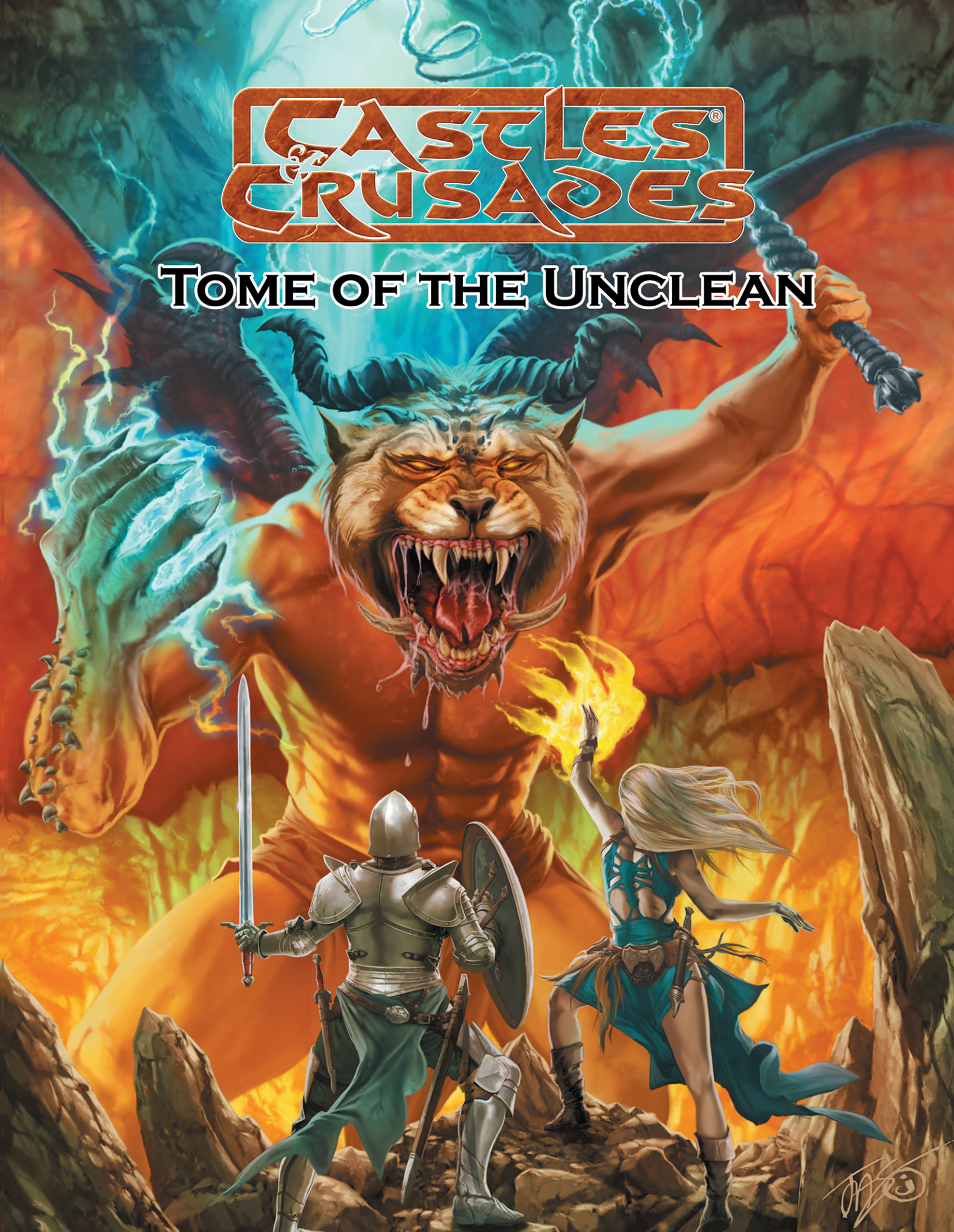


CASTLES & CRUSADES

TOME OF THE UNCLEAN





TOME OF THE UNCLEAN

BY STEPHEN CHENAULT & KIM HARTSFIELD

WITH DAVIS CHENAULT

EDITOR: SCOTT GEEDING AND TIM BURNS

FRONT COVER: JASON WALTON INTERIOR ART: PETER BRADLEY, JASON WALTON, MARK ALLEN, BRYAN SWARTZ AND ZOE DeVOS

ART DIRECTION/CARTOGRAPHY: PETER BRADLEY



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DEMONS AND DEVILS

These creatures are unadulterated evil. Evil defines them. They are not capable of good or acts of kindness or mercy. Human emotions do not motivate them. They do not feel humiliation or understand it. If made to crawl in the mud and play the part of a cowed beast, they do so, seeing their actions as one step toward whatever their goals may be. If an action such a creature takes benefits someone, it is a by-product of its own desires and for nothing more. Such actions would never intentionally benefit others. They have no ability to feel for others, no empathy of the plight of sorrow. They are wretched creatures, pathetic in their self-absorbing madness of being. They are evil, pure and simple. But evil carries many faces, and demons and devils are as different as night and day. Evil defines them both, but the nature of that evil sets them apart.

Demons are agents of chaos; they dwell in the madness of their own filth. They are the wretched refuse of disconnected streams of consciousness, a twisted madness of incoherent emotions. They do not possess the ability to act in a coherent manner, work in the company of others who are not their slaves, or even to stand with their own kind. Theirs is a madness of constant movement. Their minds are an infinite abyss of unfettered chaos. They are Lords of Chaos.

Devils, on the other hand, are slaves to law; they dwell in a state of mental entropy. Crippled and weak, hubris defines and governs them, granting them the narcissistic belief that they can bring order to the world around them, for their minds are small and the entropy that governs them governs the order of things. Abject creatures defined by their own slavery, they are servants of a degenerate covenant that fails them. Their minds are structured to serve others; it is a fettered control. They are the Lords of Law.

IN AIHRDE

Demonkind and devilkin are clearly defined by their service to the Horned God. When Unklar came to the plane of Aihrde and slew the Court of Aenoch, he launched a series of long and bitter wars, the first of which he waged against the gods

themselves. He hounded them from the world, slew them in their strongholds, or bound them in chains. These proved monumental tasks even for him, so he called to the Shadow Realms and to the Void and all the dark places of creation; he called for allies. From the depths of the Wretched Plains, there arose a tumult of many voices, great hosts of creatures crawled from the filth of their wasted existence to heed his call.

He gathered them in several hosts and he bound them to him, making them slaves to his will and design. They were called “the tvungen” by their enemies, the “fettered,” what later men simply referred to as the devils of Unklar. These lawful evil creatures saw the design of his purpose and sought to be a part of it, or at least to mimic it.

Many of the voices in the Wretched Plains, that is, the Shadow Realms, did not heed Unklar’s call, but rather heaped curses upon him and swore to slay him and the tvungen. These men called the “tvungenos”, or the “unfettered,” these beings remained free from Unklar’s control. These demons were marked not by their independence but by their utter madness.

But Unklar gathered together the tvungen, fleshing out his cohorts with their ranks. Unklar armored himself and took up Utriel, the Mace of Judgment, and marched to war at the head of his host. They marched then on Aalun-Hart-Ra, the City that lies at the Center, where the gods congregated. He tore down their gate and assailed them in their bastion, laying waste to it all. During this War of the Gods, the ranks of the tvungen were greatly depleted, for the gods did not yield their power needlessly. Unklar proved careless of the ranks of the tvungen, as well, for he loved nothing, not even the loyalty of powerful minions. The war waged for years in the high halls of that place. The deeds of man and god fell into the abyss, and few remained to remember them, but the struggle was hard and took more from the Horned God than ever he believed it would. In the end, he cast the city into ruins and left its inhabitants shadows of their former selves. But the greater part of the casualties Unklar himself suffered: his hosts were devastated, and where thousands had gathered hundreds now remained.



INTRODUCTION

The tvungen, of course, are of the ranks of the Val-Eahrakun and slaying them is not an easy task; many returned to the halls of the Wretched Plains, the Shadowed Realms, to lick their wounds. But their return was fraught with danger, for in their absence, the tvungenos assumed command of the gates and portals, the towers and dungeons, and many of the great cities fell to the demons, which they ruled in their raving madness. These realms are home to pitiless dead, those who once lived an evil or mean existence, those lost spirits found no order in the rule of tvungenos.

When the tvungen returned, they sought their seats and towers, but the tvungenos laughed them off and cast them the beggar's coin. War erupted soon after. It spread throughout the Wretched Plains as the two sides fought bitter battles, one to regain their strongholds and power, and the other for the love of hatred and tumult; and the dead they left untended. Utter chaos ensued. In some areas the tvungen ruled; in others, the tvungenos. In others still, the dead rose to prominence, ruling their own kingdoms of wild nightmares. So the Wretched Plains, unforgiving in its conception, descended into deranged horror and dreadful nightmare.

The lines that divide the two entities, the tvungen and the trungenos, are not so easy to discern. They do not war as nations of men war, though they hate each other. In all the evil of the Wretched Plains, the tvungen live in islands of calm where their evil is perpetrated in cold calculation. But all around them surges the sea of chaos, warring with and upon itself, even as it does upon the islands of dread in its midst.

Only one constant defines the Wretched Plains: the creatures who rule there are evil, unashamed and unrepentant; evil in their thoughts, actions, and deeds. There is no nobility of spirit, no justice that drives them; they are broken creatures, shed by the All Father as flawed because of their evil.

MONSTER CHARACTERISTICS

NUMBER ENCOUNTERED (NO. ENCOUNTERED) reflects the average number of creatures encountered. There may be several listings that reflect different encounter areas. For instance, an orc is listed as 2–12, 10–100. These represent a raiding party and the entire tribe or clan, respectively. Some monsters are not assigned exact numbers, such as bison or other herd animals. These herds can range from small groups of 3 to 5 members to huge herds of 10,000 or more. The Castle Keeper should always manage the number of monsters while considering the plot of the adventure and the relative power of the party.

SIZE (SIZE) is the approximate height of a creature. There are three sizes of monsters in Castles & Crusades: small, medium and large. Small represents any height less than 5 feet, medium is any height between 5 and 7 feet, and large is any height over 7 feet. Castle Keepers should take note that those creatures who have the ability to swallow a victim whole, such as the tyrannosaurus rex and the purple worm, are not going to be able to swallow all creatures. Circumstances must dictate the action and Castle Keepers should use their best judgment.

HIT DICE (HD) is a creature's hit dice. The hit dice is the equivalent of the monster's level. The hit dice represents the number (and type) of die rolled for the creature's hit points. For example, a monster with 2 (d8) hit dice would have $d8 + d8$ hit points. A monster's hit dice is also equivalent to the monster's base attack roll modifier. For example, a 3 hit dice creature receives a base bonus of +3 to all attacks.

MOVE (MOVE) represents the monster's base movement rate. A creature's movement rate represents the number of feet an unencumbered and unimpeded monster can move in any given round, at a walking pace.

ARMOR CLASS (AC) is a creature's normal armor class. It is an abstract representation of the difficulty of striking a monster in combat and inflicting damage. An attacker's roll must be equal to or greater than a defender's armor class to cause damage. All creatures have an armor class. In most cases, it is determined by the type of armor being worn, but in the case of many monsters, it represents their natural hides or skins.

ATTACKS (ATTACKS) list the variety of weapons, both natural and manufactured, that monsters may use in battle. All of the monster's physical attack forms are listed here. The number of attacks is listed first. If there is no number, then only one attack per round is assumed. The form of attack is listed next. Damage from each form of attack is included in the adjacent parentheses. An attack listing of 2 Claws (1d6); Bite (1d8) would mean that the creature can attack three times per round: twice with claws, for 1d6 points of damage each, and once with a bite, for 1d8 points of damage.

SPECIAL (SPECIAL) refers to all of a creature's special abilities: offensive, defensive, and miscellaneous. Generally, specific descriptions for each monster are provided in the monster's listing. The exceptions to this are as follows.

DEEPEVISION: Ages spent beneath the earth and in the dark and quiet places of the world have imbued certain creatures with the ability to see into darkness that a human would find impenetrable with the naked eye. This vision extends up to 120 feet in even the darkest of nights and deepest of tunnels. Colors tend to erode with deepvision, and objects appear in many shades of gray. It is otherwise like normal sight, and creatures can function well with no light at all. Bright lights, such as from a lantern or other light source, spoil deepvision. A creature requires one turn to adjust his or her eyes when a light source is extinguished before gaining full use of deepvision.

DARKVISION: In a similar manner to deepvision, some creatures can see in complete darkness for up to 60 feet. Darkvision produces images that are in shades of gray, but is otherwise like normal sight. These creatures can function well with no light at all. Bright lights, such as from a lantern or other light source, spoil darkvision. A creature requires one turn to adjust his or her eyes when a light source is extinguished before gaining full use of darkvision.

DUSKVISION: Some creatures can see in starlight and moonlight just as others can at dusk. They retain the ability to distinguish

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color and some detail under these conditions, though everything is cast in shadows. They have no enhanced vision underground, under torchlight, or in similar conditions of poor illumination.

IMMUNITY/RESISTANCE: describes any innate immunity that a monster possesses. The type of immunity is listed, followed by a bracketed damage descriptor that indicates the limits of the immunity. For instance, “Immune: Acid (half damage, quarter damage save)” means that the creature always takes half damage from any acid-based attack, but if it makes a successful saving throw, it suffers only one-fourth of the normal damage.

REGENERATION: A creature with this ability is difficult to kill, as the creature automatically heals damage at a fixed rate per round, as given in the entry. The number following the listing in the creature’s stat block designates how many hit points that creature can heal in a round. For instance, the troll with “Regeneration 2” heals 2 hit points per round. Certain attack forms, typically fire and acid, deal lethal damage to the creature which doesn’t go away. The creature’s descriptive text provides the details. Regenerating creatures can regrow lost portions of their bodies and can reattach severed limbs or body parts; details are in the creature’s descriptive text. Severed parts that are not reattached wither and die normally. Healing starts the round immediately following the round in which damage was taken.

SCENT: This ability allows a creature to identify locations, items, and even people by making a successful check. They gain a +2 bonus when using any tracking ability they may possess. Scent functions up to a range of 30 feet. These creatures are natural hunters and are able to “sniff out” singular scents, even when that odor is overpowered by another. Winds, weather conditions, and other situations may render this ability useless or reduce its potency; multiple strong odors cause confusion, for example. Other effects are at the Castle Keeper’s discretion.

SPELL RESISTANCE: This is a special defensive ability. A defender’s spell resistance is like an armor class against magical attacks. If a spell is targeted at a creature with spell resistance, the caster of the spell must roll 1d20, unmodified. If the result is equal or greater than the creature’s spell resistance rating then the spell can affect that creature. Otherwise, the creature’s spell resistance causes the spell to dissipate harmlessly. Certain spells are not subject to spell resistance, as detailed in their descriptions in the **Castles & Crusades Players Handbook**. All monsters have an innate SR 1. A monster’s spell resistance is listed in its stat block with the abbreviation SR. For example, a Dryad’s spell resistance is 10 and it is listed on the Special heading as “SR 10”.

TRACKING: Many monsters can track. When noted, the monster in question can track as a ranger’s level equal to the number listed. A wolf has Tracking 10. The wolf can track as a 10th level ranger.

TWILIGHT VISION: Even under starlight, moonlight, or torchlight these creatures have exceedingly good vision. They can distinguish color and detail under these conditions for up to one mile when outside.

SAVES (SAVES) represent the saving throws and attribute check categories for monsters. Saving throws are made in the same manner as for characters, but with broader descriptors. Each monster is listed as having either physical (P), mental (M), both (P+M) or none (N) as its saving throw category. The category roughly equates to primary or secondary attributes and thus the base number needed to make a saving throw. Physical attributes are strength, constitution, and dexterity. Mental attributes are intelligence, wisdom, and charisma. A goblin has a physical saving throw category, so it makes all saving throws or checks dealing with strength, dexterity, or constitution with a challenge base of 12, and all saving throws or checks dealing with intelligence, wisdom, or charisma with a challenge base of 18. The monsters’ # of HD acts as a modifier to this roll in the same fashion as described under HIT DICE (HD).

INTELLIGENCE (INT) reflects a general level of mental aptitude. It represents a monster’s ability to learn quickly, and apply that learning effectively, as well as its capacity for logic and deductive reasoning. Monsters possess a much broader range for intelligence than characters.

INTELLIGENCE	MENTAL STRENGTH
1–2	Animal
3–5	Inferior
6–8	Low
9–12	Average
13–15	High
16–17	Superior
18–21	Genius
22–25	Supra-Genius
26+	Deific

ALIGNMENT (ALIGNMENT) describes the basic and most essential aspects of a monster’s world view and moral outlook. It is the core personality description for every sentient creature. Alignment reflects the creature’s disposition toward good, evil, law or chaos. Each alignment type is described in detail in the **Castles & Crusades Players Handbook**.

TYPE refers to the classification of the monster. A monster’s type can be particularly important where spells and magical summoning are concerned.

ABERRATION: Aberrations have bizarre anatomy, strange abilities, an alien mindset, or any combination of the three.

ANIMAL: An animal is a non-humanoid creature with a real-world equivalent.

BEAST: A beast is a creature with no real-world equivalent. It is a vertebrate creature with a reasonably normal anatomy and no magical or unusual abilities.

CONSTRUCT: A construct is an animated object or artificially constructed creature.

DRAGON: A dragon is a reptilian creature, usually winged, with magical or unusual abilities.

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- ELEMENTAL:** An elemental is an entity composed of one of the four classical elements: air, earth, fire, or water.
- EXTRAPLANAR:** An extraplanar creature is a non-elemental that originates from another dimension, reality, or plane.
- FEY:** Fey are creatures with supernatural abilities and connections to natural forces and/or places.
- GIANT:** Giants are large-sized humanoid creatures of great strength and bulk.
- HUMANOID:** A humanoid is a creature that is anthropomorphic: they have two arms, two legs, one head, and a human-like torso.
- MAGICAL BEAST:** Magical beasts are similar to beasts but can have intelligence of inferior or better. Magical beasts typically have supernatural or extraordinary abilities.
- MONSTROUS HUMANOID:** These are humanoid creatures with monstrous or animalistic features, occasionally possessing supernatural abilities.
- OOZE:** An ooze is an amorphous or mutable creature.
- PLANT:** This type encompasses all plants and plant-like creatures.
- SHAPECHANGER:** This type of creature has a stable body but can assume other forms.
- UNDEAD:** Undead are once-living creatures animated by spiritual or supernatural forces. Undead are immune to all mind-affecting effects (charms, compulsions, etc.) and to poison, sleep effects, paralysis, stunning, disease, and death effects.
- VERMIN:** This type includes insects, arachnids, other arthropods, worms, and similar invertebrates.

TREASURE (TREASURE) designates the appropriate treasure type a creature has in its lair, or if noted for the specific monster on its person. Refer to Part Two of this book for more information on treasure.

EXPERIENCE POINTS (XP) represents the development reward that characters receive for slaying, subduing, or otherwise defeating monsters. Refer to the **Castles & Crusades Players Handbook** for more information on awarding experience points. The number in each entry is the suggested average XP. The Castle Keeper should feel free to adjust the experience point value as needed or desired. The following chart can be used to determine the experience points of typical monsters or monsters which have been altered or created.

MONSTER EXPERIENCE POINTS					
HD	BASE	PER HP	I	II	III
1	5	1	2	4	5
2	10	2	5	7	10
3	20	3	10	15	20
4	40	4	20	30	40
5	80	5	40	60	80

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6	120	6	60	90	120
7	180	7	90	135	180
8	250	8	125	200	250
9	400	9	200	300	400
10	600	10	300	450	600
11	750	11	375	550	750
12	950	12	425	650	950
13	1200	13	600	900	1200
14	1500	14	750	1100	1500
15	1900	15	900	1400	1900
16	2100	16	1000	1500	2100
17	2300	17	1200	1800	2300
18	2600	18	1300	2000	2600
19	2900	19	1500	2200	2900
20	3250	20	1700	2500	3500
+1	+350	+1	+200	+300	+600

EXPERIENCE PER HIT POINT: A monster’s hit point total influences the amount of experience it confers. To calculate this, simply multiply the number of hit points by the hit dice of the creature. For example, a 5 (d10) HD creature has 25 hit points, the base is 80 experience points plus 5 experience points per hit point. 125 extra experience points would be awarded for this creature, for a total of 205.

SPECIAL: There are three categories of special abilities, designated in the chart by the Roman numerals I, II and III. A given monster’s total experience value increases by the amount of special abilities it has. All special ability experience points are added to the base experience for the monster. These special ability experience points stack. For example, Skagg (4HD) has four attacks per round, a category I ability, and he can use 1st level spells, another category I ability. Skagg’s base experience points (40) are increased by 40 points (20 XP for each special ability) for a total base of 80 XP plus 4 XP per hit point.

SPECIAL I: This category includes three or more attacks per round, spells or spell-like abilities of 1st–3rd level, and any non-magical special abilities, such as scent or tracking.

SPECIAL II: This category includes 5 or more attacks per round, maximum damage of 24 or more points in a single attack, spells or spell-like abilities of 4th–7th level, and extraordinary powers such as invisibility or etherealness.

SPECIAL III: This category includes death attacks, petrification attacks, and spells or spell-like abilities of 8th level or higher.

THE LORDS OF THE ABYSS



DEMONS



Demons are foul beasts that reside in the Abyss, one of the Outer Planes. They are equal parts unpredictable, selfish, destructive and malevolent and epitomize complete chaos and utter evil. Chaos and evil is their whim, their design, their reality. Demons cannot at any time be trusted and any alliance made with a demon is one that not one made on mutual expectations and result. Demons revel in tempting lesser entities, promising them their desires, then ripping their dreams away and substituting horror and pain. Demons may kill their enemies outright, or they may torture them with torments both physical and mental. All is by a whim and little by design. They feed on fear and pain and would sooner drink the tears of their victims. There are few, if any, more vile creatures in the known multiverse than demons.

THE NATURE OF THE ABYSS

"Everyone is a god in the Abyss." Or so it is said. The Abyss is an infinite realm of chaos. Here the natural laws are but a single reality amidst many; what holds true for one moment may not for the next. To even describe it as infinite, is a definition of measurement that does not wholly apply. Whole regions may turn upon one another, sliding against, under, over, and into one another. There is seemingly neither rhyme nor reason to the construction or deconstruction of matter. There are no absolutes, no laws to govern space or time. Some things may appear to never change, but nothing ever truly remains constant. The Abyss is the object embodiment of pure and unmitigated chaos.

The Abyss's construct depends upon one's mental state and how one perceives reality. Many cannot enter the Abyss without forcing some kind of construct upon it, seeing, smelling, feeling their way through a world that only they or their collective imaginations perceive. Any one construct is equally as valid as another, for the underlying reality of the Abyss remains, as always, chaos. How long a construct last depends upon the strength of those constructing it, creatures they encounter and storms upon the Abyss. But there is no time in the Abyss, no rush to events, no hurry from the past. The chaos simply is, when it assumes a physical manifestation, it could last that way for only a moment, or it could last for a millennia.

It is generally believed that there are 666 known planes on the Abyss, meaning to say, planes that have been given some semblance of structure by their inhabitants. These structures are made and maintained by very powerful entities, or forces of nature, or are themselves constructs (the whole plane is a living creature in and of itself). Each of these planes are governed by the laws of nature as prescribed by their architect. But each is subject to the forces of the Abyss, as its architect weakens or becomes distracted the reality they created is subject to dissolution in the madness of the plane.

Frequently travelers to the Abyss place their own preconceived notions upon the Abyss, creating a reality that their minds can understand and their bodies dwell in. The very powerful do this consciously, but more often than not the traveler doesn't know they are doing it, they are not aware that the reality they

are passing through unfolds around them because it is the only reality their minds can comprehend and one they have created. Such beings are always at risk however, for to lose their way, to become wounded or weakened, enchanted or disoriented may cause them to see the Abyss, the plane upon which they stand for what it really is. In such cases, the world melts around the traveler and they see chaos untethered. Few survive the shock, their mind's giving way to madness and darkness (see below).

Some planes in the Abyss survive the departure or death of their creator. These are known as relic planes and they cannot be altered or destroyed.

Some of these 666 planes are large, others small, depending on the nature of why they were created, when and by whom. The names of these planes are hard to come by. Some are listed in obscure texts, others in scrolls, others still recounted in songs and poems. It is not known if a complete list has ever been made.

There are of course creatures who dwell on the Abyss and they can, and do, through the power of their will force some semblance of reality upon the Abyss. These are often like islands in the madness and as noted, are what generally give rise to the belief that there are 666 planes on the Abyss.

Orcus dwells upon a plane of the Abyss and has given it an order that suits him. He rules from a tower of skulls built upon an undulating sea of fire, to keep away the hosts of his enemies. Any who enters the fire are burned to a cinder. This is Orcus' dream world and it is held together by the sheer strength of his will. But it is not always so, for here and there the plain of fire is extinguished as stone rises from the sea of flame, water boils up from the stone, the fire itself turns cool and burns cold, or any other myriad number of events. There are currents too, rivers of fire flowing through the sea of flame and they are used by the very skilled to travel great distances through the sea, very quickly.

The Demogorgon's marsh is another construct. He has bent the abyssal chaos to his will, creating a vast flat peat marsh of filth, where the rotting plants sink into the thick water, creating bogs that trap the unwary and bind them. In the midst of this are the warrens of the Demogorgon's lair. The warrens are a miserable damp, wet place, fed by the bogs from above. From somewhere within this warren he rules his army of slaves and cohorts of sycophants. In the marshland there are small houses of stone and wood that have risen from the deeps, manifestations of chaos unchecked.

Graz'tt is a demon lord who rules three planes of the Abyss, wielding them together in a loose confederation. Peopled with walled towns and cities and ruled by minor demons the planes Graz'tt rules are used both to serve him, and to keep one another in check. The three planes are more like the material plane and as such offer the traveler a welcome respite from the chaos of the Abyss.

Buer dwells in a vast pit of slag and stone, carpeted in fields of bones. Here other demons walk, crawl, or fly about, feasting upon the damned who fall into the pit. He is known as the Font of Wisdom. For this reason, he has many visitors, few of which leave with what they desire – if they leave at all.

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The god of slimes, molds and oozes, Oozemandius dwells in a vast dungeon complex with deep pits, long halls, wide rooms and halls. It is an ever-changing maze that traps the unwary. The walls are covered in slimes and molds, as are the floors and ceilings. It is a nightmare place of filth.

The list goes on.

Like relic planes, the planes claimed by the demon lords cannot be altered or destroyed, even by extremely powerful creatures. The demon lords are indigenous to the Abyss and have an understanding of the plane and how it works that is incomprehensible to outsiders.

OASIS

Oases are strange manifestations that occur throughout the Abyssal planes. They are habitable constructs typically created or dissolved randomly from the very chaos that embodies the Abyss. But they offer a safe haven for those who wander the Abyss. They are tricky however, for the Oasis can dissolve as quickly as it formed. Those of strong mind and will are often able to form an Oasis, or to prevent one from dissolving.

Forcing shape onto the Abyss is a type of plasmic illusion (see the **Castle Keepers Guide**, Chapter 2 for a complete description). Though chaotic by nature, the Abyss is in fact made up of substance. Therefore bringing an order to that substance is accomplished in much the same manner that an illusionist creates physical or plasmic illusions. They reshape the matter around them. Powerful magic-using creatures or characters can force shape onto the Abyss with a successful intelligence check (CL 24). Illusionists gain a +4 bonus to their intelligence check.

CHAOS: When the reality of a construct falls apart and cannot be reshaped it threatens to consume anyone caught up in it. The lucky escape the madness of the Abyss, but the unlucky are driven insane by the chaos. The very unlucky are unmade. Anyone exposed to the Abyss in its true form must make a successful constitution save (CL 18). A failed check results in insanity (see **Castle Keepers Guide**, Chapter 19). Those driven insane will eventually become a part of the Abyss, slowly being unmade by the power of the plane itself. Such individuals are allowed a number of constitution saves equal to their constitution score. The CL is equal to the number of saves they have made, i.e. the first save is CL 1, the second save is CL 2, etc. There is no time on the Abyss, the CK will determine when the afflicted makes a saving throw. In this way the character could survive a few minutes, or for eternity.

STORMS: Storms strike everyone in the Abyss. No matter the terrain one encounters on the Abyss, whether it is one's own construct or someone else's or even the unconstructed chaos of the Abyss. These storms are random and exceedingly violent. They generally rip apart any reality, plane or other construction. Many who dwell in the Abyss are consumed by these storms. The greater constructs generally weather them through the strength of their creators. Everyone must make a successful constitution save (CK to determine the CL) or be overwhelmed by the storm. If they fail it they are unmade, twisted, hurled into another plane (off the Abyss or on it), lost or driven insane.

IN AIHRDE: The Wretched Plains, the Abyss, were ruled by Ornduhl the Red God for time without count. Upon his imprisonment in the Homeless House the Plains fell into disorder and chaos began to devour the plain, eating away at the edges as the power of the Red God faded. Creatures of Ornduhl's thought, monsters from the Days before Days, and other beasts rose in this chaos and came to rule vast stretches of Plains. When the Horned God rose in Aufstrag (see Hell), he gathered many of these creatures to his banners and to Aufstrag and the Wretched Plains were weakened once more. This sundered the peoples of the Wretched Plains between those who served (devils) and those who remained (demons). When Unklar fell some devils remained in Hell, others returned to the Wretched Plains. With them came war and the two peoples have fought ever since. Now, the demons rule many aspects of the Wretched Plains and war rages across its many layers.

PLANAR TRAVEL: Mortals have few avenues to access the Outer Planes. Aside from those bridges that the gods themselves create. There are prayer and sacrifice, both of which may gain the attention of a god or power that allows one to cross over. Gates also exist, often guarded by powerful magics or creatures. Some of the more powerful spell casters can cross over to the outer planes with spells like *plane shift*.

TIME: As with many of the planes time has no meaning here, nor do people need to eat or sleep, other than to gather themselves and rest from wounds or for other needs.

SURVIVING: There is no night or day here (unless one wishes it). Time does not exist either. There is no hunger or thirst in the Abyss unless one is cursed with it by another or their own mental failings. Travel is dependent upon the ground around one, the terrain shapes and reshapes at will, or never, depending on where and when you are.

MOVEMENT: Movement is normal here.

ENCOUNTERS: The most prevalent inhabitants of the Abyss are the demons and demon lords. Many wizards and illusionists come here as well, settling into the chaos and controlling it with powerful sorcery. Most all dwell in some type of construct such as an Oasis.

MAGIC: Arcane magic is much more powerful in the Abyss than elsewhere, every spell caster gains one temporary level in the Abyss (no more hit points).

HIERARCHY OF THE ABYSS

The hierarchy of demons is based solely on power. No demon respects another due to his position or reputation. Those in the leadership roles are constantly in fear of being usurped by the ones below them. The constant in-fighting, bickering, warfare and deception found among demons is the fatal flaw of the creatures. If demons were ever able to group together as a single force, they would be unstoppable. Thankfully, their very nature prevents this from ever happening.

Sages group demons upon their known power. This ersatz ranking is not adhered to by demons, but is used by lesser beings

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to understand the ranks of demonology. The top tier are the demon lords, followed by major demons, minor demons and lesser demons. The demon lords each live on separate layers of The Abyss and each feel superior to their kin. There is a constant, horrible war being fought amongst these entities as to who is superior. This war has been waging for time immemorial and the balance of power is constantly shifting. Alliances between the lords have been forged only to be demolished on a whim. Hatred has festered, enmities developed and loathing has persisted yet there is no end in sight of the eternal war.

The Demogorgon is commonly considered the most powerful of the Demons. He commands an army of lesser demons, human souls, and creatures of chaos. Though he is at war with Orcus, it rarely enters his mind.

Orcus rivals the Demogorgon, some even consider him the more powerful of the two. He is foul-tempered and never forgets a slight. Some insult from the Demogorgon led to their never ending war.

Beur stands heads above the rest of the Demon Lords, both in his cleverness but in his sheer ferocity. His wisdom is well known and he uses it to bind the weak-willed to him. His armies are hosts of the fallen lorded over by demons of many stripes.

Oozemandius and Graz'zt are lesser demon lords and they rule their domains and their armies as tyrants. One of slimes, molds and sludges, the other over the damned and demons.

These are but a few of the most powerful and in no way reflect the true number of demon lords in the Abyss. The alliances and brokered power between demons shifts constantly.

ON THEIR NATIVE PLANES

Demons are more powerful on their native planes than they are elsewhere. When on the Abyssal planes the demon has maximum hit points and have a +4 AC for the greater demons and a +2 AC for all other demons.

Demons are immortal creatures. Killing them is next to impossible. If slain on the mortal realms they are banished to the Abyss. There they return to their natural form and state of power, weakened only in the eyes of their cohorts. If slain on their own plane their lives are drastically altered for they are cast down, stripped of their powers, becoming 1 HD demon laden (see below, Laden). In such a state they run the very real risk of being bound to a greater demon than themselves.

Time alone cannot return them to their previous state. Their powers are regained through acts of violence and evil, devouring souls, tormenting the dead, hounding the living, or any similar action. As a rule of thumb for every 10 HD or Levels the laden destroys, they regain 1 HD themselves until they are restored to their normal HD.

DEMON NAMES

Demons are particularly mindful of their proper names and do not give them to any except under extreme duress. If a proper name is learned the demon is particularly vulnerable as the person who knows the name can attempt to control them.

Control is gained by making a successful charisma saving throw (add all attribute bonuses plus level). The Challenge Level is equal to the demon's hit dice. Furthermore, in this contest of wills any damage the character may have sustained affects the outcome of the saving throw. For every level's worth of hit points the character has taken in damage (take the average plus constitution bonus), their saving throw is penalized by one. The same is true for the demon, except on its native plane. If the saving throw is successful, the character gains control of the demon for 24 hours. If the saving throw fails, the demon retains control of its own actions, at least refusing to act in the desired manner.

TRAITS COMMON TO ALL DEMONS

DARKVISION: They are able to see as far as normal line of site in complete darkness. Items appear in shades of gray.

IMMUNITY TO WEAPONS: Demons are immune to non-magical weapons, including Masterwork weapons. To strike most demons an enchanted blade with a "to hit" bonus of +1 is required. For some demons a +1 bonus is not sufficient, and if a bonus greater than +1 is required it is noted in the demon's special abilities.

MAGIC JAR: This functions in a similar manner to the 5th level wizard spell. Unlike the spell, the demon may use any item as a receptacle. Should this receptacle be destroyed the demon is banished to the nether planes for eternity. The demon's *magic jar* ability has a permanent duration, with the effect ending only when the demon returns to its own body.

The *magic jar* ability has an unlimited range and the jar itself can be placed upon another plane. The demon, however, needs a means to make a connection to that other plane, e.g. *contact other plane* or a summoning spell, to see into the other plane and use the *magic jar* ability. Demons primarily use this ability to travel from one plane to another by placing themselves in an item either on another plane or destined for one.

When the demon casts *magic jar*, it enters the item, and then waits for something living and desirable to approach. At that point, it attempts to possess the creature and enter (see *magic jar* in the **Players Handbook**). When the demon has occupied a new host for a number of days equal to the host's HD or level, the demon "arrives," taking control of the host. The host must make a successful charisma save or it morphs into the demon. The host dies, its soul perishes and the demon has "arrived" upon the plane. In all respects, the demon is a denizen of the plane it now occupies. It is not considered a summoned creature and magical protections against summoned creatures have no effect.

SPEAK WITH DEAD: This ability functions identically to the 2nd level cleric spell of the same name.

VULNERABILITY TO IRON: Demons cannot pass through portals framed in iron. Pure iron weapons wielded against a demon bypass the demon's immunity to weapons, striking as a +2 weapon and doing twice their listed damage.

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DEMON, ARU (MINOR)

NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1-4 **INT:** Superior
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Chaotic Evil
HD: 9 (d8) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 28 **TREASURE:** 10
SAVES: M **XP:** 2,800+9
MOVE: 20 ft. (bipedal); 30 ft. (quadrupedal); 60 ft. (fly)
ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d8), Bite (1d10)
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Acid Spray, Cause Disease, Energy Drain, Immunity (Poison), See Invisible, Stench, SR 12, Vulnerability (Iron)



The aru are large, white-skinned creatures with powerful legs and bird-like feet, though their legs are disproportionate to their wide chests and broad back. Their arms are as wings, with folds of flesh binding them to their torsos and sharp, clawed talons serve as hands. Their backs are smooth but for a single ridge of bony protrusions that sprout the length of their skin. They have broad, flat, short tails that aid their balance when walking. Their heads look more like a bird's beak, with no neck to speak of, beady eyes and holes where they would have ears. A gland under their neck is always swollen, seeping a clear liquid gel that is toxic to the touch.

The aru can walk on all fours as easy as it can on two; it flies with tremendous speed, though with poor agility. They are highly independent, fiercely chaotic, and never found in the company of other demons unless compelled to it. They do not serve in the armies of any abyssal lords unless it is by chance or by force and even then, they serve not out of loyalty but for self-gratification, to sate their lusts for evil, which they gleefully perpetrate on their "allies" as well as their prey.

The aru dwell in putrid boiling pools of filth, muck and mire reminiscent of their original state. They live just beneath the surface, rising only when prey passes near or when impulse suits

them to ride the currents of the shadow realm unto the hunt. This occurs frequently for the creatures have no self-purpose or design; they are not created, but rather came to be from the malevolent chaos of the Abyss, and as such their minds are listless and filled with disarray.

COMBAT: The aru are vicious in battle. They attack through surprise or by a lopping four-legged charge, followed by a short flight inspired jump to land upon their prey. They immediately begin raking and biting the victim in order to incapacitate it. What little spell use they possess comes only as an afterthought, far preferring the tumultuous violence of close quarters combat.

ACID SPRAY: An ichorous pus fills the gland beneath the aru's neck/beak. The beast is able to compress the gland and spray the acid out in an arc in front of it. Those caught in the spray must make a successful dexterity save or suffer 2d8 points of acid damage. It can perform this attack once every 4 rounds.

CAUSE DISEASE: Any creature struck by the claws of the aru must make a successful constitution save or be stricken with a vile form of leprosy. Each time a victim is struck by an aru, a successful constitution save is required to resist the aru's touch. Failure indicates that the creature has been afflicted with leprosy, and no further saves are allowed. While afflicted with leprosy, magical spells and effects that restore hit points do not function on the victim, though most methods of natural healing and regeneration work normally. The healing blankets of the halflings heal double all normal healing methods. In addition, a victim of this leprosy loses two points of charisma each month, unless cured, resulting in the victim's death 1d6 months after exposure and contraction. Only the spell *remove disease* can remove the leprosy.

ENERGY DRAIN: The victim of an aru bite must make a successful constitution save or loose one level of experience. This effect is temporary, lasting only so long as the aru itself is alive. Otherwise this ability acts as the spell *energy drain*.

IMMUNE TO POISON: The aru are immune to all poison.

SEE INVISIBILITY: The aru can see any creature that is invisible or is hiding through use of a magical device. Further spells such as *mirror image* have no effect on the aru.

STENCH: Any creature within 20 feet (farther if there is a strong wind) of an aru is assaulted by the fetid reek of their slimy skin. This nauseating stench causes the unfortunate victim to retch, reducing their effectiveness. If they fail a constitution save, they suffer 1d4 points of subdual damage from initial contact, and suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls. This penalty persists until two rounds after the victim is no longer able to smell the stench.

IN AIHRDE

The aru are not of the All Father's making and as such do not know him or his designs. Where the Maelstrom meets the Void is the Fordeg ot Rinck, the Plains of Chaos. From this cosmic

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madness, the aru evolved. Taking shape of their own design, they haunted the Void for eons, devouring the hapless shapes they found there.

In time, many of them gravitated to the Shadow Realms, for there darkness reigned and evil ruled; the dead shambled along without hope or purpose and made easy prey for the ever-hungry aru. They dwell far from the haunts of other demons for the aru are quarrelsome, and feed upon their kin as quickly as they feed upon the damned. They are hunted by the unkbartig for sport; but it is a dangerous sport and many of those greater demons fall victim to their intended prey.

The Imtell-et-Aru worships the aru as beings of great power and beneficence. It is a cult of madmen who believe the aru came to be through their own power and through them the world must one day be remade. The Imtell-et-Aru are shunned as outcasts, though the group's ranks are filled with wizards, assassins, rogues, thieves and similar ilk. They are universally despised and when discovered, are burned at the stake, for the dangers they pose are real. In the end they are mistaken in their trust of the aru, for that demon-kin is not kindly disposed toward them, nor has any purpose other than destruction.

DEMON, BABAU (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: Superior
SIZE: Medium (6')	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 8 (d12)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 23	TREASURE: 13 (magic only)
SAVES: P	XP: 3,100+8
MOVE: 30 ft.	

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d6), Weapon

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Bone Shards, Damage Reduction 1/2, Rogue Abilities, SR 5, Vulnerability (Iron)

The babau (singular and plural) are lesser demons that attack from the shadows and use mental torture as much as physical attacks to bring low their prey. Babau look like skeletons with bones of jet black and huge hands. A single, thick horn grows from the back of the skull and wraps forward over the head. Bright green flames burn within the eyes of the skull, though the babau can extinguish these at will. The skull itself is akin to that of a human, but with a few minor differences. The eye sockets are slanted rather than round, roughly half as many teeth as a human, and there is no nasal cavity.

Babau are hated by almost every form of life save themselves. Babau attack and feed upon anything, even other demons. When it comes to demons they consider lesser beings, babau actively pursue and kill them. Even the major demons that never face their wrath hold these creatures with a measure of respect. They especially hate dretch and vrock and will attack them on sight.

Babau have the class abilities of a level 12 rogue. They always house themselves in shadowy, dark places to enhance their



abilities. It is rare for a babau to initiate a fight without first attacking from the darkness.

COMBAT: Babau almost always attack from the shadows, using their abilities as rogues to get a wicked back attack. Babau are extremely strong (strength 19), using their unusually long claws as weapons. Their favored weapon is an enchanted +2 *long sword*. They attempt a back attack prior to combat. Once combat begins, the demon fights as normal. They are very clever and attempt to kill their biggest threat. If possible, babau position themselves on some sort of high ground (i.e. a tree or column) and attack from above (while still gaining a back attack).

BONE SHARDS: Babau possess hideously long, clawed fingers, which constantly break then regenerate. They use these to strike opponents in an attempt to break off a finger and embed bone shards of the shattered digit in their victim's flesh. With any roll of 19 or 20, a finger breaks and lodges in the victim. It immediately begins to grow, expanding in the wound for 1d4 points of damage per round until removed. Due to the film of slime that clings to all babau, removing the shard is very difficult and can only be accomplished with a magical weapon or any heal, bless or remove curse spell.

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DAMAGE REDUCTION: A viscous slime covers the babau at all times, causing attacks from bladed weapons to slide away, thus only inflicting half-damage. Blunt weapons, and spells that penetrate the creature's spell resistance, do normal damage.

ROGUE ABILITIES: Babau possess all the abilities of a level 12 rogue. Some abilities are slightly different as noted.

MOVE SILENT: This ability is similar to the rogue class ability except the babau's ability is inherent, allowing it to move at full speed with no penalty. Only when moving faster than full speed, will the babau incur a -5 penalty to the check.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *darkness* (1/day), *fear* (1/day) and *see invisibility* (1/day).

IN AIHRDE

In the beginning of the world the babau were but flaws in the stone of the mountains and hills, twisted and weak with only the nascent idea that they were more than the rock around them. But they had no way of escaping the craggy wombs they were born into until Imbrisius, She Who Wears the World, discovered one and pulled it from the stone. She gave it form and inflamed its hatred with malice so that the babau came to life instilled with an appetite for torment. She searched for other babau and wherever she found them, tore them from the rock and set them on their course. It is for this reason that the babau have a long, curved horn atop their skull, for it is here that Imbrisius grasped them, pulling them from the rock.

In time the babau wandered into the Shadow Realms, for the material world harbored no love for them, and they did not wholly understand it. They live there without house or home, hunting the damned so that they may suffer to the babau's delight. They serve no masters there or elsewhere.

DEMON, BALOR (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 13 (d10)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 28	TREASURE: 9
SAVES: M, P	XP: 9,900+13
MOVE: 45 ft.	
ATTACKS: 2 Sword (2d6), Flaming whip (6d4)	
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkness, Flame Strike, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 15, Vulnerability (Iron)	

Balor stand approximately ten feet tall and are bathed in swirling flames. Their countenance is that of a great, naked (yet genderless) human male of tremendous strength and powerful physique. Their skin is brick red in color everywhere but the face, which deepens in hue to almost jet-black, with unblinking blood-red eyes peering from its dark visage. The creature's mouth is lined with long, sharp teeth that jut upwards at odd angles and a slithering black snake-like tongue. Balor often

lick their face, including their own eyes, prior to speaking, as if weighing their words. Two horns, not unlike those found on longhorn bulls, grow from each side of the creature's head to about two feet in length. In one hand, the Balor wields a huge, black sword, seemingly too large even for the demon itself to hold, while its other hand holds a whip of flame.

The balor's voice is deep and rich, like rolling thunder, and those listening feel the almost-pleasant timbre in their chest as the creature speaks.

Only a scattering of balor are believed to exist in the known multiverse. Within the loosely organized structure of demonkind, balor are found on the highest rung of the proverbial ladder of major demons. Of all the non-unique demons, the balor are easily the most powerful.

Balor are known to build halls or towers of black iron which often look more like furnaces than castles. Here they gather their victims and torture them with flaming whips, burning oil, acids, and especially fire in all its glory. The fetid air in the balor's abode reeks with the acrid stench of burning flesh. Soot and ash stain every surface whilst the bones and charred remains of the damned lie in scattered heaps on the floors. The balor take never-ending delight in their torments.

They require no food or drink, nor do they partake of any pleasures of the flesh. They do not serve any but the Demon Lords, and even those they serve reluctantly.

COMBAT: The Balor will always attack with both weapons and suffers no penalty for doing so. The sword is a +1 magic weapon, but is quite deadly in the hands of the Balor. If successful, a hit deals 2d6 damage. The balor can never be disarmed or be made to drop either weapon.

AURA OF FLAME: The balor has a continuous aura of flame extending to a 5' radius. Anyone entering this fiery aura sustains 1d6 fire damage, no saving throw.

DARKNESS: The balor leaves pools of darkness wherever he walks. Each pool is 5 feet in diameter and remains for one hour or until dispelled.

FLAME STRIKE: By cracking his whip the balor is able to cast a flame strike up to 100 feet away. The flame strike deals 9d8 points of damage, dexterity save for half.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They cast spells as a 10th level caster and are able to cast the following spells: *detect magic*, *read magic*, *read languages*, *suggestion* (3/day), *symbol of discord*, *hopelessness*, *insanity* or *stunning* (4/day), *telekinesis*, *teleport without error* (3/day).

WHIP ATTACK: Upon a successful hit the whip causes physical damage, as well burns the hapless victim, for a total of 6d4 damage. Furthermore, any successful hit by the whip will cause the victim to make a strength check. Failure means the whip has encircled the victim. Those so caught can do nothing

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but try to break free. Also, the Balor will draw the opponent into his flaming body, doing a total of 3d6 damage (from the flame on the whip and the flame of the creature's body). After being burned for one round, the whip will release the victim. During this round, the Balor only gets his attack from the sword he carries.

IN AIHRDE

Ornduhl forged the balor of his own flesh, one of the few creatures he created. He instilled in them a rage at all things in the world and gave them the gift of fire, that they could unleash their craving for destruction. They served the Red God for many years, and ruled in Aihrde as Kings during his long reign. They longingly remember those days of holding such power, despising their current roles within the Wretched Plains.

DEMON, BUER (LORD)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 36 (d10) (210 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 60 ft.	TREASURE: 36
SAVES: M, P	XP: 90,350+36
MOVE: 60 ft.	
ATTACKS: Slam × 5 (1d10), Bite (3d6), Hoof Strike (4d12)	
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Breath Weapon, Fear Aura, Immunity (Weapons +3), Spell-Like Abilities, SR 17, Summon Demon, Vulnerability (Iron), Weapon (+3), Wisdom Drain,	

Buer is monstrous in size, over 30 feet tall, from hoof to misshapen hoof. The demonic face of a man surrounded by a mane of wild hair, not unlike a lion's, perches atop a ball of goat legs that spring from a knot of bone and flesh where his shoulders should be. But the legs, six of them, are misplaced, for though he always walks on two, the other three jut up from his back like mighty horns. His legs are constantly moving, kicking and twitching, scratching the empty air with cloven hooves. He is able to walk on all, doing so with a wild spinning motion, or more unnaturally, flinging the legs over his head and running in a tumbling motion. His face is always contorted with a wicked smile, his mouth filled with rotted teeth and bleeding gums, breath foul to the point of deadly. His eyes large, wide and lidless, forever staring at those in front of him.

Buer dwells in the abyssal planes far from the haunts of other creatures. His palace is nothing more than a deep pit, for when in repose he lies upon his backside and kicks his legs like a dying mule. His eternal kicking has dug a great pit into the ground and here he lies in wait for supplicants to entreat him for favors or servitude. Littered about him are his treasures and the bones of those he has slain or who have fallen into the pit and perished. Buer has no throne, nor does he feast, or drink or enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. His is a twisted world of chaos and disorder, of disease and chance.

The pit itself is populated with lesser demons, genitch beetles, sakimal plants, ondesnegl and other foul creatures who crawl through the waste feeding on the damned and the dying and each other. Buel pays no attention to them, often slaying them on sight. The exception to Buer's wrath are the buhlen demons. These creatures abound in his pit and serve him without question. He relishes their particular brand of cruelty and so finds comfort and inspiration in their company.

He is a creature who fancies himself a philosopher and intellectual who can speak at length on such topics as natural and moral philosophy. However, his is not a great mind for Buer fixates on the flaws of sentient creatures, on their lusts and greed, and he recognizes no other motivation. He applies this to all conditions of life. To him those who fail to recognize these weaknesses are delusional and addled in the brain, for creatures are driven by their own selfish desires, nothing more. Buer's subtlety weakens the resolve of those of lesser intellect, those who cannot see beyond the greed and recognize conditions of fortitude driven by the notions of what is right and wrong.

COMBAT: Buer does not often combat his foes but rather summons buhlen demons to fight for him. If pressed he drops onto his back, casting *earthquake*. After that, he chaotically spins and kicks, striking any one, or multiple foes, with his hooves. He can strike any single opponent up to three times while spinning. While he is doing this, he attacks with his breath weapon, the cloud settles around him, striking any in range

ALTERNATE FORM: He is able to assume the shape of any animal or humanoid creature, remaining indefinitely in the chosen form.

BREATH WEAPON: Buer is able to send out a cloud of fetid breath, replete with the stench of death and rot. The cloud engulfs anyone up to 60 feet from the demon lord. Everyone caught in the breath must make a successful dexterity save or suffer 10d6 points of damage. A successful save reduces the damage by half.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds the demon. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in the presence of the demon to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of the demon, or even look upon it. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as the demon is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

HOOF STRIKE: Buer is able to rise up on two legs and launch an attack over his head with two of his other legs. If he does this, it counts as one attack. If successful the damage is 4d12.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Buer is able to cast any of the following spells once a day as a 25th level caster: *disjunction*, *earthquake*, *feeblemind*, *ice storm*, *legend lore*, *mind blank*, *move earth*, *resilient sphere*.

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SUMMON DEMON: Eight times per day Buer is able to summon 4 buhlen demons.

WISDOM DRAIN: Whenever Buer speaks directly to anyone, addressing them about philosophical concepts, that creature is permanently drained of 1 point of wisdom. A successful wisdom save negates this effect, but will not restore any wisdom previously drained by this ability. If an opponent is reduced to 3 or less wisdom, the victim falls into a catatonic state of submission and will follow every command Buer gives it. In this state, creatures that have abilities based on wisdom cannot use those abilities. A cleric, for example, would lose the ability to cast spells or turn undead.

IN AIHRDE

Buer is a powerful demon lord who rules a vast pit in the Wretched Plains. The pit, called the Empty Chalice, stretches for scores of miles and is carpeted in a wealth of bodies in various states of decay and carnage. The damned are constantly falling into the pit, trapped there to be tormented by the demons who dwell in the Empty Chalice. Buer himself lies upon his backside and spins, slowly for the most part, but occasionally whipping around in a frenzy, causing the ground to shudder.

His birth lies in the long-ago Days Before Days before even the world was made. He wandered homeless for ages, speaking about a deeper knowledge he never possessed. He passed into the Wretched Plains long before they were closed and settled upon a barren region of rock and desert. There he has dwelt, spinning and musing, rising only when summoned to answer some question or cast some doubt on a worshiper's foe. He denied his services to both the Red God and Unklar, preferring to dwell in his pit of waste and misunderstanding.

DEMON, BUHLEN (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 12 (d10)

AC: 24/12 (see below)

SAVES: M

MOVE: 40 ft.

INT: Low

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 14

XP: 7,250+12

ATTACKS: Bite (4d16), 3 Claws (1d8)

SPECIAL: All abilities inherent to all demons, Acid Attack, Healing, Improved Grab, Multiple Attacks, Paralyzing Bite, Superior Vision, Vulnerability (Iron)

The buhlen are large, spider-like, creatures. Where the latter can lay flat, the jointed legs of the buhlen keeps it upright, walking on long, hardened claws that sprout from its lower legs. The legs are long and flexible, allowing the beast to move quickly. The creature is heavily armored on its abdomen, neck and head, though underneath the armored plates do not wholly connect, leaving an opening that exposes its organs beneath. The pulsating mass of this filth continually drips a viscous liquid that burns anything it touches. The buhlen is gifted with nine eyes, each protected by a translucent membrane when the creature is in battle. Two large mandibles allow it to grip prey, holding it as it gnaws upon them. The buhlen exudes an odd stench, smelling something akin to burnt leather.

These are twisted creatures that possess the single-minded purpose to bring torment to their victims. They hunt their prey, biting them and paralyzing them. Once the victim is immobilized, the buhlen stands over it, allowing the acidic pus from its open torso to spatter over them, causing a searing pain as it burns their flesh. The buhlen feed off the screams of the suffering, gaining strength from their torment.

The buhlen prefer to dwell anywhere there is rock or stone. This can be a rocky cliff, or a dark hallway. They attempt to avoid any soft ground or water, as their bladed feet tend to sink and force the creature to fight at a disadvantage. Their homes are solitary ones, for no other creatures will have anything to do with them. Some of the greater demon lords use them as guardians or even pets, but these are dangerous practices for the buhlen are borderline mindless and visit their suffering upon any they encounter, great or small, evil or good.

Though they have no arms, they do possess two long claws that sprout from their head, just beneath their main eye. These highly flexible appendages are able to pin and grab man-sized or smaller creatures.

COMBAT: Buhlen attacks by rushing toward its prey and attempting to use its paralyzing bite. If successful, they then push the paralyzed victim beneath their torso and pin it with their bladed feet, allowing the acid which coats their abdomen to drop onto their prey, causing tremendous pain. It should be noted that they do not devour their prey, and rarely kill it, instead preferring to maim their victims and cause as much

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pain as possible to prolong their terror and thereby heal the buhlen's wounds.

ACID ATTACK: The viscous acid drips continually from the creature's abdomen, striking the ground or anyone held beneath it. Anyone who is struck by the acid suffers 1d8 points of damage per round as it burns into the flesh. If the victim is held by 2–3 claws, it is almost impossible to avoid the acid, they save at half damage (CL 24). However, if someone is held by only 1 claw they can make a save to avoid the acid (CL 8). The acid causes intense pain that forces a scream or grunt from the victim upon a failed charisma check (CL 12).

HEALING: Any scream of pain from a pinned victim heals the buhlen 1d8 hit points.

IMPROVED GRAB: Anyone struck with two of the three claw attacks, once they have been pushed beneath the buhlen, is pinned to the ground. The creature does not attack again with any claw that is pinning its victim. To break free requires a strength check per claw (CL 12). If the victim breaks free of a claw, the buhlen begins striking again with that claw in the following round, even while the victim is trying to free itself from a second or third claw. Anyone held by a claw or claws is subject to the acid attack.

MULTIPLE ATTACKS: The buhlen is able to attack with bite and claws simultaneously. The claws may only strike at someone who is paralyzed, however.

PARALYZING BITE: The bite of the buhlen unleashes a wave of terror in the victim. Anyone bitten by the creature must make

a save versus fear or become paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. Anyone paralyzed by the buhlen is pushed underneath the creature in the following round and attacked with 3 of the 6 claws.

SUPERIOR VISION: The buhlen's nine eyes allow the creature to see all manner of things. It has twilight, dark and dusk vision. But more, it can see into the ethereal and astral planes and see invisible creatures. However, it cannot process multiple images; spells or powers that allow one to blink or create multiple images of something confuse the beast, giving it a –2 on all attacks when fighting under those circumstances. For example: a wizard casts mirror image while fighting a buhlen. The buhlen suffers the penalty against the wizard and anyone else it is fighting so long as the mirror image is active.

IN AIHRDE

A breed of spiders that dwelt in the caverns beneath the world caught Ornduhl's attention and he took them under his care. With a singular breath, he gave them a malice toward the living that few creatures could match and gave them purpose through a lust to suffer torment on all the living creatures of the world. When his realm was cast down and he was driven to the Wretched Plains, many of the buhlen fled with him, though some, it is known, lingered in Aihilde.

These creatures are found throughout the Wretched Plains, lingering on the edge of the greater demon lord's realms. They build nests in the darkness and feed on any who flee the lash of their overlords. They are occasionally found in Aihilde, lonely hunters in caves and dungeons, preying on the unwary.

DEMON, CAMBION (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-10

SIZE: Medium (6'+)

HD: 6 or 10 (d8)

AC: 14

SAVES: See below

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Ambidextrous, Battle Space, Gifted Weapon, SR 5, Strength, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 7 or 12

XP: 960+6, 4,800+10

Cambions are always male. They are tall, muscular and handsome. Most have black hair, but a few have white or even red hair. A cambion is the product of a demon and a human female. Usually, the child is conceived via trickery on the part of the father, but in some instances, the would-be mother is horribly aware of what is transpiring. Regardless of how the child is conceived, the mother will die during childbirth as the infant cambion, even unborn, has already absorbed the depravity of his father. When born, he will seek to kill his mother and feed on her flesh and blood. Any midwives or priests nearby are fair game as well. If the newborn demon is threatened, as it most assuredly will be, its father will appear, if he is able, to rescue his son and, in the process, murdering any humans still standing.

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When taken back to the Abyss, they are treated as slaves by their demonic father and his entourage. While the father will not allow his son to be killed, beatings and torture are fairly common. In this way, the evil that they are born with is intensified. Cambions almost always detest their father, but the hatred they have for their dead mother is unparalleled. They are told daily how they are weak and pathetic since they have the blood of a human running in their veins and for this reason alone, above all things, they seek to massacre humanity.

Once grown to maturity, around a hundred or more years of age, cambions are given positions of power by their fathers. In the chaotic and brutal world of the Abyss, allies can quickly turn to enemies. However, no cambion will ever rule in the Abyss due to his mother's heritage. Knowing this, few cambions seek positions of power and are satisfied with the perks of being the son of a demon. Owing to this, cambions are the only things most demons can trust.

Depending upon the father, some cambions may have higher HD (up to 10), higher strength (up to 22) and have mental as well as physical saves. These cambions are born of Demon Lords, with Graz'zt fathering a disproportionate amount, while others (Oozemandius for instance) rarely if ever father a cambion.

COMBAT: Cambions have few arcane or divine powers, and because of this they hone their martial skills. They are skilled in most weapons, but take particular pride in the gifted weapon that their father grants them upon maturity. They enjoy prolonging combats, torturing their opponents by either bleeding them slowly or maiming them.

AMBIDEXTROUS: The cambion can fight two-handed with any normal weapons, without penalties.

BATTLE SPACE: A cambion has control over their battle space. Through the use of peripheral vision, the anticipation of their rival's maneuvers, and a clear understanding of the advantages and limitations of their equipment, cambions have a keen, almost instinctive, understanding of their battle space.

