tactics meant to separate vulnerable adversaries from their allies as well as taking full advantage of natural terrain to their advantage. Additionally, these seasoned hunters are more adaptable and can readily change tactics to take advantage of an opportunity or to alter their strategy should initial moves prove indecisive or even abjectly disastrous.

Snow Orc warriors are typically armed with a lithic battle axe and tomahawks – the latter to be hurled at opponents as they close for melee. If possible, they will attack from two sides in order to herd nervous assailers into a prepared trap or killing zone where their allies lie concealed near a covered pit or some other obstacle or choke point to attack with long spears, arrows and javelins.

Snorks are indefatigable combatants able to sustain many wounds before succumbing to their injuries. This fact, coupled with their resistance to knock-backs (treated as a size L creature), and relatively high threshold of pain and trauma checks gives them the wherewithal to stand their ground against foes that may otherwise outmatch them. As such, they seldom risk immediate decimation even when ambushed. In numbers, they can attrit fairly menacing creatures.

Habitat/Society:

Though no less wicked or malicious than their southern kin, survival is too precariously close to the edge for wanton cruelty to trump practical considerations. Snow Orcs simply cannot afford to waste or despoil anything that might functionally contribute towards survival. Reflecting this, they all possess the Survival (Arctic) skill at a mastery of 40.

The icy mountains and hills in which they live simply cannot support huge tribes of these creatures as are often found in warmer climates. Resource scarcity dictates smaller tribes seldom numbering over 40 individuals. These tribes are insular and unwelcoming of others that might threaten their very existence – even, or perhaps especially, other Orcs.

Snow Orkin gender roles are markedly different again owing to circumstances. They cannot sustain keeping half their numbers as captive breeders. Female Snow Orcs are compelled to contribute materially to the survival of the tribe by gathering plants, sewing clothing and fabricating stone implements. Most are trained combatants, though relegated to secondary roles as archers and second rank spear wielders.

Unlike their southern kindred, Snow Orcs are not active slavers. This is no act of kindness for captives are butchered for food rather than kept as labor. When a tribe has suffered losses, captured children, even human, are sometimes kept alive to be incorporated into the tribe provided their personalities are not too disruptive.

Northern Orcs are not miners, lacking metal implements to burrow through stone. It is, however, rumored that some may retain this knowledge and instinct and burrow into glaciers creating an in-situ warren of ice tunnels.

These Orcs retain the Orkin predilection for falling under the sway of a great leader – in particular a charismatic one with a zealous message. Said leader faces great challenges though and must command great material resources in order to gather an army from the widely dispersed Snow Orcs.

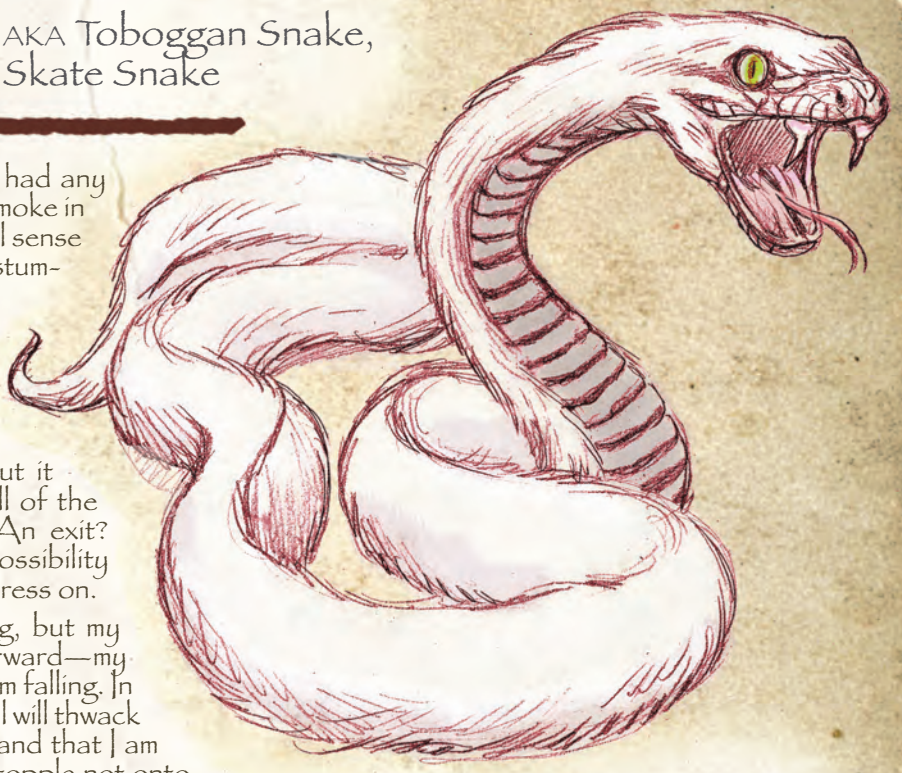
The alpine heights they inhabit have wrought many changes besides cultural ones. Their compact and fatty bodies offer natural resistance to the cold. Functionally, this permits them to endure one greater interval of cold temperatures before having to don cold weather gear (see "Cold Temperatures" on p. 75 of the GameMaster's Guide). They also suffer no penalty in daylight though they have lost the enhanced night vision capabilities of Orkinkind and merely possess low light vision.

On Tellene:

Snow Orcs are most commonly found in the region surrounding Lake Jorakk where they are a persistent menace to the native Fhokki people. They can also be encountered in other northerly mountain ranges such as the Krond Heights near Cosdol.

Snow Snake

AKA Toboggan Snake, Skate Snake



The dark is inescapable. I know that if I had any light, I would see my breath curling like smoke in the stinging cold. By this point, I have lost all sense of time—I cannot remember how long I have stumbled through these icy tunnels, groping blindly at the walls with my sodden mittens. "I am going to die here." I repeat the phrase over and over in my mind, but I am afraid of death and so I walk on. My left mitten ripped on an exposed stone yesterday. I can no longer feel that hand, but it doesn't really matter. I follow the right wall of the tunnels, hoping it leads me to... what? An exit? I don't know if I believe in that possibility anymore, but walking keeps me warm and I press on.

Time has passed. I don't know how long, but my stomach growls for sustenance. I step forward—my foot slides across a slick patch of ice and I am falling. In that instant I have two thoughts: that my skull will thwack against the ice below unless I catch myself and that I am not sure if I will stand again after this fall. I topple not onto the icy floor, but instead collide against a soft wall of warmth. The feeling of heat is at once intoxicating and terrifying in its implications. I am half covered in a wall of fur and I am paralyzed with fear. I hear soft breathing and feel the slow rise and fall that attends the act. My mind immediately conjures up the figure of a sleeping ice bear and I wait for the blow from its mighty paw to strike me down. It does not come. More slow breathing, though. As if multiple creatures are drawing in deep, slow breaths above and around me. I realize that despite my fears, I have not left the warm confines of the fur.

Something appears on the ground. So luminous it looks like a star come down from the heavens. A patch of sunlight! I stagger towards it, covering it with my body and seeing myself for the first time since I became lost. The beam of sunlight has stabbed into the inky blackness of the cavern from a passageway above. It's a long way up the ice-clad walls of the cavern, but I know I can climb to it, if it means escape. I just need to scramble up the side of the... oh no. More light was flooding into the cave and I could perceive the identity of the furry wall before me. Dozens of colossal, furred snakes coiled in a slowly writhing mass before me. Their white pelts made them look more like a nest of oversized weasels until you caught sight of their scaled bellies and large, reptilian eyes. The mass of coiling snakes towered all the way up to the source of the light. There was no other option. Tentatively, I began to climb the coils, moving as slowly as possible so as not to wake the dozing serpents. I froze at every slight shift in their breathing, held still when the coils began to move against each other. My foot caught between two of the creatures and I had to extricate it with all the delicacy of a lock picker. By some miracle and despite my clumsy ascent, none of the creatures seemed much perturbed by my climb. When I reached the height of the snake pile, I immediately perceived a passage leading out onto the cold tundra below. It was going to be a long walk back to camp, but at least it wouldn't be in the dark.

— Journal fragment recovered from inside the stomach of a 27-foot long snow snake

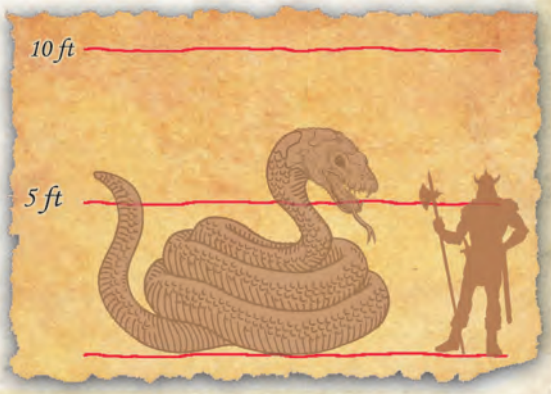
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



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Snow Snakes range from anywhere between 25 to 30 feet long and weigh at least 550 pounds, with truly large specimens pushing 660 pounds. Their bodies are covered in two layers of dense fur; an outer layer of stiff, white fur primarily serves as camouflage, while a black, downy, inner layer of thicker fur is purely for insulation. The black color of this inner fur layer means that on rare sunny days, Snow Snakes can bask in the limited light like their southern cousins do. Snow Snakes are not warm blooded, but their blood contains powerful antifreeze proteins, which prevent them from freezing in cold temperatures. Coupled with their substantive fur, Snow Snakes are able to comfortably survive in even arctic temperatures. The eyes of a Snow Snake glow a luminous white when they reflect the light of a fire, but are mostly vestigial and remained closed against harsh winter winds.

Combat/Tactics:

Snow Snakes are primarily ambush predators, using their natural camouflage to conceal themselves in snow banks and strike out at unsuspecting prey. When hunting, the snow snake bites in an attempt to deliver its potent venom. The unusual venom of a Snow Snake (VF 14) causes its target to experience ambient temperatures as colder than they actually are. When a target fails its saving throw vs. a Snow Snake's venom, the target then treats ambient temperatures as if it were 20°F colder, with the attendant complications exposure brings (see *Game Master's Guide*, pg. 75). Poison effects are cumulative.

The scales on a Snow Snake's belly have gradually evolved into overlapping, rounded plates which not only offer greater DR, but also reduce friction, allowing the serpent to slide quickly across snow and ice (the origin of its nickname "the Toboggan Snake"). These plates are also backed by copious fat stores which the snake uses to further insulate itself from the cold. The Snow Snake attacks its prey in one of two ways—either by racing down retreating prey and striking as it slithers by (as is usually the case with panicked prey animals) or by rearing up on its belly, facing prey with its armored underbelly much in the same way a warrior may present a shield to his opponents. The Snow Snake is able to use its underbelly's greater DR against any attack originating from its front three facings, but not from the rear (in much the same manner as a shield).

When hunting, the Snow Snake attempts to strike its quarry with as many bites as it can before backing off. Afterward, the serpent will stalk its poisoned prey through the ice and snow, waiting for the creature to weaken from exposure. Because Snow Snakes can detect their prey's body heat, the serpents have an instinctual sense of when their target has weakened significantly. If it becomes apparent that the creature is not weakening, Snow Snakes will make further attempts to deliver more venom and wait for expiration. When their prey can no longer effectively defend themselves, the Snow Snake goes in for the kill, sometimes simply swallowing an exhausted creature whole rather than attempting to first finish it off. With its potent venom, even creatures that are specifically adapted to cold environments might find themselves suddenly out of their element.

Snow Snakes have highly developed, heat-sensing organs located just above their sinus cavities which allow them to detect the radiating body heat of any warm-blooded creature within 100 feet. Based on the relative strength of the signal, the snake can form an impression of the size of the creature. In the snow and ice, Snow Snakes have 40 Hide skill mastery.

Habitat/Society:

Snow Snakes are solitary predators, except in the darkest winter months, when two or more Snow Snakes will bed down for the night in the same area, coiled around one another to share residual body heat. In the morning, the snakes will disperse in search of food, making them primarily diurnal predators. Snowy tundra, taiga, high mountains, and ice caverns are the Snow Snakes' primary habitats. They generally eschew wet areas, as freezing water can mat and weigh down their copious fur.

Snow Snakes seek out mates twice yearly, but scarcity reduced actual success somewhat. Snow Snakes seek one another through scent. Couplings will only occur prior to feeding so that the snakes are not sluggish and have energy to court and then mate. The mating ritual requires almost 24 hours, during which the two specimens sometimes writhe slowly together, then aggressively and back again. This coiling and friction has the necessary byproduct of also warming the creatures. After mating, younger males remain vulnerable for another 24 hours (the same sluggish effect as having recently fed, described below). Older females may (about half the time) become irritable and aggressively force such an unwanted companion away. Older males will immediately leave the area, seeking to avoid injury.

The female does not lay her eggs for several weeks. This affords the advantage of development within the female. When close to term, the Snow Snake will dig an appropriate burrow and release a clutch of 2d4p+1 soft eggs, bearing a slight downy grey fur. She will tarry nearby for days, warding off predators and occasionally warming the eggs. Once the eggs begin to hatch, the female will flee the area, leaving the emerging young to survive on their own. The young emerge sporting a jet black fur, though a milky white down quickly grows over it within the first 48 hours. Generally only 1-3 will survive to sexual maturity (9 months), the others succumbing to the elements or predation. Snow Snakes achieve full size after many years of hunting.

Ecology:

Ice Serpents are purely carnivorous, preying on mammalian (or avian) prey. Common prey include moose, deer, musk oxen calves, caribou, elk, wild horses, and humanoids. Snow Snakes have no fear of humans or other humanoids, viewing them as merely another prey animal. The snakes have been observed stalking prey for days waiting for their quarry to expire. When a Snow Snake finally does consume its prey whole, the creature retires back to its den to digest its kill over a long period. Smaller prey animals like humans may take several days to digest, while especially large kills can take several weeks. During this time of digestion, the Snow Snake becomes languid and retiring. Digesting Snow Snakes tend to cluster together to share body heat (to speed up the process of digestion) during this time, but with a full belly, the creatures are at their least dangerous—only the most determined gadfly will get a reaction out of the sluggish creatures. Of course, the thought of stirring up a coil of annoyed Snow Snakes is usually deterrent enough for most creatures.

Snow Snakes, as befits their name, live in and around snow. The snakes primarily travel either by burrowing through freshly fallen powder (creating large tunnels which are then used by smaller burrowing creatures such as lemmings) or gliding over hard-pack and ice on their smooth bellies.

Because the creatures can detect heat signatures and are always trying to boost their own body heat, Snow Snakes are easily attracted to campfires, torches, huddled bodies, and other large or intense sources of heat.

On Tellene:

In Tellene's northern reaches, the Snow Snakes' range varies by season and the expanding and contracting of the snows. In the summertime, the snakes gradually follow the snows back up into higher altitudes, only venturing down when the plains themselves are blanketed with white. Dejy nomads and Fhokki townsfolk alike fall victim to the depredations of the Ice Serpents, who slither into warm tents and cabins and sometimes make meals of entire families. Orc tribes of the far north are targets of Snow Snake attacks throughout the year and some Orc chieftains there often adorn themselves in the fur and teeth of these fearsome predators as symbols of power and endurance.

The fur of a Snow Snake is highly valued for its both its insulating abilities and its handsomeness. Properly harvested Snow Snake pelts can fetch high prices in northern cities as nobles vie for their inherent utility and savage beauty. Snow Snake venom is valued in the hot, Southern regions of Tellene, but as a medicinal treatment for heat stroke.

Snow Snake

Hit Points:	4d8+34
Size/Weight:	L /550 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	3

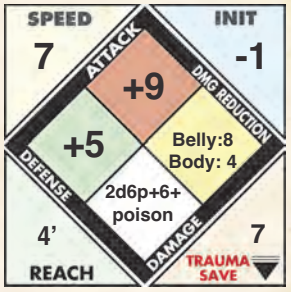
MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5/ 10
Walk:	5/ 15
Jog:	10/ 20
Run:	15/ 25
Sprint:	20/ 30

normal terrain/ snow or ice

SAVES

Physical:	+7
Mental:	+5
Dodge:	+9



Attack: Bites deliver VF 14 venom. Failure indicates the subject feels the cold more acutely and may suffer from exposure (see text). Effects are cumulative.

Special: DR 8 Underbelly against attacks originating from the snake's front 3 facings, rest of the body has DR 4. 40% Hide skill when surrounded by ice or snow.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 or 1-6 (if coiled in den)
% Chance in Lair:	5% (day) 50% (night)
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Senses body heat within 100 ft
Awareness/Senses:	Keen eyesight within 60 ft
Habitat:	Any area with snow and ice
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individuals/ Coil (in den)
Climate/Terrain:	Tundra, Taiga, Glaciers, Snowy Mountains

Yield

Medicinal:	Venom used to treat heat stroke
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Yes
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes, but the head is poisonous
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	395

Spider, Shoagg

AKA Bandure, Maak-mak, Howler



A Shoagg Spider on the prowl, raising its front legs in an attempt to pick up movement vibrations.

There's an old Dejy saying in the Brindonwood — a bit of folk wisdom passed down for many generations from father to son, "Where goes the shadow goes the Shoagg. It is the snatcher of men and devourer of children. Beware the death that cometh on eight legs and brings screaming to the night". If ever there was a creature borne of nightmares it is the Shoagg for it is also said that when you hear one approach it is already too late.

After my encounter with an accursed Howler Spider outside the walls of Cossib, I had ample time to ponder my brush with death as I lay wracked with pain recovering from Shoagg poison. For weeks my urine was stained red with blood as my body fought to survive.

Dezzo, like most of the way-villages along the Dobo Spine, is populated by men who earn their coin hunting the beasts. It was these men of stark courage I sought out while convalescing to learn all I that I could about the Shoagg. I have gleaned information from all manner of hunters and butchers of monsters over the years in my pursuits. Some took up their trade, I learned, because they saw money in it. Others proudly boasted they yearned for the adventure and glory of taking on the denizens of the night. Still others sought to vanquish horrid creatures out of a sense of moral duty by carrying on the fight against evil that all men must shoulder if good is to retain a foothold in this world. But the Shoagg Hunters… they are a special breed I've rarely encountered.

To a man, they hunt the Shoagg out of hatred. Whether to avenge a lost child, a best friend or a dearest love they are men whose lust for revenge has compelled them to swallow their fear and venture into the dark places of the forest where others fear to tread. —

The Shoagg Spider developed much differently than its arachnid cousins on Tellene. Whereas most spiders are solitary hunters coming together only to mate, the Shoagg live in colonies that resemble hives.

A Shoagg colony typically consists of 10 to 40 males (known colloquially as Runners or Prowlers) and a single female (the mother Shoagg). There have been reports of larger colonies numbering as many 100 runners, but, thankfully, they are a rarity.

Male Shoaggs are sizeable arachnids possessing an abdomen and cephalothorax which together approach the weight of a male human. With legs that span a dozen feet, they present a more terrifying appearance than their considerable mass alone would suggest. In appearance they resemble large sturdy Wolf Spiders albeit with spindlier legs. Their body, though, is densely bristled with coloring ranging from reddish brown to smoke gray. Both the body and legs are often mottled to resemble the broken shadow of the forest environment in which they live.

The Shoagg male has two roles in the colony – dragging captured prey to the brood chamber and protecting the mother Shoagg and the young. There are

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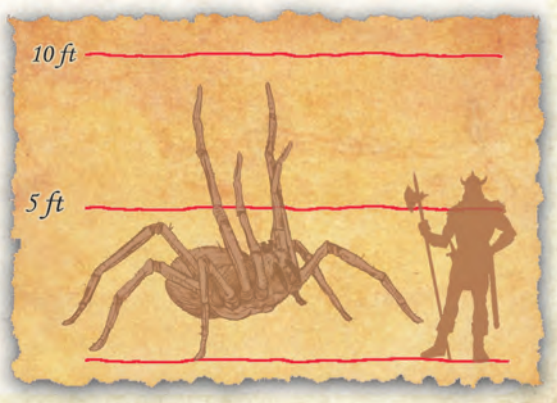
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



always two to eight runners in the immediate company of the mother (either in the brood chamber itself, if space permits, or immediately near by). The remainder of the colony's males hunt in packs constantly searching for prey to bring back.

Shoagg packs, numbering from three to eight individuals, are sometimes gone for days, traveling as far as 25 miles in search of flesh to bring home to their queen. Smaller colonies send out a single pack at a time while the larger ones will have several foraging for food simultaneously.

Male shoaggs have a relatively weak poison that rarely proves fatal. Its effect is paralytic and affects only the major voluntary muscles. Victims of Shoagg poisoning may breathe normally and even retain full vocal and cognitive functions. Captured prey is cocooned in webbing which can best be analogized to silken "game bags" and dragged behind the males. Caches of stunned prey are often deposited among rocks or fallen logs while the pack continues hunting before returning to the colony. Thus one of the more terrifying aspects of the Shoagg is the fact that prey being dragged back to the colony may often be heard screaming, bleating, and howling in the night. Shoagg are often mistakenly referred to as "Howler Spiders" because of the errant belief that they make such a sound. In actuality, these noted "howling" sounds are the moans, shrieks or screams coming from any prey the spider may be dragging in its "game bag".

In a bizarre twist of nature, the males are incapable of digesting their own food and are wholly dependant on the mother shoagg for sustenance. Captured prey must be brought back to the colony and deposited in the brood chamber to be processed by the mother Shoagg. A runner can survive up to a month without feeding after which time they lose d4p hit points per day until dead.

The female shoagg is absolutely enormous with a massively engorged central body weighing up to three tons at full maturity. She becomes so heavy, in fact, that her legs are useless for propulsion rendering her immobile most of her adult life. Once she builds and enters the brood chamber, she likely never leaves again, spending her entire life breeding, laying eggs and feeding the colony.

Brood pools are typically pits 30 to 40 feet in diameter. The mother Shoagg digs out this depression that

Shoagg Runner/Prowler (male)

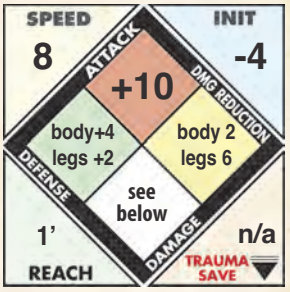
Hit Points:	5d8+20
Size/Weight:	M/ 140 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady*
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	10
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+10
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Shoagg runner bites deal 2d4p points of damage but also subject victim to paralytic poison (see text for details). May jump up to 30' from jog (or 20' from a stationary position).

Defenses: Legs are immune to damage from piercing and crushing weapons. Initiative die type is one better. Sneaking Mastery of 35%.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	3-8 *or 2-8 in lair*
% Chance in Lair:	60%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Sensitive ground vibrations
Habitat:	Forests, dense foliage, ravines
Diet:	Special (see text)
Organization:	Colony (or pack hunters)
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate and Tropical Forests

Yield

Medicinal:	Scrapings from carapace stop bleeding
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Fangs highly desired as trophies
Treasure:	Treasure often found on victims carried in game sack
Edible:	Yes - but taste is offensive
Other:	Hairy bristles used as hat tassels
Experience Point Value:	700

she subsequently lines with impermeable webbing. She then fills this hollow with expulsions from her bowels. It is from this pool that the entire colony feeds. Prey brought back to her is dumped into this pit to drown and is partially broken down by the mildly corrosive fluid before the queen swallows it to finalize digestion. Once it ruminates in her stomachs, it is expelled from her anus back into the pit.

A queen's pool ranges in depth from six to twelve feet and as one would expect, emits a vile gut-wrenching odor, attracting blowflies. Pools are often irregular – taking on the shape of the brood chamber and can extend for many feet around the Shoagg mother. As she grows in size, the queen becomes dependant on the buoyancy of the fetid liquid to support her weight and effectively becomes a prisoner of the pit. She can do naught but eat and lay eggs. That her offspring must initially develop in the decay fueled warmth of this cesspool finalizes her bondage.

Oddly enough, all mother Shoaggs begin life as males. When a colony grows too large to sustain itself (i.e. availability of local prey has dried up or the colony has grown too large), it splits itself. The reigning mother Shoagg secretes a viscous liquid that it entices a male candidate of her choosing to lap up. Ingestion of this secretion triggers a metamorphosis in the male, which, in time, turns it into a female. Although the process can take up to six weeks to complete, the new "mother" immediately leaves the colony accompanied by a small number of male runners and sets off to establish a new colony elsewhere.

Once the process of metamorphosis begins, the male Shoagg begins to grow at an amazing rate. Its hairy bristles drop off and its skin becomes leathery. Shoaggs prefer to establish colonies well away from their kin's range, typically at least 25 miles distant. However, in areas where food sources are abundant, they may establish themselves much closer.

After a colony site has been selected, the new mother Shoagg selects a cave, natural depression (such as a deep ravine) or even the hollow of an enormous tree as its brood chamber to lay eggs and raise young. She will modify the brood chamber, using a combination of tough-webbing, rocks and dead fall, as required, to seal off side entrances and make it as secure as possible. As noted, once it has done so, it never leaves the brood chamber again – becoming so large and bloated as to become immobile.

If a colony loses its mother Shoagg, the males will fight to claim the right to digest her remains – a ritual that not only triggers the development of a new mother Shoagg, but also ensures the strongest candidate is selected. Note that if a colony's males are unable to digest the mother Shoagg's body within a few days, the colony is rendered unable to reproduce or feed itself and is doomed. Any surviving males will disperse and eventually die from starvation. Orc tribes of the Brindonwood have learned to use this weakness to their advantage – always seeking out the brood chamber to eliminate the mother Shoagg and destroy the body rather than combating the roaming packs of male hunters.

Combat/Tactics

Male Shoagg are pack hunters that close in on scents and sounds of potential food sources. They are capable of coordinated attacks by quietly slinking around their targets to take staging positions surrounding their target and then approaching from three separate vectors to minimize the chance of effective flight. Prowlers are swift afoot but also possessed of outstanding leaping abilities (from a jog being able to jump 30 feet forward and 10 feet high). They often use the latter ability to close on prey rapidly by making a final bounce to land upon their intended victim.

Shoagg runners possess relatively weak chelicera [jaws] for an arachnid their size as these creatures are incapable of directly feeding upon animal flesh or fluids and thus have reduced need for said. More fearsome is their poison. Unlike most spider toxins, this venom only targets the large voluntary muscles causing paralysis in the legs and arms. Anyone bitten by a Shoagg spider must save versus Virulence Factor 11 poison or be rendered helpless as they lose motor control of their legs and collapse.

Shoagg hunters need be wary of sustaining a second or third bite should they have the perseverance to withstand the first for each subsequent wound applies a cumulative -2 penalty to the poison save as the toxin builds up in their bloodstream.

The effects of Shoagg poison are extremely persistent requiring days or weeks to recuperate. Any individual succumbing to this venom requires 2d6+12 days (less his Constitution score) to regain use of his limbs*. Note that while so afflicted, the victim is fully con-

scious and capable of speech.

While certainly aggressive, Shoagg do not press a losing battle, preferring to withdraw and seek easier prey if their intended victim(s) are capable of a formidable defense. As such, they should be considered to have Steady morale. However, should they quickly incapacitate a victim or two, their instinctual drive to gather this food for their queen will increase their morale level to Brave (or even to Fearless if incapacitated foes equal the numbers of shoagg spiders in the hunting pack).

Even if initially driven off, a Shoagg pack may stalk a group nursing an poisoned comrade for days in hope of snaring the body – particularly if the region's indigenous game is in scare supply.

Should they succeed in capturing prey, the Shoagg spiders weave a silken cocoon around the victim and drag it back to the brood pool to drown and be slowly marinated in the queen's excrement before being consumed. This is a horrific experience for the victim is fully cognizant throughout the entire ordeal.

It is of note that grapes contain a substance toxic to Shoagg. They will never enter a vineyard in season and thus the viticulture of the Shyta-na-Dobyo region provides a check on the depredations of these creatures. Pouring a liter of wine on a Shoagg's exoskeleton will inflict a d6p wound and compel a morale check.

While it is said only a drunkard would be fool enough to hunt the Shoagg, the bottles of wine often carried by such individuals are frequently employed for purposes other than to bolster courage.

The Shoagg queen is incapable of self-defense. However, the fetid pool in which she dwells is so overwhelmingly rancid as to functionally emulate the effects of the 6th level Mage's Stink Bomb spell in an area no less than 40 feet distant from the pool. All Shoagg are acclimated to the odor and thus unaffected.

At the approach of intruders, the 2d4 male Shoagg will set up a perimeter defense of their queen and fight to the death to protect her.

A Shoagg brood chamber will contain 2d10 Shoagg young at any given time. GMs should treat the brood as statistically equivalent to Very Large Spiders except for their poison. The latter is similar to the mature males' but only Virulence Factor 5 due to their immaturity.

The Shoagg brood cling to the mother Shoagg or feed in the nutrition pool. When a mother Shoagg is alarmed or under attack, she gives off a scent that warns the brood and stimulates it to attack anything moving within the brood chamber (effectively reinforcing the mature male wardens).

Habitat/Society:

Shoaggs prefer to establish colonies in areas with low light – such as cave systems, deep forests or ravines. They avoid placing colonies in areas of standing or running water.

Ecology:

The species' unusual process of processing food is highly inefficient, with much of the potential sustenance rotting in the brood pool in preparation for the queen to be able to feed upon it. Shoagg colonies thus need a constant supply of fresh prey to feed the brood, as well as the mother and runners.

Shoagg packs are tireless and constantly on the move. Once a colony is established, any nearby game (small or otherwise) is usually cleared out in a matter of weeks. As food sources are depleted, and the colony's voracious appetite increases, the packs begin to expand outward in a spoke-like fashion making a foray in one direction one day, and then the opposite direction the next, taking down prey whenever and wherever it is encountered. As food sources are systematically depleted, the packs move further and further afield.

Because the mother Shoagg of a mature colony is incapable of relocating, once food sources are entirely depleted and the nutrient processing becomes unsustainable, the males will often kill the mother Shoagg and start the process of creating a replacement, going on the march to seek out a new location as soon as possible.

On Tellene:

Shoagg Spiders only inhabit areas with dense vegetation that afford ample opportunities for ambush and cover. Rarely, such as in an area where game has been hunted out, a pack may be encountered moving in open fields while searching for new sources of food.

Shoagg colonies have been encountered in the Brindonwood, the shoreline region of Shadesh Bay, Rytarr Wood, the Obakasek Jungle and the Vohven Jungle.

Spiders, Trapdoor

AKA Trap Terror, Ardan'Pryn

The mud sucked at my boots as I willed my legs to pull free from the muck. With this final strain, I was able to collapse on the mossy bank near the edge of the fen. Sweat poured down my forehead in salty rivulets, even as I began to grow cold lying there on the clammy shoreline. "Getting old," was all I could think as I wheezed under my constricting hauberk. Older and fatter, it would seem. The time was, I could have trudged twice that distance and still had the energy to puff up my chest and act tough, just in case any women might have been watching. Now I was just glad that I had the foresight to bring extra water. I didn't trust the murky swill of the fen.

As I slaked my thirst in long, controlled gulps, the other three members of my cadre lurched out of the fen like a troop of shuffling ghouls, only to fall in similar states of exhaustion next to me. Some shortcut this was turning out to be. Our guide, one of the local hayseeds, had assured us that the fen would be passable this time of year, but apparently autumn rains had caused the rivers to overwhelm their weirs and, well, acres of mud were apparently the result. To think of the good coin we had wasted on this guide just to lead us through a… but no, it didn't matter now, though. I was too tired to care. We were only a day's march from the road, he said. I could make it one more day. One more day until a honest to god straw mattress and a real night's sleep. I struggled to my feet, back aching and urged the others onward in search of dry enough ground to kindle a fire on.

As twilight crept in from the fen, it brought a thick mist with it and soon there was nothing for it but to find a place to camp or end up wandering in the dark. That night it was Ulfric's turn to gather firewood and the towheaded young man set about the task with his usual grumbling in whatever barbarous northern tongue it was that he spoke. He had taken no more than thirty steps from where we had laid down our burdens before we heard him let out kind of a startled yelp followed by immediate silence. On our guard as we were in this strange country, I struggled to my feet at once, willing myself to ignore the painful creaking in my knees as I rose. It took mere moments to reach the spot where we had heard Ulfric's cry, but it was as if he had vanished. The others were muttering amongst themselves, but I thought I heard a faint sort of scuffling sound. I barked at them to quiet themselves and listen. Now I heard the sound for certain. It was almost like the clicking of ladies' dancing shoes. It seemed to be coming from… underfoot somehow. I scanned about and saw the queerest sight: a sort of earthen lid near our feet about six feet wide. Unsheathing my sword, I prodded at the edge of the lid and found I could easily slide my blade under it. I squared my stance and squatted to lift from my legs (as now seemed an inopportune time to throw out my back). As I hoisted up the lid I was met with a hideous tableau. Ulfric was hanging limp in the vice-like grip of a spider nearly the size of a stag. Its black carapace shone in the fading daylight and its fangs were sunk deeply into the boy's neck. Shrieks split the air at the sight of such a horror and the beast scurried into its tunnel, seemingly heedless of the weight of Ulfric's body.

There was a moment of indecision as we gawked at the dark tunnel snaking down into the earth. It was only about four and half feet high. I shook my head to clear my thoughts and then my hands were fastening my helmet by instinct. "A torch!" I ordered, and one was lit and thrust into my waiting hand. Standing before the spider's tunnel, I gritted my teeth and strode into the darkness. What happened next, you say? Well, come back tomorrow, my lords and ladies, and I'll tell you the rest of the tale. Thank you for your custom!

-Transcript of a Harvest Festival performance by Old Liar Crend, one of Bet Kalamar's most popular storytellers.

Trapdoor Spiders are variants of the standard arachnid detailed in the Hacklopedia of Beasts. As such, the creatures' stats are largely similar to those presented in that volume with specific alterations called out in this entry. Experience Point values are unchanged.

Combat/Tactics

These creatures are primarily ambush hunters that employ a crafty means of disguising their presence in order to surprise prey. They possess the ability to mimic ground cover or even solid stone walls by spinning dense webbing into a structural object and then coating its sticky surface with material from the surrounding area. This object then serves as a lid of sorts, covering a pit (if outdoors) or possibly a tunnel entrance. Silken fibers are laid in a network outside this aperture that serve as a signaling system making the spider aware of approaching prey. When tripped, the spider rushes out of its concealed point to attack the interloper. Unless its secret hiding position is spotted (generally necessitating a difficult Scrutiny check), the spider can attack as soon as it reaches prey whereas they victim must roll a d12 for initiative.

Note: the spider's signaling threads can be located (and thus avoided) via a successful Identify Trap skill check.

Trapdoor Spiders employ narcotic venom that differs from the toxin found in the standard variety. The effect of the venom is to make the victim groggy and with sufficient dosage to lapse into a deep unwakeable sleep. While the performance penalties imposed by this state may at first blush resemble those associated with neurotoxin, the psychological effect approximates opiate use. Drugged individuals will experience a pleasant somnorific high and in this state are less susceptible to physical pain albeit accompanied by motor skill impairment.

Accumulated effects: With repeated bitings, the venom will accumulate to the point that sleep in unavoidable. Should penalties reach +/- 6, the victim will fall asleep in 10 seconds. Hearty individuals can stave this off while the frail are more susceptible. (In game terms, add or subtract the PC's Physical Saving Throw Modifiers from the +/- 6 threshold. The Poison Resistant Talent adds +1 per iteration taken.)

Trapdoor Spiders are also capable of grabbing an opponent though this is limited to creatures one size below theirs. Thus only a gigantic spider can nab size S creatures whilst only a massive trapdoor spider can threaten a human.

A successful attack vs. an appropriately sized foe indicates that it has grabbed a foe in addition to delivering a bite. Whilst grabbed, one can only fight back with a knife or dagger (at a -4 Attack penalty).

Defense is limited to a d8p. Escape attempts made be made every 5 seconds via a competing Feat of Strength check. A very forceful blow (e.g. a successful knockback) from an ally of the entrapped will also compel the smitten arachnid to release its prey.

Spider Type	Grab vs. Size	Grapple Strength
Very Large	T	FoS vs. d20+1
Huge	T	FoS vs. d20+4
Gigantic	S	FoS vs. d20+8
Massive	M	FoS vs. d20+13
Gargantuan	L	FoS vs. d20+19

A spider facing multiple determined enemies may choose to retreat with a nabbed foe – usually via the tunnel it emerged from. Those opting to chase it may confront a web-lined tunnel that will hinder pursuit.

PCs succeeding at a Feat of Strength check (vs. d20) can

Spider Type	Virulence	Poison
Big	5	*Effect of Failed Save:* +1 Initiative & Speed for 6 hours; Benefit: +1 to Trauma save; *Effect of Successful Save:* none
Large	6	*Effect of Failed Save:* +1 Initiative & Speed, -1 Attack & Defense for 6 hours if save failed; Benefit: +2 to Trauma save *Effect of Successful Save:* none
Very Large	7	*Effect of Failed Save:* +2 Initiative & Speed, -2 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; nat 1 results in sleep for 8 hours; Benefit: +3 to Trauma save *Effect of Successful Save:* +1 Initiative & Speed for 6 hours; Benefit: +1 to Trauma save; *If modified save roll exceeds virulence roll by ≥10, poison has no effect*
Huge	10	*Effect of Failed Save:* +3 Initiative & Speed, -3 Attack & Defense for 6 hours if save failed; nat 1-2 results in sleep for 8 hours; Benefit: +4 to Trauma save *Effect of Successful Save:* +1 Initiative & Speed, -1 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; Benefit: +1 to Trauma Save; *If modified save roll exceeds virulence roll by ≥10, poison has no effect*
Gigantic	14	*Effect of Failed Save:* +3 Initiative & Speed, -3 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; nat 1-3 results in sleep for 8 hours; Benefit: +4 to Trauma save; *Effect of Successful Save:* +2 Initiative & Speed, -2 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; Benefit: +3 Trauma save; *If modified save roll exceeds virulence roll by ≥10,* +1 Initiative & Speed, -1 Attack & Defense for 6 hours
Massive	19	*Effect of Failed Save:* Sleep for 8 hours; *Effect of Successful Save:* +3 Initiative & Speed, -3 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; Benefit: +4 Trauma save; *If modified save roll exceeds virulence roll by ≥10,*+2 Initiative & Speed, -2 Attack & Defense for 6 hours; Benefit: +3 Trauma save
Gargantuan	25	*Effect of Failed Save:* Sleep for 24 hours on failed save; nat 1 results in overdose and death in 4 hours *Effect of Successful Save:* Sleep for 8 hours; *If modified save roll exceeds virulence roll by ≥10,*+3 Initiative & Speed, -3 Attack & Defense for 6 hours

crawl forward at a rate of 1'/10s (or 1'/5s if they succeed by ≥6). Failure indicates they are fixed in place and require the assistance of another person to free them. Spiders, naturally, face no such restrictions.

Trapdoor Spiders are atypically aggressive (add one to tenacity) and will fearlessly initiate attacks on creatures far larger than themselves. Should the results of this decision prove catastrophic, they are, of course, subject to the dictates of the morale rules.

Habitat/Society:

Trapdoor Spiders reside in almost all climate types save the chilliest arctic realms (and it is suggested that they can exist there as well, hibernating during winter and emerging during the brief summer). However, they are most likely to be encountered in murky forests or underground.

It is not uncommon for several female Trapdoor Spiders to live together as a clutch. These sisters (and perhaps offspring) will typically inhabit a large central chamber in which they store their cocooned prey. Numerous tunnels will lead from this room to perhaps scores of camouflaged ambush points.

In a particularly large lair, these may lead to the surface as well as perforating a subterranean cavern system. Remote signaling strands may inform the colony of intruders and usher them to populate ambush points further along the interlopers' line of march.

Trapdoor Spider colonies are known to inexplicably disappear. Colony collapse disorder may be caused by inhabitants abandoning the lair due to declining predation opportunities, rival insect invasion or disease killing the lot. Whatever the true reason, these lairs are seldom left vacant for long.

When repopulated by Kobolds or Goblins, they can prove to be formidable defensive emplacements. Scoured of webbing, the numerous interconnecting passages, covered by camouflaged entryways from whence to launch repeated hit-and-run attacks, can easily draw a band of mercenaries into an inescapable morass.

Ecology

Trapdoor Spiders seldom kill their prey immediately. Their modus operandi is to swaddle incapacitated victims in a silken cocoon and feed on them as hunger dictates. As such, a captured victim may live for days until he finally succumbs to thirst – plenty of time for brave allies to mount a rescue operation.

A spider requires 5 minutes in order to encase prey. Once cocooned, victims are essentially helpless as no measure of physical strength will enable an individual to sunder the silken envelopment. However, a very difficult escape artist skill check will permit a victim to escape as will the Free Action ability. Verbal only spells can also be cast once the spellcaster revives.



These spiders may drag cocooned prey up to one size category larger than themselves – albeit slowly and with some difficulty at the top end of the range. Should they bring down a larger creature, they will requires the assistance of one of their peers to awkwardly transport the encapsulated meal.

On Tellene:

Given their dispersal across the continent, these spiders and the properties of their venom are well known to many indigenous peoples. Reputedly there are clans of Dejy that capture smaller varieties and employ them in ceremonies during which the arachnids are goaded to bite the tribe's warriors and shaman in order to dispense prophetic visions.

Yield:

Trapdoor Spider venom may be harvested and used as the active ingredient in an herbal medicinal tea. If taken every six hours, the drinker may recuperate from injuries as if he possessed the Fast Healer talent. Massive and Gargantuan Trapdoor Spider venom may readily be formulated as Sleep potions.

Ssishnisska

AKA Ssyarr, Serpent Men



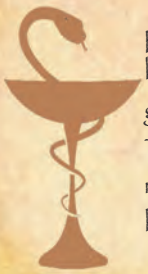
I had been hunting for a certain lost city of marvelous stone, described by the locals as having peculiar machines built of a mysterious metal that shone like the sun, perhaps bronze. My competitor, Hunar the Alchemist, and his gang of thugs were also searching for the same hidden locale, reportedly to learn as I, but of course, his real plan was to loot. So the race was on so to speak, and my team of stalwart porters and tools-bearers seemed equipped for the task. Our guide led us deftly through the surrounding wilds, avoiding many perils along the way. We bivouacked nearby on the final night before we were to enter the city. At our guide's urgence, we sent a few runners ahead to observe the lands. These returned, but reported sour news: despite our haste, Hunar and his ruffians had beaten us and were certain to set upon the place looting, leaving us but scraps from their fine meal. Not to be outdone and still yet unwilling to yield, I collected the most steadfast of my companions and we crept forth, seeking to approach undetected to either search and map without Hunar's knowledge or else catch them by surprise. What we discovered shocked me to my core and sent my team absconding back to camp.

Low crawling in the undergrowth, from a nearby hillock, we observed the center of the ancient, vine-encrusted village. There we lay, witness to a grotesque spectacle. A religious feast of sorts, whereby twisted man-lizard hybrids slithered and cavorted about pillars, effigies and monoliths depicting some giant demonic snake-woman. At the centre of this repulsive display I espied Hunar and what was left of his team. They were to be the feast. Though I had no love for him, I felt he must be rescued, but my team made a fast retreat. Thus, I let wisdom overcome bravery and I myself receded. I reported to the authorities, of course, who ensured their investigation with armed forces. But sadly I do doubt their conviction.

Scholars typically categorize the Ssishnisska, or Snake Man, as one of the many and varied subraces of Lizard Man or even a mutant offspring of a Sauroid and a snake. While convenient and even obvious for humans and their ilk, such a classification is in fact grossly inaccurate and a dangerous assumption. Although, given the many varieties of Serpent Men such a misunderstanding is eminently explicable. The Elves, who have a much longer memory and greater wisdom and experience as a people, know more of the truth of these diabolical creatures, whose roots indeed lay closer to the origins of Tellene than even the Elven family tree.