Because of this, they are able to coordinate their own defensive and offensive actions in such a way that if they carry a second weapon, use a shield, or even use something as simple as a chair leg, they can use it defensively, without it affecting the use of their primary weapon. This grants the cambion a +1 bonus to their AC. This bonus does not apply if the cambion is using any two-handed weapon. It does stack with the shield bonus, so use of a shield and battle space would grant +2 bonus to AC, +1 for the shield and +1 for the battle space ability. The battle space ability also grants them dodge +3, disengage -1, evade +5, flank +2, and a rear attack +3.

GIFTED WEAPONS: Each wields a weapon gifted by their father, but this weapon will vary according to the giver. Most are magical and carry at least a +3 bonus, some have further magical properties. It is not uncommon to find a cambion with a bane weapon, a feathered-edge weapon, or even a vorpal blade. The CK will need to decide upon a weapon prior to any encounter. Most, however, wield +3 bastard swords. In combat, they attack humans above all others, with human females taking precedence over all others.

STRENGTH: All cambions have an 18 or higher strength and are master warriors, giving them a +3 to hit and +3 to damage with a weapon they use. Some, as noted above, have a 22, granting them a +5 to hit and +5 to damage.

IN AIHRDE

In the Wretched Plains, cambions are slaves to their fathers and so are forever seeking to cross over to Aihirde. They will use whatever means necessary to cross over, binding themselves to wizards or priests, answering a summons, etc.

In Aihirde, they are seen as abominations by the free peoples of the world, particularly the peasantry, as they are believed to have special connections with the old, dark gods, most notably the Red God. If discovered, cambions are slain, and gutted, their bodies then stuffed with salt and buried. The salt binds the creature's spirit to the world so that it can never return to the Wretched Plains.

DEMON, CARATON (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Medium
HD: 8 (d10)
AC: 18
SAVES: P
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Bite (2d6)
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Energy Drain, Animate Dead, Spell-like Abilities, SR 2, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Average
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: 8
XP: 1,525+8



Caraton are short, squat creatures with no discernible eyes or nose. They do, however, possess a large mouth lined with hundreds of sharp teeth. They have large hands, pot-bellies and thick legs ending in large three-toed feet. They wear only rags and never wear shoes. Their skin is a mottled yellow and the beast reeks of the breath expelled by lungs heavy with decay and death. Despite their odd appearance, they are deadly and horrific.

While most souls arriving in the Abyss are forced into servitude as manes, a select few are transformed into caratons. They are sent back to their home plane for the sole mission of creating the undead. Sages theorize that they have a 'quota' to fill and, once fulfilled, they are sent back to the Abyss to be slaves for Orcus himself. Why these select few are chosen, no one knows, save possibly Orcus.

Many caraton are sent back to their homeland with their knowledge and memory intact, where they often attempt to settle any debts by exacting revenge upon those they hated in life. Many caraton avoid direct contact with their enemies, choosing to inflict suffering and the pain of undeath upon those close to their rivals. It is not unheard of for a caraton to stake out a town and slowly kill stragglers over several months.

The creatures travel alone, though they are almost always found near villages, cities or other places where there are many dead.

They hide in the daylight hours, within a crypt, cellar, sewer or similar place where people rarely go. They creep out at night, haunting alleys, cemeteries, mortuaries, etc. in search of the dead. At times, the caraton marks those it animates, usually only a creature it is fond of or one that summons some memory from its past. The mark is a simple design, or letter, but usually something that connects it to the world it once knew.

The creatures are fond of tormenting the living and at times slaying them to further their quotas. When they do, they enjoy trophies taken from their kills; small pieces of magic, rings, gems and similar items. These they carry in folds of flesh beneath their belly. For this reason, when rolling treasure they have at least one small magic item, and a further 60% chance of having 1d2 additional items.

COMBAT: Caraton always fight alone and are never found in groups. Their preferred methodology is to attack single individuals, normally in desolate places. Lone travelers at night or lost children are favorites. When engaged, they will not flee from any combat. Once the fight is afoot, the caraton will attack a single creature until it is dead. They attack only with their savage bite with each successful hit inflicting 2d6 points of damage.

ENERGY DRAIN: Upon a successful bite the caraton drains the victim of one level, which in turn heals the caraton for 1d8 hit points. The victim is allowed a constitution save, which, if successful, negates the energy drain. If a victim falls to a caraton, either by loss of hit points or loss of levels, they cannot be resurrected or raised by normal methods. Short of a *wish* spell, they are irrevocably dead. The victim's soul will be whisked away to the Abyss while their body will be animated as an undead using the chart below:

D20	MONSTER
1-10	Zombie
11-15	Shadow
16-19	Wight
20	Wraith

ANIMATE DEAD: The caraton can animate dead as per the spell three times a day. Unlike the spell however, the caraton retains power over the newly-animated dead, who will obey limited simple commands, such as "attack" or "stay". Also, the caraton can see through the eyes of those they animate. They cast this ability as an 18th level caster.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They have the following spell-like abilities: *cause serious wounds* (2/day), *curse* (3/day), *darkness* (2/day), *ethereal jaunt* (1/day), *unhallow* (1/day). They cast these spells as a 10th level cleric.

IN AIHRDE

These odd creatures are rare in the Wretched Plains, more often found in the world of the living. They are creatures of Ornduhl's fashioning, made to bind the dead to the world and

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keep their souls from the Endless Pools or the Stone Fields. They are feared and most cemeteries, temples, churches, mausoleums and similar areas are set with guards and wards to keep the creatures out.

DEMON, COMPAE (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Large (9')
HD: 8 (d10)
AC: 32
SAVES: P, M
MOVE: 60 ft.
ATTACKS: Weapon (see below)
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Enchanted Saliva, Unnatural Speed, Freedom of Movement, SR 12, Vulnerability (Iron)



Each compae stands almost nine feet tall, but are quite slender and agile. They wear tight-fitting leather armor of deep red, which looks only more crimson against their alabaster white skin. They are hairless, genderless creatures with large eyes and two great, black horns that grow at odd angles from their temples. They have no nose, just two small slits where a nose should be. Likewise, their mouth is devoid of lips and is also just a slit seemingly carved into their face. They rarely speak, but when they do it is just a hoarse whisper. Most compae carry two weapons and can fight with no penalty while using this fighting

mode. Surprisingly, they rarely carry magic weapons, relying on their natural skill and abilities to win any fight.

The compae is a fearsome creature that dwells in the deeps of the Abyss. There are only fifty of these creatures known to exist. Each one harbors a deep and untenable hatred for all things, but holds its deepest hatred for those of its own kind. They are ferocious creatures whose malice manifests itself in an unparalleled level of lust for war. For this reason, some Demon Lords recruit compae to attack their enemies, on their home plane as well as distant planes. It is said their favorite food is the blood of humans.

COMBAT: Compae will normally strike quickly and with no fanfare. They expect no quarter, nor do they give any. The compae will always gain a +4 to all initiative rolls. When they do attack, they get double the normal attacks (so, when using two weapons, they get two attacks with each for a total of four attacks). This unnatural speed also contributes to their high Armor Class. When attacking, compae focus on fighter-class opponents first (i.e. fighters, rangers, paladins, et al).

ENCHANTED SALIVA: After a few rounds of combat, the compae spend one full round licking their weapons with their long, black tongues. This coats their weapons with a random benefit. When the compae use this ability, roll on the table below:

D20	EFFECT
1-5	Weapons gains +1 to hit and damage for 2d4 rounds
6-10	Weapon gains + 3 to hit and damage for 2d4 rounds
11-15	Weapons gains +5 to hit and damage for 2d4 rounds
16-18	Weapon gains the Puncturing quality for 2d4 rounds
19-20	Weapon gains the Featheredged quality for 2d4 rounds

(Puncturing and Featheredged qualities can be found in detail in **Monsters & Treasure**).

UNNATURAL SPEED: Compae are unnaturally fast and receive a +4 to initiative rolls, double the normal attacks and a high armor class due to their unnatural speed. They also receive a +5 bonus to all attribute checks that would normally take speed or dexterity into consideration. If a successful ranged attack is scored on a compae, it is allowed a dexterity check to dodge the incoming missile weapon. If the compae is wielding only one weapon, they can catch the missile weapon if the dexterity check succeeds by more than 5. On a natural 20 the missile weapon can be thrown back at its attacker as a free attack.

FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT: The compae can never be held, paralyzed or otherwise held rigid during battle. If any such spell

is cast upon them, they are allowed an ability check (or a second ability check if the spell itself allows one). A success means the spell has no effect. A failure means the compae has been slowed down to normal speed. If this occurs, they roll initiative as normal, get only a single attack and gain an AC of 27. This will sustain for the duration of the spell or 2d4 rounds, whichever is less.

Compae relish melee combat and love the feel of blood upon their flesh and the taste of blood during battle. It is for this reason that they never use their enchanted saliva before combat begins. They will wait until their opponent's blood has tasted their weapon before licking it, thereby coating the weapon with their vile spittle while simultaneously tasting the blood of their victims.

IN AIHRDE

The compae were Ornduhl's personal guard. They were his chosen, picked from the ranks of the Val Eahrakun to attend him in battle. They stood at his side at almost every battle he fought.

When he fell, slain by the spear of Corthain, the compae scattered about the Wretched Plains. Jealous of one another and other demon lords, they are not loved by any and are rarely seen. They dwell now in singular abodes, some in great castles, others in hovels, scattered across the Wretched Plains.

DEMON, CRONE (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: High
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 9 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 25	TREASURE: 9
SAVES: M	XP: 4,200+9
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: Bite (1d12), Claw (1d10)	
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Alter Form, Charming Gaze, Divine Beauty, Regeneration 2, Rend, SR 5, Stench, Vulnerability (Iron), Weapons +1	

The crone takes two forms. Her natural form is that of an old woman, wrapped in a beggar's cloth. Her skin is gray and sags from her bones like dying moss from a swamp tree. Her eyes are wide and sunken and misshapen, pushing against the sockets of her skull as if straining to break free. A long nose courts her chapped and broken lips that in turn shroud her blackened, stained teeth broken into shards that resemble fangs. Her limbs are long and thin and decayed with age and abuse. Her nails are unkempt, chipped and jagged. Her clothes are rife with fleas and other vermin, stained as they are with the filth of her feasts and her own excrement. The smell that rises from the crone is enough to make one gag. This form she hides from all and sundry, by her masquerade mask, which she keeps up and over her face at all times.



When her mask is placed over her face, she appears wholly different. Then she appears as she sees herself, a beautiful woman with long flowing locks, skin smooth and flawless, her eyes deep pools of calm, and her lips full. Her clothes of the most exquisite cut, groomed and perfumed in scents so wondrous that they make others swoon. In all, a woman of marked beauty.

The crone is a denizen of the Abyssal planes, Hell and other planes where the damned go to live out their days. They were once women of surpassing beauty, but who used their beauty for some foul purpose or selfish gain. They have died and been harshly judged. In the abyss they have no master, nor task set upon them, they are only cursed to suffer the doubt of vanity for all time. At times, they gather in small groups, but more from spite than a desire to assist one another.

A crone does not wholly know that she is dead, believing herself to be ever as beautiful as she once was and a woman with means. But they are nagged by some doubt, some vanity that their beauty has somehow faded and this doubt hounds them with a frustration that materializes as spite and meanness and because of this they are wicked and cruel to any that cross their paths. They berate those they encounter, scolding them like a harpy and their voice is like a barbed whip.

They are voracious cannibals, driven by some wild need to eat raw flesh. They kill and eat almost all their victims, even those

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they charm, men and women. They are, however, fastidious in their meals, cleaning themselves before and after.

The crone always carries a full-face masquerade mask, mounted on a small wand. The mask takes many shapes, from the very plane to the decorative. It covers her eyes and brow, nose and upper cheeks. She walks with the mask in hand, constantly putting it over her face as if the mask was a pair of glasses that aids her vision. When placed over the face her whole demeanor and form changes to one of exquisite beauty, her second form as described above. When she talks to others, the mask covers her face, showing the best side of her. In such a guise, she attempts to seduce those around her.

COMBAT: The crone always appears as a beautiful woman, using her masquerade mask to alter her form. She approaches anyone she sees and through use of her divine beauty or charming gaze, she renders them immobile. Once immobilized she kisses them. Once she kisses them she uses her improved grab and bites into their face and rends them. Anyone who discovers their true form must suffer through the stench or be bitten and torn.

ALTER FORM: The crone wears a masquerade mask that she carries on a small wand. The mask is a half-mask and covers part of her face as noted above. When she covers her face, she appears as a beautiful woman.

The mask is almost impossible to detect. A wisdom save (CL 18) allows one to see through the illusion. She must hold the mask in place with her right hand. It takes 1d4 rounds for her to change back to the crone when the mask is removed, so that she is able to remove it and replace it constantly without revealing her true form.

She cannot wear the mask constantly as it causes her tremendous pain which is why she periodically raises and lowers it. If, when she removes it, she transforms back into the crone, her true form is revealed to those around her. In her beautiful form, she is able to charm people with her beauty.

CHARMING GAZE: Crones are able to bewitch victims through assuming their beautiful form. Any creatures directly observing the crone must succeed at an intelligence save or be permanently charmed. If this save is failed, no further save is allowed to resist or break the gaze, it can only be dispelled by killing the crone responsible. In all other respects the effect is the same as the spell *charm person*.

DIVINE BEAUTY: When a crone in her beautiful form looks upon a person, the victim is automatically stunned for one round. On the following round, they must succeed at a charisma save or be stunned for an additional 1d4 rounds. This power affects both genders of the human, gnome, halfling, and dwarf races. The crone may only use this ability if she has altered form into that of the beautiful woman and no one has seen her true form.

IMPROVED GRAB: A crone that successfully kisses its victim achieves an improved grab. To successfully kiss a non-charmed

victim the crone must make a successful touch attack. Victims grabbed are subject to the crone's bite attack. Victims are allowed to make a strength check each round to break free, otherwise the crone automatically strikes in the following round.

REND: If she is jilted, or if her true form is discovered she attacks with a vicious rend attack. Upon a successful strike with her free hand, she is allowed a second strike, she does the appropriate 1d10 damage. However, if she is successful in striking a victim she immediately gets a third strike for a further 1d10 points of damage. If this third strike is successful she automatically wins initiative in the following round.

STENCH: Any creature within 30 feet (farther if there is a strong wind) of the true form of the crone is engulfed by a foul smell. This nauseating stench causes the unfortunate victim to retch continuously, reducing their effectiveness. If they fail a constitution save, they suffer 1d4 points of subdual damage from initial contact, and suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls. This penalty persists until two rounds after the victim is no longer able to smell the stench.

IN AIHRDE

Crone's are rare creatures in the world of Aihirde, but their curse often leaves them outside the Wretched Plains. They are found haunting cities or towns, more rarely in dungeons and abandoned castles. A longing for companionship draws them to people, whom they often slay and devour.

DEMON, DEMOGORGON (LORD)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 30 (d10) (250 HP)

AC: 30

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 50 ft.

INT: Genius

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 30

XP: 45,950+30

ATTACKS: 6 Tentacles (1d8), 2 Bite (1d12), Tail (2d10)

SPECIAL: Standard Devil Abilities, Beguile, Energy Drain, Hypnotize, Immunity (Weapons +3), Insanity, Rot, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 18, Vulnerability (Iron)

Demogorgon is known through the planes as an amalgam of many creatures. He is impressively large, roughly 40 feet from heads to tail. His huge serpentine body is covered with thick black scales on the top and pale white beneath, ending in a scaly man-like torso. The scales of the torso are dissimilar to those of the tail, being smaller and more jagged. Two wolf-like heads covered in long, thick, matted fur spring forth from the scaly torso, suspended by necks that retract into the torso like a cat's claws, allowing Demogorgon to rise higher than his already long body would seemingly allow. His arms are boneless and each end in three tentacles of various length. A foul stench hangs around the demon lord, emanating from the filth that clings to the undercarriage of his snake-like body.



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Demogorgon dwells in a wasteland of madness and chaos where the laws of the world no longer hold true and the land shifts and tumbles into different forms as chance allows. The damned who wander into these wastes are forever trapped there, caught up in the nightmare, devoured by evil spirits or tormented by Demogorgon himself. For himself, he has chosen a deep swamp to house his palace, an edifice of bones where he sits upon a throne of skulls and calls to his minions to gather his wealth of arms, marshal his armies and keep ready for war.

He is a wild and unpredictable creature, filled with hatred for all living things. His greatest desire is collecting souls, which he treasures, hoarding them in prison-like vaults, occasionally retrieving some to devour for further torment. He has a peculiar hatred of running water, fearing it above all things. For this reason, he does not drink, and does not allow liquid of any kind in his presence. Many have perished of thirst waiting in audience.

Demogorgon never eats, never sleeps, and never rests. He is always awake—and always aware! His two wolfish heads scan every direction in an almost nervous fashion. He suspects treason at every turn and frequently slays his own minions out of paranoid suspicion. He gleefully delights in tormenting paladins, and one may often be found caged by his throne, bound and tortured well beyond the limits of the paladin's strength of body, mind, and faith.

COMBAT: Demogorgon always tries to hypnotize or beguile his foes. If successful he approaches within striking distance and unleashes all his physical attacks on them. He is very aggressive in the use of insanity and feeblemind, wishing to disable opponents as much as destroy them.

BEGUILE: By fixing the gaze of his right head upon a foe he can beguile them. If the target fails their charisma saving throw they are beguiled. The individual regards Demogorgon as an ally and is considered to be under the effects of the appropriate charm spell.

ENERGY DRAIN: An opponent struck by Demogorgon's tail must make a constitution save or lose one level of experience.

INSANITY: By fixing the gaze of his left head upon a foe he can cause madness. If the target fails their intelligence saving throw they suffer from an insanity, as per the spell.

HYPNOTIZE: Demogorgon can hypnotize creatures by using the gaze of both heads. He can hypnotize up to 100 HD of creatures in its field of vision. A successful intelligence save negates the effects of the attack. Demogorgon can carry out other attacks while it attempts to hypnotize. In all other respects this ability acts per the spell, however, paladins are immune to this ability.

ROT: Anyone struck by one of the demogorgon's tentacles must make a successful constitution save or suffer rot in the stricken limb or body part. Within 1d6 melee rounds the limb becomes numb and useless. After that the afflicted suffers 1d4 points of damage per round for 6 rounds. The rot is accompanied by

extreme pain. Each round damage is inflicted from the rot the individual must make another constitution save against the pain. If they fail they cannot act that round because of the pain.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: He can cast *continual darkness*, *charm person*, *create illusion*, *cause fear*, *levitate*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *read languages*, *detect invisible objects*, *ESP*, *dispel magic*, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *suggest*, *water breathe*, *polymorph self*, *wall of ice*, *charm monster*, *telekinesis*, cast a *feeblemind* spell once per day, *project an image*, use *power word stun* and use any *symbol* once per day. He casts as a 21st level caster.

IN AIHRDE

An errant thought of the All Father's, Demogorgon drifted into the Void, cast off as sullied and broken. Formless, this beastly concept had no purpose and was lost in the early creation of the world, only to be later discovered by Imbrisius, consort of Narrheit. She toyed with thought and cast it about in her mind so that to please her, Demogorgon took shape. He culled what thoughts of hers he could and once formed, resembled nothing that had been made before. The utter chaos of the beast pleased Imbrisius and she coupled with it to make a host of spawn which she scattered far and wide. For many long years, he served her until he followed his mistress into the Ethvold that housed the Og Aust. There a war was fought between them and Demogorgon was driven from the land and into the underworld, separated from Imbrisius.

In short order, she forgot about her pet and moved on to hounding the Aenochians, but Demogorgon never forgot his beloved mistress, nor the hated Og Aust who drove them apart. Settling into the pits of the Wretched Plains, he conquered a vast region, naming it his home, and began to gather an army the likes of which few in those forgotten realms had seen before. But it was an army in name only, for its soldiery marked the madness of its master and his minions were always at war with each other and their two-headed master. All was for naught, however, for war came to the Wretched Plains, following on the heels of the Red God, and Demogorgon's army was caught in the cauldron and defeated.

He remains now where he has for many long millennia, raging against his own nature, seeking to raise an army to continue waging a war the world has long since forgotten.

DEMON, DRETCH (LESSER)

NUMBER: 2-12/1-100 in Abyss **INT:** Low

SIZE: Small (3')

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 2 (d6)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 16

TREASURE: 3

SAVES: P

XP: 51+2

MOVE: 15 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d4), 1 Bite (1d6)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision, Resistance: Poisons (half, see below), Spell-like Abilities, Vulnerability (Iron)

DEMONS

Dretch are short, squat little creatures with thick, fat bodies but thin, spindly legs and arms. Their legs end in claws, not unlike a bird, while their long, thin arms end in a three-clawed body. Their fat heads sit directly on their paunchy torso with not even a hint of a neck. Their large eyes leak a thick, mucus-like substance. While this gives the appearance of tears, it is not, for the dretch have no emotions. These faux tears line their face and even their chest as they drip down, exuding a sick, putrid smell not unlike that given off by a corpse. The horns that grow from atop the creatures' heads are all different, but each is twisted and grown at odd angles. Most dretch have two horns, but the rare few have more. Some even have but a single, twisted horn growing from their head.



Dretch are the most common and lowest form of demonic life found on their home plane. They never show fear and attack relentlessly in the face of overwhelming odds, never giving or asking for quarter. They attack en masse, hoping to overwhelm any opponents. It should be noted that this is just inherent to them and is not a form of organized attack, for they have little thought for strategy.

COMBAT: Dretch never rely on strategy or maneuvers but instead on numbers and a bravery born of ignorance. They attack opponents at random, but will normally stay on a single enemy until they are dead. Each dretch attacks with both clawed hands for 1d4 damage as well as their vicious bite for 1d6.

RESISTANCE TO POISON: Dretch receive a +6 constitution bonus against poison and only take half damage on a failed saving throw. If the poison has a non-lethal effect, no saving throw is required and the effect is reduced by half. For example, a sleep poison that normally lasts 2d4 rounds only affects a dretch for 1d4 rounds. In some cases, the CK may need to adjudicate the specific effects.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Once per day, dretch can unleash a *stinking cloud* as per the spell.

IN AIHRDE

The dretch are but the foul aftertaste of the Red God's vomit. Foul creatures spawned of his malice and hate, they people every corner of the Wretched Plains and serve all as foot soldiers and slaves.

DEMON, GAANT (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-10, 4-80

INT: Average

SIZE: Small

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 1 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 16

TREASURE: 1

SAVES: P

XP: 26+1

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: Bite (1d4), 2 Claw (1d2)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Vulnerability (Iron), Web

The gaunt is small demonic creature able to contort itself into the smallest of places. Standing only a foot high, the beast has humanoid features, but for its ears, which are extremely long and deep. Its hands only possess four fingers, but the thickness of the claws make up for the missing finger. Its teeth are long and razor sharp. The creature is covered in a bark-like scales which range in color from gray to pale yellow.

The gaunt dwell throughout the Abyssal Planes, haunting almost every dungeon and labyrinth, living within walls, beneath floors, in cracks and crevices, almost anywhere they can slip their horrid little bodies into. They have no real purpose but are curiously drawn to extraplanar creatures, crawling all over them, spinning their webs and jabbering constantly. They are relatively docile until one of their troops is disturbed somehow, whether attacked, caged or any other interference.



DEMONS

The gaunt is a creature more chaotic than evil, for its mind is not developed enough to distinguish complex thoughts or motivations. They do not eat, sleep, drink or require anything of that nature to survive. Their only purpose being to annoy and harass other creatures, living or dead, with their webbing and constant nonsensical jabbering. If someone does attempt to understand what they are saying they quickly become lost in the meandering mind-set of the gaunt as it babbles it's every random thought.

COMBAT: Upon sighting a potential victim the gaunt crawls out of its hole, babbling incoherently and rushes toward its intended target. Its babble alerts the rest of the pack and they all begin crawling over the victim, leaving a web-like substance which slowly immobilizes their victim.

WEB: Gaunts have a spider-like gland that produces strands of a strong, silvery substance, secreted from its hands and feet. Everywhere they walk or crawl leaves the silvery strands of webbing behind them. Every round they can create a 1×1×.5 foot thick mass of webbing that will hinder their victims and eventually trap them. Every round the victim fails a strength save, or does not attempt to break free, the webbing impedes their ability to act. Every round their dexterity is reduced by 1 point. After five feet of webbing has been spun on the victim, their movement is halved. Once they are reduced to 1 dexterity they cannot move nor act on their own. Multiple gaunts can attack simultaneously and the effects are cumulative.

IN AIHRDE

It is believed by some that the gaunt, long a denizen of the Wretched Plains, has some secret knowledge that it can impart if properly cajoled. To this end there is a thriving market for the little demons, often kept in a jar. They are purchased, studied or at times used as entertainment. The wise know the creature is pure chaos with no wisdom to impart, and tend to avoid the creatures at all costs.

DEMON, GLABREZU (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1-4

SIZE: Large

HD: 10 (d10)

AC: 24

SAVES: P, M

MOVE: 50 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (2d6), 1 Bite (1d8)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Fear, Improved Grab, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 3, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 10

XP: 4,500+6

Glabrezu are monstrously tall creatures, standing almost ten feet. They have tight, red skin that stretches over their entire body. The head of a glabrezu is that of a dog, albeit with great horns growing from the top. These horns look ironically like a unicorn horn, made of tight, gradated spirals. A thick, viscous



drool constantly drips from the canine mouth, smelling of blood and offal. The eyes of the glabrezu are constantly scanning, never blinking. A low growl can be usually heard emanating from deep inside the creature's chest.

The creature is heavily muscled and appears decidedly feral. Its great arms end not in claws, but scorpion-like pincers, while a pair of small, human-like hands emerge from its chest. Though unusable for most tasks (i.e. combat), these hands add to the overall insanity of the creature's countenance. During combat, if the glabrezu slays an enemy, oftentimes the small hands will hold pieces of the fallen and feed it to the demon as it continues to attack. This feeding will negate the demon's bite attack that round but increase the CL of its fear ability by 3.

They have a lust for strife, taking great joy from combat and causing suffering in others. When hearing the clash of arms, they immediately gravitate toward it like a fly to feces, attacking anything in their way.

Glabrezu have a herd tendency, joining both their own kinds and groups of others. They are often found in packs of dretch, ezrou and other such creatures, or mingled with the souls of those lodged in the Abyss, hounding or devouring them. They often flock uninvited to the great armies of the Abyssal lords, where their ferocity and sheer joy for battle are welcomed.

COMBAT: In combat, the creature will attempt to grab enemies in its pincers. Glabrezu delight in attacking wizards.

FEAR: Anyone within 30 feet must succeed at a wisdom save or become panicked for 2 rounds, suffering from the same effects as the *fear* spell.

IMPROVED GRAB: If both pincer attacks are successful, its opponent is allowed a strength save, failure meaning the glabrezu has grasped its prey and will automatically do 2d8 damage from the crushing pinch as well as the sharp edges of the pincers slicing into the hapless soul. It also gains a free attack with its bite, which will always hit the grasped victim. This bite will infer an additional 1d8 damage. Ergo, an individual grabbed and held by the demon will take a total of 3d8 per round, no to hit roll needed. Suffice to say, the glabrezu will continue harming victims held this way until they are dead. Enemies are allowed additional strength checks to break free, but with a cumulative -3 penalty each round. If no victim is held, the demon gains 3 normal attacks with both pincers (2d6 each) and bite (1d8).

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They cast as a 4th level caster. *Levitate* (3/day), *polymorph self* (4/day), *telekinesis*, *teleport without error* (2/day).

IN AIHRDE

It is said by the learned that Narrheit created the glabrezu, mocking the beauty of the All Father's creations. These creatures have no purpose or design, but wander the wilds of the Wretched Plains tormenting the damned, hounding the living, and haunting the demons who occupy the towers and

castles that dot those plains. Their tendency to follow herds makes them coveted by the demon lords in their countless wars and they are often seen moving through hosts of lesser creatures like great tanks of armor and claws.

DEMON, HEZROU (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-6

SIZE: Large (8')

HD: 9(d10)

AC: 22

SAVES: P

MOVE: 30 ft.

INT: Low

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 2, 7

XP: 3,000+9

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4+2), 1 Bite (1d6)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Croak of Vomit, Poison, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 9, Vulnerability (Iron)



Hezrou fall close to the vrock in the lesser hierarchy of demons. Like the vrock, they are wild, chaotic, dumb and evil. The hezrou look like fat, green-skinned toads with human-like heads. Their arms hang from their fat bodies in an almost careless fashion as they lumber along with their odd, shambling gait. They have bowed legs that end in flippers with talons, while their gangling arms end in wicked claws.

Hezrou have little capacity for speech and even less desire for it. They enjoy attacking without abandon, usually in groups.

COMBAT: Hezrou care little for whom they attack. Once they settle on a victim, however, they will attack until death. They attempt to rake with their claws (which are equivalent to a +2 weapon). Each claw does 1d4+2.

DEMONS

CROAK OF VOMIT: The Hezrou has a wide neck and mouth and is able, once every 1d4 rounds, to emit a loud croaking noise, accompanied by a blast of fetid breath and rancid spittle that affects anyone within 20 square feet of the creature. Those affected must make a successful charisma saving throw or stagger back from the hezrou for 1 round. They lose their action for the following round (or that round if they have not already acted).

POISON: With a successful bite, the hezrou injects a poison into their victim. The recipient of this poison must make a constitution save (CL 9) or begin choking. The victim takes 1d2 damage per round and suffers a cumulative -1 on all combat rolls and attribute checks. The effect lasts for 2d4 rounds. During this time, the victim cannot speak (which precludes any spell casting with a verbal component).

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Once per day, the hezrou can cast *gate* and summon in 1d4 vrock or 1d2 hezrou. It can also cast *darkness* (1/day), *stinking cloud* (1/day) and *cause critical wounds* (1/day).

IN AIHRDE

Spawned by their tens of thousands in the Void through the mad thrashing of the Dragon God Inzaa, the ezrou lingered throughout the Maelstrom. In time, they gravitated to the Wretched Plains where they have come to inhabit almost every region. They mirror their creator in their love of unmaking and spend the greater part of their energies toward destroying whatever is in their sight.

DEMON, ILTGALLO (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-4

INT: Animal

SIZE: Large (8')

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 6 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 16

TREASURE: Nil

SAVES: P

XP: 870+6

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: Bite (2d4)

SPECIAL: Black Dew, Venomous Bite, Regeneration 2, Demon Traits, Vulnerability (Iron)

Standing nearly eight feet in height, the itgallo walks upon four spindly insect-like legs attached to a squat thorax, not unlike that of a bloated tick, colored dull gray which fades to white at its long neck. Along the neck are small, vestigial arms that barely grow beyond six inches. While they have little value to the beast, they move and shudder continuously, making for an eerie and frightening presence. At the base of the neck grow two human-like arms ending in elongated hands that flex constantly as if grasping at unseen treasures. The real horror of the beast is its horrific bone-white head complete with a mouth seemingly too large and full of long, sharp blackened teeth. Multiple unblinking eyes dot the forehead above the mouth with two larger than the rest. The eyes can focus independently



of one another, glancing all about contributing to the overall surrealism of the creature.

Living on all levels of the demonic planes, the itgallo is as numerous there as dogs or cattle on the material plane. They seem to have an innate ability to sniff out other demons and treat them as allies, but sees anyone of non-demonic heritage as enemies to be slain on sight.

The itgallo makes their home in caves and underground. They are very territorial and will attack any creature (save other demons) that dare step into their domain. A “family” of up to four of these creatures can be found in an area, but never more than four. They have a weird affinity for others of their kind, but families will split and gain new territory once they reach four. The phrase family is used only because it is familiar; there is no discernible difference between males and females, adults and children. Indeed, all itgallo look very similar and sages have no idea how, or indeed if, they reproduce. It is also unknown how they gain sustenance. One would gather from anecdotal evidence that they live on the flesh of their victims, and perhaps they do. However, encounters with the beasts are rare enough to develop an alternate theory, for the beasts would have died off long ago if they ate only the flesh of those unlucky visitors to the Wretched Plains. Some surmise they live solely upon the dark, evil aura that dominates their home.

Itgallo have a split personality, it seems, when confronted by other creatures. Most demons are treated as a dog would treat his owner, obeying commands and acting almost playful. They make a deep, grunting noise from deep within their bulbous thorax when excited. Demons that treat them badly will drive

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them away, but rarely will they attack. With creatures not of the demonic family, the itlgallo are savage and cruel. They will pounce upon any visitors to their plane without provocation, ripping their victims apart without remorse.

One of the four members of a family is always awake and alert, guarding their home. Obviously, at any given time all four may possibly be awake, although one has never discovered an entire family asleep at one time. They have a keen sense of smell and a familiarity with their home that makes sneaking into their domain nigh impossible. When one detects an intruder, it will make their tell-tale grunting, instantly waking its kin. Anyone attempting to sneak into the domain of an itlgallo must do so as if it were a 7 HD creature.

COMBAT: The itlgallo always attack in packs, using pack tactics as wolves might. The one that originally detected the intruders acts as the alpha, directing the others. They will begin their attack by rushing in and biting with their horrific mouths, each at a different opponent, hoping to infect each with their poison. Once done, they will gang up and attack a single creature. This hapless creature is usually the one that seems the most threatening to the beasts, normally the largest and strongest of the party. Once this opponent is killed, they will move to the next. They attack only with their bite, inflicting 2d4 damage and possibly poisoning their victim.

BLACK DEW: The itlgallo continually secretes a foul dark substance that resembles smoke or ash. It is barely noticeable to the naked eye, but after a while the smoke begins to cloud the area around the creatures, acting in all respects like a darkness spell as if cast by a 10th level wizard, however, it is more substantial, like mist or humidity. It clings to anyone passing within it and will be inhaled unless their faces are covered. Those exposed to the black dew for longer than 4 rounds begin to suffer through coughing fits, vision loss and other minor impairments. Unless a successful constitution save is made, all attributes checks suffer a cumulative -1 per round up to a maximum of -4.

VENOMOUS BITE: If a successful hit is scored upon an opponent, they must make a constitution save (CL 6) or be infected for 2d4 rounds. The poison does an automatic 1d6 damage per round and any healing done to the victim is canceled for the duration. If bitten again, and they fail to save again, the counter starts over.

REGENERATION: When on their native plane, the itlgallo regenerates 2 hit points per round.

IN AIHRDE

The itlgallo took shape in the dark patches of the world at its creation, made by the shaken doubts of the All Father's first acts. They spawned in the pools of darkness before the light of the sun came to be. Favored by Narrheit, these creatures are often used by him, for they are forever spewing their black dew, creating patches of darkness wherever they are.

DEMON, KELARONUS (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-10

SIZE: Medium (6'+)

HD: 8 (d8)

AC: 18

SAVES: P

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (1d8)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Breath Underwater, Create elemental, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 1,175+8



The kelaronus are a group of demons that populate the 375th level of the Abyss, a realm dominated by steaming, humid swamps that stretch for miles. As yet, sages have not named this layer, but the residents call it Zaakili, a word meaning 'wet home' in their foul language. The kelaronus hold dominion here as the primary inhabitants.

They are well suited to living in this fetid environment, with their powerful, frog-like legs and amphibious nature. The heads of the creatures possess a wide mouth and no nose, but a bridge of bone forming an inverted v-shape on the front of the face. They have two eyes with a large, green pupil that follows any action they are looking at. The kelaronus rarely move their heads, but use the position of their eyes to keep things in their vision. They wear very little, a loincloth possibly, for it is very humid on this plane.

They all carry crude polearms (treat as glaives) and wear no armor or carry no shields. Many carry small satchels made from fish skin. It is not uncommon to find elder kelaronus adorned with necklaces of teeth from some of the more savage creatures that call these swamps home.

DEMONS

Kelaronus can breathe underwater for up to four hours without surfacing, although they rarely submerge for more than an hour or so, long enough to hunt for food.

The kelaronus are intelligent, far more intelligent than one would think at first glance, and contemplative. Born on the dark plane of the Abyss they are foul, evil, horrible creatures. However, it seems this goes against their inner nature, as many kelaronus seem content to discuss the happenings of the outside world with travelers unlucky enough to encounter them. At first, they are very receptive to outsiders. This initial respite of savagery is broken if the visitors fail to answer as the kelaronus wish or, worse yet, refuse to engage them. Most kelaronus have sage-like knowledge of their home plane and the larger plane, the Abyss. Many have knowledge that reaches far away from their home, as they constantly engage in storytelling and research when the opportunity presents itself. Because of this inquisitive nature, coupled with their affinity for retaining knowledge, major demons sometimes visit this plane to parlay with the kelaronus for information. Rarely, these major demons will offer a kelaronus the chance to travel beyond their home to other planes to gather information for them.

Kelaronus live for a chance to leave and discover things outside their home.

The kelaronus live mainly in small, mud hovels that dot the swamps of their home plane, usually a dozen or so in a mile radius. These groupings are usually part of a larger tribe. Many live in these hovels alone, especially the very old (kelaronus live to be around 500 years). Rarely does a kelaronus house have more than four of the creatures, and this is always a mated pair and possibly children. They are carnivorous and feed mainly on the fish that live below the waters of home.

They do not eat the flesh of other living creatures (with one exception, see below), but will drop dead bodies below the water to create a feeding ground for the fish there. The kelaronus are, however, fascinated by the knowledge of creatures unknown to them and will feast on the brains of their victims in an attempt to gain the knowledge it had in life. Indeed, this macabre practice actually works for the kelaronus.

Although they live a solitary existence with regards to one another, every dozen or so hovels band together to form a patrol of 10-12. These patrols consist of males and females, young or old, experienced or not.

An initial meeting with a kelaronus is usually peaceful, especially considering the surroundings. They are inquisitive and, at first, peaceful. They speak a myriad of languages and one of the dozen or so creatures in a patrol will normally speak a language common to the group. This can be common (or the equivalent), elf, dwarf, halfling, etc. One kelaronus, usually the oldest, will be the speaker for the group, even if he needs to translate through another member. The initial conversation will be full of questions for the new group, i.e. where they are from, what their land is like, food they eat, etc. Fairly mundane questions about the lives of

outsider. The kelaronus care not to answer questions, however, and see themselves as the rulers of this plane and, as such, make the rules and feel they do not need to answer anything from the outsiders. If asked too many questions, after repeated refusals, or if given ultimatums, the kelaronus will attack the party with alacrity. The initial conversation, though not intended, may lead the party to believe these creatures are not evil, and possibly just curious, frogmen. This is by no means accurate.

Tribes of kelaronus rarely interact and, when they do, violence is common. It is beyond a visitor's comprehension to distinguish between tribes or to differentiate different kelaronus from the others. It is impossible to know where one 'land' ends and another begins of these creatures. If two patrols of kelaronus meet, there is a better than average chance that they will engage in combat. Oddly, this combat is rarely to the death but one side will eventually yield to the other. The losing side will send one of their own back with the winning tribe, essentially strengthening their numbers. It is in this way that tribes grow.

COMBAT: The kelaronus will attack without warning when angered. The CK should be aware what the players are doing during the initial conversation. Any party members not engaged, or seem to be doing other activities (i.e. eating, cleaning weapons, searching for items, etc.) must make a wisdom save (CL -3) or be surprised by the initial attack. Kelaronus do not use tactics or complex fighting maneuvers, but attack at random with a ferocity that is scary to behold. They attack with their polearms doing 1d8 damage. However, the creatures gain a +1 to all combat rolls (initiative, attack and damage) per 5hp lost. For instance, a kelaronus begins the fight with 36hp. At 31hp, he gains a +1, at 26, a +2, at 21 a +3, etc.

Kelaronus do not use tactics or complex fighting maneuvers, but attack at random with a ferocity that is scary to behold. They attack with their pole-arms doing 1d8 damage. However, the creatures gain a +1 to all combat rolls (initiative, to-hit and damage) per 5hp lost. For instance, a kelaronus begins the fight with 36hp. At 31hp, he gains a +1, at 26, a +2, at 21 a +3, etc.

SUMMON ELEMENTAL: An elder kelaronus can spend one round chanting and summon a water elemental from the swamp. For simplicity sake, one elder is found per patrol and three can be found in most tribes. This water elemental is of the 6HD variety as detailed in **Monsters & Treasure**.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures were an early thought of the All Father's, fashioned in the Deeps of the Void. They proved too ugly in look and vile in temperament to interest him so, like so many other creatures, he cast them off. They followed the great migrations of creatures to the world in its early days, before the Wall of Worlds was constructed. They were eventually driven out and to the Wretched Plains, but the memory of their horror lingers with creatures like the Coblynau (see **Monsters & Treasure of Aihilde**).

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DEMON, LADEN (LESSER)

NUMBER: 10-1,000

INT: Low

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 2 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 12

TREASURE: 12

SAVES: P

XP: 42+2

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d2), Bite (1d4)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Improved Grab, Vulnerability (Iron)

The laden are foul-looking humanoids whose bodies are distorted versions of a human. Their flesh ranges from pale pink to a darker red. Their over-wrought muscles protrude in discordant knots, with large chests, or an overly thick thigh and so on. Each of the laden is different than the last. They are hairless, and sexless, creatures. The laden have longish arms, with clawed fingers, a long head with a jaw that seems dislocated. Indeed, this is their primary weapon, a huge mouth, lined with bear-like teeth. Their beady eyes offer only a clouded vision so they cannot see as well as they can sense the presence of living creatures.

The laden dwell in the Abyss. They are demons who have fallen from on high, slain by some noble knight, or wizard.

Once they are slain in their true form, on the Abyss, they lose all shape and are recast in the shape of a the malformed laden. They are found throughout the Abyss, wandering its wasteland hoping against hope to regain their power, prestige and previous rank.

The laden is almost completely mindless. It has a faint memory of its previous form, but beyond that, it knows only pain, rage, hunger and hate. These emotions fuel it into attacking any creature, aside from other demons, that it comes across. It does so with a reckless abandon, little understanding that when it dies as a laden it only comes back as one again. This process lasts for all time, or until it regains its form.

As a general rule of thumb, a laden regains its true form, be that a marlith, hezrou or other demon, after it has regained its original hit dice. For every 10 HD or levels the laden kills and devours, it regains 1 of its previous hit dice. When they achieve their maximum hit dice, their powers return and they are able to return to the ranks of the demons in their previous form.



NOTE: Any demon with a 12 HD or higher who is slain, becomes a laden, however they retain their intelligence and an awareness of who they are. They often command the other laden, to do their bidding and bring them sacrifices so that they might regain their stature all the quicker.

COMBAT: The laden attacks by grabbing its targets and biting them. They bite by dislocating their lower jaw, allowing them to hit a wider surface area and apply more pressure when the jaw snaps back into place. They continue to bite them until they have killed their target. They are able to exert massive pressure with their jaws.

IMPROVED GRAB: If the laden successfully strikes with both claws it is able to hold its target fast, allowing the laden to score a successful bite attack. The bite is automatic and deals its normal damage plus 1d8 points of damage.

IN AIHRDE

The laden are found all over the Wretched Plains, as well as walking the Arc of Time, Rimfelt and Hule Rupt. These demons have lost their rank in the hierarchy and even after they have regained their original form and powers are considered outcasts.

DEMON, MARLITH (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1-20

INT: Superior

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 10 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 31

TREASURE: 12

SAVES: P

XP: 4,800+10

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: Up to Six with Weapon

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Constrict, Multiple Attacks, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 5, Vulnerability (Iron)

Marlith are powerful warrior demons that sometimes protect—and consort with—demon lords. From the waist down, she appears as a great serpent with a long, slithering tail with glistening green scales. From the waist up, the marlith appears as a beautiful human female, albeit with six arms. The face of a marlith is always exceedingly beautiful, with hair that ranges from rich auburn to pale blond. She rarely wears clothing, but will adorn herself in a variety of jewelry from tiaras to necklaces to rings. The marlith possess six arms and can wield a weapon in each hand, although they sometimes wield two-handed weapons, diminishing their number of weapons, and thus their number of attacks. Despite their serpentine tail, marlith can be extremely seductive if they so desire.

The marlith are adept at the art of torture. Using their many blades to both kill and torture, they deliver untold pain to those brought before them or whom they capture. They delight in the suffering of others and often serve the greater lords of the Abyss as torturers.

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The marlith are calm creatures, rarely speaking and seldom evince emotion. They prefer to let their victims speak, to ramble on and expose themselves and their fear. They ask questions and make comments only to show how weak others are.

If the group the marlith is fighting has a human fighter with a strength of 16 or greater and a charisma of 15 or greater, the marlith will leave the party alone so long as they sacrifice this warrior to her. If granted, the fighter will be charmed by the marlith and taken away to parts unknown. (This charm ability cannot be used for combat purposes).

They dwell in groups of up to 20, delighting only in one another's company. They are smart and do not prefer to serve others, though will, as noted above, give themselves over to greater demon lords as their inquisitors.

COMBAT: Marlith will always attack those wielding magic before all others, for they despise magic users, whom they consider weak. They will bring all of their weapons to bear on a single wizard, slaying him before turning to another victim.

CONSTRICT: Aside from the multiple attacks, the marlith can grab a single opponent and squeeze them each round doing 2d6 damage. The victim must pass a successful dexterity check or be constricted. No attack roll is needed once they are grasped. Each round, the victim will take 2d6 damage until they break free. Breaking free requires a successful strength check. Victims may attempt to attack if they desire, albeit with a -2 to hit and damage. If they choose to attack, they cannot attempt to break free in the same round.

MULTIPLE ATTACKS: Most marlith use up to six separate weapons and can attack without penalty with each, however these weapons can be no longer than a longsword. Larger

weapons must be wielded two-handed. There is a 20% chance that each weapon is magical in nature. This should be rolled beforehand to determine if the marlith possess any magic weapons and if so, how powerful they are.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Command* (1/day) *dispel magic* (3/day), *prayer* (1/day), *see invisible* (at will).

IN AIHRDE

These creatures were originally the servants of the River Goddess Tefnut, but they proved willful and destructive. Tefnut, one of the greatest of the Val Eahrakukn, had little need for creatures of their mind-set so she cast them out and drove them from her rivers, lakes and streams. They did not take kindly to this rejection and made war upon her, but they possessed no might that could challenge hers and she broke them. But in the end she could not bring herself to kill them, for she was young still, her heart not filled with the hardness that came later.

She drove them to the Wretched Plains and the keeping of Ornduhl. "Here brother, I would that you take these from me, for I cannot bring myself to destroy them. Perhaps you can or maybe even find a place for them in your halls. I have named them Marlith, for their minds are like a sponge, they take in the waters, but cannot hold them." Ornduhl laughed ruefully, for he mistakenly thought the gift given in spite. But he took the Marlith and set them free. "Go now and find what home you may behind my walls. Your people owe me a debt, never forget." It is known that Ornduhl has yet to call this debt and they owe him still.

DEMON, NACURAVAND (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1-4

SIZE: Large

HD: 12 (d8)

AC: 23

SAVES: M

MOVE: 20 ft., 100 ft. (swim)

ATTACKS: 4 claw (1d6)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision, Mucus Cloud, Plane Shift, Resistance: Poison (Immune), Shapechange, SR 11, Twilight Vision, Water Breathing, Weapons (+2), Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 13

XP: 4,925+12

These water demons are foul creatures that average about 15 feet from head to tail. Their lower torsos are similar to large, fat puffer fish with a broad sweeping tail. They have six spindly legs along their flanks that enable them to walk on dry land or the bottom of the sea. Their upper torsos, however, are vaguely female-human shaped with broad shoulders bracing four arms. Their head is similar to that of a squid: elongated and narrow with angular fins stretching the full length and aligned with the shoulders where ears would be. Tentacles drape about their shoulders like so much roping. The demons are eyeless, but their tentacles are covered in thousands of cilia which are sensitive to motion, allowing them to "see" within normal vision range.



Alone of demonkind, the nacuravand are able to travel from one plane to another with relative ease. They occupy the nether planes as well as haunt the deep seas of the natural world, traveling in small groups. These pods do not act in concert however, but rather travel together for protection and safety.

The nacuravand are the curse of many fishermen and sailors. They frequently shapechange into the form of a woman, pretending to be stranded in deep waters or on the shores of lonely beaches, then horrifically murdering any unsuspecting would-be rescuers.

COMBAT: The nacuravand is physically imposing and relishes close-quarter combat using its deadly claws. After they close with their victim, they release their mucus cloud, attempting to blind them. They are able to attack with all four claws at the same time.

IMMUNITY TO POISON: They are immune to all poisons.

MUCUS CLOUD: Underwater, a nacuravand can surround itself with a thick, greasy cloud of mucus, forcing all creatures within 30 feet to succeed at a constitution save or suffer 4d8 points of damage per round they are in the cloud; save for half. The cloud obscures vision as well, reducing visibility by half. The demon can release its toxic cloud once per day and it dissipates after 4 rounds if underwater, or 2 rounds in the air. The nacuravand can see in the mucus cloud.

PLANE SHIFT: The nacuravand are able to plane shift as a natural ability. The ability acts as the spell as if cast by a 10th level caster.

SHAPECHANGE: This ability is identical to the 9th level *shapechange* spell, except the nacuravand can remain in the chosen form indefinitely. The nacuravand can use this ability twice per day to change to any form it wishes, though its preferred form is that of a beautiful human or elven woman.

WATER BREATHING: The nacuravand breathes just as easily under the water as it does above.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures came to be when the All Father fell and his nightmares overwhelmed Aihrde. As such, they are relative newcomers to the world, having only haunted it for several thousands of years. Despite this, they are the best known of all the demons for they haunt all the coastal shores of Aihrde; they are found in rivers, deep lakes and even on occasion in swamps. They are the most hated of all the tvungenos for they haunt the common lives of men, elves, dwarves, and all others who make their living from or dwell by the waters.

During the long Winter Dark, the Lords of Aufstrag made sport of hunting them, and their gills found a place upon the platters of the Master of Aufstrag. They also found a home in the towers of the City of Seven where the nobles of that Empire sought their amusements. For there, many towers were constructed and the city was allowed to take the shape of an amalgam of madness. Each tower bore with it a forbidden fruit of unbridled chaos, which Unklar's nobles came to enjoy. The contests between tower and lord were legendary and the nacuravand played a greater role than any other demon.

All this ended with the fall of the Empire and the nacuravand returned to their old haunts of terror and death upon the edges of the world. In the Wretched Plains, the nacuravand are found anywhere there is water. There they haunt the hapless dead even as they do upon the sunlit shores of Aihrde.

DEMON, NALFASHEE (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1-2

SIZE: Large

HD: 11 (d8)

AC: 21

SAVES: P, M

MOVE: 40 ft., 60 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: Weapon (2d12)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 12, Strength, True Seeing, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Genius

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 11

XP: 3,600+11

The nalfashee are a breed of demon that is, thankfully, quite rare. Of all the various types of demons, these are the least common—and the most deadly. All nalfashee have jealously-guarded names that can be used to summon and control them. The nalfashee are bound to the Abyss unless they are summoned to another plane, they can never make this trip by choice.

While in the Abyss the nalfashee act as judges for newly-arriving souls, subjecting them to years of rigorous tortures so they are more susceptible to the whims of their future masters. This period of prolonged torment also serves to drive the souls further into chaos and destruction, insanity and evil. Once the nalfashee deems the souls sufficiently “broken in,” they are sent to work as slaves, frequently for demonic masters with torturous proclivities equal to, or exceeding, that of their former judges.

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The nalfashee would be comical in appearance if they weren't so dreadful to regard. They are grotesquely obese, with distended bellies sagging nearly to their knees. Their skin is gray, like that of a freshly dead corpse. Their bloated torsos are precariously perched atop two skinny goat-like legs ending in hooves. They have small, obviously useless wings on their upper backs and long, thick arms that seem to hang too far. Most have blackened rune-like symbols, undecipherable by mortals (woe upon whoever succeeds!) tattooed upon their arms, backs, and torsos. Their heads are decidedly porcine in appearance, with small tusks and pig-like noses. Their eyes, however, appear human, ringed with red and bereft of a colored iris, just a huge, dark pupil in the center of a milky-white eye.

While nalfashee relish their jobs as torturers and judges, they all long to come to the material plane and massacre mortals. Being that they can only enter these foreign planes if summoned (and they are rarely willingly summoned), the nalfashee will send small tokens or "hints" to humans and their ilk to trick them into summoning them. One of their favorite tricks is to send rings (as worn on the finger) as treasure found in piles of coins and the like. Each ring will have but a single letter engraved on it. The rings will fit beside one another like the edges of a puzzle. After a group of adventurers find a few rings, and deduce the 'puzzle' by joining rings together (and lining up the letters on each ring), many will think the word that is being spelled to be beneficial. Once all rings are gathered and a name is clearly spelled out, most adventurers will speak the name aloud, inadvertently summoning a nalfashee to their plane. Once there, the demon will massacre his summoners and begin his infernal vacation on his new plane. After spending 666 hours (or just less than 30 days), anyone may banish the nalfashee back to the abyss by uttering his name followed by the word, "Begone!" Knowing this, the nalfashee will guard his name closely and slay anyone he thinks may know it. The nalfashee always travel alone.

COMBAT: The nalfashee carry weapons of their choosing, although they almost always take advantage of their enormous size and strength. Great swords, polearms, mauls and hammers are their favorites. All weapons will be magical, at least +3, and possibly highly enchanted (i.e. vorpal blades).

STRENGTH: Regardless of weapon, the Nalfashee receive a +5 to hit and a +5 to damage over and above the normal weapon damage due to their great strength. Nalfashee are great warriors and never surrender or give quarter. They will normally attack the strongest warrior in any group first, especially a paladin.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Fear* (3/day), *incendiary cloud* (1/day), *meteor swarm* (1/day), *summon planar ally* (1/day).

TRUE SEEING: They continuously use *true seeing*, as the spell (caster level 14th).

IN AIHRDE

The Wretched Plains have always been planes of darkness and madness, where the corruption of spirit in all its forms came to rest. There the souls of those who lived evil and petty lives left the Arc of Time and came to the Rimfelt, the road leading to the Wretched Plains. Passing through the Furthnopt, the gates of Hell, they came to their final resting place, lost and without guidance. Ornduhl, who commanded the entrances to the Plains, was greatly distracted by these hosts of lost souls and appointed the Nalfashee, Val Eahrakun of the Deeps, to judge those who came over and send them on their way. Thus they remain in those posts, judging the judged.

DEMON, NYALKA (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-4

SIZE: Large

HD: 8 (d8)

AC: 22

SAVES: P

MOVE: 20 ft.

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 10

XP: 2,350+8

ATTACKS: Bite (1d10+5), 2 Tentacles (Nil), 6 Claw (1d2)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Acid Attack, Acid Trail, Cannot be Surprised, Damage Reduction ½, Improved Grab, Immunity (Weapons +3), Improved Grab, Multiattack, Psionic Blast, SR 3, Telepathy, Vulnerability (Iron)

The nyalka are demons whose very nature is corruption. A long, thick, worm-like body, with a dozen or more half-formed legs, two long tentacles and a head that blossoms into a flower of clawed appendages, surrounding a mouth that reeks of a pestilence only Hell could mimic. Rings of eyes sprout beneath the appendages, misshapen, colorless and dull. These allow the nyalka to see in multiple directions. Its body is a greenish gray, though it changes colors, and continuously secretes a foul, thick fluid. Stubby growths on its end allow it to cling to most surfaces.

The beasts take up residence almost anywhere, using their own filth and the dissolved flesh of their victims to create a nest. A plethora of fungi, from small molds to huge toadstools, grow in the remains, spreading quickly until a small forest of thick-trunked mushrooms, puffballs, rusts, yeasts, and molds abound. The nyalka settle into their nests, awaiting their next prey. These forests are found in open country in the Wretched Plains,

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or rarely on the material, or in caves, dungeons, old castles, anywhere the creature settles. They can cling to the roof or a wall as easily as the floor.

Nyalka serve little purpose beyond delivering pain to those who come near them. They strike from hiding, biting their victims and vomiting acid upon them, melting away flesh and tissue, burning blood to a dried crisp, maiming muscles and scarring bone. Once their acid attack is complete they drop their victims and turn to another. Most who encounter the nyalka flee, maimed and suffering unimaginable pains from their wounds. There is no other purpose in their attacks. They require no sustenance, they harbor no grudges nor desires to kill, only to maim and wound.

The Nyalka constantly generates small egg-like sacs contained within its acid breath. These sacs cling to exposed wounds, flesh, or bone. Within 1d4 rounds, unless a cure disease spell is cast upon them the sacs dissolve into the flesh and release a tiny larva into the victim's flesh or blood stream. In two weeks, the larvae grow to about two inches long, at which point it starts moving, burrowing through the flesh until it can break free. It usually does 1–2 points of damage and takes several hours to leave the host. Once it leaves the host, it crawls somewhere and begins hunting.

COMBAT: The nyalka is a slow-moving beast that strikes its prey from hiding. When potential prey comes into view the nyalka strikes with its two tentacles. If successful it pulls the victim up and launches its body forward to score a bite attack. Once it bites its prey, whether automatically after the improved grab, or its normal bite attack, it vomits acid on the victim in the following round. Once the acid washes over the victim the nyalka drops it and turns to the next victim.

ACID ATTACK: In the round following a successful bite attack the nyalka vomits acid onto the held victim. The acid causes 5d8 points of damage. It dissolves soft tissue, clothing, leather, wood and similar items. The dissolved material turns into a sludge that oozes out of the creature's mouth and splatters on the ground. The black-gray, sludge is very thick, smells atrocious, and clings to almost everything. Once a victim is partially dissolved (after they take 50% of their hit points in damage) the nyalka drops them. Note that it scars bone and metal, but does not dissolve it.

ACID TRAIL: Anyone who falls or steps in the sludge created by the acid attack must make a dexterity saving throw or suffer 2d8 points of damage. Upon a successful save the damage is halved.

CANNOT BE SURPRISED: Due to its multiple eyes the nyalka cannot be surprised.

IMPROVED GRAB: When a nyalka strikes with its tentacles, it wraps them around the victim. They cause no damage. The victim must make a successful strength save to escape the constricting hold. The victim can attempt to break free of the hold every round by making additional strength saves. Anyone held suffers an automatic bite attack in the following round.

MULTIPLE ATTACKS: The nyalka can attack multiple times during a round, using its two tentacles to grab one or two targets. If it grabs one target, the nyalka can bite, attack with six claws and vomit it acid on the target. If it grabs two targets it can attack one with six claws and the other with the bite/acid attack.

PSIONIC BLAST: Any single creature with an intelligence score (for creatures not rated for intelligence, anything with mental prime) within 60 feet can be subjected to this attack. The nyalka unleashes a telepathic wave of nightmarish scenes that envision the half-dissolved bodies of its victims screaming in pain. If the creature fails its intelligence save, it suffers 1d4 points of temporary intelligence loss. This ability can be negated by use of a *heal* or a *wish* spell. The creature can only use this attack against a victim once.

TELEPATHY: Nyalka are able to communicate with any intelligent creature within 100 feet telepathically. They are able to read surface thoughts, and can concentrate on a specific creature for three rounds to reveal its alignment, class, level or hit dice, and whether or not it is being truthful.

IN AIHRDE

The nyalka are creatures spawned of the waste of Huadun, the five-headed guardian of the Furthnopt. Her corruptions were such that she could not contain them and they spilled from her and into the Wretched Plains. From this the nyalka worms arose, crawling from the filth and into the Abyss beyond. They have come to populate the whole of that realm. They also found their way into Aufstrag, infesting that foul fortress as well. Some few have spilled into the material world from Aufstrag, so they are not unknown to men in Aenoch.

DEMONS

DEMON, OOZEMANDIUS (LORD)

NUMBER: 1

INT: Genius

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 22 (d10)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 30

TREASURE: 10

SAVES: M, P

XP: 37,750+22

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 4 Pseudopods (2d4 each)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Detect Invisible, Disease, Immunity (Disease), Immunity (Poison), SR 15, Stench, Summon Monster, Telekinesis, Vulnerability (Iron)

Oozemandius, also known as the Slime Lord, is the demon lord who presides over all slimes, jellies, oozes and other various filth. In his natural state, he is a huge column (standing upwards of 18') of ooze, slime, sludge and debris. At all times, he drips pieces of goo and filth, only to have them rejoin of their own accord. A horrible stench permeates the area around Oozemandius, forcing all about him to succeed in a constitution save or suffer a -3 to all rolls. Atop this pile of filth is the Slime Lord's 'head', which has three dark holes at various points that act as eyes. These holes slither about giving the creature a full 360 degree view. His great maw opens and closes seemingly at random, sometimes uttering vile words in a variety of languages, his black tongue licking the dripping filth from his face. Oozemandius moves by using his slime to scurry about; he has no feet or legs of which to speak. Up to four pseudopods snake from his torso at all times, often flapping wildly about.

All demons are chaotic as well as evil, but it is typically their evilness which defines them. While indeed Oozemandius is horribly evil, it is instead chaos that defines him. Despite being a highly intelligent entity (as are all demons), Oozemandius instead embraces his feral, chaotic nature. He never makes alliances and rarely even speaks.

COMBAT: He is rarely cunning, rather attacking savagely and fiercely. Oozemandius prefers to spread his attacks among multiple creatures, hoping to infect them all with diseases. He will attack without provocation, even to those who seek friendship or those who wish to humble themselves before him.

COMBAT MANEUVERS: He can never be flanked or surprised.

DETECT INVISIBLE: At will, Oozemandius can see invisible. He is constantly affected by freedom of movement. Three times per day, he can bestow *curse*. (He can do so while still attacking).

DISEASE: When engaged in combat, Oozemandius uses his pseudopods to strike his enemies. Each successful hit inflicts 2d4 damage and either transmits a fatal wasting disease (constitution save allowed) or produces a monster. With each successful strike roll on a d6, 1-3 a disease is transmitted, 4-6 a monster is created. Anyone already infected with a disease cannot contract it again.



Those contracting the disease are affected for 2d6 rounds. Each round, the recipient loses 1d2 constitution points. The damage is permanent until cured with a *heal*, *restoration*, *wish* or similar spell.

If a monster is produced, a random ooze, jelly or slime will issue forth from the pseudopod and attack the victim. (See below for chart). This new creature will be of maximum hit points and will stay until dead. For lengthy encounters, many different creatures could be summoned, as Oozemandius gets four attacks per round.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Oozemandius may cast the following as a 22nd level caster: bestow curse (3/day), see invisible (at will), stinking cloud (3/day). Additionally, he constantly has the effects of freedom of movement upon himself.

STENCH: The Slime Lord lives upon the 22nd layer of the Abyss, a land of steaming filth as far as one can see. Offal, dung, carrion, ordure, jelly, ooze and slime fill every nook and crevice. The stench is unbelievable, inflicting a -3 penalty to all rolls to all within 30' of Oozemandius who fail a constitution save. Sitting in the middle, amidst dozens of slimes, jellies, oozes, otyughs and hordes of rats, sits the Slime Lord himself.

SUMMON MONSTER: Once every four rounds Oozemandius can summon a monster from the following list. The creature will be of maximum hit points, and will remain until it is slain.

CREATURES SUMMONED BY OOZEMANDIUS

1-4	Green Slime
5-10	Black Pudding
11-15	Gray Ooze
16-19	Ochre Jelly
20	Stun Jelly

TELEKINESIS: Once per day, by forgoing an attack, Oozemandius can cast *telekinesis*, moving up to 550 pounds. The victim gets no save.

IN AIHRDE

In the Days before Days the All Father crafted many creatures in the deeps of the Great Empty. Many were lifeless and cast off, others were ruins of his vision, for in the beginning his craft was not wholly known to him. It was in those days that Fealung came to be. A creature without shape or form, one that took on any visage it desired. It took the form of nothing and mocked the All Father's efforts with spite and mimicked his every move so that the All Father cast it off into the Void.

In time the beast came to Aihrde, before the Wall of Worlds, and there it slithered and crept about in the dark places, ever mocking the creations of the other Val Eahrakun. At last Mor dius the Green took umbrage at Fealung and lanced it with a fishing spear, driving it through the crust of the world and into the Wretched Plains. She shook it off her spear and left Fealung banished. Thus, it has remained in the Wretched Plains ruling a vast realm of filth and slime. But the echo of its time on Aihrde remains in the many slimes and oozes that creep and crawl in the dark places of the world where he is known by a different name: Oozemandius.

DEMON, ORCUS (LORD)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Supra-Genius
SIZE: Large (12 ft.)	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 22 (d10) (120 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 26	TREASURE: 12
SAVES: P, M	XP: 46,750+22
MOVE: 50 ft.	

ATTACKS: 2 Fists (3d4), Tail sting (1d8) or his Scepter (see below)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Bludgeon, Poison, Consume, Immunity (Weapons, +3), Scepter of Orcus, Spell-like Abilities, SR 13, Sting, Undead Horde, Vulnerability (Iron)

Along with Demogorgon and Graz'zt, Orcus is one of the most powerful entities dwelling in the abyss of the Wretched Plains. He is the Demon Lord who presides over the undead and is always surrounded by these foul creatures. Orcus himself is a great, bloated behemoth standing ten feet tall and weighing close to a thousand pounds. He is naked, save for a loincloth,

with a great, bulging stomach that droops over the cloth, covering it in foul gluttony. His arms are as thick as tree trunks, as are his great, muscled legs. His visage is horrid, a head too small for his great body with huge, curled horns that frame his face. He has deep-set, almost piggish eyes and a mouth full of fangs. Great, black wings extend from his back. His loose skin is blood red and his legs end in hooves. A scorpion-like tail grows from his back and whips around behind him at all times. Aside from a stylized scepter Orcus sometimes wields, he never uses weapons of any kind, preferring to pummel his enemies. Despite his insane, feral appearance, Orcus is extremely intelligent and cunning. There is very little that escapes his notice.

Legend has it that Orcus was once a powerful priest for some forgotten god. The power of Orcus became great, and he challenged all who opposed him. However, his fallen deity was one of benevolence, of peace and serenity who was saddened by his champion's actions and thought to chastise him. Filled with arrogance and pride, Orcus angrily defied his god and called upon the goddess of darkness and wrath to exact vengeance. This she did all-too gleefully, bequeathing unto her new acolyte her dark powers of undeath.

Orcus traveled to the realm of his former deity followed by a horde of undead and the blessings of his dark goddess. A great battle ensued, one that found Orcus victorious over the old, feeble fool of a god. Orcus claimed the realm as his own and used his undead horde as guards as he grew fat on the backs of his enemies. In time, the dark goddess cast him into Hell for not paying her heed. It was here he found a home, turning his back on the gods of both light and darkness, eventually becoming more powerful than many gods himself.

Today, he despises religion in any form and seeks to undermine the deities any chance he gets. During his long reign, many times, on many planes, various cults have arisen thinking to venerate Orcus as their god. Those who gained his attention also garnered his wrath as he angrily struck down all his would-be worshipers. Still, cults to Orcus continue to appear, much to their peril.

The enmity between Orcus and Demogorgon is one of legend. Orcus will do anything within his power to harm Demogorgon and his ilk at every opportunity. While Orcus is less likely to parlay with those wishing to aid him in this task than Demogorgon, it is not unheard of for Orcus to spare very powerful creatures with the offer of assistance in his battle with his rival. This alliance is always fraught with deception and malevolence.

COMBAT: Orcus never wields a weapon, save his scepter when the mood strikes him, preferring his fists instead. He pummels opponents until he desires to consume them, which he does when the whim or need takes him. If hard pressed, he wields his horde and scepter.

BLUDGEON: Each successful attack with his fist deals 3d4 damage and requires the victim to make a constitution save. Those failing will fall prone from the crushing blow.

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CONSUME: Once per day, Orcus may spend an action to feast upon a dead body, preferably one of a fallen enemy. Orcus will scoop up a dead body and rip flesh and bone in a massive bite. Over the course of the round, he will consume the entire body. Doing so will instantly heal Orcus to his maximum hit points. It will also cause anyone 4 hit dice or less that witness the attack to save vs. fear and fall to the ground, dropping all held items, and ending any continuous action, for 1d4 rounds. Anyone of 5+ hit dice must save versus fear or suffer -2 on all attack rolls for 1d4 rounds. Also for 1d4 rounds, Orcus will be revitalized and attack twice per round. Obviously, a body eaten by the Demon Lord is forever gone. There is no return from being eaten by Orcus.

SCEPTER OF ORCUS'S: At times, when the whim takes him, Orcus will take up his scepter and attack. Those struck will suffer 2d4+6 damage and will lose three levels (constitution save to avoid level loss). Anyone reduced to 0 levels will fall dead, only to rise the next round as a wight under Orcus's control.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Darkness* (1/day), *charm person* (1/day), *phantasmal killer* (1/day), *fear* (1/day), *lightning bolt* (1/day); *polymorph any object* (2/day), *create greater undead*

(casting time for this spell-like ability is instantaneous for Orcus) (2/day), *dispel magic* (will negate all items, even artifacts (save Orcus's scepter), for 1d4 rounds) (2/day); *life drain* (as per the reverse of the spell *restoration*, except Orcus can drain levels when he strikes with his scepter) (3/day), *telekinesis* (3/day). All spells are as a 15th level caster.

STING: His tail can also strike, dealing 1d8 damage and poisoning his opponent. Those so struck must make a constitution save or fall into a deep sleep for 2d4 hours. Needless to say, most who fall asleep in the presence of Orcus rarely wake up.

UNDEAD HORDE: Any time Orcus is encountered, he is surrounded by an undead horde with a combined total hit dice of 100, i.e., 12 vampires (8 HD each \times 12 = 96), or 100 skeletons, or any combination between. The CK is encouraged to form this horde prior to any encounter with Orcus. These undead will be of maximum possible hit points and can never be turned or destroyed (via turning attempt) while in his presence. Indeed, any cleric attempting to turn the undead immediately incurs the wrath of the horde and is attacked en masse until the cleric is destroyed.

IN AIHRDE

Orcus was born of Ornduhl's malice in the deep catacombs that men came to call the Tombs Without Hope. His essence was pulled from the Maelstrom and cast into shape and form by the Red God. Bestowed with influence over life and death itself, Orcus relished his power and prestige, ever-striving to acquire more. He carried no memory of the All Father or of anything that was good or pure and was filled only with darkness, rage and spite.

In after ages the Red God found the Eternal Pools and made mastery of some of them, creating the Wretched Plains. These housed many of the dead and came to house many more as ages spun after. Orcus was set to rule over all the dead. His power was vast and extended through many regions of the Plains. He served Ornduhl until the Red God's fall when he took up arms against other masterful servants such as the Demogorgon, and they fought long and bitter wars against each other for rule in the underworld. He did not heed the call of Unklar but remained, warring upon his neighbors and keeping all that he could.

Thus, he rules still in his giant temple, set upon a rise overlooking the blasted plains of rock and sand where the listless dead wander.



DEMON, PARALYTE (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-20 **INT:** Low
SIZE: Small **ALIGNMENT:** Chaotic Evil
HD: 4 (d8) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 18 **TREASURE:**
SAVES: M **XP:** 200+4
MOVE: 50 ft.
ATTACKS: 8 Claw (1d2)
SPECIAL: Standard Demon Abilities, Acid Attack, Darkvision, Immunity (Poison), SR 2, Twilight Vision, Vulnerability (Iron)

These multi-legged creatures crawl low to the ground, their bodies almost dragging the earth. They are able to fold their legs underneath their misshapen forms, so they look no more like a spawn of chaos than a rock. Multiple clusters of small plates, shrouded in rings of coarse hair, cover the paralyte's misshapen body. Thousands of tiny "eyes" dot the creature's legs. From a distance they look like clusters of small blisters, but up close the viewer can discern small pupils, constantly turning and looking about. Their legs are capped with barb-like claws that often break off in their foes. They do not need to eat, though they do possess something akin to a mouth—more like a large, open, festering wound—that moves across its body, tearing its flesh as it does so.

The paralyte are dim-witted demons that occupy most planes. They prefer dry, rocky, hot regions, but harsh weather or terrain has no adverse effect upon them. They travel in clusters, finding strength in numbers. They are able to communicate in a halting and broken form of the vulgate, or common tongue. They remain inactive until living creatures come within their area, at which point they enliven and attack anything they see.

The creature's "mouth" has a mind of its own. It cannot attack in concert with the legs, though occasionally does so by accident. The mouth usually moves across the creature's body, looking for its own target. When it moves, it slithers across the paralyte's torso, ripping the skin and flesh open. The exposed wounds close in time, but usually become nests of all manner of foul bacteria-laced rot. The mouth cannot tear the tiny plates of its skin but does shift them constantly so the creature, when active, looks as if its skin is literally crawling.

COMBAT: The paralyte is a very aggressive demon. Laying dormant much of their existence, it reinvigorates and attacks when anything comes within sight. They are indiscriminate in their attack, often attacking other demons when crossed. If one paralyte attacks, all the paralytes in the pod attack as well, attempting to cover a victim to bring it to the ground where it can be slain more easily.

ACID ATTACK: Once every 4 rounds, the paralyte is able to spit a wad of acidic gel up to 10 feet. The target must make a successful dexterity save or suffer 1d4 points of damage.



IMMUNITY TO POISON: The paralytes are immune to all types of poison.

IN AIHRDE

The paralytes are spawns of the Vulcreed demons. Where those great beastly creatures travel, they leave spores behind. These spores mutate into paralytes, and are universally detested by all living things. Only the greater demons have learned to use them in battle, gathering them in bundles to hurl them at their enemies, where they attack viciously.

The festering, secreting wounds caused by the mouth of the creature contain a toxin that assassins use. It is very expensive, usually running up to 500gp per four applications. It acts as a type IV poison when properly cultivated.

DEMON, PIKILON (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-3 **INT:** Average
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Chaotic Evil
HD: 8 (d8) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 22 **TREASURE:** See below
SAVES: P **XP:** 1,950+8
MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1-4)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Death Wash, Impale, Implant, Regeneration, Spell-like Abilities, SR 8, Vulnerability (Iron)

Pikilon are large, bulbous creatures, which linger in an amorphous state until disturbed, at which point they take the form of a large humanoid with a cavernous mouth in their abdomen which harbors a wicked stinger rather than a tongue.

They are almost always found guarding treasure in secret places and rarely encountered outside in other areas. They can exist without food or contact for years while performing their duty, awakening only when someone other than the demon they serve enters.

Pikilon have a natural extrasensory ability to detect creatures other than themselves, and so do not rely upon the physical senses of mortals. As such, pikilon cannot be blinded, deafened,

DEMONS



or surprised. Likewise, they cannot be the victim of any mind-altering spell or any spell that requires the victim to see or hear the attacker (i.e., color spray). Pikilon have a few minor spell-like abilities that do not require any verbal component.

COMBAT: Pikilon attempt to grab their opponent with their claw-like appendages, pull the victim in and stab the victim with their stinger, paralyzing them and laying eggs within them.

DEATH WASH: If slain, the creature will explode in a mass of ichorous flesh that drapes each person within a 30' radius. Each person suffers 1d4 points of damage per round from the acidic qualities until all vestiges of the filth have been removed. It can be removed using any alcohol based liquid, or magic, but will take approximately one gallon per person. If the goo slays anyone, another pikilon rises from their corpse in 5d4 rounds.

IMPALE: Any held victim suffers a stinger attack. The pikilon gains a +10 to its to hit roll, as if the victim were prone. If the pikilon scores a successful hit, the victim suffers 2d4 points of damage and must make a successful constitution save (CL 8) or become nauseated and unable to act for 1d8 rounds. In the round following paralyzation, the pikilon injects a host of eggs into the victim, then releases them the following round. Once stung the victim may attempt a CL 8 strength check to break free from the stinger. The pikilon cannot attack anyone else while impaling a victim.

IMPLANT: If the impale attack was successful, the pikilon injects 1d12 eggs into the victim. The eggs begin hatching in 1d4 rounds. The creatures that emerge are small, crab-like creatures that immediately begin feasting upon the victim. For

each egg that hatches the victim suffers 1 point of damage per round until they are killed or the creatures are killed. They can be stabbed, or wounded, having an effective AC of 10 and 1 HP. A cure disease, remove curse, or similar spell can destroy eggs before they hatch.

IMPROVED GRAB: If both claw attacks are successful, the victim has been grabbed and pulled into the grasp of the pikilon. The victim is allowed a strength check to break free (CL 8). If unsuccessful, the victim is held and the pikilon is able to attack with its stinger.

REGENERATION: The pikilon can return to its amorphous blob form and engulf a corpse to heal itself as per the spell by absorbing the body into itself. The victim is forever gone, save a wish spell. The absorption takes a full round to complete and the pikilon may not perform any other action that round.

SPELL LIKE-ABILITIES: Once per day, the pikilon can cast *cloudkill*, *dispel alignment*, *silence* and *telekinesis*.

IN AIHRDE

Beastly creatures designed as guardians by Ornduhl, the pikilon serve their masters as slaves, set to guard entrances, treasure vaults, prisoners, and other sundry areas of importance. They are often used in the armies of the Abyssal lords, fleshing out ranks of dretch and other creatures with their size and muscle.

On their own they have no purpose, moving slowly and ponderously, never stopping until drawn to some item or being which they settle upon to protect.

DEMON, QUASIT (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Small

HD: 1 (d8)

AC: 14

SAVES: P

MOVE: 40 ft., 60 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d2), Bite (1d3)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision 60 ft., SR 3, Spell-Like Abilities, Polymorph, Vulnerability (Iron)

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

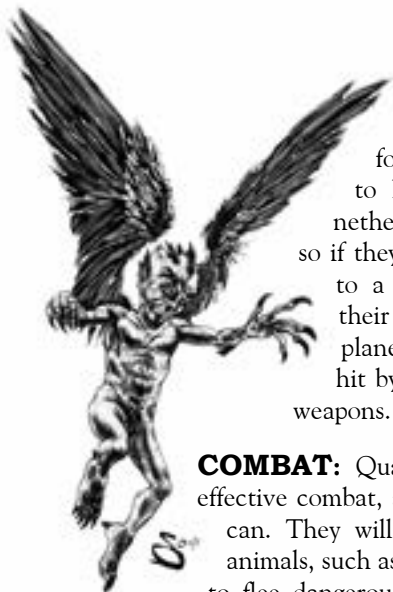
TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 1

XP: 17+1

Quasits are small, spindly, bipedal creatures with long tails and unnaturally long arms. They have four long fingers on each hand: two fingers and a thumb for grasping, and the fourth a long claw of razor-sharp bone. They are common in nether worlds, where they serve all manner of evil masters, but they are rare on the mortal realms unless summoned by an evil wizard. They linger only to serve or to find another to serve if their master is slain.

Quasits are thoroughly evil, and gleefully undertake malicious acts without provocation. However, they are cowards as well. Absent their master, they will remain hidden from enemies



until an ideal time to murder them, or another master is found. They are able to harvest souls for their nether masters, and will do so if they have a ready doorway to a plane of evil. Due to their origins on the nether planes the quasit can only be hit by iron, silver or magical weapons.

COMBAT: Quasits are too small for effective combat, and avoid it when they can. They will polymorph into small animals, such as toads, bats, or coyotes, to flee dangerous combats. If pressed, they will use their very minor magic to fight off foes, and as a last resort, they will enter melee using their claws and fangs.

POLYMORPH: Three times per day, quasits can polymorph themselves into one of the following creatures: frog/toad, bat, or coyote. This ability is identical to the spell *polymorph self*.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Quasits are able to cast the following spells once per day: *protection from good*, *darkness*, and *pyrotechnics*. They cast these abilities as a 3rd level caster.

IN AIHRDE

In the deeps of the Great Empty, the pounding hammer of the All Father gave birth to many creatures. The sparks of his designs, beaten to the molten matter of his thought took upon a life of their own and the quasits and imps flooded the heavens like swarms. In time they drifted to the world, dwelling in all regions of the planes, upon the roads of the gods, the Wretched Plains and the Endless Pools. There they dwell, summoned by those great and small, to do their bidding.

DEMON, SUCCUBUS (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-6	INT: High
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 6 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 18	TREASURE: 7
SAVES: P	XP: 870+6
MOVE: 30 ft., 60 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d4), Tail (1d2), Bite (1)	

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Glamour, Immunity (Elements), Insanity, Sleep, Spell-like Abilities, SR 10, Vulnerability (Iron)

The succubus has two forms. In reality, she is a beastly creature, thin, malformed, and possessed of a horrible stench much like the smell of rotting fruit. Her drawn, narrow face barely

contains her humanoid features. Her chest sags inward, bones protruding through the thin gossamer of her skin, while her stomach distends like a horrid pouch, filled with devoured souls. To most, however, she appears as a beautiful woman, shapely and perfect. Her long hair covers her shoulders and her form is always cast in folds of silk that tantalize the viewer. In either form, she has tremendous bat-like wings which unfold behind her, spreading out like two massive canopies, black and empty. Her wings are conduits to the outer planes; gazing into their black depths is dangerous. Many a man has gone mad doing so.

Two motives drive the succubus: hunger and hatred. She is continually famished, desiring to devour the souls of humans over any other, though dwarven souls are tasty morsels. The souls of elves and other fey races she has little interest in, other than slaying them. The succubus are also driven by a deep hatred for all living things, for they know their race, spawned in the depths of the Abyss, is a failed one and they long for that which they can never obtain: purity and wholeness. That they must disguise themselves to interact with others only serves to further deepen their hatred.

Succubus are almost always alone, though on occasion they gather in covens, pressed into service by a more powerful demon or devil, or by one of their own. Wizards, in time, are able to bind them, but this is always a perilous endeavor, for these creatures are unadulterated evil.

COMBAT: The succubus always attempts to use her glamour to charm her intended victim. Casting herself as a beautiful maiden, she calls upon the unsuspecting soul for aid or succor. She travels with the victim if necessary, luring them into a sense of safety before she strikes. If able, she attempts to kiss her victim, casting her sleep upon them while doing so. She then feeds upon her victim, slowly if possible, draining its life force. If pushed into open combat, the succubus uses her spells to drive off or kill a foe. When pressed, she reveals her true form, dropping the glamour, shifting into that horrible, stench-laden shape.

GLAMOUR: Succubus can assume the form of a beautiful woman and keep that form indefinitely. If horribly pressed, the glamour falls away and the creature's true nature is revealed; spells such as *true seeing* remove the glamour as well. In death, the glamour falls away. Succubus are immune to other form-changing effects unless they wish to be affected.

IMMUNITY TO COLD & FIRE: The succubus are extraplanar creatures possessed of natural immunities to the elements. As such, all fire- and cold-based attacks only inflict half damage. A successful save reduces the damage to one-quarter.

INSANITY: Whenever the succubus first opens her wings, anyone viewing her from the front must make a wisdom save or the hypnotic patterns of darkness transfix them, acting as a hold person spell. While her victim stands transfixed, the succubus must keep her wings spread and maintain line of sight from her wings to her victim. Breaking line of sight will negate the wing's

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effects. The victim must make a saving throw each successive round. If they fail four consecutive saving throws, they suffer a mental lapse and lose their minds, becoming insane and collapsing to the ground, wailing, and weeping. Only a remove curse can bring them back.

SLEEP: If a succubus is able to kiss her victim, that victim must make a charisma save or fall into a deep sleep. They cannot be brought out of this sleep by ordinary means; rather a *dispel magic*, *remove curse*, *heal* or other similar spell must be applied.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *emotion* (1/day), *hallucinatory terrain* (3/day), *hypnotic pattern* (1/day), and *tongues* (permanent). She casts as a 10th level caster.

IN AIHRDE

Created in the Great Empty in the All Father's youth, these creatures proved displeasing to him, for their minds were twisted, and he cast them off into the Void. There they dwelt in a vast swarm of writhing wings and limbs, clinging to one another in hatred and spite, hunger and desperation. When the world came to be they lingered on the edge of the Great Empty, filled with envy. Some slipped through, others were summoned, and others refused and fought the calling of the magi.

When Unklar came to rule and built the Winter's Dark, he called upon the succubus to join him in Aufstrag. Some attempted to lure him into their own evil and he cast them aside and threw

them all out, slaying them where he could find them. The rest fled from his wrath, some lingering in the Void, others entering the abyss of the Shadow Realms.

Intelligent demons, they are able to share their collective memories, each one experiences the triumphs and the failings of her sisters. So as a collective group, they long for life in the world, for there they see plenty of food and an almost infinite supply of victims to torture.

It is said that it was a succubus that seduced Kain the Godless in the Age of the Sorcerers; also it is known to learned scholars that this same creature seduced Luther the Dreaming Knight, and their unholy union begot his son Morgeld the Black Prince.

DEMON, SUCCUBUS SIREN (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 6 (d8)

AC: 23

SAVES: M

MOVE: 30 ft., 60 ft. (fly)

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 6

XP: 410+6

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), bBite (1d4)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Create Shadow, Drain Life, Improved Grapple, Rake, Spell-like Abilities, Vulnerability (Iron)

The siren succubus is a vile creature, an abomination of everything that is natural. Once, human women whose lust and vanity were so great as to drive them to depraved lives of manipulation, deceit, and even murder, these women are transformed upon their deaths into demons of the Deeper Dark: siren succubi. For the rest of eternity, they roam the mortal realms seeking to corrupt and debase mortals and eventually devouring their souls. The siren succubus delights in the absolute corruption of an innocent and has been known to take years or even decades to do so, feeding upon the misery and agony caused by the gradual change in her victim's nature.

The siren succubus can be found in any part of the world, playing various roles. They make excellent Madams in houses of ill repute. They often run opium dens and act if not as the heads of corporations, as the "power behind the throne," as it were, often maintaining a close bond with the corporate leaders of shadowy, powerful organizations. Their ability to drain the life of mortals, converting it into their own vitality, makes them powerful foes, and their high intelligence and canny nature allow them to develop resources unthinkable to most people. A siren succubus can be a dangerous foe indeed.

In her natural form, the siren succubus appears much as she did in life—generally a strikingly attractive female with pale skin and raven black or blood red hair. Her eyes are jet black or deep crimson, as are her lips. She has elongated, razor-sharp canine teeth, diamond-hard, claw-like fingernails, and leathery bat wings extend from her back, enabling her to fly. From beneath

her hair jut two small, rounded horns. Siren succubi in their true form also prefer to be naked, to appear all the more shocking, and truly the contrast between the stunningly beautiful and the horrific otherworldliness makes the siren succubus in her natural form a terror to behold.

In general, however, when encountered, the siren succubus will use her alter self spell-like ability to appear as a normal human female—often with very similar features to her own, but hiding her otherworldly attributes. Only when injured or in need of defending herself does the siren succubus resume her true, horrifying form.

CREATE SHADOW: A siren succubus forever enslaves the souls of those she destroys through the use of her Drain Life power. These souls she raises as shadows (see **Monsters & Treasure**) under her absolute control. Defeating a shadow under the command of a siren succubus destroys that soul forever...though some may argue that oblivion is a better fate than being enslaved—body, heart, and mind—to a demon who has no more use for you save as a bodyguard or assassin.

DRAIN LIFE: When a siren succubus wishes to exercise absolute control over her victim, or to drain their soul utterly, she mates with the victim. This mating can cause one of two effects, at her discretion:

The victim is completely dominated, as per the *charm monster* spell, save that the victim will be consumed by an all-abiding, passionate love for the siren succubus, and this effect is permanent unless the victim makes a saving throw allowed by the siren succubus commanding him to do something against his nature (as per the *charm monster* spell).

The victim suffers 2d10 damage to his constitution score. If the constitution score reaches zero, the victim is dead and cannot be brought back by any means, their soul forever destroyed. If the victim survives, Constitution damage is restored at the rate of 1d4 per day, but the siren succubus can thereafter drain additional constitution damage just by kissing the victim, at a rate of 1d6 per kiss. It is rare for a siren succubus to kill from a kiss, however; she will always know how close to death she keeps her victim.

In either case, the victim may make a charisma saving throw (CL 6) to resist the effect. Even in the case of a failed save, if the victim survives initial constitution damage, they may make a save every time the siren succubus kisses them with the intent of further draining life. However, it should also be noted that the effects of the siren succubus' drain life power are erotic and addictive. Indeed the pleasure gained when the siren succubus mates with a victim or otherwise drains their life is nothing short of ecstatic.

For every point of constitution drained from her consort, the siren succubus gains 1d4 hit points. These gained hit points can raise her beyond her normal maximum. For this reason, some ancient siren succubi maintain stables of devoted slaves who they drain slowly and regularly, leading them deeper and deeper



into the dregs of corruption as she becomes ever more powerful. This is a dangerous game to play, as victims have been known to break her hold over them and destroy their erstwhile mistress when she least expects it.

The upside is that the siren succubus has no real special damage or spell resistance, and can often be destroyed with lead or steel just like most mortal foes.

COMBAT: When revealed, the siren succubus gives no quarter. She attacks viciously, attempting to latch on with both of her claws and tear at the throat of her victim.

IMPROVED GRAPPLE: If the siren succubus hits with both claws she automatically grapples her opponent. While grappled, the opponent loses any dexterity bonus to AC, is -4 to all attacks and strength or dexterity-based checks (except those made to escape the grapple), and is subject to automatic claw and bite damage from the creature each round. She, in turn, cannot attack any other victims while grappling, and loses her own dexterity bonus to AC. Escaping from the grapple requires a successful strength or dexterity check at a CL equal to the creature's hit dice.

RAKE: If the siren succubus hits with both claws, after she bites, she tears away from the victim, dealing an additional 2d6 damage.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: A siren succubus can use the following spells at will: *alter self*, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *command*, *darkness*, *detect thoughts*, *emotion*, *fog cloud*, *hypnotic pattern*, *influence*, *sleep*, and *suggestion*.

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DEMON, ULTHAL (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-4

INT: Low

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

HD: 8 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 23

TREASURE: Nil

SAVES: P

XP: 1,950+8

MOVE: 30 ft., 80 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), Bite (1d4+1), Scythe (1d8+1)

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision, Immunity (Elements), Immunity (Poison), Immunity (Spells), Invisibility, Spell-like Abilities, SR 2, Vulnerability (Iron)

This skeletal creature stands roughly six feet in height but gives the impression of being taller. It appears vaguely humanoid, but for its small beaked head and large, dark wings. Its skin stretches over the bones of its frame like a cadaver and it reeks of death and rot. Scaly protrusions hood its narrow eyes while wicked-looking fangs fill its beak. The ulthal possess long toes and fingers and the wicked claws it sports as weapons. In battle they always carry a +1 scythe decorated from haft to blade, with bones, pictographs, or any other item they find desirable.

These are demons of the most abhorrent kind, existing only to reap chaos and deliver their evil unto the world. They know neither love nor hate, only a ceaseless torment of loss which makes them unintelligible, impossible to bargain with and, indeed, even immune to some spells. They hold no particular hatred for any one people or thing, but lust in the agony of all living things.

The ulthal serve no master, no god, nor cause of any description. They haunt the worlds of men and the planes, hunting only for torment. On occasion, sorcery binds them to powerful wizards or priests, or even to others of their own kind, but never willingly. If they are so bound, they reserve all their rage for those who have laid fetters upon them. They do travel with others of their kind; in the deeps of negative planes, flocks of these beasts gather in the thousands.

They speak a tongue entirely their own which, to the untrained, sounds much like the cawing of crows. The language is simple and not difficult to learn, but few know it beyond the confines of the ulthal's hunting grounds.

COMBAT: The ulthal are cowardly beasts, terrified of the pain they cause others. They stalk their prey from afar, hidden to the naked eye, usually hovering in the air far above the one they wish to torment. They wait for an opportunity to strike and then fall upon the victim with their scythe, otherwise using their claws and bite, rending and tearing them as best they can.

IMMUNITY TO ELEMENTS: The ulthal are extraplanar creatures possessed of natural immunities to the elements. As such, all fire- and cold-based attacks only inflict half damage. A successful save reduces the damage to one-quarter.



IMMUNITY TO POISON: They are immune to all types of poison.

INVISIBILITY: When they are on the material plane they are able to make themselves invisible 3/day.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *animate dead* (1/day), *detect thoughts* (at will), *dispel good*. They cast as an 8th level caster.

IMMUNITY TO SPELLS: They are immune to charm and other mind-affecting spells.

IN AIHRDE

The ulthal are of the order of creatures called the Tvungenos, the unfettered, demons to men. Those whom Unklar called from the Void and other realms but was unable to bring under his control. They predate time, however, they are not of the order of the Val-Eahrakun, but rather belong to the order of the Val-Austlich, as the ulthal were fashioned from the Language by Ornduhl the Red God.

Many throughout Aihilde know of these winged demons, as they are the Eaters of the Dead. In the Shadow Realms they dwell in huge flocks, circling the lines of dead and lost souls who have come to that gray abyss. They swoop down upon the unsuspecting soul to pluck it from the surface, carry them into the heavens where hosts of them swarm upon it, rending it to shreds. The soul suffers immense pain and torment as it is torn and tattered, only to slowly reform upon the surface of the Shadow Realms and resume its course once more.

DEMON, UNKBARTIG, (BEARDED) (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Large
HD: 22(d10)
AC: 28
SAVES: M
MOVE: 40 ft., 60 ft. (fly)
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d8), Ram (2d12), Weapon
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision, Immunity (Poison), Immunity (Spells), Immunity (Weapons, +3), Spell-like Abilities, SR 15, Vulnerability (Unicorns), Vulnerability (Wood), Vulnerability (Iron)

The unkbartig are huge, standing around 8 feet tall, their heads are much too big for their bodies and hang low, so that their chin is forever resting upon their chests. Their faces are broad, long, and angular. Upon their scalps, hair grows in long, thick, dark coils of ash. It is forever breaking free, falling away in small swirls of dust. The same occurs with their beards. Their beards, fashioned to mimic those of dwarves, dangle from their chins and upper lip in tendrils of smoky ash. They are bipedal and possess two arms but these limbs are misshapen. The arms are thick, fat, and long while their legs are shorter than their torsos and bend outward. They decry clothing of any sort but their bodies are covered in thick ashy hair. They have muscular chests and stomachs, but even here the muscle is strange for it seems to have no course or direction. With their small red eyes, the unkbartig are horrid creatures to behold.

The unkbartig are lords in their own right, dwelling in towers built of copper and stone. They shape their fortresses with twisted corridors, mazes, stairs, and ramps that often go nowhere. They rule from the hoof, never sitting down, nor stopping. They walk continually, stomping through the hollow chambers on their squat legs and feet. The unkbartig revel in creating and over time, their dungeons can spread over great distances and possess myriad rooms and chambers.

Through their power and force of will, they command the respect of many of the other demons. These often congregate in the copper towers of the unkbartig in flocks of squawking madness. When roused of course, they follow the bidding of their master, as best they can. They often command large armies of dead souls, victims of their own life's evil that have landed them in the hands of the unkbartig.

They abhor wood of any shape or size and the smell of it drives them into a rage.

COMBAT: The unkbartig attacks as a 22 hit dice creature. They have an effective strength of 20 and gain a +4 to hit and +4 to damage with any physical attack. They prefer weapons of length, such as a bardiche, halberd, or other polearm. They are extremely intelligent and always use sorcery to their best advantage. Their great failing is, of course, their evil and madness; they are forever locked in self-conflict and rarely

attack the same opponent in succession. They have no capacity for strategy or tactics, instead chaotically throwing themselves and their minions into the fray.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They have the following spell-like abilities: *darkness*, (3/day), *delayed blast fireball* (1/day), *discern lies* (permanent), *fear* (3/day), *fireball* (3/day), *glyph of warding* (5/day), *phase door* (1/day, not through wood), *power word blind* (1/day), *raise dead* (1/day), *summon lesser undead monster* (1/day, acts as *summon less monster* but the creatures are undead), *teleport* (4/day), *unhallow* (1/day, see *hallow*). All spells are cast as a 15th level caster.

IMMUNITY TO POISON: They are immune to all types of poison.

IMMUNITY TO SPELLS: They are immune to all mind-affecting spells, i.e., *mind blank*, *charm*, and all illusions.

VULNERABILITY TO UNICORNS: If the unkbartig is struck by a unicorn, or the unicorn's blood is somehow ingested or otherwise enters the body, the unkbartig is instantly slain.

VULNERABILITY TO WOOD: Any weapon made exclusively of wood, such as a club, does an extra 1d4 points of damage if it strikes the unkbartig. Arrows and most spears do not trigger this vulnerability, as they are not exclusively made of wood.

IN AIHRDE

In the darkness of the Void, there was great tumult as the All Father swept through creation. Many thoughts hung behind



DEMONS

him, catalyzed into shape and form, flawed and evil, broken and without hope. Some fled into the recesses in mindless terror; others followed the wake of his light through the Great Empty. In those days the unkbartig possessed no shape, nor any form.

They wandered listlessly, but filled with the rage to hate. When at last they steeled their courage to come to Aihilde, they saw the All Father in the act of creation; he bent over his forge and pounded the language of creation into the substance of life. They played witness to the making of the dwarves, whom they envied greatly, for the All Father seemed to love those most of all. Their envy fueled the corruption of their being. They shaped themselves then in mockery of the dwarves even to the mark of sprouting beards. For their part the dwarves do not see the shadow of their form in unkbartig, but the dwarves are possessed of a particular arrogance, grounded in the knowledge of their own origins.

The unkbartig are powerful demons that occupy all layers of the Shadow Realms; they haunt the world of Aihilde as well as many of the other planes of existence. But in the Shadow Realms they have assumed a grim purpose, finding great pleasure in the torment of the damned.

When the wizard Ondluch splintered the mind of the All Father, a host of passageways opened between the realms; the portals took many shapes, some were hidden, others not; many bore dangers undreamed of by man or dwarf. These portals dotted the Shadow Realms and it is here that the unkbartig gathered and built their towers. They called themselves Guardians of the Portal and ruled as tyrants.

When the lonely dead and damned came to the Shadow Realms, their wandering paths knew no direction, but those that came to the portals found themselves subject to the unkbartig's torments. Some they let pass, others they drew within their towers and tormented them; still others they culled and made them servants. In time, the unkbartig grew in power throughout the Shadow Realms for their armies were large and filled with the conscripts of the damned.

DEMON, VROCK (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-8	INT: Low
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 8 (d10)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 20	TREASURE: 11
SAVES: P	XP: 1,300+8
MOVE: 40 ft., 80 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (2d6), 1 Bite (1d6)	
SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Fearless, SR 4, Vulnerability (Iron)	

The vrock combine the worst of human and avian. They stand almost eight feet tall, though they walk with a hunched posture. Their torso is that of an emaciated human male. The shrunk chest and frail appearance is extremely deceptive, for the vrock possess remarkable strength. Long, gaunt arms extend from the



torso, almost too long for the body. Somewhere along the length of the arm, the human flesh transforms into the rigid, almost bony scales found on the feet of birds. Wicked talons extend from this scaly flesh, razor sharp and curved in horrible fashion. Similarly, the legs begin as human but slowly transform into the grotesque, yellow scales of a great bird. These, too, end in talons, although the vrock do not use them as weapons. Two great, feathered wings protrude from its bony back. The coloration of the wings range from deep red to black, though some vrock have vivid, bright plumage. Sitting atop this monstrosity is the head of a vulture, albeit with human eyes. The eyes look tortured and wild, almost frightened.

The vrock is immune to fright and most scholars agree the look upon the creature's face is there only to intimidate its enemies; it does not fear them. The wings cannot be used for true flight, but the creature can leap great distances and fall without injury. During battle, it will sometimes fan its wings in an attempt to frighten and intimidate.

The vrock is the lowest in the hierarchy of the pantheon of major demons. They are very feral and wild and possess little intelligence. While decidedly evil, it is their unpredictable chaos that defines them. Demon Lords, and higher-ranking major demons, often times send the vrock ahead to kill, torture and eliminate lesser, unworthy adversaries. Vrock love nothing more than death and wanton destruction. In the known multiverse, there are only a few thousand of these horrid creatures.

COMBAT: The vrock will attack any creature it perceives it can beat, which is almost anything. It never engages in a parlay and

will only attack or flee, with the former happening much more often than the latter. It will focus its attacks on one creature, at random, and continue attacking until it or its enemy is dead. It will attempt to flay it's opponent with its wicked claws, each doing 2d6 damage. It will also attempt to bite, using its curved beak. If successful, this attack will impart 1d6 damage.

FEARLESS: The vrock never show fear or even pain. They will fight with ferocity until they are slain. If a limb is severed, or some other grievous injury is suffered, the vrock will pay it no heed and continue its attack, to the dismay of its opponent.

FLY: The vrock can *fly*, per the spell, at all times, regardless of damage to their wings. They can cast *fly* upon others three times per day.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They can cast *summon monster* once per day, presumably to summon others of their ilk.), *chain lightning* (1/day), *gaseous form* (1/day), *invisibility* (1/day), *fear* (1/day), *shout* (1/day, *polymorph* (other) (3/day), *power word stun* (in the form of a loud screech) (1/day).

IN AIHRDE

The vrock are lesser cousins to the ulthal, spawned in the Wretched Plains to serve Ornduhl. They took on a different role however, where the ulthal tormented the damned, the vrock served as soldiers, fighting in the armies of Ornduhl, hounding the living during his long reign. Now they occupy the Wretched Plains serving whatever master they choose or enthralls them. At times they gather in great flocks of several hundred.

DEMON, VULCREED (MAJOR)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Supra-Genius
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 35 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 35	TREASURE: 18X3
SAVES: See below	XP: 46,700+35
MOVE: 60 ft.	
ATTACKS: Claw (see below) (1d12), Bite (10d6)	

SPECIAL: Demon Traits, Darkvision, Dream of Darkness, Immunity (Poison), Immunity (Spells), Immunity (Weapons, +4), Regeneration 1, SR 15, Twilight Vision, Vulnerability (Light), Vulnerability (Iron)

Gigantic creatures, the vulcreed are powerful denizens of the lower realms. They feed on darkness, their bulk swelling in the cool, empty depths. Their bodies are massive, bulbous, longer than they are wide. Legs sprout from their flanks as normal creatures do hair, usually possessing 4–12 good legs, with a half-dozen half grown, dangling from their sides like so many limbs. Many-jointed, the spindly legs seem incapable of holding up the bulk of the creature. But it is from beneath their massive carriage that the creature's true horror lies, for here, a long, thin neck unfolds, extending a dozen feet or more beyond the beast, ending at last in a long, barbed snout, where fangs of various

sizes criss-cross each other in no discernible pattern. The vulcreed is covered in pus-filled sores, dropping off chunks of its flesh as it crawls along.

The vulcreed are some of the most powerful of demonkind. Their dens consist of massive, many-layered dungeons beneath the earth. Here they burrow through rock and earth in a never-ending quest for darkness, for light causes them distress and powerful light inflicts damage. It drives them to madness, so they escape it, feeding on the darkness, leaving behind them an inky residue that does not suffer light to pass.

In the legions, all fear them, for their presence is unbearable to most other demons. They do not command armies, but wherever they go other demons are likely to follow, for in their wake the vulcreed leave utter chaos.

COMBAT: The vulcreed attacks as a 35 HD creature. Despite their bulk, the vulcreed's many legs allow them to move very quickly. They have powerful spell-like abilities but always prefer to battle close with their victims and deliver their range of physical attacks. They are extremely intelligent and are able to discern which opponent poses the greatest threat.

DREAM OF DARKNESS: The self-created vulcreed lives in a world of dark, brooding madness. When they so desire, they are able to cast their dark thoughts upon others. Once per turn, the vulcreed is able to cast a *dreaming* spell on one victim. The spell instantly convinces the victim they are living through a dream from which they cannot wake. They focus all their energy on waking from the dream and will not defend themselves, are not able to cast spells or take any action aside from "waking" themselves up.

A successful wisdom save (CL 35) allows the victim to break free. If five attempts to break free from the dream fail, the victim is caught in the dream permanently; nothing short of a *wish* spell can free them.

IMMUNITY TO POISONS: The vulcreed is immune to all types of poison.

VULNERABILITY TO LIGHT: Intense light withers the vulcreed. Every round it remains in the area of effect of a magical light source, including light and continual light spells, the vulcreed takes 1d4 points of damage. The effect is not cumulative.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They have the following spell-like abilities: *clairvoyance/clairaudience* (permanent), *creeping doom* (*emanates from vulcreed*), (1/day), *darkness*, (3/day), *legend lore* (permanent), *spike stones* (3/day), *storm of vengeance* (1/day), *telepathic bond* (permanent), *transmute flesh to stone* (1/day), *transmute mud and rock* (1/day), *wall of thorns* (3/day).

IMMUNITY TO SPELLS: They are immune to all cold or electrical based attacks.

DEMONS

IN AIHRDE

The vulcreed came to Aihilde as many did, but their origins are utterly unique. The vulcreed, like many evil creatures, were born of dark dreams that stole upon the All Father unbidden. But many of these came to be when the All Father fell to the sorcery of the Goblins; the vulcreed, alone of all creation stole from the All Father's troubled sleep of their own accord. They slipped into the inky blackness of the Void and fled from him for fear that when his light awoke, he would destroy them as he surely would have. In time, when the world came to be, the vulcreed crept to and stole into the hidden places and then made war upon other living things. For a time they joined the legions of Ornduhl, but the Great Bull offered them little

sanctuary from Corthain when he discovered them and learned from whence they came. He then hunted them, using the golden hounds of his halls; many died at the end of his long spear, but some fled into the Shadow Realms where they found refuge from his wrath.

In after days, the vulcreed came to rule vast areas of the Wretched Plains, ushering the damned into their dungeons where they tortured them endlessly. They have ever longed for vengeance and hate all things that come from Aihilde. They long for the Void but fear to return there for the golden hounds are always vigilant. 'Tis said even so that some few of the vulcreed dwell in Aihilde still, hidden in the great wilds and forgotten places of the world.



THE LEGIONS OF HELL



DEVILS



Residing on the outer plane known as The Nine Hells are creatures that embody not only a villainess almost unparalleled in the multiverse, but an adherence to a draconian set of rules and laws laid out millennia ago. Devils are creatures whose minds are bent toward the dictates of the self-prescribed, a law that is built upon a foundation of malevolent cruelty. For to the devil's mind, the world is a terrifying kaleidoscope of possibilities and to control it they must bend it to their iron wills. And to bend it, one must break it, grind it into service and make of it a slave. Thus, the devils see the world. This has led to a hierarchy of sorts, that has developed over time and, while volatile, rarely changes in any major way. Those that make up the upper part of the order may shift, and those at the bottom may aspire to climb up, but rarely do those in charge change dramatically.

HELL

The Nine Hells go by many names. They are called the Nine Circles, The Nine Nails, the Binding Planes, The Inferno, the Infernal Realms and other names besides. The plane consists of nine interlocking realms. It is debated as to their true nature. Some view them as physical planes, connected to one another by magical doors. Others refute this and say they are all realms on one vast plane that are marked by distinct geographical features. Still others say they are spiritual realms, not bound by the physical laws of the material world. Some believe that the Nine Planes/Realms of Hell are ringed by impassable black-capped mountains and beyond those mountains lie burnt wastelands of fire and ash which stretch to eternity. Others believe it is the Void that circles the Nine Hells.

The first of the realms consists of a range of volcanic mountains. The second is a vast desert where the winds howl with stinging sand. Beyond the desert lies the third realm, where the temperatures drop so precipitously that the air freezes and the and ice and sleet pelt the barren plains of grass. All have been turned into a frozen marsh. This gives way to a land of moist, rich soils dominated by large balls of iron and other metal ores. A great lake of fire guards the domain of Mephistopheles. Duke Geryon's castle overlooks the River Styx as it tumbles down from black-capped mountains to cut through the fifth plane of Hell. Its said that river begins in Gehenna beyond the Hells. As in the fifth, the sixth is ruled over by the towering walls of the City of Dis. The seventh plane is dominated by another river that carves a path through the broken country, leaving a trail of blood and viscous gore behind it. The eighth realm is ruled by the Lord of Flies and is a swamp of undead of filth. And at last, the ninth realm is one of firestorms and evil. Here Asmodeus rules from his high towers.

There are no seasons in Hell, though night follows day as it does in other realms. This order brings comfort to the devils and some measure of time, all of which allow them to control their plane. Each of the realms experiences its own unique weather patterns. It rains in the seventh realm and snows in the third. Storms are harsh and violent and made by design, often to

punish those who dare to transgress in the lands of the devils who rule them.

Traveling through the nine realms is difficult for the proper gates must be found and unriddled. Passing from one realm to another often draws the attention of one devil lord or the other. They rarely allow creatures to pass through their realms without tax or payment. And those that do are often drawn into the conspiracies and infernal intrigues that seem to shake the Nine Realms of Hell time and time again. A devil always has a purpose and those who fall into its hands will certainly become party to it, knowingly—indeed willingly—or otherwise.

The flora of Hell is vast, though it is not all evil, for good grows in Hell. Though rare, patches of wildflowers grow there as well as trees in hidden places. It is a realm of law and one of order, but no law is perfect and good, like evil, takes root where it's least expected.

IN AIHRDE: The Citadel of Aufstrag stands astride the mortal plains, with roots that drive through the inner planes, through the Astral and into the Void beyond. Here Unklar, the Horned God, ruled for a thousand years. Aufstrag is over 3000 feet high and over a mile wide. It is Hell. Aufstrag consists of 3 wards that contain a total of 21 separate levels. Here the greater devils ruled for all those long years. After Unklar's fall, many of the devils fled or were driven to the Wretched Plains, there to wage war against the demons for dominion of that horrible place. Others remained in Aufstrag, reduced in their lordship, but powerful nonetheless. Some command realms in both Aufstrag and the Wretched Plains. Refer to **Monsters & Treasure of Aihrde** and all the Aufstrag (A-series) material for more information. There are three tiers of tvungen in the Wretched Plains, the Lutz are the lesser devils, the Qual are those of the middle ranks (greater devils), and the Eahruck are those arch devils who rule the palaces of the damned.

PLANE TRAVEL: Mortals have few avenues to access the Outer Planes. Aside from those bridges or links that the gods themselves have created, prayer or sacrifice may gain the attention of a deity or powerful entity who allows one to cross over. Planar Gates also exist, often guarded by powerful magics or creatures. Some of the more powerful spell casters can travel to the Outer Planes with spells like *plane shift*.

TIME: Time moves normally in Hell. Night follows day, though only a shadow of what transpires on the material plane. There are no seasons in Hell; however, only seasonal weather, usually brought on by some arch devil.

SURVIVING: Hell is a harsh environment and time moves apace. Anyone entering Hell must eat, drink and rest like on the material plane.

MOVEMENT: Movement in Hell is normal.

ENCOUNTERS: The primary denizens of Hell are devils. There are three main classifications of devils: arch, greater and lesser. Almost all serve one faction or the other, a prince, a duke or

some power in Hell that has carved a realm out for itself. There are other creatures in Hell. The undead are here, but also lost souls and those whose acts while alive earned their soul eternal damnation. These haunt the environs of Hell, sometimes with a master, sometimes in lonely terror.

MAGIC: Magic works normally here; however magic that affects the undead (*raise dead*, etc.) is twice as powerful, this includes magic that affects undead negatively.

HEIRARCHY OF HELL

Hell follows a strict hierarchy of lord and overlord. It is one defined by the laws of power and subterfuge. Though her lords serve those above them, they continually plot for their own rise. This occasionally leads to long, brutal and highly destructive wars, for despite their understanding of power, devils are evil creatures with designs that are wholly self-serving.

There are nine realms and nine overlords.

1ST REALM: THE GATES OF HELL

LORD: DUKE OROBUS

These are the gates to the Nine Realms. They are guarded by the many heads of a dragon. When one bests the dragon and passes through the gates they come to a realm that is marked by an ancient volcanic plain. The plain is dotted with small mounds of rock and rubble, cut by fissures and deep crevices. It is miserable and cold here and the wind is forever blowing. Duke Orobus is found here, dwelling in a house lava tubes beneath the plains called the Mines of Orobus.

2ND REALM: HELL'S BREATH

LORD: DUKE MOLOCH

Beyond the gates lies a plane of violent winds. The land here is dominated by large dunes of blackened rock and sand, divided by dark lakes that reflect a night sky that does not exist above it. The waters are often torn by the struggles of the damned that have sunk into them and are forever trying to escape. The wind never sleeps and batters those who cross the Realm. Duke Moloch dwells here in a castle that defies the wind.

3RD REALM: THE FROZEN MOAT

LORD: DUKE ELIGOS

A vast plane of low hills and ridges lashed by storms of freezing rain and sleet. The ground is warm enough to partially melt the sleet, making the whole realm a mire of dirty slush and ice. Travel is difficult as it is easy to become bogged down in the freezing mire of the swamps and bogs that dominate the whole. Here and there large hills rise from the morass. Eligos, Comrade of Beelzebub, dwells here, ruling from his castle on the Hill of Glass.

4TH REALM: THE PENDULUM

LORD: DUKE MEPHISTOPHELES

In the Fourth Realm are vast plains of loose, soft soil dominated by large round balls of gold, silver, platinum and other metals. They are used to torment the damned who are often forced to push them hither and yon. The Duke Mephistopheles resides

here in the Halls of Merriment, that lie beyond the Mountains of Glass and Lake of Fire.

5TH REALM: THE BLACK RIVER

LORDS: DUKE GERYON AND BELIAL

The River Styx dominates the Fifth Realm. The whole realm is a stinking bog of rotted muck fed by the black waters of the river, which itself is vast beyond reckoning. It is difficult to determine where one begins and the other ends. There are pits of tar and other vile substances that drag the unwary to their doom. The river originates in black-capped mountains where the Duke Geryon dwells.

In the midst of these swamps lie the iron walls of the City of Dis. Her towers rise from the mire and are seen from miles around. They house a host of devils, great and small. Duke Belial dwells here, living in the dungeons of his torture chambers.

6TH REALM: THE CITY OF DIS

LORD: DUKE BELIAL

The Sixth Realm is the Tombs and the City of Dis, the Gateway to the Lower Hells. Belial rules the gate and City. Beyond are vast cemeteries where the markers are of stone and carved in the likeness of those set within. The cemeteries themselves are flanked by dark, brooding forests forever caught in the grip of autumn. Within the tombs are all manner of creatures. The arch devil Bael, a loyal lieutenant of Asmodeus, dwells here, ruling the Tombs with an iron will. He lives in a huge mausoleum set astride a mountain of bones.

7TH REALM: THE BLOOD REALM

LORD: DUKE OUSMANE

The river Phelgethon flows throughout the Seventh Realm. It is marked by the bloody waste that coats its surface and stains its banks. Bodies, both the living and the dead, float in that river of filth. The river guards the Wood of Death, a horrid forest of short, gnarled trees with gray bark and green-black leaves. The leaves are poisonous and the trees sprout thorns inches long. Beyond the forest lies the land of raining fire. Here scorching sands are blistered by small embers that fall continually from the sky. This is the realm of Duke Ousmane.

8TH REALM: MALEBOLGE, THE ARENA

LORD: GRAND DUKE BEELZEBUB

This plane features the house of Beelzebub, the Malebolge, the Arena, located in a giant rift canyon. Here he delights in the torment and suffering of all. It is marked by the stench and the flies that are prevalent everywhere. The Grand Duke Beelzebub resides in this realm. He is presumed by all to be the heir-apparent to Asmodeus' throne in the Kingdom of Hell. The arch devil brothers Aamon and Mammon, both captains in Beelzebub's armies, dwell here.

9TH REALM: THE RED AIR

LORD: PRINCE ASMODEUS

Hot winds blow from Asmodeus' palace, creating a blasted plane where fires rage on land and in the water. The Prince of the Nine

DEVILS

Realms, Asmodeus dwells here and rules all the other Ducal Realms. His daughter Glaysa dwells here, ruling at his side. The arch devil Bael, a loyal lieutenant, dwells here as well.

At the apex of this hierarchy sits Asmodeus, Prince of the Nine Hells, King of all Devils. Asmodeus has ruled Hell longer than any other monarch has ever reigned. Civilizations have risen and fallen during his tenure. Great, powerful devils have forgone their own plane of rule to stand by his side, notably Bael and Glasya, his daughter. Currently, Beelzebub is his heir and second in command of the armies of Hell.

HIERARCHY IN AIHRDE

Hell is found in the towers of Aufstrag. Aufstrag is found on the material plane in the midst of the Grausumland Swamps.

The Citadel of Aufstrag stands astride the mortal plains and here Unklar, the Horned God ruled for a thousand years. It is over 3,000 feet high and over a mile wide. It is hell. Aufstrag consists of 3 wards that contain a total of 21 separate levels. Here the greater devils ruled for all those long years. After Unklar's fall, many of the devils fled or were driven to the Wretched Plains, there to wage war against the demons for dominion of that horrible place. Others remained in Aufstrag, reduced in their lordship, but powerful nonetheless. Some command realms in both Aufstrag and the Wretched Plains. Refer to **Codex of Aihilde, Dungeons of Aufstrag** and the Aihilde Expansion Books for more information.

There are three tiers of tvungen in the Wretched Plains: the Lutz are the lesser devils, the Qual are those of the middle ranks are the greater devils, and the Eahruck are those arch devils who rule the palaces of the damned. They all share certain traits.

DEVILS ON THEIR NATIVE PLANES

Devils are immortal creatures. Killing them is next to impossible. If slain on the mortal realms they are banished to the Hells. There, they return to their natural form and state of power, weakened only in the eyes of their cohorts. If slain on their own plane their lives are drastically altered for they are cast down and stripped of their powers, becoming 1 HD monsters with an standard AC of 15. They take the form of a creature of the lesser orders: a spider, insect, larvae or worm. In such a state they run the very real risk of being bound to a devil of greater power than themselves.

Time alone cannot return them to their previous state. Their powers are regained through acts of violence and evil, devouring souls, tormenting the dead, hounding the living, or any similar action. As a rule of thumb, for every 10 HD or Levels a devil destroys, they regain 1 HD themselves.

Devils are more powerful on their native planes than they are elsewhere. When in the Infernal planes a devil will have maximum hit points. Additionally, arch devils receive a +4 bonus to AC, while greater and lesser devils receive a +2 bonus to AC.

DEVIL NAMES

Devils are particularly mindful of their proper names and do not give them to any except under extreme duress. If a proper name is learned the devil is particularly vulnerable as the person who knows the name can attempt to control them. Control is gained by making a successful charisma check. The CL is equal to the devil's hit dice. Furthermore, in this contest of wills any damage the character may have sustained affects the outcome of the saving throw. For every level's worth of hit points the character has taken in damage, their saving throw is penalized by one. The same is true for the devil, except on its native plane. If the saving throw is successful, the character gains control of the devil for a full day. If the saving throw fails, the devil retains control of its own actions, at least refusing to act in the desired manner.

TRAITS COMMON TO ALL DEVILS

DARKVISION: They possess Darkvision and can see all forms of invisibility and into the Astral and Ethereal Planes.

DETECT ALIGNMENT: They can *detect alignment* at will.

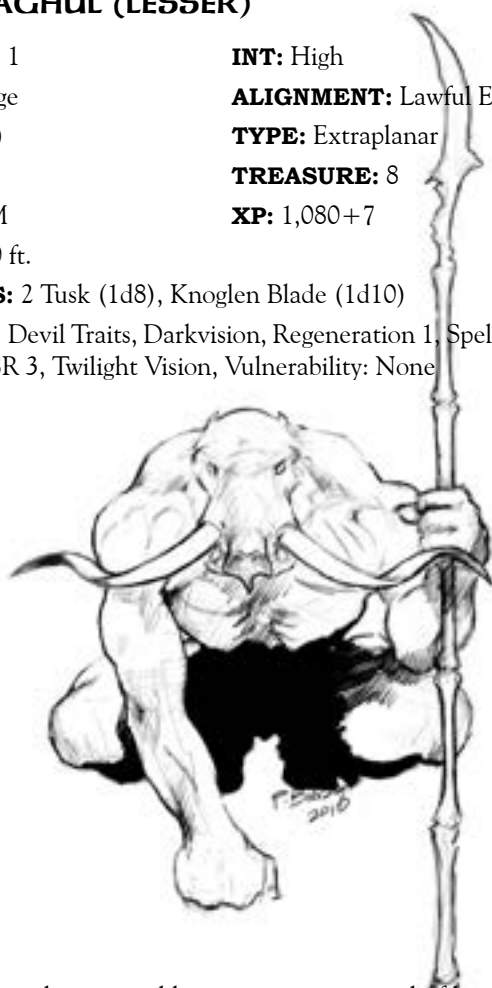
IMMUNITY TO ELEMENTS: Devils are extraplanar creatures possessed of natural immunities to the elements. As such, all fire and cold-based attacks only inflict half damage. A successful save reduces the damage to one-quarter.