Ssishnisska are actually a foul cross-breed of man and serpent, totally unrelated to any of the other species of Lizard Man. Legend tells that the first Serpent Men were created before the Elves and only later mated with primitive Dejy man in order to create the variety extant today. While unclear how deeply involved as progenitor, creator or merely patron of the

Tracks

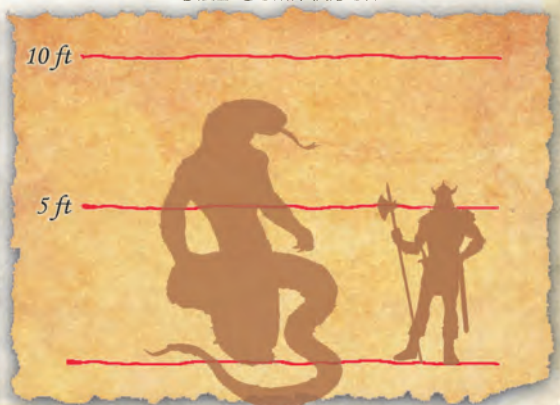


Glyph of the daemon queen, "The Great Serpent" also known Shraggsussyl-Riss. This symbol rarely seen by human eyes.

Range



Size Comparison



race, the daemon queen Shraggsussyl-Riss (whom they refer to as the Great Serpent) appears in every myth associated with the Snake Men. The Serpent Men warred with the Elves and Dwarves when Tellene was young and have a deep connection to the great Dejy cataclysm that predates the current human age, though their exact role in this devastation remains a mystery. What is not debatable is that this is an ancient race with origins far older than the race of man, possibly even than Elves, and their motivations are clear: enslavement of the other sentient races to please the Great Serpent.

Serpent Men come in many shapes and sizes from almost completely snake to human-like except for tail. To increase their numbers when preparing for war or other nefarious activities, they will mate with large snakes to produce the lowest worker caste Serpent Men. These creatures have human arms and torso (to a varying degree) and massive snake bodies. When possible, they will breed with men to create more human-like offspring, again to a varying degree. Some are nearly passable as human. These highest-caste leaders study the secret art of illusion and are able to change their appearance (as a Disguise spell, but a specific individual may be copied) to completely infiltrate and hide among the world of man, often replacing men that hold positions of influence and guiding policy toward their nefarious ends. An unknown number of these creatures lie secreted away within society, weaving a web of deception, working toward some plan to conquer Tellene and glorify Shraggsussyl-Riss. The only sure way of detecting them is to lure them into uttering a phrase that cannot be properly pronounced due to the shape of their anatomy (mouth and tongue). One such phrase is "Ka nava Lydthesh kaya lacheraja", which is an ancient Dejy saying that roughly translates to "In the name of The True speak no falsehoods". Serptesaurs do not typically realize the import of their mispronunciation and will not therefore be particularly guarded against recital. That stated, they may not comply simply because a request to recite some phrase or another is not natural given the circumstances and therefore a hidden Serpent Man may indeed need to be tricked into voicing such an expression.

Serptesaurs run the gamut in size, depending on ancestry. Both the percentage of human blood as well as snake species pedigree affect this range. The more human-like Serpent Men run the gamut of human sizes, with a bent toward Dejy. Those more serpentine, range from 5 to 9 feet tall, though the extreme height is primarily a function of neck length, and as much as 12 or more feet long, with specimens as long as 20 feet possible, again, serpentine, snaking coils accounting for the vast length. Mass varies with size as well, although height is not a strict determining factor since thin, lengthy bodies may not be as massive as powerful squat torsos and thicker tails. Due to their unusual bloodlines, Serpent Men have the advantage of being warm blooded, even those with almost entirely reptilian form.

Snake men have surprisingly good senses, although they, too, vary with degree of humanness. While the most serpentine employ forked tongues as olfactory sensors, their human-like cousins have nostrils to further supplement their sense of smell. The most snake-like have poor auditory sensors (20% penalty to Listening checks), due to lack of ears, their organs being located under their protective skin. All Serpent Men exhibit superb tactile senses allowing them to perceive even slight movements within a body of water (where sound also travels well), or ground-based tremors such as those of a sneaking thief. Vision for all subspecies is good, on par with humans in daylight and superior sight in low light conditions owing to their vertical pupils (even the most human-like possess such eyes), which open wider than round ones, affording more light. A few rare individuals even exhibit true infravision, sensing target heat signatures even in complete darkness. Further, the more snake-like have eyes set wide on their head, providing a large arc of vision allowing for almost no blind-spot. They are thus rarely surprised – two dice better for Initiative rolls – and 50% of backstab attacks are actually merely rear-ward strikes (check randomly for each such attack).

At least one (and often many) cleric handles the spiritual or superstitious duties for all but the smallest tribes. Clerics generally only serve in a cloistered capacity, never leaving the lair on raids, preferring to stay behind and manage sacrifices or other activities. However, they viciously defend the clan home with their lives. They provide spiritual direction to the tribe, ensuring proper homage is paid to the Great Serpent and all liturgical sacrifices and requirements are met satisfactorily. Clergy also provide knowledge and advice to leaders, as well as brewing potions and salves. These priests always have human heads, although their bodies may take any form. Each tribe has at least one priest. Roll d12p for clerical level for the first holy serpent; for every two full levels, the tribe has another cleric (rolled independently). Perform this check only once.

Sorcerers perform a far different function for the tribe and can serve in one of three capacities. These spellcasters serve as fonts of knowledge and will be the brains behind civil works and building efforts, even those of temples and religious edifices. On rare occasions they will accompany a warband out to hunt or enslave others. Finally, they will sometimes travel to other nations, serving as spies in foreign lands. These mages always have a human-like physical form. Each tribe has at least one mage. Roll d10p for level; for every two full levels, the tribe has another spellslinger (rolled independently). Perform this check only once.

Ssishnisska have their own brand of sinister evil. They rarely overtly cause major disruptions or wars, preferring to work on the periphery and behind the scenes. They seldom raid and plunder, preferring to murder or kidnap only particular individuals for some grander nefarious purpose. Random individuals or communities are damaged or targeted only for purposes of dark rituals (which themselves generally serve some greater objective). That said, Serpent Men certainly view humans and other sentient races as a delicious fare beyond being mere sacrificial victims.

Serptesaurs speak their own mysterious language, complete with a very developed and ancient written form. Their tongue shares some elements with high Elven, low Elven, Dejy and Dwarvish. Serpent Men may also be able to communicate with Dragons in their native tongue, but this claim has never

been substantiated by human nor Elven sages. Those Ssyyar that are in contact with other cultures readily learn the foreign language out of necessity, working endless hours to speak natively or closely so.

Serpent Men inhabit dismal out-of-the-way locales, far from the prying eyes of human, Elf or Dwarf. They conceal their dwellings with natural growth or geological formation, even concealing whole cities from detection, unless viewed from within its borders. They are certainly capable builders and will use readily available resources as well as imported goods and materials if need be.

Combat/Tactics:

Ssishnisska range in strength from small and weak, to large and muscular, much like other intelligent races, but even more varied as they range from size Small to Large, although the majority fall into the Medium category, averaging around man-sized. They attack with weapons, and can employ shields or fight with two weapons. Some (10%) can also employ either venomous biting attacks between weapon attacks; such attacks are most prevalent amongst the smaller Ssishnisska, although some size medium and a rare few size Large also have venomous bites. Others (30%) have constricting tails that can hold fast their opponents, who can then be attacked with weapons while so immobilized; most size Large non-venomous Ssishnisska have this capability.

The larger, constrictor specimens have tougher hides affording a solid DR 4 and also a strong resistance to pain, while their small venomous cousins are far weaker in both respects. This is counterbalanced by the smallish Ssishnisskan's ability to sneak and hide (55% each) as well as their poison, (25% not dangerously venomous causing only a minor rash, 40% as rattlesnake, 30% as asp, 5% as xulluth). The medium-sized Ssishnisskan may have either constricting ability or poison but most often (80%), has neither. These creatures can generally wear human or Elven armor, if desired.

A few non-human sized (and shaped) Ssishnisska wear armor in the form of breastplates and torso-protection, but this is not the standard, with shield use being most common. They generally do not have advanced smithing abilities, but do have knowledge of these secrets and can even make weapons and armors of steel, perhaps even predating the dwarves in such arenas (although not in skill). Most of their arms are purchased or stolen from humans, Elves or Dwarves (or humanoid races that have done so).

Based on their superior sensory abilities, a Snake Man's defense never drops below d12p, unless surprised, even in the case of rear attacks.

For every 10 Snake Men encountered has a warrior leader with maximum Hit Points. For every 30, the warband has a warband leader big enough to deliver a +1 to Attack, Damage, Defense and a 1-point bonus to Initiative in addition to maximum Hit Points plus an extra d8 Hit Points as well as a sorcerer (level can vary per text).

For every 90 or more, the tribe will have a sub-chief with +2 to Attack, Damage, Defense and a 1-point bonus to Speed

Ssishnisska (Venomous)

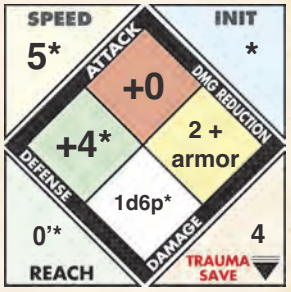
Hit Points:	d8+10
Size/Weight:	S/ 20 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Attacks with both a weapon (at weapon speed) and with venomous bite spaced between. Per character level and equipment, if leveled.

Special:

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Varies
No. Appearing:	d8p (hunting); 3d4p+8 (warband); 30d12p (community)
% Chance in Lair:	65%
Frequency:	Very Rare
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard (two dice better for Initiative)[1]
Habitat:	Jungles and remote, warm locations
Diet:	Omnivorous but prefer fresh game and eggs
Organization:	Theocracy
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to tropical, any terrain

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hides can be fashioned into snakeskin boots in 80% of cases worth 4d4p sp each
Treasure:	Have many valuable ancient items, gems, jewelry and other treasure
Edible:	Yes, snake parts taste like chicken
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	Per character level (can be 0) + 35

** Include bonuses by character level (if applicable)*

and Initiative in addition to maximum Hit Points plus two extra d8 rolls for Hit Points. This is in addition to the nine basic leaders and three stronger leaders as well as sorcerers and clergy.

If the tribe contains 150 or more Snake Men, it has a powerful ruler – either a sorcerer or cleric of note (whichever has the higher level when determined as above). This is in addition to the other leaders and an extra 4d6p warrior sub-chiefs that function as a personal retinue of bodyguards for the ruler. The various leader-types will always employ the choicest weapons and wear various armors to provide the following improvements to Damage Reduction: warrior leader +1 DR, warband leader +2 DR, sub-chief +3 DR, chieftain +4 DR.

Ssishnisskans prefer to attack by surprise, using terrain (especially heights) to best effectuate an ambush, dropping from trees, foliage or rocky outcropping or simply pillars within structures to attack with surprise. They will use ranged weapons of all varieties to great effect, including spell support as appropriate and available. Leaders often direct that fallen foes be taken prisoner in order to serve some greater purpose such as a sacrifice, to interrogate for information, hold for ransom through a human or humanoid intermediary or simply as the centerpiece of some upcoming celebratory feast.

The more primitive Snake Men will engage with little regard to tactics, and will preferentially attack unarmored or lightly armored foes, stopping combat in order to ingest fallen (TOPed or unconscious) enemies (a thirty second action to swallow head-first). However, when a Ssishnisska with superior mental or leadership abilities is near, the lower caste creatures will follow orders unswervingly, even passing up easy meals to follow commands. Given the potential genius-level of such commanders, Ssishnisskan defense or assaults will often be tactically sound or even brilliantly creative, advancing or falling back as the situation dictates.

Habitat/Society:

The ancient Serpent Empire was based on sorcery, technology and alchemy, but collapsed with the rise of the Elves, who warred with the Snake Men mercilessly long before even the Elves recorded their history. With their power broken, the Serpent Men saw the rise of man as a new opportunity and they changed tactics, seeking to influence and subvert the new Dejy. The Serpent Men infiltrated Dejy society and ruled from behind the scenes for a time but were again discovered, defeated and cast out, driven to almost legend in humanity's battle for survival. Somehow the Ssishnisska orchestrated or at least instigated the great Dejy cataclysm, perhaps suffering great losses themselves, for they remained in hiding even as the other human races spread across Tellene over the following centuries. During this time, humans dominated Tellene and the Serpent Men became a myth. They sought refuge in the Netherdeep where they built technologically advanced subterranean cities, of which only ruins remain in the modern age. Explorers have reputedly found scientific wonders in such places, but the veracity of these tales remains unproven as any secrets discovered have stayed just so.

Today, Snake Men can be found in any temperature or clime other then arctic or subarctic as they cannot abide the cold, although there are rumors of vast subterranean cities below the earth in such regions, connected by the Netherdeep to warmer climes. They build cities using advanced scientific techniques alien to other races and keep these secrets close, often disguising their designs to appear as natural formations. It is unclear why they bother with such concealment, but it may be to prevent their enemies from gaining knowledge should their lands be taken.

Snake Man society revolves around three pillars: the worship of the Great Serpent, scientific and alchemical pursuits and arcane study and power. The clergy hold the most sway among the lower castes, although the other leaders do not seem to begrudge this, perhaps it is seen as a necessary way to control the weak-minded. Leadership can come from any pillar and seem to remain in power unchallenged as long as competent.

Ssishnisska live for centuries and breed very rarely, having little interest in such pursuits. They can breed with common large snakes (constrictors and pythons, as examples) to form more offspring of the slave or warrior caste. These issue are considered repugnant and such actions are only performed when numbers are needed in only a few short years in order to wage war or for some other nefarious activities that require a large population quickly. The more human-like Ssishnisska will also mate with each other or Dejy (or more rarely other humans) and other humanoid races, producing more of the leader classes. Human-like offspring are live-born, but snake-like are hatched, with the in-between born with light membranes. Females are equal to males in their society in both quantity and status.

The Snake Man caste system is purely based on intelligence, clearly correlated to the more man-like of the species. The less intelligent (and typically more snake-like) and more animalistic are relegated to near-slave status, performing menial tasks commensurate with ability, from mining (which they do very poorly) to farming and other forms of simple servitude. All thought leadership, whether liturgical, arcane or scientific, is performed by those most capable and movement between classes is acceptable, though rare due to genetics.

Ssishnisska employ other species as slaves and animal species as trained guards, warning systems and the like. They have been known to train avians as messengers and warning-systems, as well as all types of mammals and reptiles. They appear limited only by what is available locally or for import and seem adept at training as well as caring for their pets (at least by survival standards as Snake Men are not particularly compassionate in any manner).

Ecology:

Snake Men prefer live meat in the form of mammals (including intelligent species) and avians, but they also eat reptiles, insects, fish and in particular, they greatly desire eggs of all types. That said, all but the most snake-like and primitive are omnivorous and every Snake Man lair will have ready access to groves of fruit-bearing trees, natural vegetable growth or self-cultivated farms. Snake Men have more advanced irrigation techniques than other races, but their systems always appear as natural works, perhaps by design or possibly that is

Ssishnisska (Human-like)

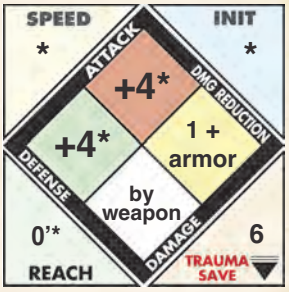
Hit Points:	2d8+15*
Size/Weight:	M/ 60 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+2



Attack: Per character level and equipment Attacks with a weapon, -1 Speed advantage

Special:

Ssishnisska (Constrictor)

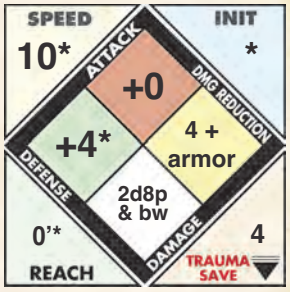
Hit Points:	3d8+20
Size/Weight:	L/ 180 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-1

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Per character level and equipment, if applicable

Special: After first attack may attack with constricting tail mid-way between weapon attacks, a successful hit requires a FoA or FoS vs d20p+6 or d20p+14 respectively. Those caught are immobile, using only a d12 for defense, while the Ssishnisska (or others) gains a +4 to attack.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Varies
No. Appearing:	d8p (hunting); 3d4p+8 (warband); 30d12p (community)
% Chance in Lair:	65%
Frequency:	Very Rare
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard (two dice better for Initiative)[1]
Habitat:	Jungles and remote, warm locations
Diet:	Omnivorous but prefer fresh game and eggs
Organization:	Theocracy
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to tropical, any terrain

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Diet:	Omnivorous but prefer fresh game and eggs
Organization:	Theocracy
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate to tropical, any terrain

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Brains and tongue are rumored to aid in creation of salt to flesh potions
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Have many valuable ancient items, gems, jewelry and other treasure
Edible:	No, vile.
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	Per character level + 50

** Include bonuses/stats by character level*

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Hides can be fashioned into snakeskin boots in 80% of cases worth 4d4p sp each
Treasure:	Have many valuable ancient items, gems, jewelry and other treasure
Edible:	Yes, snake parts taste like chicken
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	Per character level (can be 0) + 65

** Include bonuses by character level (if applicable)*

simply their way. Snake Men have no natural predators, but like man or Elves, can fall prey to large beasts if caught alone in the wilderness. They consider Elves their greatest foe and harbor a deep resentment for some past slight or loss at the hands of sylvan ones.

Religion:

Serpent Men have their own unique religion. Regardless of location on Tellene, their religion, practices and rituals are remarkably consistent. Their patron god is the daemon queen Shraggsussyl-Riss, the Great Serpent. She appears in every myth associated with the Snake Men and for millennia they have faithfully paid homage to her. Their machinations and focus are singularly to bring glory to The Great Serpent and enslave all of Tellene in her name. The Serpent Men eschew alliances with other religions, even the other evil gods, unless it is a temporary coalition where the goals of Shraggsussyl-Riss will be furthered. Such pacts inevitably end with betrayal on the part of the Serpent Men as only they can dominate Tellene at the end of days. Clearly Shraggsussyl-Riss herself holds some evil deity as her patron or perhaps did before the great war of the gods, but it is not clear to mortals to which, if any, god she pays tribute.

Subraces:

Ssishnisska by their very nature have a wide variety of shapes, sizes and abilities from almost human to almost snake. It's important to note that Ssishnisska are not Serptesaurs (Lizard Men), neither are Lizard Men a subrace, but rather an entirely different species, having evolved completely separately. Lizard Men are more of a natural race (or races), while Snake Men have been somehow created near the dawn of Tellene (even pre-dating Elves) by some foul deity or otherworldly creature or perhaps an abject failure of the Creator. They cannot mate with Lizard Men to produce offspring. They can, however, often be found using Lizard Men as tools and fronts for their nefarious ends and Ssishnisska show a particular affinity for Serptesaurs in particular in much the same way that man has an affinity for dogs.

On Tellene:

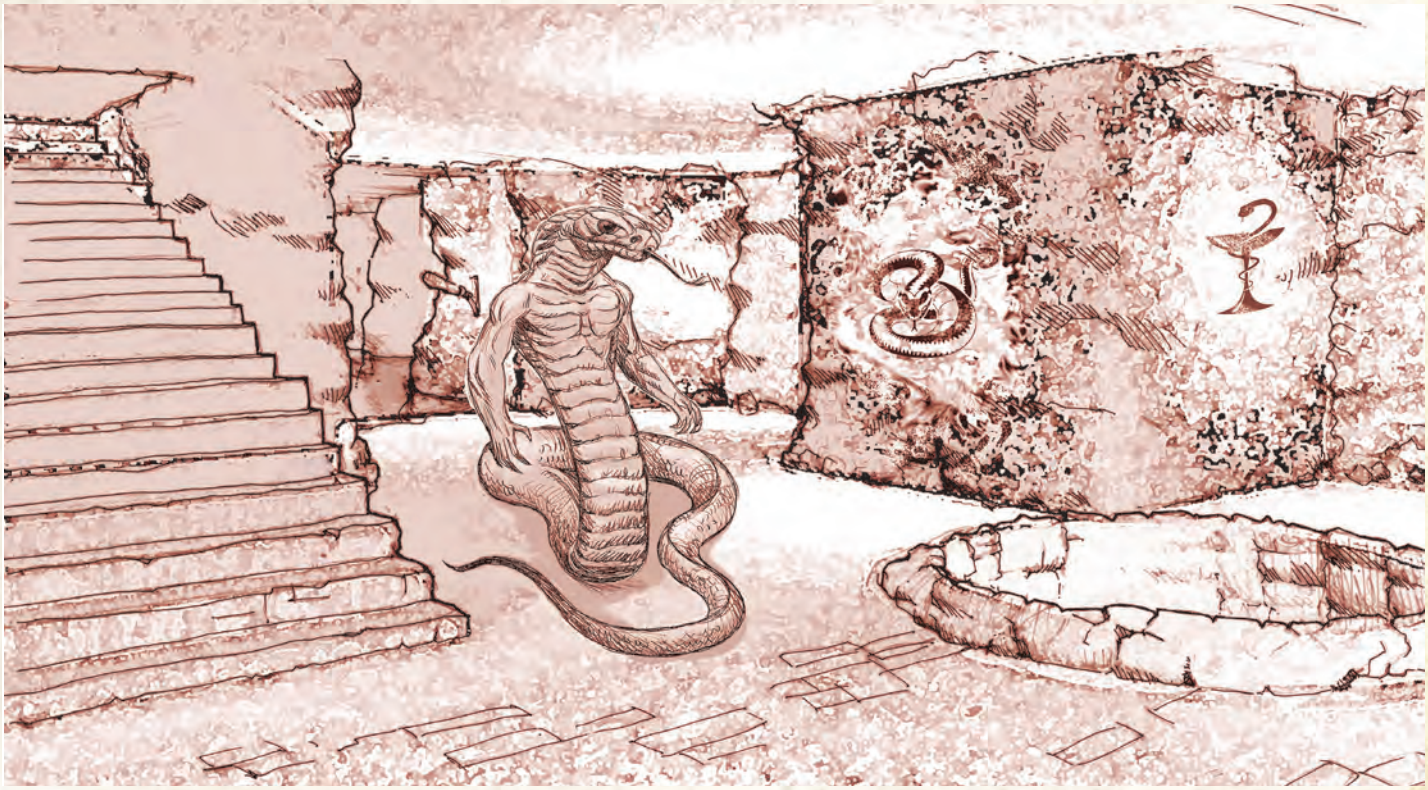
Ssishnisska can be found all across Tellene, primarily in temperate to tropical less-civilized areas as they do not do as well in colder climates. If they inhabit colder climates, they will have built underground dwellings and venture to the surface only during warmer months. Ssishnisska seem to be somehow involved in many of Tellene's deeper mysteries and their lairs (and former great city ruins) hold many secrets of alchemy, technology and magic.

[1]**Awareness/Senses:** Most Snake Men can see very well in dimly lit conditions, and a small minority can even see in the dark. They have an average olfactory sense and excellent mechanoreception but poor auditory (-20% to Listen checks).

[2]**Habitat:** Ssishnisska live in dwellings of their own design, featuring domes and columns. These will inevitably be well concealed from other civilized races or, more often, both hidden and distant.0

[3]**Climate/Terrain:** Any, except arctic, but vastly prefer warmer climes.

[4]**Treasure:** Since the Ssishnisska have a rich cultural heritage dating back millennia, they recognize the value of works of art, gems, jewelry and precious metals and other things. Their lairs typically contain vast riches of all imaginable types, although arms, especially armors, tend to be rare as they are less utilizable by the creatures. With Arcane and Divine magic as well as technology underpinning Ssishnisska society, almost any special item could be discovered secreted away therein.



Stegosaur AKA Clubber, Barbtails



If you ever make it to Rismish, you will find an old soldier in the east quarter who carried about on a litter by his friends. A victim of a Barbtail! His spine snapped by a tail strike.

Sure, I've encountered them. I was rescuing a Tarisotan princess from a cult of Old Shivers. These guys were some serious business. They had cultist guards as big as woodsheds. And they swung these wicked morningstars made from logs and great bone spikes. It took some cleverness as well as bravery to overcome the elite guard, but I did so, of course, or I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. It was in searching their jungle lair, with the princess slung over my shoulder that I found the breeding ground. They were raising these giant Barbtail Lizards, holding the young in pens like veal, then finishing them off for food – the meat is really quite tasty. The big ones grow to 10 feet long, but the babies are small enough to handle. That's when they harvest the spiked tails and later fashion them into barbed clubs. The spikes themselves are a foot long, but they have a hollow rattle to them, which is why this particular cult used them. They're all bluster. In any event, I was able to release the young, causing a stampede in the process. The young and old rampaged about their corral, busting down fencing and trampling cultists. The racket was deafening and good thing, too, because that princess, her name was Tala or Jana or something, was crying and wailing like Tellene was ending, Twas during this confusion that I was able to make good my escape. As to the princess, well that's another tale for the telling.

This large, stout quadrupedal herbivore carries vertical plates on its rounded back and boasts a flexible, wickedly spiked tail. Its tail barbs grow from a foot to up to two feet in length. Its hulk is led by a small head at the end of a fairly short neck and supported by squat fore limbs and longer hind limbs. Adults grow up to 30 feet long and 8,000 pounds. Stegosaurs use their spiked tail to ward off predators, delivering powerful puncturing blows. They browse low-growing vegetation using turtle-like beaks, which run along the mouth. They thrive on low-growing fruit of various nonflowering plants, as well as mosses, ferns, horsetails, cycads, and conifers found in river-lining forests and flood plains.

The function of their array of back plates is several-fold. Blood vessels allow these plates to flush and exhibit vibrant colors allowing the creature an additional form of non-verbal communication beyond body language. They can signal danger, anger, readiness for

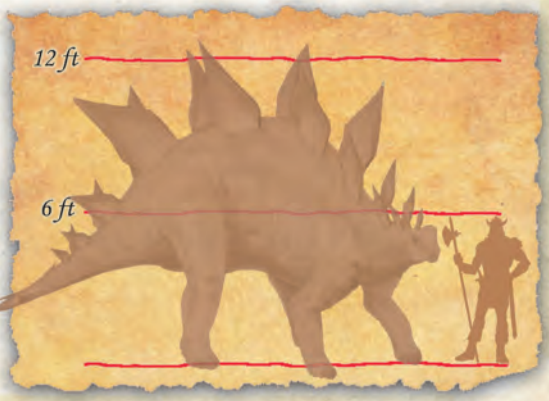
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



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mating, distress, hunger (for the young) and other needs. Males and females alike use their plates in aggressive displays for mate and pecking order determination. Additionally, these plates offer a cooling opportunity in their hot, Obakasek jungle, flood plains and river-valley habitat.

Combat/Tactics:

Once alerted to foes, the Stegosaurs herd will circle the young, turning their backs to foes and viciously swinging their tails about. An adult Stegosaur can easily maneuver its rear, swiveling adeptly to keep foes at bay. The sharp barbs can be pounded with considerable force, penetrating on 5s and 6s alike.

Habitat/Society:

Stegosaurs are large herbivores, organized into herds. They spend most of their lives grazing on ferns and grasses. They rely on their numbers, size and threatening barbed tails to ward off most predators.

When any Stegosaur senses danger, it will signal as much with its back fins, spurring the others into action. Young and adolescents will flee to the adults, who in turn encircle the youths, turning their hindquarters and thus sharp tail-spikes toward the interlopers. Stegosaurs are most active during morning and evening, resting at night and during mid-day heat.

Stegosaurs mating season occurs once per year, resulting in a clutch of a dozen or more fertilized eggs. The eggs are left in holes and buried near trees. The herd passes the egg sites regularly, making it part of a grazing circuit. The young hatch after about sixty days and begin walking within a day. They search out the herd by scent, devouring ferns and grasses immediately. Fewer than 1 in 10 find the herd and reach maturity due to predation.

Commonly, adult animals live for at least 25 years, but the maximum life span is not known as they are not known to be kept in captivity and usually become victim to large predators before succumbing to age.

Ecology:

Stegosaurs inhabit a semiarid environment with distinct wet and dry seasons, and flat floodplains. Only the largest predators attempt to take down an adult, although stealthy, speedier predators might make off with young before the herd can enter a defensive position.

On Tellene:

These giant plant eaters roam the drier areas of the Obakasek, but also the floodplains and river valleys during the dry seasons. They stay to the coniferous forest areas during the monsoon seasons.

Stegosaur

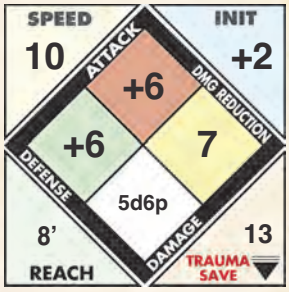
Hit Points:	15d8+35
Size/Weight:	G/ 3 tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal. Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+15
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Threatened Stegosaurs turn their spiked hind-quarters toward their enemies, swinging their spiked tails threateningly. Critical hits on a 19-20.

Special: Stegosaurs rely on their offensive capability to critically injure opponents.

General Info

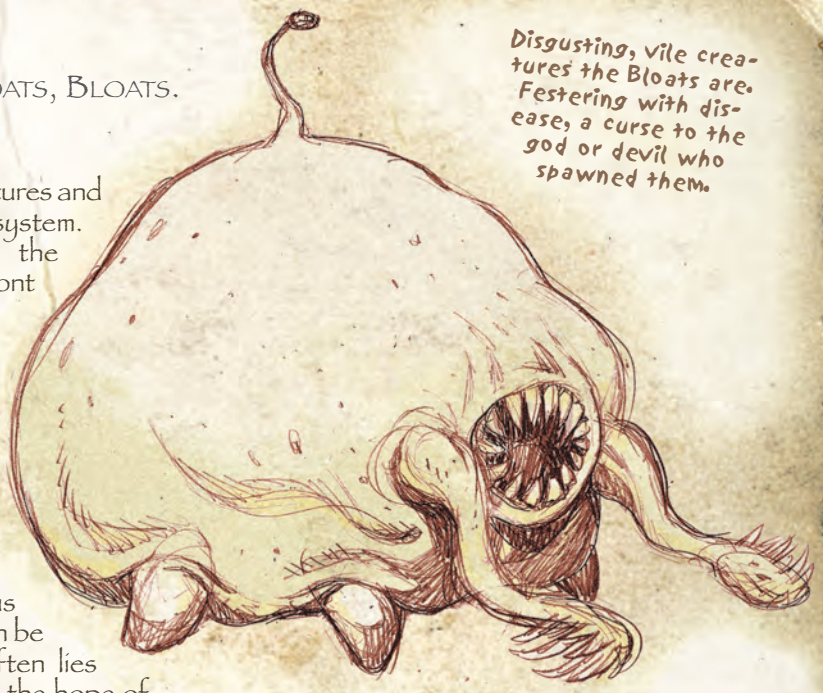
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal/Crepuscular
No. Appearing:	5-20
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Semi-arid flood plains and river valleys

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Stegosaurs distinctive sails and barbs can fetch up to 10-20 sp apiece
Treasure:	Tail spikes are believed to be a base for many magical arrows, bolts and javelins
Edible:	Yes, white meat
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1150

Stercus

Vile Bags, Filth Bloats, Bloats.



Detritivores are amongst the most fascinating creatures and essential to the proper functioning of any ecosystem. Admittedly they are repulsive to many, thus the importance of disseminating information as few are wont to conduct firsthand study.

The Stercus is an interesting hybrid of carnivore and detritivore that can be found in the sewers of most larger cities. Though it subsists principally on waste, it supplements its diet with living creatures. This has an ancillary benefit in that it eliminates competition from many vermin that cohabit its environment and may serve the interests of mankind by curtailing rodent infestations.

Should one have cause to probe the noxious underworld, caution is warranted for the Stercus can be a dangerous adversary. Excelling at stealth, it often lies hidden beneath septic water eying its surrounding in the hope of snaring an unaware creature. This it accomplishes by means of two tentacles protruding from its bulbous body permitting it to snare distant creatures from the relative safety of its cesspit.

It is reported that the creature is exceedingly robust and difficult to kill. It is also said that the creature is possessed of an odor so pungent that those in close proximity to it may become incapacitated. Should these admonishments be insufficient to ward individuals off from disturbing the Stercora, it is also rumored that the creature's bite surely inflicts a horrid disease.

Stercora are large and aggressive detritivores that prefer to live in-situ amongst a huge accumulation of mammalian excrement. Though extremely territorial, their presence is often tolerated by the generators of said noxious waste as they pose little danger to anyone opting to avoid an area best avoided in any case.

Physically, the Stercus is a bulbous sack with four stumpy legs. A single orifice, a sucker-like mouth full of masticating teeth, is found on this literal sack of shit. Far more notable are the pair of tentacles that protrude from the body alongside the mouth, each terminating in a bony head upon one side of which are rows of curved spines. The creature also has a small eyestalk atop its form which may go unnoticed as it can easily be mistaken for a rotting piece of vegetation given its coloration.

Combat/Tactics:

Stercora will burrow into feces or sequester themselves in a fecal slurry pool bobbing beneath the surface with but its eyestalk breaking the skim of floaters on the surface. The Stercora can regulate their buoyancy as needed to either float or descend to the depths of these fetid ponds. If previously subject to attack, a Stercus will preferentially position itself beyond the reach of most handheld weapons such that it can fend off assailants with its tentacles from a presumably safe distance.

If subject to missile attack, the creature will attempt to retreat to a covered location or submerge to shield itself from such harassment. Bear in mind that any sewage pools it may inhabit are opaque and any archer is likely to be fir-

Tracks

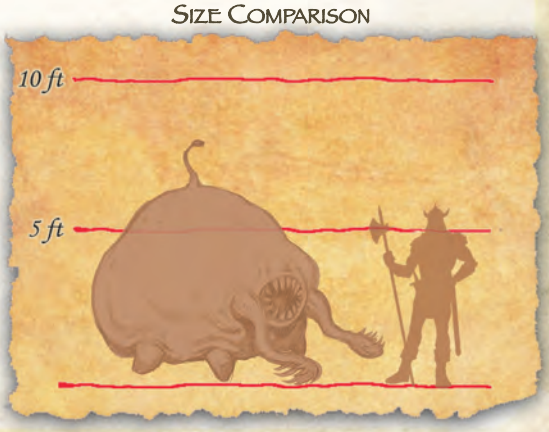
It is believed, Stercora may exist in the sewers of every large city on Tellene.



Range



Size Comparison



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ing blind even if the Stercus is just beneath the surface. Its eyestalk is very well camouflaged appearing no different than the other noxious material floating in a sewage pit (thus affording an effective 75 mastery in Hiding).

While the Stercus' exterior is moderately resistant to lacerations, its DR is more the result of having few vital organs. To kill a Stercus, one must literally hack it to pieces.

The creature's 10-foot-long tentacles can operate independently each with a speed of 8. Attacks may take one of two forms: either an attempt to envelop an adversary (though said opponent must be within five feet of the creature owing to the slack necessary to bind him) or as a flail.

In flailing mode, the spiny calcified nubbin impacts with great force inflicting 2d8p points of damage. Of perhaps greater concern, any blow that draws blood (e.g. the defender suffers a wound) subjects the victim to Gaol Fever for which a communicability check must be performed.

In ensnaring mode, a successful Attack indicates that the tentacle has wrapped around the defender rendering him/her/it immobile. The tentacle will not inflict subsequent crushing damage but does subject the victim to being drawn to the Stercus' mouth at a rate of 5'/second. Note that the victim will eventually be drawn into the Stercus' pool and subject to drowning though this is completely dependent on tactical positioning as to how quickly it occurs. Once the victim is drawn underwater, he cannot swim (being ensnared) and suffers 1d3p points of damage for every 10 seconds he remains underwater. The drowning damage can be restored fully should the victim survive (see Swimming skill in the *HackMaster Player's Handbook*).

The ensnared victim will be dragged to the Stercus' mouth and preferentially attacked (the defender permitted a mere d8p defense die). An individual ensnared by a Stercus' tentacle may attempt to escape via a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+10) or a Difficult Escape Artist skill check. An attempt may be made every five seconds.

A tentacle may be targeted individually with the express purpose of severing it though its erratic flailing permits a d20p+8 Defense roll (its Defense is but d8p should it have an adversary ensnared).

This can only be successfully accomplished with a hacking weapon. In this instance, the tentacle is treated as a particularly strong rope (Break Check =30, see Rope on p. 80 of the *GameMaster's Guide*). Any hit requires a break check (d20p+damage vs. 30). This is an all-or–nothing attack in that subsequent attempts face the same penalty (unless a called shot is made to hit the exact same spot – a very difficult feat offering the Stercus a +16 Defense advantage). Individual wounds made a tentacle do not wound the creature explicitly and are not subtracted from its hit point total. However, if a tentacle is severed, the Stercus suffers a 12 hit point wound (do not subtract DR).

The creature is extremely noxious smelling which will be readily apparent to anyone in its proximity. However, within 5 feet of the creature this pungency is acute. Anyone within this distance will fully experience the roiling, nausea inducing sulfurous fumes emanating from its gut. It requires a successful save vs. a VF 10 toxin to resist becoming sickened (imparting a -4 Attack & -2 Defense penalty that persists for 1 minute after leaving the creature's vicinity). Opting to remain near the creature subjects assailants to additional toxin checks every 10 seconds.

Against opponents in proximal distance, the creature may also bite (this action being independent with an 8 second count). While the Stercus' sucker mouth isn't notably powerful – inflicting a mere 2d4p+2 points of damage – it is to be feared for if it draws blood, the victim will assuredly contract Gaol Fever (no communicability check is permitted). In addition, the biting victim will also be infested with microscopic Stercus larvae that will work their way into his gut where they will hatch. The only noticeable effect will be the temporary acquisition of the Strange Body Odor flaw for the subsequent three weeks but any place where he defecates will potentially spawn a new Stercus.

Ecology:

Stercora derived their moniker from their rudimentary biology. The creature's internal body cavity is largely dominated by a large stomach that serves as a simple fermenting digester for the solid fecal matter it ingests. This is accomplished anaerobically by colonies of virulent microorganisms permeating this organ in a symbiotic relationship with the Stercus. Such simplicity and attendant lack of many organs found in most other creatures is facilitated by the actions of the GI tract of the creatures inadvertently supplying the Stercus with its meals.

A Stercus may occasionally wander from its putrid lair should the supply of feces abruptly terminate or should it detect a large pile of carrion in the vicinity. Ironically, the destruction of a humanoid lair by itinerant murder hobos may satisfy both of these preconditions. Leaving its filthy pool is stressful and wandering Stercora are aggressive, extremely dangerous and easily provoked.

Stercora are very susceptible to desiccation hence their proclivity to nest in moist excrement of fetid feces pools. If forced to abandon a nesting site, they must locate another one within a few days or they will die – leaving only a inexplicable pile of mushy excrement behind.

A swatch of the Stercus' gut lining (if kept moist) may serve as a very effective alternative for the *Stink Bomb* spell imparting a -6 penalty to the saving throw of anyone subject to the dweomer. However, retrieving this tissue subjects the individual to a communicability check for Gaol Fever as does handling it whilst enacting the spell.

Gaol Fever

Communicability: 11
Severity: 8

Where is the disease found? Gaol fever is usually encountered in crowded and deplorably unsanitary conditions and easily spread amongst a population of weary, malnourished individuals. It is a common occurrence in refugee and military camps where waste disposal is often ad-hoc. The disease may be persistent in some tropical and sub-tropical backwaters with appropriate environmental conditions to foster and sustain its growth. It may also become ensconced in a fecal reservoir such as municipal sewers given the right conditions or if promoted by the actions of a creature acting as a vector for the malady.

Minor Effect: Beginning a week after contracting the disease, the victim develops a rash that covers his body save for his feet, hands and face. The soreness and discomfort stemming from these hives imparts a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense and damage. The infected individual will also become acutely sensitive to light suffering a -1 Attack penalty in daylight. Additionally, his mind becomes hazy disrupting focus and attention (effects paralleled by the clerical spell *Addle* presented in *Zealot's Guide Book the Third*).

These effects persist for 2 weeks at which time the patient recovers and all penalties are dispensed with.

Full Effect: Disease onset is identical to the minor effect. However, after a week the victim's condition erodes and the resultant penalties becomes increasingly pronounced. The rash increases in severity such that penalties are now -2. Light sensitivity becomes more acute such that daylight assesses a -2 penalty to Attack and Defense and even "good light" such as that found indoors or provided via a torch or lantern will cause a -1 Attack penalty. Mental haziness is also acute, paralleling the effect of the *Addle, Thorough* clerical spell. Additionally, arcane spellcasters will be unable to enact magic amped up beyond the spell's baseline effect.

These more severe symptoms persist for a week at which time the infected individual must attempt a Constitution check (i.e. d20 roll with success indicated by a score <= Constitution score). Success permits reversion to the minor effect for two weeks followed by full recovery. Failure results in a further worsening of the patient's mental condition which now parallels *Addle, Comprehensive* and prohibits any arcane spellcasting.

The victim may also lapse into a coma, where he or she will remain for a week and then must attempt a Trauma check. Success permits survial albeit with a week-long incapacitation that necessitates bed rest. At week's end, recoversy ensues to the initial "full effect" penalties for two weeks, followed by two further weeks enduring the minor effect and then a full recovery. Failure results in death.

Stercus

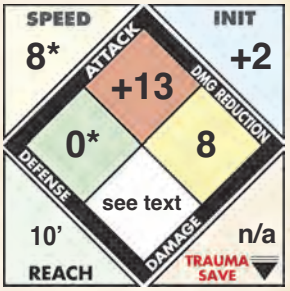
Hit Points:	7d8+30
Size/Weight:	L /600 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	10
Sprint:	15

SAVES

Physical:	+14
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+4



Attack: Stercora strike with their tentacles independently (ea w/ speed 8) to either flail (2d8p) or ensnare adversaries. May bite close victims.

Special:
May impart a serious disease. Close proximity may induce nausea.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	Solitary
% Chance in Lair:	95%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	proximity to feces/excrement/carrion
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Under/near excrement

Yield

Medicinal:	Flesh will automatically cause disease if applied to wounds or eaten
Spell Components:	Very effective boost to Stink Bomb
Hide/Trophy:	No
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No, flesh is toxic
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	750

Stony Ensnarer

One Eyed Grabber, Doper



"By rope, by smoke, by stealth by choke. Beware the ensarer who lurks in the dark" Old miner's ditty

Blessed be the Lantern, for he doth see fit to reward tribulations. T'was many a year past whilst en route to enlighten a band of young firebrands that we did encounter the most horrendous of beasts. Though my own powers of observation are oft wanting, I was horrified to witness two of our number ensnared and being dragged to their doom towards a monocular beast with ravenous maw agape. Only scant seconds previous there had been but innocuous stalagmites in this cavern. Upon regaining my composure and capability of taking action, it occurred to me that this visage plucked at some far distant remembrance.

It was then that I stitched together these distant memories. This creature, though fierce and cruel, was possessed of beneficent powers. Surely we must prevail for the Lightbringer had placed this creature as a test of my worthiness.

And a severe test it proved to be,for the beast was possessed of powers less genial. I, too, fell victim to its ensnarement. Such irony that whilst in mortal peril I was overcome with feelings of blissful tranquility. I must rationally know now that it was but a trick of the poison I was afflicted with, or, perchance it was something more…

Stony Ensnarers are unusual subterranean creatures whose conical build affords them with the ability to perfectly mimic natural stone formations such as stalagmites. Possessed of an insatiable appetite, they lie in wait in plain sight seeking to ambush and eat any creature that passes within their reach.

They are capable of propulsion via cilia coating their underside. While this is quite slow, a tradeoff is that these cilia are able to securely grasp any surface permitting the creatures to easily scale walls and traverse ceilings despite their bulk. An intrepid Stony Ensnarer may even affix itself to a cave roof and pose as a stalactite. Such a perch can insulate the beast from attackers and greatly increase its potential lethality.

Stony Ensnarers have four tendrils secreted within their body cavities that they may lash out to a range of 25 feet so as to ensnare prey and drag it back to their relatively slow moving maws.

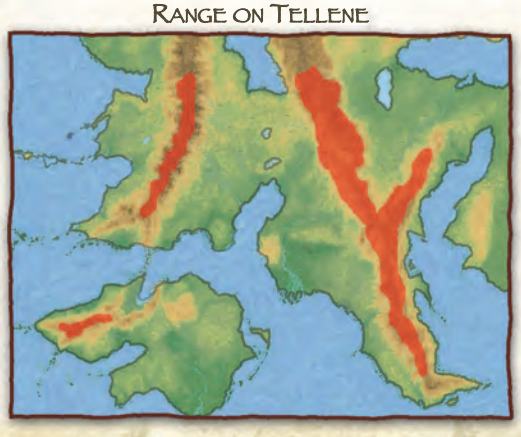
Their calcite exoskeleton permits Stony Ensnarers to easily blend innocuously into their surroundings, granting them a Hiding Mastery of 100*. Unless detected by a particularly observant foe, they are able to surprise most passersby. An unobserved Stony Ensnarer may initiate an attack on second 1 whilst unaware victims must roll for initiative as normal. A Stony Ensnarer that's been spotted will lash out immediately but rolls initiative per the standard convention.

Sign/Tracks

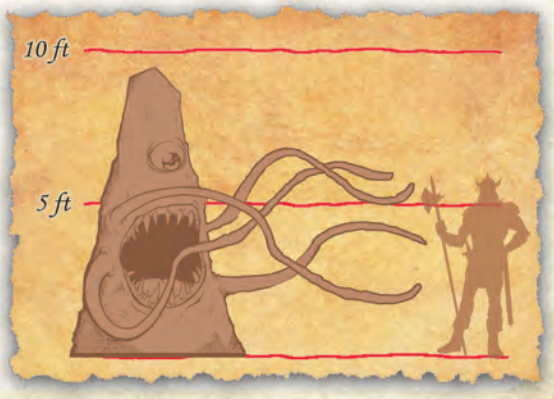
Stony Ensnarers excel at camouflaging themselves into their natural environment of the Netherdeep. Is that a rock formation you about to place your hand on for footing? A stalagmite up ahead?

Always be alert!

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



**Characters with the Geology skill may add 10% to their Observation skill check for each level of Mastery. Thus a novice geologist adds 10% while a master adds 50%.*

Combat/Tactics:

As mentioned previously, Stony Ensnarers are very ponderous creatures that are unable to chase prey. They rely on snaring potential meals and then dragging them back to their maws. They accomplish this via any or all of their four rope-like tendrils.

Stony Ensnarers can launch their tendrils with amazing rapidity at creatures within striking distance – the process being accomplished within a second. If the creature makes a successful attack roll, the thick and sticky appendage has coiled around the target, securely clenching it within its grasp. Creatures so bound may attempt to escape the ensnarement by succeeding at a Feat of Strength (vs. d20+8) with one such attempt permitted every five seconds. Captured prey will be dragged towards the Doper at a rate of 2 ½ feet per second unless forcibly resisted. Success at a Feat of Strength (vs. d20+4) will slow this rate to 1 foot per second for the following 5 seconds. Note that an individual ensnared by a tentacle cannot both attempt to break free and resist being dragged closer. He must choose one or the other means of forestalling his demise. Alternatively, a Stony Ensnarer striking from elevation (perhaps situated on a cavern ceiling) may only drag prey up at a rate of 1 foot/second but this cannot be resisted.

A person seized by a tendril risks succumbing to the transdermal analgesic contained within the tarry residue coating the appendage. Those ensnared must save versus VF 12 poison every full 10 seconds of contact or suffer a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense, Damage and Feats of Strength (though gaining +1 to their ToP check). Effects are cumulative and once a -10 penalty is reached the victim falls into an unwakeable sleep for 12 hours. Subcomotose results wear off in 4 hours.

A Stony Ensnarer's tendrils are sufficiently powerful to drag in Medium-sized prey. Large creatures may require envelopment with an additional tendril and Huge prey a third. The sedating effects of multiple tendril bindings are cumulative.

Should a defender be equipped with a shield and defend such that a shield hit occurs, the Stony Ensnarer's tendril will coil around said object. Thinking it has captured a meal, it will then forcefully reel the shield in. The shield bearer may opt to voluntarily release the shield (consuming d4p seconds) or attempt to resist the creature's pull (as above). A shield abandoned to the tendril will undergo centripetal compression. Not being designed to withstand such forces, shields must save every five seconds as if having sustained a 15 point frontal blow. Failure destroys the shield and frees the tendril to seek another victim.

The tendrils may be attacked in an effort to possibly free a nabbed ally. Striking a tendril is not overly difficult (roll d10 for its defense), but severing it is. The tendril is thick as a man's forearm, fibrous, and elastic. The blow must be for 16 or greater hit points to sever – anything less is ineffective. While

Stony Ensnarer

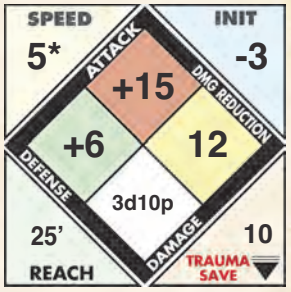
Hit Points:	8d8+32
Size/Weight:	H /1 ton
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	2½
Jog:	2½
Run:	2½
Sprint:	2½

SAVES

Physical:	+18
Mental:	+10
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Snares prey with drug-soaked tendrils; can capture & splinter shields; may attack multiple targets but no more than 1 such attack per 5 seconds; *bites for 3d10p every 10s (negating other attacks); may belch obscuring & choking smoke

Special:
Immune to toxins.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1 (or 2-7)
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Extreme Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Vibration Sensitive (effective Observation = 80)
Habitat:	Subterranean
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Loner or colony
Climate/Terrain:	n/a

Yield

Medicinal:	See text
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1300

severing a tendril will free a captured individual, it does not incapacitate the tendril. The only impairment is to limit the maximum reach to the point of severing. A rescuer could well be immediately attacked by the foreshortened tendril!

Stony Ensnarers are not polydextrous. As such, they may only attack with one (of possibly 4) tendril every 5 seconds. However, tendrils that have grasped an object require less synaptic oversight and do not impinge on this ability. Thus a Stony Ensnarer could have three individuals ensnared and being dragged in whist attempting to lasso a fourth.

A helpless ensnared individual dragged back to the creature's mouth will be devoured. Should others approach the maw, the Stony Ensnarer will preferentially bite at them in self-defense. It may only bite once per 10 seconds and the concentration required to engage in such melee necessitates forgoing any tendril attacks.

If the Stony Ensnarer is beset by a myriad of foes, it will resort to belching forth its defensive breath weapon. To instigate this attack, it must cease all other action (including dragging prey). For 10 seconds a loud bubbling sound will resonate from within the creature as it draws in air through its radial louvers and through a unique organ. It then spews out a dense smoke that rapidly fills a volume 10 feet around the beast.

This smoke has two effects. Firstly, it is a pulmonary irritant. Anyone opting to remain within the cloud suffers the effects of smoke inhalation. For every full 10 seconds spent within these confines, characters suffer a penalty of -1 to Attack, Defense and Damage. This effect is cumulative. By the time these specific penalties accumulate to -8, a character will be keenly aware that he is on the verge of passing out. Failure to heed this warning will result in a character choking to death once his smoke induced penalties reach -10. A secondary effect is that illumination is effectively reduced to "dim light" within the cloud. Those not possessed of low light vision must endure a -4 Attack and -2 Defense penalty.

A Stony Ensnarer's smoke cloud will persist for two minutes though the clerical spell *Breeze* has a 50% chance of dissipating the smoke (and stronger variants will automatically do so). Stony Ensnarers suffer no ill effects from their noxious effluent or toxins of any sort. It may release such a cloud once per 5 minutes but cannot do so more than 6 times per day.

A Stony Ensnarer that opts to withdraw from an encounter will always seek to cover its retreat with a cloud of smoke while moving away and attempting to disguise itself.

Habitat/Society:

Stony Ensnarers are usually solitary creatures. However, they may be encountered in familial clusters in regions with plentiful game. Stony Ensnarers reproduce asexually by budding when they've reached maturity by sprouting 1-6 nodules from their backside. These genetic clones derive nourishment from their host until reaching a size of 9 to 12 inches. At this stage their undercilia permit movement and the little Stony Ensnarers scurry off their parent. Their subsequent rate of growth is dependent on the amount of scraps they can steal from the parental Stony Ensnarer – the buds are quick to scurry forth when any kill is made. If game is plentiful, the parent will indulge its buds in this behavior until they mature – if not it squashes them.

Ecology:

Stony Ensnarers are top-tier subterranean predators with few challengers to their position. However, they need to reside within close proximity to a natural source of mineral water. It is essential that they consumer large quantities of water to flush their systems as well as to absorb the minerals they need to regenerate this carapace.

When growing larger, a Stony Ensnarer must molt as its exoskeleton serves to constrain its size. This presents a time of extreme vulnerability. Naked Stony Ensnarers will usually secrete themselves in an underground pool during this transformation.

Although capable of seeing in the dimmest of light with their huge eye, even this level of illumination is not guaranteed in their native realm. Stony Ensnarers have adapted by becoming extremely sensitive to even the most minute of vibrations. This allows them to sense all but the most light-footed of prey. Even the sneakiest thief would be challenged attempting to approach a Stony Ensnarer... if he were even aware of its presence.

The photoreceptivity of their large saucer-like eye is not without vulnerabilities. So sensitive is this organ that excessive lumination can partially blind the creature. Torch or lantern light is insufficiently bright as to impart any penalty. However, brighter light sources (such as that within the inner sphere of the 8th level Mage's *Illumination* spell) cause the Stony Ensnarer to suffer a -4 Attack and -2 Defense penalty. Full daylight blinds it (causing it to suffer a -8 Attack and -4 Defense penalty).

It is surmised that there is nothing inherent to their biology that would prevent Stony Ensnarers from existing on the surface world save for their intolerance of light. However, there are no confirmed reports of encountering them above ground – even nocturnally.

Medicinal Uses:

A slain Stony Ensnarer may be scavenged for an organ that secretes the analgesic that coats its tendrils. A trained First Aid provider may harvest from 11-20 doses of this fluid to concoct a potion that will provide the imbiber with a +2 bonus to his ToP for 4 hours. However, it is tricky to get the dosage right (a very difficult skill check). Failure results with equal likelihood in either an ineffectual dose or one that overly sedates the recipient (in the latter case the imbiber gains +4 to his ToP but suffers -2 to Attack, Defense and Damage due to grogginess).

On Tellene:

Stony Ensnarers are a very real threat to travelers in the Netherdeep. Thankfully their existence on the surface is only a matter of conjecture.

Sturm Badger

A.k.a. Dire Badger, Rage Devil



Sturm Badgers are incredible diggers – tunneling up to one foot a minute in hard soil. They can be tenacious when extracting quarry from their lairs.

"The Rage Devil, comes a stalkin' and she wears the musky stench o' death,
Through shadow and underbrush wit' piercin' eyes,
softly she slinks in the moonlight.
Ya can run laddy. Ya can hide as bess you can.
Climb tall trees and ford cross rivers deep.
She'll find you. And wit' fang, wit' claw , wit' bone-snappin' bite —
she'll come chargin' out of the night.
Tis' you she wants, don't you see. And she'll catch ya quick.
Then — wit' eyes starin' up at the stars above,
She'll Leave ya twitchin' in your death-throes.
Holdin' your entrails in yer arms, you'll ask, "Why? Why Me...?"
"Because...," she whispers from the shadows,
as she pads away on blood-soaked, paws,
"I just happened to catch yer scent, laddy.
You just happened to catch my fancy."
From an old Dobyo Shoagg Hunter tale

There are many things in the world of Tellene I fear. The flesh-hungry, Vorzian Hornets of the Tarisato, the tentacled, Scorpious of the Svimohzish Straits, the Man-Reavers of the Khydoban desert. But the thing I fear most? The thing that causes me to sit up a night while camped on the open trail with an eye turned toward the shadow and an ear toward the dark? The Rage Devil! These larger cousins of the common, badger are cunning, fearless and just plain mean. Years ago, while traveling the Cosdol outback near the Odril Hills, the son of a merchant in our caravan disturbed an empty Rage Devil den he stumbled upon while foraging for berries. His crime? Leaving behind his scent and violating the sanctity of the she-badger's territory. A more vengeful, spiteful creature there never was. Two nights later and forty-five miles down the trail she slinked into our camp. Bypassing a sleeping guard, walking past half a side of venison hanging from a branch, and passing within ten feet of the nightwatch fire she found her target. Sleeping in a tent and lying between two siblings, the Sturm Badger snatched her prey and mauled him on the spot. The roused guard managed to fire three arrows into the beast, but she refused to be distracted from her task. Only when she was satisfied the trespassers had been properly dealt with did she turn her attention to the men who had drawn weapons and rolled out of their bed sacks.

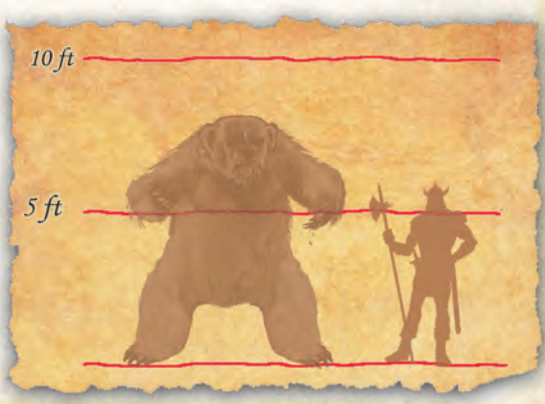
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Dire Badgers are extremely sturdy creatures with thick muscles, broad backs and necks and remarkably loose skin. The head is small and flat compared to the body, with a short muzzle and a strong jaw, bristling with sharp fangs. The eyes are deep set and appear black and soulless. Dire Badgers are built for burrowing and swift digging. With massive clawed forepaws, and rooting snouts equipped with a highly developed sense of smell, Dire Badgers have few natural enemies and absolutely no fear of other creatures.

Sturm Badgers have scent glands that they use to mark their territory and dens with a strong pungent musk most creatures can readily identify with resultant trepidation. Any companion animals (mounts, pack animals, dogs, etc.) must immediately make a tenacity check when encountering fresh Dire Badger musk. Failure indicates that they refuse to proceed into this area unless coaxed via a difficult animal handling skill check.

Combat/Tactics

With their low-slung bodies, powerful jaws and tough claws, Sturm Badgers are formidable opponents. However, it is their incredible tenacity that inspires fear (and makes the Sturm Badgers immune to all fear effects). They are notoriously difficult to kill and absolutely relentless once engaged in combat.

Sturm Badgers are ponderous creatures for their size, moving no faster than a man. For good reason they are given a wide berth by other top predators – and anything else with an instinct for self-preservation. They are nearly always ravenously hungry and will attack almost anything not swift enough to elude them.

These creatures attack by biting their adversaries. The badger's lower jaw is articulated to the top one in a way that makes it almost impossible for the jaw to dislocate. This helps badgers to hold fast to their prey. Should the badger hit and inflict sufficient damage to indicate a knockback[1], this indicates that it has gotten a firm grip. The target is inescapably pulled to the ground as the beast begins to gnaw away (inflicting 2d6p+7 damage automatically every seven seconds thereafter). Individuals that have been caught within the badger's vice-like grip and overborn may only counterattack with a small weapon (doing so at a -4 attack penalty).

Taking down a Sturm Badger is an imposing task. The creature is immune to pain and completely resistant to poison. Its thick leathery skin hangs loosely on its frame making it problematic to inflict meaningful wounds. Arrows and quarrels will usually embed impotently in its hide. Even severe lacerations from pole arms will not dissuade the beast. It's as if it just doesn't care. Only the concussive force of a double knock-back is sufficient to compel it to release prey.

Once it has made a kill, the badger usually seeks to break contact and consume its meal away from greedy scavengers that invariably follow in its wake. However, if harried by creatures it cannot elude, it will turn and aggressively attack (q.v.) its pursuers until they desist.

Sturm Badgers are notorious for their fits of rage. If their den is approached, they are prone to immediately and aggressively attack without regard to the strength of the opposition or number of opponents. This is especially true if cubs are present. Badgers have also been known to relentlessly track down and kill any creature(s) that has trespassed its abode. Such pursuits can last 1d12 hours before they finally give up the chase. Any attempt to distract or drive off an enraged Sturm Badger is almost certain to fail.

Habitat/Society:

Sturm Badgers have a huge territory through which they forage due to the fact that they are such ravenous hunters and thus deplete local populations rather quickly.

A Dire Badger can travel up to twelve miles a night, usually leaving in its wake a telltale series of fresh excavations where it has attempted to dig for food. They often ferret out the dens and burrows of prey by digging pilot holes and sniffing around with their keen olfactory sense. Once they've detected a populated warren, they may dig yards down to penetrate the lair and eat the inhabitants. It is not uncommon for them to subsequently reuse a kill site as their own den for several days before moving on.

The creatures are largely solitary and tend to be nocturnal, foraging at night and then remaining underground during daylight hours. However, the need to travel vast distances once they've eaten out an area results in recurrent sightings during daylight hours. During mating season (late fall), Sturm Badger pairs lair and travel together until the kit(s) are born. Litters number anywhere from 1 to 4 kits. Sturm Badger kits are protected, fed and trained by the mother for 18 to 24 months before being abandoned or chased off to fend for themselves. Kit siblings often hunt and travel in small groups (2 to 4) for several months before separating to become solitary hunters.

Ecology

Dire Badgers are outstanding diggers capable of burrowing through soil at a rate of a foot a minute. Their primary food sources are burrowing animals like rabbits, rodents, weasels and foxes. Rage Devils are also fond of snakes, eggs (of any sort) and large insects (giant beetles in particular). They have also been known to bore into Kobold and Goblin lairs located near the surface and not tunneled into solid rock. Paired badgers often work in tandem, with one blocking a main entrance while the other breaches the burrow, digging into it from another direction and funneling occupants into the waiting maws of its partner.

Sturm Badgers have no real fear of other animals but are keen to avoid unnecessary confrontations with others of their kind unless they are deliberately challenging a rival male's marked territory or defending their own. Since they are constantly on the move, such duels happen infrequently. Sturm Badgers also tend to avoid areas with populations of Owlbeasts. Oddly enough, Owlbeasts often try to avoid contact with Sturm Badgers, so there seems to be a mutual apprehension between the species.

Dire Badgers that have encroached into settled areas, or along trade routes, quickly develop an appetite for horseflesh, beef and swine. They can be a dangerous menace as they are easily able to tunnel under wooden palisades. While anecdotes of them attacking human settlements are thankfully rare, the danger is nonetheless real and bounties are quickly offered should these creatures be encountered in settled lands.

On Tellene:

Sturm Badgers have a broad range. They can survive in plains, deserts, low hills and along coasts. They typically shun deep forests and rocky ground, preferring loose soils, free of large roots. Hunger, however, may drive Sturm Badgers into other terrain types.

On Tellene, Dire Badgers have been eradicated near most large population centers and are rarely encountered in those areas. Small settlements and towns along the fringes of civilization though are occasionally harassed. Unless discouraged by persistent and effective countermeasures (cavalry being particularly effective given their speed advantage, reach and hitting power sufficient to cause even these indefatigable monsters to take note), a badger may take up residence and prey on livestock and even the humans that tend them.

Only the toughest of hunters will deliberately hunt Sturm Badgers and those with a modicum of common sense never hunt them alone.

Sturm Badger hides, when properly tanned, form a very resilient and thick leather of great use in shield fabrication. Only expert tanners are able to prepare these hides.

Footnotes

[1] *This supercedes the normal knockback rules*

[2] *When enraged, a Sturm Badger will fight to the death. Otherwise they may simply seek to move away from a conflict if on the trail of a meal or a mate.*

[3] *Consuming the spleen acts as antivenom permitting another save (at +3)*

[4] *Scent gland extract is useful to ward off larger predators like owlbeasts, wolves, etc.*

Sturm Badger

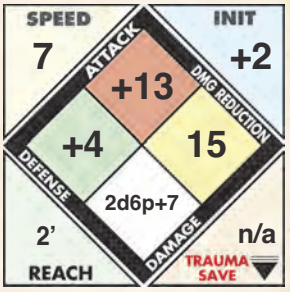
Hit Points:	7d8+40
Size/Weight:	L /600 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless[2]
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Bites at opponents for 2d6p+7 damage; any knockback indicates it has locked onto prey and pulled them to the ground (counterattacks limited); will only release prey via knockback.

Special:
Immune to fear, toxins, and pain of any sort

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any (nocturnal preference)
No. Appearing:	1-2
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Infrequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard (albeit Myopic)
Awareness/Senses:	Keen sense of smell and hearing. Poor eyesight
Habitat:	Earthen burrows
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Individuals or Setts
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Spleen effection poison antidote[3]
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Skin makes resilient leather
Treasure:	Scent gland[4]
Edible:	Yes (scent gland poisonous)
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1100

Sundew, Man-Eating



The sight of a large bush growing with the ruins was not an unexpected sight for the temple was in many parts lacking a roof and fully exposed to the light of day. What was unexpected was for the plant to lash out at the front rank of our troop with tendrils that stuck fast upon contact. Though doughty warriors, the lead fighters soon were overwhelmed as their shields became nigh useless covered as they were with the tendrils and were unable to cope with the sheer number and rapidity of vines grasping for their persons. When they spoke of a burning sensation where they had been struck, our always nervous mage suffered a bout of premature magic-ulation and launched volley upon volley of magical projectiles serrating the shrub and literally tearing it from the earth.

Such was the fury of his magical onslaught that we were covered in the fibrous residue of the creature. Stick it did to our extremities, giving the impression of being scarecrow-men.

Though we did chide the spellcaster for not retaining some measure of his considerable energies in reserve for a more worthy foe, I do secretly doubt that one existed.

Giant Man-Eating Sundews are a monstrously large and thus potentially dangerous variant species of common Drosera Filiformis. The plants chutes are covered in glistening globules of extremely sticky mucilage that permit the creature to ensnare far larger prey.

Combat/Tactics:

Sundews are equipped with chemical receptors that can detect animal prey. When they do so, they becomes animate lashing out with sticky tendrils at any source of protein. A mature plant possesses scores of these, many of which are capable of reaching out to a dozen feet from the root structure.

These tendrils are covered in a very sticky substance that permits them to readily adhere to any surface and are difficult to remove once they've made contact.

A Sundew may attack once per second splitting these attacks evenly against all targets within range.

Anyone successfully hit binds that tendril to the target[1]. Said victim will notice a slight tingling sensation — this being the action of an enzyme that breaks down protein. This enzymatic action causes 1 hp of damage for every full 10 seconds it is in contact. While this may not pose an imminent threat, note carefully that each and every tendril bound to a victim inflicts equivalent damage.

Of more immediate concern is the restriction on movement that affixed tendrils impose. Anyone caught by its glue may not exit melee as a twelve-foot tether effectively holds him. In addition, each tendril bound to an individual applies a -1 Attack penalty.

For those defending with a shield, any miss on the part of the Sundew indicates that a tendril has latched onto the shield. This imposes a -1 Defense penalty per vine.

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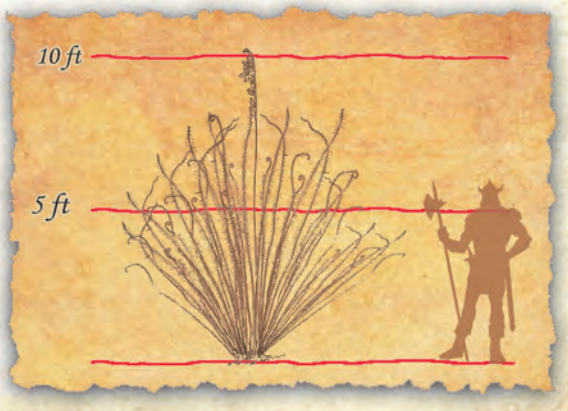
Sign/Tracks

Giant Sundews emit a pungently sweet fragrance that unmistakably signals the presence of this dangerous plant.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Breaking free from an individual tendril is not overly difficult merely requiring a Feat of Strength versus d20p. However, every additional tendril increases this difficulty by +1 (making the FoS check versus d20p+X). One may attempt to muscle free from the Sundew's clutches every 5 seconds but this action is to the exclusion of anything else. The difficulty of the Feat of Strength must be gauged when the action occurs (e.g. after 5 seconds) for additional tendrils may have attached themselves in the interim between declaring the action and its occurrence. Characters may opt to abandon a shield if they desire (thereby relieving themselves of additional penalties to their Feat of Strength).

Alternatively, characters may opt to chop at the vines attached to them. Any blow causing 6 hp of damage (after DR is accounted for) severs that vine and reduces the creature's HP total by 6. Any additional damage over 6 is disregarded as the blow was directed solely at that tendril.

Giant Sundews are most vulnerable to hacking weapons having only a DR of 4 versus this attack form. Against piercing weapons they receive a 8 DR and 16 versus crushing. As with most herbaceous creatures, fire is of limited effect (the creature gaining 12 DR versus any such application). The plant is not adapted to cold and suffers normal damage from frost.

[1]*Should a tendril score a critical hit, this indicates it has secured itself over the nose and mouth of the victim filling both cavities with viscous fluid (superseding "normal" critical hit ancillary effects). Asphyxiation will occur in 20+d20p seconds unless rescued and treated with first aid (average skill check). This is not "tending to a wound" per se so treatment length is a mere 5 seconds.*

Habitat/Ecology:

Though immobile, Giant Sundews can often pose a threat as they may be purposefully cultivated to serve as guardians, sentries or simply for the macabre fascination some beings have for the irony inherent in carnivorous plants.

In the wild, these plants are most common in fens, swamps and bogs. Their unique adaptation permits them to thrive in poor soils. The species is not particularly frost-resistant limiting their range to warmer climates.

The moniker "man-eating" is misleading for is connotes a predilection for human flesh. In truth, the staple diet of these creatures are insects drawn to the sweet and aromatic globules that double as adhesive.

On Tellene:

Giant Sundews are indigenous to the poor soils found in boglands such as the Brandobian Avdoron mires, the Ep'Sarab swampland, Svimohzia's Mewhi marsh and the enormous DuKem'p swamp. Their principal food source is giant insects.

Giant Man-Eating Sundew

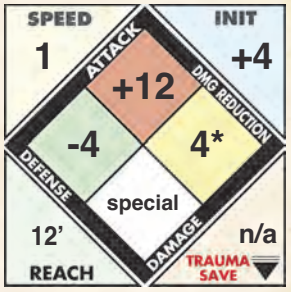
Hit Points:	7d8+20
Size/Weight:	H / 900 lbs
Tenacity:	n/a
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	0
Walk:	0
Jog:	0
Run:	0
Sprint:	0

SAVES

Physical:	+15
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	+2



Attack: Lashes out with sticky tendrils gaining one attack per second though equally divided amongst all available targets within its 12' reach. Those hit suffer enzymatic damage at 1 hp/10s/tendril and are held preventing escape. Creatures may attempt to break free (see text). Critical hit has unique effect.

Special:

*DR 8 vs. Piercing & 16 vs. Crushing; DR 12 vs. fire attacks

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-5
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	None
Awareness/Senses:	Chemical receptors sense animals
Habitat:	Swamps, bogs & fens
Diet:	Meat
Organization:	Individuals or patch
Climate/Terrain:	Warm temperate to Tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	Surprisingly sweet & flavorful but requires extensive preparation
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1250

Syntaur

A.k.a. Baat'aari, Brigurds



The sight of a heavily armed Baat'aari herd on the move is a picture one will never forget. One general described such a scene as "graceful fury yearned to be loosed".

Sabre charges proceeded by 'raining arrows' and speed of horse is a favorite tactic of these much feared brigands.

Having once had the delight of meeting and conversing with noble sylvan Centaurs, my encounter with the creatures I now know as Syntaurs along the road in northern Ek'Gakel was distressing not only for the loss of my possessions but also for the mix of pity and melancholic disillusionment I felt for these beings.

Upon noticing their distinctive silhouettes on the horizon, I was surprised that these creatures were so far distant from their beloved woodlands but eagerly anticipated another pleasant rendezvous. When they approached closer I hailed them in the Elven tongue that had previously served as an effective medium of communication.

An unexpected look of puzzlement was followed by an expletive laced rant in the guttural Kalamaran spoken in these parts ordering us to surrender or face the justified wrath of the "Vengeful Cavaliers" as the gang called themselves. They proceeded to relieve us our valuables while berating us for the collective crimes we humans had perpetrated against their race. As a final insult, they insisted we undress and upon slashing our garments to bits, compelled us to walk to the nearest village in this state. They followed for a time chortling all the while before they bid us adieu. What transpired to transform these creatures into wretched brigands must certainly have been a calamity. -☆

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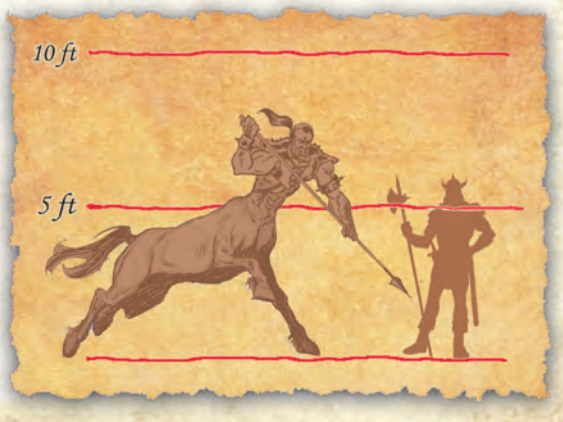
Tracks



Range



Size Comparison



Syntaurs are a cultural variant of Centaurs (q.v.) that live on the periphery of burgeoning human population centers. Territorial encroachment by and resource competition with the later has led to a complete breakdown in the former's social structure.

Whereas Centaur society is organized into tight knit clans of a dozen or so individual family units, Syntaurs are little more than gangs of disparate individuals loyal to a single powerful or charismatic leader. Many are orphans, having been rescued as foals by these equine hoodlums and incorporated into the troop.

Syntaur gangs are ruffians that spread chaos in borderland and peripheral regions. Fueled by a bitter hatred of humanity (frequently with a whiskey chaser), they pillage and terrorize defenseless farmsteads and rural communities. Supremely capable road agents, they are a bane to caravans — often using their unique mobility to strike surprisingly deep into the realms they victimize.

Combat/Tactics:

Syntaurs are always heavily armed as befits their predilection towards brigandry and the expectation of armed resistance. Leather barding and jerkins are the norm but leaders will always be clad in chainmail. Armament tends towards cavalry weapons (sabres being especially favored) and shortbows. Inexplicably, lances are seldom employed despite their efficacy. This is largely due to difficulty stowing and transporting such weapons given the Syntaurs' itinerant nature.

These creatures employ typical light cavalry tactics using their speed and mobility to harass opponents. They initiate combat with a fusillade of arrows from a trot and then gauge their opponents' reaction. They are content to continue missile fire should an enemy button up into a hedgehog defense. Lone individuals or those separated from a larger group will be ridden down and gleefully slashed to death. They are understandably reluctant to tangle with footmen armed with polearms preferring instead to wait out adversaries employing such a tactic.

Syntaurs will make use of the Mounted Combat rules (see PHB p. 233-235) which result in their being very formidable adversaries. Syntaurs suffer no penalties when fighting "mounted" as this is their natural organic form. Should riding skill checks be called for by the Mounted Combat rules, all must be considered to possess Master level mastery.

Although morally undeterred by the prospect of killing humans, these equine hooligans prefer to shame, mock and humiliate rather than murder. Those opting to surrender will certainly be robbed, but they are unlikely to be slain outright. Syntaurs have a deep desire to laud their superiority over their opponents and will demean them in a variety of ways. The creativity of their leader is the driver of whatever abasement ensues but forced disrobement, rolling in excrement, and verbal abuse are common. Captives may be forced to acquiesce to a litany of crimes they've perpetrated again the Centaur race and beg forgiveness. "Road privileges" may also be revoked (though the disorganized Syntaurs rarely recall whom they've forbidden from traversing the road network). This abuse usually ends when the broncos grow bored and simply trot away.

Syntaur

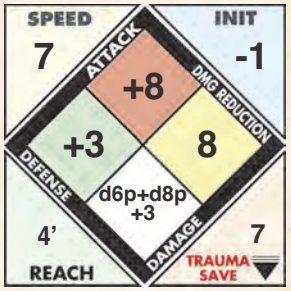
Hit Points:	4d8+28
Size/Weight:	L / 900 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	0

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	25
Jog:	30
Run:	35
Sprint:	40

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Employ Mounted Combat rules. WIll employ shortbows from a trot to harass enemies before initiating combat. Prefered tactics are to charge an opponent and conduct a ride-by slashing attack hopefully scoring a knock-back and eliminating any retort.

Special: May employ shields to enhance defense; leader wear chain barding and shirts

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-8
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Frontiers of Human lands
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Gangs
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	None
Spell Components:	None
Hide/Trophy:	None
Treasure:	Coins and other transportable loot
Edible:	Yes but considered cannibalistic
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	350

It bears noting that relatively mild bullying is reserved for quiescent foes. Syntaurs have absolutely no tolerance for mouthy individuals unwilling to acknowledge their supremacy. Such persons are typically brutally killed as an example to cow associates that might otherwise take consolation from his defiance. This pride can be a vulnerability as Syntaurs cannot abide verbal harassment and can be goaded into less than optimal tactics in order to silence an enemy prodding them with "the dirty dozens".

Though they prefer to travel in groups, lone Syntaurs are as likely to be encountered as herds. This may be deduced to be an inevitable consequence of the aggressively contentious habits of these hussars and presumed attritional casualties. In point of fact it is far more likely to be the consequence of internal power struggles within a group. Bold young mustangs often chafe under the yolk of their boss. Sensing little opportunity to indulge in their own often idiosyncratic desires, they flee the domination of their elder(s) to strike out on their own.

When encountered, these young bucks are even more belligerent than their lawless troops of peers. Both immaturity and a pressing desire to establish an infamous reputation so as to facilitate their establishing a gang of their own equally contribute to this attitude. Too inexperienced to understand that a troop leader's mischievous bullying is often meant to further his own group's cohesion as much as it is to abase the subjects of this derision, stags frequently viciously overplay their hand and provoke a desperate martial response in individuals that, if more deftly handled, might have grudgingly accepted their predicament.

Habitat/Society:

Syntaurs gangs are the vestigial remnants of Centaur communities that have been overwhelmed by human encroachment. They have, to some degree, assimilated into the new host state in that their ties to Centaur cultural norms has been completely obliterated. Syntaurs speak only the human language pervasive in their territory. Whereas copious drinking was once reserved for celebratory occasions, it is now a pernicious vice fueled by cheap bitter-korn whiskey rather than premium vintages.

These creatures have a predilection for bold and garish ornamentation. They often apply face and body paint to achieve a striking (and wildly terrifying) visage. Others have a penchant for rakish clothing or jaunty hats. In all cases their appearance is intended to be memorable. They want their victims to personally recognize them on sight and spread tales of their infamous exploits.

Syntaurs uniformly bear a deep and unabiding racist grudge against the humans that have displaced them. When intoxicated, as is often the case, this prejudice frequently emerges as seemingly wanton and unprovoked violence.

Syntaurs are essentially very formidable brigands that terrorize the fringes of human lands. Their unabiding hatred of humankind may result in massacres of caravans and travelers they encounter but more frequently is limited to non-lethal persecution

Ironically, they may at times ally with human brigands and outlaws (viewing such associates as useful pawns in their war against their hated human enemies). That humans would choose to serve them flatters their ego and offers the hope that internecine warfare could weaken the unified front that humans seemingly present them.

Bandit allies provide many useful services such as intelligence gathering. They may also contribute tactically by complimenting Syntaurs' strengths. For example, they could be armed with bill-guisarmes to fend off enemy cavalry sent to dispatch the equine brigands or lie in wait as the base of an ambush awaiting the Syntaurs deftly herding victims into their clutches.

Despite this utility, said allies are always treated as junior partners and/or inferiors. In camp they are compelled to prepare meals, gather firewood, serve guard duty as well as brushing and grooming their masters. Syntaurs will never permit them to own or ride horses themselves considering it rude caricature. Of course, they will never allow themselves to be employed as mounts no matter how dire the circumstance.

Centaurs view Syntaurs as aberrant criminals and, at best, as disruptive elements to be avoided at all costs. In no case will they associate with the latter and will take pains to drive them off.

Ecology:

Syntaurs subsist solely through brigandry. Despite their claims to uphold the "Centaur Ethic" against their human enemies, they are essentially incorporated into the larger world them claim to hate. Having lost their own native culture, they have become parasites on the human communities they hate so much. When allying with human brigands, the hypocrisy is even more evident.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, Syntaurs are overly proud of their idealized heritage and extremely touchy about any perceived slights. They are quick to take offense and will almost certainly react violently to such provocation.

As irrepressible raiders, Syntaurs face few problems providing for their basic sustenance despite enormous appetites. They do, however, often face difficulties obtaining adequate quantities of alcohol (adequate for their incessant overindulgences that is). A few very savvy caravan masters running scheduled convoys over road networks terrorized by Syntaurs are cognizant of their alcoholic predispositions and deliberately load a few cases of spirits onto their lead wagon with an implicit understanding that this regular tribute will spare their goods and employees from undue bedevilment. While no means foolproof as Syntaurs are notoriously capricious and never consider themselves beholden to any agreement — formal or not, this strategy has proven sufficiently effective to stem losses on the most heavily traversed trade routes.

On Tellene:

Syntaurs are a nuisance in Kalamar's vassal states of Tokis and Tarisato as both nations' best suited interdiction force, their light cavalry, are occupied at their borders with matters of greater import than internal policing. In the New Kingdoms, Ek'Gakel is also home to several gangs of Syntaurs whose predations are difficult to counter owing to the internal dissent of the Dejy tribes.

Termite, Giant Exploding

A.k.a. Carpenter Togs



A Tarisatan lord contacted me regarding a problem he was experiencing with termites and requested that I travel to Kabakosikido to consult with him as my expertise on plants and vermin was highly regarded. As a generous, though irritatingly unnamed, fee was offered;I decided this excursion was worth my time. I had never been to the Obakasek jungle and this would bring me to its northern edge.

I dutifully arrived in Kabakosikido to meet my patron but was welcomed by a low-level functionary at what turned out to be a seedy bar. This individual informed me that he was the lord's representative and that the lord was waiting for us in his castle in Puthidu – some 35 miles east. Though I was beginning to feel a bit snookered, I was in so far already it didn't seem to matter.

Upon approaching the village, I could clearly see the wooden Motte and Bailey Castle on the near side of the stream that flowed through the town below it. Though shabby, it clearly controlled the borderland road and the bridge over the stream. What wasn't shabby was the enormous termite mound upstream. This was no ordinary mound — it had to be nearly two hundred feet high! My heart sank, snookering was confirmed. The termites were gigantic.

My host, Lord Esamil, explained that the termites were eating through the bridge and the outer wall of the castle. Walking out to the balcony, he pointed out areas where the damage was quite evident. He offered 50 silver coins if I could find a solution to which I openly laughed. "A tiny problem is worthy of a tiny reward my Lord but a gigantic problem requires a gigantic reward."

We eventually settled upon a much larger fee. I knew that a mixture of vinegar and lemon juice would repel the termites just as it did for ordinary ones, but pantomimed for a couple weeks devising a solution for the Lord's entertainment.

Measuring three- to four-feet in length and weighing nearly fifty pounds, Giant Exploding Termites greatly resemble their smaller kin in overall appearance. Their bodies feature a segmented thorax consisting of three segments and a large head, though they have eyes. Carpenter Togs are completely blind, though they seamlessly navigate the world through a set of sensitive antenna on top their head. These termites are white, orange, red or brown in color.

Combat

Giant Exploding Termites are not overly aggressive, but when forced to defend themselves or their colony they are dangerous foes. When enraged or in danger, a Giant Termite bites with a small set of mandibles every five seconds (for 2d4p+1 points of damage). They also secrete a transparent, viscous saliva that is damaging to dead, organic matter, including leather and even metals. As such, any damage dice that penetrates also excretes enough saliva to do an additional point of armor damage to the victim. Like almost all insects, Carpenter Togs are immune to trauma.

In addition to their bite, Giant Exploding Termites have an additional form of defense known as authothysis. When they suffer 15 or more points of damage in a single hit their defense mechanism automatically actives.

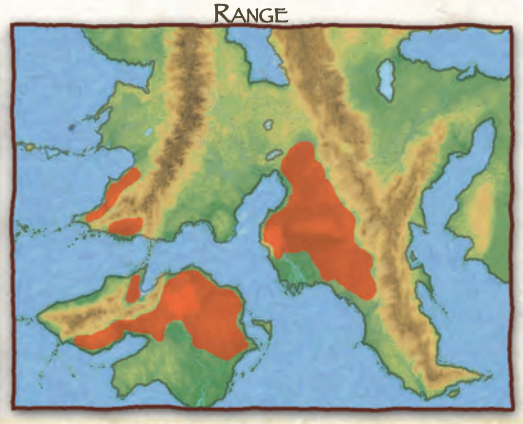
This defense mechanism results in the termite rupturing its own internal organs (one second after suffering 15 or more points of damage). When this happens their skin breaks open and the termite releases a toxic, tar-like sub-

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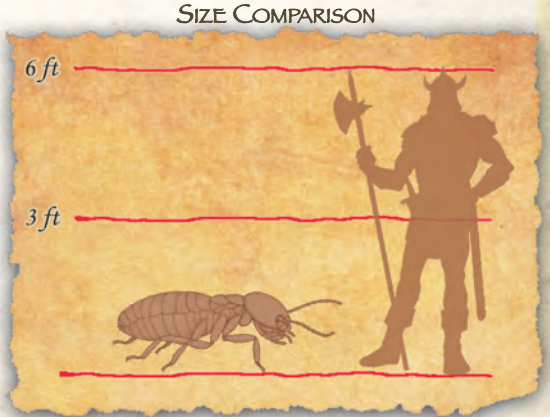
Tracks

Termites make their home in giant mounds, underground, or in caves. They use their saliva to help build a hard crust which makes resilient building materials for their mounds. Over time these mounds grow to extraordinary heights.

Range



Size Comparison



stance that sprays anyone within five feet of the termite. Needless to say, this is fatal to the termite. Any non-termites caught in this radius are further damaged for 2d4p points of searing acidic damage (and one additional point of armor damage) from this caustic liquid.

Habitat/Society

Like ants, Giant Exploding Termites live in colonies comprised of workers, soldiers and queens. Colonies also include a fertile class of males known as kings whose primarily responsibility is to procreate with the queen. Colonies range in size from a dozen to up to several hundred. If left unchecked, Giant Exploding Termites can form substantive organizations numbering into the tens of thousands, though this extremely rare. A queen lays one to two eggs a day. The eggs hatch after nine weeks.

Termites make their home in giant mounds, underground, or in caves. They use their saliva to help build a hard crust which makes resilient building materials for their mounds. Over time these mounds grow to extraordinary heights.

Since Giant Exploding Termites are blind, they communicate through a complex series of chemicals and pheromones. Contact pheromones transmitted through the antenna allow these termites to engage in combat without penalties. Communication via antenna allows them to alert one another in the event of danger.

Ecology

Giant Exploding Termites are detritivores. They consume dead plants, including fallen trees, and recycle their waste back into the ecosystem. Because of their size, Carpenter Togs play a vital role by consuming organic material that might otherwise take decades to fully decompose.

Some Ogres, Giants, and Cyclops consider Giant Exploding Termites to be something of a delicacy. They go to great lengths to hunt them down and wipe out entire colonies. Most humanoids will hunt and eat Giant Exploding Termites if they're hungry enough. Other natural predators include giant bats, many large birds (including giant eagles), bears, giant frogs and toads, large cats, wolves and any other animal larger than the Giant Termite. Because of their shared interest in territory, the single greatest enemy to the Giant Exploding Termite is the giant ant.

On Tellene

Giant Exploding Termites can be found all over Tellene, though they are much more common in tropical and subtropical climates. They do not inhabit cold climates, but are often found in places with an abundance of organic material such as forests and jungles.