IMMUNITY TO WEAPONS: Devils are immune to nonmagical weapons, including Masterwork weapons. To strike most devils an enchanted blade with a "to hit" bonus of +1 is required. For certain devils a +1 bonus is insufficient, and if a bonus greater than +1 is required it is noted in the devil's special abilities.

SHAPECHANGE: This ability is similar to the 9th level shapechange spell. Unlike the spell, the devil may remain in the chosen form as long as it desires. It is however limited in the forms that it can take; the chosen form can be no larger than the devil's original form. Other than the size limitation, the devil may choose any form, including animals or other beasts. The number of times per day the devil can use this ability depends on the devil. For example, the Lutz devil can use this ability twice per day. A Qual devil may use this ability 4 times a day, while an Eahruck devil can use this ability up to 8 times per day. The devil may choose to end this ability at any time, instantly reverting to its original form.

SPEAK WITH DEAD: This ability functions identically to the 2nd level cleric spell of the same name.

VANITY: A devil's greatest weakness is its vanity. Devils love themselves more than power, more than wealth, more than anything in the world living or dead. Clever characters can attempt to take advantage of this vanity. Through a successful charisma check, the character can charm a devil, convincing it to not attack. The charisma check is made against a CL equal to the devil's hit dice. It lasts for 1 hour per level of the character. The charm is not so powerful as to convince the devil to help the characters or aid them in any way. But it can prevent an attack.

DEVIL, AGHUL (LESSER)**NUMBER:** 1**SIZE:** Large**HD:** 7 (d8)**AC:** 17**SAVES:** M**MOVE:** 30 ft.**INT:** High**ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil**TYPE:** Extraplanar**TREASURE:** 8**XP:** 1,080+7**ATTACKS:** 2 Tusk (1d8), Knoglen Blade (1d10)**SPECIAL:** Devil Traits, Darkvision, Regeneration 1, Spell-like Abilities, SR 3, Twilight Vision, Vulnerability: None

The aghul are large man-like creatures, possessed of long arms and short legs. They are entirely hairless but for their massive heads which are covered with dirty, matted fur. They have broad foreheads, a long trunk-like nose, and two huge ivory tusks jutting from their toothy maw, from which their common nickname “tusked devil” is derived. These lengthy tusks are often decorated with carvings or bands of precious metals and jewels. They have a particular fondness for jade and often cap their tusks with this ornamental mineral. Their bodies are thickly muscled, often disproportionately so, and they tend to wear little in the way of clothing as they are totally immune to any form of temperature, hot or cold.

When disguised, they cast themselves as dwarves, decked in jade armor and beards of ivory, combed immaculately and curled, the curls held with oils and perfumes.

The aghul are a type of devil, extremely evil and filled with a burning hate for all things. Their own hideous forms lead them into solitary lives, though they do, from time to time, gather in a concourse. For what purpose, few can surmise.

Their solitude is usually spent in failed attempts at creation; for it is their desire to lord over lesser creatures and they are forever steeping themselves in arcane magics and the various sciences. These creatures are very intelligent, possessed of a

natural ability to judge the value and reason of things. They possess some minor empathic abilities.

COMBAT: The aghul are reluctant to fight and only do so if threatened, cornered, or made extremely wrathful. Generally, they attempt to cajole their slaves or servants into battle for them. When they are forced into battle, they do so using a combination of spells to disconcert their opponents and close using their weapon of choice, the knoglen blade.

KNOGLEN BLADE: Fashioned from the living bones of the aghul's victims, the knoglen blade is an 8-foot long polearm with a razor-sharp blade that bestows a +3 bonus to both attack and damage. If the attack roll results in a natural 19 or 20, flakes of the blade break off and enter the wound, causing it to fester. In the round following a successful hit the victim feels a searing pain which lasts for 4 rounds at which point the limb becomes numb and useless. If untreated, the wound turns necrotic and within 1d4 days the flesh surrounding the wound rots away. There is no saving throw for this condition. Further neglect leads to the rot continuing to spread, dealing 1d10 points of damage each day until the victim dies. Unless the dead is buried in consecrated or holy grounds, they will rise as either a zombie or skeleton within 1d8 days.

Treatment for the rot includes remove curse, remove disease, heal, restoration spells, a paladin's cure disease ability, or a cleric or paladin may attempt to turn the bone flakes, which turn as a 1 HD undead.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They can cast the following as a 10th level caster: air/water walk (2/day), animate dead (1/day), control winds (1/day), detect thoughts (at will), glyph of warding (3/day), magic circle (1/day), speak with dead (at will), spiritual weapon (1/day).

KNOW LANGUAGES: They speak all languages.

IN AIHRDE

The aghul are rare in Aihilde anymore. Originally created by the All Father in the depths of the Void, these creatures thrived in that Great Empty. When Unklar called for aid in the War against the Gods, they flocked to his banner, rising to power and lording over armies of ogres, orcs, and men. Their intelligence led them into many posts of great repute, building castles, bridges, and weaponry. Their knowledge of the various sciences pleased Unklar and he used them as servants throughout his experimentations.

The aghul were feared by almost all those who served—and fought—the Horned God, for they are wicked and cruel creatures who thrive on the sufferings of others. Few entered their domains and returned as they entered, tortured by what diabolical machinations only they could tell.

When the Horned God fell, the aghul were scattered, many consumed in the wars that followed. But some fled to various strongholds, towers and holes in the ground to live on until the day their master returns to Aihilde.

DEVILS

DEVIL, AAMON (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** Supra-Genius
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 25 (d10) (156 HP) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 28 **TREASURE:** 25
SAVES: M, P **XP:** 25,000+25
MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: 4 Slam (1d8), Bite (1d10), Tail Slap (1d12)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Change Shape, Constriction, Create Spawn, Fear Aura, Fiery Bite, Immunity (Weapons, +1), Spell-Like Abilities, SR 13, Summon Devil

At times Aamon takes the form of a beautiful man, tall but slightly gaunt, and meticulously groomed; a man whose combed hair is long and flowing and whose deep blue eyes reflect the wide oceans of a world far gone. Like much where Aamon is concerned, this is a lie, a cruel betrayal, for his true form is nothing like this. His torso is that of a man but laced with dark veins, great and small. Springing from his flanks descends a host of tiny, tree-like roots which twist into the form of a long serpentine body. Where a man might have two arms, Aamon has four, long and fingerless, formed from these twisting roots. From his back these writhing appendages take the vague shape of a wing-like shroud. Upon a neck of tightly-bound roots rides Aamon's jackal-like head, with long, black hair and a crown of broad, flat horns not unlike those of a bull moose. Though he can take any shape he desires, this is his favored form.

Aamon, a Baron of the Infernal Planes, dwells in the vast forest of Kearn. The wood is perpetually in autumn. The trees are shorn of their leaves and the branches naked and twisted. The ground itself is covered in deadfall and noisy to walk over. In the center of this forest lies a massive stand of bramble and briars, in the midst of this lies Aamon's fortress, Castle Ispul, a huge affair with walls upon walls, all made of petrified trees. From here he rules his legions of devils and serves none but Beelzebub.

He is brother to Mammon, though Aamon rarely listens to him and does not do his bidding.

Aamon is particularly cruel and takes great pleasure in snaring people so that he can torture them until their mind or spirit gives out, or failing that until he loses interest. He is often found in the bramble of his forest, having assumed the shape of a thick patch of bramble, in order to trap those who pass through or near him. Those so ensnared are bound to him by dark whispers and eventually set loose to haunt his forest. The living who fall to his machinations are slain, their souls trapped within the forest of Kearn.

Aamon is a lord of strife and speaks with a gifted tongue to charm one creature or the other to betray friend, lord or family. His goal is to drive the factions to war and once the war is begun to drive its combatants to ever more brutal and treacherous actions. In this way, he fleshes out the halls of the damned.



He revels in the strife that he causes and uses what power he can to keep it going. When one side seems set to dominate he sets himself up as a mediator, to bring both sides together. His purposes in mediation are payment, which he always demands, and to shift blame.

COMBAT: Aamon hunts in his forest deeps, trapping the damned in hedgerows of bramble and thickets of briars. There his roots fan out, creating traps of various designs that his hapless victims stumble into. Once snared he envelops them, choking and wringing them, to abuse or slay as he desires.

CHANGE SHAPE: This is similar to the 9th level spell shapechange, but any form that Aamon takes appears made of thousands of tiny sticks woven together. Aamon maintains the form until he chooses to alter it. He can change shape at will

any time per day; however, it takes 1–4 rounds to alter form, depending on the complexity of the form. The creature's true nature is revealed at death, or by the use of a true seeing spell. Aamon is immune to other form-changing effects unless he wishes to be affected.

CONstriction: If Aamon hits with his tail slap, he wraps the end of the tail around the victim in an attempt to strangle and suffocate it. For each round a victim is constricted, it suffers 1d6 points of damage. Aamon is able to move while he is constricting someone with his tail, however when constricting, Aamon is partially immobilized and his armor class suffers a -2 penalty. A successful strength save avoids the constriction attack. A victim is allowed to make a strength save each round; however, they suffer a cumulative -1 per round they are held.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds the devil. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in the presence of the devil to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of the devil, or even look upon it. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as the devil is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

FIERY BITE: Aamon's bite is wreathed in a layer of flame and intense heat and anyone hit with a bite attack suffers a further 2d8 points of damage. A successful constitution save reduces the damage to 2d4. Each successful bite may catch combustible items on fire. Upon a failed save the item catches on fire, successful saves leave it scorched.

SPAWN: Any creature slain by Aamon will become a ghost in 1d4 rounds. Spawn are under Aamon's command and remain enslaved until their bodies are buried in hallowed ground or they are raised by a good-aligned cleric. Though spawn do not possess any of the abilities they had in life, they do vaguely remember who they were and what they did.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Aamon is able to cast the following spells: *charm person or group* (1/day), *hide location* (5/day), *obscuring mist* (3/day), *wall of thorns* (2/day).

SUMMON DEVIL: He may summon 1 greater and 1d2 lesser devils of his choosing to fight along side him.

IN AIHRDE

Aamon rose to prominence in the early years after Ornduhl fashioned the Furthnopt, the Wretched Plains. He and his brother joined the Red God's ranks and they served in the Homeless House for many ages. Their paths separated there as both rose to prominence. Aamon was reckless however and his powers untethered.

Aamon eventually caught the Red God's eye for his cruelty to those captured wandering the Wretched Plains. He taught him to channel his powers and master them and through this he

rose in the ranks of the infernal lords. Though in truth he never mastered his own nature and was forever changing his mind as to his shape and form.

In later ages, he answered the call of Unklar and rose to Aihrde to fight in his legions. There he became a favorite of Beelzebub, whom his brother also served. Aamon built a powerful realm for himself in Aufstrag, carving it out of the 18th level. But when Unklar fell, Aamon fled to the Wretched Plains and took up residence in the forest of Kearn though it is known that he maintains portals to his old realm and returns to Aufstrag from time to time.

DEVIL, ASMODEUS (ARCH) (PRINCE)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 31 (d10) (199hp)

AC: 37

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 30 ft.

INT: Deific

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 18x5

XP: 101,000+31

ATTACKS: By spell or Scepter (see below)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Immunity (Weapons, +3), Asmodeus's Scepter, Charm, Retinue, Fear Aura, Spell Use, SR 18, Summon Devil

Asmodeus is possibly the least intimidating devil visually. He appears, in all respects, as a human male in his late fifties. He has dark hair, combed back, graying at the temples. His eyes are a deep blue and hard as steel. He wears a short goatee beard, sprinkled with gray. By all accounts, he is handsome. He wears noble clothing, dominated by the colors black and red. He wields no weapons save his bejeweled scepter. His movements are never without meaning, his questions never without reason. His every action is calculated and deliberate. Asmodeus enjoys human indulgences, including fine food, wine, beautiful women and literature. It has been theorized, via sages learned in this field, that Asmodeus himself is a prolific writer and has penned many books, always under a pseudonym.

Asmodeus reigns in the 9th plane of Hell and is titled Prince of Hell. He is the overlord of all devils and is seen as the commander not only of Hell's army, but their spiritual and philosophical leader as well (if one can use 'spiritual' when describing a devil). As such, he is very diplomatic and charismatic. Any mortal listening to Asmodeus must make a charisma save or be affected as per the spell *charm person*. Asmodeus is all-too aware of his golden tongue, as well as his considerable stable of guards, and so rarely resorts to physical violence himself.

Being a devil, Asmodeus is lawful as well as evil. While the vileness of Asmodeus knows no bounds (his evil is never questioned), he is also extremely lawful in all his actions. He will never break his word (and thus will rarely give it), he will never betray an ally nor will he ever break any rules or regulations laid down before any situation. It should be noted that Asmodeus

His home is elegant to the point of opulence, further reflecting his fondness of human luxuries. He sits upon velvety cushions which adorn his huge, golden throne. A tray of fruit (Asmodeus is partial to oranges) and a carafe of wine is always kept near his throne while serving girls, human in appearance, cater to his every whim. Asmodeus never raises his voice, never gets angry, and never seems confused or frustrated. He will command the death of an enemy and request a refill of his wine glass in the same tone and with the same aplomb.

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Despised by all things he was driven to the uttermost deeps, and to the Endless Pools when they came to be. There he dwelt in misery, feeding his lusts upon the dead.

In time, he spied Ornduhl and the Wretched Plains. He came to the Furthnopt and called for entry but the five-headed dragon denied him. Thus, he sat for a span of many years until Ornduhl found him there and seeing in him a power few others possessed, the Red God gave him entry. In the plains, he built a tower of horrors where all those who came before him suffered. His evil, and his lust knew no bounds. Thus, he ruled for many years.

When Unklar rose upon the world of Aihilde, Asmodeus lent his might to the Horned God and became one of his two lieutenants in the Wretched Plains, set to rule over the hordes of demons who did not join the Horned God. Thus, his power in Hell was not wasted and destroyed when Unklar fell, but remained intact as it has for many long ages of the world.

He is the god of lust and rarely comes to Aihilde, preferring to suffer his evil on the damned and evil dead.

DEVIL, BAGGERS (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-20	INT: None
SIZE: Small (3')	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 3 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 12	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: P	XP: 185+3
MOVE: 40 ft.	
ATTACKS: Bite (1d4), 2 Claws (1d2), Tail (1d4 poison)	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Devouring, Poison, SR 1	

Baggers are small creatures, usually ranging 3 feet in height. Huge clawed feet spring from the double-jointed, stilt-like legs giving them the appearance of an odd bird, but the baggers are featherless, with mottled dark blue skin and a giant scorpion's tail. They have no head to speak of, only a neck that ends in a toothy maw, split lengthwise and crowned by two large black eyes and a shock of dark black hair. Their eyes are empty pools until they are driven wild to the feast, at which point they turn a pale yellow. This last is often the sign that they are about, as yellow eyes spring up in the darkness.

The baggers gather in flocks of up to 20. There is always a dominant bagger that leads the rest, choosing when and where to attack. The others follow the pack leader wherever it goes and attacks until the leader is killed or it breaks off the combat. They are favored by the lords of Hell, who often gather them in large flocks of several hundred and drive them into the armies of their enemies.

Wizards find them of some use as well, for the fluid in a bagger's eye, once drained, serves as an elixir that temporarily heightens awareness, granting an additional point of intelligence and wisdom for one full day. The draining procedure is difficult and time-consuming, requiring several hours to perform. The elixir is sold on the market for 1,000gp per vial.

COMBAT: The baggers are as close to mindless as a devil can be. They are predatory creatures who seek to devour the souls of



the weak and dying. To do so they leap upon their intended victim, digging their claws into them and biting. As they hold and drain the victim's soul, they defend themselves with their scorpion's tail.

DEVOURING: Once the bagger has latched onto its victim it is very difficult to break it free. To do so requires a successful strength check (CL 12). The bagger then begins to drain the victim of their constitution (or in the case of a monster, its hit points). The bagger drains one level of experience, or one hit die, for every four rounds it is attached.

POISON: Anyone struck by the tail must make a constitution save or suffer 1d4 points of additional damage. Unless the poison is neutralized, it spreads through the victim and in the following round they must make an additional constitution save or suffer violent spasms for 1d4 rounds, forcing them to drop whatever they are holding, lose spells they are casting, and generally interrupt any actions they were taking.

IN AIHRDE

Called Hell's Carp by the denizens of the Wretched Plains, the baggers roam the desolate regions of the plains always hunting for souls to devour. They find the weak, dying, lost and confused and fall upon them with a lust few creatures can match. They move swiftly on their stilted legs but make little sound beyond disturbing the rocks and pebbles at their feet.

They serve no devils purposely, though on occasion they are rounded up and made to hunt, usually by one of the greater lords of Hell. At such times they are found in large packs, fighting each other as much as hunting the prey, rushing hither and yon with a great deal of noise and fanfare.

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DEVIL, BARBED (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-12

INT: Average

SIZE: Medium (6'-7')

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 10 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 21

TREASURE: 10

SAVES: P

XP: 5,100+10

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: Claw (2d4), Slam (4d6), Stomp (1d12)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Bludgeon, Hurl Spikes, Multiattack, Spell-like Abilities, SR 6, Stomp



This abomination only vaguely resembles a humanoid. An unusually long torso sprouts from its waist and plays host to one arm and one deformed limb that it uses to drag itself forward. Its neck is long and the skeletal head perches upon it at weird angles. A lengthy tail ends in a spiked nub. The whole is covered with a pinkish substance that resembles a plaster more than flesh. It is stretched across the creature, retarding its movement. Even its maw is bound by tendrils of the substance. But the crown of the barbed devil are the barbs themselves. Some are long, some short, all are sharp like a rose's thorn.

The barbed devil is a favored soldier in the ranks of many of the devils of Hell. They are fierce, relish war and enjoy the suffering havoc wreaked by their tail and claw. There are countless of these creatures, dwelling in all the corners of Hell. They serve whoever feeds them the most destruction and at times, if their masters fail them, they join their master's enemies, fleshing out their ranks, for the loyalty of a barbed devil is bought with the coin of torment.

They are not particularly intelligent, and lack ambition. They serve who recruits them. There are no natural leaders in the

barbed devil's ranks. They serve and they serve. When they are found alone, or in small groups, there is no one of them that rises to direct the others. They all attack with the same mindless ferocity that they do when in the ranks of some Arch Devil.

The barbed devils do not particularly care to linger on the torments they cause. When a foe is destroyed the devil moves on, caring little for their plight, punishment and deriving no long-lasting pleasure from visiting their power on another.

COMBAT: The barbed devil is not a particularly fast creature; it pulls itself forward on its one giant limb, but is able to attack with its unusually long tail and its barbed spikes. Once it closes, it attempts to use its bludgeon attack to knock an enemy down and then crush it in the following round.

HURL SPIKES: Barbed devils can release a barrage of 1d6 spikes from their tail and body. The effective range of this barrage is 50 feet. Each spike inflicts 1d6 points of damage. These spikes can be directed at multiple creatures. Barbed devils cannot control how many spikes they hurl in each barrage. They can hurl up to 48 spikes in a single day.

BLUDGEON: Once every 2 rounds and at the end of the round, the barbed devil is able to swing its one giant limb for 4d6 damage. Anyone struck must make a dexterity save (CL 10) or be knocked to the ground, granting the barbed devil automatic initiative against that creature the following round.

STOMP: Any creature knocked down by the barbed devil's bludgeon attack is stomped on. Upon a successful hit the target suffers 1d12 points of damage. The target can attempt to dodge the blow by rolling out of the way. They do so with a successful dexterity save (CL 10). If they dodge the attack they do not gain a bonus AC but the damage is reduced by half and they can take no other action that round.

MULTI ATTACK: The barbed devil is able to attack with its bludgeon, stomp and claw in a single round. It can do this against multiple opponents.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They are able to cast *pyrotechnics*, *produce flame*, *hold person* or *monster* three times a day. They cast as a 10th level caster.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures were created by Unklar in the bowels of Aufstrag. In the Klarglich, the Forge of Woe, he twisted his thoughts so that they resembled the giants that roamed the world. But they were malformed and diseased, covered in barbs and spikes. Many times he was wounded, the barbs lancing his flesh, until at last he cast them out and drove them from his forged, unfinished and filled with a singular malice and a lust for war and destruction.

Many remained in Aufstrag, hidden in its many corridors, others wandered to the Wretched Plains, following different masters. Some few passed from Aufstrag to haunt the world of men.

DEVIL, BEARDED (LESSER)**NUMBER:** 2-12**INT:** Average**SIZE:** Medium**ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil**HD:** 6 (d10)**TYPE:** Extraplanar**AC:** 19**TREASURE:** 7**SAVES:** P**XP:** 1,160+6**MOVE:** 30 ft.**ATTACKS:** Bite (1d8), 2 Claw (1d4), Guisarme (2d4+3) or Weapon (see below)**SPECIAL:** Devil Traits, Beard Attack, Heightened Initiative, Weapon Hook, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 3

All bearded devils stand roughly six feet tall. They are covered in a thick, tightly-stretched gray skin which acts as armor and protects the devil in combat, for this is all they wear. They are brutish in appearance, with great muscles rippling under their taut skin. While bald, all bearded devils have long, thick beards. At first glance, the beards appear to be thick, coarse jet black hair. In truth, they are not unlike porcupine quills. Each strand, or quill, can be up to six inches long—the length is relative to the age of the devil. Their eyes are dark as their foreheads are thick and cast a shadow over the face below. Small, bone-white horns grow upwards from the bald pate, rarely growing longer than a few inches. Its mouth is full of sharp, short teeth that fit neatly together when closed. In lieu of a nose, two small slits cut into the creature's face. The bearded devil is noted for its long, pointed ears, not unlike those of an elf.

The bearded devils, or barbaz, are the foot soldiers of some of the mightier devils in the Hells. They are rarely found alone as they travel in packs of up to a dozen. Often times, powerful devils will send the bearded devil to the material planes to bother, annoy, enrage and torture enemies of opposite alignment. Bearded devils can only travel to other planes by

being forced by superior creatures; they can never voluntarily decide to go on their own. It should be noted that high-level wizards that attempt to summon a devil would be considered a 'superior creature' and could thus summon a bearded devil against its will.

The bearded devil is an oddly patient and calm creature. Though it revels in the suffering of others, as do all its kind, it is indifferent to the passage of time. This combines with an innate calm that makes the bearded devil a formidable foe, for they rarely flee the battlefield and never yield except under the greatest pressure.

Bearded devils have a particular fondness for dwarves. They see in them a kindred spirit, no matter what the dwarf may see. They often spare dwarves until the last, out of respect for their battle prowess.

COMBAT: The bearded devil will attack the strongest fighter, or the strongest fighter, in any group. They are quick and able fighters, oftentimes able to move quickly around a heavily armored opponent. They will try to use their weapon to 'hook' an opponent and pull them close to stab with their beards. Bearded devils will never yield and will stay on one single opponent until one of them is dead.

HEIGHTENED INITIATIVE: Being agile and unarmored, all bearded devils gain a +2 to all initiative rolls.

WEAPON HOOK: Bearded devils will attempt to grab an opponent with their guisarme and pull them in for a beard attack. Any natural 18 or more on their attack roll indicates success and the opponent will be pulled in closer. The victim can make a strength check (CL 9) to break free on any subsequent round.

BEARD ATTACK: As the beard is made up of dozens of quills, anyone stabbed will take damage. No attack roll is needed if a successful weapon hook is performed (see above). The devil will stab his beard into his hapless victim doing 2d4 damage from the dozens of quills penetrating his face, neck, hands or any unarmored area. The devil must forgo an attack with his weapon, but can continue to stab with no attack roll needed until the victim breaks free. If a victim is killed and subsequently raised from the dead, he does so with a -1 to his charisma score due to the horrible disfigurement resulting from multiple stab wounds to the face.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *bane* (1/day), *freedom of movement* (constant), *haste* (1/day with no ill effects).

IN AIHRDE

The race of the barbaz, or bearded devils, came of the fire of the All Father's rage in the deeps of the Void. They were sparks that flew from the Forge of his creations. The first of these creatures was mighty, called by his ancestors Urst, for he took the shape that all bearded devils assumed. Others, unextinguished flames in the dark, saw Urst and lusted for his form and shape, which



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they mimicked. So they came to be in their thousands. In time the bearded devils migrated to the world and visited terror upon it where they lusted in slaying birds above all things. This earned them the wrath of the goddess Wenafar, who drove them with her lash from the world and into Ornduhl's realm in the Wretched Plains. There they served the Red God and in later ages Unklar.

DEVIL, BEELZEBUB, (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Large
HD: 30 (d10) (206 HP)
AC: 23
SAVES: M, P
MOVE: 50 ft.

INT: Supra-Genius
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: 11
XP: 88,550+30

ATTACKS: Bite (1d12), Slam 1d10, Weapon (see below)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Beelzebub's Brood, Fear Aura, Immunity (Weapon, +2), Paralyzing Stench, Rot, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 18, Sword of Milk

While standing at eight feet, he walks with a hunched gait. While human in appearance, he is covered in sparse, thick hair. His head is large and misshapen, vaguely resembling a fly. He has large, multifaceted eyes and a long proboscis instead of a nose. Where his mouth should be is a ragged rip across his face with jagged pincers. His body is populated by thousands of maggots crawling over his skin. Beelzebub barely seems to notice them. Flies swarm him at all times and the stench of offal is strong about him. He wears a black, hooded robe, threadbare and ragged, ringed by a putrid green trim.

Lacking the ability to speak, Beelzebub uses a limited form of telepathy to relay his thoughts to anyone, individually or a group, as he desires.

Beelzebub is the lord of the 8th plane of Hell and is second only to Asmodeus in the devil hierarchy. He is colloquially known as the Lord of Flies and his countenance supports this naming. He is the Grand Duke of Hell and rules the 8th Plane. Many see him as the heir of Asmodeus.

Beelzebub is both cruel and clever. He prides himself on his ability to remain emotionless, and truthfully, he feels little, whether in the moment of defeat or victory. He loves no one, and unwillingly serves others. But he does so, knowing that the alternative could be far worse. "This too shall pass," exemplifies Beelzebub's reaction to those more powerful than he. His true joy lies in outwitting his opponents. He likes to convince them that they matter, that they are somehow in charge of their own fate and the outcome of events.

He keeps a squalid table; filth and debasement are the hallmarks of those who attend him. He is almost always feasting, sitting at the head of his hall, eating and drinking. His food consists of many things, from the living to the dead; however, he does not eat fruit of any stripe.



COMBAT: Beelzebub rarely involves himself in combat, preferring to use his cohorts to hound and capture his enemies, after which he tortures them. If pressed, however, he will fight savagely and with no hesitation.

BEELZEBUB'S BROOD: At all times, Beelzebub is surrounded by a swarm of flies and maggots. When angered or pressed into combat, his first action is to send his brood after his opponent. The effects are as those of the spell *summon swarm* with the following differences: Beelzebub does not need to concentrate. If the victim does nothing but tries to fight off the swarm, he takes 2d4 damage per round as opposed to 1 point. If doing any other action, he takes 30 points of damage per round. While fire and area effect spells still affect the swarm, it must suffer twenty points of damage before dispersing. In addition to fire,

holy water will also damage the swarm. The swarm is always biting, stinging flies.

Beelzebub is very intelligent, very cunning and very evil. He rarely holds deep philosophical discussions with anyone, preferring to sit alone with his pets. He has obtained his position amongst devils by being cruel to anyone that opposes him, sometimes in ways that impress—and disgust—even the demon lords. It is not unheard of to call upon Beelzebub and find his greeting hall littered with dead bodies in various stages of decomposition with great swarms of flies and maggots feasting on the corpses.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Beelzebub. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Beelzebub is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

PARALYZING STENCH: All creatures within 20 feet of the Lord of Flies encounter his powerful stench. Anyone so afflicted must make a strength save (CL 12) or be immobilized; this paralysis is permanent unless magically countered or dispelled or the victim is removed from the devil. Regardless of the result of the saving throw, the victim suffers 1d4 cold damage.

ROT: A successful touch exposes the victim to an acid-based rotting poison. In addition to the 1d4 damage from the caustic touch, the victim must make a constitution saving throw or the poison begins to rot his flesh, and he suffers 1 point of hit point damage every round until death. During this time the pain causes the victim to suffer a –2 penalty to all actions and checks. *Delay poison* will delay the poison's effect, while *remove disease*, *neutralize poison*, *cure critical wounds*, or a more powerful curative spell, will remove it entirely (though not the damage, which may after that be cured normally). Optionally, a Castle Keeper may rule that if a limb was struck, and if the limb is removed in time (before half the character's maximum hit points are lost to rot), the rot is stopped.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *anti-magic shell* (1/day), *banishment* (3/day), *confusion* (5/day), *creeping doom* (3/day), *insect plague* (2/day), *teleport without error* (2/day), *wall of thorns* (1/day).

SWORD OF MILK: Beelzebub wields a wicked curved sword, thick with a viscous, milky liquid. The blade itself does 2d4 damage, but the substance that coats it will be splashed into the wound, doing an additional 1d4 damage. This substance quickly spreads, doing 1d4 cumulative damage per round (i.e., after four rounds, the substance does 4d4 damage). The liquid will also infect the unlucky recipient with eggs and larvae that will take hold and begin growing almost instantaneously. Each round after the initial application, the victim must make a constitution save. The CL at first will be 30, Beelzebub's hit dice, but increases by three each subsequent round (30, 33, 36, etc.).

Upon a failed save the inert young sprout and begin eating their way out. This inflicts 2d6 damage per round the victim withstands the larval invasion (although at this point, the growing 1d4 damage will cease). In other words, if he passed three rounds but on the fourth round failed (CL 39) his save, he takes 3d4 damage and then 2d6 damage. Wracked in horrific pain, the victim suffers a –10 penalty to all rolls for the duration. On the final round, the fifth round, the newborn larvae burst forth, ripping flesh and muscle, for an astounding 2d12 damage, requiring a final constitution save. Failure indicates the victim is rendered unconscious from the pain and trauma. These larvae will add themselves to Beelzebub's Brood.

SUMMON DEVIL: He may summon 1 greater and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing to fight alongside him.

IN AIHRDE

Acheron came to Aihirde before the fires of the All Father's desire lit the heavens. He wandered the wastes alone and unafraid, for it was always his gift to see himself as unconstrained. He dwelt in the darkness with no purpose, seeking neither glory, power, nor wealth, but rather a desire to mock and torment all those weaker than himself.

In time, he spied Wenafar and was smitten with her beauty. He followed her and called out to her. She, however, was of the named Val Eahrakun and paid him no heed until such time as he stood in front of her to stop her.

"You are beautiful, Acheron, but you hold no interest for me. Your form is hollow and you have no purpose but vanity and cruelty." Acheron was taken aback. In his mind, such was his worth that he thought she did not see it clearly enough. He placed his hand upon her, to hold her still. She smote him such a blow across the brow that he was shattered and fell away into countless parts. The parts took shape, appearing as malformed winged creatures. They were tiny, with six legs, multiple wings, and bulbous eyes. They hung in the air like a great cloud, and she passed through them, scattering them in her wake.

Acheron strove to pull himself back together, but the power of Wenafar was greater than any he ever knew. As such, the process took many long years, and he was never wholly healed, for parts of him flew off and into the wilds. These were the fathers of the flies, and they populated the whole world with their seed.

In time Acheron joined Ornduhl and for a long while served him as a messenger, for though the Val Eahrakun could see beyond his beauty, few others could. Thus, Acheron rose in power and ruled over kingdoms in Aihirde. When the War of the Gods came, however, he was cast out and Corthain stripped Acheron of his beauty and revealed his nature in a new form, that of a giant fly. Thus he was named Beelzebub, Lord of Flies.

He came to rule over the dead in the Wretched Plains, reveling in the stench of their decay and hounding their blackened souls for his pleasure.

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Thus it was that when Unklar came to the world and called upon the Val Eahrakun to join him, Acheron readily did so for he saw the Horned God as an avenue leading back to Aihrde and out of the Wretched Plains. Unklar gave him vast and splendid halls to rule over and made him Inquisitor of Aufstrag, sending all and sundry prisoners to him for processing. He devoured them and grew drunk upon their anguish.

Thus, Acheron ruled in his Halls of Chains for many years. He commanded Unklar's armies in the long wars that brought him the rule of Aihrde. His was a power few could match and Unklar awarded him a vast realm to rule. All the west was given to him, and he built a tower of filth there to rule over its people. The tower became a hall of dark lust, where death never walked alone but came in the company of anguish and suffering. Flies came to the den, and it became a filthy place of nightmare and Acheron came to be known by a different name: Beelzebub, Lord of Flies. He was also called Lord of Sorrow, too, for he remained the Inquisitor of Aufstrag.

In time, however, Unklar, was unmade, and his servants scattered across the wide world. Beelzebub led the greatest of his master's hosts into the far west but was defeated there. His armies annihilated, he fled. But Beelzebub always held a lust for Aihrde, and his mind is ever upon it. He returns now, coming to Aufstrag from the Wretched Plains, as a huge, fat green fly, carrying with him a putrid stench that few can withstand.

DEVIL, BELIAL, (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

INT: Supra-Genius

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 27 (d10) (154HP)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 24

TREASURE: 18 (Horde)

SAVES: M, P

XP: 76,500 + 27

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 per weapon (4d4 each)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Fear Aura, Immunity (Weapons, +2), Malum (ransuer), Bellow, SR 15, Summon Devil, Symbol of Pain

Belial stands just over ten feet tall with a bare, muscled torso and a chain skirt with bare feet, ending in hooves. His skin is a dusky red, growing darker toward the legs. His hair is long, thick, and shockingly white. A pair of black horns jut upwards from his skull through his white hair, and two small fangs poke out from his upper lip, while his braided beard descends in a thick tassel. Belial wields a great ranseur with both hands. His voice is deep and threatening, striking fear into mortals.

He rules the 6th Plane of Hell in the City of Dis. He spends much of his time in his dungeons where the hapless denizens of Hell are brought to him for his delight. He relishes their suffering and spends much of his time tormenting the souls of the wretched.

Belial delights in watching lesser beings tremble in fear before him. Those that are called into his presence are made to suffer



long periods of silence and his intent gaze. Threats and promises of torture are common, and more often than not, carried out. Those who serve him, do so out of terror of his wrath. His rule is a horrible tyranny of pain and suffering.

Belial enjoys the hunt more than anything. He travels out from Dis with a huge host hunting those who wander the halls of Hell. Usually adventurers, priests or the like. When he captures them, after the usual torture, he feasts upon them, using sorcery and magic to keep them alive to better suffer from the experience.

COMBAT: Belial favors a magical ranseur (known by Belial as 'Malum') and is very talented in its use. Belial is not known for his ability to parlay. He is thoroughly evil, sometimes going out of his way to commit atrocities. In the complicated hierarchy of Hell, Belial pays homage to higher lords, and will oftentimes act as their 'muscle', laying waste to his enemies in the most brutal manner. Belial is, of course, an Arch-Devil himself and has thousands upon thousands of creatures at his command. He often leads from the front, inflicting pain and suffering as he moves forward.

MALUM: Belial gets two attacks with his magical ranseur "Malum," but only one attack per target. Each attack imparts 4d4 damage and forces a constitution check. Failure means the victim suffers an additional 1d10 damage for 1d4 rounds

from intense pain coursing through their bodies. It should be noted that passing the constitution save still means the victim is suffering from lingering pain but is able to fight through it and take no further damage.

BELLOW: Once per encounter, Belial may forgo an attack and instead let out a tremendous bellow that can be heard for one mile. All able to hear must make a constitution save or suffer 6d6 damage. This damage is absorbed by Belial, healing him for an equal amount. Those taking damage from Belial's roar fall prone from intense pain, losing any action for that round.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Belial. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Belial is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *cause light wounds* (5/day), *cause critical wounds* (2/day), *harm* (1/day). He casts as a 13th level spell caster.

SUMMON DEVIL: Also once per day, he may summon in 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing to fight alongside him.

SYMBOL OF PAIN: He can cut a *symbol* into the air and all that see it are affected as per the spell.

IN AIHRDE

Beli was of the Val Eahrakun and, in the Days before Days, had earned a reputation as having a keen mind, though in truth he could see little beyond his own thoughts. From his lack of foresight, he unmade many wonderful things, taking them in hand and reshaping them into forms he thought more pleasing. In so doing, he earned the enmity of Wenafar, for of all the gods, her mind was bent toward the shaping of the land and the plants upon it. She hounded Beli with rod and stave and drove him to the darkness beneath the mountains.

In time, Ornduhl split the Maelstrom that lies beneath the world and hollowed out a cavity within it which became a plane of madness and despair, and it called to many of the Val Eahrakun, and Beli not the least. He crawled from the darkness and into the chasm, passing into those Wretched Plains and there made a home for himself. He built a mighty city upon plains of fire and housed it with the tormented dead. This city served no purpose but torment, and it was named Yial, which is "without meaning" or in the Aenochian, "worthless".

Thus, lesser creatures were drawn to him and became servants of Beli of Yial.

He served Ornduhl for many ages of men, but when Unklar called he joined the Horned God and came to rule the Red Fort, a plain of Aufstrag, that is Hell. He dwells there still, in poverty.

DEVIL, CHAIN (MINOR)

NUMBER: 1-8

SIZE: Medium

HD: 10 (d8)

AC: 22

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (4d6) (chains)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Animate Chains, Multiattack, SR 4

INT: Average

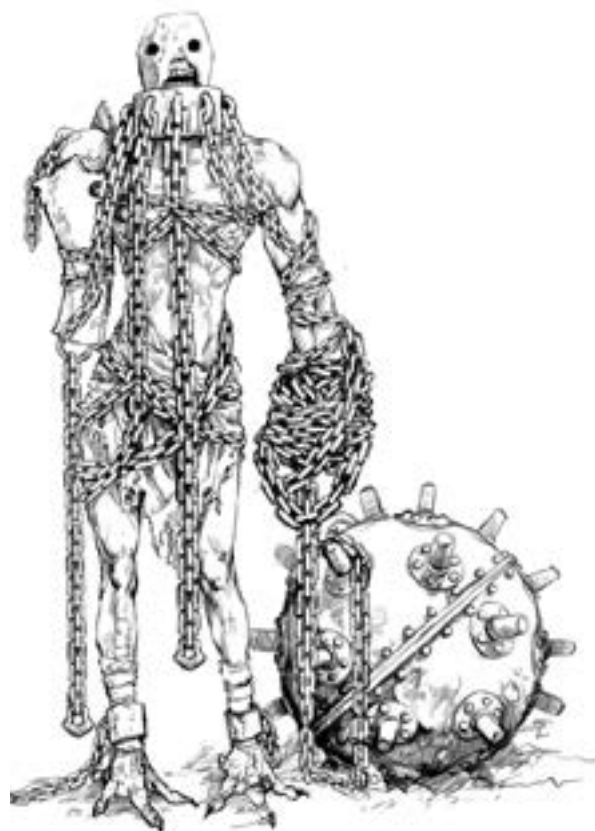
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 10

XP: 4,500+10

The chain devil appears as a humanoid draped in chains like clothing. The chains range in size and length, some are barbed, some end in hooks, others cover the creature in continuous loops. The chains have fused with the flesh of the creature, giving it a natural armor class it may not otherwise have.



Chain devils are part of the rank and file of the Arch Devils. They are numerous, loyal to a fault and ferocious on the battlefield. They adhere to a strict bond and serve their masters without question, tireless until they are unmade or dismissed. To suffer dismissal is often worse than being unmade or destroyed and such chain devils become wild with rage, hunting the halls of Hell without thought or plan.

The chain devil covets its own spite like no other creature of the nether planes. It hates that it is alive, it hates that it may die, it hates living and undead creatures alike. This hatred gives them a singular purpose and is where their famed loyalty comes from. But they are not just loyal to a master, but to their pods

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as well. Chain devils that travel in groups tend to stay loyal to one another.

As noted, they dwell throughout Hell, but are unusual in that they will, if not governed by another, build their own fortresses, people them with lesser devils and rule in a sad mockery of the Arch Devils whom they normally serve.

COMBAT: The chain devils use their chains as weapons, hurling them at their victim.

CHAIN BALL: In battle, they favor a huge ball and chain. The ball of iron does a massive 4-24 points of damage. Anyone struck with it must make a constitution save or be stunned for 1 round.

ANIMATE CHAINS: Chain devils can animate up to 4 chains that it wears. These chains, gouged and covered in burrs are able to rise up around the chained devil and strike out at any that threatens the devil. The devil has no control over them, so they may strike or grapple as is their own desire. They have an AC of 18 and 15 hp. Once reduced to zero the chain “dies.” The devil cannot animate that chain again for one full day.

MULTIATTACK: The chain devil is able to attack with its chains and the animated chains.

IN AIHRDE

In the early days of his servitude to Unklar, Nulak-kiz-Din bound some minor devils to his service. These became enamored of him and his power so much so that when he wrapped them in chains and bound them ever closer to him, they did not question it. In time they grew stout, fed by the fires of Nulak’s hate until they were mighty beasts. They served the wizard for all their long years and as he rose, so rose the chained devils. For a while, they ruled kingdoms in the lands beyond Ursal. But in Ursal they ruled duchies and baronies of their own. But when Nulak fell so did the reign of the chain devils, cast out and driven into the wilds, some fled to Auftrag, others to the Wretched Plains, some few lingered in Aihilde to haunt old dungeons and such.

DEVIL, CULL STODT’INE (FLAWLESS CIRCLES), (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 15 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 28	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: M, P	XP: 16,400+15
MOVE: 40 ft., 80 ft. (fly), 40 ft. (climb)	
ATTACKS: Weapon	

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Deepvision, Duskvision, Ice Storm, Immunity (Weapons, +2), Mirror Image, Phantasmal Mirror, Regeneration 2, SR 14, Telekinesis, Trap the Soul, Twilight Vision

Long ago, the cull shaped and molded their forms to mimic those of the dryads and other sylphs of the forest. To all appearances



they look like a human woman. They are tall and thin, their skin is pale and in the light, translucent. Their hair hangs down in long curls upon their shoulders. The hair itself is of a pinkish hue, though beneath that color it is white. Long lashes shroud their wide, unblinking eyes. Their form is flawless; their hair never moves, they do not bruise or show wounds until death takes them. Wings hang over them, riding upon their backs, barely discernible to the naked eye; but when viewed appear with feathers, long and graceful. Their arms are overly long, with fingers to match and nails like claws. Their spines are clearly visible, pushing at the taut skin upon their backs. They are beautiful to behold, though terrible to see. A slight haze circles the cull at all times, it appears as a thin mist, only a few inches wide. It moves extremely quickly, circling her, between her legs and up around the back of her head. It consists of millions of tiny shards of diamonds.

The “devil in the circle,” as the magi call the cull, is wickedly intelligent but filled with tremendous envy of all things beautiful. With orderly thoughts, they organize everything around them. Their lairs, almost always built of white, evenly cut stone, lie in circular rooms. Corridors are in circles as well; there are no corners in the world of the cull. Few furnishings adorn their abodes, for the cull cannot lie down, nor sit. They almost always have mirrors in their halls, however mirrors that hang upon the walls, rest upon the floor or cling to the ceiling. The mirrors serve the cull as doorways, leading to other portions of their lair, or often to other palaces in the Wretched Plains or beyond them into the outer planes.

The cull admire and gaze upon themselves constantly. They cherish jewels, favoring diamonds, pearls, and white opals.

When the cull ride to war, they gather their cohorts around them in great circles; they carry huge mirrors at the fore, and these are their banners. The mirrors are magical and cast doubt

and consternation before them. The cull favor whips of chain and adorn their bodies in white armor emblazoned with circles of varying size.

COMBAT: The cull carry nine-ring broadswords in battle but favor their whips of chains and mirrors of soullessness. They always project themselves in battle through their mirrors, casting mirror images first and trying to draw their victims' attention to the mirrors they carry.

WHIP: The cull use a tremendously long whip in battle. This whip is a +3 weapon 20 feet in length that cuts flesh with the many barbs lining its length, striking opponents for 1d8 points of damage. But any creature struck by the whip must save versus strength or suffer 2d8 points of extra damage from the thunder of its snap. Furthermore, she is able to crack the whip and cause an ice storm as if cast by a 15th level wizard. The "ice" particles are actually tiny shards of diamonds drawn from the misty ring that continually encircles her.

MIRROR IMAGE: Cull are able to project images of themselves as the spell *mirror image*. There are always 4 other images and, to a limited degree, they can act independently; the cull images are able to use any non-physical ability until they are struck. She can take this action once per day, and casts as a 15th level spell caster.

PHANTASMAL MIRROR: Cull use this ability when they are surrounded. By drawing upon the ring of diamonds, they raise magical mirrors all about them so that anyone looking upon the cull is subject to the sorcery. Looking into the mirror, the victim sees some creature from their nightmares, leaping upon them. Victims must make a successful intelligence save or are stunned, locked in a singular battle with this creature. They cannot see beyond the mirror, believing they are cast into the mirror, forced to battle the creature alone. If they die while locked in battle with their nightmares, their souls pass into the Wretched Plains. If they slay the creature, they are free of the phantasmal mirror. In order to use this ability the cull must use their telekinetic ability for one round; after that time they are able to use their other abilities.

TELEKINESIS: Telekinetic creatures, the cull can lift up to 500 lbs of material, multiple objects, and direct them at targets. In all other respects, it acts as the spell of the same name. They cast as a 15th level caster.

TRAP THE SOUL: Every cull possesses one mirror that serves as a repository for her victories. It acts as a *mirror of life trapping*. They never carry these openly unless they go to war; otherwise, the mirror resides in the cull's lair. When carried to war, she entrusts the mirror to a cohort of Kain's Henchman, who carries them on large iron rods, secured with adamantine metals.

IN AIHRDE

One of the All Father's earliest creations, the cull came to the Void when even the All Father was young. He took moments of time and cast them in a hard shell and, whirling them in multiple

circles, he hurled them into the Great Empty. They were aware and lusted immediately for more; he looked upon them and saw the flaw of their mind and cast them off to continue his creation. They lingered in his wake like dust for untold eons. But when the maelstrom split, torn by the thrashing of the dragon Inzaa, they left his wake and entered her chaos, traveling through it into the realms beyond the All Father's knowing. Here they settled in the blasted wastes of what later became the Shadow Realms.

They built palaces throughout the planes, always on tall hills, and always circular; they made them of stone or silks and blanketed all in a thin covering of ice like jewels. The palaces of the cull stood as beacons of vanity in that blighted landscape, drawing the dead to the fields of diamonds that always surrounded them. There they fell into dust, cut a thousand times over in their suffering until they ceased to exist. But these palaces stood as fast fortresses against the tyranny of tvungenos and bastions of evil vanity.

During the Winter Dark, many of the cull rose to the world and served the Dark Lord and he loved them, using them sparingly. They served as his personal guard, serving him in the throne room. They were, and remain fiercely loyal to even the memory of Unklar, for he gave them stature in the many storied halls of Aufstrag.

When he fell, many returned to the Shadow Realms to find their homes besieged or spoiled by the madness of the demons. Some remained in Aihrde however, hidden from the foolish but obvious to the wise for their houses are always made of circles.

DEVIL, DISCARNATE (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-100

INT: None

SIZE: Small-Large

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 1-8 (d8)

TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)

AC: 12

TREASURE: Nil

SAVES: None

XP: 5+11, 2+29, 3+60, 4+120, 5+240, 6+360, 7+405, 8+775

MOVE: 10 ft.

ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL: Blend, Engulf, Immunity (Weapons, +1)

The discarnate are lost souls, shadows of their former selves. They linger in the infernal planes as a wisp of pale, gray smoke. Much like the smoke from any fire the discarnate are tangible, but not much. They cling to any living tissue they come into contact with, coalescing in coils of evanescent smoke. The discarnate are cold, to pass through them draws the warmth from living tissue, but they are mindless and see little beyond their own suffering.

The discarnate are the souls and spirits of those who died in Hell and were trapped there, their bodies left to rot, unburied. The discarnate cannot leave Hell for the weight of that dread place bears down upon them. Lost in fear they shed what they were and became nameless voices of despair, lost in the nether

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world. There they gather like some foul gas, congealing into a noxious poison, often settling in pits and deep holes where they become a mass of twisted fear. The discarnate are barely cognizant of anything around them, though living creatures attract them as a haunting memory of what they once were. They naturally drift toward them, hoping to engulf them in order to make themselves whole again. Of course, they cannot, and all they manage to do is choke to death the person with whom they sought to join.

COMBAT: Any living creature within 20 feet of a discarnate attracts its attention and the discarnate drifts toward it. They moan softly before engulfing their victim

BLEND: Each discarnate moves very slowly, 1 foot per round. To the casual observer, it is difficult to tell if it is moving at all, and it looks more like natural air currents are carrying the gaseous form along with them. They hide as a 10th level rogue.

ENGULF: When a discarnate encounters an opponent they attempt to engulf them. They do not have to strike to hit, but rather pass over/around the target to deliver 1d4 points of damage. A successful constitution save reduces the damage by half. A victim can break free from a discarnate with a successful dexterity check. If more than one discarnate engulfs a character the saving throws must be made for each discarnate, once per round. Effects are cumulative.

IN AIHRDE

Those who die in Aufstrag, remain there, their souls trapped until their bodies are laid to rest in hallowed ground. These are the discarnate.

ELIGOS, DEVIL (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 29 (d8) (150 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 30	TREASURE: 29
SAVES: M, P	XP: 95,700 + 29
MOVE: 40 ft.	
ATTACKS: Lance (1d10+5), War Axe (1d8+4), Tail	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Abigor, Dirge, Immunity (Weapons +1), Fear Aura, Feril Blade, Regeneration 2, Smoke Form, SR 14, Summon Devil, Trip	

Eligos appears as a young human male in his prime; six feet in height, with a broad chest and muscular arms and legs. He adorns himself in a breast plate and chain mail and carries a lance and long-handled war axe in battle. His helm is outlandish, sporting a visor shaped like a raven's beak with wings that rise back like those of a bird of prey in descent. His hands he keeps free of all adornment but for a signet ring of his own design. His eyes are hollow, with no emotion unless it is cruelty. All that gives him away as a devil is the long tail snaking the ground behind him. He rides his undead steed, Abigor, into battle.



Eligos is a Duke of Hell and possesses the favor of Beelzebub, who bequeathed him Abigor for services rendered. He has taken up his abode upon the 3rd level of Hell upon a glassy hill rising from the frozen marsh around him. There he dwells in a vast hall of simple design with a stable-like arena to house Abigor. He sits upon his throne, lording over the damned, relishing their torment as they are forced to fight his legions of devils.

When called, he serves Beelzebub before any other.

His cruelty is boundless, like any other Duke of Hell, but Eligos is peculiar in that he relishes war and the art of combat itself, though not as a test of arms, but rather the suffering that it causes the combatants. He is a soldier's bane and his name is cursed from one end of the world to the next. He is forever challenging heroes to battle and promises immortality to any who defeat him, though it is known that those who have bested him have not been given what was promised.

Eligos is known to have a weakness for mutton and if he eats too much of it becomes drunk and dazed. Others in Hell say that this weakness for the flesh of sheep is a statement that Eligos himself is weak and nothing more than a sheep in wolf's clothing, though few dare to say this in his presence.

COMBAT: Eligos pretends to be a champion of Knightly contests but he is not. He fights with all his advantages and

always seeks to kill or bind his foes. Unless he is separated from Abigor, he fights mounted with lance and axe. If pressed he uses his long tail to trip his foe so that he may strike them while they are prone.

ABIGOR: Abigor is a 12 HD nightmare. (See **Monsters & Treasure**).

DEATH STRIKE: With a successful strike of an unmodified 18-20 with his lance there is a chance that the target will be killed instantly. The target is allowed a charisma save to attempt to stop this effect. Lawful good characters gain a +5 to their attribute check, paladins a +10.

DIRGE: When Eligos sings his battle songs, all non-evil creatures within 500 feet must succeed at a wisdom save (CL 12) or become panicked for 2d4 rounds. This effect is identical to the effects of the spell fear.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Eligos. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Eligos is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

FERIL BLADE: Eligos wields the *feril blade*, a magical +5 lance. He carries it always. Upon a successful strike of 18-20 it causes a death strike (see above).

SMOKE FORM: Eligos can become incorporeal at will, choosing between a gaseous, smoky form and his normal corporeal form. This can be done once per round. Eligos may spend up to a full day in smoke form. In smoke form, he flies at a speed of 50 feet. The ability is otherwise similar to a *gaseous form* spell.

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, he may summon in 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing to fight along side him.

TRIP: Upon a successful attack with his tail, Eligos can attempt to trip his opponent and drag them to the ground. The opponent is allowed a dexterity save to resist. Opponents tripped in this manner are considered prone and automatically act last in the next round. Eligos gains a +10 to hit any prone opponent.

IN AIHRDE

Eligos traces his road back to the beginning. Fashioned in the deeps of the Void he was set aside and forgotten. But he saw those named of the Val Eahrakun and he took the form of Corthain, a knight of wondrous beauty. But Eligos' beauty was stained, for his mind was so twisted toward darkness and evil that those who looked upon him could see through his facade of beauty to the ugliness within.

He fled the Void upon the creation of the world and made a kingdom of his own in the distant east. In time, men worshiped

him, for he doled out power to those who fawned over him. In time his kingdom was wasted by the wars of Ornduhl and so he came to serve the Red God as captain of his hosts. After Ornduhl, too, fell, Eligos fashioned a realm of stone and mountains and came to call himself Lord, ruling thusly for many long centuries.

Eligos was weak, however, and craved the attention of a master, so when Unklar called the legions of the Wretched Plains to war, he took up his banner and joined the Horned God. He rose to prominence in Aufstrag, serving his master blindly and ferociously. But the Horned God likewise fell, and though Eligos had cemented his power in Aufstrag, he retreated to the Wretched Plains and his mountain realm.

DEVIL, ELISHIA (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

INT: Supra-Genius

SIZE: Medium (6')

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 20 (d10) (133HP)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 28

TREASURE: 12×3

SAVES: M

XP: 33,950+20

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (1d6 + see below)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Beauty, Charming Personality, Charm Person, Fear Aura, Spell Casting, Robes of Spell Turning, Summon Devil, SR 144

Elishia is quite beautiful in her normal form, standing six feet tall with long, curly, black hair, deep green eyes and a playful smile dancing across her crimson lips. Two small horns grow from her forehead, and great, leathery bat-like wings sprout from her back. She wears a black, silk robe (see below) with a low-cut bodice and a slit up the side to her waist. She is aware of the impact of her appearance on mortals and will use it whenever she can, projecting wanton lust one minute and terrifying fear the next. She enjoys taunting mortals.

Elishia is a powerful devil that resides on random planes of Hell as is her want. She is followed by a retinue of lesser devils, particularly erinyes. Like all devils, she harbors no love for anyone other than herself, although she is fiercely loyal to her father, Asmodeus, and his allies.

COMBAT: If she can, Elishia avoids any melee combat, relying on her spell casting abilities. If forced, she will strike with her short sword, "Beauty."

BEAUTY: In addition to being a +5 short sword, any opponent struck by Beauty must make a constitution save (CL 20) or be held for 2d10 rounds as if affected by a *hold person* or *hold monster* spell.

CHARMING PERSONALITY: Before anyone can attack Elishia, they must pass a charisma check (CL 20). If they fail, they cannot attack. This check must be made every time an attempt to attack her is made, regardless if the attack is melee,

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ranged or magic in nature. An attack is anything that would possibly cause Elishia discomfort, harm or inconvenience.

CHARM PERSON: At any time (even prior to combat), Elishia can forgo an attack and attempt to charm any single creature. She pouts and pleads with the victim to help her. A charisma check is then initiated (CL 20). If failed, the victim will attack for and defend Elishia unto death. Elishia can do this an unlimited number of times per day, but can only have one charmed person under her control at a time.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Elishia. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in her presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of her, or even look upon her. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Elishia is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

SPELL CASTING: Elishia is an accomplished wizard, but not of the standard variety: rather than choosing spells per level as wizards would, she has a specific set of spells in her daily arsenal. She can cast the following spells once per day as a level 20 wizard: *jump*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *protection from chaos*, *shield*, *acid arrow*, *diminish attribute*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *slow*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, *suggestion*, *dimension door*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, *polymorph other*, *wall of ice*, *animate dead*, *cone of cold*, *chain lightning*, *disintegrate*, *globe of invulnerability*, *finger of death*, *summon greater monster* (75% chance another demon ally), *trap the soul*, *disjunction* and (fulfill another's) *wish*.

ROBES OF SPELL TURNING: Elishia's robe acts as a ring of spell turning (see **Monsters & Treasure**) with the following exceptions: It can reflect, or negate, 20 levels of spells per day. Spells which do not meet the criteria to be turned are instead negated. In order for the robes of spell turning to activate, a spell cast against Elishia must first pass her innate spell resistance.

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, she may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of her choosing

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In the early years of his long reign, Asmodeus thought to create a consort that would serve him as chief among his slaves, administering to his desires. So Elishia came to be. Strong and willful, she did not respond kindly to her bondage and fought against the Prince of Hell. In time her own power grew and she rose in revolt against him. Their war was cut short when Unklar called, and she joined the ranks of devils who followed him to Aufstrag. There she took up residence in the Second Ward where she wandered, taking as she desired and visiting pain and suffering on the inhabitants.

She dwells there still reigning over a lessoned Kingdom, awaiting the return of Unklar, as her war with Asmodeus continues.



DEVIL, ERINYES (LESSER)

NUMBER: 2-12
SIZE: Medium
HD: 6 (d8)
AC: 18
SAVES: P
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: 1 (dagger – see below)

INT: Superior
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: 8
XP: 1,320+6

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Dagger of the Erinyes, Detect Invisible, Locate Object, Gaseous Cloud, Polymorph Self, SR 7

Erinyes are always female and almost always human in form. All are extremely beautiful, save for the huge bat-like wings that sprout from their backs.

The erinyes are devils sent to the prime planes to seek out humans or demi-humans that have broken oaths. While the planes of hell are littered with the souls of the damned, the devils that reside there sometimes need flesh-and-blood humans and demi-humans for some unknown reason. Some sages postulate that the blood of the living is powerful and the devils use it in some sort of ritual. Others argue the flesh is simply food for the infernal creatures and they feast upon the flesh of humans. A few say that the humans and demi-humans are gathered to become trained and indoctrinated wherein they are sent back to their home planes as avatars of their devilish mentor, wreaking havoc in their name. Whatever the reason, the erinyes are sent to reap the living from their home plane and carry them to their masters. The only living creatures ever gathered in this way are those known as oath breakers.

The erinyes are never named, but some like to adapt human names when in the human realms, for this makes them feel

happy. Normally, they take names of the victims they have already harvested. Once back on the planes of Hell, they drop these human names and once again become one of thousands of faceless creatures.

While on the prime planes, however, they love to interact with human males only to slay them and feast on their blood. They will never injure the one they are told to harvest (exception: see below), but their inherent evil is impossible to suppress. Erinyes never wear clothes, regardless of weather or environment, and delight in shocking the living.

The only weapons they carry are poisoned daggers.

It is nigh impossible to hide from an erinyes once they have their proverbial sights set upon a victim (see below).

COMBAT: In combat, the erinyes attack with their special poisoned daggers, immobilizing their victims before they slay or consume them.

DAGGER OF THE ERINYES: A successful hit forces the victim to make a constitution save (CL-10) or fall into a dream-like stupor for 3d12 rounds. During this time, the victim is awake, but not lucid. He cannot speak (or cast spells), attack or assist his allies. He will basically stand still, aside from a slight sway, and drool with eyes only half open. The dagger itself only does 1d4 damage, but once the stupor takes over, the erinyes will slaughter their enemies not only with their dagger, but also with their hands and mouth (though they get no ‘claw’ or ‘bite’ attack).

When harvesting a human victim, the erinyes attack with their dagger until their target falls victim to their poisoned blade. When this occurs, they will grab their prey in both arms and fly into the air, eventually *plane shifting* (via the spell) back home.