Giant Exploding Termite

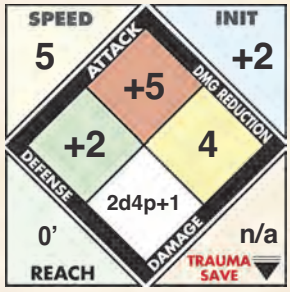
Hit Points:	2d8+15
Size/Weight:	S/ 45 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Semi
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	2½
Jog:	5
Run:	10
Sprint:	15

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Penetration dice cause extra 1 armor damage

Special: Exlodes after suffering 15 or more damage causing 2d4p acid damage in a 5 foot radius.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	2-4 (scouts), 4d4p (foragers), 20+4d12p (colony)
% Chance in Lair:	25%
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Blind
Awareness/Senses:	Antenna serve as sensory input and substitute for vision
Habitat:	Any
Diet:	Detritivore
Organization:	Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical to mild Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	58

Toffee Bugs

A.k.a. Swarm Daggets



Another of Tellene's most unusual insects, the Toffee Bug is a creature simultaneously reviled and revered, dependent largely on whom you are talking to at the moment. Gourmands and chefs alike sing the praises of the little creatures and their queens, whose bodies are rich in natural concentrations of salt and sugar. There are droves of dessert recipes (mostly from the Renaarian culinary traditions) that utilize the natural sweetness of the bugs' flesh to create delicate pastries, cakes, and other trifles, for which the gentry of Tellene pay exorbitant prices.

Toffee Bug swarms fly across Renaaria Bay at twilight, glowing as they feed on the nectar of cactus flowers and other night-blooming florets. It is easy for the casual observer to be lulled into complacency by their eerie beauty and to forget that, if agitated, a swarm of Swarm Daggets can swiftly transform from a curiosity into a lethal threat. I have encountered Toffee Bug swarms many times in my life, but always in the relative safety of gardens or flowered meadows and never in their lairs, where the swarms are at their least predictable.

While combing the bright, sandy beaches of Renaaria Bay one day at low tide, I happened upon a derelict ship, half buried in the sand and encrusted in sea salt. Unable to resist the urgings of my curious spirit, I crossed the wet sands of the exposed seabed to reach the vessel. Inside, shafts of light beamed down from the slowly collapsing deck over the cargo hold. Dust motes hung in the air and I felt as if I was in a sacred place— all around me, nature was gradually reclaiming this manmade hulk.

I was jolted from my reverie by a building drone of buzzing wings. My eyes shot open and I looked above my head towards the source of the sounds: a bulbous Toffee Bug queen half-cocooned between transverse frames in the fantail. Dragonfly-sized Swarm Daggets were wriggling their way out of her perforated thorax a dozen at a time and, before I knew it, the creatures were shooting around me in a blur of sound and motion. Then the pain began. I had not even realized that one of the insects had landed on the back of my neck until its sting was in me. With a yelp of pain, I began to run helter-skelter out of the ship and onto the beach outside. The swarm kept apace with me, biting and stinging all the while. It became clear that I could not outrun the swarm and neither would they give up pursuit! Turning toward the sea, I charged into the surf, clinging to a rock under the water. I kept myself submerged until I felt as if my lungs would burst and emerged gasping for air. The swarm had gone and I cursed myself for not being more aware of my surroundings.

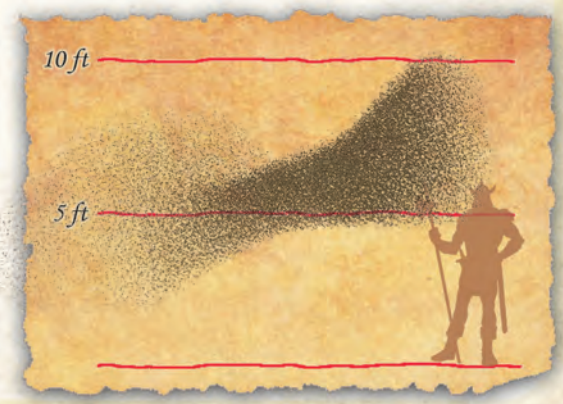
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



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From a distance, the buzzing of a Toffee Bug swarm may sound like an average group of honey bees. As it draws closer, however, the beating of these dragonfly-sized insects' wings becomes a cacophonous drone. The swarm moves as one entity, swooping and banking through the sky with an improbable level of coordination in its daily search for nectar. Individual insects in the swarm are colored with dramatic stripes of white and electric blue that run the length of the creatures' carapaces. At twilight, the swarm glows with an eerie blue-white light, creating the appearance of a ghostly apparition wafting along with the breeze.

An antagonized swarm can be a dogged and dangerous opponent, chasing after creatures that have aggravated them for miles as its constituent insects bite and sting. Swarms take on a heightened sort of danger for armored warriors. Toffee Bugs explode in tiny bursts of electricity when they come into contact with metal, delivering a minor shock to the object (and in the case of metal armor, the wearer as well).

Swarm Daggets are communal insects and, like their cousins across Tellene, the ants, bees, and termites, Toffee Bugs depend utterly on the survival of their queen. Like those other species, the swarm rests in a hive with a queen many times larger than themselves. Unlike them, however, the Toffee Bug queen is actually both queen and hive. The queen is a huge size, 10 foot long, flightless insect with a bulbous, perforated thorax that its swarm uses for shelter and as a larder. She is also semitransparent, making it difficult for a casual observer to locate. To spot a queen, a creature must succeed on an Observation check vs. d100+50. Using complex pheromone signaling, the queen is able to direct the swarm to go out in search of nectar or to attack interlopers into its territory.

Combat/Tactics:

Swarms are generally docile creatures until provoked but can turn aggressive for a number of reasons. Swarms in the process of feeding on nectar are completely focused on the task at hand and can be approached to within a few feet without incident. Despite this, it is inadvisable to come too near to the swarm, as its attention can shift quickly and unpredictably. The most surefire way to agitate a Toffee Bug swarm is by swatting at it, throwing projectiles into it, or generally by attacking it in any way (including through use of magic). There are less obvious ways to agitate the swarm, as well. Floral perfumes attract the swarm, who react violently when they land on the unluckily scented target.

Creatures targeted by the swarm suffer 1 point of HP damage every five seconds they are caught inside the swarm's 10x10x10 foot volume as the insects bite and sting. DR from armor worn is ineffective against the swarm (although the spell *Enchanted Vestments* completely blocks their bites and stings). Mailed warriors rightly avoid the swarms as the insects explode when they come into contact with metal. Targets girded in metal armor (i.e. ringmail or heavier) take 1 point of HP damage for every second spent inside the swarm, as the Toffee Bugs spend their lives in explosion after miniature explosion. For each point of HP damage the swarm inflicts via electric shock, it takes a commensurate point of HP damage as expending the electric charge kills several bugs.

Toffee Bug swarms are immune to melee damage from conventional weaponry. Swinging axes and swords into the swarm serves no purpose other than to further agitate the insects or draw their attention. A swarm is vulnerable to attacks from a lit torch, which inflicts d4p automatic points of HP damage per 10 seconds to the bugs, cooking their fragile bodies as they are caught in the flames.

Swarms take normal damage from magic with some caveats, but are immune to any mind-altering effects and any spell that requires a Mental saving throw. In the case of area effect spells inflicting defined hit point damage that call for a Physical or Dodge saving throw, the swarm always suffers the full effect of the spell (receiving no saving throw for reduced damage). However, spells directed at an individual – such as *Magic Projectile* – have no appreciable effect (killing or otherwise incapacitating a lone individual insect is meaningless in the swarm paradigm). Certain spells have more specific effects on a swarm. Swarm Daggets are strong fliers, but because of their small size, cannot advance into winds moving at speeds of 10 mph or greater (such as those produced by a *Breeze* spell). If targeted by a *Strong Breeze* spell, the swarm is scattered and takes 30 seconds to reform. A *Gale Force Wind* or stronger surge of air immediately kills the swarm as the insects are ripped to shreds by the sheer force of the elements. Toffee Bugs dislike smoke and will never enter a smoke or fog cloud. If a spell is used to conjure such a cloud around a swarm, the creatures will be repelled and immediately attempt to escape in a randomly determined direction. These clouds also serve to hide any inside from the swarm's senses, making them effec-

tively invisible to the Toffee Bugs as long as they remain with the confines.

Toffee Bugs' actions are guided both by instinct and by the pheromones emitted from their mature queen. If the swarm is within 100 feet of her, she can order it to attack specific targets, return to nest in her thorax, or to take other simple actions. This 100-foot radius is also the queen's personal territory. Creatures larger than a dragonfly that come within 100 feet of a Toffee Bug queen are usually viewed as threatening interlopers. Swarm Dagget queens only ever dedicate half of their swarm at a time to forage for nectar, the remainder staying behind (in the queen's thorax) to rest and recuperate from their labors. Because of this division of labor, a Toffee Bug hive is always simultaneously guarding its queen and harvesting fresh nectar. For game purposes, the active and reserve swarms are treated as two separate Toffee Bug swarm entities.

A swarm that moves beyond the 100-foot radius around the queen can no longer be controlled via pheromones and takes actions based on external stimuli. Swarms in an agitated state attack the nearest and most numerous group of targets, attempting to envelop as many individuals as possible within its 10x10x10 foot cloud. If multiple groups of equal numbers present themselves to the swarm, it swarms towards the nearest one. Creatures that attack a swarm in any way will draw its attention immediately.

Once they have fixed on a target, Toffee Bugs will only desist upon the death of their target, their own death, if the target can no longer be sensed, or if the target moves 100 or more feet from the swarm. Escaping the senses of a swarm usually entails hiding in a fog or smoke cloud or remaining completely submerged underwater with perhaps a breathing reed for several minutes. Invisibility cannot hide a creature from the swarm.

The queen herself has no natural weaponry. Without her swarm, she is essentially defenseless to animal predation. Like her swarms, however, the queen Toffee Bug also possesses an innate electric charge. If struck by a metal weapon, a five-foot long arc of electricity erupts from her wound and towards her attacker, dealing 3d4p points of electric damage. If her attacker is more than five feet away and wielding a non-conductive implement (such as a pole arm), the electricity dissipates harmlessly in the air. Targets injured by the electrical discharge must roll an immediate trauma check. If the attacker fails the check, he

Toffee Bug Swarm

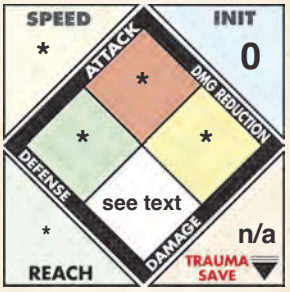
Hit Points:	50
Size/Weight:	L/Special
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	—
Walk:	—
Jog:	—
Run:	—
Fly:	15

SAVES

Physical:	See text
Mental:	Immune
Dodge:	See text



Attack: Swarms deal 1 damage every five seconds to unarmored foes and 1 damage every second against foes in metallic armor. For every point of damage done to an armored foe, the swarm also takes commensurate damage.

Special: Immune to physical attacks. Takes the full effect from any area effect spell that requires a physical or dodge saving throw. Torches cause d4p automatic damage against the swarm.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal/Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	Hundreds
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Pheromone Communication
Habitat:	Inside Toffee Bug Queen
Diet:	Toffee Bug queen jelly
Organization:	Swarm/Colony
Climate/Terrain:	Warm Coastal Regions

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes, sweet and tangy
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	180

drops all held items and his count is reset.

Habitat/Society:

The anatomy of Toffee Bugs both binds them to their natural habitat and is the source of their curious electrical abilities. Swarm Daggats are found in coastal regions and especially around seaside caves and shipwrecks. Unlike fireflies, whose bodies glow because of a luminous chemical cocktail in their thoraxes, Toffee Bugs glow through bioelectrogenesis. A series of electrocyte cells inside every Toffee Bug work to produce an electric current when sodium is passed through them, much in the same manner as an electric eel. This novel evolution is what makes it possible for the bugs to glow at night, mimicking the shape of a much larger creature and dissuading predation from insectivores. Sodium, however, is hard to come by for a Toffee Bug. Their mouthparts are only adapted to consume flower nectar and the rich jelly produced by their queen. Unlike other colonial insects with relatively inactive monarchs, the queens are actively involved in the harvest of salt to feed their children's electrical charges.

Toffee Bug queens can only live near areas with natural salt deposits. Seaside caves and shipwrecks build up salt deposits through daily tidal activity, which the Swarm Dagget queen feeds on during low tide. Salt builds up inside of the queen and mixes with the sugary jelly she produces from the nectar her swarm brings her. Toffee Bugs feed exclusively on this jelly and rely on its sodium content to maintain their electric charges.

The queen moves very slowly, but is able to cling to any surface as a fly does. While resting on a vertical surface, she uses her fast-drying saliva to weave herself a sling-like cocoon, allowing her to remain in place without having to expend unnecessary energy. Toffee Bug queens prefer to roost high up on a cave wall, in order to avoid the rising tide and terrestrial predators below.

From the relative safety of these lairs, the queens send their swarms out far afield to gather nectar. Toffee Bug swarms can range over fifteen miles in search of nectar, though some claim they may fly even farther. The insects are not tolerant of cold weather and only exist in warmer climes. When a Toffee Bug queen is ready to reproduce, she makes a special batch of jelly infused with hormones. The young which feed off this jelly will grow into fertile males within two days. The males are much larger than the infertile drone Swarm Daggets, but are still dwarfed by the 10-foot queen. Once they have matured, the males fly out in search of fertile queens as the queen herself begins emitting a powerful pheromone musk to attract other males towards her. By unknown mechanisms, the queens all know to release their males within a few days of one another and are almost all guaranteed a mate (barring accident).

A queen may mate with up to 100 males in areas where Toffee Bugs are plentiful or as few as one in remote areas. After being fertilized, the queen produces a clutch of thirteen to twenty juvenile queens and seals their egg sacs up with a small amount of royal jelly. This is the final stage of the creature's life cycle. After the finger-sized egg sacs have been prepared, she commands her swarm one last time.

The swarm divides itself up evenly, with each subdivision taking an egg sac. These "nursery swarms" fly out in search of safe places to deposit the egg sacs, flying until they find a suitable location or starve to death in the process. Once the egg sac is deposited in a safe place, the queen inside matures over the course of several weeks before eating her way out of her cocoon.

Ecology:

Toffee Bugs themselves are not nectarivorous. Though they appear to feed from flowers, they are merely storing the nectar inside their own bodies for transport back to the queen. The flowers that most attract Toffee Bugs also happen to be some of the most popular ornamental blossoms in Tellene.

Communities with large gardens are likely to draw the attention of a Toffee Bug swarm if there is one in the area. Most people who live in close contact with the insects know well enough to let the swarm go about its business unmolested, but the range of the Swarm Daggets is expanding. Stories abound of ignorant gardeners who mistook the feeding bugs for locusts and attempted to chase them away, only to face the biting and stinging of the agitated swarm.

The Toffee Bug has few natural predators, but those animals that do prey on them have learned that the insects are a rich source of nutrients. In the areas where their territories overlap, bears are the bugs' most common predator.

Bears in coastal areas stalk around at low tide to forage for food sources exposed by the retreating water—the exact time when Toffee Bug queens are most likely

to be down foraging for salt deposits. The scent of the sugary and salty jelly inside the queen is irresistible to a bear that will often endure the stinging onslaught of the swarm for such a tasty morsel.

While most other species either avoid or attempt to eat the Toffee Bugs, one actively encourages their growth and development. Pixie Fairy tribes have been known to provide safe haven for juvenile queens, enticing them to stay near their villages by providing her with salt.

Because of the Pixie Fairies' small size, the queen does not view them as a threat and tolerates their presence. Queens that have been reared by pixie fairies will even allow themselves to be hand fed salt. This symbiotic relationship provides the queen with a steady supply of salt and the fairies with an effective deterrent against their own animal predators.

On Tellene:

Though the original home of the Toffee Bugs was confined to Renaaria Bay, unintentional human interventional has vastly increased the insects' range. Juvenile queens are sometimes deposited inside ships by nursery swarms. Ships which leave harbor with the finger-sized egg sacs developing in them often do not take notice of their new stowaways and may inadvertently transport the young queens hundreds of miles from their point of origin. As a result, Toffee Bugs can be found around nearly every port of call in the warm regions of Tellene. While this has sometimes led to injury and accident, most have welcomed the spread of this strange species for its culinary applications.

Toffee Bugs get their name from their delectable flavor. When one dies from fire or from expending its electrical charge its carapace hardens instantly, becoming a crispy, edible shell surrounding the rich salt and sugar within.

These treats are now served around the world during festivals and other times of celebration. True gourmands demand something more, however. The jelly inside of a queen Toffee Bug is used in the preparation of dozens of traditional Renaarian desserts, but is beginning to become a staple of Svimozhish cooking as well. The jelly of a queen is very valuable (because of the difficulty of collecting it) and can fetch high prices if sold to the right buyer.

Toffee Bug Queen

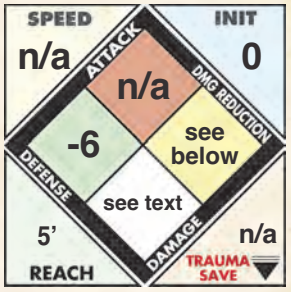
Hit Points:	6d8+30
Size/Weight:	H/ 850 lb
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	1¼
Walk:	1¼
Jog:	2½
Run:	3¾
Sprint:	5

SAVES

Physical:	+8
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	-2



Attack: No natural weaponry.

Special: A Toffee Bug queen struck by a metal weapon sends out an arcing bolt of electricity at her attacker, dealing 3d4p shock damage and forcing a ToP check. If the attacker fails the check, he drops all held items and his weapon speed is reset. Toffee Bug queen DR 9 vs. piercing weapons, 6 vs. hacking weapons, 2 vs. crushing weapons.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	90%
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Pheromone Communication
Habitat:	Coastal Caves and Shipwrecks
Diet:	Nectar and Salt
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Warm Coastal Regions

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes, sweet and delicious
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	468

Triceratops

Aka: Thunder Horn, Wurydun



The strangest sight I've seen? Well I've seen plenty of extraordinary sights in my day, but certainly one of the strangest came quite unexpectedly in the great jungles known to the Kalamarans as the Obakasek. I was there, endeavoring to find a certain native Deju tribe that was rumored to speak directly with lizards. Desiring to find them and catalogue their ways, and perhaps learn this exciting tongue, I hired a caravan and we plunged into the humid forest. We traversed deep into the core, hugging the lush Lopilari foothills. The days were hard and hot and the horrors were many. Massive lizards as big as cottages and sometimes bigger roam those wilds, bellowing soul-shivering roars and cries. Our only defense was our large numbers and the noise we made plunging through the dense growth. Of course, we carried pikes and could set up dense, bristling protection — as I'd hired a full score of trained footmen to deter the beasts should they seek to make a meal of us. Nevertheless, we made good time, though we had lost a mule to snakes and a couple of us had the fever.

We fortified our camps and dug in each night, for fear of the menaces of that place. And it was a good thing, too, because on one night, during the shift to last watch just before dawn, a crashing, thunderous noise startled us awake. Clearly, a beast drew nigh. The men hastily moved to join formation, making all sorts of racket with pikes clanging and men shouting. A nearby tree came crashing down, flattened and the sight that emerged, stopped us all short. The brute itself was as immense as a keep. A triad of sharp horns emerged from its armored face. Yet, this was not the most shocking thing – it was the Goblin rider, that maneuvered the creature with ease, wheeling it and disappearing into the forest, leaving only the booming, reverberating echoes of its hooves. I'm certain that the Goblin spoke to the monster, and it understood him, though I lack proof beyond my own perception. ⊰

This large herbivorous dinosaur carries a large bony frill and a sharp triad of horns on the head of its bulky four-legged body. Bull Triceratops can reach 30 feet in length, almost ten feet in height and weigh nearly 13 tons. Cows can be half the mass, still making them imposing to say the least. These quadrupeds possess a sturdy build, with powerful limbs. In order to carry the armored frill and distinctive facial horns, the Triceratops features a massive head, some 8 or more feet in length, with a beak at its terminus. Herbivorous, they grasp and pluck ferns and low-growth plants with their beaks, but also take down taller palm trees and cycads with their horns, beak and bulk.

These sharp and lengthy horns act as an effective and dangerous deterrent to predators, especially if an angered, startled or rutting bull decides to charge, putting its full mass and momentum behind its pointy appendages. The large frill is also used for communication, identification, courtship and also to regulate body heat in the sweltering wetlands and jungles.

Combat/Tactics:

Triceratops rely on their immense build and imposing horns to deter smaller predators. When frightened or threatened, bull Triceratops will charge, while the cows will encircle the young and fight from a defensive posture, simply rotating their ar-

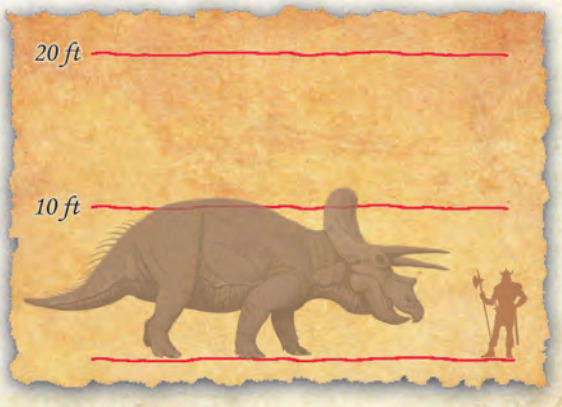
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



mored and be-horned front to face foes. If the herd is threatened the cows will charge forth from the circle, attempting to drive off or critically impale the interloper, perhaps trampling smaller threats in the process.

Its initial horn attack causes 5d12p and has a 50% chance (even damage roll) of hooking size G or smaller targets on a horn. Hooked victims are thrown a number of feet equal to half the damage roll in a random direction, landing prone and suffering 1d6p (DR inapplicable). If missed by the initial attack, not tossed aside or thrown directly ahead, the Triceratops will keep advancing and potentially trample its foe. It can trample up to three Medium, two Huge or one Gigantic creature in its fifteen foot-wide path and need only move at a walk (sprinting is not required due to its mass). The trample attack should be checked one second after the horn attack. A successful trample Attack (rolled separately on each individual in the path) causes 3d10p and counts as a charge (i.e., double for knock-back purposes).

Habitat/Society:

Triceratops live in small family groups, consisting of a bull plus his harem and offspring. The harem will remain with the bull until he perishes or is driven off by another bull, which then assumes control of the family. Young males remain for up to three years before striking out on their own, making solitary male juveniles common. Single adult males that have not won a harem and those expelled and between harems will also be found grazing alone.

During mating season, a bull might be challenged for his harem by another male. Displays of strength, stamping, as well as frill coloration and display may end the confrontation peacefully. Many encounters, however, end with a colossal fight in which the bulls lock horns and battle for the right to mate. These are rarely fatal, though they can be damaging, causing holes and lesions on frills and gashes on the body.

The frills are also used in visual displays, with the female indicating readiness or reticence through color variations. Both young and old can use frill coloration in other social behaviors, such as fear, nervousness, hunger and relaxation. These beasts use their frills for visual communication and individual recognition.

Ecology:

Triceratops shares their jungle and river valley home with other dinosaurs. Family units have few predators due to the size and ferocity of the adults, although young sometimes fall victim to mid-sized predators. The largest Triceratops bulls can only be preyed upon by the Tyrannosaurus Rex, although even this battle is fairly even. Many times when a Tyrannosaurus attacks a bull Triceratops, the Triceratops can successfully defend itself by inflicting fatal wounds to the Tyrannosaurus using its sharp horns.

On Tellene:

These giant herbivores are found primarily in the Obakasek jungle and related islands and river valleys.

Triceratops

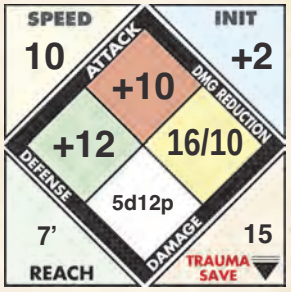
Hit Points:	15d8+35
Size/Weight:	E /13 tons
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Animal, Low
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+16
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Threatened Triceratops will charge, seeking to impale aggressors with its horns, then trampling up to three Medium, two Huge or one Gigantic creature in its fifteen foot-wide path with a successful trample attack occurring one second following the horns attack.

Special: Armored and horned head makes attacking from the front exceedingly difficult.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1 (50%) or 2d3p adults plus d4p young (50%)
% Chance in Lair:	0%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Grasslands, jungles, forests
Diet:	Herbivorous
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropic to tropical rainforests, savannas and jungles

Yield

Medicinal:	Eating the heart provides +1 to next constitution fractional point roll
Spell Components:	Their horns are believed to improve invulnerability spells and growth spells
Hide/Trophy:	Heads with complete frills are highly prized, fetching up to 1000 sp.
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1400

Unicorn

Aka: Shyn-tug, Grivenur



A Grivenur is capable of bestowing great healing on those who are righteous of heart and purpose – even the restoration of youth and LIFE itself.

It is considered bad luck of the worst kind to kill or even harm a unicorn.

Soil taken from a unicorn's hoof print is exceptionally fertile. Seeds planted in such soil grow at an accelerated rate.

In my many journeys through Tellene in which I have occasionally documented strange flora, I've had the immense pleasure to make the acquaintance of many individuals that share my interests. Of note is the Elven wizardess whom I call Eleanor for want of adequate proficiency in the Elven tongue. Whilst traveling through the Lendelwood, I sought her out in Lathlanian hoping she could accommodate a courtesy visit. Oft times fortune favors the bold and I was pleased she had ample time to visit with me.

As we shared stories of our adventures over the long years since last we met, the splendid vintage we drank must have unexpectantly gone to my head for I most rudely steered the conversation toward the topic of Unicorns. Gracious as always, she answered my ill-informed queries offering spectacularly in-depth information. Genially praising her expertise, I asked if this was firsthand knowledge or a reflection on the contents of her voluminous library. She coyly chuckled, responding that it was indeed gained from a personal association with the magical equines. To my surprise, she retorted with an invitation to meet one such Unicorn she knew well.

I eagerly seized upon the opportunity and the following day we headed out to a dale a scant few miles from the city. There stood the most beautiful stallion I had every laid eyes upon. He stared straight at me with azure eyes, seemingly reading my thoughts. After a moment, Eleanor urged me forward. I laid my hand upon his head and felt calming bliss as I've never before experienced. Almost before I could take in the moment, I spied a mare and two unhorned foals in a nearby copse.

With a nod of its head, the Unicorn trotted away to rejoin what I presumed to be his family. I saw the magnificent stallion lovingly nuzzle his offspring before cantering off with their mother. It was an experience I will treasure forever. -✧

U

These stately and magical equines bear close resemblance to a beautiful lily-white horse bearing a spiral horn protrusion from their forehead. They typically stand fourteen to seventeen hands high. Aside from the horn and a tuft of beard-like hair on the chin, unicorns physically resemble horses in every other significant way. Unicorns are always white, though some feature gray speckles upon their hindquarters.

A Grivenur's horn varies in diameter and length, though most are at least three feet long and several inches in diameter at the base. Unicorns are highly sought for their ability to heal various afflictions and their horns are greatly prized for their magical properties. The latter may goad villainous parties to hunt them for this trophy.

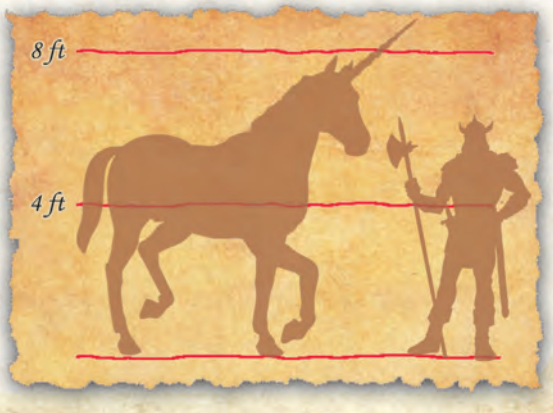
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Combat/Tactics:

By their nature, Unicorns are not aggressive creatures. They do not seek out combat unless potential adversaries pose a grave threat to their family unit or more broadly to their ecosystem and Faerie allies.

The Unicorn's principal form of self-defense is its innate magical abilities. If attacked, their initial response is to escape by fleeing or hiding. They can turn invisible at will (q.v. Invisibility) and are extraordinarily difficult to follow should they depart an undesired encounter (q.v. Trackless Passage). Once per day they may also execute a *Quantum Leap* (per the 12th Mage spell) to extricate themselves from a precarious situation. Unicorns are highly resistant to magical effects and are often able to defy the powers of even accomplished wizards. Finally, they are completely immune to all toxins and diseases whether natural or of magical origin.

If pressed into combat, their favored attack is to charge and impale an adversary with their magical horn. Such an attack is predicated upon having sufficient room to mount a charge. This manner of attack is considered as mounted combat (see topic in the Player's Handbook) and carries with it all advantages and disadvantages of that form of combat (+2 Attack, +6 Defense, increased knock back and potential trampling). With a successful hit whilst charging, the Unicorn inflicts 4d8p+4 damage.

In close quarters melee, Shyn-tugs can rear-up on their hind legs and strike with their hooves. They can attempt this attack every eight seconds and each successful strike inflicts 2d6p+4 points of damage. It bears noting that unicorns will not fight hoof to hand longer than absolutely necessary, preferring instead to trot away from a disadvantageous melee (or *Quantum Leaping* if surrounded).

Habitat/Society:

Unicorns are found exclusively in sylvan forests. They are not found in any other place on Tellene, leading sages to speculate that they draw on great reservoirs of Faerie power found in the most ancient forests.

They share their territory with Elves and Pixie Fairies, whose companionship they enjoy. They are also well acquainted with the Ents and other reclusive fey such as Dryads that dwell within this boscage.

Many ancient Elven tales suggest Unicorns can be raised to serve as mounts, but no one has ever confirmed this is actually possible. Adult Unicorns sometimes form a bond with a maiden Elf, half-Elf or (more rarely) human and will remain loyal to her until death. They also very rarely serve as familiars, again, only for a maiden Elf, half-Elf or human mage and always a very powerful one.

Unicorn

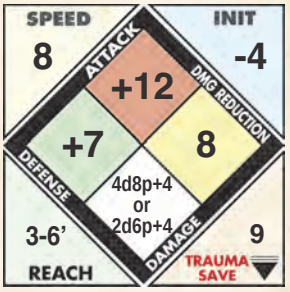
Hit Points:	6d8+36
Size/Weight:	H/1100 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-6

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Trot:	30
Canter:	35
Gallop:	40

SAVES

Physical:	+24
Mental:	+24
Dodge:	+24



Attack: Unicorns attempt to avoid combat but if pressed will charge a determined adversary inflicting 4d8p+4 damage with enhanced knock back per mounted combat rules. May rear & strike w/ hooves for 2d6p+4 damage.

Special: May turn invisible at will and can Quantum Leap once per day. Unicorns possess powerful healing capabilities that they may bestow upon worthy supplicants.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-5
% Chance in Lair:	33%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Mind Reading
Habitat:	Faerie Lands
Diet:	Herbivore
Organization:	Herd
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate woods and grasslands

Yield

Medicinal:	Powdered horn [alicorn] is potent medicine with many benefits
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Horn
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	900

Restorative Powers

Grivenurs are highly sought for their ability to heal wounds, cure diseases, neutralize poisons, and mend various afflictions. Their horns hold great power, and those in desperate need of assistance may go to extreme lengths to find and secure the magical blessings of a unicorn. Shyntugs are well aware of the desire for their powers and with the benefit of innate Mind Reading (q.v.), they can readily suss out the charlatans attempting to abuse their kindness or those with murderous intent…

Questors seek Unicorns when faced with dire medical conditions. Numerous tales exist of righteous heroes overcoming great odds to hunt down and implore a Unicorn for help. Most of these tales are just that. Because of their goodly nature, Unicorns are sympathetic to the plight of others, especially women, Elves and Pixie Fairies. Should one have the fortune to encounter a Grivenur, one would need to plead her case in order to convince the creature to help — possibly interceding on behalf of another.

Should the Unicorn deem the request worthy, it will tap its horn on the supplicant. In so doing, it may impart one of the following curatives:

- cure severe wound (4d4p+6 hit points)
- cure critical injury (q.v.)
- panacea (alleviating any disease)
- antitoxin (neutralizing any poisons)
- restore sense (restores magically induced blindness, deafness or muting)
- antidepressant (relieves melancholia quirk for 6 months)

A Unicorn's ability to heal is voluntarily granted at the discretion of the creature. Foul denizens of the world attempting to capture these creatures and imprison them in order to compel service will find a maddeningly elusive equine that, if somehow captured, will refuse to assist them no matter the coercive means employed. Invariably this results in killing the Unicorn and making use of the residual magicks contained in its horn.

The Shyn-tug's horn, called an alicorn, can be shorn from a dead Unicorn. Alternatively, it may be recovered from a Unicorn succumbing to old age though this is most rare given the creatures protracted lifespan.

A venerable Grivenur may often opt to bequeath its horn as a means of deterring potential grave robbers who might crassly disinter their remains in order to salvage the valuable horn. The latter alicorns are usually revered icons that treasure the memories of a departed friend (perhaps over generations in the case of non-Elven caretakers).

Alicorns contain residual magic similar to Pixie dust. To access the powers of the horn, a portion must be shaved off and ground into fine powder to be mixed into a beverage or applied topically to enact its effect.

These concoctions behave very similarly to enchanted items but without the need for the intervention of a skilled alchemist and wizard. As a Unicorn's horn can provide up to 100 doses of powder, it is extremely valuable.

A single dose may be used in the following manner:

- If mixed in with a beverage and drunk, it will in the following order of precedence (1) cleanse the solvent of any poison or disease [if applicable], (2) afford the drinker a re-roll against a poison's virulence he has already succumbed to [if applicable], (3) afford the drinker a re-roll against a disease's virulence he has already succumbed to [if applicable] or if none of the pre-conditions are applicable (4) act as a Healing Potion restoring 3d6p hit points. Note that only one of these effects will occur with healing transpiring only if poison and disease are not germane.
- If the powder is wetted, forming a poultice and applied to a wound by a first aid provider (i.e. an individual possessing some mastery in this skill), it sterilizes the wound and provides both a re-roll against poison (albeit with a -3 penalty) as well as providing 2d4p points of immediate healing specific to that injury. In addition, a severe wound not fully ameliorated by the powder will heal quicker (reducing the number of days required by one per category).

Note that an individual may only benefit from drinking a Unicorn horn infused beverage once per day, but any number of discrete wounds may be treated.

Ecology:

Biologically, Grivenurs are much like horses and without their horns could be confused with their cousins at first glance. However, with a closer look, their eye color can be seen to vary from sky blue to violet.

Unicorns are not monogamous and may maintain breeding relationships with several mares or stallions depending on the number of creatures in the area. Gestation lasts a year or more and the foals are born without horns. The characteristic horn only begins to grow upon reaching sexual maturity.

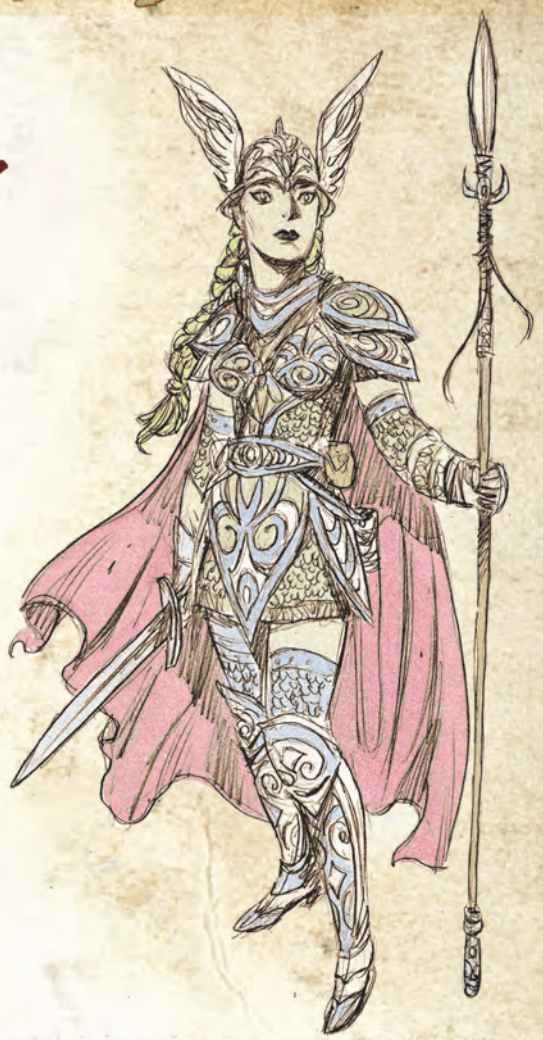
Although mares nominally rear the foals, they are assisted by their stallion consorts who maintain a close relationship with their colts and fillies. Unicorn society, such as it is, is egalitarian with adults beholden to each other by bonds of friendship and familiarity rather than any proscribed obligation. On rare occasions, they may form close bonds with virtuous humans, half-Elves and Elves, particularly women. Given their five or more century lifespan, only truly remarkable humans or half-Elves have overcome a Unicorn's reluctance to endure a dear colleague's rapidly fleeting life.

On Tellene:

Unicorns are only found within the Elven lands of the Lendelwood and Kalalali Forest though they may occasionally explore northern Pekal.

Valkyrie

Aka: Furies, Sword Maidens



Dim was the day | as the shadows did enshroud,
Warriors unbending as a palisade | masters of the shield wall, we
The sun was lost | Behind sorcerous clouds

And a mighty host did stand before us | Of bestial men and Jotunn, tall
Few were we and many they | who slaves would make of
Our kith and kin behind us | Secreted in our fathers' halls

Axe clamored upon shield | and we sang the ancient words
To the gods above | who watched us
Inviting death | our sacred dirge

Blades were leaping | Eyes were flashing
As host met host| And chieftain chieftain
There our lord was slain | Teeth yet gnashing

And, lo! From on high | A clap of thunder
Heralded the coming of the Furies | With spears of lightning,
Flew they down upon the bestial host | And the Jotunn watched in wonder

Storm winds whipped about our banners | And was fear forgotten
Behind the Furies | We charged as one
The axe our daughter, the sword our son | Battle drunk, besotten

When the clouds had parted | And rage was cooling
A graveyard lay before us | Jotunn and beast alike in heaps
But no warrior could be found | In the blood still pooling

One and all | The Furies took them to the sky
To drink and sup | To fight forever
In the mead halls of the gods | Where the brave shall never die

Valkyries, also known as Furies, are statuesque beings in service of the chaotic gods of battle. Furies all appear as savagely beautiful, warrior women clad in shining silver chainmail and riding 8-legged warhorses. They wield potent weapons of war as they thunder across the sky, descending from on high to gather the valorous dead and spirit their souls to paradise. While their skin varies from dark to quite pale, all Valkyries have hair as red as the setting sun, which they wear in intricate, looping braids. Furies have no qualms about interfering in the affairs of mortals and have a long history of disregarding instructions and descending to the material world to fight against prestigious adversaries and to intercede in hopeless battles.

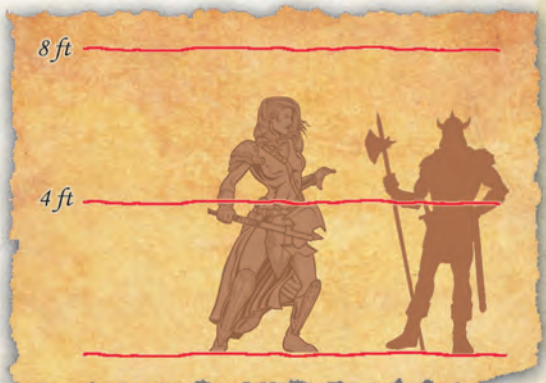
Combat/Tactics:

Sword Maidens wield an impressive arsenal of weaponry to employ in their never-ending wars. Every Fury equips herself with a silvered battle axe, silvered broadsword and lance, eschewing ranged weaponry as

Perhaps more than any other extra-planar being, Furies love to intervene into the affairs of the inhabitants of Tellene. They love causes, glory in combat and most of all, lending their swords to the achievement of victory in the face of great odds.



Size Comparison



tools of the hunt only. Valkyries each ride 8-legged, flying horses into battle and use their superior mobility to navigate around the three dimensional battlefield, joining combat where it is at its thickest easily bypassing fixed defenses or ranks of interspersing troops. Each Sword Maiden has Expert mastery in Riding and is as comfortable in the saddle as on her own two feet. While mounted, Furies delight in charging the largest or most dangerous opponents on the battlefield, using lances to inflict devastating blows on their foes with the power of their thundering steeds behind them. By using mounted combat in this way, Furies are able to take on enemies and creatures far larger and heavier than themselves (see chapter 13 of the Player's Handbook for more information on Mounted Combat) all while maintaining incredible mobility.

Furies are beings at home in the sky. Whilst airborne during storms and stormy weather, Valkyries are able to send crackling bolts of lighting arcing from the tips of their lances 100 feet, dealing 6d6p damage. Furies use this lightning to soften up foes before going in for the kill and also to ward off nuisance aerial foes that seek to distract them from their intended target.

It bears noting that while they may enact a lightning strike once per minute given proper weather conditions, they will not circle overhead providing indirect fire support to terrestrial allies even were this a tactically prudent stratagem. The lightning bolt is the literal shock component of the "shock and awe" meant to be delivered to an important enemy combatant. Valkyries are all glory hogs and cannot abide fighting lesser foes when more prestigious, notable or leader types remain on the battlefield. To reach these foes, they may abandon their nominal allies and compromise their tactical situation.

While fully capable of fighting from the saddle, this is not preferred in all circumstances. Whether due to difficulties of terrain, the death of her mount, or the simple desire of an unassisted kill, Valkyries will occasionally be encountered as dismounted infantry. In this role they prefer to use their battle axes two-handed for maximal effect on their adversaries. They never employ shields.

Should a Sword Maiden sustain an extreme injury and consequently fail her trauma save, she is not incapacitated (ToP'ed), but instead enters an immediate HackFrenzy. When the Fury enters this state, she involuntarily emits a guttural war cry as sparks begin to flash around the tips of her hair and the surface of her skin and electricity crackles in the air. This compels all mortal enemies within 10 feet of her to make a tenacity check vs. d20+2. As long as she remains in the HackFrenzy, she emanates a constant, 10-foot radius fear aura and any new enemies who come into range must also make tenacity checks else they cannot dare approach her. (See the HackFrenzy quirk on p. 138-139 of the Player's Handbook for specific game-related details that apply while in this state.)

Ancestral enemies of Giants and all their kin, Furies possess a +2 Attack and +6 Defense bonus against Giants, Ogres, and Trolls and often will target these foes first in a battle, if feasible.

Valkyries are completely immune to both lightning and cold damage, but weapons which have been steeped in the juice of mistletoe berries for a day and a night will lower their DR by 7 points.

Habitat/Society/ Ecology:

In addition to being shock troops serving the chaotic gods of war and storms, Furies have a tertiary propaganda role in being tasked with delivering the souls of those followers who have truly embodied the virtues of their religion and risen far above their peers to become people of note by the time of their death. What exactly constitutes a "person of note" varies from religion to religion, as does the afterlife the Fury brings them to. This rarely occurring, but very public appearance of a Valkyrie physically shepherding home the remains of a very famous follower serves both to increase religious interest and inspires followers to greater effort.

The Furies are as impassioned as they are unpredictable. When not dispatched on some divine errand or other, Valkyries are constantly engaged in some fully engrossing activity be it artistic pursuits, battle training, spontaneous sorties out into the lower planes to slaughter demons that ever encroach on their homeland or epic weeks-long benders.

Though warriors to their core, the Storm Maidens are also poets and balladeers that find truth in the brutal melodies of pitched combat and the yearning to do great deeds. Every Fury composes her own death poem to recite before her final moments, intended to give a terse, but poignant picture of her existence and accomplishments. In times of repose, Furies gather together to recite epic ballads and remember the deeds of their own fallen heroes. The Furies all have a frank, straightforward style of composition and speaking, so that other beings might find them brusque and impolite. To the Valyrie, however, speaking anything other than the full truth (blemishes included) is unthinkable and dishonorable.