DETECT INVISIBLE: In order to readily track down their prey, all erinyes can *see invisible* at all times.

LOCATE OBJECT: They also have an inherent ability to locate object to unerringly locate their victim.

GASEOUS FORM: Once per day, as a full action, they can change into a gaseous form.

POLYMORPH: They can *polymorph* to any form to get to their victim even if they are secreted away.

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Born of Unklar’s need to control all things the erinyes were created by his hand, of his flesh and set upon the world. For many long years, they occupied the heights of Aufstrag, taking flight to hunt oath breakers and others of a similar nature. They plucked them from their abodes and bore them back to Aufstrag.

Since Unklar’s fall they have been without purpose though many still continue to hunt the wicked. Many have fled to the Wretched Plains and taken up residence there, to serve in the ranks of the greater devils. They are the favored of Elishia.

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DEVIL, FLESH LORD (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Large (9'+)
HD: 16 (d8)
AC: 23
SAVES: M
MOVE: 40ft.; 20ft. (climb)
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d8), Weapon (1d8+3)
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Climb, Fleshing Dagger, Regenerate 3, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 2, Vulnerable to Silence

INT: Genius	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar	TREASURE: 16
XP: 8,800+16	

Flesh Lords are devils of Aufstrag. They are tall, emaciated creatures with long arms and legs. Their hands and feet are also long, slender and capped by wicked claws. Their pale skin clings to bones that jut outward in painful outline. The skin itself is dry, cracking at the touch and constantly peeling. The flesh lords encourage this with the long, fleshing knife they carry and constantly drag across their hides. They have no facial features to speak of. Flesh covers their eye sockets, with scarred gashes where their nose and mouth would be. Two small holes above either cheek allow them to hear the world around them.

The flesh lord moves very quickly, whether running in a long gait or crawling like an insect. They prefer to cling to the ceiling, dropping down on unsuspecting prey. However, their continually shedding skin places them at a disadvantage. Anyone keeping watch on the floor is likely to notice the loose skin laying about.

They cannot see, smell or talk. They do however have superior auditory skills. The openings in their skulls allow them to hear even the slightest sounds, from the echo of moving wind to whispers. From these sounds they derive a clear picture of what is going around them.

Flesh lords prefer to use their four-foot-long fleshing dagger. The u-shaped blade is very sharp, is able to cut through most mail, and carves off long slivers of the flesh beneath. The peeled skin is harvested by the flesh lord, who wrap the strips of skin together, making long, tough web-like ropes that cling to whatever they touch. The flesh lords often hang their victims with their own skin.

COMBAT: The flesh lord is an accomplished spell caster, preferring to batter his victims with spells before finishing them with his fleshing dagger. They wield *hold person* spells to seize their victim, then fillet them alive, savoring the tremendous pain of their victim having their skin sliced off bit by bit.

CLIMB: The flesh lord is able to cling to almost any surface. Their long limbs allow the creatures to crawl, their limbs bent high, their torsos pressed close to the ground. Any rough surface, such as a stone wall or a tree, the creatures climb with no effort. Surfaces such as ice or glass are a little more difficult, requiring a dexterity check; the challenge level for glass surfaces is 8, for ice it is 16.

FLESHING DAGGER: The knife of the flesh lord is designed to peel the skin off its victims. The blade's sharp edge grants the devil a +3 on all attacks made with the knife. A successful hit deals 1d8+3 points of damage. Upon a successful unmodified to hit of 19 or 20 the knife peels the skin back in 5 inch long, 1 inch wide strips. The wound causes an additional 1d4 points of damage, but such severe pain that the victim must make a successful constitution save, or suffer a temporary loss of 1-2 points of intelligence. It heals back 1 point of 10 minutes. If a victim is reduced to 1 intelligence, they can no longer function and fall to the ground, gibbering.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Hold person* (5/day), *hold monster* (3/day), *levitate* (5/day), *ray of enfeeblement* (1/day), *scare* (2/day), *shatter* (3/day), *summon monster* (large spider), 1/day, *telekinesis* (2/day).

VULNERABLE TO SILENCE: They are extremely vulnerable to *silence* spells as they are instantly blinded if they fail their save and find themselves in a bubble of silence. In such circumstances they cannot focus on a single target to cast spells, suffer a -5 on their to hit rolls and their opponents gain a +5 to hit.

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The Lords of Al-Liosh were powerful and wealthy. Though many bore noble sons and daughters and ruled lands in kindness and with a fair hand to judgment, others were not so good. Others ruled in spite of their wealth, with cruel mouths and twisted minds; they tortured their serfs, paying them in evil's wage. When Al-Liosh fell, Unklar harvested these Lords and put them to his own purpose. He gave them power over his armies

and set them up to torture the victims of the long conquest. And when the wars ended, he made them masters of the Hall of Chains in Aufstrag's lower regions, feeding them all those who passed through his court.

The flesh lords grew great in power and arrogance as they lorded over the minions of the dark.

As is known, Unklar's power waxed and waned, and for many years he slept upon his throne while the kingdoms of his making unfolded. So it came that in the 400th year of the Winter Dark the flesh lords rose against their slumbering master. They crowded the Torture Gardens and the Pits of Woe with the victims of their torment and assailed the upper halls with great force. The wailing of the damned echoed in the deep chambers and roused the Mogrl, devils of Unklar's rage (see **Monsters & Treasure of Aihrde**). These rose to do battle with the flesh lords. The clamor of the war carried far and wide, so that men in the Punj could hear it. The towers of Aufstrag shook, and flights of wyverns took to the air from on high. The slaves of the Trenches deep in the bowels of the Great Tree rose in rebellion and flooded the lower halls in violence.

All of this roused Unklar from his sleep. His roar tore the air around him and shattered walls and floors. He descended the towers and came upon the great battles raging below. His presence sent the flesh lords fleeing to the chambers below, and the Mogrl hounded them. But Unklar, once roused, could not sate his anger so easily. He entered the Hall of Chains and crushed them beneath his cloven hoof. He stripped the flesh lords of their tongues to end their blasphemy. He removed their mouths to stop their wailing. He sliced off their noses so men would hate their shapeless forms. And he pulled the flesh of their brows over their eyes so that they could never see again. He plucked their souls from their bodies, bound them in balls of iron, and hurled them across the world. At the last he drew breath across them, and pulled the life from their flesh, so that it curled and dried and fell in flakes.

They grew so fearful that ever after, the flesh lords listened for the slightest movement of their master. In this way, they came to hear all things, great and small.

DEVIL, GEERTHTOOL (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 12 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 23	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: M, P	XP: 1,750+12
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: 2-6 Claw (1d4), bite (1d10)	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Create Objects, Hideous Howl, Limb Defense, Summon Imps, True Sight, Teleport	

The Geerthtool is a hideous devil, one of only a few of this type known to exist. Its ugliness derives from its incomplete state of



being. This devil is yet in the process of being created and thinks of nothing more than coming to rest in a final state. The dreams which created this creature are incomplete as if one awoke in the middle of the dream as a figure was forming in the mind. Thus, the devil is, and shall always remain a process. This grotesque aberration looks to be a pile of bones with many multi-jointed arms, legs and other appendages topped by a massive angular skull much like that of a crocodile. Rotting flesh and tendrils of tendons hold it together and wrap around numerous pulsating and globular organs dripping ichor and slime wherever it moves.

The creature is constantly growing extra limbs or appendages and dropping those which have been around for a day or more. It leaves a trail of limbs and bones behind it. The rest of the creature, though "unfinished," is static. It takes no form, nor conceives of any form that it should take. Somewhere in the lost recesses of its mind, it is aware of its malformed being but this does little but fuels the fire of its evil.

It is wholly driven by its malice, cruelty, its lust for destruction and by the evil of its very being. It delivers suffering and death almost nonchalantly.

The devil grows a new appendage once every 12–24 hours and drops off one as well. The appendages vary in length and nature, sometimes looking human, other times appearing as tentacles, claws, or tails. These appendages are the devil's main weapons in a fight. The devil can have 4–12 appendages at any given time and fight with half of them (using the others for balance, though it must have 4 to walk).

The creature can not speak but communicates telepathically. It can not read thoughts but understands what a person or creature intends in a general sense. However, the creature is unusually

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keen in perceiving and detecting true intent as revealed in body language. Some actions and intents are often telegraphed by people unwittingly. For example, fear is telegraphed by an increase in sweating, twitches on the face, and elevating eyebrows. Equally, aggression or the intent to act is likewise revealed. The creature gets to make a wisdom check as often as necessary to determine a character's true emotional state. The Castle Keeper will probably know a character's emotional state and if not, the player should tell the Castle Keeper. The devil uses this to its advantage and often focuses on those characters which are most vulnerable or fearful.

All these devils have a similar obsession: finding a comfortable place to sit or lie. With so many varied appendages protruding from their bodies, sitting or lying is difficult, even walking is very uncomfortable. As a result, it often spends much of its energies attempting to make a perfect chair/bed/recliner to sit in. This obsession supersedes most other concerns and if an enterprising character can find a manner of engaging this creature and offer a plausible solution to its problem, the devil can be quite forgiving, until said object is created.

COMBAT: The Geerthtool may attack once per round for each limb available (one-half of its total current limbs). Due to the varying size and shape of the limbs, damage can range from 1d4 to 1d10 each.

TRUE SIGHT: Geerthtool can see as the spell *true seeing*. This is a permanent ability and extends to 500 feet.

TELEPORT WITHOUT ERROR: Geerthtool can cast *teleport without error* three times a day. The effects are immediate and require nothing more than the desire to enact.

LIMB DEFENSE: Whenever the Geerthtool takes 12 or more points of damage from a single blow, it can elect to lose a limb instead. The loss of the limb does not cost any hit point loss. It just loses a 'weapon.' It heals 2 hit points a round for six rounds, until the limb is grown back.

SUMMON IMPS: The Geerthtool can summon 1-12 imps 3 times a day to do his bidding.

CREATE OBJECTS: Through its obsession with finishing a perfect chair, the Geerthtool has developed a unique capacity to summon building material for said object. The Geerthtool can summon 50 cubic feet of wood a day, a dozen or so woodworking tools, 100 yards of silk or cotton and 100 lb of cotton batting. It can do this once a day.

CRUSHING BLOW: On a natural 20 when attacking, the Geerthtool automatically hits (regardless of its opponent's AC) and does triple damage.

HIDEOUS HOWL: The mouth and odd tubular construction in the Geerthtool's throat allows it to emit an unearthly howl of that shatters glass and ceramic and can cause damage. Anyone within 100 feet of the Geerthtool must make a saving throw or take 2d10 points of damage. They can do this once every four rounds.

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These powerful devils are rare as they are the remains of Unklar's forge craft. Twisted and broken, filled with the wrath of unfinished hope, they are little more than misspent moments that can never be whole. They inhabit all the upper chambers of Aufstrag and have begun to spread to the Wretched Plains where they wander without purpose or direction other than the suffering of others.

DEVIL, GERYON (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 25 (d10) (180 HP)

AC: 27

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 60 ft.; 80 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d8), Tail (1d10)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Fear Aura, Immunity (Weapons +2), Psionic Blast, Rake, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 16, Summon Devil

INT: Genius

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 18×2

XP: 62,100+25

Geryon is a huge creature, measuring 25 feet from head to tail. His face is that of a homely, bearded man with a broad brow. His torso merges the chest of a man and the back of a wyvern, the latter of which gives Geryon his long, spiked tail. Four legs and the midriff of a lion give him powerful claws and the ability to move with extraordinary speed. With wings to crown his glory, Geryon is a strange amalgam of many beasts and man.

Upon the 5th level of the Infernal Planes lies the massive river Styx, which has carved its course through tall black mountains, ending in tumbling waterfalls hundreds of feet in height and breadth. These falls are spanned by a natural stone arch, and it is here that Geryon has built his aerie. A massive affair of stone and iron, it houses his court and the hosts of his legions.

Geryon is an arrogant beast. Thinking himself a philosopher and teacher, he pretends at knowledge he does not possess, though to be sure, he believes all that he says to be true. He condescends to almost everyone he speaks with. When presented with some logical fallacy he cannot comprehend or that contradicts his existing knowledge or opinions, he doubles down on his arrogance and condescension.

He is paranoid and imagines plots toward his destruction in all actions around him and so frequently purges his court of the hosts of sycophants who gather around him. Most of these are weak-minded fools who also believe they have some secret knowledge of the world's unfolding. They are all as cruel in their arrogance as their master.

Amongst the Dukes of Hell, Geryon is rather mild. He does not relish the punishment meted out to the damned, nor does he thrive on torture or visiting pain upon others. His is a different kind of Hell, one filled with meaningless or useless knowledge, lorded over those who more often than not know it to be so. He



is cruel to those who fail him, but easily flattered when given compliments about his wisdom and intelligence. Anyone doing so should gain a +5 on any charisma rolls they make in dealing with Geryon.

He loves to feast upon the living. At least once a week food is brought to him, and he feasts in his great hall. They are set out before him upon his board and devoured while they watch. Sacrifices to Geryon come in the same manner, and he is known to travel the planes to feast upon the living.

COMBAT: Geryon generally avoids combat, commanding his minions and guards to defend him whenever needed. But once roused he attacks ferociously, using his psionic blast to incapacitate his foes before he falls upon them and rends them with his claws and tail.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Geryon. It is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even

look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Geryon is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

PSIONIC BLAST: Any single creature with an intelligence score (for creatures not rated for intelligence, anything with mental prime) within 60 feet of Geryon is subject to this attack. Geryon unleashes a telepathic wave of random thoughts and concepts, totally alien to anything the victim understands, causing the victim's brain to attempt to rationalize and grasp what it has experienced. If the creature fails its save versus intelligence, it falls into a catatonic state, effectively paralyzed and unable to think. A *heal* or a *wish* spell negates this ability. Geryon can use this attack five times per day.

RAKE: Upon a successful pounce attack Geryon can, in the following round, rake a victim with all of its talons, causing 6d6 points of damage automatically. While Geryon rakes an opponent, it cannot move or attack, but it can use its breath weapon.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Geryon is able to cast the following spells as a 15th level illusionist: *change self* (3/day), *daze* (3/day),

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mirror image (1/day), *misdirection* (1/day), *suggestion* (3/day), *mirage arcana* (1/day), *shades* (1/day), *distort reality* (1/day).

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, she may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of her choosing

TONGUES: Geryon can speak any language.

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Geryon was cast off the All Father's forge in the Days Before Days, after which he wandered the trackless wastes of the Void. When the earth came to be he feared it and lingered in the shadows of the Maelstrom.

There he watched and pondered and filled himself with all manner of knowledge. He grew proud of his musing and styled himself a powerful intellect. He grew arrogant and lorded over any he encountered. Those who fell under his sway, usually the weak or lost, only heightened his arrogance and fortified his belief that he was an intellect of great renown.

In truth, much of his knowledge was flawed and inaccurate. He watched the world and studied it but never entered it, so that his musings were not from experience but observation only. Thus, many of his thoughts were groundless.

After Ornduhl created the Wretched Plains, Geryon traveled there and took up his abode in a vast mountainous region. There he built an aerie with walls and high towers, across the span of a massive waterfall upon the river Styx. From here he could see far and wide. He forged a glass as well, a ball that allowed him to see into the many planes and Aihrde as well.

When Unklar came to the world and lay it under his yoke, Geryon joined his ranks. Unklar allowed it for though Geryon was flawed in his arrogance his abilities to belabor and wear down the mighty was useful. Soon he ruled a small realm in Aufstrag, but this did not last and when Unklar fell Geryon returned to the Wretched Plains and his aerie in Hell.

DEVIL, HARVESTER (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 15 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 28	TREASURE: 15
SAVES: M, P	XP: 15,300+1
MOVE: 40 ft.	
ATTACKS: 2 Tendrils (1d8), Bite (2d12)	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Create Pocket Dimension, Spell-like Abilities	

The Harvester is a massive creature that dwells in the filth of its own habits. The harvester beast is something akin to a frog, though its mouth is positioned on its back, so that when it squats the mouth, constantly agape is facing upward. Two long tentacles

rise up from the creature's flanks, giving it aid in motion and movement. They are also used as whip-like weapons. They are a dark mottled blue or purple in color, with large, unblinking eyes. Their mouth is lined with long, jagged and misshapen teeth.

The harvester devil dwells in Hell, finding someplace it can lay its favored trap to draw in the living and the dead and consume them. They are common wherever souls, or the wretched damned (see denizens) frequent. They are not known to serve any of the Arch Devils and are rare in the ranks of devilish armies. Their purpose is truthfully to visit suffering upon the damned.

The harvester sits and waits. When a soul wanders by, the harvester sends a host of his servants and drags the dead to its embrace where it devours the spirit. Within, the creature is consumed with torment and the pain tears at the soul's psyche until it is twisted beyond what it was. At that point, it is passed out of the harvester to join the ranks of the damned who serve the devil. These servants linger in the shadows about the harvester and wait for his call.

They are fearful of bright light and attempt to avoid it whenever possible, for this reason alone they refrain from joining the ranks of the other devils, who use fire all too often.

COMBAT: The harvester creates a pocket dimension, often beneath a floor or stairwell and watches on high, seeking for souls to torment, for any who enter the area draw its attention and the attention of the damned host about him. He unleashes the host. When the host attacks, they rise en masse up through the space and through the floor, reaching and grabbing for any they can get their hands upon. Once they have latched on, they pull them into the pocket dimension and down to the harvester, who in turn attempts to devour them.

UNDEAD ARMY: The harvester commands an army of 10-100 zombies who obey its every command. They attack en masse and act as one attack roll of the harvester, attempting to grab prey in order to pull them to the harvester. A successful to hit roll allows the undead to take hold and begin pulling them to



the devil, 10 feet every round. The host itself does little damage, causing only 1 hit point per round held. A successful strength check is required to break free. Captured targets can generally fight back. These undead can be turned, killed or otherwise destroyed, though the harvester suffers no damage for it. They attempt to pull the souls to the harvester devil until the last one of the hosts is destroyed or they are successful.

DETECTING THE POCKET DIMENSION: It is possible for any magic using class to detect the pocket dimension. Allow a primary class check (CL 8). If they succeed, they see that the floor is not a floor but the ceiling of some other space. They can banish the illusion with a *dispel magic* or similar spell. If successful, the floor vanishes and the harvester is plain to see, some 30 feet beyond. Its servants are also revealed. They attack, pulling the prey to their master. Anyone else can overcome the illusion with a successful intelligence check (CL 15).

CREATE POCKET DIMENSION: The harvester devil is able to create a pocket dimension similar to the *rope trick* spell. However, the opening to the dimension is 20 feet by 20 feet and it is permanent.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: It can cast *mirage arcana* (2/day), *hypnotic pattern* (1/day), and *hallucinatory terrain* (2/day). The harvester casts as a 12th level caster.

IN AIHRDE

In the Days before Days the harvester devil, known in Aihrde as the uelbrich devil, took form and drifted into the deep places of the world. After Ornduhl fashioned the Wretched Plains, the harvesters made their way to the wilds of the place. There they dwelt for many years until the call of Unklar brought the greater part of them to Aufstrag, where they took up residence. These creatures are common on all levels of that mighty fortress. They have even been known to occupy the uppermost throne room of the Horned God. They are loved by none, serve none but themselves and have little mind beyond a singular drive to devour the souls of the dead and enslave them.

DEVIL, HERIN (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: Average
SIZE: Medium (5-6')	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 1 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 17	TREASURE: 4
SAVES: M	XP: 13+1
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: Claw (1d4)	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Animate Dead, Displacement, Rot, SR 1	

The herin is vaguely humanoid with two spindly arms that serve as legs, the long-fingered hands serving as feet. The arms sprout from where its legs should be, and two open, gaping wounds mark where the creatures' arms should be. The wounds bleed



all manner of disease-ridden filth and rot. Its torso is gaunt, the bones of its ribs protruding through flesh too thin to contain them. Some bones sprout like antlers from its spine, and these leave gaping wounds in the flesh. Its head is stove in, the forehead concave. Its beady eyes rest deep within the skull. A wide mouth hangs open, a dislocated jaw locked in place. Rotted teeth and a mangled tongue mark the beast with the signs of its own suffering torment.

The herin are evil souls twisted with such torment that any memory of who they once were is gone, but the echo of that memory leaves a hunger in them and a desire to impart their suffering onto others. The reaches of the Wretched Plains and Hell hunting the weak, seeking to unmake them with the rot of their putrid existence.

They are favored by none in Hell or elsewhere, for their deeds in life left no lasting mark and their role in Hell is minor. They are more often than not driven off by other denizens of the nether planes, beaten or devoured, to be spit out again in the same state they were before. For this reason the herin do not often move, preferring to find a spot to hide until some unfortunate should cross their path.

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COMBAT: The herin is not particularly powerful, but it is able to transmit a rot into the flesh of its victims with a single swipe of one of its clawed hands. They often sit, using their displacement ability to hide themselves.

ANIMATE DEAD: The herin can animate the bones of the dead around it. The herin can animate up to three times its hit dice in bones, so long as there are bones enough to do that. They can animate one creature at a time, but can do so every four rounds. If an animated skeleton is killed the herin must wait four rounds to raise another creature.

DISPLACEMENT: When motionless the Herin creates a displacement field around it, making it virtually invisible. It can only be seen on a successful intelligence check (CL 12).

ROT: Upon a successful hit with the claw the victim must make a successful charisma save or the skin around the wound begins to rot, inflicting 1d4 hit points damage per round. The rot continues to spread for four rounds or until stopped with magical healing, cleric spells such as bless, cure disease, etc.

IN AIHRDE

The herin are minor devils that are found almost everywhere in Hell or the Wretched Plains. Mindless and weak, they are not used by the greater devils for anything other disposable fodder.

DEVIL, HIRSENKEELT (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 10 (d10)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 22	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: M, P	XP: 1,250+10
MOVE: 40 ft.	
ATTACKS: Weapon, see below	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, True Sight, Teleport, Levitate, Immaterial, Unmake, Flux	

The hirsenskeelt is a very rare devil. They came into being in that world between worlds, between the living and the dead, between time and perpetuity. They are enigmatic, having no particular form or shape, as if half-dreamed into being but never quite crossing the threshold of existence. They are called “the hirsenskeelt” by the dwarves, meaning “the negation of being.” They exist in the spaces between the known planes and can only be brought over by the most powerful of creatures. They are aware of themselves and believe themselves to be beings in the processes of both self-creating and of creating a world in which to live. For the hirsenskeelt, the worlds of all the planes and everything in them are the raw material for their continued creative process, nothing more than paints upon a palette. These devils have no intentional evil; rather, they are so unconcerned and uncaring (and incapable of such) for all things other than themselves, that their actions become evil as an after-effect of their being.

The hirsenskeelt can only be found in its natural state when dimension door, teleport or some similar magical travel between the planes goes awry and the travelers are locked between the planes. This space crackles with energies and materials that are in a constant state of flux, as is the hirsenskeelt. Even should one travel to this space, the chances of meeting a hirsenskeelt are astronomical. It takes no form, but simply projects its will from out of an amorphous energy area. Only when they come into the planes of existence do they acquire a more slightly tangible form. Here they acquire some slight gaseous material nature that is transformed into a vague shape, like a robe flowing over a body.

Although it is incapable of remaking itself or continuing the process of creation, it believes it can. It therefore attempts to transform and consume objects first by destroying them and then consuming them. It does this without even consciously trying to do so (see flux below). This is why it poses such a threat. It destroys that which is near, then proceeds to consume the very decay it causes, in effect healing itself.

The hirsenskeelt does not experience the passage of time; it has no concept of such and exists in a perpetual state of the present. It does not age and, in reality, can not be killed, only cast back into that realm from which it came. This is done by reducing the creature to 0 hit points, at which point it disappears. Although it can not progress beyond its current form, it does believe that it can, so tries to do just that. Its attempts are the same again and again and again. It destroys things and consumes them.

COMBAT: The hirsenskeelt has no physical attack form, save for its flux and unmake abilities below.

TRUE SIGHT: Hirsenskeelt can see as the spell *true seeing*. This is a permanent ability and extends to 500 feet.

TELEPORT WITHOUT ERROR: Hirsenskeelt can cast *teleport without error* three times a day. The effects are immediate and require nothing more than the desire to enact.

LEVITATE: As the spell except it can move up to 500 lbs 200 feet. It uses this ability to throw opponents around or objects at opponents in combat. It can cast this spell once per round.

IMMATERIAL: Once the hirsenskeelt takes more than half damage, it automatically becomes immaterial and disperses, only to reappear three rounds later in a random direction 50 feet away. It automatically returns to half hit points plus 1d10 during this process. It can do this three times a day before the ability is lost. The action cannot occur on consecutive rounds.

UNMAKE: With this ability, the hirsenskeelt can make a focused energy attack that causes 2d10 damage. The recipient of the attack is allowed a constitution save to reduce damage by half. The hirsenskeelt can only do this three times a day.

FLUX: The hirsenskeelt emanates a permanent state of destructive potential that flows about it like an energy field. This field can extend up to 30 feet from the creature. At 20–30

feet from it, the hirschenkeelt rolls a d20 and if the result is 18 or better, all living creatures take 1d10 points of damage and material objects age as if one year has passed (rust forms on metal, water dries up, etc.). From 10–19 feet the effect is for 2d8 hit points and 1–4 years of aging and under 10 feet, the damage is 3d6 and the aging is 1–6 years. This is rolled per individual or object as the field is always in an amorphous flux. The Castle Keeper is responsible for tracking and determining the effects of the aging. Aging does not affect the characters but represents a decay that has occurred. Every time the hirschenkeelt makes a successful roll on flux, it heals 1–2 hit points.

FLOAT: The hirschenkeelt can float an object up to 500 pounds. The object remains suspended where the hirschenkeelt leaves it. These objects remain levitated until the hirschenkeelt is killed or it desires that they fall. They can be moved and pushed but return to their starting point once released.

IN AIHRDE

These strange creatures are rarely encountered on the Wretched Plains or Aufstrag. Those that are were the playthings of the greater devils of Aufstrag. Taken from their abodes between the planes they were carted to the tower and made to serve the amusements of the devils. When Unklar fell, they were scattered and haunt that tower still. Some crossed over to the Wretched Plains where they visit their particular brand of horror upon the unrepentant.

DEVIL, ICE (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-8

SIZE: Large

HD: 12 (d8)

AC: 24

SAVES: M

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d8), Bite (1d6), Weapon (1d10)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Fear Aura, Fire Vulnerability, Slow, Spell-like Abilities, SR 5

Akin to a praying mantis in shape and form, these strange creatures walk upright on their hind legs, fight or run with their mid legs and can attack with wicked scythe-like claws on their front legs. They are huge, standing close to 9 feet tall, bluish-white and crowned with a set of globular eyes. They possess a keen intelligence which is reflected in their cold, heartless gaze.

Ice devils serve in all the legions of Hell, though they are particularly fond of Asmodeus, who keeps legions of them in his halls. They are fiercely loyal to whomsoever they swear their fealty too, and rarely change sides and then only with great reluctance.

Ice devils are found throughout Hell, dwelling in large, frozen caves, on the heights of frozen mountains or anywhere else the cold dominates the environment. They are attuned to the cold,

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 12

XP: 7,925+12



so much so that long exposure to heat can be catastrophic to them. Most fire-based attacks do double damage against the ice devil. They do not favor any type of light, but perhaps that cast by a pale fire or the moon on a cloudy night.

The ice devils' forearms, or front legs, are jointed much like a mantis, however they possess a gland in the joint that constantly secretes an icy substance. Once the substance touches the ice devil's skin it freezes, making a long thin, sharp-pointed projectile. The ice devil can hurl these as spears.

COMBAT: Ice devils are cowardly creatures at heart, seeking to keep their foes at arm's length. To this end they use their ice spears to strike their enemy from afar. The spears fashioned through their forearms are hurled with tremendous force as they are used on the same principle as that of the primitive atlatl. Once an enemy is struck and slowed by the spear's horrid cold, they fall upon and devour it.

FEAR AURA: Like the encroachment of death, one can sense the presence of these beings through the tell-tale dread generated by their proximity. Any creature who fails a charisma save is subject to the ice devil's fear. For 2-4 rounds they cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of the ice devil, or even look upon the ice devil.

FIRE VULNERABILITY: They are extremely vulnerable to fire. Magical fires, divine, arcane, and from magic weapons deal double damage against an ice devil. With a successful constitution save this damage is halved.

SLOW: A strike from an ice devil's tail or spear induces a numbing cold. The creature must make a successful constitution save or be affected as though by a slow spell for 1d6 rounds

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The ice devil can cast, at will, *cone of cold* (2/day), *ice storm* (1/day), *teleport* (3/day), *unholy aura* (1/day), and *wall of ice* (1/day). They cast as a 12th level caster.

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The ice devils are strange amalgams of chaos and law, of the twisted machinations of Narrheit and the wrath of Unklar. During the long and bitter times of the Horned God's conquest of Aihilde he battled Narrheit, the Unburdened One. The contest between the two lasted many years and lay waste to all the plains north of the Grundliche Mountains. It was poisoned and never again knew the joy of green grass or the shelter of a tree. Men called them The Frozen Salt Flats and they gave birth to the ice devils. Creatures of foul temperament like many of their ilk, but fiercely loyal to Unklar and his Winter Dark. When that god was at last banished by the Council, some of the ice devils fled their homes on the Flats and took refuge in Aufstrag and the Wretched Plains, there to ponder their loss and recoup their strength.

DEVIL, IMP (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** High
SIZE: Small **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 1 (d8) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 15 **TREASURE:** 1
SAVES: M **XP:** 19+1
MOVE: 20 ft., 60 ft. (fly)
ATTACKS: Bite (1d4), Stinger (1)
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Darkvision 60 ft., Immunity (Weapon, Silver or +1), Invisibility, Regenerate 1, SR 3

Imps are small fey, cunning, calculating and altogether evil. They are extraplanar creatures and are rarely encountered on the mortal realms. When they are, they usually serve wizards as familiars or as servants to some other malevolent creature. Imps can take many forms, but they are always small, crooked, and possess one long eyetooth. They possess wings, but these fold up onto their back and lay flat with their skin so that they are not discernible at a glance.

Imps possess a chameleon-like ability to blend with their environment. They can, at will, change their color into multiple colors, raise or lower their heat signature, and even their skin texture to blend with any environment.

They regenerate one hit point per round and can only be hit by silver or magic weapons.

Imps speak the language of fey and the common tongue of men.



COMBAT: Imps are not formidable foes. They are small and weak and avoid combat whenever they can. If pressed by superior numbers, they almost always fall upon the ground, desperately calling for a pardon, and will attempt to strike some deal with their antagonist.

INVISIBILITY: With a successful physical check, the imp hides so well that it is invisible to the naked eye.

POISON: Imps have a thin tail tipped with a sharp spine. With this tail, they can sting an opponent and cause a nasty wound. Upon a successful hit, the victim takes 1 hit point of damage, and must make a successful constitution save or suffer 2 points of damage per round for 4 rounds (for a total of 9 points). The wound swells and becomes sore immediately, rendering the area useless (if a sword arm, the victim cannot wield a sword with that arm after being stung). A *cure disease* or *neutralize poison* will negate the poison's effect.

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In the deeps of the Great Empty the pounding hammer of the All Father gave birth to many creatures. The sparks of his designs, beaten to the molten matter of his thought took upon a life of their own and the quasits and imps swarmed the heavens. In time they drifted to the world, dwelling in all regions of the planes, upon the roads of the gods, the Wretched Plains and the Endless Pools. There they dwell still, summoned by those great and small, to do their bidding.

DEVIL, KAIN'S HENCHMAN (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1-12 **INT:** Average
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 9 (d8) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 26 **TREASURE:** 5
SAVES: M **XP:** 2,000+9
MOVE: 40 ft.
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), or Weapon
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Deepvision, Spell-like Abilities, SR 12, Twilight Vision

Kain's henchmen stand roughly 5 feet at the shoulder. They are muscular bipedal creatures with the lower torso of a goat and the upper torso of a man. Their faces are twisted with evil and crowned by a set of coiled horns. Their goat legs are covered in thick fur, black or brown with a hint of red in it. Their bodies reflect the color of burnt ash, grayish black, charred or dark stained red. They have no pupils, but see from hollow pools of darkness. They wield all manner of weaponry, but prefer pole arms with multiple points and edges. When shape changing, they prefer to take the shape of a human, dressed nicely in a courtiers garb.

Kain's henchmen are rather uninspired creatures found throughout the Wretched Plains. Their slight imagination drives them into the service of greater devils where they serve

as soldiers, guards, standard bearers and the like. There they serve with distinction, as their thirst for order drives them to obedience. Anything that is not ruled or governed from above is seen as weak; creatures that act irrationally are as well. When they are commanded by their masters, they do not question it but carry out the command regardless of the outcome.

Though dull-witted, they can speak any language, good or evil, lawful or chaotic.

COMBAT: Kain's henchmen possess a tremendous reluctance to assume another form, instinctively seeing that as a weakness. In battle, they always assume their natural shape, discarding any subterfuge they may have adopted. They prefer the damage inflicted by their polearms to any other.

BILUN: These long iron polearms are fashioned in the forges of the greater devils deep in the Wretched Plains. They are seven feet long from butt to point and are capped by a tri-bladed spear that is lined with notches, spikes, and twisted metal edges. The shaft is black as pitch, casting a reflection in its depths; its blade is a sickly yellow, like tarnished gold. It acts as a +2 weapon, dealing 2d6 points of damage. A successful strike by the bilun blade causes the victim to weaken. Anyone so struck, that fails a constitution save, suffers a plague of doubts about who they are and what they are doing, and has an accompanying weakness: all attribute checks, combat rolls, and saves suffer a -2 penalty. The effects last for 4 rounds unless an *atonement* spell is cast upon the victim. This effect is not a poison, nor is it technically a disease, but rather a magical ability possessed by the blade that plays upon any misdeeds the victim may have perpetuated or even contemplated; therefore neutralize poison or immunity to poison or disease does not cure or reverse these effects. Note: Any character or NPC who the Castle Keeper deems is pure and good are immune to the effects of the blade.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: They have the following spell-like abilities: detect alignment (chaos/good permanent), *fire storm* (2/day), *glyph of warding* (2/day), *hold person* (3/day). They cast as a 12th level caster.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures earned their name in the latter days of the Winter Dark Wars. Unklar, despairing of victory, called upon Kain the Godless to reap mayhem in the ranks of his enemies. Kain, a Lord of Chaos, took up the task. In his arrogance, he bound a cohort of these devils to him and they served as his standard bearers and guards. They served him loyally, though what sorcery the Chaos Lord used to bind these creatures of pure law and evil to his will, none ever discovered. But these creatures were known as Kain's henchmen from that time forward.

They are not uncommon in Aihilde, as many remained after the fall of Aufstrag. They took up service with wizards, knights, and others who seek their power and service.

It is reckoned by the wise that King Louis II of Maine took such servants into his household. Legends say he discovered



the treasure of the Orc General Aziz, and in that treasure were several of Kain's henchmen. Louis II died of a long and slow illness, and none could cure it, and this was held as a curse of the house brought upon it by the Henchman. His son Louis III is bent upon the same path, or so the tales relate (see *Codex of Aihilde*).

DEVIL, KARNULCH (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1-10

SIZE: Large

HD: 10 (d10)

AC: 28

SAVES: P

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Slam (1d8), Bite (1d10)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Agile, Back Spikes, Dominate, Heat, SR 2, Strangle

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 10

XP: 6,450+10

The karnulch, or horned back, devil, is a tall, thin rusty-red beast. Its arms and legs are thin, almost gangly. Its fingers are exceptionally long, ending in wicked nails. It has no feet, but rather goat-like hooves. The face is angular, with little but a cavity for a nose and bat-like ears. Its neck is long and seems to be permanently stretched. Its skin is covered in sores and pustules that emit a foul odor when opened, but its most distinctive feature are the horns on its back. Most are small nubs, but there are always two large, thick horns springing from the creature's shoulder blades. It is these distinctive horns that give the creature its name.

Foot soldiers in Hell, the karnulch are found in all the legions of the arch-devils, bound to one or the other for various reasons. But many roam free, bound to no other, wandering in small bands through the wastelands of Hell, hunting for the damned to torment or for other prey to strangle. They tend to move slowly until they spot their prey, sitting for long periods of time, often in the open, one atop the other not unlike baboons.

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They are amazingly patient and can sit, unmoving, for long periods of time, from days to weeks. They require no rest or sustenance, existing only to hunt and torment. They take great joy in watching others suffocate, in choking the life out of them. They use their domineering presence to force them into a torpid state, and strangle them. They are known to keep some of their prey alive, choking them until they pass out, then waiting patiently until the prey rouses itself and begin strangling them anew.

The devils are primarily naked, but as they are sexless it matters little to the living or the dead. They are not particularly intelligent and are easy enough to fool with subterfuge. Oddly for a devil there is no particular hierarchy amongst any group of them.

They have no leaders other than those arch-devils they may serve. They do not dominate each other and travel in small groups out of habit more than need or desire. Nor do they have loyalty to each other, looking upon one another as if they were strangers.

COMBAT: The karnulch are brute force devils. They have few powers beyond attacking with claw and bite. They do relish strangling their victims and will attempt to gather them up by the throat and choke them to death. Once they have grabbed them with both hands they use their dominate ability to make them docile, so that they cannot defend themselves while being strangled.

AGILE: Karnulch gain a +3 bonus on all physical saves related to dexterity, and once every 4 melee rounds they are able to release a fury of energy which doubles their movement rate and number of attacks. This only lasts one round.

BACK HORNS: They can release one or two horns from their backs at anyone behind them. The effective range of the horns is 50 feet. Each horn inflicts 1d10 points of damage. Anyone struck with the horns must make a successful constitution save or suffer from the effects of Type II poison. These horns need not be directed at a single creature. The horns grow back in 4 rounds.

DOMINATE: The intense gaze of a karnulch is mind numbing, as overwhelming feelings of both fear and helplessness cross the victim's mind. A creature that looks into a karnulch's eyes must make a charisma save at a -2 penalty. Failure results in the victim being frozen in place, incapable of moving, defending themselves or even communicating with others. All attacks against them are at +5. They are allowed a charisma save every round they are dominated; however, each round they suffer a further -1 from their saving throws.

HEAT: The melee attacks of a karnulch are bolstered by elemental flame, causing an extra 1d6 points of fire damage to any victim struck by the devil.

STRANGLE: If a karnulch hits a single opponent with both slam attacks, that opponent is grabbed around the throat with both hands. A successful strength save allows the victim to escape this grasp. Each round thereafter, a constricted victim suffers 3d6 points of damage, and the temporary loss of 1d4 points of constitution. Being reduced to zero in hit points or constitution results in the victim passing out or dying. Creatures being strangled are allowed a strength save every round they are held.

DEVIL, LEMURE (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-100

SIZE: Medium

HD: 2 (d8)

AC: 14

SAVES: P

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), Bite (1d2)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits

INT: Inferior

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 2

XP: 69+2

These creatures appear as they did in life, human, demi-human or humanoid. However, their faces are twisted with pain and fear, their eyes long, and shallow and their bodies covered in wounds, pustules, and boils. They are naked, but for ethereal chains they eternally drag behind them. Bound hand to ankle, shoulders hunched, they walk slowly about their course. Their approach is noticeable by the noise of their chains and their low moans of pain and terror.

The lemure have little memory of who they were or what they did in life. Theirs was a life ill spent in deeds judged by the keepers of the paths of the dead to deserve only contempt and punishment. They do not serve any power in Hell but are merely playthings of devils, high and low. Tormented and driven with fire and barb, they are forever crawling about, seeking some

shadow to hide in or overhang of rock or marshy leaf for cover and protection.

They are found in herds, packs or individually, as they are, for the most part, mindless creatures who flee in terror from the denizens of Hell. However, they are drawn to living creatures, particularly good-aligned creatures. When they sense they are near living creatures, they gravitate toward them and attack mindlessly, seeking some comfort in the suffering of others for as recompense for the vaguely-remembered evil acts of their own lives.

A lemure cannot be killed in Hell, of course. It does not need to eat, or drink, sleep or heal. It only exists to suffer and as a toy to the lords of that place. If slain in battle the lemure simply dissipates, only to reform in some other hole in Hell.

COMBAT: Lemure to do not attack with any sense or plan. They drift toward the living and begin to claw and bite at them. Their moans unsettle some, but by and large the lemure can do little to affect their own purpose.

MOAN: The lemure's moan causes fear in some. Anyone who hears it must make a charisma save. If they fail they suffer a -2 to all attribute checks and combat rolls so long as they are in the presence of the moaning lemure.

DEVIL, LILITH (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Medium (6')	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 18 (d8) (108 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 23	TREASURE: 18
SAVES: M, P	XP: 41,900+18
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: 1 Weapon	

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Alostis, Charm Person, Fear Aura, Mass Charm, Plane Shift, Sanctuary, Spell-like Abilities, SR 18, Summon Monster, Wizard Abilities

Lilith herself is a regal woman, looking nothing like the typical devil. She is tall and beautiful, appearing as a noblewoman in her mid-forties. She has shoulder length black hair and alabaster white skin. Her nails are long (almost too long), her lips are deep crimson and her eyes are a rich violet. She wears a long, flowing, velvet dress of deep purple. While in her presence, one can always faintly hear the sound of children crying.

The story of Lilith is one of mystery and darkness. Lilith is a devil, and yet she is shunned by all others of devil kind. She does not belong to the strict hierarchy of Hell and instead lives alone in her desolate castle. She was exiled from her original home by the lord of those realms for reasons unclear to mortals. Although shunned, her people take no acts to kill her or force her to leave Hell. It is unclear the exact relationship between her and the other Arch-Devils. Suffice to say, she exists on the plane of Hell, yet has no place in their society.



Lilith's home now is a desolate, broken castle, lying in ruins. Various beasts, normally those that are considered non-magical, e.g., lions, wolves, tigers, bears, etc. roam the grounds acting as guards and scouts. These creatures are always maximum hit points and will fight to the death while on Lilith's grounds. Within the castle, always near Lilith's throne room, one finds 1–2 lamia and an equal number of lamia queens. It is important to note that these creatures are not charmed and do not count against her charm ability as noted below.

Lilith hates all things save her pets. She may appear pleasant to visitors, but she is always sizing them up, weighing their strengths and weakness in a potential battle. She is a horrible creature and will do anything possible to inflict pain and torture upon other beings. Her great passion is to feast upon the living.

A few times a month, Lilith travels to the material plane to kidnap the innocent from their homes. She holds them captive, torturing them at her leisure until eventually killing and eating them. The sounds of her victims carry far and wide throughout

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her halls. Some call for aid, others for mercy, still others simply shout out their pain.

COMBAT: Lilith wields her magic as an 18th level wizard. She rarely enters melee combat, relying on her magic and summoned creatures. She always attempts to charm enemies, or otherwise turn them against one another prior to battle. Once battle ensues, she summons creatures to fight for her. She will drape herself in protection spells and rely on her spell resistance to negate opposing spells. She focuses her attention on warriors, hopefully gaining them as allies via charm spells, or if not, killing them quickly. She carries Alostis, her dagger, favoring it in battle. Oftentimes, Lilith will surround herself with lamias of maximum hit points that fight to the death to defend her. Once any party has been reduced to a single entity, Lilith attempts to capture them via hold person. For this unlucky victim, life just became hell. Lilith keeps these unlucky souls alive, but just barely, torturing them for months as they beg and scream for death before she finally, violently, grants them their wish. It is not beyond Lilith to resurrect her slain victim and begin a regiment of torture all over from the beginning.

ALOSTIS: Lilith carries a +5 vampiric dagger that she uses against her enemies or friends if needed. Any damage inflicted by the dagger heals Lilith for a like amount. Also, if she rolls a 17–20, Alostis drains a level from her victim and heals Lilith per the *heal* spell. If hard pressed, she will even stab a friend or ally to steal health in this manner.

CHARM PERSON/MASS CHARM: Lilith can cast *mass charm* (people, monsters or animals) at any time on anyone (or anything). On her home plane the total number of creatures she can charm cannot exceed 54 hit die (three per level). Beyond her home plane she can charm up to 36 hit die (twice her caster level). The spell acts as the *mass charm* spell in all other respects.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Lilith. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in her presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of her, or even look upon her. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Lilith is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the CK's discretion.

PLANE SHIFT: Lilith can *plane shift*, per the spell, to any known plane. She normally visits the material plane and enters the homes of common folk, searching for infants. When found, she takes her chosen victim and plane shifts back to her home. This is a non-combat ability that needs preparation, for it takes all of her concentration and 10 rounds to cast. As such, she cannot use this *plane shift* ability in combat.

SANCTUARY: Anytime the battle is going against Lilith, she casts *sanctuary* upon herself (CL of the *sanctuary* spell 18).

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Hold person* (1/day), *suggestion* (1/day), *teleport* (3/day).

SUMMON MONSTER: Lilith can summon 50 hit dice of creatures to her side. These include lamias as well as mundane, non-magical creatures as stated above. Lilith can cast this 3 times per day, but the number can never be greater than 50 hit dice. Any creature summoned that exceeds this limit is instantly killed. Summoning creatures does not break her *sanctuary* ability. Refer to the wizard spell of the same name for details.

WIZARD ABILITIES: Lilith possesses all the abilities of an 18th level wizard. As such she has an extensive library of spells in her castle. Generally, when she ventures forth, she memorizes the following spells: 0- *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *endure elements*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *mage hand*, *message*, 1st- *burning hands*, *change self*, *charm person*, *erase*, *feather fall*, *hold portal*, *magic missile*, 2nd- *acid arrow*, *darkness*, *detect thoughts*, *invisibility*, *knock*, *levitate*, *see invisibility*, 3rd- *blink*, *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*, *magic circle (good)*, 4th- *confusion*, *dimension door*, *fear*, *ice storm*, *wall of fire*, 5th- *cloudkill*, *cone of cold*, *summon monster*, *wall of stone*, 6th- *chain lightning*, *disintegrate*, *globe of invulnerability*, *project image*, 7th- *finger of death*, *power word stun*, *vanish*, 8th- *mass charm*, *power word blind*, *symbol death*, 9th- *power word kill*, *time stop*.

IN AIHRDE

Once a lieutenant of Ornduhl, Lilith dwelt in a wealth of power. She reigned for many long years in Aihirde, kingdoms of the Val Eahrakun. Her power was unmatched by any but the Red God himself, for her visage was fierce. But she spent of herself creating all manner of wild beasts, shaping the world and feeding it of her own essence.

In time, she dwindled so that she fled the world with the Red God and returns now only to hunt the wicked. She dwells apart in a great tower in the Wretched Plains that stands upon an island in a blue sea of tormented souls upon the high slopes of Mount Eriday.

DEVIL, MALEBRANCHE (HORNED) (GREATER)

NUMBER: 2-8

SIZE: Large (9')

HD: 6 (d10)

AC: 28

SAVES: P

MOVE: 50 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d6), bite (1d8), or Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Impale, Nuance Weapon, SR 1

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 5

XP: 1,140+6

The malebranche look almost reptilian, their bodies covered in dark green scales like those found on a snake. They are bipedal and stand nine feet tall. Their head is more bestial, almost ape-like, in appearance. It has two huge horns that grow from its temple and curve upwards. Very old malebranche sometimes have these two horns joining above their head. They have two large tusks that grow upwards from their bottom jaw. Their pupilless, milky-white eyes are large and unblinking.



Almost all malebranche carry three-pronged tridents. Each of these is fashioned for the individual malebranche and is adorned with sigils and runes that, in some way, relate to their owners. The inherent powers of the tridents are lost if they are wielded by anyone but the rightful owner. The malebranche are a species of devils that are proud, vain creatures that enjoy parlaying with potential victims before killing them. Malebranche are well versed in the affairs and ideals of humans and seem to take perverse pleasure in engaging them in conversation. Needless to say, most of humanity are frightened beyond belief at the devils and act accordingly, something the malebranche relishes.

COMBAT: Malebranche initiate combat using their *fear* spell-like ability. Then they attack any good-aligned creature, hopefully paladins or clerics. They focus upon a single target until they kill them. The weapon they carry always has some special ability (i.e., *bane*, *luck*, *life stealing*, etc.). This is random and should be adjudicated by the CK.

IMPALE: Any time a malebranche rolls a natural 18–20 on its attack roll, the trident impales its victim for 4d4 damage, which may be halved upon a successful constitution save. Also, if the constitution save is unsuccessful, they will be unable to act as the pain renders them stunned for 1d4 rounds. Once impaled, the malebranche will do 2d4 damage per round with no attack roll needed as they push and pull the trident while it is inside their victim. The victim (if not stunned) is allowed a strength

check to dislodge the weapon. Dislodging causes an immediate 4d4 damage, but then the weapon is free.

WEAPON NUANCE: Each malebranche possesses a nuance of magic that allows him to enchant the trident they carry, but it also affects whatever blade or weapon they pick up. This nuance acts as a +2 enchantment at all times for attack and damage. It also possesses an ability, such as *featheredged*, *bane*, *luck*, etc. See the **Monsters & Treasure** magic items for a complete list. The weapon loses its ability as soon as the devil drops it. Any weapon he picks up has this ability.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Once per day, the malebranche can use the following abilities: *bestow curse*, *fear* and *harm*.

IN AIHRDE

Much like the bearded devils, the malebranche came of the sparks of the All Father's forge. They took form one after the other until a great host of them were gathered. They dwelt in the filth of their own hate in the Void until Ornduhl called them to his banners before the great wars with Corthain and the other gods. They have served his name ever since.

During the Winter Dark many flocked to Unklar's banner, thirsting for the victories of their youth and they served him until his fall. The greater part of these remained in Aufstrag, where they serve some of the Lords of that tower or for the more powerful, they carve Kingdoms out of Hell for themselves. They have much traffic with their kindred who remained in the Wretched Plains, however, and both are loyal to one another.

DEVIL, MAMMON (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

INT: Genius

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 30 (d10) (140 HP)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 29

TREASURE: 18×2

SAVES: M, P

XP: 77,250+30

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Fists (2d8+4 each)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Charm, Fear Aura, Rage, Spell-Like Abilities, Summon Devil, SR 12

Mammon is a great, horrible beast that embodies gluttony, avarice and greed. He stands almost twelve feet tall and weighs upwards of a thousand pounds. He is grossly obese, with great jowls and multiple chins that touch his chest. His arms are thick with muscle and fat, yet end in stumps rather than hands. Mammon will sometimes attach weapons to these stumps, such as swords or axes, but more often than not, he leaves them as-is. His chest and belly are grotesque in their corpulence, covered in droppings of filth. Thick, almost bulbous legs extend from his gut, ending in thick hooves. His entire body is morbidly obese and smells of filth and decay. His lipless mouth is wide and filled with oddly white, large teeth. He wears a thick, red cloth over his eyes and blood drips from underneath, as if he is constantly

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crying blood. This blood, like so much other offal, has fallen onto his chest where it congeals and dries. His pale skin only heightens the plethora of detritus that litters his frame. Two great horns twist upward from his head, curving of their own accord. His nose, chest, and belly are pierced with great jewels decorating these piercings. A long, thick, solid gold chain hangs about his neck and two great, silver armbands adorn his biceps. His horns have finger rings on them, up to a dozen and a small crown is seated upon his head.

Mammon is blind but his other senses are keen. He is diabolically intelligent and can, at will, discern anyone's greatest material desire, be it riches in jewels, a fantastical weapon or a great castle. Mammon will use this knowledge to his advantage, promising his foes their wildest dreams for service.

Of course, any gift given by Mammon will be tainted. Indeed, in some cultures, a curse is known colloquially as "Mammon's Gift." However, due to his great strength of will, Mammon will make anyone believe his gift is blessed and wonderful.

COMBAT: In combat, Mammon is wild and unpredictable. He will attack in a rage, pummeling with his stumps for 2d8+4 points of damage each. Although he takes a -4 to hit due to his blindness, his rage will compensate for this deficiency, effectively adding +4 to all attacks. Mammon will normally lash out at whoever has successfully hit him, thus his attacks will be split among multiple opponents. It should be noted that Mammon will always attempt to parlay before any combat in an attempt to lure possible opponents to his side.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Mammon. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Mammon is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

RAGE: When forced into melee combat, Mammon will fly into a rage. This will add +4 to all attack rolls, but will incur a penalty of -2 to all saving throws and lower his AC by 2 as well.

CHARM: Prior to combat, Mammon will read the thoughts of his opponents and try to coerce them to fight alongside him, promising them their greatest material desire. The CK will need to adjudicate what the PCs desire. Once Mammon offers his gift, the character in question must make a successful charisma check (CL-20) or be *charmed*, as per the spell, and will fight alongside Mammon in anticipation of his gift.

If Mammon succeeds in defeating his opponent, he will fulfill his request and reward his newfound ally with the promised gift. However, it will come at a great cost for the gift is always cursed in some way and will be a bane to the receiver for the rest of his days. After this, he will be sent back to his home plane. The material planes are littered with tortured souls, insane with regret and revenge, wandering with horrifically cursed items they received by turning on their friends.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Cloudkill* (1/day), *darkness* (3/day, Mammon suffers no ill-effects), *disintegrate* (1/day), *diminish attribute* (normally strength) (1/day), *telekinesis* (1/day), *wall of fire* (1/day). He casts as a 15th level caster.

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, he may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing

IN AIHRDE

The weight of Mammon's evil bore him ever to ground so that he could not carry himself with ease. The bulk of it tore great gashes in the earth until Ornduhl brought him to the Wretched Plains and set him upon a field of the living dead. These bore him for many ages, ever replenishing their losses and lifting Mammon up again. He reveled in their suffering and lorded over realms of the Wretched Plains.

In time Unklar called him and he joined the Horned God's banners in war. Long and hard he fought but when he battled Talarion, Luther's son, he was cut down and the paladin hew off his feet and hands and took his eyes. Ever after, the blinded Mammon walked on the stubs of his own bones, and had no hands but bore an axe grafted to his arm.

He dwells in Aufstag still, lord of the upper levels. He hates humans above all things and lusts only in their destruction.

DEVIL, MAUKLING (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** Supra-Genius
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 32 (d8) (196 HP) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 32 **TREASURE:** 18×3
SAVES: M, P **XP:** 67,550+32
MOVE: 50 ft., 80 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: 2 Slam (1d10), Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Burn, Deepvision, Duskvision, Fear, Insanity, Spell-like Abilities, SR 15, Summon Fire Elemental, Twilight Vision

The maukling stand tall, averaging 8 feet in height and are perfectly formed human males, strong, and muscular. Their muscles ripple like corded iron and no flaw or hint of decay hangs about them. They are eternally youthful and possess such beauty that to look upon them is to despair. Their skin is reddish in hue, but underneath is dark, almost gray, for their skin itself is made of iron. Their faces do not reflect their bodies, for they are bland and almost shapeless, the bones of the skull push against the skin of the face, and the eyes are deep and shadowed by the thick bone of the brow. Upon their head are coiled two ram's horns; in the dim light they appear more like hair than horns.

When they take the form of another, they do not shape their bodies but their face only, casting it in the mold of a beautiful human male.

Maukling build massive complexes of iron and stone. The design of these fortresses follows very linear lines, but they are obsessed with building upward, so the greater the maukling, the taller the complex. There is always order in the buildings and they place nothing randomly or that does not have balance set against it. They allow only one entrance and no doors, save the chamber door that guards their Great Hall where they reside and gather their treasure. The whole edifice is placed upon a pillar of fire that usually rises 50 to 60 feet above the plain.

The maukling have neither throat, nor tongue, or any teeth in their mouth; therefore, they cannot speak. They communicate telepathically, and if they do open their mouths, they belch forth a *stinking cloud*. They always ride at the forefront of the legions of the Wretched Plains, for few can harm them, particularly demons, as the maukling are made of iron and the hosts of those people must flee from them or die upon contact. All devils of the lesser tiers obey the maukling; only the cull devils avoid him and do not heed his call.

COMBAT: The maukling are fierce in battle and jealous of the glory that war brings. They attack as a 32 HD monster. They do not permit any to attack before them or to surpass them on the battlefield. They do prefer to fight face to face, looking upon spell crafting as a resource for the weak. They are invulnerable to any physical attacks by demons. They wield a flaming longsword in battle. As with most of their kind they can cast spells and attack with their weapons simultaneously.



BURN: The touch of the maukling is burning and immolating. Every slam attack inflicts additional fire damage equal to half of the normal slam damage. Any non-magical combustible material contacted by the maukling immediately ignites.

FEAR: The maukling project a permanent *fear* spell as if cast by a 15th level caster.

INSANITY: The maukling projects himself in such a way as to appear beautiful to any who look upon him. Those who do see him must make a successful intelligence (CL 10) save or go insane as per the *insanity* spell.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The maukling are able to cast the following spells: *earthquake* (1/day), *fire shield* (upon command) *maze* (1/day), *meteor swarm* (1/day), *stinking cloud* (5/day), *wall of force* (1/day). They cast as a 15th level caster.

ROTLEN BLADE: The rotlen blade is a +4 *flaming sword*. The maukling name their blades, and must call that name to summon the elemental bound within the iron. The sword deals 1d12 points of damage. If a natural 20 is rolled on any strike by the maukling, in addition to the damage done by the sword, the victim must make a successful charisma save or be banished to the dungeons of the maukling in Hell. The victim awakens bound in chains of fire, but possessing all items they had when struck by the blade. The victim must escape, or await the maukling's mercy, a characteristic mauklings lack altogether.

SUMMON FIRE ELEMENTAL: This ability is similar to the druid's *summon elemental* spell. The maukling can use this ability

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three times per day to bring forth the fire elemental bound in their blade. This elemental is of the 24HD variety and has 144 hit points. The elemental serves the maukling faithfully, and control of it can never be lost.

IN AIHRDE

The maukling came to be in the latter days of the All Father's crafting, before the coming of Inzaa the dragon. Beings of fire, they hurled upon the Great Empty lighting the darkness; they raged there, tearing at the fabric of the Void. The hopeless pursuit bemused the All Father but he saw the fault in them and cast them aside. They plundered the depths, then haunted the far reaches of nothing. At last, the dragon came to the Great Empty and tore it open and upon her back the All Father created Aihrde. The maukling came to Aihrde and there fought the first of the many long wars of that world. They assailed Corthain in his youth and the god bested them, casting them back into the Empty.

They sulked upon the edge of forever, did the maukling, looking for egress until at last the All Father succumbed to the spells of Ondluche the Goblin Sorcerer and the multiverse sprang into being. They hunted throughout the planes, hungry for a realm of their own. At last, their wanderings brought them to the Wretched Plains where they established their hold.

In time, Unklar called and they followed his banner, only now they took a form, shaping their flame to resemble the Horned One in body; but they failed in this and ever the memory of Corthain burned upon their collective memory and came to their minds. So when they took shape, they more resembled the Justice Maker as opposed to the Horned God. They have both loved and despised their forms ever since.

Upon the fall of Unklar, they returned to the Shadow Realms there to wage another war, only this time against the tvungenos, who laid claim to all the mauklings once possessed.

DEVIL, MAZTHEUL (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 15 (d8)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 27	TREASURE: 15
SAVES: P	XP: 13,400+15
MOVE: 50 ft.	
ATTACKS: 4 Claws (1d8), Bite (2d6)	

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Darkvision, Immunity to Elements, Immunity (Weapon, +1), Poison, Speak with the Dead, Spell-like Abilities, Spin Web, SR 4, Summon Ghoul, Vanity

Maztheul is a minor devil lord who reigns in Hell. He is tall, with a frog-like head and body, though he stands upon two webbed feet. His eyes are large and black, and his skin a deep red with mottled black patches on it. The skin glistens for it constantly secretes a poisonous resin. His arms and legs are long, thin, and



tubular in shape. He has no joints or muscle, and moves his limbs in whatever direction desired. Unlike most of the greater devils, Maztheul is incapable of taking a beautiful form, for he is so taken with the color and texture of his skin that he refuses to do so.

Maztheul dwells in Hell and commands a small army of ghouls. These creatures serve him like mindless slaves, coming at his call and bringing him all manner of sacrifice. He sits in a throne-like web, ruling his corner of Hell and delivering pain and suffering on all who are brought before him.