Furies keep their senses sharp by engaging in frequent moonlight hunting expeditions to strange corners of the outer planes, chasing down dangerous or especially swift creatures on the backs of their steeds. This is also one of the only occasions a Fury may be observed using a bow, as they prefer the visceral excitement of hand-to-hand combat, but exhibit no strong preference when it comes to the hunt. To a Fury, hunting is both a meditative exercise and a way to reaffirm the sanctity of life for beings who spend so much of their existence engaged in battle. When the quarry is killed, the huntresses gather around it to offer their final thanks to the creature in a highly ritualized ceremony, before transporting it back to be consumed in their mead halls.

No one can truly predict where the Furies may appear next, but they are most frequently associated with storms and risky causes. Warriors holding out against impossible odds often give prayers to the Storm Maidens before battle, in hope that they may be delivered in their hour of need. When the Furies do descend from the sky to aid mortals, the battles they fight are usually immortalized in song and verse, sometimes by the Furies themselves.

On Tellene:

Furies glory in combat and are interventionists by nature, so they, perhaps more than any other extra-planar being, are most likely to darken the skies of Tellene. When witnessed by mortals, Furies' hunting expeditions may seem especially terrifying. The arrival of the Valkyries is sometimes heralded by sudden storms and violent thunder. Coupled with the appearance of beings flying down out of the sky, and it easy to see where people found fodder to concoct their legends of The Wild Hunt. The northern peoples of Tellene live under the threat of growing Ogre, Troll, and Giant populations. Many of them believe that these creatures would have already driven humanity out of the north were it not for the furies and their hunt. As the legends go, the Furies descend to cull the populations of these creatures and safeguard the north. While it is true that Furies sometimes wage war against Giant-kind, it not known whether it is out of goodwill towards the human followers of their deity or hatred of the Giants themselves.

Valkyrie

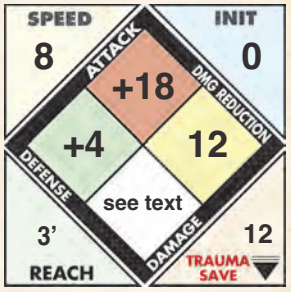
Hit Points:	8d8+26
Size/Weight:	M/180 lbs
Tenacity:	Hero
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-6

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+19
Mental:	+14
Dodge:	+18



Attack: Given stormy weather, may discharge a lightning bolt from their lances for 6d6p damage (1 discharge possible) as an opening salvo. Will fight from horseback using lances terrain permitting (2d8p+6 damage) or will dismount to employ battle axes two-handed (4d3p+8 damage, -2 speed penalty). Valkyries gain a +2 Attack bonus & +6 Defense bonus when battling Giant-kind foes.

Special: Immune to cold and lightning damage. Weapons steeped in mistletoe berry juice for 24 hours reduce a Valkyrie's DR by 7.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Exotic
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Extra-Planar
Diet:	Exclusively wild game
Organization:	Singular or combat teams
Climate/Terrain:	Extra-Planar

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Weaponry
Edible:	Yes, may be considered cannibalism
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	960

Velociraptor

Aka: Pataagi, Carnage Lizards



I found myself traversing the foothills of the Lopoliri range in search of a native population reputedly capable of conversing with dinosaurs. While I've seen and encountered several of the foul beasts, both in captivity in the arenas in Bet Kalamar as well as harrowingly in the wild, I have never conceived of communication and frankly doubted the legitimacy of any such claim. Once introduced into the village, I had the good fortune to spend the better part of a winter there, learning this Dejy tribe's customs and, I daresay, a bit of their language as well. They lived amongst harsh conditions, ever under assault by the most fell mosquitoes, and an occasional carnivorous beast that defies description. That said, their lives were satisfactory, as fruit and game are plentiful in the region and any Goblinoid tribes seemed to not range to their tribal lands, making it as safe as such a primitive existence can be. My human guide, Talinaka, seemed well enough at ease, except when talk fell to the dinosaur linguistics. Apparently, the only creatures that they claimed had language were the swift murderers and their larger cousins, the raptor majorus and king raptor. Having, of course, a need to see these magnificent beasts and possibly capture one, the natives, my guide, and I set forth into the jungle to set traps. Tal seemed nervous from the start of the venture, claiming that he new these beasts and only the smallest could be captured safely. After a few days, we discovered that we had indeed trapped a female majorus specimen in one of our pits. The creature lay prone, apparently injured. As I began preparing a rope, I heard a cry from the natives – we were set upon by companions of the one in the pit. As I fled, the entrapped beast leaped uninjured up toward Talinaka, his last words haunt me evermore: *clever girl.*

Most dinosaurs are thought to be slow and ponderous, especially the herbivores. Even most of the carnivores, while ferocious, seem stupid, brutish and slow afoot. Unfortunately, this isn't the case with the Velociraptors. They are built for speed and aggression. The raptors also seem to have a primitive form of communication used for coordinated attacks on larger or more dangerous prey.

These raptors vary in size, but all share some common characteristics. They stand bipedal, have a long tail and an enlarged sickle-shaped claw on each hindfoot, which they use to disembowel prey.

Velociraptor Minorus (swift murderer)

Velociraptor Minorus grows to 7 feet or so in length, 2 feet in height and to around 35 pounds. Minorus has a long up-curved snout, bearing a jaw filled with sharp, widely spaced teeth that can grip and tear flesh. Like its larger Velociraptor cousins, the swift murderer comes equipped with large tri-digited claws on each forelimb. Its feet each carry a signature sickle-shaped claw, used to restrain and tear into prey.

Velociraptor Majorus (Deinonychus)

Velociraptor Majorus reaches 10 feet or more in length and near or even slightly over 200 pounds. Deinonychus boasts powerful jaws lined with plenty of wicked, curved, blade-like teeth. Majoris, like its other Velociraptor cousins, is equipped with large tri-digited claws on each forelimb. Its feet each carry a signature sickle-shaped "terrible" claw, which it uses to finish off trapped prey. It has a bendable tail, used for balance when running and when subduing captured prey.

King Raptor

The King Raptor, largest of the Raptor family, grows to 23 feet or more in length and slightly over half a ton in weight. Its toothy maw and powerful jaws can tear chunks from its trapped victims. The King Raptor, like its other Velociraptor cousins, is equipped with large tri-digited claws on each forelimb, but its distinctive feet are the easiest way to identify one of these dinosaurs. Each carries a 9-inch long sickle-shaped claw, used to trap and kill its prey.

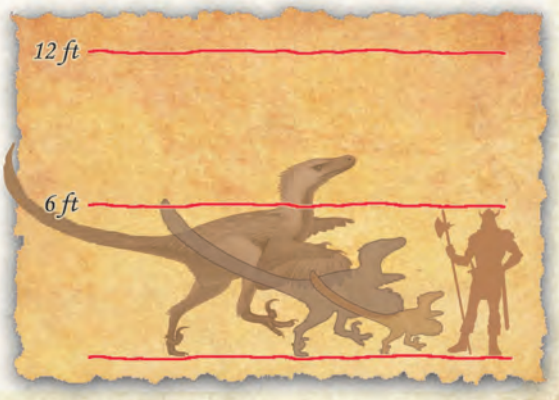
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Combat/Tactics:

Raptors hunt by either ambush or speed, chasing down slower quarry. They use their great strength to leap onto a target or knock it prone, then pin it with their body weight, gripping the hapless victim with their forepaws and puncturing, hooked hind claws. The Raptor will then begin feeding on prey with fierce biting attacks. They have a higher intelligence than most predators and can hunt in packs, trapping and surprising unsuspecting victims.

A Raptor's initial leaping attack counts as a charge with respect to knock-backs and any result of a knock-back results in the victim falling prone under the Raptor. Thereafter, the Raptor will automatically inflict piercing damage with its weight combined with its hind foot's killing claw every 3 seconds, varying by size of the Raptor (d3p, d4p, d6p points of puncturing damage for Minorus, Majorus and King, respectively) as well as attacking at +6 with its bite. A trapped victim can attack at -4 if face up (2 in 6) and can also free himself with a Feat of Strength (varies by size, vs d20p +6, for Minorus, d20p +12, for Majorus, d20p +18, for King).

After a failed leaping attempt, a Raptor will simply attempt to bite its foe, with any knock back handled as above (however, no charge bonus is available without somehow gaining a running start or by leaping down from above).

Habitat/Society:

Carnage Lizards hunt both singly or in packs. Packs form and re-form throughout the seasons for reasons that are not quite clear, although likely for mating purposes. These gangs vary in size and members are typically males that have left during nesting or lost out in the mating ritual and ensuing conflicts (when not fatal). When found solo, a Raptor generally hunts smaller creatures such as birds, rodents, smaller mammals, lizards or smaller dinosaurs. When in packs, raptors become truly dangerous, hunting herbivores up to four times their size and attacking carnivores of twice their size, the latter generally to steal a fresh kill or scavenge rather than as a direct food source.

Pataagi brood, nest and lay eggs. The females nest until a few months past hatching, caring for the young for such time until they can run and hunt large insects and smaller animals on their own. After this time, the female abandons the nest as well as the offspring. Young Raptors have longer forelimbs and a more curved hind limb killing claw, which they can use to climb trees. There they can lie in wait and ambush prey by leaping down upon a victim as it passes under the branches. As they age, these forelimbs grow more slowly and are outpaced by the rest of the body making treetop ambushes less likely or impossible for the larger creatures. Only one or two young per nest survive to sexual maturity, sometimes none if food is scarce or predators plentiful.

If its lifespan is not cut short, an adult Raptor on Tellene might live to be about 35 years old.

Ecology:

Because the Raptors are both a predator and a scavenger, they will sometimes battle over meals. Larger dinosaurs such as the Tyrannosaurus Rex or Megalosaurus will chase away Raptors from large kills, while Pataagi will do the same to smaller beasts. Similar sized creatures, large bears, sturm wolves, tigers and so forth might prey on smaller Raptors or in rare cases fall prey to King Raptors or packs of smaller ones. Minorus is small enough to fall victim to many larger predators, even giant eagles.

On Tellene:

The Raptors, like other dinosaurs, primarily reside in the Obakasek peninsula, occasionally venturing north into Tarisato and other lands in search of larger prey such as cattle. If rumors are true, they may also hunt the southern flood plains of the Vohven Jungle.

Velociraptor Minorus (swift murderer)

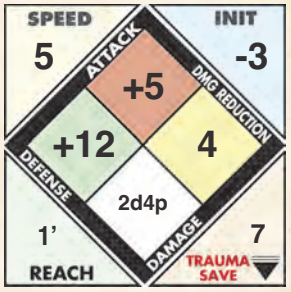
Hit Points:	1d8+10
Size/Weight:	S/ 35 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+8



Attack: Initial leaping attack counts as a charge with respect to knock-backs; knock-back results in victim prone under the raptor. Thereafter, automatic claw damage every 3 seconds by size (d3p, d4p, d6p) and +6 bite attack. A trapped victim attacks at -4 if face up (2 in 6).

Special:

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-10
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Floodplains, swamps, jungles
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual to clade
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to tropical wilderness

Yield

Medicinal:	Saliva can stave off infection
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Claws and teeth are highly desired
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	140

Velociraptor Majorus (Deinonychus)

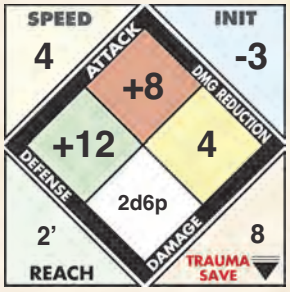
Hit Points:	3d8+15
Size/Weight:	M/ 175 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	+7
Dodge:	+11



Attack: Initial leaping attack counts as a charge with respect to knock-backs; knock-back results in victim prone under the Raptor. Thereafter, automatic claw damage every 3 seconds (d4p) and +6 bite attack. A trapped victim attacks at -4 if face up (2 in 6).

Special:

King Raptor (Terrible Claw)

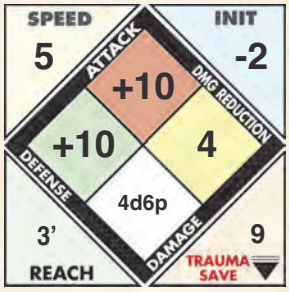
Hit Points:	9d8+35
Size/Weight:	L/ 1100 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Obtuse
Fatigue Factor:	-4

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	15
Jog:	20
Run:	25
Sprint:	30

SAVES

Physical:	+11
Mental:	+8
Dodge:	+13



Attack: Initial leaping attack counts as a charge with respect to knock-backs; knock-back results in victim prone under the Raptor. Thereafter, automatic claw damage every 3 seconds (d6p) and +6 bite attack. A trapped victim attacks at -4 if face up (2 in 6).

Special:

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-8
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Floodplains, swamps, jungles
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual to clade
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to tropical wilderness

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1-4
% Chance in Lair:	10%
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Floodplains, swamps, jungles
Diet:	Carnivorous
Organization:	Individual to clade
Climate/Terrain:	Subtropical to tropical wilderness

Yield

Medicinal:	Saliva can stave off infection
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Claws and teeth highly desired
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	300

Yield

Medicinal:	Saliva can stave off infection
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Claws and teeth highly desired
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	950

Vermus

Also Known As: Rattus, Ratman, Rat Burglar



It is not unusual for me to entertain consulting work as my professional skills are both highly polished and in demand. However, the oddest contract I ever undertook is fascinating and well worth retelling.

The city of Geanavue hired me many years ago to develop a plan to control their rat problem. Intrigued at this mischaracterization of my skills, I decided to inquire further, if only for the entertainment value. I was glad I did for it was a case wholly unexpected that suited my skillset remarkably well.

As it turned out, the city was vexed by an invasive species that dwelt in the sewer system. These were Vermii, intelligent Ratmen that behaved in a manner paralleling thieves. However, instead of robbing valuables they stole food. Their numbers had increased to the point where they now threatened the food supply and if nothing was done, famine and the death of the town was a very real possibility.

I readily accepted the job, affixed my metaphorical alabaster chapeaux, and went to work. I interviewed guards that had encountered the Vermii and all related similar stories. They were distracted from their post by noise or movement and sometimes by a relatively weak opponent that fought defensively and gave ground to lure them further and further afield. These were occasionally fatal to the Ratmen but most frequently they could make an escape after occupying the guards attention. These were sound tactics, ones that I would employ.

Upon investigating some crime scenes, I noted that security measures were bypassed via brute force not finesse. What appeared to be the work of crowbars, sledgehammers, wedges and axes were found at various break-ins. They were clearly inventive but lacked lock picking skills. My most important discovery occurred entirely by accident. An old woman reported that her basement had been tunneled into but her potato cellar was untouched. The woman's cottage was disgusting and reeked from the 20 odd cats that evidently urinated all over her tiny home.

My final report contained many training suggestions for the constabulary but also encouraged the banning of horses and mules from the city limits, regular garbage pickup and encouraging people to burn their trash, encouraging cat ownership and installing metal gates and stone floors in all food warehouses. —☆

Vermii are an intelligent species of bipedal rodents. The creature's head looks every part a rat with a long snout, whiskers, elongated ears, sharp teeth and dark, beady eyes. Unlike other humanoid species, their body form does not mirror the slender human form. Their body can best described as pear-shaped with a narrow and shoulderless torso atop a large abdomen. Their limbs are very short with large, long feet but diminutive yet incredibly nimble hands. They are covered in thick, coarse matte black fur and sport a hairless three-foot long tail.

Ill-informed observers might confuse them with Wererats but the two creatures are immediately distinguishable. Aside from the height difference, the Wererat has a gaunt human-like appearance save for its rodent head whereas the Vermii resemble very large rats poised upright.

Standing three-and-a-half-feet tall, these creatures are both limber and agile. They can squeeze into surprisingly small openings – basically anything they can fit their head into. Stealthy and silent, they are often unseen, preferring to avoid contact with the humans with whom they share urban terrain. As commensals, they are not found "in the wild" and only inhabit the periphery of human or Hobgoblin civilization.

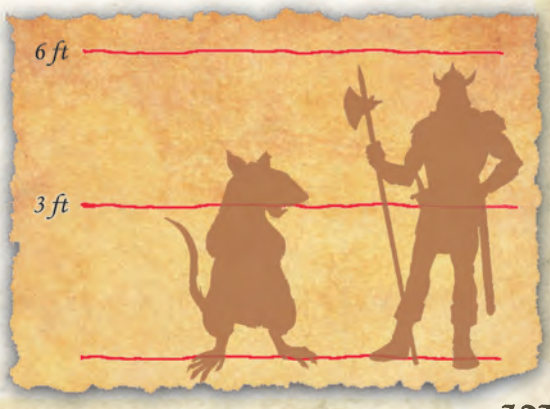
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Combat/Tactics:

Vermii are extremely cunning, but cowards at heart. They are thieves not thugs rarely engaging in face-to-face combat with foes, instead preferring to fall back and ambush determined pursuers from places of hiding. If they opt to initiate an attack, it will be to disable a lone guard or guards, impeding their means of entry to a valued resource.

Attacks will be carefully planned with every attempt made to achieve surprise. Ideally, they will preemptively attempt to lure away or separate groups of adversaries. Circumstances will dictate their exact actions but they will often make themselves readily apparent or even feign an attack either singly or as a pair as misdirection, quickly dispersing after the initial encounter to draw people away from a location to facilitate access by their peers. An example might be to attack with slings (they are physically unable to use bows or crossbows) from a position with a good egress route to draw opponents away from a spot their fellows will subsequently infiltrate. Escape routes are usually preplanned affording either cover or concealment to facilitate their flight.

As individual combatants, the Ratmen are not very formidable. Typically armed with knives (or occasionally daggers), they stand little chance of slugging it out with a man-at-arms. However, this is not their modus operandi, and a situation they will take pains to avoid. The Vermii have the annotated mastery levels in the following skills: Climbing 35, Hiding 50, Listening 30 and Sneaking 40. They will employ these skills to avoid physical confrontations whenever possible as their end goal is typically thievery. However, as alluded to previously, it may at times be necessary to disable or kill ardent sentries (either animal or human). In such cases, they will utilize these skills to orchestrate a battle to their advantage.

Their success in melee is wholly dependent on their stealthy fighting skills, many of which parallel those possessed by thieves. When achieving surprise (i.e. their count has come up prior to their opponent's) and positionally to an adversary's rear, they may Backstab (q.v.). Additionally, any such attack – even ones not catching an opponent unaware – are considered Rearward Strikes (q.v.) allowing the Ratman to bypass 2 DR of body armor. They may also preferentially attack fleeing adversaries (see Fleeing Opponent, PHB p. 52) and score a Near Perfect Defense on a defense roll of 18-19. In the latter case, they may bite their foe instead of punching or kicking (inflicting a d4p+1 hit point wound that bypasses DR).

In all cases, attacks will be planned to overwhelm opponents through surprise and numbers. Should the initial assault fail to achieve reasonable attrition, they are quick to disengage from stalwart and tenacious adversaries – especially if subject to immediate bloody retaliation. They will always make use of defensive tactics such as Full Parry, Give Ground or Scamper Back (see PHB p. 229-230) to make good their escape. If topography permits, they will disperse and flee in as many directions as possible so as to stymie pursuit.

Well-established Vermii lairs are generally protected by numerous simple traps set up by one or more unique individuals possessing the Trap Design skill. These defensive measures are typically integrated into a holistic defense that affords numerous hidey-holes and other stratagems that facilitate protecting the lair. A great degree of clutter, offering both concealment and as a means of canalizing intruders, is endemic to any Vermii lair. "Mouse Holes", passable by only Gnomes or Halflings, are pervasive. Clearing an entrenched Rat Burglar lair is often a maddeningly frustrating affair leading some to advocate simply burning out these warrens. This tactic has its own dangers as it may well instigate a conflagration in a dense urban setting.

Habitat/Society:

Vermii are commensal parasites that live off their human (and occasionally Hobgoblin) hosts. As born scavengers and thieves, they are ill equipped to survive on their own and thus are rarely if ever found inhabiting ruins, caves or other locales far from civilization in which other humanoids are often encountered.

Large cities are their natural habitat as Vermii subsist on the refuse of their urban cohabitants. They steal or scavenge all their food, clothing and miscellaneous items from the city. If the Ratman population is low, their presence may be invisible to people living with them as the creatures can easily subsist on the profligate waste generated by a large community. However, Vermii are quick breeders, particularly when adequately fed, and their numbers can rapidly swell. When this occurs, colonies are emboldened by starvation to commit brazen acts of thievery by infiltrating and pilfering food stores. This surely will not go unnoticed and may have grave consequences for civilian inhabitants.

Ratmen are burrowers that typically live underground in warrens that provide numerous access points to the city surface. In large municipalities, they invariably are drawn to sewer systems as the network perfectly fills this role. Abandoned buildings are often tunneled into and employed as concealed access points but rarely inhabited and even then only in the basement. Those that inhabit smaller towns may actually nest outside the city walls but will have dug tunnels that bypass these defensive emplacements permitting access. Alternatively, they may simply scale the walls at night to steal what they can.

Naturally intelligent, Vermii are cunning and careful and possess a keen sense of smell and hearing. They can survive for years in a large city without anyone noticing. Ratmen will eat anything, even feces or putrid corpses, as they are constitutionally robust and immune to human diseases.

Though incapable of reproducing the full range of human vocal sounds, most have mastered the local human language and can communicate albeit with a nearly incomprehensible accent. It bears noting that while completely sapient, Vermus psychology is fundamentally alien. Certain human concepts such as laws, property rights, economics, commerce, trade, agriculture and hierarchical government are ideas they do not and cannot comprehend. Although capable burglars, their motivation is utility. As such, they have no interest in the pilfering of items having abstract commercial value in trade. Food has immediate utility. Small weapons and tools have utility (they comprehend the effectiveness of weaponry and arm themselves whenever possible). Coins, gems and other valuables do not.

Ratmen do not pose an overt military or political threat, as they have no aspirations for conquering worlds or enslaving or even ruling others. They are a nuisance, possibly a very serious one, but more an internal policing concern than the bailiwick of the military. In many ways they can be seen as the flipside of an entrenched thieves' guild. Whereas thieves threaten property and can undermine the economy via grifting and extortion, Vermii threaten the food supply. Both can be tolerated provided they don't get out of hand.

Albino Vermii are not unheard of, and they are often more intelligent and rise to leadership of mischiefs often as shamans.

Ecology:

Ratmen live in large warrens or sewers and mischiefs range in size from a handful to hundreds. If left unchecked they will breed themselves into a massive colony that has the potential to disrupt an ecosystem. They reach adulthood in two years and can breed immediately upon reaching maturity. Gestation is only nine weeks and a female Vermus will deliver 6-13 pups.

Rat Burglars are hearty and can survive in even the most daunting conditions and environments. They can swim, eat almost anything and go long stretches without food. As such they are incredibly difficult to displace once ensconced. They try to subsist as best they can on the leftovers of others without being noticed.

All Vermii possess the Animal Phobia (large felines) quirk. Although they will avoid housecats whenever possible, they need not check morale when encountering them. Pervasive cat urine (e.g. an unpleasant odor sufficient strong as to be immediately perceptible to a human) will deter them from entering a building.

On Tellene:

Vermii can be found in, or around, nearly every major city throughout Tellene. They can survive in any climate.

Vermus

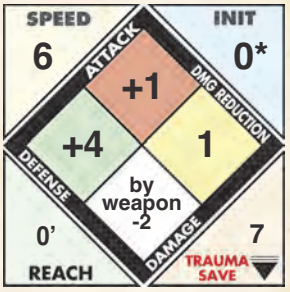
Hit Points:	1d6+16
Size/Weight:	S/ 65 lbs
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+2
Mental:	+3
Dodge:	+5



Attack: Vermii are usually armed with knives. Can Backstab, Rearward Strike (ignore 2 DR), and preferentially attack fleeing opponents. Will use stealth to initiate surprise attack but rapidly disperse if not overwhelmingly successful.

Special:
Use 1 lower die type for Initiative.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	2-8 (scavengers), 4d6p (nest), 20d20p (mischief)
% Chance in Lair:	50%
Frequency:	Frequent
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Excellent Hearing
Habitat:	Urban
Diet:	Omnivore
Organization:	Mischief (e.g. Pack)
Climate/Terrain:	Any/Subterranean

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental shiny objects
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	30

Virunga Apes

Also Known As: Ape Rager, Zwarvus



Something was wrong. The forest had grown silent. Birdcalls, the ever-present hooting of the macaques, everything had seemed to stop. Only the constant droning of ever-present insect life went on unabated.

My disastrous encounter with the Killer Apes of the Izhoven River was only two weeks previous. Having escaped by letting the waters of that mighty river carry me to safety, I had wandered through the jungle with little hope for my own survival. I had planned to cut east through the jungle, praying that by blind luck I might run across a Svimozhish lumber camp or maybe an isolated farming village. Of course, I had no idea how remote an area I had gotten myself lost in. As the days went on, I grew increasingly weak. I had been totally reliant on my guides to furnish me with the daily necessities of life in the Vohven and, isolated and inexperienced, I knew I would die of exposure. Attempting to escape from the deep jungle of the lowlands, I followed rivers up into the hills, walking against the current and watching them shrink to icy creeks from which I could at least count on a constant supply of clean water. Though I found respite from the oppressive heat and the maddening attentions of ravenous Vohven mosquitos, the weather in the hills was its own challenge. It became bitterly cold after dark and soaked as I was by the frequent rainstorms and mists which daily washed over the hills, I found little rest.

I am not ashamed to say that I spent many nights sobbing myself into dreamless sleep, surrounded by the terrifying cacophony of the forest. One night, after a supremely frustrating effort, I finally managed to kindle a small fire for myself with what must have been the only dry wood on that entire blasted mountainside. The crackling of that happy flame was the most welcome sound I had heard in a long while.

Now that the forest's primal symphony had stopped, however, I became immediately aware of the fire's oppressive loudness. The sudden quiet presaged terrible calamity, but there was nothing I could do but watch and wait. There was a rustling in the underbrush and five figures emerged from out of the darkness. My worst fears had come to pass—the Killer Apes had found me! I closed my eyes and waited for the end. I was too weak to fight; too weak even to appreciate the true horror of my predicament. There was no attack. I cautiously opened my eyes and beheld an alien sight. The apes were, in a word, freakish. From each of their heads, a large horn sprouted, reminiscent of a rhinoceros'. Each of them also sported a third eye like some sort of Dejy god. Too stunned to know how to respond, I merely waited in silence. The largest of the troop stepped forward, gesturing with an extended index finger at my meager fire and grunting softly.

Not knowing what to do, I held still for fear of agitating them. When I did nothing, a look of what I could only call annoyance spread across the ape's expressive face. He pointed again at the fire making the same grunts and then presented me with a papaya he produced from a pouch tied around his waist (how did I fail to notice their tool use immediately? I chalk it up to exhaustion). Tentatively, I reached out with shaking hands to take the succulent fruit and no sooner had it left his giant palm, the ape let out a joyful hoot, breaking a dead branch off of a tree and holding it into my campfire. There was great excitement amidst the troop of horned apes as they turned the branch into a sort of makeshift torch, gingerly handling the precious flame. It dawned on me then that I had just participated in a trade with these creatures. I was stunned by the implications. That mere beasts such as these might exhibit true intelligence was something I had never considered. Excited though I was, the needs of the flesh were paramount and I clawed fruitlessly at the papaya, not gifted with the natural tools to break through its thick skin. The apes, having calmed down after they had assembled their torch, seemed to notice my predicament, watching me with intelligent eyes as I continued to fail at opening the fruit.

With a pitiable glance, the lead ape handed the torch to one of his underlings (his young cousin, I was later to learn) and deftly split the papaya with his powerful teeth. He had handed the fruit back to me and I began to ravenously devour it, juices running down into my matted beard. As I ate, the apes circled around one another, grunting in low voices, occasionally gesturing towards my haggard form. I could make no sense of anything they were saying, but I had the distinct impression that they were *speaking* to one another in real language and not just the emotive sounds of an animal.

After a few tense minutes, the apes began to move off back into the forest, but made the unmistakable gesture of "follow me," by extending a hand palm up and beckoning me towards them. I struggled to my feet, but the whole episode had drained the last of my strength and I immediately collapsed to the ground, legs like quivering jelly. The head ape scooped me up into his arms as if I was an infant and I docilely allowed myself to be carried higher up into the hills. In the weeks I spent recovering in their village, I learned that the Virunga (as they call themselves) truly are an intelligent race, with their own culture, mythology, and technology—endlessly curious and deeply kind. How ironic that after nearly dying at the hands of the Killer Apes I should have been saved by these gentle beings of the forest. I am saddened that in my old age I have grown too weak to ever hope of traveling back to see the friends I had made in their treetop encampment

The reclusive Virunga Apes are gorilla-like primates that live in the cloud forests of the eastern Vohven Jungle. The creatures have the long, powerful arms, barrel chests, and copious body hair of their lowland cousins, but further similarities end there. Virunga Apes are covered in fur that ranges from a dull red to a tawny orange hue. They are also considerably more intelligent than even the feared Killer Apes, able to create and use tools as well as adapting rudimentary technology from humans and other humanoid species. The sex of an Ape Rager is easily distinguished due to the unusual sexual dimorphism exhibited by mature males, namely a third eye and a horn in their upper foreheads. Males are born with a third eye, but do not grow their keratin horn until they reach puberty. Females, on the other hand, look similar to normal gorillas, albeit the same tawny color as the males of their species.

Zwarvus speak their own simple language and can communicate basic, abstract ideas with one another. Because the language is so uncomplicated (it contains no idiomatic phrases, for instance) human beings can learn it in its entirety in a relatively short amount of time. Functionally, Mastery of the Virunga language is capped at 25 skill mastery. The Virunga may not be able to match the developed intellects of other sentient species, but they are developing quickly—frighteningly quickly according to some naturalists. Whether this burgeoning intellectualism will lead them to prosperity or disaster is a source of intense debate among certain academic circles.

Combat/Tactics:

Virunga Apes are not inherently violent, but because their society revolves around ritualized wrestling, the apes can appear more dangerous than they actually are. Ape Ragers view other sentient, bipedal species as sources of useful tools and sometimes as rivals for the position of alpha male. During their mating season, male Virunga Apes travel through the forest in groups of four to six individuals, looking for other apes to challenge to one-on-one wrestling matches in the yearly re-establishment of their own pecking order. While males are masters of jungle camouflage, they eschew any cautiousness during encounters with a rival. It is important to note, however, that "bouts" or "matches" between males almost never escalate beyond grappling and few, if any, injuries are ever sustained. Bouts between rivals usually begin with a clamorous display of branch shaking, teeth baring, and hooting designed to intimidate their opponents. After each opponent has made their pre-bout display, the two apes lock hands and begin to wrestle. A winner is declared after one ape pins or throws his opponent to the ground. The loser of the match presents a token of his submission to the winner, usually a smooth stone, a coin, or some other trinket. Afterward, the groups will part ways with no further conflict or aggression (usually ending up back at the same village).

One should not assume that Virunga Apes are pacifists, however. Outside of these ritualized combats, Zwarvus have been observed using deadly force and even employing weapons, both homemade and stolen. Virunga Apes, when faced with an opponent using deadly force (and unarmed themselves), use their powerful limbs to restrain opponents while their fellows pummel the aggressor to death.

In areas where Virunga Apes have been the targets of poaching or extermination (usually from human hunters or humanoid raiding parties), the apes have learned to meet violence with violence. The intelligent creatures are able to craft and employ clubs, simple spears, and stone hand axes (on par with Neanderthal technology) as killing weapons. They also loot weapons from the bodies of the any intelligent creatures they kill. It is not uncommon to see Virunga troops carrying Orkin scimitars or loggers' heavy axes. When a troop of Virunga Apes identifies dangerous trespassers in their territory, they will silently stalk the creatures, springing down from the treetops and out of the underbrush waving their weapons and letting loose terrifying war bellows.

The third eye sported by Virunga males allows them to sense invisible creatures and boosts their Observation Skill to 80 mastery. While in the Jungle, Ape Ragers have 75 Hiding and Move Silently mastery as well.

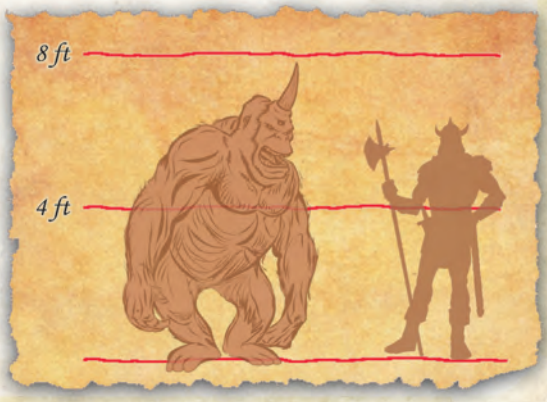
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Habitat/Society:

Virunga Apes are only found on the sloping, volcanic hills and cloud forests of the Vohven Jungle. Why the Zwarvus are only found in these remote areas is unknown, but some naturalists argue that the species was driven into the mountains by the less intelligent, but more aggressive and numerous Killer Apes who haunt the river ways and ruins of the lowlands. Virunga Apes do their best to avoid encounters with Killer Apes, but will not hesitate to drive Killer Apes from their territories. Apart from occasional raids into the hills (which are usually repelled by Virunga ambushes), the Killer Apes seem content to stay in their territories as well.

The society of the Ape Ragers is strictly divided between male and female spheres of influence. While the males fight one another for breeding rights, lead raids, and journey to human settlements in search of goods, high-ranking females run almost every aspect of village life. After the males have finished wrestling one another for dominance, Virunga matriarchs give the final approval of the new alpha male. If it becomes evident that the new alpha is in some way deficient as a leader (usually because he is cruel, incompetent, or impotent), the matriarchs will waste no time in deposing him and calling for a new competition.

High-ranking females also serve Virunga society as its priestly class, interpreting omens, predicting the weather, and acting as conduits between the tribe and "The Grand Ape," the Virunga incarnation of The Bear. In their mythology, The Grand Ape appears as a Virunga Ape with both male and female traits, able to rule over both sexes and bring harmony to society. Virunga Apes born with hermaphroditic qualities are viewed as children of The Grand Ape and usually rise to positions of great prominence within Virunga society. Members of The Grand Ape's priesthood possess the abilities of a 4th to 6th level cleric of The Old Oak.

While there are thought to be many uncontacted tribes of Virunga Apes in the deeper cloud forests, most interactions with the creatures have taken place close to human settlements at the edge of the Vohven Jungle. Virunga Apes are fascinated by human beings and the things they make. Shiny glass, polished coins, metal tools, and especially fire are all valued by the Virunga, as they are unable to produce such wonders for themselves.

Ape Ragers have been known to travel into human communities under cover of darkness to steal human made goods, leaving behind fruit and jungle flowers in their place. To the Virunga, however, their actions do not constitute theft, as they believe they have balanced the scales by leaving objects of equal value in place of what they took. If a Virunga Ape steals a relatively inconsequential object (in its mind), such as a coin, it may leave behind an orchid or a yam. Something truly valuable, such as a hoe or knife merits a much larger offering—a dozen mangoes or a bunch of bananas, perhaps. Well intentioned as these offerings may be, they tend to sow mistrust of the creatures amongst poor villagers. Violence may erupt when angry men lead sorties into the jungle to recover their lost valuables, usually to disastrous effect. As such, many communities near the edge of the jungle consider the apes to be a nuisance best left alone, or even a serious hazard.

Some villages that have existed alongside the apes for long periods of time have developed a system to please both parties. Villagers build a fire pit well outside of their town and keep it lit every night. Usually the fire pit will remain undisturbed, but on some mornings, it will be surrounded by jungle fruits, rare flowers, and the plumage of beautiful birds. The apes come during the night to help themselves to the fire being provided to them and the village gets an easy harvest of fresh food for comparatively little work. Every few months or during the full moon (practices vary from village to village), villagers leave offerings of old tools, rough textiles, and other small curios near the fire. In the morning, there is an even larger jungle harvest to be had. These symbiotic relationships benefit human communities more than they know. Zwarvus that live near such generous villages act as silent guardians, driving off dangerous predators such as constrictor snakes, big cats, and humanoid raiders.

When Virunga males encounter human beings in the wild, the apes will almost always attempt to initiate a wrestling match. In the eyes of the Virunga, human beings (and medium-sized demi-humans, regardless of their actual age or gender) seem to all fill the societal role of "immature male." Human beings, like immature males, are short, stringy, and sport no horn on their heads. Immature Virunga males agitate aggressively to be noticed in the wrestling circuit, even though they have almost no chance of winning a match against a mature male. Immature males fight twice as hard for recognition and to gain valuable combat experience, which will better their odds when it comes time to compete for real. As a result, adult males tend to view young males as fairly annoying, but also as an easy source of trinkets presented as "tokens of defeat" by the vanquished. Because human beings consistently carry valuable objects on them, adult males are very eager to attempt a challenge in order to legitimately collect such treasures. Some males have learned the rudiments of commerce from their human neighbors and will first attempt to trade for whatever goods they want from the human visitors. Virunga Apes do not have the concept of "swindling" and will always offer what they believe is a fair price for these goods. If the offer to trade is rebuffed, would-be ape merchants re-

sort to wrestling in the hopes that the desired object may be the one presented as a token of defeat.

Ecology:

Ape Ragers are nominally vegetarians, subsisting primarily on a diet of leaves, grass, gourds, tubers, fruits, and the many vegetables that grow wild in their cloud forest habitat. While the majority of their caloric intake comes from these sources, Virunga Apes have been observed to eat insects (especially grubs) and other invertebrates to supplement their diet. Virunga who have acquired human technology use hoes, shovels, and other digging implements to dig up tubers and other vegetables that would have otherwise been out of their reach. Virunga who live near bodies of water have been observed using nets and spears to catch fish, amphibians, and waterborne invertebrates to supplement their tribes' diet. It is unknown whether this behavior was independently invented or copied from human fishermen.

At night, the Virunga bed down in large hammocks which they string between trees, keeping them safely off the forest floor and its attendant dangers. These hammock villages can be quite large, sometimes supporting nearly a hundred individuals over as many hammocks. The villages are never meant to be permanent. When resources in an area begin to run thin, the Zwarvus move on to a new location and let the land restore itself. In areas where human beings are present, however, the Virunga tend to stay on longer then they would if left to their own devices, becoming more and more dependent on human-made goods and the social standing they confer on their owners.

On Tellene:

Isolated as they are in only a small corner of the Vohven, Virunga Apes are mostly an unknown species. Were it not for this remoteness, they may have been driven to extinction by human and humanoid aggression long ago. As it stands, they benefit from the ruggedness of life for human beings on the frontier lands of Svimozhia. The humans who live near them are too busy with the realities of day-to-day survival to worry too much about their strange neighbors in the forest. While "live and let live" is a saying that predominates amongst the homesteaders on the border, some enterprising hunters have led expeditions into the jungle in search of Virunga to kill for their horns, believed to have magical properties (especially as an aphrodisiac) in the great cities of Svimozhia. While some hunters have made great fortunes trading in powdered ape horn (as it is known), many more never return from their trips into the mysterious cloud forest.

Virunga Ape

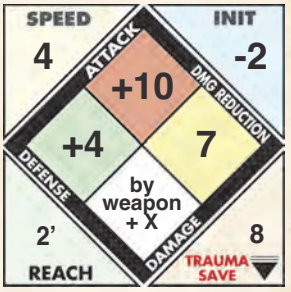
Hit Points:	5d8+26
Size/Weight:	L/ 475 lbs
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	Slow
Fatigue Factor:	-2

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+11
Mental:	+9
Dodge:	+8



Attack: attack w/ fists for 2d4p+6

Special: Observation Skill 80, In Jungle have Hiding and Move Silently 75, respectively

General Info

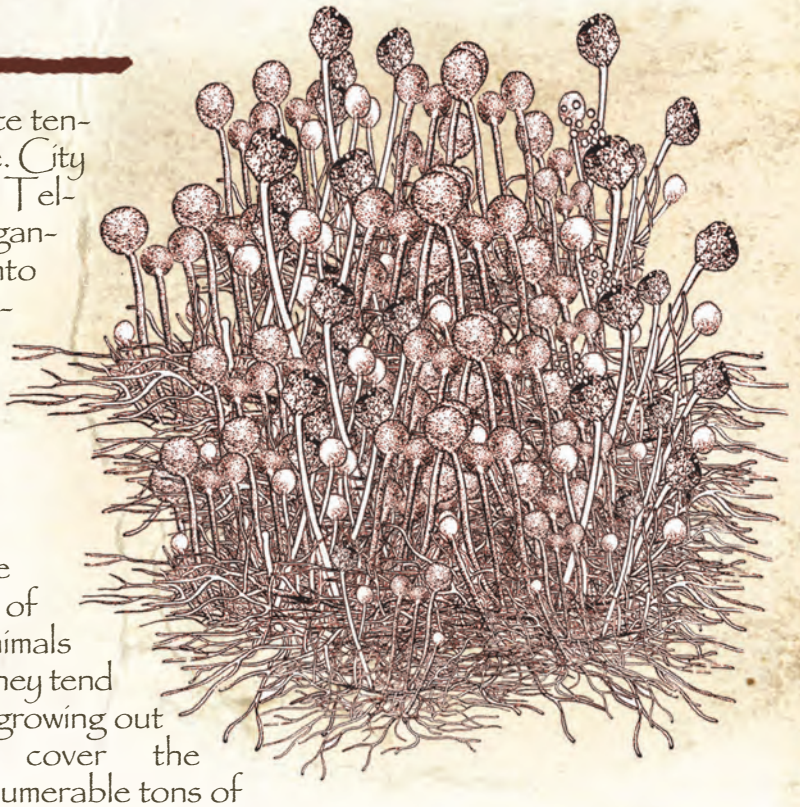
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	4-6
% Chance in Lair:	35%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Standard (though see below)
Awareness/Senses:	Third Eye (males only) allows Observation at 80 mastery
Habitat:	Highland Jungles
Diet:	Vegetarian (Insectivore)
Organization:	Shrewdness
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Utilitarian objects only
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	720

Wandering Mucor

Also Known As: Wandering Seether



We human beings have the unfortunate tendency to create a great deal of waste. City streets in the great metropolises of Tellene are choked with filth and even the best organized communities disgorge their garbage onto dumps and potters' fields, sweeping the problem away from disapproving eyes for another day. Were it not for the many creatures that decompose and consume our rubbish, we might well be swimming in it. The wandering Mucor is such a creature and you have probably already seen one—maybe mistook it for an inchworm as it crawled along. They are tiny things, able to rest comfortably on the tip of your finger and though they appear to be animals they are actually a species of animate mold. They tend to appear wherever waste begins to collect, growing out from tiny spores that I believe cover the majority of Tellene's surface. How many innumerable tons of garbage must these noble organisms consume every day across Tellene? In my search for a better understanding of these creatures, I traveled into the heart of Bet Kalamar. I had received a letter from an old acquaintance urging me to overcome my reticence and visit the great city to observe a true natural wonder. When I finally joined my companion, he led me outside the city walls, to a sprawling midden reeking in the summer sun. Clutching a handkerchief to my nose, we trudged to the top of one of the rubbish piles and looked below. The ground was dotted with blue molds everywhere I looked. While it was an impressive amount of mold, I can hardly say I felt grateful to my acquaintance for drawing me away from the beauty of nature to visit a site rife with such pollution. Sensing my irritation, my companion merely smiled and threw a bit of broken pottery down into the mold field. It struck a mold and, with alarming rapidity, the mold rolled up like a carpet, rising up onto one ends and swinging its upper body ponderously. I simply could not believe my eyes. The thing was a Mucor—some gigantic new breed, I assumed. My acquaintance had to correct me. This was no giant breed, merely a Mucor that had reached its full growth potential. The realization chilled me. In a world of ever growing cities, would the wandering Mucor one day inherit Tellene?