He is singularly evil and relishes torturing any creature, living or dead. He binds them in webbing before him and watches as others roast, boil, lash, cut or gouge the victim. When the victim dies, or in the case of the dead, has suffered all that the devil lord can deliver, he unhinges his jaw and devours them. Within a few rounds, the soul is regurgitated and set to wandering the halls of Maztheul's realm. These are his ghouls.

COMBAT: He uses no physical weapons in battle, but leaps upon his foe, wrapping his arms and legs around them, coating them in the poisonous ichor that covers his skin.

IMMUNITY TO ELEMENTS: All cold- and fire-based spells do half damage; a successful save reduces by a further half.

IMMUNITY TO WEAPONS: Maztheul can only be hit by a +1 weapon or better.

POISON: Upon four successful claw attacks Maztheul wraps his limbs around his victim, smearing poison on them. The afflicted takes the damage from the claw attacks as well as the poison. The victim must make a successful constitution save or suffer 1d8 points of damage per round for four rounds. The poison cannot be neutralized.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Once a day Maztheul can cast the following spells as a 16th level wizard: *cloud kill*, *shout*, *spider climb*, *stinking cloud*.

SPIN WEB: Maztheul is able to create a *web* as the spell. This is a permanent ability, however, he can take no other action

while spinning the web. It is important to note that though he may be immune to the web's effects, his own minions and other creatures are not.

SUMMON GHOUL: Summon 4d8 ghouls every 4 rounds.

VANITY: If characters are clever and compliment the devil enough they can attempt a charisma check to keep Maztheul from attacking.

IN AIHRDE

One of the many servants of Ornduhl whom he gathered to him in the Days before Days. Maztheul served his master well and fought in many wars both in Aihilde and the Wretched Plains. He drifted without purpose after the Red God's fall, and thus was easily persuaded to join Unklar and his conquest of the worlds. He served the Horned God as he served Ornduhl, rising to command Risen Park in the Horned Gods Acre on the 3rd level of Aufstrag.

DEVIL, MEGEIL (GREATER)

NUMBER: 4-12

INT: Average

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 10 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 26

TREASURE: 10

SAVES: P

XP: 5,100+10

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 4 Claws (1d8), Bite (2d6)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Binding Chain, Damage Reduction, Paralysis, Spell-like Abilities

The megeil devil is a large creature, half human and half bat; where the one starts and the other begins is difficult to tell. The feet are clawed and the toes long, allowing it to grip as any bat would. Its arms are wings and its torso covered in short, thick, coarse hair. The head rides its shoulders like any person's would but the face is a twisted distortion of a bat's snout and fanged maw. It has multiple teats, six in all. Its loins are lost in thick hair. A long tail ends in a thin, sharp stinger. Its thighs are hairless, though muscular.

The megeil serve Acheron, Lord of Chains, a Lord of Hell, who created them of his own flesh. They worship him in all capacities and dwell near him if they can. When they are away from their master, which is more often than not, they inhabit lonely places, old barns, castles and the like. They hunt fey most of all, hating those creatures more than all else, these they actually devour. Elves, too, are a favored target of the megeil. They travel in small flocks. Their dens are often decorated with their many victims, bound in chains and made to serve their delight in torture.

These devils have little love for anything or anyone that is light or beautiful. They mar whatever they can, be it a painting they happen across, a gravestone, even a wall. They leave their mark



in one way or another. They generally hate other devils and minions of the Wretched Plains, having only thoughts of Acheron. They take great pleasure in binding people in chains and torturing them.

The treasure they carry is always in the ornamentation upon their bodies. They wear chains of all sorts, some stretching from their nose to the ear, crowns of chains, links hanging from their pierced bellies, their wings, from their toes and so on. The chains are almost always gold, though occasionally silver. They use them to attack their victims. The chains are not representative of their own servitude, but rather the bindings of their master's many victims.

Once one is bound they are at the mercy of the binding chain and the devil. As soon as someone is bound the megeil attempts to stab them with their tail and paralyze them. Afterward, they carry them off to their lair, tying them to some high point, where they alone can reach them. They torture them by removing their bones, slowly at first, but later, as the victim begins to die, much faster. It generally takes 1-12 months to kill someone in this way. The bones are fused and recast as golden links by the megeil and a new chain made to hang upon them.

COMBAT: The megeil do not fight openly often as their minds are always bent toward torment and suffering. They prefer to bind their foes with their binding chains and leave them for Acheron or drag them into some hole somewhere and tor-

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ment them. To this end, they cast *hold person* on their victim and then summon the binding chain to hold them.

BINDING CHAIN: The megeil are able to summon a magical chain that strikes and acts in all respects like *iron bands of binding*. Any creature struck is bound by the chain. A successful strength check is required to break free. The megeil can use this ability a number of times equal to their victims, usually 1d20 times, but much older devils may have far more victims bound to them.

DAMAGE REDUCTION: All damage inflicted on the megeil devil by any weapon, to include magical and magically enchanted weapons (as if by *bleed*), is reduced by 50%.

PARALYSIS: Megeil devils have a poisonous stinger on their tail. Anyone struck by the tail takes no physical damage but must make a constitution save or be paralyzed for 24 hours. Megeil devils continually paralyze their victims, day after day, in order to torture them or hold them for Acheron.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The megeil can cast *hold person* 6 times a day, once per round.

IN AIHRDE

The Megeil were fashioned of the flesh of Beezelbub, the Lord of Flies, and serve him still whenever they can. When he returned to the Wretched Plains they scattered throughout Aufstrag, occupying its many wards and floors. They long for the return of their master and come to him whenever he calls. But now they dwell in Aufstrag or the Wretched Plains, selling their wares. Some few escape in the material world to hound the markets of men with their carts of madness.

DEVIL, MENDICANTS (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Average
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 6 (d10)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 17	TREASURE: 6
SAVES: M	XP: 990+6
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4 each)	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Deception, Infestation, Shout, SR 3	

The mendicants are minor devils, the souls of evil merchants caught in the snare of the nether planes. They appear as men or women, hunched over carts of equipment. Their backs are often bent with age, their skin is pale, drawn and brittle. With raspy voices, they call to any and all to come and shop their wares. They are most marked by a lantern hanging from a pole over their cart, or some carry bells, some few carry both. The mendicants emit a foul smell of mildewed cloth. If unclothed their flesh is red and raw, covered in sores and pustules.

The mendicants wander all the reaches of Hell and the Wretched Plains; they are not bound by any alliance or service



but made to suffer in continual want and desire. In life, they cheated and broke oaths to customers and clients, so in death, they are captured in the snare of that evil. That evil manifests in a host of parasites that forever chew and devour the mendicant's flesh. Beneath the ragged clothing are hosts of the foul, biting creatures. They cling and crawl, burrow and chew and devour the mendicants causing them to itch terribly and wince in pain when a fresh nest, lying beneath some boil, bursts and a whole new generation of the creatures infests their flesh.

The mendicants suffer in quiet, but their mood is always foul. Beneath the evil merchant's thin smile lies deception, for they are made to believe that if they but make an honest deal, and play the part of the good merchant, then they will be redeemed. But there is little redemption for evil and their deals in Hell almost always go afoul.

Their carts are filled with refuse, broken pottery, dull weapons, bent cutlery, bags of offal, rotten food, foul water and so forth. They have little worth selling but see value in all things, so they gather it up and heap it upon the cart, all in hopes of striking some deal with a passing creature. Some devils traffic with them, leaving the vomit of their own evil in the cart and taking suffering from the mendicant through use of a lash or iron bar.

If slain, the mendicant's soul is driven to some far corner of Hell only to reform and return to his cart and trade.

COMBAT: The mendicant always approaches one with the intent to sell something from their cart. They call out and ring the bell or shake the lantern to draw attention to themselves. When approached they stop and begin offering things from their cart. If someone does not purchase something they become wrathful and begin grumbling about cheap customers and evil

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intent. This increases in tempo until the mendicant curses them and then lashes out. They attack with a raving, spittle-filled scream, followed by tearing the clothes off and leaping naked upon their victim. The parasites embedded in the mendicant's flesh swarm the victim, infesting them as well.

NOTE: If something is purchased from the cart the mendicant does not attack, but payment must be made in some ruined thing, garbage, offal, etc. Otherwise the mendicant thinks he is being ripped off and attacks as above.

DECEPTION: The mendicant's voice is raspy and dry but holds a certain charm to it. Anyone listening to the mendicant speak, before they attack him, is compelled to listen to them. A successful intelligence check negates the charm. The effect lasts for 1d4 rounds and anyone charmed is vaguely aware of it, however they view the mendicant as a sad, sorry soul lost in Hell, a creature deserving of pity.

INFESTATION: Upon a successful strike the mendicant unleashes a wave of parasites. The parasites are extremely aggressive and immediately begin crawling their way into and under armor and clothing. In the following round, the parasites begin to burrow into flesh causing 1 point of damage. For each round they infest the victim their numbers grow exponentially. In the second round the victim takes 2 points of damage, in the 3rd they take 4, then 8, then 16, then 32 and so on until they are utterly devoured. The infestation can be cured with a *remove disease* spell or ability, any healing spell that cures more than the previous round's damage, a paladin's lay on hands (no matter the damage), *restoration*, *remove curse*, *dismissal* or similar spell.

SHOUT: The mendicant's shout is loud and echoes his pain-racked existence. Anyone within hearing distance must make a successful constitution save or suffer 1d8 points of damage and be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

IN AIHRDE

The Mendicants inhabit almost all the lower levels of Aufstrag but are rare in the Wretched Plains. They are favored by none and serve none but their spite and pettiness.

DEVIL, MEPHISTOPHELES (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 28 (d10) (176 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 34	TREASURE: 18×3
SAVES: M, P	XP: 81,650+28
MOVE: 30 ft.	

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d6+5 each), Devil's Walking Stick 3d6+5

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Devil's Walking Stick, Fear Aura, Immunity (Weapons, +2), Poison Breath, Regeneration 2, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 15, Summon Devil



In his natural form, Mephistopheles is a tall, about 7 feet, clean-limbed, thin creature. His skin is grayish, like spoiled meat and highlighted by jet black, curly and very long hair that springs from between the curved horns upon his brow. Hair of the same color and lanky curls rides up his calves as well, crowning his hoof-like feet. His face, too, sports black hair, cut in a short goatee. Small fangs rise from his lower jaw to pinch his upper lip. A broad nose and a set of curled horns draw one's vision to his eyes. Here no color mark the beast, no light or darkness. The sockets are empty, reflecting his utter lack of care or concern.

In human form Mephistopheles favors a figure not much different from his own, adopting the same clean-limbed shape, with long arms and legs. He can appear as male or female. His hair is jet black and long, and he sports a goatee when appearing as a man. He dresses like a courtier, in the finest of clothing and jewelry and carries his walking stick.

He walks with a slight limp in his right leg, a deformity of muscle. This limp carries over to any form he assumes and is why he wields a short staff.

Mephistopheles is a powerful devil, commanding legions of lesser beasts. He rules the 4th Plane of Hell and commands the vast halls of his mansions. Here he lives in wild opulence and riches unimagined lie in the halls and decorate the rooms. He sits at the head of a vast table at which hosts of devils and evil men feast. They do so without thought given to time, leaving as they need or

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desire. Here, men who wish to treat with him, find him and he gives them a seat at his table, allowing them to speak whatever is on their mind. He serves no other lord of Hell, but at times visits Asmodeus to learn his will.

His self-appointed task is to torment the damned before they die or when they linger in the afterlife with no purpose. His is a frightful presence as he hounds the living who are on the path of the fallen. It is thought that he does this to allow one to correct their path before they die, but this is not so, it is for his own gratification, for he glories in those who have chosen a path of nightmare and pain. Mephistopheles loves food, all food; all that is, except for parsley. When at rest he is almost always eating, often in his own feast hall. The way to gain his attention is to bring him something to eat, preferably something he has not tried. He almost always stops what he is doing and gives the presenter his undivided attention, after he has eaten. If given parsley he is driven into a blind rage.

He is extremely intelligent and witty, enjoying humor, puns or any anecdotal story. But this belies his true nature, for he is cruel and he uses humor to visit or unleash suffering on others. He prefers to watch mental anguish and loves the tales of the spouse betrayed, the merchant's wealth squandered on a fool's errand, the knight who fears, and so on. It is his special gift, both delivering and enjoying the mental anguish of mortals.

COMBAT: Mephistopheles does not enjoy physical confrontations and engages in battle only reluctantly. He relies upon his beautiful form to charm any who might threaten him. When the threat of battle is upon him he summons his minions to fight for him, but when forced he uses his spell-like abilities to confuse and disconcert his opponents while he either flees or strikes them with the Devil's Walking Stick.

BEAUTY: While in human form, Mephistopheles appears as a beautiful, male or female. Those who look upon him must make a successful wisdom save (CL 12) or suffer as if they had fallen under a mass suggestion spell cast by a 12th level caster. In human form, if he has not revealed his true nature, Mephistopheles has a 19 beauty (refer to the **Castle Keepers Guide**, Beauty).

DETECT THOUGHTS: He can read the surface thoughts of any creature within 60 feet. This allows the devil to know general feelings, ideas, and notions but does not give him complete access to the victim's mind.

DEVIL'S WALKING STICK: He carries and relies upon a walking stick. It is long, four feet or so and made of some dark wood harvested in Hell. In battle, it serves as a cudgel, inflicting 3d6 upon any successful hit. But it also acts as a *wand of negation*. With a gesture, a ray of light leaps from the stick. Any magic items, aside from artifacts, are struck as if by a *dispel magic* spell cast by a 28th level caster with a 21 intelligence.

FEAR AURA: When he chooses, any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Mephistopheles. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Mephistopheles is present.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *confusion* (3/day), *emotion* (3/day), *freedom of movement* (3/day), *hallucinatory terrain* (2/day), *maze* (1/day), *misdirection* (5/day), *power word stun* (2/day), *tongues* (permanent), *true seeing* (permanent).

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, he may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing.

IN AIHRDE

Mephistopheles dwells in the Wretched Plains in the Halls of Merriment. These are found beyond the Lake of Fire and the Mountains of Glass. There he sits at a table resplendent with wealth and food, the latter of which he enjoys above all things. He served Unklar only a little, enough to keep him from oblivion, but not so much as to be the Horned God's slave.

DEVIL, MIRRORED (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 8 (d8)

AC: 23

SAVES: M

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d2), Bite (2d6)

SPECIAL: Acidic Bile, Climb, Devil Traits, Poison, Possession, Protection from Good

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 2,100+7

The mirrored devil is a beastly creature, unformed and unfinished in all respects. It crawls swiftly, but unnaturally, upon arms and legs, much like a man that acts like a dog. Bone-thin with little flesh and long fingers, its limbs are disjointed, and twist and turn as need dictates. Its torso is twisted around, so its back is where the front should be and vice versa. Its spine is oddly misshapen too, jutting from its flesh in a cacophony of twisted bone that drags the ground while it crawls along. The creatures' head is large and its lower jaw larger than the head allows. It hangs low, lined with wicked teeth and an indolent tongue that drags the ground as often as it laps the pustulating bile that coats the creatures' body. Indeed, all over the beast its thin flesh secretes a loathsome pus that gathers in small pockets here and there. The beast smells of excrement and other bodily waste.

The mirrored devil is a lonely hunter, whether on the Wretched Plains or the material plane. Its purpose is to possess a victim and use them to find another host. They do not linger in one place, but rather roam far and wide, rarely over the same area twice. They are predators and look for targets of opportunity. It can only possess a victim through an open wound, delivered through its bite. The wound suffers rot, corrupting the flesh of the victim so that within a matter of a few months of being possessed the victim's form is lost in the twisted form of the mirrored devil. It is for this reason that the mirrored devil is forever looking for new victims.

Its singular mindset drives the creature in all that it does. It seeks prey to possess and nothing else. It is rarely used by the Lords of Hell, for its mind is not bent toward service or any greater struggle, but always on possessing and passing through the world as something that it is not, and can never have. The mirrored devil cannot shape shift as other devils can. It lives by transferring its soul from one host to the next. When it possesses a host, it imprisons the soul of its host and uses its body. Those possessed souls are subject to a nightmare of enslavement, where their spirits live out the afterlife in a box of a room, curled up on a bed with little light and nothing but the tormented dreams of the mirrored devil who possessed them.

COMBAT: The mirrored devil seeks to bite its victim and use the open wound to possess them. To this end, it can unhinge its jaw and rend flesh with a wicked bite for 2d6 points of damage and the possibility of additional poison damage. Once bitten, the mirrored devil attempts to possess them.

ACID VOMIT: They can vomit acidic bile that burns anyone in the immediate vicinity for 1d12 points of acid damage, dexterity save for half. They can use this ability once every four rounds. The vomit covers a ten square foot area directly in front of the creature.

CLIMB: The mirrored devil can turn any joint in any direction, allowing it to quickly turn around and climb any surface as a 10th level rogue.

POISON: Anyone bitten by a mirrored devil must make a constitution save or suffer 1d6 points of damage from its poison-

ous bile. A successful save negates the damage. A failed save exposes the creature to possession, the wound begins to fester, emitting a foul smell within 1d4 rounds. The devil is able, in the round following the bite, to attempt to possess the victim.

POSSESSION: When the mirrored devil attempts to possess its subject, it does so by breathing upon an open wound. This is the only action it can take that round. The corrupted breath is the devil's essence and it is trying to make a lodgment in the target. The target is allowed a charisma saving throw, if they fail, the devil enters their flesh, passing from its present host and entering the new. The target's soul is immediately enslaved to the devil, bound in a place of abject horror, unable to act on its own. The devil often torments the soul, trying to twist information out of it. The devil now has possession of the target's body and takes over its form. It is able to speak with the victim's voice and assume some of the victim's mannerisms. These will always be incomplete and off as the devil cannot know all the nuances of the target's personality. This allows others to become aware of the possession. The devil is able to manipulate the target's body even as its own. Driving the devil out requires a successful turn check. Note that the devil's previous host, if on the material plane, immediately dissolves as it takes possession of the new host. If it is turned it is driven back to the Wretched Plains where it begins its journey again.

PROTECTION FROM GOOD: The creature is able to turn its eyes black; when it does so it emanates a *protection from good* spell.

IN AIHRDE

It is known that Unklar fashioned these beasts upon the forges of Klarglich. They were his favored pets. They are common in Aufstrag, hunting the living in order to possess them. They were a favorite of the Lords of the First Ward.

DEVIL, MOLOCH (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Large (12')	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 29 (d10) (175 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 23	TREASURE: 18×2
SAVES: M, P	XP: 67,900+29
MOVE: 30 ft.	

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (2d6), or Weapon (see below)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Ender Whip, Fear Aura, Ring of Sacrifice, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 15, Summon Devil

Moloch is the ruler of the second realm of Hell. He stands twelve feet tall and has a gaunt, wiry body with muscles rippling under his bright red skin. He has a long mane of black hair that falls to his shoulders with long, curving horns growing from beneath it. He wears only a skirt of mail and is naked from the waist up. Unlike some devils, Moloch has the feet of a human, as well as the hands (albeit with only three fingers). His mouth is impossibly large and contains more teeth than seems possible. He

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constantly opens and closes his mouth, his black spittle drooling down his chin. He has small eyes with no pupils and only the tiniest slit for a nose. Moloch enjoys wearing rings and will always wear his precious ring of sacrifice (see below).

Moloch reigns on the 2nd Level of Hell. He enjoys parlaying with his prey before he kills them. He enjoys a good sacrifice and will promise those he speaks with something in return for anything they give to him. Being lawful, he will keep his word; though will use any loophole he sees, even going so far as to twist his words to appear more amicable than he really is. He will offer a group safe passage if they leave one of their own behind, usually choosing someone who appears weak as a sacrifice he desires. Of course, safe passage from Moloch never means safe passage from the other denizens of his plane. Many have left a human sacrifice to Moloch only to be slaughtered a few hours later by his retinue of fiends.

COMBAT: Once he is done parlaying, or if that tactic does not work, Moloch will strike with his terrible whip, Ender. After battering a foe he uses his *ring of sacrifice*. Any who escape him, he attacks by summoning devils to hunt them.

ENDER WHIP: The whip has a dozen lashes, each dotted with small barbs and an unctuous film. Upon a successful hit, the CK should then roll 3d4 to ascertain the number of lashes that struck the victim. Each lash does 1d6 and racks the victim in pain (as per the spell symbol: pain). A constitution save is given with the CL being 30 + number of lashes struck.

For instance, a successful hit is achieved by Moloch. The CK rolls 3d4 (to ascertain the number of lashes that hit of the twelve) and rolls a 9. The victim takes 9d6 damage and must make a constitution save with a CL of 39 or be struck with pain. Moloch will attack any paladins first, followed by good-aligned clerics, then wizards.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds Moloch. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in his presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of him, or even look upon him. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as Moloch is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

RING OF SACRIFICE: Once per encounter, Moloch can forgo an attack in favor of using his prized ring. Moloch will choose one of his enemies and point towards them. Uttering his vile word, the victim must make a constitution save or self-immolate in the form of a 12 hit dice *fireball* (as per the spell). The victim can make no dexterity save and the *fireball* deals double damage to the victim only. All within range will take damage save Moloch, who is immune to the power of the ring.

SPELL LIKE ABILITIES: *command* (3/day), *symbol: stun* (1/day), *gate* (1/day (he summons lesser devils equaling 12 hit die), *incendiary cloud* (1/day).

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, he may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing.

IN AIHRDE

Long the spirit of Moloch reigned in the depths of time until recruited by Ornduhl. A chief of lieutenants Moloch stood out for his cruelty and cunning. He was ever in the forefront, without fear and only a lust for battle. In later years, he aligned himself with Unklar's folks and rose in power in that god's armies as well. He came to reign in the Torture Gardens, the sixth plane of Aufstrag. He remains there still, diminished for his master's fall, but a lord of Devils nonetheless.

DEVIL, MONGREL (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-8

SIZE: Large

HD: 5 (d8)

AC: 15

SAVES: P

MOVE: 80 ft.

ATTACKS: Bite (2d4)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Baying, Heat Metal, Poison, Scent, Twilight Vision

INT: Low

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 4

XP: 420+5

The mongrels are dog-like devils; mutts of varying breeds, also known as the Despairing Hounds. Their skin is pocked and scarred, much of the hair burned from the creature long ago. Their lips are permanently coiled, wrapped up around massive fangs, drooling a poisonous bile. They have a long tail, a barrel chest and huge paws. Their eyes, like the eyes of all their kindred, are hollow pools of emptiness. When they desire to be hidden, they take on the guise of a stout German Shepherd, Doberman, Pit Bull, Bull Mastiff, or similar guard dog.



These black hounds of Hell dwell throughout the Wretched Plains and attack any hapless soul that passes near, whether dead or not. They are consumed with a never-ending hunger and are driven to feed constantly. The mongrel devours that which it kills, including any equipment or weaponry its meal was wearing. Normal equipment dissolves into nothing, but magical equipment rests in the creature's belly until the end of time, or until extracted.

They serve all manner of devils in the Wretched Plains and elsewhere. Howling and baying are always heard before a great host of the devils march to war.

COMBAT: The mongrel attacks as a pack, working in flawless cohesion with the other pack members. They always attempt to trip a victim even as they bite him. As soon as a victim is brought down, they are attacked by the whole pack. Mongrels generally attack the same victim until that one is dead. Then they turn on the next victim.

BAYING: The mongrel is able to howl a mournful call which when heard casts doubt into the listener's mind. All actions after hearing the howl suffer a -1 penalty, to include initiative, attribute checks, and damage. A successful wisdom save negates the effects of the baying. The effects last 1d8 rounds.

HEAT METAL: The mongrel is able to *heat metal* as the spell 3 times per day. He casts as a 10th level caster

POISON: The mongrel's bite is poisonous. Any successful bite delivers a poison dealing 1d8 points of damage plus a -2 on primary attribute checks for 1d4 days. A successful wisdom save reduces the damage to 1d4 and the attribute penalty to -1 for 1 day.

IN AIHRDE

The hounds of Hell took their shape upon the death of the All Father. When his mind splintered they issued forth into the Shadow Realms, wreaking havoc upon the denizens there. Their constant baying drew the attention of the Tvungen Lords who gathered them in packs and kenneled them in their halls. They are used on the hunt where their baying weakens their prey and causes them to lose hope.

Unklar detested these creatures, as their baying drove him mad, for they conjured memories of the All Father in their barking.

Though he used them, they were not permitted near him nor ever to enter his Upper Halls.

The stomach of a mongrel can be cut out and cleaned, and if a *permanency* spell is cast upon it within 24 hours, it serves as a bag of holding.

DEVIL, NARVILIN (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 12 (d8)

AC: 23

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 40 ft.

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 1,600+12

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d8), Bite (1d12), or Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Cold Aura, Mangling Stomp, True Sight, Teleport Without Error, Roar, Summon Mephits, Reconstitution, Stunning Stomp

The narvin is a large hairy creature with the build of a four-armed polar bear. It stands more erect than a bear and has a bare chest like a human. The lower set of arms ends in hands while the upper arms end in claws. Its white fur has black stripes running across it. Its feet are hoofed much like that of woolly oxen. The head is large with wide ears and two large tusks growing from where its lower canines should be and appears as a hybrid bear and human face.

The narvin resides in no particular area but springs into existence wherever one finds brisk winds and bitter cold. They are little more than a hoary death made real. They are incapable of caring for anything, even for themselves. They have no capacity for sympathy or empathy and have few other emotions at all. What narvin do appreciate is fine objects of gold and silver and platinum, jewels and shiny things that glow like ice crystals and they will go to all ends to acquire them. Oddly though, they do not care if they lose them.

Very few creatures garner the attention of the narvin and, should they not present an immediate threat or offer something of interest to it, the narvin likely ignores it. They are not fond of creatures that exude a great deal of warmth, such as red dragons, salamanders and the like. Those creatures who cast fireballs or heat-related spells or use heat-related magic garner its attention over others. Once it enters combat, it fights to obliterate its foes, even going so far as to mutilate or stomp a corpse after battle

COMBAT: The narvin can attack with a weapon, its paws or by a bite. When using a weapon, it uses a large one that does a minimum of 2-16 damage. The narvin prefers an axe. If it attacks with a weapon, that is its sole attack. If it decides to attack with its paws, it uses both on one opponent and attempts to grapple them, then constrict them and bite them the following round. It can alternately attack with its claws and a bite in the same round.

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BEAR HUG: If the narvilin uses its claws to attack and is successful with both attacks on one character, that character is grasped in something of a bear hug. The character takes 1d6 damage each round after that until they break free or are killed. To break free the character must make a successful strength check (CL10). The narvilin either throws the opponent to the ground and uses mangling stomp (see below) or lifts them up to bite them. The bite attack is made as if making an attack against a prone opponent (+10 to hit). The damage the first round is normal but the round after that, the damage is double, and the round after that it triples. Each bite attack requires successful to hit roll, they are not automatic.

COLD AURA: The narvilin emits a continual cold aura which lowers the ambient temperature within a 50 ft. radius by 15 degrees. The effect of this varies depending upon where the narvilin is located, so the Castle Keeper must be aware of the local temperature. The sudden drop in temperature has an immediate effect on combat abilities until those so exposed are able to warm themselves or somehow adjust to the cold. All attack rolls suffer a -2 penalty for 1d4 rounds and dexterity checks suffer a -3 for 1d6 rounds.

MANGLING STOMP: Once the narvilin has knocked an opponent down it can then stomp on that character for 1d12 damage. The opponent is considered prone and defenseless. This attack can be made in addition to a normal attack routine

RECONSTITUTION: The narvilin can focus its energies for two rounds and heal itself equal to the number of hit points it has left. For example, a narvilin with 70 hit points that takes 35

points of damage has 35 left. If it can take two rounds to focus (not be hit or defending itself), it can heal itself for 35 hit points. The narvilin can do this up to 4 times a day.

ROAR: Once every three rounds, the narvilin can let out a thunderous roar which may be heard for up to 1,000 yards, but with a much smaller area of effect. Those within 100 yards of the narvilin must pass a constitution check or be deafened for 1d4 rounds. Another constitution check is required or those within the area of effect lose some muscular control making most actions, including attacks and casting spells, impossible, and lowering their AC by 3 for 1d3 rounds. The narvilin can use its roar three times per day.

STUNNING STOMP: The narvilin can stomp one of its hooves and cause a sonic wave to burst from the impact area. This wave blasts everything with 50 feet of the narvilin causing the characters to be stunned for 1d3 rounds should they fail a constitution check. The narvilin can use this ability in lieu of an attack, but must take a round itself to recover from the effort. The narvilin can do this up to 3 times a day.

SUMMON MEPHITS: The narvilin can summon 1d4 mephits at will 6 times a day.

TELEPORT WITHOUT ERROR: Narvilin can cast *teleport without error* three times a day. The effects are immediate and requires nothing more than the desire to enact.

TRUE SIGHT: Narvilin can see as the spell *true seeing*. This is a permanent ability and extends to 500 feet.

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The narvilin comes from some dismal nether region of ice and snow. In the mixed dreams of the All Father, before the making of many things, the unfinished thoughts, missives and passing fancies collided and swirled producing, for a moment, the narvilin, when the All Father shuddered and awoke. In that moment between waking and sleeping, the narvilin slipped unknown into existence.

DEVIL, NAROZIN (THE MOTHER) (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 28 (d10) (180 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 26	TREASURE: 18×2
SAVES: M, P	XP: 50,450+28
MOVE: 40 ft., 60 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d12), Weapon	
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Deepvision, Duskvision, Fear Aura, Pool of Flame, Spell-like Abilities, SR 14, Summon Devil, Transmutation, Twilight Vision	

Narozin appear as normal women, shorter than average, with red hair. Their skin is white, pale with a tint of red beneath it. They

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are uncommonly beautiful, but as with all their kind, the beauty is stagnant, possessing no depth beyond the skin. Disjointed and boneless, they can move any limb in any direction, twisting it in multiple directions. They do not age, their skin does not move and no emotion passes across their visage. Their eyes, green and black, with no white, reflect only hate and disdain; all things seem petty to the narozin and their demeanor shows this. They dress in red; clothing, silks, and even their armor. When they change form, their hair always remains red, no matter the creature's shape they take; it is their curse and joy.

The narozin build their lairs beneath the ground, having no love for the chaos of the world. They dig deep into the crust and line their halls with iron; sheets of it cover the floors, the wall, and ceilings. Iron pillars adorn their great halls, fashioned in singular posts without decoration or design. They have an inordinate fondness for mazes, building them to protect their lairs from intruders.

The narozin are some of the most powerful of their kind, ruling vast areas of the Wretched Plains. Their halls are indestructible, and offer refuge from the hated tvungenos, for those creatures cannot touch iron willingly. When the narozin go to war, they ride nightmares and wherever they go pools of fire follow. They enjoy casting themselves in the role of a distressed or wounded woman, seeking aid, or as a slave; whatever they can do to gain a position of trust, so that they can betray and murder their would-be rescuers.

They hate druids, fey, trees, and all things to do with the forest world more than anything else.

COMBAT: They attack as a 28 HD monster. The narozin follow a strict logical path and once they determine battle is inevitable they attack, casting *fire storm* to scatter their foes. They follow this by cutting their own flesh for up to 1d10 points of damage in order to bleed the fire for their pool of flame. They relish wading into the battle with their *vorgalos blade*. They are able to conduct multiple actions during the same round and can cast a spell while swinging their blade or using their claws.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds the narozin. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in her presence to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of her, or even look upon her. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as the narozin is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

POOL OF FLAME: The narozin possess no blood, but when wounded a liquid flame pours from the wound, pooling around the feet of the narozin. Any who touch the pool take 4d6 points of damage; a constitution save will halve this damage. The narozin cannot cast spells unless she is standing in this pool of flame. In combat, the pool follows the narozin wherever she goes unless she is forcibly separated from it, e.g. teleported away.

TRANSMUTATION: Twice a day, the narozin can transform wooden items or living flesh to iron. The effect is permanent unless a *limited wish*, *wish*, or similar spell is used. If cast upon a creature the creature receives a wisdom save to avoid the effects. She casts as a 15th level caster.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The narozin are able to cast the following spells: *fire storm* (3/day), *storm of vengeance* (1/day), *temporal stasis* (1/day), *wall of iron* (2/day). They cast as a 15th level caster.

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, she may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of her choosing.

VORGALOS BLADE: The narozin prefer to wield a polearm in battle, having a particular predilection for the guisarme and its multiple points and edges. These +3 weapons deal 1d10 points of damage and function in a similar fashion to a *sword of life stealing*. Every successful strike with this weapon transfers hit points equal to the amount of damage done from the target to the narozin, healing her. A victim felled by the blade is devoured, with the victim's soul passing to the narozin for eventual rebirth as a sauld demon. If the blade is ever captured it functions as a *nine live stealer*.

IN AIHRDE

In the deeps of time, before the order of things, many spirits flocked to Aihilde; they possessed no form, nor any idea of such.

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Imperfect things, they followed only the light, like a moth to the flame. In time they took shape, each suited to its own desires. The narozin wandered the dark paths without shape until they at last discovered Mordius in her grove. The trees there grew by the light of the fire of creation, for in those days there was neither sun nor moon. The narozin watched Mordius and marveled at her beauty, unmarred in her youth. They saw her raiment; cast in the shadows of the mountain's fire, as red and it flowed from her in undulating waves. Her face seemed fixed in the light as well, with dark rings upon her eyes. They envied her beauty, and set up casting forms for themselves; they took her shape and covered in rings of fire. Their faces took on a red hue, but the skin beneath their wide eyes was black.

At that moment, Ea-Vette rose in the heavens, revealing the wide world to the waking day as well as the true beauty of Mordius, dressed in her gowns of green with a face lit with pure joy. The narozin fell back in dismay, for they saw their own form as flawed, a beauty with design or purpose and cast in colors untrue to the growing world. They fled, terrified to look upon her; they took up abodes in far off places and wept their hatred.

When the world split, the narozin felt drawn to the Wretched Plains and there they found a home in the halls of the dead. They lorded over the other occupants, binding many to them, but most, especially those dead whose lives knew no goodness. These narozin wrapped themselves in flesh that burned as the fire of the first mountains and made them suffer like no others. This mockery of birth became the hallmark of the narozin and they peopled the Shadow Realms, that place men call the Wretched Plains, with the sauld devils.

DEVIL, NUPPERIBO (LESSER)

NUMBER: 100-1000 (The **INT:** Low
Nine Hells), 2-8 (elsewhere)

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 3 (d10)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 17

TREASURE: Nil

SAVES: P

XP: 145+3

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), or Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Regeneration

Nupperibo are about five feet tall, some taller (up to six and a half feet), some shorter (as short as four and a half feet). They are bipedal humanoids, possess normal human facial features and have an understanding for most languages, though they rarely speak. Their skin is mottled gray and stretched tight over their skeleton. While always encountered naked, all nupperibo are neuter when it comes to gender. Their hands end in claws, as do their feet. Their eyes are full of rage and their mouths are constantly open, usually dripping thick, green saliva.

The nupperibo are the reformed souls of lawful evil creatures doomed to Hell, but not of sufficient strength or will to become



more powerful devils (which is the vast number of creatures sent to the nether regions). It is said that one in a million nupperibo will gain a modicum of self-awareness and intelligence and begin a long, difficult struggle to free itself from the bonds of infirmity to become a stronger presence in Hell. It is hinted that a few Arch-Devils began in this form, though assuredly none will admit it.

The nupperibo are Hell's foot soldiers. They are found in vast numbers scattered throughout all the planes populated by devils. They are single-minded creatures bent on the destruction of all things that are not normal denizens of their home plane. Their normal method of attack is to simply overwhelm enemies with their numbers and rarely rely on tactics or cunning. They are not mindless, though, and will sometimes act in a manner that reflects their small amount of intelligence. Once engaged in battle, however, they will never give quarter or flee.

COMBAT: Nupperibo will normally attack in vast numbers, attempting to overwhelm opponents, kill everything unfamiliar with them and move on. When found in roving packs, they use only their natural weapons, clawed hands, doing 1d4 points of damage each. If conscripted by a powerful entity, they will

sometimes be armed and will attack and do damage based upon the weapon they possess. These weapons are normally long swords, polearms and hammers. Any good-aligned cleric or paladin who uses any holy ability against nupperibo will instantly incur their wrath.

REGENERATION: When on their home plane, nupperibo will regenerate 1d4 points of damage per round. If found on any other plane, this ability will not work. Damage taken from holy items (i.e. holy water, holy swords, et al), will not regenerate.

At times, powerful devils will send very small numbers of nupperibo to visit enemies on other planes. As this is very taxing and weakens the sender, these visits are rare and the numbers are usually very small, normally only two to eight creatures.

IN AIHRDE

These are the souls of evil and twisted persons whose path led them down the Rinfelt to the Wretched Plains. They are weak and suffer the overlordship of almost all the greater devils and for this reason serve as the foot soldiers of many a devil's army, both in Aufstrag and on the Wretched Plains.

DEVIL, OLISZA (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** Superior
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 12 (d10) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 23 **TREASURE:** 12
SAVES: P **XP:** 4,775+12
MOVE: 40 ft.
ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Read Thoughts, Immune to Physical Damage, SR 1

The olisza are incorporeal creatures that appear as a patch of mist or dense fog. The patch is only a few feet wide and tall, but it is thick and clammy and clings to flesh, clothes and armor like a viscous residue of mucous. They are often found lingering upon the cobbled stones, coiled around a castles merlons, or even in the air on windless days. They have no bodily features, no face, or arms; they are more of a malevolent thought coalesced as mist.

The olisza are a small group of devils that are found throughout all the planes of Hell. While many sages insist they must take form at some point, for eating, mating, and other mischiefs, no one has ever seen an olisza in any form but an incorporeal mist. But all agree that they are real and they are very much alive, aware, and thoroughly evil.

They feed upon rampant emotions. They delight in delving into the minds of others and sifting through the wreckage of their misspent lives. They find disappointments, regrets, embarrassments and other painful memories, consuming them all and transforming them into a poison aimed at the victims

themselves. These misspent moments are unearthed in the minds of the victims, magnified and used to bring all the pain and suffering back upon them tenfold. For this reason, they are called the Conscience of Hell and are kept by the greater devils as delights of suffering for their guests.

COMBAT: The olisza approach or linger near an intended victim, reading their thoughts, learning what they can through their read thoughts ability. Each round after the initial reading, the olisza will do 2d6 points of damage to a random individual who was a victim of the mind probe. This damage will come in the form of horrible, possibly repressed memories or a frightening situation from the victims past. They continue their assault until the victim is dead or mad.

READ THOUGHTS: Olisza have the innate ability to read thoughts. When first encountered, they move about a group, hovering just above, reading the minds of everyone within a radius of 20 feet. All creatures within this range are given a wisdom save. Those that fail notice nothing, but those that pass feel an entity searching their minds, although they can do nothing to stop it, save powerful magic. After 2d4 rounds, the olisza will gain enough knowledge to inflict pain. The target is allowed a wisdom save. If they are successful, the olisza takes the damage. If they fail, the target takes the damage. If an olisza falls to below ten hit points, it will flee.

IMMUNITY: The olisza is immune to all forms of weapon damage. It is resistant (half damage for a failed save, quarter damage for a successful save) to fire, electrical, cold, acid, poison, energy and illusionary damage. If brought to zero hit points, the olisza will dissipate and fall upon anyone within 5 feet, drenching the hapless victim in its acidic vapors, inflicting 2d4 points of damage.

IN AIHRDE

The olisza are the remnants of evil deeds that resonate beyond the pale. They haunt the perpetrator onto death, and afterward, linger where the evil act occurred. In time they drift on, often caught up in the wake of stronger creatures of evil intent.

DEVIL, OROBUS (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** Genius
SIZE: Large **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 23 (d12) (178 HP) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 34 **TREASURE:** 23
SAVES: M, P **XP:** 40,700+23
MOVE: 20 ft.
ATTACKS: Bite (2d12), Slam (1d20)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Absorb, Adhesive, Immunity (Weapons +1), Light Vulnerability, Regeneration 3, SR 17, Stinger, Summon Devil

Orobus resembles a long, unsegmented worm. The body of the beast is huge, 10 feet in diameter. Its skin is porous and

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constantly secretes a viscous sludge-like liquid. He crawls upon dozens of spindly legs that seem far too small to hold up his massive bulk, leaving a thick trail of ooze behind him. A wide maw, lined with scores of filaments crowns the one end of the worm, the other a long stinger. When the desire takes him, he can assume something of the form of a human, but he always appears gangly, thin, and disjointed.

Orobos is a Duke and reigns over the 1st of the Infernal Planes. His realm is a volcanic plane fed by massive rivers that tumble down from the higher planes. There is no sunlight here, and the realm seems locked in the gray, hazy light of dusk. All manner of creature's dwell here but they bow to Orobos, who either grants them aid or feeds upon them. He has no castle or tower as do the other Dukes of Hell, but rather dwells in the shallows of the Pitted Mire, a particularly nasty region of his realm. There the water gives him some buoyancy and allows him easier movement. He holds court for those foolish enough to brave the misery of the marsh.

A creature that was never supposed to be, the worm hungers for the living and the dead. He is one of the few Lords of the Infernal Planes who devours the souls that come to him so that they become a part of his misery. It is these devoured souls that grant him a power that no others have, for he retains their memories, their experiences, their knowledge. With this knowledge and its cruel usage, he has earned a rank at the table of the Dukes of Hell. Occasionally a devoured soul breaks free somehow, though it is forever bound to the 1st Realm of Hell, and exists in fear of Orobos for all time.

The worm nests in volcanic regions, frequently using old lava tubes to travel from one area to the next. He does not need air and can live underwater indefinitely. Sunlight, however, or powerful magical lights, scorch his flesh and dry up the follicles that secrete his ooze. If exposed to an abundance of light, Orobos retreats to the cooler depths of his blasted abode.

COMBAT: Orobos generally attacks by biting his target and once bitten, coiling his body around his victim and stinging it. In this the worm attempts to ensnare the victim, ensuring a successful slam attack. Such an attack drives the victim up against its side where the victim becomes stuck and eventually absorbed.

ABSORB: Orobos begins to absorb any creature that is stuck to his body for longer than four rounds. The acid dissolves any non-magical material, and thousands of tiny follicles begin to absorb the dissolved material. Anyone being absorbed suffers 2d8 points of damage a round. The acid devours wood and metal as well, but it consumes such matter at different rates than flesh. One inch of wood is converted to slime in 10 minutes while metal is converted in 1-2 melee rounds. Magical armor or weapons attacked by the acid take an additional melee round per plus of the armor or weapon's enchantment to be converted. It does no damage to stone or ceramic materials. It can be destroyed/cured by the use of a remove disease spell, or direct exposure to magical light.

ADHESIVE: Orobos exudes a thick slime that acts as a powerful adhesive. Any creature that he successfully strikes with his slam attack is automatically stuck to the worm. Opponents that are stuck to Orobos may make a strength save to break free (CL 10), but if they do so, they suffer 1d8 points of damage as their skin clings to the worm and is ripped off. Likewise, a weapon that strikes Orobos is stuck fast unless the wielder succeeds at a strength save. Strong alcohol dissolves the adhesive in localized areas. Orobos can dissolve its adhesive at will, and the substance also breaks down five rounds after the creature dies. Any exposure to magical light (as listed in Light Vulnerability below) immediately dries the adhesive and frees who or whatever is stuck to Orobos.

LIGHT VULNERABILITY: If Orobos is exposed to sunlight, he suffers 1d10 points of damage. If struck by magical light from a *light*, *continual light* or similar spell, he suffers 1d8 points of damage per round so long as he is exposed to the light. Magical fire such as *fireballs* do not cause extra damage.

STINGER: Orobos has a stinger, with a venom-producing gland in its abdomen. If it successfully bites an opponent, the following round it can attempt to sting the unfortunate victim (+5 attack bonus). A hit with the sting attack deals 1d12 points of damage and 6d4 points of acid damage (constitution save for half). While using its stinger Orobos must maintain its grip with its bite and cannot bite that round. Its grip can be broken with a successful strength check.

SUMMON DEVIL: Twice per day, he may summon 1 greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing.

IN AIHRDE

Orobos was born of the wound Ornduhl dealt the All Father in the Days Before Days. The flame of the Sword Ember struck the All Father. A charred ember of flesh fell away and into the Void. But it was alive, for the hatred of Ornduhl had embraced

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it. There, in the Void, it gestated, until in time it was born a worm upon the Great Empty. He was filled with a vast hunger and devoured anything that he came in contact with.

Like many others, the light of creation drew Orobus, and in the early days of the world, he burrowed into the rocky mountains of the All Father design. There he lay, preying upon any and all that fell into his maw. The terror of him spread far and wide until none would approach the dread mountains of his home. At last, hungry and outcast, he burrowed through the world and into the outer planes coming in time to the Wretched Plains. There he found the listless dead, began to devour them vomit them back up for further torments.

When Unklar rose to prominence, Orobus bound himself to the Horned God, but Unklar saw no purpose for him in Aihirde and wished no outcast of Ornduhl to serve him closely. So he bid him remain in the Wretched Plains to hound those denizens who refused to serve the Horned God.

DEVIL, OSYLUTH (BONE) (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1-6

INT: Average

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 9 (d10)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 21

TREASURE: 11

SAVES: P

XP: 4,700+9

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (usually 3d6)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Bone Fragments, Resistance (Piercing), Impale, Spell-like Abilities, SR 12, Summon Greater Devil

Colloquially known as bone devils, they appear at first as nothing more than a grotesque humanoid skeleton, roughly ten feet in height. While a skeleton is held together by the magic used by its creator to fashion them, a bone devil is held together much the same way other creatures are: bands of muscle and ligaments can be seen at the joints connecting the bones. Unlike humans, these muscles are bone white and blend in with the bones that make up the creature. While true skeletons were once covered with skin, the osyluth has never known flesh of its own.

The face of the creature is not rigid like that of most skulls. The eyes and mouth can shift to form smiles and show basic emotion. Its teeth are not those of humans, but resemble those of a great cat. Great fangs grow out from the corners of the mouth. Atop the skull, two horns grow upwards, and then curve back along the length of the skull. It is said that these horns never stop growing and great osyluth have horns that run the length of their backs. All osyluth are different in some way, with some having longer arms and shorter legs, some having massive chest cavities, while others are gaunt. Some skulls are large and wide while others are long and thin. A few may have extra appendages, such as a third arm or two heads, though this is quite rare. Osyluth make up the bulk of the force of devils on the colder planes of Hell, as they do not enjoy the heat.

Despite their skeletal appearance, osyluth are not undead.

COMBAT: Each osyluth carries its own weapon, fashioned of bone. The most common is a barbed hook, like those used by butchers or those that slaughter livestock. While being of average intelligence, the osyluth rarely stops to engage in discussion. It follows orders given by its superiors without question. Since osyluth are usually sent on missions of massacre, parlay is rarely one of their virtues.



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BONE FRAGMENTS: The osyluth can attack with its claws, if it scores a successful hit the bones upon the end of its arms shatter, scattering fragments and dust around the target. The target must make a successful dexterity save or suffer temporary blindness (1d4 rounds) from the dust. Furthermore, if they fail their save, bone fragments lodge in the area struck, immediately fusing to the skin. In the following round, the fragments calcify the skin, 1-6 inches from the wound, turning it to bone. The fragments cannot affect existing bone, only flesh, so, for instance, a wound on the chest does not turn the heart to bone.

Depending on where the hit occurred the target suffers different effects. If on the hand, the hand is rendered immobile and drops anything it holds. If on the arm or leg the target suffers a -1 on all physical checks until cured. The effects are cumulative.

The bone devil can only carry out this attack twice every 10 minutes, as the bones in its arm/hand must grow back

IMPALE: The osyluth uses its weapon with both hands in an attempt to impale its opponent. If a successful hit occurs, these hooks do 3d6 damage. Any time the osyluth rolls an 18, 19 or 20, the barbed hook has bypassed armor and impaled the victim. The osyluth will rip the hook free, inflicting a standard 20 points of damage with no attack roll needed on the next round. Victims may make a constitution save (CL 9) to reduce this damage by half.

HALF DAMAGE: All piercing weapons do half damage.

RESISTANCE: All piercing weapons do half damage.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *dispel magic* (3/day) *fear* (1/day), *ice storm* (1/day), *lightning bolt* (1/day), *ray of enfeeblement* (2/day) (-2 penalty to attack and damage) and *wall of ice* (1/day).

SUMMON GREATER DEVIL: If three or more osyluth are together and feel overwhelmed, they may all forgo an attack for one round and begin chanting in a low, grating whisper. This will have the effect of *summon greater monster*, essentially summoning a devil more powerful than the osyluth. The greater devil will be displeased at being summoned, but will take vent its wrath on the osyluths' opponents, not the osyluths themselves.

IN AIHRDE

The bone devils are a breed of devils much like the malebranche. They formed in the deeps of time from the sparks of the forge of the All Father. Filled with a sullen anger and a hatred of all things they took shape and form slowly and over many long ages. When at last they came to the world they warred upon it, serving in the ranks of Ornduhl and fighting in all his many conflicts. Their cohorts were often commanded by Orobas, a lord of Hell to whom they remain loyal.

When Unklar called them they flocked to Aufstrag and occupied his great halls. Many gravitated to the Bone Pits, others served Orobas, though many simply took up residence in the halls. They haunt that place now, waiting for the return of the Horned God.

DEVIL, OUSMANE, (LORD OF SOULS) (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 16 (10) (180 HP)

AC: 27

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 30 ft., 40 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d10), Crowbill (1d6+8), Breath Weapon (2d12, see below)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Breath Weapon, Heightened Senses, Immunity (Weapons, +2), Rend Soul, Spell-like Abilities, Soul Spawn, SR 4, Swallow Soul

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 20

XP: 24,500+16

Ousmane saw the gods and sought to mimic their form but his vision was always narrow, and he could not see clearly, so the form he took was misshapen and abhorrent. His legs are ungainly and double-jointed so that they bend backward at the knee, making his walk staggered. His torso is muscular, but round, his chest like a barrel with the ribs protruding. Arms sprout like twigs from the trunk and they end in long, thin-fingered hands. His head is unnaturally large with a broad tooth-filled maw, crowned by one giant eye that protrudes from the skull, granting Ousmane superior peripheral vision. His skin is dry and patched, constantly flaking and shedding like a serpent.

Ousmane holds his human form with great difficulty, but when he assumes it he is always a beautiful, human male. He wears no clothes, taking great pride in his beauty, carrying only his crowbill. He has only one eye, however, on the left side of his face. The other eye is covered with smooth flesh, but he keeps it covered with a patch.

He cannot hold this form for long, however, usually no more than an hour. Anytime he does, he begins to waver back and forth between his true form and human form. Those watching him can see the change, it seems to flip back and forth. Very intelligent creatures can see through Ousmane's disguise.

He makes his lair on the 7th plane of Hell where he has built a great hall and filled it with the treasures of his conquests. He is not an ambitious devil, but rather dwells in the shadows of greater creatures than himself. Those who serve him however, know the lash, for what he lacks in ambition he makes up for in cruelty. His mind is peculiarly bent and he derives great comfort and joy from the pain of others. For this reason, his halls are filled with those damned to an afterlife of torment.

He has no great lusts or greed but the lash is delivered in unkind strokes. His true lust lies in the souls of men, a commodity he harvests with glee. He devours those brought before him and vomits them back up, allowing them to take a new, more hideous form. Those who suffer his gullet become his slaves and are doomed ever after to serve that particular devil and his desires. Thus, he is known as the Lord of Souls.

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He is quick to anger but careful in a fight, for he does not wish to lose his life's hard road and all that it has brought him. However, he is not one to be bargained with, particularly if the bargainer is in a position of weakness. Ousmane often loses his temper and kills such a creature outright.

COMBAT: Ousmane is quick to wrath and favors his crowbill in battle. He begins battle by blasting his fetid breath at the closest opponent and follows that with a rending attack from his crowbill. He will attempt to swallow whole any soul rent, unless there is a serious threat to his person, in which case he continues fighting until he is able to safely swallow an opponent. He summons devils if he is even marginally pressed.

HEIGHTENED SENSES: Ousmane cannot be surprised. He has heightened senses and can detect motion within 100 feet of his person. Though his vision is poor and he cannot see far, he does have a heightened peripheral vision due to the extruding eye which gives him an even greater awareness of creatures approaching from the flank.

BREATH WEAPON: He is able to breathe a wash of fetid breath from his gullet. The breath extends up to 40 feet from his mouth in a cloud that affects an area a dozen feet in diameter. Anyone caught in the blast suffers 2d12 points of damage, halved if they make a successful dexterity check. The stench smells of the rot of an opened stomach and disorients anyone caught in the blast, and failed their saving throw, for 1d4 rounds. Anyone disoriented suffers -2 from all attribute checks and combat rolls.

REND SOUL: Any successful blow with Ousmane's crowbill causes 1d6+8 points of damage, but the recipient of the blow must make a successful constitution check, if they fail their spirit, or soul, is temporarily rent, or pulled, from their physical body. The victim can do nothing for one full round, at which point the soul/spirit rejoins with the physical form. During that round Ousmane may attempt to swallow the soul.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: He has the following spell-like abilities: *charm* (3/day), *true seeing* (perm), *soul bind* (1/day).

SOUL SPAWN: Ousmane can vomit forth those souls he has devoured. He can pick and choose which he desires, and there is no limit to the number of souls he can keep in his gullet. Those that he chooses to return to the world are coughed back up and assume the form of a wraith. If the soul's physical body is still alive, they immediately lose three levels and all abilities accompanying those levels. This is a permanent loss until the person is reunited with their soul. If the soul spawn is turned, it is banished to Ousmane's gullet there to begin the process again.

SUMMON DEVIL: Three times per day, he may summon one greater devil and 1d4 lesser devils of his choosing, up to a total of 10 HD.

SWALLOW WHOLE: When Ousmane rends a soul from a body, in the following round, as a full action he may attempt to swallow that soul. Anyone who suffers their soul being devoured is stunned for 4 rounds and can take no action.

Though some can exist without a soul, those devoured by Ousmane suffer continually. A soulless person loses all purpose and direction. Any action, no matter how great or small, requires a successful wisdom check (CL 7), failure indicating they are unable to act. Once set loose in Hell, a soul is difficult to find and if not devoured will appear as a ghost somewhere. Returning it to the body requires both soul and body to be present and use of a heal, greater restoration or similar spell. If either the body or soul is slain, they cannot be resurrected or reincarnated.

The souls are freed if Ousmane is destroyed or if he is bargained with and persuaded to release souls; though the petitioners may discover his price is deviously greater than originally thought.

IN AIHRDE

Though his real name is long forgotten, it is known that he was an undead master of old Aenoch and had lived for many long and bloody years. When Unklar built Aufstrag, Ousmane joined his legions and through his cunning and power quickly rose in the ranks to serve as one of his chief lieutenants. In time he was set to command the 3rd level of Aufstrag, The Gallery of Souls. There he lorded over the dead, harvesting souls for the grim tower's purpose. His rule was turbulent but long. When at last his master was overthrown, his own power was greatly reduced. He remains in Aufstrag to this day, sleeping in dreams of madness on his throne in the Gallery of Souls. Many of the local devils pay him heed and sacrifice to his grim name and horrid memory.

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DEVIL, PIT FIEND (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1-4 **INT:** Average
SIZE: Large (14') **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 13 (d10) **TYPE:** Extraplanar
AC: 29 **TREASURE:** 15
SAVES: P **XP:** 11,000+13
MOVE: 50 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d6), Bite (1d12), Tail (1d4), or Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Constriction, Flaming Sword, Leap, Immunity (Weapon, +2), Infernal Combustion, Multiple Attacks, Regeneration (special), Spell-like Abilities, SR 15

Pit fiends are massive creatures, standing upwards of fourteen feet tall. Their bodies are a deep crimson in color and ripple with unbridled strength. Thick, corded muscles adorn every inch of their bodies. Their hands are like those of humans, but with five fingers and a thumb. They normally wear rings on all fingers, some stylized in the form of creatures. Their gender is indistinguishable, and they never wear clothes. Their hairless skin seems tightly stretched over their muscles. Their face is unmistakably evil, with red-rimmed eyes, jagged teeth and pate with small, stubby horns. When angered, their eyes burn with a small, orange flame. Two great bat-like, leathery wings sprout from the devil's back. These wings are massive and stretch above them from behind. The pit fiend sometimes spreads its wings to appear even more intimidating and terrifying.

Aside from brief conversations with arch-devils, pit fiends rarely speak, even to their own kind.

Pit fiends are horrible creatures that serve at the behest of arch-devils. All devils are inherently evil, but the pit fiend takes the vileness and malignancy to a level most mortals cannot comprehend. They will obey, to the letter, the orders of their superiors but will treat all beneath them as little more than chattel.

All pit fiends have unique names and it is with these names that they are ruled. Anyone knowing their true name will be able to command the fiend as they see fit, albeit with the creature trying its best to subvert the orders to his personal desire. This applies only to those the fiend feels is inferior to itself, which is almost any creature save the arch-devils themselves. Arch-devils always know the true names of pit fiends in their service and guard them jealousy.

Pit fiends respect no one, aside from their masters, but have a certain affinity for raw, brute strength. As such, they detest weakness of any kind. When confronted with enemies, the pit fiend always attacks the weakest first, specifically those who are unarmed. They delight in violently killing the innocent.

COMBAT: The pit fiend will always attack weak-looking creatures first. In a normal party, this almost always means spellcasters will take the initial brunt of any damage. Since the

creature has potent spell resistance, spellcasters tend to perish quickly in their midst. Pit fiends will use massive weapons, specially fashioned for them. While any weapon can have a giant counterpart usable by the creature, most pit fiends carry massive hammers that deal extraordinary damage. Each blow that lands deals 2d10+8 damage. Those struck must make a constitution check (CL 13) or be knocked prone by the blow. Pit fiends will attack a single creature until they are dead, normally saving powerful warriors for last.

CONSTRICT: When a pit fiend successfully strikes with its tail it automatically wraps it around the target. The victim must make a successful strength save to avoid a constricting hold. On the round immediately following the use of this ability, the victim suffers the effects of the constriction automatically. A new strength save is allowed every round, if successful the target escapes the creature's clutches. A pit fiend constricts its victim for 2d8 points of crushing damage per round.

FLAMING SWORD: Upon command the pit fiend can summon a +3 *flaming sword*. The blade is forged of magical fire and deals 1d8+3 points of damage, plus a further 1d6 for the flame. Cold-based creatures suffer an extra 2d6 points of damage.

LEAP: The pit fiend cannot actually fly with its wings, but they assist it in leaping great distances, upwards of 20 feet.

MULTIPLE ATTACKS: The pit fiend can attack using its weapon, bite and tail attack simultaneously.

REGENERATION: Pit fiends will begin to regenerate hit points the round after they initially take damage. On their home plane, they will regenerate 3d6 damage every round. On any other plane, they will only regenerate 3d4 damage per round.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The pit fiend can cast the following spell-like abilities: *fireball*, *fire storm*, *flame strike*, *wall of fire* and *command*. These can all be cast once per day. The pit fiend is also constantly surrounded by an unholy aura (per the spell *holy aura*).

INFERNAL COMBUSTION: In lieu of an attack, the pit fiend can instead touch attack a single opponent (AC 10). If successful, the recipient must make a constitution save or be inflicted with an internal fire. Each round, the victim will take 13d6 points of fire damage, burning from within.

IN AIHRDE

In the Days before Days the All Father spoke the Alenerde ut Pilt, the Language of Creation and in the beginning, it was hard and cold. It disturbed the Great Empty, creating rivers of his thought. Many of these rivers cut the Void and left pools of matter here and there. In one of these a pit formed of slime and ichor. But the filth lived, forming into slithering beasts, blind and without sense.

When Ornduhl raised his hand against the All Father however and struck him with his blade, the fire that lite the heavens gave sight to the creatures in the pit. Upon seeing the Red



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God their skin burned red. As he passed the pit Ornduhl cast a glance upon them but paid no further heed. They went wild and sought to follow him into the Void but could not for the pit was too deep. Through their lust, they sprouted wings and after took shape and form as creatures of fire and blood.