W

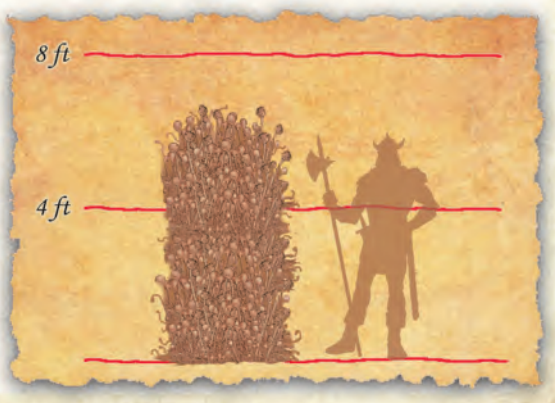
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Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Wandering Mucor is a species of non-intelligent, animate mold which can be found all across Tellene, feeding on cadavers, garbage, and other putrid waste. Wandering Seether sprouts long delicate structures called mycelium all over its body, giving it the appearance of being coated in a white-tinged blue fur. An overpowering stench of mildew and mold announces the presence of this fungus. Mucor range from only the size of a fingernail to 200 cubic foot living carpets, weighing over 300 pounds. These large specimens can be extremely dangerous if confronted. Mucor excrete caustic digestive juices which painfully dissolve living flesh, leading to necrosis and death. The Mucor also have the disturbing tendency to split into two new individuals if struck hard enough by a hacking weapon.

Combat/Tactics:

Wandering Mucor are content to be left to their digestion for the most part. While spread out and feeding, the Mucor resemble little more than a mundane (albeit comparatively huge) carpet of blue-white mold. In this state, the Mucor spreads out its many mycelia ("hairs") in a wide radius around itself to sense for potential threats. Individual mycelia are extremely fine, much thinner than a human hair and cannot be seen by the naked eye. Like a spider's web, vibrations in the mycelium alert the Mucor to the presence of a potential trespasser. The Mucor reacts immediately (and on pure reflex) to defend itself against interlopers, condensing its spread-out body into a coiled cylindrical shape, somewhat reminiscent of a rolled-up carpet. Whatever waste material the Mucor had been feeding on is rolled up with the creature as well, both to protect the supply of food and to provide extra ballast for the fungus' body. Once coiled, the Mucor rears up and uses its body to batter its opponents, pendulously swinging its upper half like a bludgeon.

In this upright stance, the fully-grown Mucor stands about five feet tall and three feet wide. Blows from the Mucor do damage from its caustic digestive acids, which ignore all DR from armor and deal d6p hit points of damage. Wounds from a Mucor have an odious, secondary effect. Targets who sustain wounds from a Mucor immediately contract "Mucor sickness," a debilitating condition that will slowly kill its victims if left untreated. Wounds fester and grow, oozing pus and necrotizing before the victim's own eyes. A creature with Mucor sickness loses d3p hit points a day until their death, when Mucor mycelia begin to grow out of their

Wandering Mucor

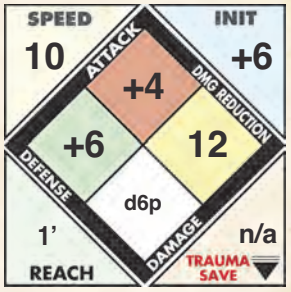
Hit Points:	30+2d8
Size/Weight:	M/ 300 lbs
Tenacity:	n/a
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+6
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	-3



Attack: Mucor sickness, d3p damage

Special: Vibration sensitivity (-2 dice initiative). DR 12 for crushing and puncturing, 8 Hacking damage splits mucor.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	n/a
No. Appearing:	Dependent on food supply
% Chance in Lair:	100% (if food remains)
Frequency:	Commonplace
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	n/a
Awareness/Senses:	Senses vibrations when mycelia touched
Habitat:	Cesspools, Middens, Garbage Heaps
Diet:	Waste
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Any but extreme cold

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Nil
Edible:	No
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	260

corpse, covering it in a blue fur. This damage is distributed equally to each Mucor wound, starting with the most severe first.

For example, Molly, an overly curious garbage picker, has four discreet wounds from a Mucor. The day after her attack, Molly rolls a d3p and ends up with a 3. The first point of hp damage is assigned to her most severe wound, the second point to her second most severe wound, and the third point to her third most severe wound.

Wounds from a Mucor do not heal on their own, but can be treated in several ways. A (Difficult) First Aid check can successfully disinfect a Mucor wound, but only if aid is provided within an hour of the initial attack. Divine magic cures can also clean a Mucor wound, provided the spell is enough to fully heal the wound. However, cures used in this way do not "spill over" to help cure other wounds as they normally would. Mucor wounds may lastly be cleaned by cauterization via torch. Holding a torch to a Mucor wound causes d4p automatic fire damage, but removes the secondary effect of Mucor sickness. If a Mucor wound is left untreated, it will always develop into Mucor sickness.

Crushing and piercing weapons have little affect on a Mucor (its DR is 12 in regards to both weapon types). The Mucor is less resistant to hacking weapons and has only a DR 2 versus their damage. However, if a hacking weapon causes a wound of 8 or more hit points to a Wandering Mucor, the creature immediately splits in two, creating two new, independently acting "clones". Each of these clones has the same statistics as a full-sized Mucor, but split the "parent creature's" remaining hit points between themselves.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

In the wild, the Wandering Mucor is a relatively innocuous species and grows little larger than a grain of rice. Mucor have very inefficient digestive systems and are only able to derive nutrition from food sources that have already begun the process of decomposition. Vegetables, meat, and feces are their most common sources of food. Tough materials like bark and bone are indigestible to a Mucor, so the creatures are perpetually on the move looking for more appropriate food sources, hence their moniker "wandering." To move, the Mucor rolls itself up much like it would to fight, but instead of rearing upright it crawls along the ground in a manner reminiscent of an inchworm.

Despite their name, Wandering Seether spend almost all of their time feeding. To feed, the Mucor unrolls on top of its food source like a blue blanket of fur and begins the long, slow process of digestion.

The Mucor's size is limited primarily by the availability of food. In areas with high concentration of rotting organic matter, the Mucor may grow up to five feet long and weigh upwards of 300 pounds. Such large specimens are usually only found near civilization, with its garbage dumps, cesspools, and endless waste matter.

Large specimens have been observed only rarely in more sparsely populated agricultural areas and usually only during times of famine when plant blights leave crops rotting in their fields.

There have been many farmers who have awoken one morning to find that their croplands are dotted with growing tufts of blue mold. Wandering Mucor may almost seem to appear spontaneously, emerging from out of nowhere when the conditions favor them. In actuality, Mucor constantly shed microscopic spores during their lifetime which are carried on wind currents across the face of Tellene. If food supplies are available near a Mucor spore, it will germinate and begin its lifecycle.

Mucor that reach seven feet in length only stay that way until they build up enough nutritional reserves to reproduce via binary fission. When a Wandering Mucor splits after being struck by a hacking weapon, it is because the Mucor's body had been "fooled" into believing that the process of fission is taking place.

On Tellene:

Wandering Mucor are found in cesspools, garbage heaps, and disease ridden bogs throughout the Sovereign Lands. Tellene's largest cities provide the creatures with a constantly resupplying food source as they digest their way through the end output of civilization. Temples of the Rot Lord are said to cultivate areas for these creatures to grow in, both as a passive defense and in deference to the creature itself, whose foulness the church finds admirable.

Whisp, Subterranean

A.K.A. Dead Man's Eyes



The soft glow emanating from the recesses of a small cave perhaps should well have alerted me to danger. My colleagues and I had taken refuge within it after a sudden thunderstorm. Indeed, I had heard the tales of such mystical energies leading men to their doom within swamplands. Yet, I had never been privy to the truth that such a presence could be encountered elsewhere. Thus, with our curiosity raised, we were compelled to investigate what looked like a pair of glowing eyes swaying around the cavern before us. As we approached, however, the radiant form quickly dimmed, reappearing further into the cavern and illuminating a small passage that had not hitherto been visible. In hindsight, it was obviously luring us toward something. Lo, surely something so full of blessed light could not be malevolent. Since, there was nowhere else to go, and we desired to learn more, we followed. I undertook to sketch this mysterious form for the temple records. I thank the Light-Bringer for sparing most of us from harm, for alas, one of our party fell from a ledge… tumbling helplessly into the dark abyss below. We all could have verily plunged over that edge in our zeal of inquiry. As we had no means of descending safely to retrieve our fallen brother, we fled in desperation back out into the storm. May our brother rest in the light.

These curious magical creatures take the form of small flickering flames that look vaguely like pointed eyes when viewed up close, floating around 5 feet off the ground and typically exuding a faint pinkish glow, though a few Subterranean Whisps take on greenish or yellowish hues – when they are hungry. This hue intensifies as they become satiated. From a distance, a group of these creatures looks like a small number of fireflies slowly interweaving around one another, before fading one by one and re-appearing further away, should any creature approach them.

They use their intriguing form to encourage curious prey deeper and deeper into their domain, with the ultimate intent of luring the targets into an area in which they may become trapped – typically a steep drop, be it natural or man made, or a space with a roof very close to collapse – and thence become easy prey for the Whisp's feeding. These creatures derive sustenance from draining the intelligence of any creatures that they attack.

Combat/Tactics:

The primary danger these creatures present is from a beguiling display of dancing and flickering, intended to arouse curiosity in living creatures and encourage them to follow

Sign/Tracks

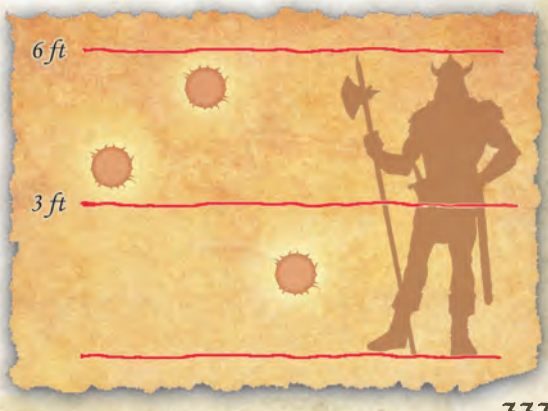
[1]The dust remaining when these creatures are destroyed is poisonous; Ingestion (Virulence Factor: 15) causes the sapping of 3d6 Int points, over the same number of days. Any tainted item takes on a slight glow.

[2]Said dust may be substituted in Candlelight, Torchlight or any other light producing magic.

Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



and investigate. If this fails, they will attempt to float right into the midst of their prey and strobe brightly right in the eyes of the target, requiring a Magic Save (vs. D20+10) or the recipient is blinded for 2d10p seconds, before unleashing their main attack.

The only method of direct attack that may be employed by a Subterranean Whisp is a magical discharge that will not only lightly shock a target delivering 1d3 hitpoints of magical damage, but also function as a means of sapping their Intelligence as per an undead energy draining attack (i.e. a similar number of Intelligence points are drained). The creature will use this sparingly should it succeed in luring a victim (or several) into a trapped position, but if engaged in combat, it will attempt to use this attack on as many individual creatures as possible. Armor DR does not apply to these attacks though shields do.

If spurred to hostility, the Subterranean Whisp darts about in a blurred erratic manner, providing its superior Defense bonus. If damaged, it will attempt to flee the situation, by dimming its form as low as possible (-30 to any Observation related skill checks) as it flees, but while doing so will naturally still try and lead its hunters towards the means of entrapment it would use in other circumstances.

If killed, they disintegrate into a tiny pile of lightly glowing dust.

Lost Intelligence is regained at the rate of 1 point/day of complete mental rest. Any reading, writing, appreciable stress or even answering all but the most superfluous questions will ruin that day's recuperation.

Habitat/Society:

Subterranean Whisps typically gather in a group of d4p+2 individual creatures, and will always move together as a single unit. They desire the shelter of an enclosed environment, out of the effects of weather, and can exist off a single meal for as long as two years before the energy that binds them dissipates and they fade away into nothing. They avoid leaving their lair at any cost. They can, however, derive sustenance from any living creature, such as rats or other animals, and so may be found in even long-abandoned places. There is no form of hierarchy within a pack, with the collective often taken to be a single entity, nor is there ever more than a single Subterranean Whisp group within an area.

Ecology:

As their feeding pattern is rather slow, given their weak attacks and tiny form, a single humanoid may be kept alive for a couple of weeks, as the group of Subterranean Whisps slowly sap their victim's mind, which is usually made all the more frantic due to their dire situation. These creatures possess no alignment, they just use their environment to their great advantage. Their origin and form of reproduction, if any, is unknown.

Whisp, Subterranean

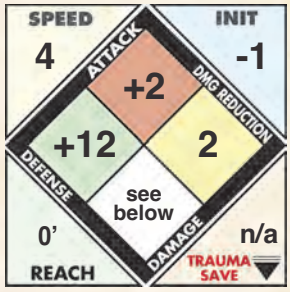
Hit Points:	1d4+4
Size/Weight:	T - n/a
Tenacity:	Cowardly
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-6

MOVEMENT

Float:	10

SAVES

Physical:	+4
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	+9



Attack: Beguile trespasses with its dancing lights to lure them into following it towards a non-lethal trap; zapping those that attempt to cause it harm for1d3 points of magical damage, coupled with its Intelligence draining ability.

Special: Suffers a -4 penalty to Attack and Defense in dim sunlight; flees from direct sunlight.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Always Active
No. Appearing:	1d4p+2
% Chance in Lair:	100%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	none
Vision Type:	Low Light Vision
Awareness/Senses:	Able to detect sentient beings within 50 feet
Habitat:	Subterranean
Diet:	Special
Organization:	Group Entity
Climate/Terrain:	Cold to Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	See note 1
Spell Components:	See note 2
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	80

Wolverine A.K.A. Skunk Bear



Seventy pounds of fury, sass and contrariness in a skin sack.

Rapacious is my single word summary of the Wolverine ("vicious and mean little bastard" would be the fighting man's equivalent if my fellow explorers are to be taken at their word).

Despite its relatively small size, it is not an animal to be trifled with. When a Wolverine is provoked, which – for the record – is a seemingly trivial task, it attacks with a fearlessness and determination wholly unexpected for a creature of its proportions.

An angry Wolverine knows no fear and will readily attack larger foes. Wolves and arctic cats double its weight stand little chance against a Wolverine. Neither does it fear humans even when outnumbered.

Though related to the weasel, Wolverines have a passing similarity to a very small bear. This coupled with the two distinctive silver to yellowish bands of fur that run from its shoulders and down along its sides is the source of the moniker "Skunk Bear".

A Wolverine weighs from 50-70 pounds and its yard-long body is broad and heavily muscled. It possesses an extremely powerful jaw capable of cracking open the leg bones of an adult moose or biting through steel.

Despite having short legs, its padded feet enable it to travel easily in snow. Of more importance to those facing a Skunk Bear, its feet are armed with heavy, curving claws. A Wolverine's fur is typically dark in color and oily, giving it a natural resistance to cold.

Combat/Tactics

Wolverines are very aggressive both in defense of their territory and when seeking a meal. They will rush at perceived adversaries with the intent of driving them off but won't hesitate to bite and claw at nearly anything that decides to stand its ground – even something as ferocious as a bear.

Once engaged in combat, Wolverines are extremely difficult to drive off for they seem to hardly notice minor wounds and rarely succumb to even grievous injuries.

Habitat/Society

Wolverines dwell primarily in northern alpine regions, in dense woodlands and brush, plains and rocky mountainsides. A typical Skunk Bear den is a rough bed of vegetation situated in a rock crevice or in a hollow under a fallen log, or perhaps in a burrow abandoned by other animals.

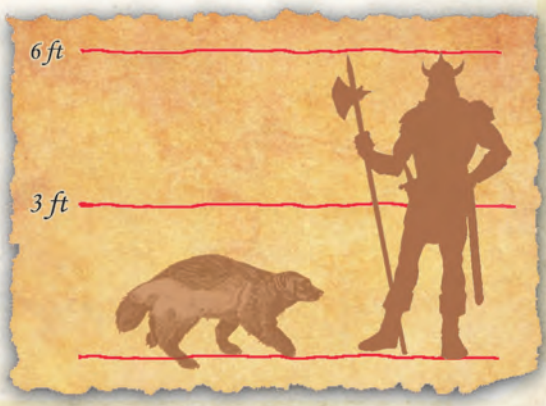
Sign/Tracks



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Wolverines are diurnal creatures, though preferring dawn, dusk and nighttime over the brighter daylight hours. The average male Wolverine has a territory of anywhere between 60 to 300 square miles, which it marks with anal scent glands and urine. This territory encompasses the ranges of several females.

Skunk Bears are solitary creatures, except during the summer breeding season. Gestation lasts about one to two months, with any kits from this mating (usually two to four) nursing for around two more months.

These kits remain with their mother for about one year, learning various survival techniques, and reach maturity around the age of two or three.

The average lifespan of a Wolverine is about eight to ten years.

Ecology

Wolverines are mostly scavengers, feeding on the remaining kills of larger creatures. They supplement this diet of carrion with small mammals and eggs, as well as deer, moose, sheep and similar herbivores. A Skunk Bear is powerful and savage enough to bring down another creature as much as five times larger than itself.

The Wolverine's most common foe is the bear, from whom it often attempts to steal a kill. Wolves and mountain lions are also common foes.

Though the Wolverine rarely succeeds in killing these larger predators, it attacks with such ferocity that they often retreat rather than engage in a bloody fight with the unrelenting creature.

On Tellene

Trappers and hunters are often victims of the Wolverine's talent for raiding food caches and traps, making the creature accursed among members of these and similar professions. Thus, should a trapper or hunter call another person as "nasty as a wolverine", this may be merely disgust at his thieving ways, rather than respect for his fighting prowess.

Wolverine

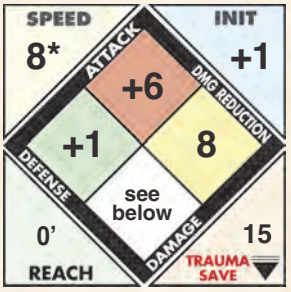
Hit Points:	22 + 1d8
Size/Weight:	S/30-40 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	Animal, High
Fatigue Factor:	-5

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+5
Mental:	+4
Dodge:	+3



Attack: Biting attack every 8 seconds for 2d4p+6; if bite successful gains claw attack 4 seconds later for possible 3d4p+3 damage

Special: Immune to any type of fear

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	15%
Frequency:	Uncommon
Alignment:	Neutral
Vision Type:	Poor
Awareness/Senses:	Acute smell and hearing
Habitat:	Boreal forests, Mountains, Plains
Diet:	Carnivore
Organization:	Solitary
Climate/Terrain:	Sub-Arctic

Yield

Medicinal:	Unknown
Spell Components:	Unknown
Hide/Trophy:	Fur is quite valuable
Treasure:	None
Edible:	Yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	200

Worm, Great Spiny

a.k.a. Spiny Gutter Worm, Terror-Spike



Having traversed many a mile of criss-crossing tunnel networks, which we presumed to have been the result of volcanic activity many a century previously, our party came out into the glorious open air, atop a ledge about 20 feet off the ground below. We had come across nothing to redeem our expedition costs, and moods were starting to turn a little tense.

Basking in the sun directly beneath us, however, lay the biggest damned caterpillar we had ever laid eyes on, its pelt glistening in the sun.

And why not? Having previously encountered ants the size of warhorses, and spiders bigger still, should not other vermin reach gigantic proportions? My colleague whispered that the furry hide of such of creature should fetch a few coins, at least, he dived off the rock face seeking to slay the beast in one fell move. What happened next took us all by surprise.

Dozens of spikes pierced his entire frame, and when the beast flexed out… well… they sliced through his flesh like butter. —S

Great Spiny Worms are a variety of gigantic segmented worms, roughly 25 feet in length, and 3-4 feet in diameter. They are almost completely covered in sharp spines, themselves around 2-3 feet in length and thin enough to appear to resemble fur when viewed from a distance. The spines' glossy sheen only adds to this illusion. Typically black and brown, the coloration of these spines can range to bright oranges, tans, and even yellows. Although they do burrow through the earth, carving long interconnecting tunnels through their chosen land, they prefer to do so near the surface.

As a result, any mountain or hill that one resides within is often dotted with dozens of cave mouth "entrances" to the tunnel systems of these beasts. They are also a lot slower than their larger counterparts at this task, and can only move at a crawl while burrowing. During the times of dusk and early dawn, they are frequently found immediately outside their lairs, but they never stray very far from an entrance, even in search of food, preferring to create a passage to another nearby location to await prey.

Sign/Tracks

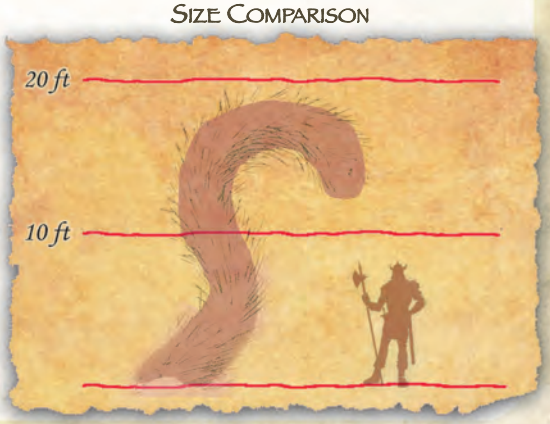
Spines from the Great Spiny Worm are boiled and used to fashion bows by skilled, Brandobian bowyers. Such bows are prized for their strength and durability. The spines can also be fashioned into lances.



Range on Tellene



Size Comparison



Their unusual form makes it difficult to distinguish between the head and tail of the beasts, especially when they are bludgeoning themselves against any nearby creature or object. Regardless, the Great Spiny Worm's maw is no more fearsome than the rest of its body. They feed by flattening any creature or vegetable matter that they encounter into a pulpy or bloody mess. The worm will then proceed to slurp and ingest the remains. Small foot-deep pits in the ground, created while feeding, might give sign that a Spiny Gutter Worm has hunted successfully in the area.

Combat/Tactics:

These are vicious creatures, there is no doubt. Upon disturbance, Great Spiny Worms begin to thrash and flail around in a wild and unpredictable helical manner. This gigantic annelid attacks by spinning its prostomium and peristomium (the foremost segments) circularly in a full 360 degree arc, bludgeoning and slashing anything within 10 feet of its body with its mass and deadly array of spines. The interval between random gyrations and the spinning attack is unpredictable, thus its randomly determined speed of 4+d4 (after each attack roll a d4+4: the next attack will occur randomly from 5 to 8 seconds later).

When the Terror-Spike makes its sweep, the creature rolls a single Attack against which all within 10 feet of the creature must defend. Those within 5 feet who fail to defend sustain 4d6p damage (or 2d6p if a shield is bludgeoned). Defenders between 5 and 10 feet away from the creature's body gain +3 to their defense and suffer only 2d8p damage with a failed defense (or d8p with a successful shield defense).

Alternatively, the worm may attempt to bludgeon a single adversary up to 10 feet away. This solo blow causes 4d6p damage if landed. If the Spiny Worm's attack exceeds the defender's roll by 6, it has ensnared the target in its prodigious spines. The beast will hoist the poor victim off of the ground and violently shake the defender as the Great Spiny Worm writhes about. While the jostling may cause only minor nausea, it affords the opportunity for the enveloping spines to drive their way into its quarry's flesh thereby inflicting 2d6p damage every 5 seconds, although DR does apply. Note that the Terror-Spike is incapable of using its sweep attack if encumbered with prey lodged on its spines.

A creature ensnared by a Spiny Worm may attempt to break free of the hold with a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+10). Those successfully breaking free of the creature's grip will be tossed 10+d8 feet away suffering d6p damage in the process (no DR). Even a knock-back cannot break the grip of the great worm, however, slaying the creature does allow for the relaxation of the spines and easy albeit careful removal of the character (or other creature). The Great Spiny Worm will only thrash prey that continues to struggle, ceasing one's attempt to break free of the creature's grasp and simply going limp may (50%, 1-5 on a d10) convince the beast to hurl its victim aside, unfortunately, 10% of the time (on a roll of 10) the Great Spiny Worm will rapidly perform d4p-1 solo blows in a row (each d4+2 seconds apart) on the immobile victim in an effort to reduce its prey to a bloody pulp and ingest it. Such a "possum" check can be made every 10 seconds for those who dare.

Should the Great Spiny Worm slay its quarry in such a way, it will perform two more solo attacks on the lifeless corpse and then begin ingestion, ignoring any attacks until it has less than ten hit points left or suffers a knock-back. The worm can ingest creatures based on size, with seconds equivalent to the knock back requirement of a creature one size smaller.

Habitat/Society:

As per their brethren, Great Spiny Worms gouge their own tunnels through the earth, but these creatures prefer to do so close to the surface. As a result, a worm's passages often collapse, with dead ends either burrowed around or re-dug, their obvious structural flaws of no concern to the monster. Given their size, the tunnels made by these creatures are rather tight and confined, typically allowing only single-file traversal for man-sized explorers. Although relatively rare, Great Spiny Worms may be encountered in almost any environment, as long as an adequate supply of food exists. Spiny Gutter Worms are rarely found in frigid areas as the ground tends to be frozen and difficult for burrowing as well as game is not plentiful and vegetation sparse. Voracious feeders, these giant beasts will gorge on as much prey or vegetation as they are able to at any one time, thus potentially deforesting areas or slaughtering entire flocks of herd animals in a short period if left unchecked.

When actively hunting, they lie in wait for any prey sensed just beneath the surface of the earth, bursting forth in an attempt to take their quarry by surprise.

Slight tremors or sometimes a barely noticeable trail of rising earth may betray the presence of these creatures to particularly observant prey (indicated by a superior initiative roll). After feeding, the Great Spiny Worm typically lies in repose at one of the entrances to their tunnel networks, as the sustenance is worked through their digestive system. A full feeding requires anywhere from 12-24 hours of digestive inactivity.

Ecology:

These creatures are hermaphrodites and require a partner in order to produce offspring. Such an event wreaks havoc upon whatever location in which a coupling occurs. Evidence of such a mating ranges from minor collapses and cave-ins of the local tunnel system to huge gouges and toppled geology and wildlife, scarring the land for a long time afterwards. The two Great Spiny Worms battle for dominance, with the weaker of the two impregnated, and tasked with the laying of the eggs within their own domain. Although a clutch of d3p eggs will be laid, d3p will be consumed (if greater than or equal, none remain), as the parent attempts to avoid encroachment on its own food supply. Upon hatching, the adult worm will forcefully ward any young off its own hunting grounds. Thereafter, any surviving young must fend entirely for themselves. The young will perish if the area does not have enough vegetation as they are herbivores for their first three months, during which time they also have no spines. By six months, the young attack as adults (but have minimum hit points), growing to full size after a year.

In areas of plentiful foodstuffs, d3p-1 eggs will be consumed (thus more may be allowed to hatch). In these plentiful areas, the adult may (30%) allow the young to remain on the outskirts of its territory, but these are most certainly not common situations. If a sizable disturbance is detected, those very unlucky adventurers who come across such a scenario, may well find themselves under attack from two or (rarely) more Great Spiny Worms, before a battle to reassert dominance between the them occurs.

[1] Hide may be of great value for interesting defense.

Great Spiny Worm

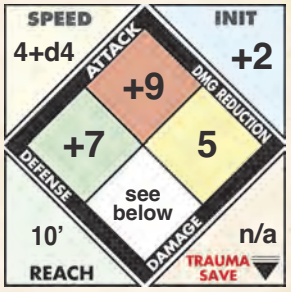
Hit Points:	7d8+28
Size/Weight:	G/ ~5 tons
Tenacity:	Steady
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+9
Mental:	+6
Dodge:	+14



Attack: Circular flailing attack all within 10 feet; standard blows deal 4d6p damage, those further than 5 feet take 2d8p; chance to ensnare target if bludgeoning a lone opponent

Defenses: Any creature that approaches within 10 feet is automatically engaged in combat; cannot be surprised when approached from level ground.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1
% Chance in Lair:	75%
Frequency:	Sporadic
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Senses movement within 25 feet
Habitat:	Subterranean
Diet:	Omnivorous
Organization:	Individual
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Unique[1]
Treasure:	Incidental
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	1000

Wrenganan

A.K.A. Wrengs



It was soon to be mid-winter and still we had not yet reached Betasa. My traveling companions on the road were an unlikely coterie, our only common goal being our mutual destination. Merchants and journeymen they were, and of them the best loved 'twas Resmer, the brewer. He was thick-bodied and strong of arm, able hoist to casks of ale on either shoulder with no difficulty. So free was Resmer with his ale, I knew not how he could profit by his trade, but such things are not the concern of a woman of faith. Snows had begun to fall and we were not fain to march anymore that day. We took up shelter in the remains of a rude dwelling. The walls had gone to rot, but the stone fireplace was yet intact, so we set about kindling a fire for warmth as much as for protection from the wolves known to prowl that lonesome path. Icy winds whistled through the creaking walls of the homestead like a gale, but our fire was strong and we had gathered wood enough for two nights. So the fire burned brightly and Resmer opened a new cask to share. I did not partake and slept fitfully while my raucous companions made merry and kept the fire a-roaring.

I awoke to a horrendous stench as unto carrion, offal, and bile all heaped together. Opening my eyes, I beheld Resmer, a giant hand curled around his throat with cruel fingers of immense strength. Resmer's face was red and bulging as he clawed and pulled at the powerful grip, to no avail.

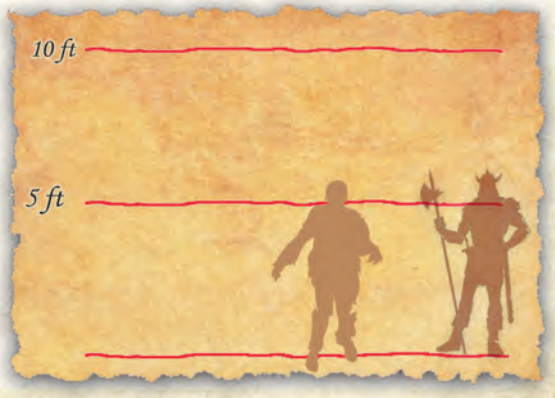
The being holding Resmer loomed over the rotten walls of the homestead, its arm snaking down through a hole in the sunken roof. Its face was gaunt and sagging and as expressionless as a statue. Its eyes were black within black and reflected only the firelight. I screamed for my companions to awake and as they groggily began to stir from their drunken stupor, Resmer was lifted through the hole in the thatch as effortlessly and as silently as a thief might purloin a coin purse. I ran to the window, only to see more eyes reflecting the fire, more of the creatures loping silently towards the homestead from the wood.

The merchants, still befuddled and having not seen Resmer's strangulation, would not rise from their sleep, cursing my fear even as I tried to save their lives. I had no choice but to flee out into the snow. As I ran, I heard the screams of my companions, looked back over my shoulder and ever regretted the choice. I pray one day I may drive those sights from my memory, but I know in my heart that even if I do I can never hope to forget the creature's terrible aroma.—

The murderous undead Wrenganan are abominations. Once a nest of them have established themselves in an area, they relentlessly stalk and prey on the innocent. It is unwise to avoid them — they must be confronted and eradicated as they make themselves known.



Size Comparison



The Wrenganan are intelligent undead creatures that actively stalk humans and other humanoids with the intent of draining their bodies of all fluids. They have the vague appearance of an elderly human man, but nightmarishly twisted. Wrengs all stand a little over nine feet tall, with long, spindly arms ending in wide hands and unusually elongated fingers perfectly suited to strangulation. Their eyes are solid black and reflect no images in them except torches, campfires, and other light sources. Their skin is sallow and paper thin, but flexible and it hangs loosely from their solid bodies like a brick in a burlap sack. Every Wrenganan has a collection of large, earthen jugs in its dens to serve as receptacles for the blood, bile, and other fluids it drains from its victims. Wrengs exude a revolting stench within 60 feet of themselves. The smell is potent enough to alert any potential victim, allowing them to roll an initiative die one category better than the Wrenganan (this bonus ignores all class restrictions and allows for classes other than thieves to roll a d3 in this instance). This horrific odor is unique to Wrengs and anyone who has ever encountered it will be able to immediately identify the stench.

Combat/Tactics:

Wrenganan most often stalk their prey in small groups of three to seven individuals. They are strongly attracted to artificial illumination and will approach any light source looking for prey. The Wrenganan prefer to wait until their prey has fallen asleep before attacking and may conceal themselves for hours waiting for the right moment in which to strike. They are aware that their smell may alert their quarry and will stay out of its sixty-foot range until they are ready to close in.

The hunting party will silently move towards their quarry from all sides (Sneaking mastery 40), attempting to encircle them to prevent escapes. Wrenganan aggressively attack (q.v.) by first attempting to grab their opponent's weapon arm with a called shot to said arm. Having secured their quarry in their grasp and effectively disabled its primary means of retribution or ability to flee, they then attempt a called shot to the victim's throat [head] to begin strangulation. With their arm in the grip of a Wrenganan, the victim may only roll a d12p for defense (including any shield bonuses, if applicable). If the Wrenganan is successful and grabs its victim's throat, it begins crushing his larynx — incidentally inducing asphyxiation. Victims sustain d6p+4 points of damage every five seconds from the creature's powerful grip though body armor will serve to mitigate

Wrenganan

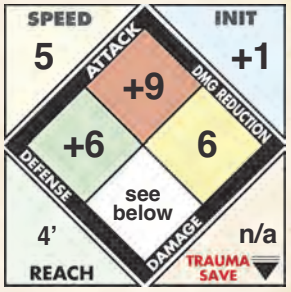
Hit Points:	5d8+26
Size/Weight:	L /400 lbs
Tenacity:	Brave
Intelligence:	Average
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+11
Mental:	n/a
Dodge:	+7



Attack: Wrenganan sneak up on their prey (Sneaking 40%), make a called shot to the weapon arm and, if successful, follow with a called shot to the throat. Throat grip deals d6p+4 damage/5 seconds. Victims who fail to break free twice in a row must pass a Trauma check or pass out for 30 seconds. The wrenganan then attempts a coup-de-grace

Special: Revolting stench easily detectable by keen-nosed animals.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	3-7
% Chance in Lair:	100% (day) 50% (night)
Frequency:	Unusual
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Undead Sight
Awareness/Senses:	Standard, attracted to firelight
Habitat:	Roadside woodlands
Diet:	Squeezings
Organization:	Clutch
Climate/Terrain:	Temperate

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Former victims' remains
Edible:	No
Other:	n/a
Experience Point Value:	517

strangulatory effects.

The victim may attempt a competing feat of strength check (vs.d20p+13)[1] to free himself, but every failure on his part leads to an accumulating -1 penalty to subsequent feat of strength checks. The victim is permitted an attempt to free himself every five seconds. An ally striking the Wrengenen forcefully enough to cause a knockback or a successful Turning will also dislodge the creature's grip.

Should the Wrenganan inflict appreciable strangulation damage in two consecutive periods[2], the victim must succeed at a trauma check or pass out for thirty seconds. Once its prey ceases struggling, the Wrenganan will attempt a coup de grace.

After murdering its victim, the Wrenganan will throw the body over its shoulder and make good its escape. Having successfully reaped a kill, it will not remain behind to assist or reinforce its fellows regardless of their circumstances. Note that Wreng are not automatons and will withdraw from combat should it become apparent that continuing a fight will result in their destruction.

Driving off a pack of Wrenganan is no assurance of continued safety from their harassment. They will continue to stalk "game", night after night, until they have each taken a victim, they've been killed, or their prey has journeyed more than two nights from their den.

Habitat/Society/Ecology:

The Wrenganan inhabit woodlands and marshes near roads. For reasons unknown, a clutch of Wrenganan always nest in circles of trees. Wrengs are most likely to be found along long stretches of road where the lack of inns or way stations compels travelers to sleep outdoors or in old ruins.

Wrenganan do not hunt in the daylight, as they find the overabundance of light confusing. In sunlight, Wrengs suffer a -2 to Attack and Defense roll, while dark, cloudy conditions or twilight forces a -1 penalty on Attack rolls (but no penalty for Defense). During the day they retire to shallow dens dug underneath roots of old trees to drink from earthen jugs in the darkness. This is also when the Wrenganan refill their jugs, hanging their victims and methodically draining their bodies and organs of every fluid, juice, and bile they have. These dens are relatively close to one another, but the Wrenganan pay no attention to their own kind until night falls, when they will assemble in the circle of trees as a hunting party and fan out to search for prey. The Wrenganan do not value material goods and will toss their victims' belongings into the center of their tree circle.

Because of the putrid odor the Wrengs emit, wild animals are able to detect them from great distances and give Wrenganan groves a wide berth. The areas where the creatures make their nests, as a result, tend to be eerily silent and practically devoid of animal life. Dogs may be the best early warning system for detecting a Wrenganan attack, but only if their owners are wise enough to listen.

Unlike some other types of undead, which merely feed for pleasure, Wrenganan who do not regularly consume fluids run the risk of desiccation. Desiccation occurs slowly and does not affect a Wrenganan's hunting abilities until it reaches a critical drying stage. At this point, the Wreng will become too weak to leave its burrow and will rapidly dry out. A desiccated Wrenganan will not "die" if it reaches this state, however. The creature instead enters a sort of suspended animation until it is doused in blood, bile, or other bodily fluids. Of course, most Wrenganan found in this state of weakness are promptly burned by their discoverers, but there are stories of cruel lords who have paid large sums to have desiccated Wrengs transported back to their dungeons where they are then revived to serve unknown purposes.

On Tellene:

Those who have survived an encounter with the Wrenganan all mention the same thing: the lights reflected in their eyes. Wary guides and caravan masters forbid campfires or light of any kind along certain stretches of road, while others simply refuse to travel those routes. If a road falls in to complete disuse, it is no great problem for the Wrenganan. There will always be roads to nest along, there will always be people to walk them, and there will always be the Wrenganan watching for the lights.

Footnotes

[1]Alternatively, a [difficult] Escape Artist skill check may be substituted. Said check does not become increasingly difficult due to failures.

[2]This entails actually injuring the party being strangled. In theory, those protected by formidable armor, tough hide and/or magical wards might not consistently sustain a wound every 5 seconds whilst being choked.

Za'kaarii

Also Known As: Death Urchin, Lost Child, Death Brood, Dark Suckler



You ask if I've ever encountered the Za'kaarii? Aye lad, I had the misfortune once. It's not a story I'm fond of repeatin'— but if you fill me cup I'll try t'muster the courage to tell ya the tale. And while I drain this one...? Order me another for the ready — and one for yourself.

I suffer from nightmares. Did you know that, lad? Oh yes, terrible dreams that end with me wakin' with a scream in my throat, tangled in the covers and punchin' at the dark. Aye, a grown man like me, rugged like an ox and never shied away from of a fight in me life. Reduced to a sobbin', panting child with the night sweats. It is my shame and the reason I drown myself in the ale before layin' my head down for the night.

So — you want to know about the Za'kaarii? Now, that's a question you may soon regret askin', lad. For you'll find sleep came a bit easier and was a might more peaceful when you were ignorant of such things existin' in the world.

Za'kaarii, are wee-yuns — you know, little children. No older than ten, twelve years of age and no taller than that little scrag of a piss boy who works out back. At least children was what they once were. 'Fore havin' their hearts cut out on the altar with a black blade and replaced with stones.

What's this..? You shrink away in fear? Laddie, empty that cup and check your bladder — I haven't even begun.

Za'kaarii, ya see, are borne of innocent children — sacrificed to the god of the dead, then summoned back from the nether-realm to serve their master. Grotesque creatures with faces like that of sweet children, yet with rolled back eyes, sharp teeth and nails turned to claw. Aye, that's right, I'm talking about the undead.

But not the slow, clumsy, foot-draggin' sloths like that zombie the town guard dispatched a fortnight ago...

Oh no, Za'kaarii are an entirely different kettle of evil. Further enchantments they have, makin' 'em, swift, flesh seekin' bastards — attackin' in packs and swarming the weakest first. Clutching, snapping and clawing. Scrambling under wagons and rail fences, leaping over garden walls. They come with the bark of hell itself, a wail that makes men weak at the knee and pale in the face from fear. And always nearby, lurking in the shadows and keepin' watch — their master, commanding them with his shepherd's crook.

And get this — they are immune to metal weapons — a sword passes right through their flesh doin' no harm. Likewise, metal armor is no protection against 'em. They can claw and bite through chainmail or even plate as if it wasn't even there. This I have seen with my own eyes.

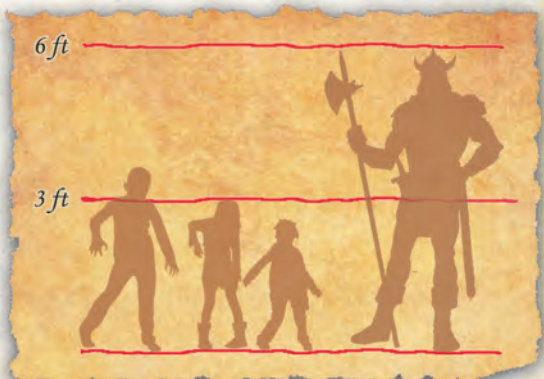
You want to hear more, lad? You better see that that second cup gets here right quick like then...

Patreek the Elder, conversing with a young sword-hire in the Twist of Fate Inn

"The heart wrenching origin of the Death Urchin is one of the great tragedies in the eternal fight between good and evil on Tellene. Why the gods have allowed the corruption of innocents, by way of manipulation, is one of the great mysteries. But you must know, it is right and necessary to vanquish the creatures when you encounter them. They cannot be saved."



Size Comparison



Za'kaarii are a unique form of zombified creature associated with the Cult of Sar'dyn Mara. They are animated by means of a loathsome ritual performed by a shaman (aka Za'kaarii Shepherd) that entails the sacrifice of a human child between six and twelve years of age. The children subjected to this process are usually snatched from farms, travelling caravans and small towns and villages within a few days journey from the cult's priorate.

Packs of Death Urchins numbering anywhere from 10 to 50 individuals are often kept by Za'kaarii shepherds to further their own aims or those of the sect.

Unlike common zombies, Dark Sucklers are swift afoot and dexterous. They are able to sprint tirelessly, leap up to five feet in height (vertically or horizontally) and even climb rough surfaces to pursue elusive targets (climbing/rappelling mastery of 40). They are also possessed of enhanced senses of smell, hearing and vision. Their visual acuity in dim light is comparable to the keenest Goblin and their malevolently attuned olfactory powers permit them to perceive living flesh from a distance of 100 feet.

Given the circumstances of their death and subsequent reanimation, Lost Children do not possess grave goods except when specifically equipped by their dark masters to aid in a task they have been assigned to complete. However, all Za'kaarii are clad in the ceremonial vestments they were clothed in when sacrificed and subsequently imbued with *élan malfaisant*.

The dark magicks that sustain Death Urchins in undeath provide no *cordon sanitaire* for the corpse. They will slowly but inevitably succumb to putrescence after the dark breath of unlife has restored ersatz vigor to their form. The rate at which this decomposition progresses is a function of local environmental conditions. In the humid tropics, where rot is endemic, this process may take but weeks. In extremely arid conditions, they may subsist for years before they simply desiccate. Similarly, arctic cold will eventually induce cryodesiccation. Regardless of the means of corporal degeneration, once their tendons and muscles deteriorate completely, they lose structural integrity and collapse into a pile of bones, never to rise again. That said, these befouled bones are an incomparable vessel for successive animation as skeletons via the proper ritual. Because of the impermanency of their charges, Za'kaarii Shepherds are constantly in search of innocent children to serve as replacements to replenish attrition of their brood.

Combat/Tactics:

Za'kaarii are automatons capable of limited flexibility in independently implementing simple orders. The sophistication of any assault instigated by these creatures is dependent on whether or not a Za'kaarii Shepherd is present and personally commanding them.

When dispatched without benefit of direct supervision, Death Urchin hordes may be given clearly defined commands of limited scope, such as, "protect this ground or item", "destroy the enemy" or "fetch this item." Za-'kaarii encountering adversaries while operating under such orders will employ a simple swarm attack with individuals directing their fury at the individual most reeking of death (i.e. the character that has sustained the largest number and severity of wounds as measured by hit points of damage). Should other combatants bar access to their preferred target, they will divert individual Urchins to occupy the attention of these warders while the bulk of the pack homes in on their preferred target. Without guidance from their master, they are unable to tactically respond to counteractions such as flanking and repositioning that may imperil their position, nor may they gauge the danger (or lack thereof) posed by any individual foe and respond accordingly. They fight as a mindless mob until their objective is achieved or they are vanquished.