They followed Ornduhl ever after, creatures of immense power and an unmatched lust for destruction. They were named by Ornduhl in later years, for he remembered them and where they came from, and took them under his wing and they served him. These were called the Pa ut Lich, the Pit Fiends.

They served him for long ages, and after flocked to Unklar's banner, rising to take up residence in Aufstrag, where they came to serve themselves and the greater lords of Aufstrag. Upon his fall many remained, but others fled to the Wretched Plains there to serve their own needs and desires.

DEVIL, RITHKIN (LESSER)

NUMBER: 10-100

INT: Low

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 2 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 14

TREASURE: 3

SAVES: P

XP: 37+2

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: Howl (1d4)

SPECIAL: Climb, Darkness, Devil Traits, Howl, Know Alignment, SR 1

The rithkin possess humanoid bodies, but are faceless, have no ears, hairless, and sexless. Their skin is smooth, pinkish in color, with spots of mottled blue as if bruised. Their limbs are thin, long and capped with padded digits like those of a frog, allowing them to climb vertical surfaces and cling to ceilings.

Rithkin often create nests of darkness, gathering in groups or packs. They do require neither sleep nor sustenance, often meandering about in a confused herd, "feeling" for the living or the undead. They have no physical senses; they cannot hear, see, smell or taste. They detect the presence of other creatures, except those of true neutral, with their know alignment ability.

COMBAT: The rithkin never attack alone, being fearful of everything. They attack in groups of 5 or more, closing with their victims and howling at them, leaping back and forth, attempting to avoid any blows, pooling the darkness that follows them.

CLIMB: The rithkin are able to climb any surface easily but must have the use of at least two limbs to do so.

DARKNESS: When engaged in battle the rithkin secretes a cloud of filth and darkness that grows one foot each round to a maximum of 20 feet. The darkness acts as the spell of the same name as if cast by a 1st level cleric, however the darkness is pungent with an unpalatable stench. The dark clouds of each rithkin overlap that of others nearby; the overlapping darkness



of three or more rithkin will extinguish even magical light. If a rithkin moves or is slain its darkness dissipates after one round. They frequently leave trails of darkness behind them as they move about.

HOWL: A rithkin's howl causes anyone within 10 feet of the creature to suffer 1d4 points of damage, in this way damaging opponents they are not actively engaging. After the rithkin is slain the howl damage heals 1 hit point per round. If someone falls below zero hit points, the rithkin continues howling for 3 rounds. If they are reduced below -10 hit points the victim dies.

KNOW ALIGNMENT: A rithkin "sees" creatures through the aura of their alignment. Those of true neutral are invisible to them.

IN AIHRDE

The rithkin are spent souls of evil men who died in the service of their craft. Their souls are cast into Hell and harvested by one of the many lords of those planes. Once within, they are hounded, tortured and devoured by the greater devils. They wander in constant fear and terror of all but their own kind, and so tend to group together in packs and spew their fear in webs of thick darkness. They are called the rithkin, a word used by dwarves to describe the filth of untreated wounds.

DEVIL, SAULD (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-100

INT: Animal

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 3 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 12

TREASURE: 2

SAVES: M

XP: 65+3

MOVE: 80 ft., 40 ft. (climb)

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), 1 Bite (1d4), Tail (1d6)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Darkvision, Deepvision, Pounce, Supercharge, Twilight Vision

With grotesquely long arms and legs to match, the sauld can crawl on four legs, climb almost any surface, or spring upright and run as fleet as any gazelle. Their skin ranges from a lackluster orange to a deep red, and stretches over their thin, bony frames. Hairless, without eyes or ears, they possess only a gaping, tooth-filled maw, and two slits in their face for a nose. Their spines are long, rising from the flesh of their back in rings that can be grasped by those bold—or foolish—enough, then extends far beyond the body in a long bony tail. The sauld stink of sulfur and leave a thin cloud of ash behind them.



These are the rank and file of the legions of the Wretched Plains. Completely unable to project themselves beyond the moment, they obey the commands of their masters without thought, heedless of the outcome. They delight in the suffering of others and spend their time tormenting the lost souls that wander the Plains.

The sauld, when not employed as soldiers, guardians, servants, etc., wander the Shadow Realms in great packs, hunting for creatures to torment.

COMBAT: The sauld begin an attack with a loping, four-legged run, pouncing upon their enemy when they close within 12 feet. They attack with a combination of claws, bite, and tail. They are able to attack four times per round. They are heedless of pain or wounds and if led by another devil of greater power, their morale never fails.

POUNCE: The sauld are able to leap up to 20 feet, landing on their intended target with astounding accuracy.

SHAPECHANGE: Unlike most devils, sauld are not able to shapechange.

IN AIHRDE

The sauld are spawn of the Wretched Plains. There, the dead souls of those lacking any redeemable character wander in a constant

state of torment, hunted by the occupants of the plains. Those unlucky enough to be captured are consumed and wrenched back to the plains where their skin crawls with torment, encasing the soul in a cage of never-ending agony. They are the sauld, and their ranks are limitless.

DEVIL, SEERE (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1-2

INT: Genius

SIZE: Large

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 13 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 24

TREASURE: 14

SAVES: P

XP: 9,600+13

MOVE: 40 ft., 80 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: Bite (1d12), Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Darkvision, Deepvision, Spell-like Abilities, SR 11, Summon Wight, Swallow, True Seeing, Twilight Vision

Seere devils, also known as painted devils, are tall and thin, lecherous-looking creatures with emaciated bodies covered by dried and flaking flesh. They walk on hobbled feet, resembling that of a giant marsupial. Long, drawn faces end in a dislocated jaw hanging several feet down the creature's chest. The open jaw contains an impenetrable darkness. The seere devils have no eyes, only sockets that are both wide and deep. They have no ears, nor a nose; all their senses bound in the flesh of their jaw so that they "hear" the world around them. The etchings of multiple tattoos cover their skin, carved by the seere themselves.

Their favored form, however, is of a beautiful man, short and muscular, with long hair that hangs low upon their chests; but their deceptions possess a flaw, for their disjointed jaws defy the illusion and they must be wired together, so that the painted devil must always appear as a human with a brass casing bound to his chin and cheeks.

Called by many names, the seere serve as guides in the Wretched Plains, but their etchings give them the sobriquet of the "painted" devil as well. Though the etchings seem disorganized, they are in fact carefully placed and vital for the painted devil's ability to change shape. They reflect the skin they assume upon changing form; damage to them negates the creature's ability to appear as anything other than what it is: a horrid monstrosity. The painted devils dwell in long columned buildings, linear in nature, never turning and never deviating from a cardinal direction. The heart of their lair is always an open room, floored with immaculate rectangular tiles, almost always a sea green. The tiles lead to a large bath of steaming water where the creature sleeps.

The seere ride to war on the wings of undead crows; wherever they go massive flocks of the birds follow them. They carry their essunk spear in hand, preferring to battle from on high, lancing their victims from above. They are capable organizers and often command troops of the lesser devils, Kain's henchman, and the like.



COMBAT: The seere fight from above, rarely touching the ground unless forced or until victory is at hand. They lance their victims with their spears, leaving the stains of those dark souls trapped within them. They breathe insects upon their prey before descending upon them to devour them. Their massive jaws engulf any fallen foe, swallowing them, drawing them into the inky blackness of oblivion.

ESSUNK SPEAR: The spear of the seere acts as a +3 weapon. Fashioned from the souls of the damned, a shroud of dark shadow hangs over the spear. These snaking tendrils coil and wrap around the haft and the seere himself. They seem to have a life of their own, but in fact, their master guides them in their every move, unleashed only when he enters battle. Whenever the seere strikes the ground with the essunk spear, he summons 1d4 wights (see below).

The spear also causes disease, any creature struck with the spear must make a successful constitution save or become blind. A second strike and failed saving throw causes deafness. Both are permanent until magically restored.

SUMMON WIGHT: Three times per day the seere may summon 1d4 wights by striking the ground with his spear. Doing so frees that number of summoned souls from the spear. The seere replaces them by thrusting the spear into his own mouth and drawing them from his gullet, something he is reluctant to do. The spear always has 1d20 charges; each wight summoned expends one charge.

SWALLOW: Whenever a seere feels that it has defeated an enemy, but before that enemy dies, they attack it with their massive open maw, attempting to swallow it. Any creature struck by the bite attack must make a successful wisdom save; if they fail, they are swallowed by the seere devil. If swallowed they take no damage but suffer the effects of a trap the soul spell

with the devil acting as the gem. Until something or someone destroys the seere devil, the unfortunate victim remains in the belly of the beast.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *confusion* (3/day), *darkness* (3/day), *insect plague* (1/day), *symbol* (1/day), *true seeing* (permanent), *vision* (6/day).

IN AIHRDE

The painted devils followed the course of the cull stodti'ne in coming to the world of Aihilde. Fashioned in the deeps of the Void, they drifted in clouds of their own stench for eons until the world took shape. They entered the world even before the sun and moon were set upon their courses, living in the darkness for time without count, and as they watched the world unfold, their envy grew boundless as they played witness to the beauty around them. The loathing of beauty germinated within them until it was all-consuming. They remained faceless though, fearful of the power of the world around them, until the coming of the Horned God.

Upon his arrival, the seere rose and entered the annals of the world as nightmares. Their immense knowledge, gained from long observation, proved a valuable conduit for the lords of Aufstrag and they used the seere as guides through the cosmos and in the governance of all things. All dreaded the seere for they lorded over both friend and foe.

Upon the fall of the Horned God, the enemies of the seere—indeed they were many!—returned his arrogance in full measure. Driven from the halls they fled into the wilderness or to the wretched plains where they joined the detracted legions of devils who vied with power over the realm with tvungenos.

DEVIL, SHADOW GUARDIANS (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-10

SIZE: Small

HD: 1 (d6)

AC: 12

SAVES: M

MOVE: 40 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: See below

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Immunity (Weapon, +1) Incorporeal Attack, SR 2

INT: Inferior

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 1

XP: 38+1

The shadow guardian is a small creature, only a few feet tall. It appears as a wisp of smoke with arms and long clawed fingers. Its face is formless, but for its eyes and gaping maw. Its torso fades into a long wisp of smoke that writhes about as if with a life of its own. It smells of damp charcoal.

Shadow guardians are minor devils. Their minds are peculiarly bent toward servitude and they latch themselves to devils or men, whichever they happen upon first. They do not think for themselves, and because of this develop a fierce loyalty to whom-ever they serve. They are used as guardians for this reason, for they report to their masters all they see or think they see.

Though they do not have particularly good vision, they do see beyond the material world. Spirits, ghosts, disembodied souls, all of these are plain to see for the shadow guardian. They cannot see invisible, or similarly hidden creatures. They fear magical light. When confronted with anything like a *light* spell they invariably hesitate for 1-2 rounds before taking any action. The guardians do not eat or drink and need nothing beyond the comfort of their own service.

When they are encountered outside the service of a greater creature the guardians tend to settle in a quiet, dark area resting in coils of their own evil intent.

COMBAT: The shadow guardian attacks by reaching out with its long-fingered claws and cutting through an enemy. Their incorporeal nature leaves no open wounds, the clawed attack passing through the flesh and bone, but it stains the victim's psyche, leaving the individual in doubt and confusion.

INCORPOREAL ATTACK: Upon a successful hit the shadow demon drains 1d4 hit points from the victim, halved with a successful constitution save.

IN AIHRDE

Unklar ruled Aufstrag and the world for a thousand years. His visage was powerful and his flesh burned with the wrath of his creation. From his skin there ever rose a wispy smoke, hot and filled with the rage of his being. At times, such was his passion that the smoke took on a life of its own, thus the shadow devils were born. With little purpose or thought to any deed, they haunt the world.

DEVIL, SOLARIN (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: High
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 10 (d10)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 24	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: M, P	XP: 1,450+10
MOVE: 50 ft.	
ATTACKS: Weapon	
SPECIAL: Arc of Fire, Concussive Blow, Devil Traits, Immunity (Heat), Ray of Light, Teleport Without Error, True Sight	

The solarin appear as tall, thin, sexless humans with angular features. They have no ears or hair, broad eyes, and thin noses and lips. Their skin is a bright bronze color. They have no teeth, which makes their speech akin to the mumbling of the elderly. It is as if they are not-quite-finished creatures whose final form is yet in the making. They have, over the many millennia since their creation, sought to complete the creation process through whatever means necessary.

The solarin casts a permanent immutable halo of light that illuminates everything within 100 feet of it. The effect is



such that there is no point of origin for the light but rather it emits from everywhere simultaneously, casting no shadows. Interestingly, this effect cannot be mitigated; not even with a darkness or similar spell.

With respect to certain sapient creatures (humans and humanoids), the solarin is more interested in wounding them to such a degree that they grovel before his feet. He does not seek to immediately kill them, unless necessary. He then lords over them for some time (one day to a hundred years), keeping them wounded and near death the whole time. This he does to stroke his magnificent ego and to humble the creatures that he, in the dark part of his soul, envies so much.

COMBAT: In combat the solarin wields a large iron rod, nearly 10 feet in length. The rod does 2d10 damage and, if it hits, also does an overbearing attack (strength 20). Further, the rod has a 10% chance of exploding into flame on contact causing an extra 1d10 damage. The iron rod cannot be used by any but the solarin and dissolves at the devil's death.

The solarin wade into combat, initially casting arcs of fire. Should it be wounded, it *teleports* out and casts a *fireball* on itself to heal itself. Then it comes back with a more devious attack using rays of light, summoning elementals or using any of its special abilities to defeat its opponents.

TRUE SIGHT: Solarin can see as the spell *true seeing*. This is a permanent ability and extends to 500 feet.

TELEPORT WITHOUT ERROR: Solarin can cast *teleport without error* three times a day. The effects are immediate and require nothing more than the desire to enact.

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IMMUNITY (HEAT): Solarin are impervious to any damaging effects of heat, magical or normal. Further, any types of spells which may cause magical heat-based damage (*fireball*) will instead heal the solarin.

RAY OF LIGHT: Solarin have the ability to cast a blinding ray of light two times a day. The ray of light does not radiate heat, just a blinding flash of light. The ray of light causes blindness to everyone within 100 feet of the solarin and partial blindness to all those within 100–200 feet. The blindness is absolute and lasts for 2d8 rounds followed by a partial blindness for 2d8 rounds. Partial blindness leaves vision blurry to a degree that standard blindness effects are halved. The effects of the ability are completely mitigated if a *darkness* spell has been cast in the area of effect. However, it should be noted that the *darkness* spell has no outward effect for 100 feet around a solarin, but the magic of the spell still lingers and works to counter the ray of light ability.

ARC OF FIRE: In lieu of a melee attack, the solarin can emit an arc of fire which explodes from the solarin's body, lashing randomly in a whip-like motion. The solarin is unable to aim the arc precisely but only in a general direction such as in front, side or rear. The arc lashes outward as a whip of flame, 30 feet in length and a foot wide. It has a 20% chance of striking anyone within its cone of effect (side, front or rear). The cone extends out from the body 50 feet. The arc remains in the cone for 1d4 rounds whipping about randomly. If the flame strikes a character, they are allowed a dexterity check (CL 10) to avoid damage. If struck, the character takes 1d20 points of damage.

CONCUSSIVE BLOW: When the solarin has brought an individual to less than half their original hit points, it instinctively knows their opponent has been weakened and open to its devastating concussive blow ability. Concussive blow takes two rounds to complete. During the first round, the solarin can take no action as it intently focuses on its prey, and is considered prone for combat purposes. On the second round, the solarin strikes its victim with such force that they are brought to exactly 1 hit point. A CL 10 constitution check will halve this damage.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Solarin cast the following as 10th level casters: *summon fire elemental* (6/day, 4 HD), *fireball* (3/day), *wall of fire* (3/day).

IN AIHRDE

These devils reside in the heavens upon the radiant beams of light cast from stars. They are called solarin by men, Udul by the dwarves and Ithilnil by the elves. These devils were created as the stars came into being and were little more than the result of the All-Fathers momentary meandering. Like a child cast forth and abandoned, the solarin hold a deep and abiding grudge against almost all those things the All-Father purposefully made.

Though powerful and with a bent toward wanton destruction, these devils are far too self-absorbed to spend much effort in seeking out and taking vengeance upon those they despise.

Only with the calling of Unklar did the Solarin come to Aihrde and there witness an image of what they believe may have been their completed state. Since that time, those who came have haunted the lands of man and elf.

DEVIL, VONLATOT (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 19 (d8)

AC: 28

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 20 ft., 60 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: Slam (1d10), Ball & Chain (1d12, see below), or Weapon

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Deepvision, Duskvision, Mount, Spell-like Abilities, SR 12, Twilight Vision

INT: Genius

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 20

XP: 15,400+19

Sometimes called the Dead Knights, the vonlatot are tall, elfin creatures, whose skin is fair and soft. They seem almost frail with thin, shallow stomachs and high rib cages, their expressionless faces devoid of any hint of age or texture. They are bland in their perfection. Beneath the vanity of their exterior lies a skeletal frame of stone, bound by muscle that is beyond tissue, hard as the roots of a tree. They have no blood, nor do they produce any bodily fluids. But their most unusual feature is the ragged hole that rests in their gut. The hole is like torn fabric; the simple can see through the creature, but the wise can see into the Outer Planes, for this wound is a gateway. Hanging behind them lies a shroud of ash, barely discernible unless the beast takes to flight; when airborne, its massive wings become more substantial, their appearance reminiscent of a vulture's wings.

The vonlatot are static creatures that have not changed, nor can they change, since time began. They ride giant vultures in battle and favor breastplates for armor, but the armor never covers the hollow cavity in their midriff. When they cast themselves in a favorable form, it is always as a knight, riding a horse. Both knight and steed wear silver or gold raiment and shine with radiant beauty.

The vonlatot dwell in huge sprawling castles throughout the Wretched Plains. Their castles are of black stone, built in an orderly fashion, the halls clean and free of adornments. Their rooms are sparse and their treasure is always gathered in their main lair.

The vonlatot are powerful creatures and can hide themselves deep in the earth. They have no concept of time and are not averse to hiding themselves for whole ages if they think the time is not ripe for their rise.

They lust for power and control, having gained a taste for it long ago. They command legions of devils, undead, and other unsavory creatures. They favor the orc above all things for in their company the vonlatot are indeed beauty personified.

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they suffer a -2 penalty to all attack rolls and attribute checks; this does not affect saving throws or natural abilities.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The vonlatot are powerful mentalists, able to cast one spell each round even while wielding their weapons. They have the following spell-like abilities: *delayed blast fireball* (1/day), *flame strike* (3/day), *heat metal* (5/day), *produce flame* (3/day), *telekinesis* (3/day), *wall of fire* (1/day). They cast as 12th level spell casters.

IN AIHRDE

The vonlatot are ancient, cast in their shape in the deep Void, they came to Aihilde long ago and soon became embroiled in the wars of the darkling days, when first Corthain took up arms against his brother Ornduhl. The vonlatot served Corthain for a short while, but the Justice Maker found them lacking; they did not care if they caused suffering and possessed a streak of cruelty that Corthain could not abide. When he turned his gaze upon the vonlatot, he saw them as knights upon wonderful steeds, even as he himself looked, but he saw through their disguise and he knew them as flaws of creation. He drove them from his host and threatened them with death and banishment should they mingle in his affairs again. They fled from him, taken in fear.

They lay in the deep places of the earth for a great while until Unklar's summons, and they rose to serve him. They proved powerful minions to the horned god and he used them often in his struggles throughout Aihilde. They rose in power and ruled towers and lands of their own. But in the end, Unklar was thrown down and his allies with him. The vonlatot fled the Holy Sword Durendale for it called to their minds the power of Corthain.

They have since returned to their lairs deep in the earth or to the Wretched Plains, hoping to win back their lost power.

DEVIL, VORGALOS BEAST (ARCH)

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 19 (d8)

AC: 28

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 40 ft.

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 18

XP: 24,400+19

ATTACKS: 2 Barbed Lash (1d6), Bite (1d10)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Leap, Rod, Summon Undead

The vorgalos beast is a rare, powerful devil taking the form of an undead half-man, half buck deer. Its legs and head are those of a magnificent 20-point buck with antlers of ivory, constantly fracturing off and regrowing. Its torso and arms, down to the long-clawed fingers, are those of a man. The beast looks more like a creature that has risen from the grave, for its body is covered in rotten, tattered flesh, with bones exposed in its chest, hips and spine. It walks with a halting gait, but is able to run at amazing speeds. The beast's eyes are hollowed cavities. The



COMBAT: The Dead Knight attacks from the back of his vulture, swooping down upon his prey from above. They are not able to use a lance but instead wield a massive ball and chain (seen as a morning star when disguised). They use the ball to smash their victims, but the chain is used to trip or disarm their victims. They have an impressive array of powers as well, that they are more than able to use. They are not careless of their mount, and if it is threatened with death, they leap from its back to face their enemy upon the ground.

MOUNT: The vonlatot always travel upon the back of a giant vulture. When they assume the form of a knight, the vulture is cast in the role of the knight's noble steed. Though the sorcery conceals the real beast, it cannot conceal the stench and the knight, too, carries the hint of rotting flesh.

BALL & CHAIN: The ball & chain acts as a +3 weapon and strikes for 1d12+3 points of damage. It can also trip or bind an enemy. Anyone struck by the chain must make a successful dexterity save or be disarmed or bound in the chains, depending on the vonlatot's intention. The vonlatot is able to strike with the chain twice in any given round; however, once he has successfully used the chain to bind someone, the chain cannot be used again until that individual is freed or escapes. The chain projects the fear that rests in the hollow empty of the vonlatot; for at its heart, if it had such a thing, the Dead Knight is weak and fearful. Anyone bound in the chain suffers from an instant plague of doubt and unless they make a successful wisdom save

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vorgalos carries a staff in battle, with brass fixtures and polished with the gristle of its many victims.

Vorgalos prefer the cool, dark of old woods to anything else. On some level, they believe they are deer, wild and free, but they are of course abominations. They construct temporary holds of sticks and limbs. Sometimes these are massive affairs with multiple rooms and halls, towers and the like. But they are always lopsided, broken structures, made by a mad man. They house their lairs, the country around and the beneath them with the undead. They do this by stalking cemeteries, unhallowing a grave, and raising the dead, pulling them back from the afterlife and bringing them back to the world.



The devil is only partially aware of its existence. It lives only in a dream state, has little memory of what came before or desires for what should come after. It haunts, it builds, it hunts until circumstances should see and end to it or be driven off.

They are rare creatures and roam all the planes of Hell, but they most prefer the material planes where the forests are more natural and the dead buried in plenty. They rarely fight to the death, preferring to run and regroup lest they are slain or banished to Hell.

COMBAT: The beast always sends its undead minions into the fray first, using them as fodder to break their enemy. In personal combat, it charges to ram an opponent. They carry a magical rod that acts as a *rod of thunder and lightning*, and it uses this whenever it deems the threat greater than its physical abilities. Otherwise it rams and claws and opponent,

LEAP: The vorgalos may leap up to 80 feet.

ROD OF THUNDER & LIGHTNING: It carries a magical *rod of thunder and lightning* (see **Monsters & Treasure**).

SUMMON UNDEAD: By calling out in a rough deer-like bleat, they call the undead that they have raised. These range in type and amount depending on how long the vorgalos dwelt in an area. They can summon anywhere from 1–12 zombies, 1–12 skeletons, 1–4 ghouls, 1–4 wights and 1–4 wraiths. Note that these creatures do not suddenly appear, but rather begin coming to their master from the area around them. It is conceivable that these undead may be encountered before the vorgalos itself.

IN AIHRDE

The vorgalos beast means simply “unhallowed” beast. It is named thus because of its tendency to desecrate hallowed ground and disinter the dead. They are ancient creatures, coming to the world in the Days before Days. They joined Unklar when he called, leaving the wasteland of the Wretched Plains. They did not do this for any love of him, or for his promises of wealth and power, but simply because he opened the gates to Aihilde and allowed them in. They longed for the deep forests of and haunts of their youth.

The vorgalos are rare creatures but dwell in all the great woods and swamps of the world. They are most common in the Grausumland around Aufstrag.

They are the scourge of rangers and druids the world over for the havoc they reap upon the areas they occupy.

DEVIL, WHISPERING (LESSER)

NUMBER: 1-20

SIZE: Large

HD: 7 (d12)

AC: 21

SAVES: M

MOVE: 40 ft.

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 9

XP: 1,755+7

ATTACKS: 2 Barbed Lash (1d6), Bite (1d10)

SPECIAL: Devil Traits, Darkness, Rend, Soul Rend, SR 5

The whispering devil is as much a shadow as flesh. The core of the creature is a rib cage, huge and split wide, ribs shaped like the fangs of a jaw. From these ribs flesh grows in abundance, spreading up and off the creature into a voluminous cloak that serves the creature as wings. The cowl of the fleshy cloak covers a head that seems strangely disembodied from the rib cage below, though it sits where a normal man's would. Beady eyes glare from the folds of flesh that envelop the head and long fangs hang in the darkness beneath the eyes. The beast has no arms nor legs, no lower torso to speak of, only the flesh that hangs off the creature like some giant cloak, trailing the ground in pools of darkness.

Whispering devils dwell in most any regions of the Infernal Planes. They gather in small companies and hunt the damned, seeking to tear their souls from their bodies. They cluster in large rooms or caverns, waiting for their victims to come to them. They are rarely encountered wandering from one place to the other, for they are driven by the purpose of torment.

The whispering devil's great purpose is to separate a creature from its soul, though it does not desire this process to be quick, nor painless. On the contrary, it delights in the suffering, knowing that the tormented soul is worth more as currency for other devils or food for itself. It uses its barbed lash to pull and rend the soul, a piece at a time until it is ripped from the flesh. They have a peculiar affinity for collecting rib cages, often piling and heaping them into house-like structures.

Its peculiar name derives from the whispering sound that follows it wherever it goes. These are the screams of the damned, and they echo in the creature's constant babble. It speaks a jumbled mixture of words from its many victims. The whispering is in a host of languages and is utterly incoherent to all but very skilled linguists, and even they pick up only bits and pieces of phrases.

COMBAT: The whispering devil sits idle for the most part, collected in pools of its own shadow and flesh waiting for a victim to be brought to it or pass it by. When it spies a victim, it unleashes its lash, tearing the soul from the flesh.

DARKNESS: Beneath the cloak of flesh there is only *darkness*. This area acts as a *darkness* spell. If magical light is shined upon it, the darkness reveals little but long barbs of naked bone, broken and sharp.

REND: The creature's ribs are very much like a huge jaw, the bones sharpened into long fangs. The creature is able to bite down on an opponent, enveloping it in the darkness of its fleshy cloak and rend its flesh. In the round following the bite, the whispering devil tears the victim apart, scoring an automatic hit for 6d6 points of damage, constitution save for half.

SOUL REND: The devil wields two barbed ethereal chains, that rise from its wing-like cloak of flesh and darkness. They act as both physical and metaphysical weapons, rending flesh for 1d6 points of damage, but also through latching onto a victim's soul. When pulled back the barbs cling to bits and pieces of the soul, ripping them from the body. With each successful hit the target must make a successful charisma save. If they fail they suffer their soul being torn apart. For each failed saving throw the target suffers the loss of one charisma point. When they reach 0, their soul is pulled from their body and bound to the whispering devil. If the devil is killed at any point in the process the soul's tattered pieces drift back to the body, but the victim suffers a permanent loss of 1d4 points of random attribute(s). A soulless person loses all purpose and direction, any action, no matter how great or small, requires a successful wisdom check (CL 7), failure indicating they are unable to act. Once set loose in Hell a soul is difficult to find and if not devoured will appear



as a ghost somewhere. Returning it to the body requires both soul and body to be present and use of a heal, greater restoration or similar spell.

IN AIHRDE

Creatures born of the machinations of Unklar the whispering devils were given the task to torment the living, lashing their bodies with such pain that they could separate the soul from the living flesh. Though their master was banished to the Void, their purpose has not changed, and they haunt Auftrag seeking the living, to visit upon them their peculiar brand of suffering. They are, at times, summoned by wizards to slay a particular foe.

DEVIL, ZANTI (GREATER)

NUMBER: 1	INT: Superior
SIZE: Large	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 18 (d10) (180 HP)	TYPE: Extraplanar
AC: 25	TREASURE: Nil
SAVES: M, P	XP: 10,000+18
MOVE: 60 ft., 120 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: Axe (3d10), Tail (2d10), Stomp (3d6)	
SPECIAL: Behead, Durfangalan, Sever, Spell-like Abilities, Stomp, magic abilities	

Zanti is massive. He stands on four legs much akin to those of a gigantic elephant. A body of ribbed muscles sits atop these legs, peppered with small iron, shield-like scales and resembling a great barrel. From this a torso, covered in long blood-soaked fur reaches 50 or more feet into the air. Four great arms extend this mangle of fur and flesh. So great in length are his arms that they can reach around small towers and buildings. So prodigious

DEVILS

their strength that ripping trees from the ground is little more than play for him. His head is the worst of all, for Zanti has no nose or mouth, just four great eyes, one on each side of his head atop his bony cup-shaped face. A single horn extends from the top of his head. Three long tails, each a hundred feet or more in length, whip around him constantly. The ends of these tails are bitter death, for they are encased in bone harder than steel and sharper than the razors at the world's edge.

Since coming to be, Zanti has been obsessed with a singular fascination: heads. With Zanti's first breath, he reached out and grabbed a fellow devil by the throat and ripped the head from its shoulders. Since that time Zanti has collected heads from all manner of creatures and piled them on a slab of rock amongst rivers of fire and ice to create his fortress he names Bulgar.

Zanti wanders all planes seeking more heads to collect. Though at first, he was undiscerning in fulfilling his longing, over many millennia he developed a more discreet taste and seeks unique heads to add to his pile. He is feared and loathed everywhere, even among fellow devils. Though he knows no anger, he knows no pity either. Few ever dare approach him for fear that Zanti will strike their head from their body for no other reason than amusement or curiosity. Only on the rarest of occasions can Zanti be convinced to do something not of his own thought or design, and this is only managed by the possibility of acquiring a new and unique head.

Zanti lives on the 4th Plane of Hell in a great fortress constructed of the putrid heads and skulls he has been collecting since time began, cramming them together into a fetid pile of overlapping flesh, bone, and brain. He has crafted his towers and walls, and the chambers and halls within, from his macabre medley of cranial cartilage. Floors are made of bared skulls, ramparts and rooms as well. Zanti dwells in the palace of stench and decay with nothing but the moaning of the dead to keep him company.

For in this palace of the damned nothing decays to dust. The skulls and heads are all as fresh as the day they pulled from their bodies. All contain the souls of those who dwelled in them, from animals to gods, all are trapped in the hellish nightmare of a place Zanti calls home. The screams of agony, fright and pain reverberate throughout the planes and on cool, cold dark nights their demandable lamentations can even be heard further away on the winds of the worlds above.

Though Zanti calls this place home, he is rarely there. He thirsts so much for heads and death and pain and suffering that he can be still but for short periods of time before making his way out of the abyss and into the worlds about to gather those heads he finds most fascinating and fulfilling. In the main he prefers to use his trusted bearded axe, Durfangalan, to sever the heads of those he finds delicious but is not unwilling to resort to using his tail to decapitate and dismember.

COMBAT: When Zanti travels, he moves invisibly. He is invisible to all but the most powerful of beings and travels with no trace in the winds or on the ground. When he sees a head he

wants, Zanti materializes. His great height and bulk bend the ground and shake the earth. He cares little about his foe's fighting abilities and magical prowess as he has only on rare occasions found any able to stand against him. He pulls forth his axe and swiftly goes for the kill. He uses his tail to strike those other than the one his axe is intended for. He can indeed fight four foes at once. Only if pressed does Zanti resort to his litany of spells, though so rarely does he cast that his skills are unpracticed and often ill-planned.

BEHEAD: Whenever Zanti hits with the axe with a natural 16-20, the opponent is beheaded. There is no save.

DURFANGALAN: This axe has the beheading ability mentioned above. It also has a +4 to hit and a +8 to damage. It weighs 30 pounds and is 15 feet long.

SPELL USE: Zanti can cast spells as a 10th level magic user, 9th level cleric and 5th level druid with a 17 intelligence and 18 wisdom.

SEVER: Whenever Zanti hits an opponent with a tail strike and exceeds the AC required by 10 points, he has a chance of severing a limb. If the damage delivered is $\frac{1}{4}$ or more of the total hit points of the target, a limb has been severed. Roll a d10. 1 = head, 2-3 = left arm, 4-5 = right arm, 6-7 = right leg, 8-9 = left leg, 10 = two limbs, reroll and add 10 damage.

STOMP: Zanti can stomp foes beneath his feet for 3d6 damage. Anyone stomped must make a dexterity check or be knocked prone. A constitution check must be made as well or the target takes 3-6 rounds to get up as a result of the concussive damage.

IN AIHRDE

Zanti is an ancient spirit that failed to ever come to Aihrde but lingered in the Void. After the Endless Pools came to be, he settled in them, seeking to fulfill his lust for the dead. But he was driven from that place by Heth, the Crow God, and made to dwell in the Great Empty. When Ornduhl carved the Wretched Plains from the firmament, Zanti called on him to grant him entry and Ornduhl allowed it. There he crossed into the Wretched Plains and built his tower of Skulls, Bulgar.

During the Long Winter Dark, he came to serve Unklar and dwelt for a time in the halls of Aufstrag. But the Horned God's downfall left him without purpose so he returned to Bulgar in secret and there he dwells still, contemplating ever new dungeons and keeps, all built of the bones of the fallen.

GEHENNA, DENIZENS, THE UNDEAD



DAEMONS

Ghe creatures that dwell upon the wasted gray slopes of Gehenna, the deamons, serve only themselves. There is no higher order, greater purpose or achievement than their own survival, and that survival at any cost. Those traits that govern others do not govern the daemons. They are loyal to themselves and no other. To trust a daemon is to be a fool. They use other creatures, great and small, as tools then discard them when their usefulness comes to an end. Fear is akin to a drug to them for the daemon sees the world as a constant struggle and those who fear the struggle are weak, and the weak, they devour. A daemon may serve another, but it is always and only for its own purpose, to corrupt the strong and bend them to their will. To a daemon, everything is a struggle for survival, and only the strong prevail, and to their minds, the strong are unforgiving, merciless, cruel, and wicked. In short, for a daemon, the path of evil is the path of survival.

THE NATURE OF GEHENNA

Gehenna is a vast gray wasteland that is forever expanding into the surrounding void. Clouds of gray ash blanket the sky, only occasionally breaking apart exposing the heavens above. There is no day or night in Gehenna, only a constant ambient gray light. Occasionally storms batter the valley, their winds careening down the high slopes in thunderous whistling waves, carrying their chill throughout the Four Realms.

The Four Realms of Gehenna are bound together yet in many respects seem as separate planes, for their differences in climate, temperature, even geography are starkly distinctive from one another. The deamons thrive in each of the Four Realms, crossing from one to another as they please.

DIRECTION IN GEHENNA: There are no cardinal directions in Gehenna. There is no east and west, south and north. The Burnt Stone establishes one's orientation. When you face the Burnt Stone, the Red Mounds lie on the left, the White Hills on the right. Direction is discussed in reference to the Stone. "You must head toward the Burnt Stone" or "You must head away from the Burnt Stone."

THE FALLOWED LANDS

Gehenna is dominated by a broad valley that is several hundred miles wide and longer than any have ever measured. This is the First Realm of Gehenna. It has been given many names, but most commonly it is called the Fallowed Lands. The Fallowed Lands are flanked by two great mountain ranges; the White Hills and the Red Mounds. Where the mountains meet the valley, they climb into the heavens in a step-like fashion until the distant ridges and peaks are lost in the rancid clouds of gray ash that cloak them.

The First Realm is by far the most important, and the easiest to travel in. A broad, slow-moving river meanders throughout the Fallowed Lands, fed by springs that originate in the mountains on either side. The land is hard, and dead, peopled with twisted

trees with long, spindly, unyielding branches. The soil is gray and more like fine ash than dirt. Here thorny shrubs, stunted trees and other plant life grow. The valley is dotted with small patches of trees and bushes. The water of the River of Gehenna is bitter and to drink it brings to mind unpleasant things, causing those who consume it to doubt themselves and the world around them. The mountain streams are a little better, they move swiftly down the mountains, cleaning the stream beds as they go, so that water is less foul and drinkable.

Travel is not easy in the First Realm. There are no regular roads or paths, but rather rough trails that meander through the Fallowed Lands. The trails are vaguely marked by heavy sand that is very difficult to move or lift. The trails are often overshadowed by trees and scrub. To leave the trail is to invite disaster for the ground is laced with jagged rocks that make crossing over them an uncomfortable business as the destroy shoes quickly and lacerate flesh as easily.

The Fallowed Lands are flanked on the left by gigantic round mound-like hills that lead to the Red Mounds and on the right by the White Hills.

THE RED MOUNDS

The mountains of the Red Mounds tower over the Fallowed Lands to heights beyond measure. These perilous ranges are flecked with active volcanoes that sometimes unleash the power of their furnaces, blanketing the surrounding lands in a black acidic smoke and clouds of ash, bestowing a dull reddish hue to the ambient light.



The Red Mounds are the Second Realm of Gehenna. Travel to them from the plains and valleys of the Fallowed Lands is not an easy task. The Mounds begin as a series of massively rounded foothills with featureless slopes which pile atop one another, slowly ascending to the feet of the mountains themselves. The slopes are shaped more like a ball's than aught else and are often covered in thick layers of gray ash from the Burnt Stone. Climbing is difficult and once one begins to fall it is almost impossible to stop until you have tumbled down to the floor of the Valley below.

Once in the mountains the cliffs are jagged, cut by countless fissures chewed out of the hard stone by the lava from the volcanoes above. Travel through them is arduous, there are few trails and almost nowhere to rest until the peaks are mounted. It can take several days to reach the high peaks above.

Those peaks themselves are lost in the ever-hanging clouds of ash, smoke, and waste. Once entered, breathing becomes labored and travel slower and more difficult.

There are small oases, pools of water that have gathered in the cold rock, held there by the mountain's grasp. Here small plants grow and some measure of comfort afforded to those wandering the trackless wastes. The pools often overflow and send water tumbling down the cliffs to the foothills below, before they tumble into the valley floor and they feed the mighty river of the Fallowed Lands.

THE WHITE HILLS

The mountains of the White Hills are dead and cold, their uppermost heights lost in the abyss of darkness above. They are a frozen waste, always battered by a wind so cold it numbs flesh. There is no heat in this Third Realm of Gehenna.

The Mounds begin with a series of high cliffs that rise from the floor of the Fallowed Lands. The cliffs are porous and lined with caves, some of which have been finished out to make lairs for the creatures who live here. Many of the daemons make their home here, some in solitary holes dug from the ground, while others are known to build castles and towns carved into the cliff's face and in rare cases cities that crawl up the cliff face and into the mountains above.

The cliffs themselves are arranged in a jagged step-like fashion. Each step ranges anywhere from a hundred to a thousand feet high. There is no order to them, only stark cliffs that rise to narrow ledges that lie at the feet of other starker cliffs. These cliffs climb to unknown heights, vanishing into the ash clouds above. Climbing them is difficult. The cliffs are rough and filled with countless places to lodge a foot and grab hold of, the sheer height overwhelms tired muscles and weary bodies. At times the cliffs give way to wide, open shelves that allow one to regroup and rest.

It does not rain in the White Hills, or anywhere in Gehenna for that matter but there is water in there. It rises from the earth to pool in small crevices or deep lakes. These, in turn, are covered by ice that ranges in thickness from the width of a sheet of paper

to as thick as a giant's arm. The water beneath the ice appears a bright blue. It is cool, refreshing and good to drink. It is always thus, high above the Fallowed Lands, for there, when the water arrives it is fouled by the gray ash that settles on it.

The White Hills are bitterly cold and are rarely above freezing. The wind is forever blowing, driving the frigid air like a steam roller, making it far worse than it would normally be. The daemons live here in small burrows and castles of stone. These are set upon the high cliffs or slopes and offer some refuge from the tyrannical climate.

GREY STEPPES

The mountains of the Red Mounds and the White Hills stand like a fence to the Fallowed Land. Both ranges are roughly 100 miles wide and descend into the Grey Steppes much as they rose from the Fallowed Land, in cliffs and rounded hills. It is a trackless waste where little but the most resilient life carves out a living. This is the Fourth Realm of Gehenna.

Beyond the White Hills, the land is cold and bitter, consisting of rolling hills and deep, steep gulches. All are covered in gray ash that settles from above. There is little that stirs here, but on occasion, violent winds pick up and drive clouds of ash before them. Here the daemons live solitary lives, hunting and killing and plotting their course. Beyond the Red Mound the land is hot and the air heavy. Long valleys carved by the high mountain's roots dominate the landscape, stretching like roots of a tree to the distant Void.

On either side of both the Red Mounds and White Hills, the land is covered in gray ash, carried there by the storms. The ash is called "The Dead's Blanket," and it is dangerous to breathe. There is no water here, and nothing that lives that is not an abomination.

THE BURNT STONE

Within the heart of Gehenna lies the Burnt Stone, a large slab of gray stone set in the midst of columns of ever-moving ash. The stone hosts a fire that burns continually, fed by the misbegotten souls that wander into Gehenna. They are drawn to the flame until they pass into it whereupon they are burnt into ash. Their ash rises into the skies above to be picked up by the Autumn Wind and carried into the mountains beyond. The Burnt Stone is the source of all the ash that covers the Four Realms of Gehenna.

This is a holy site for the daemons and they come here often seeking souls that are drifting to the flame. Some are bound to the daemons, others are tormented. Whatever the outcome, the daemons thrive on the suffering of the damned.

SEASONS OF GEHENNA

Gehenna is known for its harsh seasons. They change quickly, the only notice being a subtle change in the clouds above. All four seasons expend their rage upon the Four Realms of Gehenna.

DAEMONS

Summer is blisteringly hot and dry, such that the air turns a vibrant orange. Winter is almost unbearable; the air turns a dark blue and the temperatures reach such lows that flesh will freeze. In Autumn the winds blow dry and harsh, rolling up and down the valley, carrying all the bramble and dust that lies dead in the valley. Spring is hot and humid, and it wears down even the strongest of travelers.

IN AIHRDE: The plane of Gehenna lies beyond the Maelstrom and Firmament, one of the many planes that sprang to life when the All Father died. It is governed by its own people but is a favorite haunt of Nunt, the god of the Underworld, who swims its rivers in his favored form of a giant catfish. Amenexl the Red Thorn dwells in Gehenna from time to time as does Rhealth, the god of thieves, for he enjoys the harsh but quiet climate.

PLANAR TRAVEL: Mortals have few avenues to access the Outer Planes. Aside from those bridges that the gods themselves create, there is prayer and sacrifice, both of which may gain the attention of a god or power that allows one to cross over. Gates also exist, often guarded by powerful magics or creatures. Powerful spell casters can cross over to the Outer Planes with spells like *gate* or *plane shift*.

TIME: There is no night or day in Gehenna, no sun or moon. Time is measured in seasons. The passage of one season to the next can be gradual, or dramatically fast. Rest is problematical. Spells are regained and wounds healed after normal rest and refreshment. The Castle Keeper should simply announce when the appropriate amount of “time” has passed and characters have healed a hit point or regained spells and abilities.

SURVIVING: The terrain is difficult and the seasons harsh; anyone on Gehenna must consume normal amounts of food and drink to survive.

MOVEMENT: Movement on any path is normal; however, due to the difficulty of the terrain movement off-path is halved. Rangers can move normally, as can druids with the appropriate magic or ability, on- or off-path.

ENCOUNTERS: The most common creatures found on Gehenna are the daemon, evil creatures who care not for the balance of law or chaos, but rather act on their own need. They are cruel, petty, manipulative and evil. Other lesser creatures roam the plane, though rarely. Some humans come here, seeking magic or the power of the daemons.

MAGIC: Magic works normally in Gehenna.

THE HIERARCHY OF THE DAEMONS

The daemons possess no particular hierarchy. They dwell in Gehenna by choice, for here the plane itself helps weed out the weak and undeserving. They daemons have no armies or legions to command. They are beings who live to survive, and they do whatever that takes. If they must build armies, they do so. If they must gather magic treasures, they do so. If they must murder, plunder and bend to break, they do so. The daemons

follow a path of survival that lives in evil, for they can see no other way.

At times a daemon is either forced to or intentionally enters into the service of another daemon. Whether forced or not the subservient daemon has only one thought in mind, and that is to rise above its fellow, either through killing the master or binding it to itself. They serve only to serve themselves.

DAEMONS ON THEIR PLANE

If a daemon is killed on any plane other than its own, it is driven back to Gehenna. However, on its home plane, the daemon has three lives, each bound to one of the Four Realms. If the creature is slain in one, it is reborn in the other. If again slain, it is reborn in the third. If slain in the third, it is destroyed utterly. When a daemon returns, it does so with the full complement of its powers and knowledge of who and what it is. A daemon can only exist on one realm at a time. A daemon who has been slain in one of its three realms, is reborn on that realm, if one of the following incarnations retrieves the body and resurrects it.

TRAITS COMMON TO ALL DAEMONS

DARKVISION: They possess darkvision, can see all forms of invisibility and can see into the Astral and Ethereal Planes.

IMMUNITY TO ACID: Daemons are extraplanar creatures possessed of natural immunities to acid. As such, all acid-based attacks only inflict half damage. A successful save reduces the damage to one-quarter.

IMMUNITY TO WEAPONS: Daemons are immune to non magical weapons, including Masterwork weapons. An enchanted weapon with an attack bonus of +1 is required to strike most daemons. For some daemons a +1 bonus is insufficient, and if a bonus greater than +1 is required, it is noted in the daemon's special abilities.

IMMUNE TO POISON: Daemons are immune to all poison.

SEE INVISIBILITY: This ability functions similar to the 2nd level spell, except daemons can see through illusions as well as detect things hidden by other magical means.

TELEPATHY: This ability functions similar to the 5th level spell *telepathic bond* except the daemon can only affect targets within a 30 foot range. There is no limit to the number of targets a daemon can affect. Subjects of the daemon's telepathy may attempt to block it with a successful intelligence check at a CL equal to the hit dice of the daemon.

SPELL RESISTANCE: All daemons possess a powerful standard 15 spell resistance. However, the daemon's ability to naturally resist spells weakens against more powerful magic-using classes. Anyone casting magical spells against a daemon is allowed to add their level bonus—to a maximum of 9—to their spell resistance check. For example, a 3rd level wizard adds their level bonus +3 to their spell resistance check, while a 12th level wizard would add the maximum +9 bonus.

DAEMON, ALAKITHATO

NUMBER: 1-12
SIZE: Medium
HD: 13 (d8)
AC: 22
SAVES: M,
MOVE: 20 ft.
ATTACKS: Bite (1d10), Constriction (1d4)
SPECIAL: Standard Daemon Abilities, Constriction, Engulf, Enslave, Improved Grab, Shock

INT: Superior
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: Nil
XP: 11,700+13



This alakithato looks every bit like an octopus. Eight long tentacles, each connected by a thick membrane, sprout from a long, narrow, pulpy, dome of flesh, the mantle. Its eyes stand out from the dome of the mantle, yellow with black-slitted pupils, able to look in any direction. The beast's tentacles are lined with small cups, that allow it to hold on to almost anything it grasps. The mantle is about 5 feet tall. When stretched out, the tentacles can each extend 3-4 feet from the mantle, so that laid out the alakithato is fully 8 to 10 feet from tentacle tip to the top of the dome. They have no bones and can twist and turn like they are water-born octopus. Unlike the octopus, however, the alakithato has no beak to bite and crush its foe, rather it has a broad aperture line with hundreds of razor sharp filaments that serve as teeth.

Native to Gehenna the alakithato are found on all four levels of the plane. They wander alone, or in small pods, pulling themselves across the waste with their tentacles, leaving trails of slime behind them. There is no hierarchy in the pods; there is only motion.

They are intelligent creatures and able to converse in almost any language with any other creature; however, they have no mouth or vocal cords and sound is imparted through the use of their tentacles and sticky skin. It is difficult to understand for common people as the sound of their voices comes from a 'smacking' noise caused by their tentacles, cups and membrane being folded or rubbed across each other. They enjoy discussions of philosophy and theory for it lures their targets into thinking that there is a possibility that they can reason with the creature, which only allows it to approach closer.

Like other denizens of Gehenna the alakithato has no purpose but the destruction of order and life. They are parasites who latch on to living creatures and use them as extensions or drain them of life. Even those used are eventually drained and discarded. They hunt other living creatures, attack them, attempting to envelop their head and swallow them. Once the creature is subdued they either kill and eat it or enslave it. Those creatures that the alakithato dominates lose all control over their own actions until they are freed. The alakithato then uses them to travel, attack other creatures, or any other myriad number of uses. Once a host dies, or the alakithato tires of it, it is killed and either consumed or discarded.

COMBAT: The alakithato attacks by roping its tentacles around attempting to strike the head and neck. It will attempt an improved grab, followed by a constriction and then enslavement.

CONSTRICT: A creature suffering from constriction automatically suffers 1d4 hit points of damage each round.

ENGULF: Any opponent who fails to break free from an improved grab and is successfully bitten suffers 1d0 points of damage and is engulfed. It can expand its mouth and swallow almost any creature's head (of up to 4 feet wide). The head enters the mantle and the hundreds of filaments in the alakithato's mouth attach to the skin, holding the creature in place. These shock the target until it is numb at which point the alakithato attempts to assume control of the target.

ENSLAVE: An alakithato can force a creature that he has engulfed into servitude. Any creature engulfed must make a successful wisdom saving throw or be permanently dominated and completely controlled by the alakithato. Once a creature is enslaved the alakithato can do with it whatever it desires so long as it can naturally and normally do that. Spellcasters engulfed can cast spells. The enslavement lasts as long as it remains on its host. The alakithato can kill its host by biting it, scoring an automatic hit each round.

IMPROVED GRAB: When the creature strikes with its tentacles, it wraps them around the victim's face and head. The victim must make a successful strength save to escape the constricting hold. Damage due to constriction begins to accrue on the following round. The victim can attempt to break free of the hold every round by making additional strength saves. In the following round the daemon can engulf the target.

DAEMONS

SHOCK: Once an al alakithato engulfs a victim's head and scores a successful hit with its bite it can discharge a ball of electrical shock into the target's head. Anyone who fails their saving throw is stunned for 4 rounds.

DAEMON, CAYN WORM

NUMBER: 1-20
SIZE: Medium
HD: 7 (d8)
AC: 19
SAVES: P
MOVE: 60 ft.
ATTACKS: Bite (1d8)
SPECIAL: Bile, Camouflage, Constrict, Improved Grab

INT: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: Nil
XP: 1,440+7

The cayn worm is a thick-bodied worm-like creature that ranges from 4-7 feet in length. Its flat body is roughly a foot wide and consists of multiple segmented shells that the beast can expand or contract much like a spring. It has no legs to speak of, but rather moves through a fluid gliding motion through the sand of the river bank. Its head is flat with 5 long tendrils that span out from its mouth. The mouth itself consists of two large mandibles that allow the Cayn to pin its prey. They range in color from reddish brown to blackish brown and dark green.

The cayn worm dwells along the banks of the river Styx in the first plane of Gehenna. They burrow into the sand, lengthwise, with their head just a few inches beneath the surface. They tightly contract their bodies, so that they are a third of their natural length. This allows them to spring out of the sand and strike creatures that pass near. Though it cannot see nor hear, its tendrils are highly sensitive and it can feel anything within 3-4 feet. Anything seen as close is attacked. The generally dwell in pods of up to 20 creatures and attack in groups.

Sentient beasts, the cayn worms linger on the edge of hate and hunger. They abhor life in all its many forms and seek to destroy it when they can. They have no higher motive than to kill and destroy.

Called the Boatman's Children, these worms hound the living who come down to the river Styx and torment the dead. In truth, the Cayn Worm sees no difference between the living, the dead and the undead and seek to destroy them whenever they can. They do not eat, nor drink, nor mate, nor see or understand time. They live to unmake other living creatures.

COMBAT: The cayn worm is almost impossible to detect when it is lying beneath the sand. Whenever a creature passes by, the worm uncoils, launching itself with tremendous force, slamming and stunning the victim, grabbing it with their mandibles and pulling itself from the ground. It holds onto the victim and vomits acidic bile that burns armor and melts flesh. Once freed of the ground the worm coils itself around its prey and begins to secrete acid from its skin.

BILE: Cayn worms secrete a digestive acid that dissolves any material except stone and magic items. Any slam attack from the worm drenches the victim with acid, causing 1d4 points of damage per round the target is held. The victim's armor and clothing dissolve and become useless during the first round. Heavy armor requires 2 rounds to dissolve. Once the skin is exposed, the acid damage begins to take effect. Magical equipment is not destroyed, but the acid soaks through or flows around it, and will damage the victim on the third round of constriction.

CAMOUFLAGE: Cayn worms can conceal themselves exceptionally well in their normal environment. When concealed and motionless, they receive a +10 bonus to hide checks, and +10 to surprise checks.

CONSTRICTION: A successful bite attack by the wyrm can lead to a constriction attack as the worm coils around the victim's body. The victim can break free with a successful strength save. If they fail to do so, and for every round they fail to do so, they suffer 1d4 points of damage.

IMPROVED GRAB: When a cayn worm strikes with its bite, an opponent must make a successful strength save or be held in the creature's mandibles. A creature held in this way suffers bile damage (see above) automatically each subsequent round. After a held creature suffers automatic bile damage in a given round, it can attempt another strength save to break free of the creature's clutches.

NOTE: The worm can hold a victim with both its improved grab and constriction abilities, doing damage with both the constriction and bile. The victim can try to break free of only one at a time.

DAEMON, CHARON THE BOATMAN

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Large
HD: 18 (d10)
AC: 32
SAVES: M, P
MOVE: 40 ft.
INT: Genius
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: 18
XP: 28,300+18

ATTACKS: Weapon (3d4+5)

SPECIAL: Standard Daemon Abilities, Fear, See Invisible, Speak with Dead, Spell-like Abilities, SR 15, Trap Essence

Charon vaguely resembles a man. His torso is long and lean with a muscular stomach, his arms are clean and strong. His neck too is long. His head sports dark, rust-colored hair that hangs down past his shoulders. His face is horrid to look at for it is lean and long and sports no mouth, nose, or ears, only two darkened smudges where the creature's eyes should rest. He wears a gilded girdle, from which hangs a long wrap that hangs from the girdle to the ground. Tis said that Charon has no legs to speak of, beneath the wrap is nothing but cold and dark and



death. His most unusual feature lies behind him, for the shadow he casts is always looming over him and looks nothing like Charon himself. It stands a head or more taller than Charon, looming over him like a long, dark-cowled figure with eyes of a dull orange hue. Charon is often seen in a small skiff upon the river Styx.

He carries a long-hafted +5 *featheredged trader's polearm*. He decorates the haft of the polearm with coins that are either nailed to the haft or suspended from it by strands of leather. The blade glows a dim silvery hue. He uses the haft as his ferryman's pole.

Charon dwells upon the river Styx in a skiff he uses to ferry passengers up and down the river. He serves no master, nor cause, nor desires any outcome or particular end. He thrives on the anguish of loss that the dead dwell upon, and it is for this reason that he takes them into his skiff and carries them to wherever their souls are consigned. He feeds upon their sorrow, their pain, their longing, their loss.

His is a lonely existence, though not one he would see as such. Charon is utterly lost in his world, his own desires and sating his own hunger. He is malicious and cruel and torments the living whenever they come to him, forcing them to pay a stipend to board his skiff, whether a coin or a lock of hair, is Charon's to decide.

The boatman, as he is called, dwells in his own time and place. There is nothing beyond him, the skiff and the river. He has

little knowledge of the world at large, understanding only the value of the dead to him. What knowledge he does have is taken from the mumbled groans of those who people his boat. For this reason, what Charon knows and what he understands are often two different things, and are hollow reflections of what occurred. He is slow to anger and seems to take the abuse of others without response, but in truth, he hears little and understands less of what mortals say for his mind is not bent like normal creatures. It is evil, twisted, selfish and hungry.

COMBAT: The boatman rarely engages in battle, content with devouring the remnants of souls that come his way. But when pressed he reacts swiftly, choosing the strongest of all his foes and using his trap essence ability to bind them in a magical state. He then sets upon those who hound him with his *featheredged trader's polearm* with terrible purpose.

FEAR AURA: Like the encroachment of death one can sense the presence of the boatman through the telltale dread generated by his proximity. Any creature who fails a charisma save is subject to Charon's fear. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of Charon, or even look upon him.

SEE INVISIBLE: Charon sees invisible creatures as if under the spell *see invisibility*. This effect is constantly active.

SPEAK WITH DEAD: This ability functions identically to the 2nd level cleric spell of the same name.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Detect magic* (permanent), *speak with dead* (permanent), *summon the undead* (3/day), *plane shift* (3/day). He casts as a 10th level caster.

TRAP ESSENCE: Charon is able to consume an enemy's life essence. To do so, he must forgo his normal melee attack and make a trap essence attack. This requires a normal attack roll but deals no damage; if the attack is successful, the opponent must make a constitution save to avoid dying outright. The slain creature's essence is trapped within the folds of Charon's clothing. The trapped essence cannot be raised or resurrected, but a *limited wish*, *alter reality* or *wish* spell frees it, as does destroying the boatman. Charon can hold an infinite number of souls in his cloak.

DAEMON, KOEPUNTH

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Large

HD: 10 (d8)

AC: 31

SAVES: M, P

MOVE: 40 ft.

ATTACKS: Bite (1d10), Pincer (1d4)

SPECIAL: Standard Daemon Abilities, Energy Drain, Gas Spores, Spell-Like Abilities, SR 9, Telepathy, True Seeing, Vampiric Touch

INT: Genius

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: 10

XP: 11,100+10

DAEMONS



The koepunth consists of an upright worm, mounted by a massive bulbous head with a gland sack beneath it. Four thin legs brace the torso, but so lopsided is the head and gland sack that two more legs, long and jointed, brace it, allowing the creature to keep its head up and eyes lifted upward. Of these it has multiples. They sprout from its head like sacks and are continually dribbling puss. Two antennae attached to the gland sacks allow the creature to 'see' in front and beneath it. Its mouth is lined with thick, giant-like molars and delivers a wicked bite when used.

The koepunth dwell in Gehenna though range out at times to other planes. They are rarely found on the material plane but are, on occasion, summoned there. They have no lairs, nor homes or kingdoms, but rather fly several hundred feet above the earth, seeking prey of any kind. They do not travel in groups.

They are extraordinarily intelligent creatures whose purpose is to propagate their species and to do so to the detriment of all living things. To this end, they are constantly leaving behind spores that float upon the breeze until they settle to earth to die or find a host to grow in. The koepunth is unkind, unforgiving and has no empathy for anything. One cannot bargain with a koepunth.

Koepunths feed upon the souls of the living. After isolating their prey, they latch on and drain it of life. Once the prey is dead it is discarded and the koepunth moves on to the next victim. They are never hungry, nor ever satiated, they live only to kill and spread the spores of their filth.

The gland sack of the koepunth is extremely valuable. It can be cut up and used as healing wraps. Once placed upon an open wound the wound heals 4-16 hit points of damage. A koepunth's mantle can produce 10 of these wraps.

COMBAT: The koepunth is extremely aggressive and attacks without provocation or any motive. It begins an attack by belching a cloud of poisonous gas laced with spores. It is extremely agile and flexible, able to bend at the torso and launch a pincer attack as well as a bite attack simultaneously. They often cast *project image* and send the image in to begin the assault, which usually includes a battery of spells to misdirect their foes and scatter them, allowing them to isolate a single target. They cast *maze* on the intended target and then fall upon them with a pincer and bite attack.

ENERGY DRAIN: Any living creatures hit by a koepunth's bite attack instantly loses two levels or hit dice. Each round thereafter that the vampire is able to continue biting, the victim loses one level or hit dice until the creature has perished. This loss is permanent unless reversed with a cleric's *restoration* spell or a wish.