If a Za'kaarii Shepherd is present, particularly one wielding a Sardyn's Crook, the Death Brood may present a far more formidable challenge as the Shepherd can coordinate their tactics and selectively enhance their capabilities.

Za'kaarii Screech: When Za'kaarii smell living human flesh and advance on their prey, they let out a clamorous sound known as the, "Za'kaarii screech" or the "hell bark". This is a collective outcry consisting of guttural howls, snarls and hissing that has equivalent repercussions as the 5th level mage spell Panic upon all that hear this caterwaul. Anyone (including beasts of burden and companion animals) encountering a cacophonous death brood must attempt a mental save vs. d20p+6 upon hearing the screech. Failure indicates that they flee, panic-stricken, for 60 seconds, but may thereafter return to the melee. A Za'kaarii pack will only make this cry once upon the opening phase of a battle.

As with standard zombies, Za'kaarii attack by initially attempting to grab onto their foes. A successful attack does no damage but establishes a portion of the preconditions necessary for a thrashing. The Urchin's hold may be broken by clobbering it severely enough to force a

knock-back (10 hp damage) or via a Feat of Strength (vs. d20p+9). Should the Lost Children succeed in establishing two simultaneous holds – either by a single Za'kaarii or two separate Urchins, each clinging to the character, they will begin thrashing their victim.

Zombie Thrashing: Having immobilized their victim, the Dark Sucklers will proceed to bite, tear and gnaw at him. Those Urchins that have already grabbed on automatically inflict d3p damage on their next action. Body armor's DR does not mitigate this damage (though "natural" DR stemming from sheer size or a thick carapace is effective – the Thick Hide Talent counts as said). In addition, adjacent Urchins automatically succeed at their next grab attack and proceed to inflict rending damage on every subsequent attack.

Creatures being thrashed by a Death Brood may, of course, attempt to fight back. This may prove challenging though as the hold the Urchins have on the arms restricts full and rapid movement. As such, the most effective weapon is often a dagger or knife, as neither of these implements is subject to restrictions. All others are subject to a maximum base damage of d6p, though supplemental bonuses are applicable.

As small creatures, up to eight Dark Sucklers may simultaneously engage a single size Medium character (or six versus a size Small PC). A formidable defense may prove insufficient given that a maximum of three Za'kaarii may be warded off with a shield. The fourth, fifth and sixth Urchin only faces a d12p defense while additional ones roll against a d8p.

A lengthy battle with a pack of Za'kaarii may well prove a harrowing experience as the creatures' relentless attack is unfettered by fatigue or pain and they can shrug off all but mortal wounds. Compounding this is the fact that Za'kaarii are no more than evil automatons and so are unaffected by magic seeking to influence the will or more basic functions of biology.

Za'kaarii have a Strength of 9/01 when determining Feat of Strength checks, such as breaking their hold or for ancillary purposes such as battering down a door. Note that Za'kaarii are relentless and will eventually contravene most obstacles placed in thier path in their way if doing so is necessary to achieve their objective.

Za'kaarii Shepherds: As noted above, Death Urchins under the directly supervised control of a Za'kaarii Shepherd behave much differently than those not being "shepherded". Not only will they exhibit far more adroit battle tactics, but Shepherds within range and line of sight who employ their magical crook are able to selec-

Za'kaarii

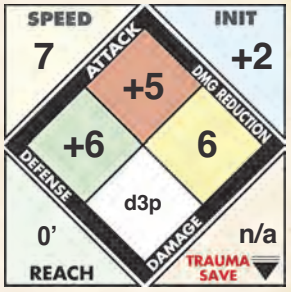
Hit Points:	1d6+16
Size/Weight:	S/ 50 lbs
Tenacity:	Fearless
Intelligence:	non
Fatigue Factor:	n/a

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	5
Walk:	10
Jog:	15
Run:	20
Sprint:	25

SAVES

Physical:	+3
Mental:	immune
Dodge:	+6



Attack: Automatic bite/clawing damage after two successful grab attacks, and every 7 seconds thereafter. Break free with Feat of Strength (vs d20p+9) or knock-back. ***Za'kaarii Screech***[1]: Save vs. Fear required when first heard.

Special: Grabbed characters attacking with weapon larger than a dagger/knife are limited to d6p base weapon damage. ***Sympathy Ploy***[2]

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Any
No. Appearing:	10 - 50 (dictated by shepherd)
% Chance in Lair:	40%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Non
Vision Type:	Extreme Low Light
Awareness/Senses:	Extremely keen hearing/smell - can smell human flesh at a distance of 100'
Habitat:	Any, dictated by shepherd
Diet:	n/a
Organization:	Pack
Climate/Terrain:	Any, dictated by shepherd

Yield

Medicinal:	Nil
Spell Components:	Nil
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Heart stone[3]
Edible:	No
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	150

tively imbue Za'kaarii with additional powers. Examples of such enhancements may include increased will factors, immunity to weapons made of metal and even the ability to bypass metal armor. Shepherds can also counteract successful attempts on the part of goodly priests to drive their flock from their presence and herd them back to complete their evil purpose.

Habitat/Society:

Za'kaarii are unnaturally invigorated corpses with no other purpose than to serve the Shepherds of the sect that created them. They are bound to their Shepherd by means of an enchanted stone placed in their chest during the sacrificial ceremony, when their own living hearts were cut out. This "heart stone" is magically linked to a stone in the Za'kaarii Shepherd's crook. If the crook is destroyed, or if the Shepherd loses possession of it, he forfeits control over his horde. Should this occur, the horde will either attempt to return to where they've been housed (one in three chance) else they simply begin to wander and aimlessly run amok until predators, decomposition or a grievous accident terminates their existence.

When not actively carrying out their Shepherd's orders, Za'kaarii hordes are stabled in cool, dark places such as subterranean crypts, caves or dungeons. If encountered here, in the absence of their Shepherd, they will attack any living creature that disturbs them as they are always hungry for living flesh.

Ecology:

Za'kaarii controlled by a Shepherd do not need to eat to survive. They may opt to do so simply to enjoy the succulent flavor of human flesh in their tiny mouths, but it is physiologically unnecessary for their survival.

Few creatures can abide their presence. Natural animals, no matter how formidable, can smell the unnatural stench of death on the Urchins and will actively avoid their presence. If prevented from doing so, they will aggressively attack to destroy the aberrations. Carrion scavengers, such as hyenas and vultures, will under no circumstances feed upon "slain" urchins. Said corpses will rot untouched until consumed by insects.

On Tellene:

On Tellene, Za'kaarii are most likely be encountered in the Obakasek Jungle or on the islands lying east of the Vohven jungle in Svimohzia.

Footnotes

[1]***Sympathy Ploy:*** Za'kaarii are soulless creatures and have no conscious memory of their past lives. However, if cornered or injured to the brink of being destroyed (>10% of full hit point total), there is a 25% chance that the *élan malfaisant* that animates the creature will resort to tricks to save itself by mimicking a defenseless child in voice and demeanor. This "sympathy ploy" is often directed at opponents who seem compassionate or vulnerable to manipulation (such as a character expressing guilt for her actions in slaughtering Urchins, condolences for the children's horrible fate or a desire to save the Za-'kaarii from their undead state). This is a complete ruse, of course, but the GM should play any Za'kaarii using this ploy to the hilt. Big, sad eyes, expressions of despondency, hands reaching out as though to a parent and expressions like, "Mama? Pap-pa?" and "Don't hurt me anymore — Please!" are all fair game. Should this ploy prove effective, the Za'kaarii will attack at the first opportune vulnerability presented (such as when the patsy turns her back) unless a nearby Shepherd has other more vital tasks for the Urchin to engage in.

[2]***Heart Stone:*** As mentioned in the writeup, a small stone (about the size of a walnut) is placed in the Za-'kaarii's chest cavity during the ritual sacrifice that created it. This stone is enchanted and is the motive source for the Za'kaarii imbuing it with its unique powers and abilities. Five percent of all heartstones retain some residual magic once removed from a slain Za'kaarii. Naturally, the Urchin's thorax must be ripped open to retrieve said stone. This may easily be viewed as a gruesome defilement of the former child's body by the squeamish.

Heartstones that retain some magic permit the holder to detect any undead creature within 40 feet should he squeeze the stone and focus for five seconds. The stone's power will dissipate with time, effectively reducing the detection range by 1 foot per day until its enchantment fades completely.

Za'kaarii Shepherd

Also Known As: Death Herders, Vohmurs



Whilst I was a young woman, barely into my seventeenth year of life, a rash of kidnappings plagued our small community and the ones surrounding it. These were egregious crimes not because we were naive and sheltered but because we were not. Our sleepy little town had experienced horrors before from Zombies and Lycanthropes and other monsters stranger still — many of which my colleagues and I confronted in the name of the Eternal Lantern. However, never before or since had a creature specifically targeted innocent children.

We were patrolling the area one eve, as was our duty, when we encountered a pair of strangers prowling near homes with young children. As they sought to flee, I engaged with fisticuffs and disabled them. They were enveloped in revolting tattoos and had the potent odor of persons who never bathe. All attempts to glean answers from them were met with silence. They wouldst answer no questions — not by force of will but because their tongues had been cut out.

To learn the truth of the matter, we secured these ruffians and brought them to the home of my mentor, an aged priest and scholar knowledgeable in the lore surrounding undead monsters. A perfunctory consultation of his reference books revealed that they were members of the Sar'dyn Mara cult — a sect of the Congregation of the Dead. Their motives were allegedly to sacrifice children and animate them as zombies.

The books revealed that such cults were led by reclusive priests known as "Za'kaarii Shepherds" who held sway over the prepubescent zombies and were responsible for their creation.

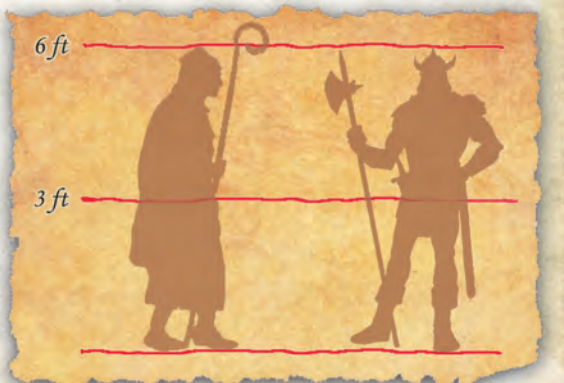
We formulated a plan in my mentor's living chambers whilst partaking of his hospitality, as we were wont to do. My fellows wouldst serve as a distraction to lead off the cult members whilst I snuck in to confront the Shepherd. As our plan solidified, my mentor inexplicably knew of a nearby forested hillock that decades ago was the tragic scene of a multiple murder. These creepy, yet secluded, surroundings seemed most likely to host a newly emergent cult.

Save for some unforeseen comedic elements, the gang managed to lure off the cult members permitting me to confront the Za'kaarii Shepard alone. Grasping his staff, he slipped soundlessly into the shadows leaving me to confront a dozen Death Urchins in groups of three or four at a time. Being well versed in melee combat even at this young age, they posed no significant threat other than when one tried to trick me into pitying it. Having personally known the boy when he lived, I fell for this hoax and was subsequently bitten in the forearms before destroying him.

As the night came to a close, I hunted down the Shepherd in an eerie game of cat and mouse before finally spotting him. Sensing he was thus spotted, he tried to deter me with dark magicks, but I resisted, closing for the final battle. His evil was no match for the power of Light, and so I was victorious. After the battle, I glanced sadly around at the crumpled wee bodies littering the scene, and my heart was stirred with sorrow. Yet I knoweth that these children hadst verily perished weeks ago. —

Obsessed with the mysteries of the dead, practitioners of Sar'dyn Mara strive to transcend into a world of twilight that lies somewhere between the realm of the living and the dead. Summoning and communing with spirits, divination and tapping into arcane powers are distinguishing endeavors of this dark faith. Most followers are simply dabblers, lured to the cult by the promise of magical protections, healing and simple charm making. Such dabblers fail to ever achieve any real level of power.
A few, however, are lured deeper into the cult and become adept in its very unique school of magic thus becoming powerful shaman.

Size Comparison



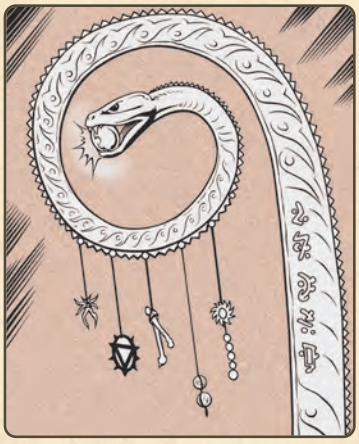
Za'kaarii Shepherds are shaman of the Sar'dyn Mara cult of the Harvester of Souls dedicated to the creation and controlling of the undead. Their specialty is, of course, performing the dark rituals necessary to create Za-'kaarii and subsequently overseeing their employment in service of the cult. This role is accorded great honor in the sect for they are heralded as the voice of the King of the Undead and revealers of His directives in the world of the living.

Most sects have at least one Shepherd who also serves as the spiritual leader of the group. Larger sects may have several Shepherds who serve a traditional clerical high priest with more generalized responsibilities permitting the Shepherds to focus exclusively on their nefarious activities.

Combat/Tactics

When "shepherding" their Dark Urchins, they remain at a distance and in the shadows keeping careful watch and issuing telepathic commands. All Shepherds have a Sar'dyn Crook (see sidebar) made by their own hand that never leaves their possession. This staff provides them with the capability to direct their brood and enhance their effectiveness.

Sar'dyn Crook



This staff resembles a Shepherd's Crook and is typically five and a half to six feet in length. It is fashioned exclusively from a specially prepared dark oak sapling planted specifically for the purpose. The crook of the staff is adorned with numerous charms, bits of bone and "bonding items" that dangle from it. The crook also holds an enchanted "bonding stone" from which it derives its power. This stone is occasionally held in the gaping mouth of a carved serpent or dragon but more commonly affixed to a bronze or silver mount on the end of the crook itself.

A Sar'dyn Mara shaman is solely responsible for creation of his own crookstaff. Its construction is the final challenge an aspirant Shepherd needs to complete before attaining full status in the sect. Fabricating the staff is a test of his perseverance, attention to detail, learning aptitude and divine lore. Each charm is meticulously chosen and symbolically represents an aspect of the cult and how it personally relates to him. The culmination of the process involves placing a stone he has selected to be the heartstone into a copper basin then slitting his own wrists and filling the vessel such that his blood covers the stone. This is a dangerous process for if insufficient blood is let such that the stone remains visible, it will not be consecrated and the supplicant fails at his attempt to become a Shepherd. If too much is drained, he will die as no senior member of the cult will intervene in the ritual.

A Sar'dyn Crook's fundamental purpose is to assist the Shepherd in controlling his Za'kaarii. The Za'kaarii Shepherd can call upon its special powers to issue commands from afar, to enhance the capabilities of his flock or to aid him personally.

The crook has the following powers:

Telepathic Command: Sar'dyn's Crook allows the wielder to send telepathic commands to any Za'kaarii under his control and in his line of sight. These commands can be complex such as "You - go left and attack the priest behind the wagon!" or "Grab the book with the red leather cover and bring it to me!"

Resolve: Once per day the staff wielder can employ a power similar to *Unholy Resolve* to add d12p to the Will Factor of 2-24 urchins in his flock. This endowment is only effective on Za'kaarii. It may be employed up to a range of 66 feet provided the Shepherd has line of sight and persists for 13 hours.

Shield of Galapiti[1]: Once per day, the wielder may imbue 1d10p Lost Children under his control with this blessing. It renders metal weapons completely useless against a Za'kaarii under its protection (metal blades or warheads will pass harmlessly through their body). Duration is 1 hour. The Za'kaarii Shepherd may select which individuals are affected, but they must all be in his line of sight when the blessing is given.

Camouflage: Grasping the staff provides the holder with the benefits of the 4th level mage spell *Shadowskin* (+40 to Hiding checks). There is no time limit to the effect's duration provided the Shepherd continues to hold the staff in at least one hand.

Each crook is keyed to its creator. Given the blood bond necessary for its fabrication, only he can call upon the powers it imparts. Should someone other than the Shepherd who created it happen to gain control over a Sar'dyn Crook, it is functionally nothing more than a creepy-looking walking stick or staff.

[1]Alternatively Nytharr (Fhokki), Blonlen (Brandobian), Kygyryr (Dejy), Zazimah (Svimohzish) or Xiznoom (Reanarese) — all of these being names for the Harvester of Souls.

Though these powerful shaman have access to numerous spells which they cast as clerics (a typical shepherd is able to cast *Alter Emotion: Frighten*, *Animate Zombie*, *Chilling Touch*, *Cure Trifling Wound*, *Disembodied Floating Hand*, *Ghostform*, *Induce Fratricide*, *Paralysis*, *Stirring Speech* and *Unholy Laud*), their preference, given their Hiding (40), Tracking (40) and Sneaking (40) competency, is to be a hidden puppetmaster rather than revealing themselves and directly engaging an enemy.

Habitat/Society

In areas where there are rumors of child disappearances, it is possible that a Za'kaarii Shepherd desirous of replenishing his supply of undead minions has kidnapped these missing children. In order to gather children for his dark rituals, a Za'kaarii Shepherd will usually dispatch cult members trained in stealth and infiltration tactics to snatch younglings away in the deepest depths of night. It is unusual for a shepherd to accompany these raiders as his capture would surely reveal the cult's existence and serve as a rallying cry to unite otherwise quarrelsome tribes in the common purpose of destroying the death cult.

Za'kaarii Shepherds are eerily silent for the majority of their days, speaking only words of ritual and command, which is why there are some rumors that these men are deaf and/or mute.

Ecology

All Za'kaarii Shepherds are male and human. They shave their heads and are completely covered with ritual scars and tattoos as well as body piercings.

When not communing with fellow cult members or performing rituals, Za'kaarii Shepherds shun the company of the living. Alone, they busy themselves with the creation of new Za'kaarii for the sect brood and watching over the brood itself.

While they cherish the gift from their deity that the Za'karii are, Shepherds are keenly aware that their undead minions are merely tools and have no emotional attachment to the creatures. If need be, they will callously expend their Death Urchins as necessary to achieve their objective.

On Tellene

These shaman and their sects are extremely secretive, usually basing themselves in out-of-the-way and hidden areas. They attempt to keep themselves and their activities unnoticed.

Za'kaarii Shepherd

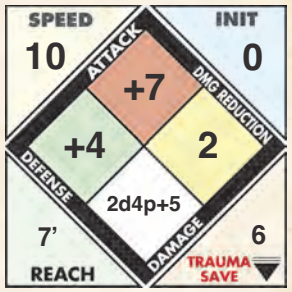
Hit Points:	6d8+23
Size/Weight:	M/ 160 lbs
Tenacity:	Nervous
Intelligence:	Bright
Fatigue Factor:	-3

MOVEMENT

Crawl:	2½
Walk:	5
Jog:	10
Run:	15
Sprint:	20

SAVES

Physical:	+12
Mental:	+12
Dodge:	+12



Attack: Za'kaarii will always try to avoid direct confrontation, choosing to evade and use spells.

Special: Za'kaarii themselves are rarely encountered sense they are careful to keep the presence unknown.

General Info

Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
No. Appearing:	1 (rarely 2-4 in large cults)
% Chance in Lair:	99%
Frequency:	Scarce
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
Vision Type:	Standard
Awareness/Senses:	Standard
Habitat:	Secretive and hidden areas
Diet:	Vegan
Organization:	Sect leader
Climate/Terrain:	Any

Yield

Medicinal:	May possess medicinal herbs
Spell Components:	May possess spell components
Hide/Trophy:	Nil
Treasure:	Very creepy tchotchkes, possibly
Edible:	Technically, yes
Other:	Nil
Experience Point Value:	540

Encounter Guide by Party Level/Size

Level 1 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~50 XP

Ant, Soldier (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (1)
Beetles, Giant (4)
Beetles, Giant Boring (4)
Beetles, Fire (2)
Camels (2)
Centipedes, Giant (3)
Compsognathuses (5)
Crawling Claw (1)
Cueyatl (2)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (1)
Dogs, Wild (2)
Dog, War (1)
Flies, Giant (2)
Goblins (2)
Grimalkin (1)
Hobgoblin (1)
Kobolds (3)
Merman (1)
Human, Men-at-arms (2)
Human, Berserker (1)
Human, Brigands (2)
Leprechaun (1)
Moddepille (1 mo) (3)
Moddepille (2 mo) (2)
Muck Man (1)
Muscheron, Pinhead (5)
Piranha, Mega (2)
Pixie-Fairies (2)
Rat, Oliphant (1)
Rats, Giant (4)
Reef Terror (2)
Scarecrow (1)
Scowl (5)
Skeleton (1)
Skeleton, Animal (1)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (1)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (1)
Skitter Rats (2)
Snake, Boa (1)
Snake, Asp (1)
Snake, Rattle (1)
Spiders, Big (2)
Spider, Very Large (1)
Strix (1)
Tarantubat (1)
Tick, Giant (1)
Vermus (2)
Wasp, Giant (3)
Weasels (5)
Whisp, Subterranean (1)
Wolf (1)
Zombie (1)

Level 1 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~88 XP

Ant, Giant (2)
Beetles, Bombadier (2)
Beetles, Fire (3)
Camels (3)
Capritaur (1)
Centipedes, Giant (6)
Centipede, Massive (1)
Compsognathuses (9)
Cueyatl (3)
Deep Stalker, Hunter (1)
Dogs, Wild (4)
Fly, Giant (1)
Gnole (1)
Goat, Giant (1)
Goblins (4)
Grel (1)
Human, Men-at-Arms (3)
Human, Brigands (2)
Imp (1)
Kobolds (5)
Leechmen (2)
Leprechaun (1)
Lizard Men (2)
Moddepille (1 mo) (6)
Moddepille, (2 mo) (4)
Moose (1)
Muscheron, Pinhead (9)
Muscheron, Adult (2)
Orcs, (2)
Ogron (1)
Orkin Wardawg (1)
Piranha, Mega (3)
Pixie-Fairies (4)
Rats, Massive (2)
Rats, Giant (7)
Reef Terrors (2)
Sailback Lizard (1)
Scowls (9)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limbs) (1)
Skitter Rats (3)
Slime, Flesh-Eating (1)
Spiders, Big (3)
Spiders, Large (2)
Spider, Huge (1)
Tarantubats (4)
Vermus (3)
Wasp, Giant (4)
Weasels (9)
Weasel, Giant (1)
Wolf, Dire (1)
Za'Kaari (1)
Zombie, Brain Eating (1)

Level 2 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs)
~100 XP

Ant, Giant (2)
Beetles, Giant (9)
Beetles, Fire (4)
Bugbear (1)
Capritaur (1)
Centipede, Massive (1)
Compasagnathus (10)
Cueyatl (3)
Deep Stalker, Hunter (1)
Dog, Wild (4)
Dryad (1)
Fly, Giant (3)
Goblin (5)
Human, Men-at-Arms (3)
Human, Brigand (3)
Kobold (6)
Leechman (2)
Lizard Man (2)
Moddepille (1 mo) (7)
Moddepille (2 mo) (4)
Moose (1)
Muscheron, Pinhead (10)
Muscheron, Adult (3)
Orc (3)
Orgron (1)
Owlbeast, Chick (1)
Piranha, Mega (4)
Pixie-Fairy (5)
Rat, Giant (9)
Rat, Massive (3)
Reef Terror (5)
Scowl (10)
Skeleton, Monster (1)
Skitter Rat, (3)
Slime, Flesh Eating (1)
Snapper (2)
Spider, Big (4)
Spider, Huge (1)
Tarantubat (5)
Vermus (3)
Wasp, Giant (5)
Weasel (10)
Weasel, Giant (1)
Zombie, Brain-Eating (1)

Level 2 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs)
~ 175 XP

Aarnz Hound (1)
Ant, Giant (4)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (1)
Beetle, Bombadier (4)
Beetle, Fire (7)
Catoblepas (1)
Cheetah, Wolly (1)
Crawling Claw (2)
Cueyatl (6)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (1)
Dog, Guard (2)
Dog, Wild (8)
Dunter (1)
Fantom Dog (1)
Fly, Giant (5)
Ghoul (1)
Goblin (8)
Grimalkin (2)
Haunt (1)
Hobgoblin (2)
Human, Man-at-Arms (6)
Human, Berserker (2)
Human, Brigand (6)
Kobold (10)
Leechmen (3)
Leprechaun (2)
Lizard Man (3)
Moddepille (2 mo) (7)
Moddepille (3 mo) (3)
Morlock (3)
Mountain Lion (1)
Mummy, Rattlebone (1)
Muscheron, Adult (5)
Ogre (1)
Orc (5)
Ooze, Corrosive (1)
Orkin Wardawg (1)
Peryton (1)
Piranha, Mega (7)
Pixie-Fairy (8)
Rat, Giant (15)
Rat, Massive (5)
Rat, Oliphant (2)
Reef Terror (9)
Saw-Backed Lunger (1)
Satyr (1)
Scarecrow (2)
Skeleton (2)
Skeleton, Animal (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (2)
Skitter Rat (6)
Snake, Rattle (2)
Snapper (3)
Snow Orc (3)
Spider, Big (7)
Spider, Large (4)
Strix (2)
Syntaur (1)
Tarantubat (9)
Termite, Giant Exploding (3)
Tick, Giant (2)
Toad, Giant (1)
Toffee Bug Swarm (1)
Trolodyte (3)
Velociraptor Majorus (1)
Vermus (6)
Warg (1)
Wasp, Giant (9)
Weasel, Giant (2)
Wererat (1)
Whisp, Subterranean (2)
Wolf (2)
Zombie, Monster (1)

Level 3 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs)
~125 XP

Amoeba, Giant (1)
Ant, Giant (3)
Beetle, Bombadier (3)
Boar (1)
Cueyatl (4)
Deep Stalker Drone (2)
Dog, Wild (6)
Fly, Giant (4)
Goblin (6)
Gouger (1)
Haunt (1)
Hobgoblin (2)
Human, Men-at-Arms (4)
Human, Berserker (2)
Human, Brigand (4)
Imp (1)
Kobold (7)
Lizard Man (3)
Merman (2)
Moddepille (2 mo) (6)
Moddepille (3 mo) (2)

Morlock (2)
Mummy, Rattlebone (1)
Muscheron, Adult (3)
Ogre (1)
Piranha, Mega (5)
Pixie-Fairy (6)
Quazit (1)
Rat, Massive (4)
Rat, Giant (10)
Reef Terror (6)
Satyr (1)
Scorpion, Giant (1)
Skeleton (2)
Skitter Rat (4)
Slavering Gorger (1)
Slushie (1)
Snow Orc (2)
Spider, Big (5)
Spider, Large (3)
Strix (2)
Tarantubat (6)
Termite, Giant Exploding (4)
Trolodyte (2)
Vermus (4)
Wandering Mucor (1)
Wasp, Giant (6)
Zombie, Monster (1)

Level 3 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~219 XP

Ant, Soldier (1) + Worker (3)
Ant, Soldier (2)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (3)
Bear, Black (1)
Catoblepas (1)
Crab, Giant (1)
Crocodile, Lesser (1)
Cueyatl (7)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (2)
Dog, War (2)
Drauger (1)
Eagle, Giant (1)
Fly, Giant (7)
Gargoyle (1)
Ghast (1)
Goblin (10)
Grimalkin (3)
Hobgoblin (3)
Human, Men-at-Arms (7)
Human, Berserker (3)
Human, Brigand (7)
Kobold (13)
Lizard, Gt. Subterranean (1)
Lizard Man (4)
Merman (3)
Moddepille (2 mo) (9)
Moddepille (3 mo) (3)
Morlock (3)
Muck Man (2)
Muscheron, Adult (6)
Orc (6)
Piranha, Mega (8)
Pit Howler (1)
Pixie-Fairy (11)
Plateosaur (1)
Rat, Massive (7)
Reef Terror (11)
Rooftop Prowler (1)
Shadow (1)
Skeleton (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (2)
Skitter Rat (7)
Snake, Boa (2)
Snapper (4)
Snogre (1)
Snow Orc (3)
Snow Snake (1)
Spider, Big (9)
Spider, Large (5)
Spider, Very Large (2)
Spider, Gigantic (1)
Strix (3)
Tarantubat (11)
Termite, Giant Exploding (4)
Tick, Giant (3)
Vermus (7)
Wasp, Giant (11)
Wolf, Dire (2)
Yeti (1)
Zombie (2)

Level 4 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 150 XP

Aarnz Hound (1)
Aarakian Warrior (1)
Centaur (1)
Cueyatl (5)
Fly, Giant (5)
Ghoul (1)
Goblin (7)
Grimalkin (2)
Hobgoblin (2)
Human, Men-at-Arms (5)
Human, Berserker (2)
Human, Brigand (5)
Kobold (9)
Leechman (3)
Lizard Man (3)
Moddepille (2 mo) (6)
Muscheron, Adult (4)
Ooze, Corrosive (1)
Orc (4)
Piranha, Mega (6)
Pixie-Fairy (7)
Rat, Massive (5)
Reef Terror (7)
Skitter Rat (5)
Spider, Big (6)
Tarantubat (8)
Toad, Giant (1)
Velociraptor, Majorus (1)
Vermus (5)
Wasp, Giant (8)
Weasel, Giant (2)
Whisp, Subterranean (2)
Wolf (2)

Level 4 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 263 XP

Animating Spirit (1)
Boar, Giant (1)
Cockatrice (1)
Crawling Claw (3)
Cueyatl (9)
Dog, Guard (3)
Fly, Giant (8)
Gnole (2)
Goblin (12)
Grel (2)
Grevan (1)
Harpy (1)
Hippogriff (1)
Hobgoblin (4)
Human, Men-at-Arms (9)
Human, Berserker (4)
Human, Brigand (9)
Hydra, 4 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 4 Headed (1)
Kryzaar (1)
Leechman (5)

Leprechaun (3)
Lion (1)
Lizard Man (6)
Mimikos (1)
Moddepille (2 mo) (11)
Moddepille (3 mo) (4)
Morlock (4)
Muscheron, Adult (7)
Orc (8)
Orkin Wardawg (2)
Piranha, Mega (9)
Piranha school
Rat, Massive (8)
Rat, Oliphant (3)
Rusalka (1)
Scarecrow (3)
Siren (1)
Skeleton (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (2)
Snapper (5)
Snow Orc (4)
Skitter Rat (9)
Snake, Asp (2)
Spider, Large (6)
Snake, Rattle (3)
Spider, Big (8)
Strix (4)
Tentaslug (1)
Tick, Giant (4)
Troglodyte (4)
Velociraptor, Minorus (2)
Vermus (9)
Weasel, Giant (3)
Werewolf (1)
Whisp, Subterranean (3)
Wrenganan (1)

Level 5 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~181 XP

Ant, Soldier (2)
Catoblepas (1)
Cheetah, Wooly (1)
Crawling Claw (2)
Crocodile, Lesser (1)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (2)
Dunter (1)
Eagle, Giant (1)
Fantom Dog (1)
Fly, Giant (5)
Goblin (8)
Hobgoblin (3)
Human, Man-at-Arms (6)
Human, Berserker (3)
Human, Brigand (5)
Kobold (11)
Leechman (4)
Leprechaun (4)
Lizard Man (4)
Moddepille (2 mo) (7)
Moddepille (3 mo) (3)
Mountain Lion (1)
Muscheron, Adult (5)
Muscheron, Elder (1)
Orc (5)
Orkin Wardawg (1)
Peryton (1)
Piranha, Mega (7)
Pixie-Fairy (9)
Rat, Oliphant (2)
Reef Terror (9)
Saw-Backed Lunger (1)
Scarecrow (2)
Skeleton (3)
Skeleton, Animal (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (2)
Skitter Rat (6)
Snake, Rattle (2)
Snow Snake (1)
Spider, Big (7)
Spider, Large (4)
Spider, Very Large (2)
Strix (3)
Syntaur (1)
Tarantubat (9)
Tick, Giant (3)
Toffee Bug Swarm (1)
Troglodyte (3)
Ward (1)
Wasp, Giant (9)
Wererat (1)
Vermus (6)

Level 5 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~317 XP

Bugbear (2)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (4)
Capritaur (2)
Carrion Renderer (1)
Cockroach Man (1)
Crawling Claw (4)
Cueyatl (11)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (3)
Dog, Guard (4)
Dog, War (3)
Frore Wolf (1)
Goat, Giant (2)
Goblin (14)
Grimalkin (4)
Hell Hound (1)
Hobgoblin (5)
Human, Man-at-Arms (11)
Human, Berserkers (5)
Human, Brigand (9)
Hydra, 5 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 5 Headed (1)
Leprechaun (3)
Lizard Man (7)
Minotaur (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (5)
Morlock (5)
Muscheron, Adult (9)
Nightmare (1)
Orc (9)
Orgron (2)
Pegasus (1)
Piranha, Mega (11)
Rat, Massive (10)
Rat, Oliphant (3)
Scarecrow (4)
Skeleton (5)
Skeleton, Animal (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (2)
Skitter Rat, (11)
Snake, Rattle (4)
Snapper (6)
Skiver (1)
Snow Orc (5)
Spider, Big (13)
Spider, Large (7)
Spider, Very Large (3)
Strix (5)
Termite, Giant Exploding (5)
Tick, Giant (5)
Troglodyte (5)
Vermus (11)

Weasel, Giant (4)
Werewolf (1)
Whisp, Subterranean (4)
Will-o-the-Wisp (1)
Wolf (4)
Za'kaari (2)
Zombie (3)

Level 6 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~219 XP

Ant, Soldier (2)
Ape, Gorilla (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (3)
Bear, Black (1)
Crab, Giant (1)
Crocodile, Lesser (1)
Cueyatl (7)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (2)
Drauger (1)
Eagle, Giant (1)
Fly, Giant (7)
Gargoyle (1)
Ghast (1)
Gnole (2)
Goblin (10)
Grimalkin (3)
Hobgoblin (3)
Human, Men-at-Arms (7)
Human, Berserker (3)
Human, Brigand (6)
Kobold (13)
Leechman (4)
Lizard, Giant, Subterranean (1)
Lizard Men (5)
Moddepille (2 mo) (9)
Moddepille (3 mo) (3)
Muck Man (2)
Muscheron, Adult (6)
Orc (6)
Piranha, Mega (8)
Pit Howler (1)
Pixie-Fairy (11)
Plateosaur (1)
Rat, Massive (7)
Reef Terror (11)
Rooftop Prowler
Shadow (1)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (2)
Skitter Rat (7)
Snake, Boa (2)
Snapper (4)
Snogre (1)
Spider, Big (9)
Spider, Large (5)
Spider, Gigantic (1)
Strix (3)
Tarantubat (11)
Vermus (7)
Wasp, Giant (11)
Whisp, Subterranean (3)
Wolf, Dire (2)
Yeti (1)
Zombie (2)

Level 6 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 383 XP

Anaxar (1)
Angel, Malakh (1)
Animated Armor (1)
Ant, Soldier (2) + workers (5)
Banshee (1)
Barrow Wight (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (5)
Bear, Brown (1)
Bugbear (2)
Cattle (Urochs Bull) (1)
Centipede, Massive (2)
Deep Stalker, Hunter (2)
Dinosaur, Pterosaur (4)
Djinn (1)
Dog, War (4)
Elasmotherium (1)
Gnole (3)
Hag (1)
Glowworm (1)
Goblin (17)
Hippopotamus (1)
Hobgoblin (6)
Human, Man-at-Arms (13)
Human, Berserker (6)
Human, Brigand (11)
Leechman (8)
Leprechaun (4)
Leucrotta (1)
Lizard Man (9)
Meadow Spider (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (6)
Morlock (6)
Muck Men (3)
Mummy, Rattlebone (2)
Muscheron, Adult (11)
Rat, Massive (12)
Rat, Oliphant (4)
Orc (10)
Orkin Wardawg (3)
Owlbeast (1)
Skeleton (6)
Skeleton, Animal (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (3)
Slime, Flesh Eating (2)
Slough (1)
Snake, Asp (3)
Snapper (7)
Snow Orc (6)
Shoagg Spider (1)
Snake, Xulluth (1)
Spider, Large (8)
Spider, Very Large (4)
Spider, Huge (2)
Stercus (1)
Strix (6)
Tick, Giant (6)
Toad, Giant Poisonous (1)
Troglodyte (6)
Virunga Ape (1)
Whisp, Subterranean (5)
Wolf (5)
Wolf, Dire (3)
Zombie (4)
Zombie, Brain Eating (2)

Level 7 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 263 XP

Animating Spirit (1)
Ant, Giant Worker (7)
Boar, Giant (1)
Cockatrice (1)
Crawling Claw (3)
Cueyatl (9)
Dog, Guard (3)
Fly, Giant (8)
Goblin (12)
Grel (2)
Grevan (1)
Grimalkin (4)
Harpy (1)

Hippogriff (1)
Hobgoblin (4)
Human, Men-at-Arms (9)
Human, Berserker (4)
Human, Brigand (8)
Hydra, 4 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 4 Headed (1)
Kryzaar (1)
Leechman (5)
Lion (1)
Lizard Man (6)
Mimikos (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (4)
Morlock (4)
Muscheron, Adult (7)
Orc (8)
Orkin Wardawg (2)
Piranha, school (1)
Rat, Massive (8)
Rat, Oliphant (3)
Rusalka (1)
Scarecrow (3)
Siren (1)
Skeleton (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (3)
Skitter Rat (9)
Snake, Asp (2)
Snake, Rattle (3)
Snapper (5)
Snow Orc (4)
Spider, Big (10)
Spider, Large (6)
Strix (4)
Tentaslug (1)
Tick, Giant (4)
Troglodyte (4)
Vermus (9)
Weasel, Giant (3)
Werewolf (1)
Wolf (3)
Wolf, Dire (2)
Wrenganan (1)
Za'kaari (2)

Level 7 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 459 XP

Amoeba, Giant (2)
Anaxar (1)
Ant, Giant Soldier (2) + Worker (7)
Ape, Killer (1)
Basilisk (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (6)
Boar, Giant (2)
Cave Lion (1)
Ceratosaurus (1)
Changeling (1)
Chupacabra (1)
Crawling Claw (5)
Demon, Bruiser (1)
Demon, Yadervæld (1)
Deva (1)
Dryad (2)
Elephant (1)
Eõten (1)
Fey Dragon (1)
Gnole (4)
Gouger (2)
Grel (3)
Hobgoblin (7)
Human, Berserker (7)
Hydra, 6 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 6 Headed (1)
Leechman (9)
Lizard Man (10)
Moddepille (3 mo) (7)
Morlock (7)
Muck Man (4)
Mummy, Servitor (1)
Mummy, Blood (1)
Ogre (2)
Orc (12)
Orgron (3)
Orkin Wardawg (4)
Owlbeast, Great Horned (1)
Owlbeast, Chick (2)
Rat, Oliphant (5)
Satyr (2)
Scarecrow (5)
Scorpion, Giant (2)
Skeleton (7)
Skeleton, Animal (5)
Skeleton, Monster (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (5)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (3)
Slushie (2)
Snake, Asp (2)
Snapper (8)
Snow Orc (7)
Spider, Large (10)
Spider, Very Large (5)
Spider, Massive (1)
Strix (7)
Sturm Wolf (1)
Termite, Giant Exploding (8)
Tetzylwyrm (1)
Tick, Giant (7)
Tiger (1)
Troglodyte (8)
Troll (1)
Unicorn (1)
Valkyrie (1)
Velociraptor, Minorus (3)
Velociraptor, King Raptor (1)
Weasel, Giant (3)
Wolf, Dire (4)
Wyvern (1)
Za'Kaari (3)
Zombie (5)

Level 8 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 313 XP

Ant, Soldier (3)
Ant, Worker (8)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (4)
Capritaur (2)
Carrion Renderer (1)
Cockroach Man (1)
Crawling Claw (4)
Cueyatl (11)
Dog, Guard (4)
Dog, War (3)
Frore Wolf (1)
Hellhound (1)
Hobgoblin (5)
Human, Men-at-Arms (10)
Human, Berserker (5)
Human, Brigand (9)
Hydra, 5 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 5 Headed (1)
Leechmen (6)
Leprechaun (3)
Leucrotta (1)
Lizard Man (7)
Minotaur (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (5)

Morlock (5)
Muscheron, Adult (9)
Nightmare (1)
Orc (9)
Orgron (2)
Pegasus (1)
Rat, Massive (9)
Skeleton (5)
Skeleton, Animal (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (2)
Skitter Rats (11)
Skiver (1)
Snake, Rattle (4)
Snapper (6)
Snow Orc (5)
Spider, Big (13)
Spider, Large (7)
Spider, Very Large (3)
Strix (5)
Termite, Giant Exploding (5)
Tick, Giant (5)
Troglodyte (5)
Vermus (11)
Weasel, Giant (4)
Werewolf (1)
Will-o-the-Wisp (1)
Wolf (4)
Zombie (3)

Level 8 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 547 XP
Aarnz Hound (2)
Amoeba, Giant (2)
Ant, Soldier (3)+Worker (6)
Aarakian Warrior (2)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (7)
Bugbear (3)
Capritaur (3)
Centipede, Massive (3)
Changeling (1)
Chasm Lurker (1)
Chimera (1)
Crawling Claw (6)
Crocodile, Greater (1)
Deep Stalker, Hunter (3)
Dinosaur, Megalosaurus (1)
Ghoul (2)
Goat, Giant (3)
Grel (4)
Griffyn (1)
Hobgoblins (8)
Human, Berserker (8)
Ifrit (1)
Leechman (11)
Lizard Man (12)
Manticore (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (3)
Morlock (8)
Okrillamari (1)
Rat, Oliphant (6)
Scarecrow (6)
Skeleton (8)
Skeleton, Animal (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (4)
Slavering Gorger (2)
Smilodon (1)
Snapper (10)
Snow Orc (8)
Spectre (1)
Spider, Large (12)
Spider, Very Large (5)
Spider, Huge (3)
Stegosaur (1)
Strix (8)
Sturm Badger (1)
Termite, Giant Exploding (9)
Tick, Giant (8)
Toad, Giant (2)
Troglodyte (9)
Velociraptor, Minorus (4)
Wandering Mucor (2)
Weasel, Giant (6)
Wolf (6)
Worm, Great Spiny (1)
Zombie (6)
Zombie, Brain Eating (3)
Zombie, Monster (2)

Level 9 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 369 XP
Angel, Malakh (1)
Animated Armor (1)
Barrow-Wight (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (5)
Bear, Brown (1)
Bugbear (2)
Cattle [Urochs Bull] (1)
Centipede, Massive (2)
Deep Stalker Hunter (2)
Djinn (1)
Elasmotherium (1)
Glowworm (1)
Gnole (3)
Goat, Giant (2)
Hag (1)
Hippopotamus (1)
Hobgoblin (5)
Human, Man-at-Arms (12)
Human, Berserker (5)
Human, Brigand (11)
Leechman (7)
Leprechaun (4)
Lizard Man (8)
Meadow Spider (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (6)
Morlock (6)
Orc (10)
Orkin Wardawg (3)
Rat, Massive (11)
Rat, Oliphant (4)
Scarecrow (4)
Skeleton (6)
Skeleton, Animal (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (3)
Snake, Asp (3)
Snake, Xulluth (1)
Snapper (7)
Snow Orc (6)
Spider, Large (8)
Spider, Shoagg Runner/Prowler (1)
Spider, Very Large (4)
Spider, Huge (2)
Stercus (1)
Termite, Giant Exploding (6)
Tick, Giant (6)
Troglodyte (6)
Virunga Ape (1)
Whisp, Subterranean (5)
Wolf, Dire (3)
Zombie (4)
Zombie, Brain-Eating (2)

Level 9 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 645 XP
Aarnz Hound (2)

Aarakian Warrior (2)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (9)
Bugbear (4)
Capritaur (4)
Centaur (2)
Crawling Claw (8)
Devil (1)
Dunter (2)
Ettin, Lesser (1)
Flailing Snail, Gigantic (1)
Gargoyle, Elder (1)
Gnole (5)
Grel (5)
Hobgoblin (10)
Hippopotamus Gorgops (1)
Human, Berserker (10)
Hydra, 7 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 7 Headed (1)
Lindwyrm (1)
Medusa (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (10)
Mountain Lion (2)
Morlock (10)
Muck Man (5)
Mummy, Rattlebone (3)
Naga, Phaya (1)
Ooze, Corrosive (2)
Orgron (4)
Orkin Wardawg (5)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (2)
Owlbeast, Chick (3)
Peryton (2)
Rakshasa (1)
Rat, Oliphant (7)
Skeleton (10)
Skeleton, Animal (7)
Skeleton, Monster (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (7)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (4)
Skiver (2)
Slime, Flesh Eating (3)
Snake, Asp (5)
Snapper (12)
Snow Orc (10)
Spider, Very Large (7)
Stony Ensnarer (1)
Strix (10)
Sundew, Man-Eating (1)
Syntaur (2)
Tick, Giant (10)
Troglodyte (11)
Velociraptor, Majorus (2)
Warg (2)
Weasel, Giant (9)
Wererat (2)
Wolf (8)
Wolf, Dire (5)
Zombie (7)

Level 10 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 431 XP

Anaxar (1)
Banshee (1)
Barrow-Wight (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (6)
Cave Lion (1)
Chupacabra (1)
Crawling Claw (5)
Demon, Bruiser (1)
Eõten (1)
Fey Dragon (1)
Grel (3)
Hobgoblin (6)
Human, Berserker (6)
Hydra, 6 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 6 Headed (1)
Leechman (9)
Lizard Man (9)
Moddepille (3 mo) (7)
Morlock (7)
Mummy, Rattlebone (2)
Mummy, Blood (1)
Orc (12)
Orgron (3)
Owlbeast (1)
Owlbeast, Chick (2)
Scarecrow (5)
Skeleton, Monster (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (3)
Slime, Flesh-Eating (2)
Slough (1)
Snapper (8)
Snow Orc (7)
Spider, Large (10)
Spider, Vey Large (4)
Spider, Huge (2)
Spider, Massive (1)
Strix (6)
Termite, Giant Exploding (7)
Tetzylwyrm (1)
Tick, Giant (7)
Toad, Giant Poisonous
Troglodyte (7)
Unicorn (1)
Velociraptor, Minorus (3)
Weasels, Giant (5)
Wolf (5)
Za'kaari (3)

Level 10 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 755 XP

Ankylosaur (1)
Bear, Grizzly (1)
Bear, Polar (1)
Bugbear (4)
Catoblepas (2)
Cheetah, Wooly (2)
Crawling Claw (9)
Crocodile, Lesser (2)
Deep Stalker Hunter (4)
Dryad (3)
Eagle, Giant (2)
Elemental, Air (1)
Elemental, Water (1)
Fantom Dog (2)
Giant, Hill (1)
Gnole (6)
Golem, Flesh (1)
Gorgon (1)
Gouger (3)
Grel (5)
Hobgoblin (11)
Human, Berserker (11)
Jagrom (1)
Mountain Lion (2)
Muck Man (6)
Mummy [standard] (1)
Naga, Sentinel (1)
Ogre (3)
Orgron (5)
Orkin Wardawg (6)
Plateosaur (2)
Rakshasa (1)
Rat, Oliphant (8)
Satyr (3)
Saw-Backed Lunger (2)
Scorpion, Giant (3)
Skeleton (11)

Skeleton, Animal (8)
Slavering Gorger (3)
Slushie (3)
Snake, Asp (6)
Snow Snake (2)
Sphinx, Gyno (1)
Sphinx, Crio (1)
Spider, Very Large (8)
Strix (11)
Swamp Death (1)
Syntaur (2)
Triceretops (1)
Wandering Mucor (3)
Wererat (2)
Wolf (9)
Wolf, Dire (6)
Za'Kaari (5)
Zombie (8)
Zombie, Monster (3)
Zombie, Brain Eating (4)

Level 11 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 506 XP

Amoeba, Giant (2)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (7)
Boar, Giant (2)
Bugbear (3)
Capritaur (3)
Certosaurus (1)
Changeling (1)
Chasm Lurker (1)
Chimera (1)
Crawling Claw (6)
Deep Stalker Hunter (3)
Demon, Faustioch (1)
Deva (1)
Dinosaur, Megalosaurus (1)
Dryad (2)
Elephant (1)
Gnole (4)
Gouger (2)
Griffyn (1)
Hobgoblin (8)
Human, Berserker (8)
Ifrit (1)
Leechman (10)
Leprechaun (5)
Lizard Man (11)
Moddepille (3 mo) (8)
Morlock (8)
Muck Man (4)
Mummy, Servitor (1)
Ogre (2)
Okrillamari (1)
Orkin Wardawg (4)
Owlbeast, Great Horned (1)
Rat, Oliphant (5)
Satyr (2)
Scarecrow (6)
Scorpion, Giant (2)
Skeleton (7)
Skeleton, Animal (5)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (3)
Slavering Gorger (2)
Slushie (2)
Snapper (9)
Snow Orc (8)
Spider, Large (12)
Spider, Very Large (5)
Strix (7)
Sturm Badger (1)
Sturm Wolf (1)
Termite, Giant Exploding (9)
Tick, Giant (8)
Tiger (1)
Toad, Giant (2)
Troglodyte (8)
Troll (1)
Valkyrie (1)
Velociraptor, King (1)
Wandering Mucor (2)
Weasel, Giant (6)
Whisp, Subterranean (6)
Wolf, Dire (4)
Worm, Great Spiny (1)
Wyvern (1)
Zombie (5)
Zombie, Monster (2)
Zombie, Brain Eating (3)

Level 11 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 886 XP

Aarnz Hound (3)
Bear, Black (2)
Bear, Cave (1)
Bugbear (5)
Capritaur (5)
Centaur (3)
Crab, Giant (2)
Crawling Claw (10)
Deep Stalker Hunter (5)
Draugr (2)
Elemental, Earth (1)
Elemental, Fire (1)
Ent (1)
Fianna (1)
Gargoyle (2)
Ghast (2)
Ghoul (3)
Giant, Fire (1)
Giant, Hoar Frost (1)
Gnole (7)
Hydra, 8 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 8 Headed (1)
Lizard, Giant Subterranean (2)
Muck Man (7)
Mummy, Rattlebone (4)
Orgron (6)
Orkin Wardawg (7)
Owlbeast, Chick (4)
Rat, Oliphant (9)
Rooftop Prowler (2)
Shadow (2)
Skeleton, Animal (9)
Skeleton, Monster (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (9)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (6)
Snogre (2)
Sphinx, Andro (1)
Spider, Very Large (9)
Spider, Gigantic (2)
Toad, Giant (3)
Velociraptor, Minorus (6)
Velociraptor, Majorus (3)
Wolf, Dire (7)
Wyrm (1)
Yeti (2)
Za'Kaari (6)
Zombie (9)
Zombie, Brain Eating (5)

Level 12 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 594 XP

Aarnz Hound (2)
Aarakian, Warrior (2)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (8)
Centaur (2)
Chimera (1)
Crawling Claw (7)
Crocodile, Greater (1)
Ettin, Lesser (1)
Ghoul (2)
Gnole (5)
Grel (4)
Hobgoblin (9)
Human, Berserker (9)
Hydra, 6 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 6 Headed (1)
Lindwyrm (1)
Manticore (1)
Medusa (1)
Moddepille (3 mo) (9)
Morlock (9)
Muck Man (5)
Mummy, Rattlebone (3)
Naga, Phaya (1)
Orgron (4)
Ooze, Corrosive (2)
Orkin Wardawg (5)
Rat, Oliphant (6)
Skeleton (8)
Skeleton, Animal (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (5)
Smilodon (1)
Snake, Asp (5)
Snapper (11)
Snow Orc (9)
Spectre (1)
Spider, Very Large (6)
Spider, Huge (3)
Stegosaur (1)
Strix (9)
Sturm Badger (1)
Sundew, Man-Eating (1)
Termite, Giant Exploding (10)
Tick, Giant (9)
Troglodyte (10)
Velociraptor, Minorus (4)
Velociraptor, Majorus (2)
Weasel, Giant (7)
Wolf (7)
Wolf, Dire (5)
Za'kaari (4)

Level 12 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1039 XP

Bear, Short Faced (1)
Bugbear (6)
Capritaur (6)
Centaur (3)
Cheetah, Wooly (3)
Cockatrice (2)
Crawling Claw (12)
Cyclops (1)
Deep Stalker Hunter (6)
Demon, Faustioch (1)
Dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus Rex (1)
Dunter (3)
Fantom Dog (3)
Gouger (4)
Grevan (2)
Hippogriff (2)
Hydra, 9 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 9 Headed (1)
Kryzaar (2)
Lion (2)
Mountain Lion (3)
Muck Man (9)
Mummy, Rattlebone (5)
Mummy, Noble (1)
Nightmare (2)
Ogre (4)
Ooze, Corrosive (3)
Orgron (7)
Orkin Wardawg (8)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (3)
Peryton (3)
Rat, Oliphant (11)
Satyr (4)
Scorpion, Giant (4)
Siren (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (9)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (7)
Skiver (3)
Spider, Huge (5)
Spider, Gargantuan (1)
Syntaur (3)
Tentaslug (2)
Toad, Giant (4)
Velociraptor, Minorus (7)
Warg (3)
Wererat (3)
Wolf, Dire (8)
Wraith (1)
Wrenganan (2)
Za'kaari (7)
Zombie (11)
Zombie, Monster (4)
Zombie, Brain Eating (6)

Level 13 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 694 XP

Ankylosaur (1)
Bat, Giant Vampyre (9)
Bear, Grizzly (1)
Bear, Polar (1)
Bugbear (4)
Capritaur (4)
Centaur (2)
Cheetah, Wooly (2)
Crawling Claw (8)
Deep Stalker Hunter (4)
Devil (1)
Dunter (2)
Elemental, Air (1)
Elemental, Water (1)
Flailing Snail, Gigantic (1)
Gargoyle, Elder (1)
Giant, Hill (1)
Gnole (6)
Golem, Flesh (1)
Gorgon (1)
Gouger (3)
Grel (5)
Hippopotamus, Gorgops (1)
Hobgoblin (10)
Human, Berserker (10)
Jagrom (1)
Morlock (11)
Mountain Lion (2)
Muck Man (6)
Mummy [standard] (1)
Ogre (3)
Orgron (5)
Orkin Wardawg (6)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (2)
Owlbeast, Chick (3)
Peryton (2)
Rakshasa (1)
Rat, Oliphant (7)
Satyr (3)
Saw-Backed Lunger (2)
Snow Orc (11)
Stony Ensnarer (1)
Scorpion, Giant (3)
Skeleton (10)

Skeleton, Animal (7)
Skeleton, Monster (3)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (5)
Skiver (2)
Slushie (3)
Snake, Asp (6)
Sphinx, Gyno (1)
Sphinx, Crio (1)
Sphinx, Hieraco (1)
Spider, Very Large (7)
Strix (11)
Syntaur (2)
Tick, Giant (10)
Triceretops (1)
Troglodyte (12)
Warg (2)
Velociraptor, Minorus (5)
Weasel, Giant (8)
Wererat (2)
Wolf (8)
Wolf, Dire (6)
Zombie (7)
Zombie, Brain Eating (4)

Level 13 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1214 XP

Aarnz Hound (4)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (2)
Bear, Black (3)
Bugbear (7)
Capritaur (7)
Cheetah, Wooly (3)
Cockroach Man (2)
Crab, Giant (3)
Crocodile, Lesser (3)
Cyclops (1)
Deep Stalker Hunter (7)
Draugr (3)
Eagle, Giant (3)
Frore Wolf (2)
Gargoyle (3)
Ghast (3)
Ghoul (4)
Harpy (2)
Hellhound (2)
Hydra, 10 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 10 Headed (1)
Leucrotta (2)
Muck Man (10)
Ogre (5)
Ooze, Corrosive (4)
Orgron (8)
Orkin Wardawg (10)
Peryton (4)
Plateosaur (3)
Roc (1)
Rooftop Prowler (3)
Satyr (5)
Saw-Backed Lunger (3)
Scorpion, Giant (5)
Shadow (3)
Siren (2)
Skeleton, Animal (12)
Skeleton, Monster (5)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (9)
Slavering Gorger (4)
Snow Snake (3)
Spider, Very Large (12)
Spider, Huge (6)
Spider, Gigantic (3)
Vampire (1)
Velociraptor, Minorus (8)
Velociraptor, Majorus (4)
Werewolf (2)
Will-o-the-Wisp (2)
Wolf, Dire (10)
Yeti (3)
Za'Kaari (8)
Zombie (12)
Zombie, Brain Eating (7)

Level 14 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 806 XP

Bat, Giant Vampyre (11)
Bear, Black (2)
Capritaur (5)
Crab, Giant (2)
Crawling Claw (10)
Draugr (2)
Eagle, Giant (2)
Elemental, Air (1)
Fantom Dog (3)
Gargoyle (2)
Ghast (2)
Ghoul (3)
Giant, Fire (1)
Giant, Hoar Frost (1)
Gnole (7)
Hobgoblin (12)
Human, Berserker (12)
Hydra, 8 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 8 Headed (1)
Morlock (12)
Muck Man (7)
Naga, Sentinel (1)
Orkin Wardawg (7)
Orgron (5)
Plateosaur (2)
Rat, Oliphant (8)
Rooftop Prowler 2)
Shadow (2)
Skeleton (12)
Skeleton, Animal (8)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (9)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (7)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (5)
Slavering Gorger (3)
Slushie (3)
Snow Snake (2)
Sphinx, Gyno (1)
Sphinx, Crio (1)
Spider, Very Large (8)
Spider, Huge (4)
Spider, Gigantic (2)
Strix (12)
Swamp Death (1)
Tick, Giant (12)
Toad, Giant (3)
Velociraptor, Minorus (6)
Wyvern (1)
Weasel, Giant (10)
Wolf (10)
Wolf, Dire (7)
Yeti (2)
Zombie (8)
Zombie, Monster (3)

Level 14 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1411 XP

Animated Armor (2)
Bugbear (8)
Capritaur (8)
Cattle [Urochs Bull] (2)
Deep Stalker Hunter (8)
Devil, Polar (1)
Dunter (4)
Elasmotherium (2)
Fantom Dog (4)
Ghoul (5)
Golem, Clay (1)
Grevan (3)
Hag (2)
Hippogriff (3)
Hippopotamus (2)
Lion (3)

Lizard, Giant Subterranean (3)
Minotaur (2)
Mountain Lion (4)
Muck Man (12)
Ogre (6)
Orgron (9)
Orkin Wardawg (11)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (4)
Owlbeast, Chick (6)
Pegasus (2)
Satyr (6)
Saw-Backed Lunger (4)
Scorpion, Giant (6)
Skeleton, Monster (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (10)
Slavering Gorger (5)
Snake, Xulluth (2)
Snogre (3)
Shoagg Spider (2)
Spider, Huge (7)
Syntaur (4)
Toad, Giant (5)
Velociraptor, Minorus (10)
Virunga Ape (2)
Warg (4)
Wererat (4)
Zombie, Monster (5)
Zombie, Brain Eating (8)

Level 15 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 931 XP

Aarnz Hound (3)
Bear, Cave (1)
Bugbear (5)
Catoblepas (2)
Crawling Claw (11)
Deep Stalker Hunter (5)
Dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus Rex (1)
Elemental, Earth (1)
Elemental, Fire (1)
Ent (1)
Fianna (1)
Ghoul (3)
Grevan (2)
Hippogriff (2)
Lizard, Giant Subterranean (2)
Muck Man (8)
Mummy, Noble (1)
Ogre (4)
Ooze, Corrosive (3)
Orkin Wardawg (8)
Owlbeast, Chick (4)
Rat, Oliphant (10)
Satyr (4)
Scorpion, Giant (4)
Skeleton, Animal (9)
Skeleton, Monster (4)
Skeleton, Multifarious (3 limb) (10)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (8)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (6)
Snogre (2)
Sphinx, Andro (1)
Spider, Very Large (9)
Spider, Huge (5)
Velociraptor, Majorus (3)
Weasel, Giant (11)
Wolf, Dire (8)
Wraith (1)
Za'Kaari (6)
Zombie (9)
Zombie, Brain Eating (5)

Level 15 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1630 XP

Angel, Malakh (2)
Barrow Wight (2)
Basilisk (2)
Bear, Brown (2)
Bugbear (8)
Capritaur (10)
Crab, Giant (4)
Deep Stalker Hunter (10)
Demon, Bruiser (2)
Drake (1)
Draugr (4)
Dunter (5)
Ghast (4)
Hydra, 11 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 11 Headed (1)
Kryzaar (3)
Mummy, Blood (2)
Nightmare (3)
Ogre (7)
Ooze, Corrosive (5)
Orgron (11)
Owlbeast (2)
Plateosaur (4)
Rooftop Prowler (4)
Satyr (7)
Scorpion, Giant (7)
Shadow (4)
Skeleton, Monster (7)
Slavering Gorger (6)
Slough (2)
Snogre (4)
Snow Snake (4)
Spider, Huge (8)
Spider, Gigantic (4)
Tentaslug (3)
Tetzylwyrm (2)
Toad, Giant (6)
Toad, Giant Poisonous (2)
Warg (5)
Wererat (5)
Werewolf (3)
Wrenganan (3)
Yeti (4)
Zombie, Monster (6)
Zombie, Brain Eating (9)

Level 16 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1069 XP

Bear, Short Faced (1)
Bugbear (6)
Capritaur (6)
Cheetah, Wooly (3)
Cockatrice (2)
Crawling Claw (12)
Cyclops (1)
Deep Stalker Hunter (6)
Dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus Rex (1)
Dunter (3)
Hydra, 9 Headed
Hydra, Aquatic, 9 Headed
Kryzaar (2)
Lion (3)
Muck Man (9)
Orgron (7)
Orkin Wardawg (9)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (3)
Plateosaur (3)
Siren (2)
Skeleton, Animal (11)
Skeleton, Monster (5)
Skeleton, Multifarious (4 limb) (9)
Skeleton, Multifarious (6 limb) (7)
Slavering Gorger (4)
Spider, Very Large (11)
Spider, Huge (5)
Spider, Gargantuan (1)
Syntaur (3)
Tentaslug (2)
Toad, Giant (4)
Vampire (1)
Velociraptor, Minorus (8)
Warg (3)

Wererat (3)
Werewolf (2)
Wolf, Dire (9)
Worm, Titanic (1)
Wrenganan (2)
Za'Kaari (7)
Zombie (11)
Zombie, Monster (4)
Zombie, Brain Eating (6)

Level 16 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1870 XP
Anaxar (2)
Ape, Killer (2)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (3)
Capritaur (11)
Cave Lion (2)
Certosaurus (2)
Changeling (2)
Cockroach Man (3)
Demon, Yadervæld (2)
Elephant (2)
Frore Wolf (3)
Grevan (4)
Harpy (3)
Hellhound (3)
Hippogriff (4)
Hydra, 12 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 12 Headed (1)
Lizard, Giant Subterranean (4)
Mummy, Servitor (2)
Okrillamari (2)
Ooze, Corrosive (6)
Owlbeast, Great Horned (2)
Plateosaur (5)
Satyr (8)
Scorpion, Giant (8)
Siren (3)
Skeleton, Monster (8)
Slavering Gorger (7)
Spider, Huge (9)
Spider, Massive (2)
Sturm Wolf (2)
Tiger (2)
Toad, Giant (7)
Troll (2)
Unicorn (2)
Valkyrie (2)
Velociraptor, Majorus (6)
Velociraptor, King Raptor (2)
Will-o-the-Wisp (3)
Wyvern (2)
Zombie, Monster (7)
Zombie, Brain Eating (10)

Level 17 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1219 XP
Aarnz Hound (4)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (2)
Bugbear (7)
Capritaur (7)
Crab, Giant (3)
Crocodile, Lesser (3)
Cyclops (1)
Deep Stalker Hunter (7)
Demon, Faustioch (1)
Draugr (3)
Frore Wolf (2)
Ghast (3)
Ghoul (4)
Harpy (2)
Hellhound (2)
Leucrotta (2)
Muck Man (10)
Nightmare (2)
Ogre (5)
Orgron (8)
Orkin Wardawg (10)
Peryton (4)
Roc (1)
Rooftop Prowler (2)
Satyr (5)
Shadow (3)
Siren (2)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (9)
Snow Snake (3)
Spider, Very Large (12)
Spider, Huge (6)
Spider, Gigantic (3)
Velociraptor, Minorus (9)
Velociraptor, Majorus (4)
Werewolf (2)
Will-o-the-Wisp (2)
Wolf, Dire (10)
Yeti (3)
Zombie (12)
Zombie, Brain Eating (7)

Level 17 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 2133 XP
Animated Armor (3)
Chasm Lurker (2)
Chimera (2)
Crab, Giant (5)
Crocodile, Greater (2)
Dinosaur, Megalosaurus (2)
Draugr (5)
Dunter (6)
Elasmotherium (3)
Gryffyn (2)
Hippopotamus (3)
Kryzaar (4)
Leucrotta (3)
Lizard, Giant Subterranean (5)
Manticore (2)
Minotaur (5)
Nightmare (4)
Ogre (8)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (6)
Plateosaur (6)
Rooftop Prowler (5)
Shadow (5)
Slavering Gorger (8)
Smilodon (2)
Snake, Xulluth (3)
Snogre (5)
Shoagg Spider (3)
Spectre (2)
Spider, Huge (11)
Spider, Gigantic (5)
Sturm Badger (2)
Syntaur (6)
Toad, Giant (8)
Velociraptor, Majorus (7)
Virunga Ape (3)
Warg (6)
Wererat (6)
Wrenganan (4)
Yeti (5)

Level 18 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1381 XP
Bugbear (8)
Capritaur (8)
Cockroach Man (2)
Devil, Polar (1)
Dunter (4)
Hag (2)
Hippogriff (3)
Hydra, 10 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 10 Headed (1)
Minotaur (2)
Ogre (6)
Ooze, Corrosive (4)
Orgron (9)
Orkin Wardawg (11)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (4)

Owlbeast, Chick (6)
Pegasus (2)
Satyr (6)
Skeleton, Monster (6)
Skeleton, Multifarious (5 limb) (9)
Snake, Xulluth (2)
Snogre (3)
Shoagg Spider (2)
Spider, Huge (7)
Toad, Giant (5)
Velociraptor, Minorus (10)
Virunga Ape (2)
Warg (4)
Wererat (4)
Zombie, Monster (5)
Zombie, Brain Eating (8)

Level 18 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 2417 XP
Angel, Malakh (3)
Cattle [Urochs bull] (3)
Crab, Giant (6)
Demon, Bruiser (3)
Draugr (6)
Dunter (7)
Ettin, Lesser (2)
Frore Wolf (4)
Hellhound (4)
Hippopotamus, Gorgops (2)
Lindwyrm (2)
Medusa (2)
Owlbeast (3)
Rooftop Prowler (6)
Shadow (6)
Siren (4)
Skeleton, Monster (10)
Slavering Gorger (9)
Slough (3)
Spider, Huge (12)
Spider, Gigantic (6)
Stegosaur (2)
Sundew, Man-Eating (2)
Syntaur (7)
Tetzylwyrm (3)
Toad, Giant (9)
Toad, Giant Poisonous (3)
Velociraptor, Majorus (8)
Warg (7)
Wererat (7)
Werewolf (4)
Will-o-the-Wisp (4)
Yeti (4)

Level 19 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1556 XP
Angel, Malakh (2)
Animated Armor (2)
Barrow Wight (2)
Bugbear (9)
Capritaur (9)
Cattle [Urochs Bull] (2)
Demon, Bruiser (2)
Drake (1)
Elasmotherium (2)
Golem, Clay (1)
Grevan (3)
Hippopotamus (2)
Hydra, 11 Headed (1)
Hydra, Aquatic, 11 Headed (1)
Kryzaar (3)
Orgron (10)
Plateosaur (4)
Shadow (4)
Skeleton, Monster (7)
Slough (2)
Spider, Huge (8)
Spider, Gigantic (4)
Tentaslug (3)
Toad, Giant (6)
Toad, Giant Poisonous (2)
Velociraptor, Majorus (5)
Zombie, Monster (6)
Zombie, Brain Eating (9)

Level 19 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 2723 XP
Ankylosaur (2)
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock (4)
Bear, Polar (2)
Cave Lion (3)
Certosaurus (3)
Cockroach Man (4)
Dunter (8)
Gargoyle, Elder (2)
Giant, Hill (2)
Golem, Flesh (2)
Jagrom (2)
Kryzaar (5)
Mummy [standard] (2)
Slavering Gorger (10)
Snogre (6)
Sphinx, Crio (2)
Sphinx, Hierco (2)
Spider, Massive (3)
Stony Ensnarer (2)
Sturm Wolf (3)
Syntaur (8)
Tentaslug (5)
Tiger (3)
Toad, Giant (10)
Triceretops (2)
Troll (3)
Velociraptor, Majorus (9)
Warg (8)
Wererat (8)
Werewolf (5)
Wrenganan (5)
Wyvern (3)

Level 20 – Small Party (4 PCs, NPCs) ~ 1744 XP
Basilisk (2)
Crab, Giant (4)
Drake (1)
Dunter (5)
Frore Wolf (3)
Mummy, Blood (2)
Orkin Wardawg, Greater (5)
Rooftop Prowler (4)
Shadow (4)
Spider, Huge (9)
Tetzylwyrm (2)
Unicorn (2)
Wererat (5)
Yeti (4)

Level 20 – Large Party (6-8 PCs, NPCs) ~ 3052 XP
Angel, Malakhim (4)
Demon, Bruiser (4)
Demon, Yadervaeld (3)
Draugr (7)
Elasmotherium (4)
Frore Wolf (5)
Giant, Fire (2)
Snake, Xulluth (4)
Sturm Badger (3)
Swamp Death (2)
Toad, Giant (11)
Velociraptor, Majorus (10)
Warg (9)
Wererat (9)
Will-o-the-Wisp (5)

Salvaging Meat from Kills

Well-prepared explorers will equip themselves with sufficient rations to last the expected duration of their journey. However, unexpected contingencies do occur; it is hardly unknown for those traversing the wilderness to run short of food.

Ordinarily, this would compel said travelers to search for edible roots, berries or similar plant-based food sources. Said knowledge is not universal and is handled in-game via the Survival skill.

Alternatively, those experiencing starvation in the wilderness can opt to employ their Hunting skill (again, if applicable) in an attempt to track and kill wild game to secure nourishment. Ideally, an individual proficient in Cooking/Baking will prepare the animal for consumption. Said preparation is of inestimable value not for any improvement to the taste of the meal prepared (though subjectively this could be beneficial) but rather for the elimination of food-borne pathogens. While it certainly is possible to simply hack off a hunk of meat from a deer and eat it raw, this is inadvisable excepting for the direst circumstances. The reason for caution is that many wild animals carry pathogens that may infect the eater of an improperly prepared kill.

For game purposes, assume that 1 in 6 wild animals is a disease carrier (though not statistically impacted). An appropriate disease to simulate said infection is Wasting (see GameMaster's Guide) though you should increase its communicability to 7 to represent the increased chance of contracting the disease via consumption as opposed to proximity. Characters immune to disease, whether though class abilities or via Prayers such as *Herd Immunity*, may ignore the chance of contracting food-borne illnesses.

Gorging on a kill, assuming it is of sufficient mass (see further) will counteract two days' worth of starvation penalties (or provide sustenance for the current day and the next).

Bear in mind that while cooking is strongly advised, it is not without tactical risks. A campfire used for frying hunted game or preparing standard rations will signal the characters' presence. The degree to which this is impactful is left to the GM's discretion and largely dependent of the scenario the players find themselves in. Cooking meat may attract scavengers (perhaps necessitating an addition wandering monster check) or alert potential observers/trackers to the presence of intelligent humanoids, potentially negating any chance of a surprise assault on a lair. Note that trail rations may be eaten as packed without the need for cooking, perhaps justifying the additional expense.

Note that game will go bad once killed. Barring extreme environmental conditions that will likely have other secondary game effects, a good rule of thumb is that there is a four-hour window to consume a kill. Cooking will extend this to 24 hours. Past this window, one should be prepared for possible gastrointestinal distress should spoiled meat be ingested. A useful proxy for this is to assume exposure to The Burning Bowels disease.

Starving mercenaries have an often underappreciated advantage when it comes to survival. Those frequently encountered monsters that interfere with your ability to loot and pillage may possess treasure other than silver and gold. Yes, their flesh! There's no need to expend the effort to hunt game when *game is hunting you*. Many dangerous creatures are perfectly edible (see the Yield box in the creature's description). Assuming you triumph over your adversaries, there's a potential meal waiting. Of course, if you're slain, an identical fate awaits your remains…

Following this discussion is a listing of edible creatures published in the two volumes of Hacklopedia of Beasts along with maximum meat yields. Harvesting said meat requires the Butchery skill (presented below).

Butchery

Time in man-hours to slaughter an animal (by skill mastery)

Animal Size	*Un*	*Nov*	*Ave*	*Adv*	*Ex*	*Mstr*
T	3	2	1.7	1.4	1	.7
S	6	4	3.4	2.8	2	1.4
M	9	6	5.1	4.2	3	2.1
L	13.5	9	7.7	6.3	4.5	3.2
H	18	12	10.2	8.4	6	4.2
G	54	36	30.6	25.2	18	12.6
E	105	70	60	49	35	24.5

Time is further impacted by the following externalities:
Butchering in the field: +50%

Yield	60%	75%	90%	98%	100%	102%

Yield is further impacted by the following externalities:
Animal killed in melee combat: -6d12%
Inappropriate cutting tools (swords, axes): -40%
Unsuitable cutting tools (daggers): -20%
Pro quality knives: +1%
Butchering in the field: -10%

Relevant Abilities: Strength and Intelligence
Cost: 2 BP
Universal: Yes
Prerequisite: None
Materials/Tools: Yes

An individual possessing this skill is proficient in slaughtering and butchering animals. He can carve the choicest cuts, trim away the fat and dispense with any inedible portions.

Ideally, butchery is performed in a building dedicated to the task and equipped with appropriate tools (various saws, knives and possibly mallets), tables, carts, hooks, preservatives and storage facilities to efficiently process meat in a sanitary manner. This is not, however, mandatory as butchery can be performed in the wild – albeit with a penalty to yield and time required.

Novice skill level imbues the butcher with the capability to field dress an animal and slaughter it for discrete cuts of meat. Improved skill allows for better yields from an animal and permits significantly faster processing. Full (e.g. 100%) yields from various monsters are listed on pages 366-368.

Note that a butcher need not fully prepare an animal if more urgent matters require his attention. Should he wish to dedicate only a fraction of the required time, that fraction should be applied to the resultant yield.

Many large monsters are simply too big to make full use of in the field. Simply put, much of the carcass is going to go to waste without adequate facilities to process it in a timely manner. Even a small village may be hard pressed to fully process a dinosaur despite having the specialty physical infrastructure, ready access to hardwood, adequate skilled labor and plenty of potable water, salt and storage vessels.

That being said, it is possible for adventurers to make use of a kill for more than a single meal. This is accomplished by jerking the meat thereby preserving it for future consumption. What follows is guidance and rules to this process.

First of all, smoking meat requires average mastery in Cooking/Baking as a prerequisite. Higher mastery permits oversight of additional smoking instances.

The source meat must be thinly sliced (1/4") with all fat trimmed.

A sharp knife is required. Daggers are overly large and unsuited to kitchen work as obviously are swords and axes. Without proper tools, the meat cannot be suitably prepared; and the resultant jerky will be inedible.

While the meat is prepared, a conical framework must be assembled over a fire (requiring a novice carpenter/woodworker). Iterative lattice shelves must be secured to the frame upon which the meat is laid. Once assembled and the meat is placed on the shelving, a smoky fire is set at the base. The structure must then be enveloped in fabric to ensure the smoke dwells and permeates the meat. A wool blanket will accomplish this (as will a mage's robe or small tent). Fabrics used as a smoke barrier will be unsuited to their original purpose after such use though.

Periodic attention must be paid to the fire. Its purpose is to produce smoke, not heat, thus it needs to be as low as possible while still smoldering. Too hot a fire will cook the meat – allowing for immediate consumption but not prolonged preservation. The persistent smoke and heat will slowly desiccate the flesh while simultaneously driving off insects that might otherwise seek to lay eggs on the meat (and preventing said once the process is complete).

Smoking is a slow process. 12 -16 hours are required to complete the technique though an additional 24 hours dwell time allows for longer lasting jerky (indicated parenthetically). A fully laden smoking rack can process about 35 pounds of raw meat that produces one man-week of food weighing 10 pounds.

Properly smoked meat will look like a dark, curled, brittle stick; and you can eat it without further cooking.

It bears noting that field smoked meat has no commercial value except to individuals at risk of starvation. The quality of this product is vastly inferior to jerky manufactured with dedicated facilities at a permanently inhabited location. The latter allows for seasoning and flavoring coupled with a more rigorously controllable smoking house that results in a far tastier product.

Cooking/Baking (Smoking Meat addendum)

Mastery Level	The character can...
Novice	Unable to perform this task
Average	Man 1 field expedient smoking rack, jerked meat lasts 1 (2) weeks
Advanced	Man 2 field expedient smoking racks, jerked meat lasts 3 (6) weeks
Expert	Man 4 field expedient smoking racks with aid of assistant, jerked meat lasts 6 (12) weeks
Master	Man 8 field expedient smoking racks with aid of assistant, jerked meat lasts indefinitely

Creature Meat Yield

Monster	Size	Weight (lbs)	Edible Yield	Smoked [Preserved] Yield
Aarnz Hound	M	200	72	17
Anaxar	H	2000	600	140
Ankylosaurus	E	15,000	750	186
Ant, Giant Soldier	T	10	4	1
Ant, Giant Worker	T	7	5	1
Ape, Gorilla	L	400	228	53
Ape, Killer	L	500	275	64
Arakian Brood Watcher	L	400	200	47
Arakian Queen	E	6000	3600	840
Arakian Warrior	M	200	100	23
Arakian Worker	M	100	85	20
Bandy Tailed Fighting Cock	L	375	255	60
Basilisk	M	250	170	40
Bat, Giant Vampyre	S	33	22	5
Bear, Black	L	400	220	51
Bear, Brown	L	600	330	77
Bear, Cave	H	1250	550	128
Bear, Grizzly	H	1000	440	103
Bear, Polar	H	1200	528	123
Bear, Short-faced	G	2100	1323	309
Beetle, Giant	S	8	2	1
Beetle, Giant Boring	S	8	2	1
Beetle, Giant Fire	S	8	2	1
Boar	M	275	83	19
Boar, Giant	L	1000	480	112
Brownie	T	13	6	1
Bugbear	L	350	147	34
Camel	L	1250	913	213
Carrion Renderer	L	400	284	66
Capritaur	L	250	150	35
Cattle, Bull	L	1500	900	225
Cave Lion	L	1100	660	154
Centaur	L	750	308	72
Centipede, Giant	T	2	1	0
Centipede, Massive	S	10	6	1
Ceratosaurus	G	2000	1220	285
Cheetah, Wooly	M	150	99	23
Chimera	L	475	333	78
Compasognathus	T	8	4	1

Creature Meat Yield (continued)

Monster	Size	Weight (lbs)	Edible Yield	Smoked [Preserved] Yield
Crab, Giant	M	350	144	33
Crocodile, Greater	H	4000	1560	364
Crocodile, Lesser	L	800	456	106
Cueyatl	M	150	90	21
Cyclops	G	6000	3300	770
Dinosaur, Megalosaurus	G	8000	2560	597
Dinosaur, Pterosaur	M	40	24	6
Dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus Rex	G	14000	8400	1960
Dog, Guard/Sentry	M	100	75	18
Dog, War	M	150	90	21
Dog, Wild/Hunting/Working	M	70	35	8
Drake	E	11000	6270	1463
Dragon	C	12000-14000	4050-5070	1475-1620
Dunter (Lesser Sidhe)	S	90	45	11
Dwarf	M	150	71	16
Eagle, Giant	L	400	224	52
Elasmotherium	G	9500	3515	820
Elephant	E	13000	5070	1183
Elf	M	100	24	6
Eõten	H	800	168	39
Ettin, Lesser	H	1250	400	93
Fey Dragon	S	70	21	5
Fianna (Greater Sidhe)	M	300	108	25
Flailing Snail, Gigantic	G	4000	2080	485
Frore Wolf	L	550	330	77
Giant, Fire	G	3500	2310	539
Giant, Hill	H	1500	750	175
Giant, Hoar Frost	G	2500	825	193
Gnome	S	60	20	5
Goat, Giant	L	900	342	80
Goblin	S	85	32	8
Gorgon	L	2000	760	177
Gouger	M	230	87	20
Grel	M	120	37	9
Grevan	H	675	270	63
Grimalkin	T	25	15	4
Griffyn	L	400	144	34
Halfling	S	100	70	16

Creature Meat Yield (continued)

Monster	Size	Weight (lbs)	Edible Yield	Smoked [Preserved] Yield
Harpy	M	100	36	8
Hippogriff	L	600	276	64
Hobgoblin	M	250	108	25
Hippopotamus	G	7000	3360	784
Hippo, Gorgops	G	10000	5970	1263
Horse, Light	H	800	360	90
Horse, Medium	H	1200	540	135
Horse, Heavy	H	1600	720	180
Human, Laborer	M	180	70	16
Human, Man-at-arms	M	180	67	16
Human, Merchant	M	165	91	21
Human, Sedentary (scribe)	M	140	98	23
Humans, Berserker	M	180	41	10
Humans, Brigand	M	150	84	20
Hydra	E	14000	9240	2156
Jagrom Sea Monster	E	4500	2610	609
Kobold	S	45	28	7
Kryzaar	L	325	120	28
Leprechaun	T	20	11	3
Leucrotta	L	400	236	55
Lindwyrm	H	2000	600	140
Lion	L	400	136	32
Lizard, Giant Subterranean	L	850	391	91
Lizard Man	M	150	104	24
Lizard Man, Serp. Boidae	L	200	120	28
Lizard Man, Serp. Veninatus	S	60	33	7
Manticore	L	900	414	97
Merman	M	155	71	17
Minotaur	L	500	230	54
Modde	L	500	19	4
Moddepille	M	20	11	3
Mountain Lion	M	140	64	15
Moose	L	1000	550	128
Muscheron	M	60	33	7
Naga, Phaya	L	700	427	100
Ogre	H	550	259	60
Orc	M	175	81	19
Orgron	L	350	193	45
Orkin Wardawg, Greater	L	450	153	36
Orkin Wardawg, Lesser	M	250	113	26
Owlbeast	H	1500	450	105

Creature Meat Yield (continued)

Monster	Size	Weight (lbs)	Edible Yield	Smoked [Preserved] Yield
Owlbeast, Chick	M	275	102	24
Owlbeast, Great Horned	G	2000	620	145
Pegasus	H	1000	450	105
Piranha	T	10	6	2
Piranha, Megapiranha	S	50	30	8
Pixie-Fairy	T	15	8	2
Plateosaur	E	4000	1600	373
Pony	L	600	270	67
Rakshasa	M	175	53	12
Rat, Giant	S	20	5	1
Reef Terror	S	25	15	4
Roc	E	15000	1500	350
Rooftop Prowler	M	200	80	19
Satyr	S	100	36	8
Saw-Backed Lunger	L	500	310	72
Slavering Gorger	L	325	285	67
Scorpion, Giant	S	60	36	8
Scowl	T	4	2	0
Screecher	S	50	30	7
Shark, Blue	M	200	120	28
Shark, Bull	L	500	300	70
Shark, Great White	G	2000	1200	280
Shark, Hammerhead	H	1200	720	168
Shark, Megalodon	C	200000	114000	26600
Shark, Short Mako	L	400	80	19
Shoagg Spider	M	140	35	8
Siren	M	120	36	8
Skitter-rat	T	3	1	0
Smilodon	H	1000	400	93
Snake, Asp	T	8	4	1
Snake, Boa Constrictor	M	100	60	14
Snake, Rattlesnake	T	9	5	1
Snake, Xullith	L	500	300	70
Snapper	M	350	333	78
Snogre	H	600	228	53
Snow Orc	M	215	129	30
Snow Snake	L	550	138	32
Sphinx, Andro-	G	4000	1160	271
Sphinx, Crio-	H	2000	660	154
Sphinx, Gyno-	H	2000	660	154
Sphinx, Hieraco-	H	1500	495	116

Creature Meat Yield (continued)

Monster	Size	Weight (lbs)	Edible Yield	Smoked [Preserved] Yield
Spider, Big	T	1	0	0
Spider, Gigantic	M	100	65	15
Spider, Huge	S	35	21	5
Spider, Large	T	5	3	1
Spider, Massive	L	250	150	35
Spider, Very Large	S	18	6	2
Ssishnisska	S	20	7	3
Stegosaurus	G	6000	225	475
Sturm Badger	L	600	246	57
Sturm-Wolf	H	1000	550	128
Sundew, Man-Eating	H	900	540	126
Syntaur	L	900	450	105
Tarantubat	T	1	1	0
Termite, Giant Exploding	S	45	28	7
Tetzylwyrm	H	900	540	126
Tiger	L	475	285	67
Toad, Giant	M	160	96	22
Toffee Bug, Queen	H	850	500	110
Triceratops	E	26000	18200	4247
Tröglodyte	M	175	88	20
Unicorn	H	1100	650	150
Urochs Bull	H	3300	1650	412
Urochs Cow	H	1500	750	186
Valkyrie	M	180	95	23
Velociraptor, King Raptor	L	1100	660	154
Velociraptor, Majorus	M	175	53	12
Velociraptor, Minorus	S	35	21	5
Vermus	S	65	46	11
Virunga Ape	L	475	315	75
Warg	L	425	272	63
Weasel	S	1	1	0
Weasel, giant	M	25	10	2
Wererat	M	150	90	21
Werewolf	M	250	150	35
Wolf	M	80	48	11
Wolf, Dire	M	200	112	26
Wolverine	S	35	21	5
Wyrm	G	7000	3360	784
Yeti	L	450	306	71
Za'kaarii Shepherd	M	160	80	17
Zombie, Brain-eating	M	175	116	27



The Combined Bestiary

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Anaxar . . . . . .20 *(HOB1)*
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Animated Armor . . . . . .20 *(HOB2)*
Animating Spirit . . . . . .22 *(HOB1)*
Ankylosaurus . . . . . .23 *(HOB2)*
Ant, Giant (worker & warrior) . . . . . .24 *(HOB1)*
Ape (gorilla & killer ape) . . . . . .26 *(HOB1)*
Apparition . . . . . .25 *(HOB2)*
Arakian . . . . . .30 *(HOB1)*
Bandy-Tailed Fighting Cock . . . . . .27 *(HOB2)*
Banshee . . . . . .29 *(HOB2)*
Barrow-Wight . . . . . .34 *(HOB1)*
Basilisk . . . . . .36 *(HOB1)*
Bat, Giant Vampyre . . . . . .32 *(HOB2)*
Bear (black, brown, grizzly & cave) . .38 *(HOB1)*
Bears: Polar & Short-Faced . . . . . .34 *(HOB2)*
Beetle, Giant (giant, bomb, boring, fire) . .42 *(HOB1)*
Boar (giant & wild) . . . . . .46 *(HOB1)*
Brownie . . . . . .50 *(HOB1)*
Bugbear . . . . . .52 *(HOB1)*
Camel . . . . . .56 *(HOB1)*
Capritaur . . . . . .37 *(HOB2)*
Carrion Renderer . . . . . .40 *(HOB2)*
Catoblepas . . . . . .58 *(HOB1)*
Cattle . . . . . .43 *(HOB2)*
Cave Lion . . . . . .46 *(HOB2)*
Centaur . . . . . .60 *(HOB1)*
Centipede (giant & massive) . . . . . .64 *(HOB1)*
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Dragon . . . . . .91 *(HOB2)*
Drake . . . . . .90 *(HOB1)*
Drauger . . . . . .106 *(HOB2)*
Dryad . . . . . .92 *(HOB1)*
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*note the Combined Bestiary appears only in the pdf version of this work.