GAS: A koepunth is able to excrete a huge cloud of gas from its mouth. The cloud fills an area 20 ft. × 20 ft. × 25 ft. and is lined with hundreds of small spores, stored in the sack beneath its lower jaw. Any creature caught in the cloud breathes in some of the spores and they must make a constitution save. If they succeed the spores die and have no impact on the individual. If they fail their save however one of the spore attaches itself to the wall of the victim's lung. The spore immediately begins to germinate. The afflicted suffers 1-4 points of damage per round they have the spore as it begins to produce another koepunth. The young koepunth eats at the lung immediately, doing so until the creature dies.

The only way to remove the spore once infected is through *cure disease*, *wish* or similar spell.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: *Dancing lights* (3/day), *hypnotic pattern* (3/day), *major image* (2/day), *minor creation* (2/day), *mirage arcana* (1/day), *phantasmal killer* (3/day), *major creation* (2/day), *project image* (1/day), *maze* (1/day), *mind blank* (1/day).

TELEPATHY: Koepunth are telepaths. They can telepathically communicate with any intelligent creature within 100 feet. They are able to read surface thoughts and can concentrate on a specific creature for three rounds to know its alignment, class, level or hit dice, and whether or not it is being truthful.

TRUE SEEING: The koepunth sees things as if it had a permanent *true seeing* spell.

VAMPIRIC TOUCH: When the koepunth successfully strikes with a pincer attack from its mandibles the target must make a successful constitution save or suffer the loss of 1d2 hit points. Those hit points are transferred to the koepunth. If the koepunth is unwounded, they gain the hit points temporarily.

DAEMON, USZO

NUMBER: 1-4**SIZE:** Medium**HD:** 9 (d8)**AC:** 17**SAVES:** P**MOVE:** 40 ft. (fly)**ATTACKS:** Nil**SPECIAL:** Standard Daemon Abilities, Acid, Psionic Blast, Stench, Telepathy**INT:** Superior**ALIGNMENT:** Neutral Evil**TYPE:** Extraplanar**TREASURE:** 9**XP:** 3,700+9

The uszo daemon is a strange creature consisting of multiple thin membrane-like sacs, a horde of eyes, and small wings that appear more like flippers. All of this encases its bowels that are plane for all to see for the creature is largely translucent. The sacs hang beneath its shapeless head, continually expanding and contracting as the beast draws air in and exhales it. This allows the creature to stay aloft and its stunted wasp-like wings allow it to maneuver. A large cavity distends from its head and into the region of its chest and hangs open, further exposing the creature's guts. Coils of pinkish intestines lay within the maw like a heap of rope. Multiple eyes sprout from the uszo's 'forehead' as well as from the long tail-like growth that springs from the back of the beastly creature's head.

The Uszo possesses a chameleon-like quality and can change its colors according to its environment.

They are found in small pods, drifting across the ground. They cannot fly very high in the air, perhaps 50 feet or so. More often than not they are only a few feet from the ground, kicking up small dust devils as they go. They are, however, able to climb extremely steep cliffs, using the various ledges and out-croppings to help keep them aloft. They do not have lairs, nor dens, but travel throughout Gehenna constantly. Their pods range from 2-4, though they are occasionally found alone. They often follow koepunth daemons, knowing that that beast scatters its prey, leaving some vulnerable to the weaker uszo.

The creature is very clever and is forever seeking, through its telepathic bonds, to influence others. They use information, the truth of which doesn't matter, as a bargaining chip. They do not bargain for anything tangible; it's all a game, their real objective is to alleviate suspicions and lull their prey into a false sense of security. When they feel their time is right, they attack and devour the intended target.

Once the uszo's prey is stunned with the psionic blast, the uszo devours the prey by vomiting its guts out upon the creature. These long worm-like intestines coil around their food and secrete acids that rapidly dissolve metal, cloth, flesh, and bone. The stomach absorbs what has now become a heap of gelatinous tissue and devours it. Once the meal is complete, the uszo retracts its intestines and stomach back into the maw, fed and satisfied.



COMBAT: This uszo attempts to stun their adversary/prey with a psionic blast. Once they have fallen they settle upon the body and vomit their guts out upon them and begin to devour them. They rarely let off eating unless they are horribly pressed. If attacked while they are devouring their prey they use their psionic ability to drive away their attackers.

ACID: The intestines and stomach of the uszo secrete a wicked acid that cuts through almost any substance. Anyone caught in the guts of the acid suffers the loss of 4d4 points of damage a round, the damage is halved if they make a successful constitution save.

PSIONIC BLAST: The uszo can direct a whip-like blast of psionic energy at a single target. The target is subjected to a blast of energy that leaves them stunned for 1d4 rounds and causes them 1d12 points of damage. A successful constitution save negates the effects of the stun and reduces the damage by half. A *cure serious wounds*, *cure disease*, *heal* or similar spell rouses the individual from their catatonic state. The uszo can use this ability once per round against a single opponent.

STENCH: Once every 3 rounds, an uszo can fill an area 5 ft. × 5 ft. × 5 ft. with a green, poisonous vapor. This gas enters the lungs of the victim and prevents them from functioning. A constitution save is allowed. If failed, the victim immediately falls to the ground, rendered immobile. On the following round, another save is allowed; failure results in the victim losing ½ its current hit points. On the third round the gas has run its course; however, the victim still suffers from the lingering effects and successful constitution check is required before they rise and function normally.

TELEPATHY: Uszo are telepaths. They can telepathically communicate with any intelligent creature within 50 feet. They can read surface thoughts, and can concentrate on a specific creature for three rounds to reveal its alignment, class, level or hit dice, and whether or not it is truthful.

UNDEAD



In the material planes the undead are creatures who have been trapped in their dead bodies through some device or the other. They are consigned to live something of a half-life. Some are aware of this, such as the vampire, others are not aware and wander in the world lost, driven by one motivation or the other. When they are turned the reality of their situation is revealed to them and they are either destroyed out right or flee in terror of it. Those that are not destroyed recover quickly, forgetting the revelations, and return to their old haunts. Those that are destroyed are cast into oblivion or driven in turn to one of the infernal planes.

It is not so simple in the infernal planes for here there are few living creatures that possess restless spirits. The damned are everywhere, but these are dead, the host that is their body left far behind. But still there are undead upon the infernal planes and they are brought here by any number of machinations.

Many fall in life and are never laid to rest. Whether in battle, or at home, those whose bodies are not buried in hallowed ground, or at least given the blessings of the gods, are untethered and unprotected. Even if were good in life and their souls crossed to some heaven of their belief, their bodies are not safe. These the arch devil and demons can summon to the infernal planes. When Orcus calls his armies to him, hosts of them rise from the earth around him, these are the untethered undead and they serve him for they know no other way. They linger in their service until banished or destroyed or turned. When the latter happens their bodies are driven back to their grave and made whole with the world of their birth.

But many of the undead have suffered the loss of their life in the infernal planes. Whatever reason brought them to the planes, whether of their own free will, some dark sorcery or captured by a demon they sought to control, it does not matter. They come to the infernal planes whole and living and no matter their alignment or state, if they fall, they are consigned to the plane, unable to cross over to their own heavens. These are wights, ghosts, ghastrs, banshees and similar creatures. They are damned to suffer this until their bodies are laid in hallowed ground.

Note that the discarnate are also people that have fallen in Hell and have become undead creatures (see above).

Others still are powerful creatures in their own right and are able to come to the infernal planes and create worlds of their own. The lich, demi-lich and vampires are the most prominent. They often dwell in two realities at once, bridging the worlds of the living and the damned.

There are those who are brought to the planes, or captured there, and buried alive. Their living bodies are wrapped in coils of madness and imprisoned in tombs of stone. These mummies are every bit as dangerous in hell as they are in the material world. The torments of their binding and the nature of their burial drive them mad, with a need bent on destruction. They are freed only when turned or their bodies set in hallowed ground.

DRAUGR

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 4 (d10)

AC: 18

SAVES: P

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (+2 damage)

SPECIAL: Immunity (Weapons, +1), Respawn

INT: High

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

TYPE: Undead (Common)

TREASURE: 3

XP: 100+4



The draugr is a type of undead so malevolent in life that its evil ways still possess it in death. Resembling a zombie in appearance, the draugr is very intelligent, unlike the mindless, plodding zombie. Only humans can be reborn as draugr. The undead can only walk the earth during the night, and must rest during the day. Only corpses that have been housed in tombs or crypts can be draugr, as the creature cannot dig itself out of a grave. During the day, it will be found sleeping in its original tomb. At night, it will rise and terrorize the very people it used to live among when it was living. All draugr have memories of their past and will target those it hated in life, eventually attempting to murder them, but will engage in other deeds before this final act. These deeds can range from destroying crops to murdering the children of its victim. Once it has killed its initial victim, the creature will lay dormant for 2–4 months before again rising, this time with a new victim in mind.

The draugr will go to great lengths to ensure that no one witnesses it nightly escapades. If it is seen it will attempt to murder the witness so it cannot be identified, for it has a vague resemblance to its living self.

COMBAT: The draugr will arm itself with a weapon, normally a longsword, when it rises from its tomb. It will not speak when attacking, but will use its unholy strength to its full advantage. All damage is made with a +2 bonus; though this bonus is not applied to its attack roll. Like all undead, it is immune to mind-controlling spells. It can, however, be turned by a cleric. If the creature is slain in its normal, night form, it will not rise and be forever dead.

RESPAWN: If the draugr is disturbed during its sleep during the day, it will act as a normal zombie: slow and mindless. It is still a 4 HD creature and will attack as one, and be turned as one. If "killed" in this form, it will rise again the following night if left in or near its crypt. If the creature is burned at this point, it will be forever dead and gone.

GHAST

NUMBER: 1-6 **INT:** High
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Chaotic Evil
HD: 4 (d8) **TYPE:** Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 17 **TREASURE:** 5
SAVES: P **XP:** 110+4
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d4), Bite (1d8)
SPECIAL: Darkvision, Ghost Fever, Paralysis, Stench

Reeking of decay and rotting flesh, these creatures could be mistaken for ghouls. Like ghouls, they haunt desecrated holy sites, unconsecrated burial grounds, battlefields, and similar desolate or evil areas. Any location where tremendous suffering or loss of life has occurred without divine remedy, is subject to infestation by ghosts. Unlike ghouls, however, ghosts are exceptionally



intelligent and cunning, making them quite useful as minions in the service of powerful evil forces.

COMBAT: Ghosts always attack in small ravenous packs. They are always watching and waiting, lurking in the shadows of their haunts on the lookout for the living, whom they fall upon, ripping them to shreds and leaving their remains to rot. Ghosts rarely leave the confines of their haunts, fearing wide open spaces, light and the unknown.

STENCH: Any creature within 30 feet (farther if there is a strong wind) of a ghost is assaulted by the scent of rotting flesh. This nauseating stench causes the unfortunate victim to retch continuously, reducing their effectiveness. If they fail a constitution save, they suffer 1d4 points of subdual damage from initial contact, and suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls. This penalty persists until two rounds after the victim is no longer able to smell the stench.

PARALYSIS: Any living creature struck by a ghost must make a strength save or be paralyzed. This paralysis lasts 1d4+1 minutes. Elves are not immune to ghost paralysis.

GHOST FEVER: If a creature dies from wounds sustained by a ghost's claw and bite damage, and is not eaten by the foul creature, it will rise again as a ghoul or ghost in 2d4 days unless the corpse is *blessed* before interment. The victim will rise as a ghoul if it has less than 4 levels or hit dice, and as a ghost if it has a 4 or more levels or hit dice. The new undead is controlled and generally mindless, though there is a 1 in 20 chance that the victim retains much of its memory, intelligence, and 30 to 80% of its experience and levels. If so, the mentally acute ghoul or ghost may resist the control of its creator by making a charisma save (CL 8). Failure indicates it is controlled until the death of its creator.

GHOST

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** Average
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 10 (d8) **TYPE:** Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 20 **TREASURE:** 8
SAVES: M **XP:** 2,400+10
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Slam
SPECIAL: Frightful Moan, Immunity (Weapons, +1), Incorporeal, Telekinesis, Touch of Death

Ghosts are the undead spirits of evil folk. In life, these people were cruel, vindictive, and visited needless suffering upon others. At their deaths, their spirits were forced to remain bound to the physical world in perpetual torment. Ghosts are as evil and cruel as they were in life, and they stalk the forgotten places of the world hoping for some form of release.

COMBAT: Ghosts are morbid, morose spirits. Sadistic and malevolent, they take great pleasure in cruelty and in the suffering of others. They enter combat often and with grave

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determination. Ghosts long for a final death and will taunt, antagonize, and otherwise force combat upon any creature they think may be able to grant this boon.

TOUCH OF DEATH: A ghost's touch drains the life energy of the victim, whether through pure fear or by sucking in the victim's psychic force into its insatiable ectoplasmic gullet. This touch literally takes years off of the victim's life. Humans and half-orcs age 1d4 decades, halflings and half-elves 1d6 decades, and dwarves and gnomes 3d4 decades.

Elves are immune to this form of ghostly attack, as their life force is eternal.

INCORPOREAL: Ghosts exist only partially within the mortal realms, most of their essence resides in the ethereal. A creature on the mortal realms cannot attack a ghost except with magical weapons of +1 or better, though a creature in the ethereal can attack the ghost's manifestation there with normal weapons.

FRIGHTFUL MOAN: Ghosts can wail their eternal grievances, evoking the darkest and most morose sentiments. This horrific moan causes a cacophonous noise that unsettles the mind. Any creature hearing this noise must succeed at a wisdom save, or suffer the effects of *fear*, as the spell. A successful save grants that individual immunity to that particular ghost's moan for 24 hours.

TELEKINESIS: Ghosts are able to acutely focus their rage, allowing them to manipulate the physical realm. This ability is identical to the *telekinesis* spell.

GHOUL

NUMBER: 1-8, 2-24

SIZE: Medium

HD: 2 (d8)

AC: 14

SAVES: P

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: 2 Claws (1d3), Bite (1d6)

SPECIAL: Darkvision, Paralysis

INT: None

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil

TYPE: Undead (Common)

TREASURE: 1

XP: 20+2

Ghouls are rotting undead incarnations of gluttony and greed. Perpetually hungry, they endlessly stalk the living for flesh to devour. They are most often found in or near cemeteries or battlefields where 2-24 are encountered. This is particularly the case where dead have been buried in unconsecrated ground.

COMBAT: Ghouls are mindless, and attack with a wild ferocity akin to that of rabid animals. They are always hungry, and will often stop in the middle of a battle to feast upon a fallen foe.

PARALYSIS: Any living creature, other than an elf, that is clawed or bitten by a ghoul must make a strength save or be paralyzed. This paralysis lasts 1d4+1 minutes, or until a *remove curse* or *remove paralysis* spell is cast upon the victim. Elves are immune to ghoul paralysis.

HAUNT

NUMBER: 1

SIZE: Medium

HD: 5(d8)

AC: 20

SAVES: M

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Incorporeal Fist (see below)

SPECIAL: Dexterity Drain (see below), Immunity (Turn Undead), Immunity (Weapons, +1), Possession

INT: Very to High

ALIGNMENT: Any

TYPE: Undead (Unique)

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 260 + 5

The haunt is an undead tied to the spot of its death. It appears as a ghostly image, a floating, incorporeal form that vaguely resembles its form before death, be it man, dwarf, gnome or some other humanoid. In its living form, the haunt had some mission or task that needed to be completed. So great was the compulsion to finish this deed that, even in death, its spirit seeks to fulfill its final task. To this end, the haunt will attempt to possess a corporeal body, caring not for the original inhabitant. The single-minded focus on its task has driven the creature insane. So great is its compulsion that it cannot be turned as normal undead. A haunt can be of any alignment and its task can be anything from the mundane ("replace the stone in the wall thus covering the secret hiding place") to the extraordinary ("travel to a distant land and deliver a message of peace"); from the safe ("to see my child who was born after I died") to the

perilous (“avenge my family by killing the ancient red dragon who murdered them all”).

COMBAT: Once the haunt finds a suitable victim it will attack with its incorporeal fists. It will choose someone who seems to be able to complete its task, so its choice will vary and is dependent upon the CK to properly choose a victim.

INCORPOREAL FISTS: These attacks do no physical damage to mortals on the material plane, instead draining 1d3 points of dexterity per successful hit.

POSSESSION: When a creature has been reduced to 0 dexterity, the haunt is able to enter the helpless body. Once it does, it moves toward whatever task drives it or the creature desires to achieve by animating the body it has possessed. If the creature spoke common during its life, it can converse with someone of a like understanding (this is true, of course, for any language). While it will not stop to talk, it will inform the party of its mission. If they choose to assist it, or choose to let it go alone, is of no consequence to the haunt. If, however, they want to see their possessed friend again, they have no choice but to accompany the haunt, for it will not relinquish its host until the task is complete.

Alignment means little to the haunt at the beginning of its journey. After its final task is complete, however, the haunt will take this into consideration. If the haunt and its victim are of opposite alignment along the good/evil dichotomy, the haunt will attempt to kill its victim. It will accomplish this in any way possible, even performing an act that an outsider would see as suicide. It may jump from a lofty peak, force a sword through its chest or ingest a known poison. If nothing else, it will choke itself (no roll needed, 1d4 points of damage per round). Once the haunt has chosen this course of action, it is very difficult to dissuade.

LICH

NUMBER: 1	INT: Genius
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
HD: 18 (d8)	TYPE: Undead (Unique)
AC: 20	TREASURE: 11
SAVES: M	XP: 13,800+18
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: Touch (1d10)	
SPECIAL: Fear Aura, Paralyzing Touch, Rejuvenation, Spells	

A lich is a powerful undead creature, born from a hideous ritual performed by a wizard that lusts for everlasting life. Becoming a lich is an option for only the most powerful and reckless of magi, as it involves separating the spirit from the body and binding it in a specially prepared phylactery. This very powerful enchanted item can take any form, but it is usually an amulet of the finest quality. After the ritual is complete, the wizard assumes its undead form, and the phylactery thereafter houses



the lich's soul. Few know these arcane rituals, and of those few, even fewer dare test the sorcery. If it fails, the wizard's soul is lost and forever irretrievable.

In appearance, a lich has a skeletal form with eyeless sockets. These sockets often have points of sinister light deep within them. Liches possess a preternatural aura of cold and fear. This emanation discourages approach by all but the bravest or most foolhardy individuals. A lich does not concern itself with the safety of its physical form, for it can discard it if it dies. A lich is always safe as long as its phylactery remains intact. Liches are phenomenally intelligent and can have millennia of experience, unique spell effects and magic items. Most liches possess a veritable army of subservient undead. As a lich ages, however, the consciousness of its mortal form slowly decays, becoming increasingly focused on the pursuit of the purest forms of evil. Many liches seek to dominate others with their immortality and power, and they have the unearthly patience to execute very elaborate schemes to gain this power. Liches often plan and implement these machinations over decades or centuries, for the passage of time has become irrelevant to them.

If a lich's phylactery is destroyed, by any means, the lich is also destroyed. Liches will enact numerous, multi-layered defenses to ensure the safety of their phylacteries.

COMBAT: Liches are terrible foes, able to hurl powerful spells and ignore the effect of most weapons with ease. Destroying a lich's body will not kill it. In fact, it is likely that a lich will be willing to let its body die so it can escape an especially powerful

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foe. Its essence will retreat to its phylactery so that it can return unscathed at a later time.

FEAR AURA: Any creature with five or fewer hit dice or levels is subject to the horrific aura of terror that surrounds the lich. This is an incredibly powerful and compelling horror that causes all such creatures in the presence of the lich to cower in absolute dread. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of the lich, or even look upon the lich. There is no save to avoid this effect, and it lasts as long as the lich is present. Magical protections against fear may help negate this effect, at the Castle Keeper's discretion.

PARALYZING TOUCH: When a lich touches a creature's living flesh, a sudden shock of numbing cold radiates through the victim. The victim must make a successful strength save or be immobilized. The victim suffers 1d6 hit points of cold damage regardless of the saving throw outcome. This paralysis is permanent unless magically countered or dispelled.

REJUVENATION: A lich is not destroyed when its physical body dies. Instead, its spirit returns to its phylactery. Unless the lich's phylactery is found and destroyed, the lich will reappear at full health in one day, and will possess a full complement of spells. Any physical items possessed by the lich's physical form are not transported to the phylactery upon its physical destruction, and the returning lich will not possess these items unless it has duplicates.

SPELLS: At minimum, liches have the abilities of at least 18th level wizard; very few, perhaps 5%, also possess the abilities of a 12th level cleric.

MUMMY

NUMBER: 1-4

INT: Low

SIZE: Medium

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil

HD: 7 (d12)

TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)

AC: 20

TREASURE: 7

SAVES: P

XP: 800+7

MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: Slam (1d12)

SPECIAL: Darkvision, Despair, Mummy Rot, Subject to Raising, Vulnerability (Fire)

A mummy is an undead creature wrapped in divine bandages and urged to existence through prayer and ceremony. Mummies are bound to their tombs and are encountered in their vicinity. Any creature that defiles or loots the tomb of a mummy is doomed to face the mummy's wrath. Their connection with the artifacts of life and the resting places of the dead are tremendous, and they punish grave looters with unmediated violence.

The process required to create a mummy gives the creature powerful protections against physical damage. However, the most terrifying aspect of a mummy is not its ability to withstand damage or doggedly pursue its quarry, but its lingering effects



upon those that managed to escape. The touch of a mummy instills a disease that causes a victim's body to slowly wilt and rot away into a useless mass of pulpy flesh. These creatures are often created in pairs, but the most unholy sanctums can be guarded by up to eight.

COMBAT: Mummies enter combat without fear. They do not take prisoners, and do not bargain or communicate. They batter their foes until victorious, or the mummies themselves are destroyed. *Sleep* and *charm* spells, as well as poison and paralysis, have no effect on mummies. They can only be hit and damaged by magical weapons.

DESPAIR: The mere sight of a mummy causes an opponent to become unnerved, shaken and repulsed. This effect is identical to the spell *fear*. In addition, an additional wisdom save is required by all opponents. If the save fails, that victim is paralyzed by the mummy's presence, and remains so for 1d4 rounds. Humans gain a +2 bonus to resist this effect. There is safety and security in numbers, however. All individuals in a group will gain a +1 bonus if group members outnumber mummies present by at least 6 to 1. This bonus is cumulative to the bonus given to humans. For example, if two mummies are present, 12 group members are required to gain a +1 bonus, giving humans a total of +3.

MUMMY ROT: A victim struck by this horrible affliction contracts a dreadful disease that resists natural methods of healing. Only the spell *cure disease* can remove mummy rot. Each time a victim is struck by a mummy, a successful constitution save is required to resist the mummy's scabrous

touch. Failure indicates that the creature has been afflicted with the rot, and no further saves are allowed. While afflicted with mummy rot, magical spells and effects that restore hit points do not function on the victim. Methods of natural healing, including regeneration, are 10 times slower. In addition, a victim of mummy rot loses two points of charisma each month, permanently, culminating in the victim's death 1d6 months after exposure and contraction.

SUBJECT TO RAISING: A mummy targeted by a *raise dead* spell must succeed at a physical save or be restored from undeath. Most will be transformed into a human fighter of 7th level, but a mummy will typically assume the race and class it had in life. However, the corruption of undeath lingers, and these individuals will retain the lawful evil alignment.

VULNERABILITY TO FIRE: If it fails a physical saving throw, all fire-based attacks inflict double damage on the mummy.

NEKUN

NUMBER: 1-10 **INT:** None
SIZE: Medium (5 ft.) **ALIGNMENT:** Neutral
HD: 2 (d12) **TYPE:** Undead (Common)
AC: 13 **TREASURE:** 1
SAVES: P **XP:** 10+1
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Weapon
SPECIAL: Nil

Nekun are the skeleton-like anonymous dead of those who have passed into Hades, Tartarus and other regions below the earth. According to Hellenic belief, the Nekun have lost their memories, personality and all sense of self and exist without purpose. They have food, sex and even the company of other dead but the greatly hunger for life. Its presence makes them seek strength again, which they lack terribly. Their shriveled and ghastly forms, only a bare semblance of their former self, isn't who they used to be, not anymore.

Nekuomanteis can call upon them, and draw them up by finding their bones and performing ceremonies, and see them as they once were while living, if only in a spectral image. They shamble about in their Underworld realms but little more and chatter or squeak like bats. Their eyes are wide and bloodshot, and skull-like, with flesh stretched, dry and old. Offerings given to them by their living relatives and friends do find their way to them below, and the clothing they were buried in (if they were) and this is what they are found in if they happened upon.

Largely, the Nekun are oblivious to happenings beyond their limited existence in the Underworld, with only the briefest flicker of awareness of the past or future. Only those who dwell in The Blessed Isles are spared this dreadful fate and given their former appearance and memories. The Nekun exist in Hades and all the connected realms therein.

COMBAT: They will mob their foe, who are most likely living, and take them down to devour their essence. They will also take any weapons at hand and re-learn their use if needed be, and quickly become a threat. Usually mists surround them in their home realm, so they are hidden except for their noises.

REVENANT

NUMBER: 1 **INT:** High
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Neutral
HD: 8 (d8) **TYPE:** Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 10 **TREASURE:** Nil
SAVES: P **XP:** 1,525 + 8
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Hand (2d8)
SPECIAL: Choke Attack, Immunity (Weapons, see below), Immunity (Spells, see below), Immunity (Turn Undead/Holy Water/Symbol), Regeneration 3

Any humans (and only humans) that have died an extremely ghastly death can arise as a revenant to exact revenge on its killer. The revenant, in life, must have had a minimum of 15 constitution, intelligence and wisdom to become a revenant. Even at that, the chances are very slim.

A revenant knows nothing but revenge and will stop at nothing to track down and kill its murderer. It retains some small bit of knowledge it had when alive, but has forsaken all but those that are crucial to him. Regardless of their alignment when living, the revenant is always true neutral. Regardless of mission, job or destiny when alive, the revenant is now only driven by revenge.

The revenant appears like a zombie, but with much more fluid motion, intelligence and determination. They are not mindless and can actually speak and reason with others that share a common language, for they remember their native tongue even in death. Their speech is always a coarse whisper. The creature may approach any creature near its place of death and ask about its killer. Those that treat it with respect will be left unharmed as the revenant moves on, absorbed by its mission. If it is attacked, it will fight until it is free to again go about its business.

COMBAT: When the revenant finds that which it seeks, it will lock its skeletal hand about its victim's neck (a to-hit of 12 or better is needed). Once successfully grasped, it will inflict 2d4 damage per round (no further to-hit roll needed) until its victim is dead. Once the victim is dead, the revenant will disintegrate and its soul will finally find peace.

WEAPON IMMUNITY: The revenant is immune to all damage from normal, silver, and magical weapons, however any successful strike against a revenant bestows a 5% chance of severing an extremity. If attackers announce they are targeting a specific extremity with a called shot combat maneuver (see **Castle Keepers Guide**) use that, otherwise refer to the following table:

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- 1-2: Right leg
- 3-4: Left leg
- 5-6: Right arm
- 7-8: Left arm
- 9: Severed at the waist
- 10: Head

If an attacker announces he is attacking a certain area (a called shot), forgo the chart and allow the named body part to be lost instead.

REGENERATION: Regardless of any body part being lost, the hand that has grasped the victim's neck will not release. Each severed limb can move of its own accord and will constantly attempt to rejoin. The revenant will rejoin in four rounds if left undisturbed. Even while taking blows and losing body parts, previously lost appendages will continue to rejoin. The revenant will regenerate 3 hit points per round, starting the round after he has first taken damage.

SPELL IMMUNITY: The creature is immune to all spells, save for fire-based spells. The only thing that can kill the creature is fire. And only by reducing it to ashes can it truly be destroyed. Fire-based spells do double damage. Regular fire (torch size) does 1d6 damage. When the creature has taken 50% of its hit points in damage, it is assumed to be on fire itself and will, at that point, take 1d4 points of damage from the fire, even if no one is attacking it.

TURN/HOLY WATER IMMUNITY: It is immune to a cleric's turning ability and is unaffected by (un)holy water or (un)holy symbols.

SHADOW

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: Low
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
HD: 3 (d12)	TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 13	TREASURE: 3
SAVES: M	XP: 75+3
MOVE: 30 ft., 40 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: Incorporeal Touch (1d4)	
SPECIAL: Blend, Create Spawn, Darkvision, Immunity (Weapons, +1), Incorporeal, Vulnerability (Sunlight)	

Shadows are incorporeal undead creatures. They appear as wisps of black, vaguely humanoid in shape. They are either doomed souls who, in life perpetrated great evil against innocents, or they are thralls, created and bound to darkness by another shadow. Shadows are maddened, and their corruption has made them altogether evil. They are often solitary, lurking among ancient ruins or in deep subterranean passageways. On occasion, from 1-4 shadows may be encountered haunting the same area. They have an overwhelming hatred for all living things and seek to bring them death and corruption.



COMBAT: Shadows will use their lack of solidity to their advantage. They will walk through walls, crawl up through floors, and attack from the shadows that give them their name. They are incorporeal, and are only affected by physical attacks using magical weapons.

STRENGTH DRAIN: A shadow's touch forces the victim to feel the agonizing shock of death. A creature so touched suffers the loss of 1 point of strength; creatures without strength scores suffer a -1 penalty to attack rolls, effectively losing 1 hit dice (the creature's hit points, saves, and hit dice-dependent abilities remain the same.) If the victim survives the encounter, lost strength returns at the rate of 1 point every 2d4 minutes.

CREATE SPAWN: A creature reduced to 0 strength by a shadow's strength drain attack is slain. The deceased will rise again as a shadow within 1d4 rounds, losing all class abilities, and forever functioning as an ordinary shadow. A victim rising as a shadow is forever dead, and cannot be restored to life by any means short of a *wish*.

BLEND: In darkness, a shadow is virtually undetectable. It is considered *invisible*, and it can attack without spoiling this concealment. If several bright light sources are used, or magical light is cast forth, a shadow can be seen and fought normally.

INCORPOREAL: Shadows are incorporeal creatures, and normal weapons pass through them harmlessly. Only magical weapons of +1 or better can affect them.

SUNLIGHT VULNERABILITY: If exposed to true sunlight, or any effect creating true sunlight, it is instantly destroyed.

SKELETAL WARRIOR

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Medium
HD: 10 (d10)
AC: 18
SAVES: P
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Weapon

INT: Superior
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
TYPE: Undead (Unique)
TREASURE: 6
XP: 2,250+10

SPECIAL: Immunity (Mind Control, full), Immunity (Turn Undead, see below), Resistance (Piercing, Slashing), SR 15

The skeletal warrior is an undead, created by high level, evil clerics as protection and guards. All were powerful fighters in life, some being enemies of the cleric that created them. Their life essence still exists, and if they were ever to claim it, they would die, and their spirit will pass into the afterlife, tormented no more. Skeletal warriors always try and regain this life essence whenever they have the opportunity. Whoever controls the essence will dominate the skeletal warrior and they will never attack whoever holds it. If they should die, however, the skeletal warrior will stop at nothing to regain it. If the controller dies and the gem is taken by someone other than the skeletal warrior, it will attack them without mercy. If the new owner understands the power of the gem, and commands the creature, the skeletal warrior must make a charisma save (CL new owners level). If they fail, the new owner now has dominance over the skeletal warrior and will never attack them. If the charisma check succeeds, the new owner can never control the undead and it will attack them as stated before.



The essence is usually kept in a gem of some worth, usually in excess of 10,000gp. This gem may be set in a crown, circlet, necklace or various other types of jewelry, or can be loose. The controller of the skeletal warrior will almost always wear the jewelry prominently. The skeletal warrior is bound to any commands they may give and will fulfill them as best he can.

COMBAT: As skeletal warriors are quite uninterested in wizards due to their natural spell resistance, they will focus their attacks on the biggest, strongest fighter in the group. They will normally wield magical, two handed swords. They always wear the finest armor, normally adorned with decorations and medals of some type. Their finery is belied by the fact that it is normally old and threadbare, as the skeletal warrior is normally decades, if not centuries, old.

IMMUNITY TO MIND CONTROL: As an undead, the skeletal warrior is immune to any mind controlling spells.

SPELL RESISTANCE: He is also immune to almost all other spells, for skeletal warriors possess a Spell Resistance of 15.

TURN RESISTANCE: If a cleric attempts to turn a skeletal warrior, they incur a penalty of -7 if the controller is within 100' of the creature.

FEAR: Any creature with less than 4 hit dice or levels must make a charisma save or be affected as the spell *fear*. All other creatures must likewise make a charisma save, but gain a bonus of their hit dice or level minus four (i.e. 8th level creatures gain a +4 to their save).

SKELETON

NUMBER: 1-10
SIZE: Medium
HD: 1 (d12)
AC: 13
SAVES: P
MOVE: 30 ft.
ATTACKS: Weapon
SPECIAL: Resistance (Piercing, Slashing)

INT: None
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
TYPE: Undead (Common)
TREASURE: 1
XP: 5+1

Humanoid skeletons are the animated remains of humanoid creatures. Their bodies are little more than bone and sinew held together by vile sorcery. They move with a slow gait, but have the strength to wield weapons, wear armor and carry shields. Skeletons are mindless, but are aware of living things and always attack them. They are often encountered under the command of an evil cleric or wizard.

COMBAT: Skeletons attack silently and with a very frightening intensity, killing anything living in their path. Because of their bony nature, any slashing or piercing weapons do half damage, while blunt weapons do normal damage.

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SPECTRE

NUMBER: 1-6 **INT:** High
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Lawful Evil
HD: 7 (d12) **TYPE:** Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 15 **TREASURE:** 7
SAVES: M **XP:** 720+7
MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Incorporeal Touch (1d8)

SPECIAL: Create Spawn, Darkvision, Energy Drain, Immunity (Weapons, +1), Incorporeal, Sunlight Powerlessness, Unnatural Aura

Spectres are spiritual echoes; fragments of a learned person that died in the pursuit of knowledge. Forever trapped in undeath, these spirits grow wicked and twisted, seeking only a way to escape. If approached with the right intentions, in the right way, they will parley with the living.

These creatures are intelligent and have often accumulated knowledge that has been lost for eons. Spectres can be found everywhere imaginable, but prefer to haunt inhabited places such as city libraries or universities. They are not overtly malicious and only attack when provoked or if doing so would serve some purpose. If more than 1 spectre is encountered, one will always be the dominant spectre, and the others its spawn.



COMBAT: Spectres materialize through solid objects, grabbing enemies, draining them of life and leaving them an empty husk of flesh and bone. Spectres are incorporeal, and cannot be damaged by non-magical weapons or attacks.

ENERGY DRAIN: Living creatures hit by a spectre's incorporeal touch attack lose two levels of experience. For each such level lost, the spectre heals five hit points. These losses are permanent, and can only be regained by the use of a *restoration* or a *wish*.

CREATE SPAWN: Any creature slain by a spectre will become a spectre in 1d4 rounds. Spawn are under the command of the spectre that created them, and remain enslaved until that spectre is destroyed. They do not possess any of the abilities they had in life.

INCORPOREAL: Spectres are incorporeal creatures, and normal weapons pass through them harmlessly. Only magical weapons of +1 or better can affect them.

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

SUNLIGHT POWERLESSNESS: Spectres are powerless in natural sunlight and flee from it. A spectre exposed to direct sunlight cannot attack, and must retreat.

SONS OF RHEALTH

NUMBER: 1-4 **INT:** Low
SIZE: Medium **ALIGNMENT:** Neutral Evil
HD: 4(d8) **TYPE:** Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 10 **TREASURE:** Nil
SAVES: P **XP:** 110+4
MOVE: 20 ft.

ATTACKS: Weapon (1d8)

SPECIAL: Darkvision, Disease, Fear

The Sons of Rhealth were created ages ago, by worshipers of the foul Lord of the Undead. They are, thankfully, few in number and are rarely encountered. They appear as zombies or skeletons, equipped with long swords, slowly plodding towards their victims. Woe be to those that assume this encounter will be as one with the lowly undead, however, for the Sons are quite formidable.

Each Son has a mass of fat, green worms crawling about his fetid body. They smell of death and decay is enough to make anyone retch (though this imparts no actual game mechanic).

COMBAT: The creature will attack with its long sword, doing 1d4 damage per successful hit. It will also attack with one of the putrid worms that live within it. Once per round, one of the worms will leap or fall onto the Son's opponent. The victim is allowed a dexterity check to avoid this. Success means the worm has fallen to the ground, while failure means the worm has landed on the victim. It will do this every round, meaning a victim may have multiple worms on it at any given time.

FEAR: One can sense the presence of these beings through the telltale dread generated by their proximity. Any creature who fails a charisma save is subject to the Son's fear. They cannot fight, cast spells, approach within 10 feet of the Son, or even look upon the Son.

UNDEAD



DISEASE: Those victims that have had a worm land on them may cease any other action to remove the worm from their body. If they do, they will automatically be successful. Starting with round two, the creature will begin to crawl towards the head. It will arrive in 1d3 rounds. Once there, it will begin boring into the ears, or crawling through the nose if the ear is covered. When this occurs, the victim may make a dexterity check (CL 3) to dislodge the worm. Failure means it has successfully entered the head of its victim. Once there, it will burst, scattering a foul, green ichor that will leak from the ear (or nose). The victim must make a constitution check (CL 5) or be stricken with a wasting disease.

This disease manifests within 2d12 hours. At first, the victim becomes nauseated, vomiting and unable to eat. After another 1d6 hours, he will begin to lose 1d4 hit points per round, growing weaker and weaker (- number of hours infected on all dice rolls). Once dead, the creature will rise as a Son of Rhealth in one day. Only a *remove disease* spell will negate this horrific disease.

WIGHT

NUMBER: 2-16	INT: Average
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 4 (d12)	TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 15	TREASURE: 5
SAVES: M	XP: 100+4
MOVE: 30 ft.	
ATTACKS: Slam (1d6)	
SPECIAL: Create Spawn, Darkvision, Energy Drain, Immunity (Weapons, +1)	

Wights are humanoid undead. They were once human, but are now cursed to haunt the world, living in seclusion, for some foul act of greed. They hate all life. Far more than zombies or ghouls,

a wight maintains its body, ragged and unkempt as it may be. They are pale, death-like, with skin stretched thin. Their fingers are unnaturally long, capped by thick nails that serve as claws. They inhabit barrows, crypts and other places where the dead linger and are found anywhere and in any clime. They avoid sunlight as it can kill them. Like vampires, wights often live near settlements and graveyards, but the most dreadful similarity to vampires is the connection to the negative material plane, which makes their touch deadly. Up to 16 wights can be encountered at once.

COMBAT: A wight engages an opponent to maim, hurt, and cripple. They delight in taking what is not theirs and killing to collect more. They despise all living things and need no provocation. They attack with clawed fingers, draining the life from their victims. Wights are only affected by physical attacks using magical weapons of +1 or better.

ENERGY DRAIN: Living creatures hit by a wight's attack lose one level. For each such level lost, the wight heals five hit points if it is damaged.

CREATE SPAWN: A human victim killed by the wight's energy drain can be brought back to unlife, as a wight, under the control of the slaying wight. The slaying wight must want to use this ability; it is not automatic. A creature affected loses all abilities and gains the statistics of a wight. Spawn created in this way are only half strength; they have 2 hit dice, instead of 4, and lose the ability to create spawn, but are otherwise identical.

WRAITH

NUMBER: 1-4	INT: High
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
HD: 5 (d12)	TYPE: Undead (Extraordinary)
AC: 15	TREASURE: 5
SAVES: M	XP: 320+5
MOVE: 30 ft., 60 ft. (fly)	
ATTACKS: Incorporeal Touch (1d6)	
SPECIAL: Create Spawn, Darkvision, Energy Drain, Incorporeal, Unnatural Aura	

Wraiths are powerful wights who have forged a more powerful bond with the negative material plane. A wraith is incorporeal, having shed all connections of the flesh. They haunt only the darkest of shadows and never venture near sunlight or the open. Dungeons or deep crypts are their most common haunts. Like their weaker cousins, wraiths despise all living things, and being filled with a great wrath towards the living are always bent on destroying it.

COMBAT: A wraith is insubstantial like a ghost or spectre and thus only magical weapons of +1 or better can affect her ectoplasmic form. A wraith attacks by passing through objects to attack their foes unawares. They strike, disappear back through an object, and return again. They slowly whittle a foe to death.

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ENERGY DRAIN: Living creatures hit by a wraith's attack lose one experience level. For each such level lost, the wraith heals five hit points

CREATE SPAWN: A human victim killed by the wraith's energy drain can be brought back to life as a wraith, under the control of the slaying wraith. The slaying wraith must want to use this ability; it is not automatic. A creature affected loses all abilities and gains the statistics of a wraith. Spawn created in this way are only half strength; they have 3 hit dice, instead of 5, and lose the ability to create spawn, but are otherwise identical.

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

ZOMBIE

NUMBER: 1-10	INT: None
SIZE: Medium	ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
HD: 2 (d8)	TYPE: Undead (Common)
AC: 12	TREASURE: 1
SAVES: P	XP: 15+2
MOVE: 20 ft.	
ATTACKS: Slam (1d8)	
SPECIAL: Overwhelm, Slow	

Zombies are undead humanoids, reanimated corpses that stalk the earth with little purpose or reason. They typically appear as shambling, rotting bodies, complete with ragged clothes and rusted mail. They are unable to use weapons or armor, cast spells, or even communicate. They possess only a vague instinct to gather in groups, find living creatures and kill them. They are shambling and slow but have a powerful attack.

COMBAT: A zombie is mindless, fearless, and only seeks to kill and devour living flesh.

OVERWHELM: When zombies attack in mass they wear their opponents down. When three or more zombies attack a single opponent they automatically deal 1 hit point of damage.

SLOW: A zombie never gains initiative and always acts last in any given round.



ZOMBIE, MONSTER

NUMBER: 1-10	INT: None
SIZE: Small to Large	ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
HD: 2-5 (d8)	TYPE: Undead (Common)
AC: 12	TREASURE: 1
SAVES: P	XP: 15+2, 30+2, 60+2, 129+2
MOVE: 20 ft.	
ATTACKS: Slam (1d6+1 per HD)	
SPECIAL: Slow	

As humans can be turned into undead, so can the plethora of monsters that litter the land. Appearing much like their undead cousins, a monster zombie is a decayed living corpse of its former self. Any creature from a goblin to a giant can be transformed into a zombie, and the CK must make adjustments to the statistics listed above. (For instance, an ogre zombie would do 1d6 slam + 4 for its strength).

Like all zombies, they are not affected by spells that target the mind. They are, however, susceptible to the turning of a cleric. They will never wield weapons, as the intelligence to use even the simplest of tools has been taken from them.

COMBAT: Zombie monsters attack with no planning or strategy, and will attack whoever is closest. They seek only to kill the living. They will attack with a fist, striking for 1d6 damage (which may be modified as the CK sees fit).

SLOW: A zombie never gains initiative and always acts last in any given round.

DENIZENS



here are many creatures that dwell upon all the Infernal Plane. There are the damned, those souls of evil creatures who have to the infernal planes as the only home to their ilk. But more, there are indigenous creatures in the infernal planes who have risen from whatever morass of creation was their incubator. Insects, scavengers and the like who feed upon the rotting putrescence that dominates so much of the Infernal planes.

They are found almost everywhere and generally ignored by the lords of the Wretched Plains. And there are plants as well, vegetation that grows in the inhospitable ground of the many planes. Most of it wild and useless but some, when used correctly, serves the travelers in various capacities. These are universally referred to as Denizens of the Infernal Planes and can be found on any one of the three realms.

THE DAMNED

Creatures, humans, demi-humans and monsters who tread the path of evil, whether lawful, chaotic or neutral are bound in the afterlife for the infernal planes. Which plane they pass over to is anyone's guess, sometimes this is governed by the laws of one sect or the other, or the strong guiding hands of one who judges the dead, but wherever they end up, they are not as they were.

For the most part the damned are spirits of the dead and they wander in an agony of thought, a constant crisis of fear, not knowing where they are or how they arrived there. This thought drives them. They have vague memories of who they were, but have little connection with that reality, as they try to connect with their new one. It is as if they are in a fugue state, lost and rambling, filled with terror and doubt, as if they were in a dream, or rather a nightmare.

For the realms upon which they wander are not houses that welcome them. They are not brothers in arms welcomed to the halls of Valhalla. They were foul in life, served evil, and suffer for it. For the lords of the infernal planes are evil in all that they do. They embody it. Those who wander on to their planes are made to suffer, not as a punishment for their crimes, but rather because the lords of the planes enjoy the suffering of others. The listless dead are brought before them and hounded, mocked, brutalized and tormented for all time, until the end of time.

Rarely are the damned enlisted in the armies of the infernal planes for they are seen as less than the lowest of the demons, devils or daemons. Less even than the undead. Though on rare occasions very powerful creatures, such as a knight or wizard, are brought up into the ranks of the armies of the infernal planes. In such cases, treat them as if they had the same abilities and skills as they did when alive.

The vast majority of the damned, however, are stripped of who and what they were and made to suffer the torments that are a joy to the higher powers of Hell, the Abyss and Gehenna. These are called the Wretched by all those who dwell on the planes.

DENIZEN, THE WRETCHED

NUMBER: See Below

SIZE: Medium

HD: 1-8 (d8)

AC: 16

SAVES: M

MOVE: 30 ft.

ATTACKS: Nil

SPECIAL: Moan, Invulnerable to Illusions, Light Vulnerability, Shadow Merge, Wail

INT: Average

ALIGNMENT: Evil

TYPE: Extraplanar

TREASURE: Nil

XP: 10+1

The wretched damned are humanoids that bear all the features they bore in life. Though these features are muted and seem strangely elongated. Their skin is universally gray and their hair as well. They dress in ragged gray clothes, the same they wore in death. Any possession they truly loved is often held in their tight hand and becomes the sole focus of their greedy moans. They blend with the uncounted hordes of the wretched they travel with.

The wretched are found throughout the Abyss and Hell, for these are the damned. Evil in life they were condemned to the nether realms to live in perpetual fear and longing. They have no masters, nor do they serve any purpose. They are filled with a constant, gnawing terror, only heightened when they are hunted by demons and devils and given over to their tortuous delight. Evil in life, they suffer eternally in death.

At times one of the wretched is found in possession of some item they cherished in life. In such cases, they focus all their attention on the item, taking heed of nothing unless the item is taken from them. Most, however, wander with empty hands and empty pockets, gathering in herds that can, at times, defy imagination. They wander the vast plains of their master's torment without purpose. Pits filled with their bodies, indeed even gulches and small valleys are at times filled with these creatures until they become a tangled mess of suffering and torment.

The wretched feed off of each other. If one begins to moan, others do as well. If one begins to run, so do those around them. It is the primary reason that when they are in herds they are very dangerous, for if one attacks, the others follow suit. When destroyed, a wretched returns in one day, reformed as the same gray shaped form it was the day before.

COMBAT: The wretched have little ability to fight. When driven to some fevered excitement and they do attack, they do so by wailing. This acts much like a *soundburst* spell, though it can only be directed at one foe. After they wail, they continue to moan, howling out the agony of their condition.

MOAN: The wretched can, and often do, let out a moan of despair. It begins deep in their chest and emits as a horrid wail of utter despair and wretchedness. Anyone listening to the moan must make a successful charisma save. If they fail, the moaning causes a slight anxious feeling and drains one of energy. They

DENIZENS

suffer a minus 1 to all attack roles including initiative. If there is a large group, over 10, of the wretched the others begin to moan as well until the whole crowd is unleashing its own torment. In such cases anyone within ear shot must make a successful charisma save or the drain becomes more intense and they suffer 1 hit point loss per round.

INVULNERABLE TO ILLUSIONS: They are mindless creatures and cannot be affected by illusions or any mind-affecting magic.

LIGHT VULNERABILITY: They flee from any holy light such as that cast by *protection from evil* or a holy weapon.

SHADOW MERGE: They merge with shadows and forms and are therefore difficult to detect, gaining a +5 bonus to hide checks and a +10 to surprise.

WAIL: Once every other round they are able to wail. They must direct this wail at a single target. It acts much as a sound burst spell and does 1d8 points of damage, wisdom save for half.

AIHRDE

The wretched, or Domenfelt, are found throughout the Wretched Plains and Aufstrag. These are the damned, those whose lives were so misspent that Amenut found them wanting and forbid their passage to the Stone Fields. Consigned to an eternity on the Wretched Plains, they wander without purpose, become food or sport for demons, devils and other creatures.

FAUNA

There are many creatures who make their home on the Infernal Plane. They spawn, indifferent to the tempest caused by men and gods, living out their lives in the ruins of evil.

DENIZEN, ANK WASP

NUMBER: 1-100

INT: Animal

SIZE: Small

ALIGNMENT: Evil

HD: 2 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: 15

TREASURE: 2

SAVES: P

XP: 24+2

MOVE: 30 ft., 40 ft. (fly)

ATTACKS: Bite (1d2), 2 Claw (1d2), Stinger (1d4)

SPECIAL: Darkvision, Inject Larvae, Poison, Vulnerability to Light

The ank wasp is a wicked looking insect that ranges up to 2 feet long. Its thick, wide abdomen ranges from dark green to black. Its small thorax is always green, though covered in a thin skin-like membrane that allows one to see within the creature. Its head is broad and covered in a short fur with large black orbs for eyes. Two long appendages with thick, black claws, allow the creature to cling to its adversaries while it injects them with larvae.

Found throughout all the hells and the abyssal planes, the ank wasp is a constant nuisance. They do not nest but find cool, dark places to lie in wait for a host weak enough to allow them to inject their eggs. They are universally hated by all, good and evil, lawful or chaotic. Only Orcus offers them a welcome home, though they do not understand his gesture and hound him and his minions as they would any other.



They are not hive minded like true wasps, being born with fertilized eggs within them, they seek only to find a host able to carry them. At times they gather in swarms but this is by accident as much as it is choice. They have no queens or other hierarchy that they follow. They are not found in the material planes for they cannot endure the light of the sun, it kills them in short order.

The ank wasp dissolves its meals before eating them, injecting its poison into exposed flesh. The poison breaks down the tissue and the wasp drinks it. For this reason, there is always the smell of rot around the creatures. Many in hell find the wasps a delicacy and they are served at many a table.

COMBAT: The ank wasp is a particularly aggressive beast and attacks anything it sees. Its primary objective is to find a host to inject its eggs into. They do so by striking with their claws and biting their adversaries.

INJECT LARVAE: Anyone bitten by the ank wasp risks being injected with the creature's larvae. The wasp itself is born with tens of thousands of tiny, fertilized eggs. They need only a host to incubate them. The eggs are passed down through a hollow tube in the creature's barbed tongue. The eggs are injected into the bloodstream, where they gestate. Each bite injects 1-2 eggs. It takes 6-10 days before the eggs hatch. The small larvae are small, about 1-2 inches. They latch onto the flesh where they are and begin eating. The host suffers one point of permanent hit point loss per day until the wasp hatches. The larvae wasp itself gains about 1 inch in size with each day it is in the host. When it completes its cycle it breaks free, eating its way out of the host and flying away. The larvae are rather easy to kill. Any number of spells such as *remove disease*, *neutralize poison*, etc. kill the larvae. Likewise, pouring any type of strong alcohol or oil on the wound will kill the creature. They leave such a large knot where they are growing that they can be cut out as well.

POISON: The sting of an ank wasp injects a debilitating poison into any adversary. Anyone stung must make a successful constitution save or lose a point of strength. Creatures without a

strength suffer a -1 to hit and damage per sting. This effect lasts for 24 hours.

VULNERABILITY TO LIGHT: Ank wasps are extremely sensitive to light and take double damage from any light-based attack. A light spell deals 1d2 points of damage to the wasp per round. Daylight deals 1 point of damage to the wasp per round of exposure.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures, fashioned by some whim of Narrheit, were unleashed upon the Wretched Plains. There they hounded the living and the dead and gave the god of chaos countless hours of entertainment. They were imported into Aufstrag later, bred for their taste. However, when the Horned God fell, and order in Hell was lost, the ank wasps spread throughout the fortress. They do not do well in sunlight however, and for this reason have not spread to the wider world of Aihrde.

DENIZEN, ERIDU

NUMBER: 1
SIZE: Medium (5-6')
HD: 3 (d6)
AC: 19
SAVES: M
MOVE: 30 ft.
INT: High
ALIGNMENT: Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: Nil
XP: 70+3

ATTACKS: 2 Claw (1d4), bite (1d2)

SPECIAL: Change Shape, Rogue-like Abilities SR 4, Strangle

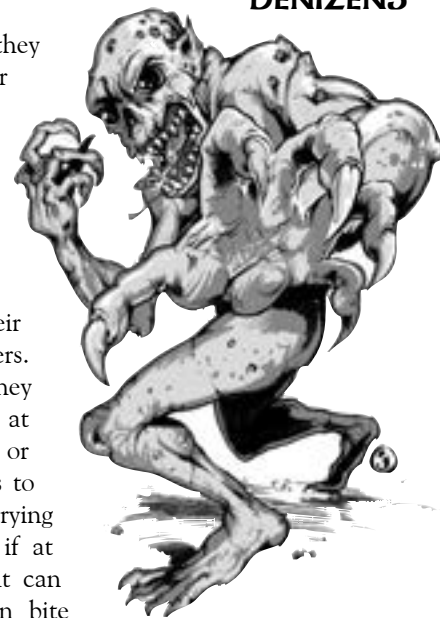
Twisted creatures, with hollow eyes, Eridu are a pale yellow in color, their gnarled skin cracked and broken. They have large heads, more to sport their massive eyes than anything else, and their expressions are akin to a wild beast exhausted from the hunt, consumed by fear and doubt. Eridu pant all the time, their long tongues hanging from their wide, snaggle-toothed mouths. The tongue itself is bruised and bloody, for it does not seem to want to fit in the mouth that houses it, and is bitten and torn by the Eridu in their constant panting.

When the living fall, shedding their life's worth, those found wanting find a place in the Wretched Plains of the Abyss, or Hell. There they linger in the shadows, reborn as Eridu and spring upon the unwary to take from them what they can, whether property or their lives, they care not. It is in their nature, for they lust for whatever another has.

Eridu are mindless creatures seeking only the possessions of others; as such they slink about the dark shadows of the underworld. Sometimes they dwell alone, miserable, their minds ever busy with the memories of those they envied. At other times they attach themselves to greater creatures, following them where ever the go, living in their shadows. In either case, they are attracted to the living, and upon seeing them, shadow their trail, until an opportunity presents itself to incapacitate or to murder them. Once done they assume the victim's look,

in the vain hopes that they will gain their power or wealth.

COMBAT: In combat the Eridu attacks from behind, sneaking up on their victim. They attempt to strangle them with their unusually strong fingers. If they fail in that, they use almost any weapon at hand, usually a rock, or similar item. It attempts to bludgeon its victim, trying to attack from behind if at all possible. If pressed it can claw its victim or even bite them.



CHANGE SHAPE: An Eridu can assume the form of any small or medium sized humanoid creature that it has touched. The new form resembles the victim as they appeared when touched. For instance, if the victim is dead, pale from loss of blood, the Eridu looks dead, and pale from loss of blood. This form remains until the Eridu wishes to change it. Any form assumed is never perfect, the eyes are always a little larger and often darker and the face often has noticeable tics (wisdom check CL 5).

STRANGLE: The hands and fingers of an Eridu are very strong. Upon a successful hit, the Eridu grasps the victim's throat and begins choking the life out of it. This can only be broken by slaying the Eridu or on a successful strength check (CL 6 + 1 per round the victim is held). Anyone caught in the stranglehold, who fails their strength check, has their air cut off. After three rounds, they begin to lose consciousness. They must make a successful constitution save (CL 6 + 1 per round held) or pass out. Once they have passed out the Eridu either lets them go or continues to strangle them until they are dead. They rarely kill their victims, for doing so spoils their change shape (see above). This attack includes both of the enemy's hands, but only requires one attack roll. The Eridu cannot take any other action while strangling a victim.

ROGUE-LIKE ABILITIES: The Eridu can hide, move silently, and sneak attack as a 5th level rogue.

IN AIHRDE

There they suffer for the want of fortitude. There are those who spend their living moments in hopelessness, lusting for the fruits of another's labor, and when they pass their souls are heavy with the weight of that lust. Such a weight cannot be born into the higher planes and thus those who wasted away their lives, wander lost upon the roads of the dead, until they stumble their way into the Wretched Plains.

DENIZENS

DENIZEN, GENITCH BEETLE

NUMBER: 1-100
SIZE: Small (6"+)
HD: 1 (d4)
AC: 19
SAVES: M
MOVE: 10 ft.
ATTACKS: Bite (see below)
SPECIAL: Stench, Swarm

Also called the "devil's itch," the genitch beetle is a small black beetle about 2 inches long, and 1 inch wide. Their black shells are thick-plated exoskeletons that can withstand an amazing amount of pressure. The underside of their pulpy bodies is a deep amber red or golden yellow. They have long legs that extend a good inch beyond their armored bodies, making a genitch seem much larger than it is. Their mandibles are jagged and multi-fanged. Their hissing releases a gas that creates a powerful, sickening smell.

These beetles are found throughout all the lower planes. They spawn on the corpse of very evil creatures, living embodiments of the lingering evil of the creature itself. Usually several dozen to a hundred spawn. They roam the plane with little purpose, seeking rather to devour whatever happenstance throws in their path.

The genitch is a seemingly passive creature, but is in fact very aggressive. When they have laid claim to their prey, they defend it by rising up on their back legs, spreading their mandibles, hissing and rocking gently back and forth. Though this is seen as a threatening gesture, it is actually a call to other genitch to come and defend their meal. They exhibit the same behavior when they spot potential prey, calling other genitch in the swarm to come.

They generally hunt weak, wounded, disoriented, or sleeping prey. When they finish one meal, they move on to the next, leaving only a pile of bones and hair in their wake.

COMBAT: The genitch attack cautiously. They crawl in and around an intended victim, and when about 20 of them have gathered they all begin hissing. The gas released creates a choking stench that disables their intended prey. While the victim is disabled through vomiting or nausea, the genitch attack.

STENCH: When a swarm of genitch begin hissing, a cloud of gas forms between them, usually 20 by 20 by 20 feet. Anyone caught within it must make a successful constitution save every round while within the cloud or become nauseated and helpless for 1d4+1 rounds. Helpless creatures can only move out of

the cloud in a random direction. A moderate wind (11+ mph) disperses the cloud in four rounds; a strong wind (21+ mph) disperses the cloud in 1 round.

SWARM: The genitch attack any victim that falls due to the stench. Anyone within the swarm suffers 1 point of damage per round for every 1-10 beetles in the actual swarm. The swarm does not need to make an attack role.

IN AIHRDE

These creatures are common throughout the Wretched Plains and Aufstrag. They are often summoned by clerics of the evil gods and because of this are commonly found in dungeons and old temples.

ONDESNEGL

NUMBER: 2-12
SIZE: Small (2')
HD: 3 (d8)
AC: 18
SAVES: P
MOVE: 10 ft.
ATTACKS: 5 (tentacles) 1d3
SPECIAL: Blood Drain, Paralyzation

INT: Inferior
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
TYPE: Extraplanar
TREASURE: 3
XP: 50+3

Ondesnegl (singular and plural are the same) are slug-like creatures, growing to two feet in length, green and gray in color, with five tentacles growing from the head. They have no mouth or eyes, but feed via their tentacles, in the form of absorbing blood, and see through a crude form of radar. They can detect humans and demi-humans from miles away and will not stop pursuing them until death.

They inhabit all the lower planes, however they are rarely found in frigid or cold regions, preferring, though not limited to, hot, infernal regions.

Ondesnegl are of limited intelligence, but are vicious, evil little monsters that enjoy the taste of a mortal's blood.

The creatures will sometimes congregate in massive lairs, housing hundreds of the vile beasts. Oftentimes, greater demons or devils will intentionally create these monstrous lairs and toss their enemies in for fun. A victim tossed into (or falls into) such a pit will automatically take 10d4 points of damage a round (no to hit needed) and must make a constitution save (CL 10) or become paralyzed. A paralyzed victim will die in 2d6 rounds.

COMBAT: The ondesnegl will attempt to strike with their tentacles and are able to attack with all five in the same round against a single creature. Once they have latched onto their victim, they draw out its blood.

BLOOD DRAIN: Each tentacle does 1d3 damage. If a three is rolled, the tentacle has attached itself to the hapless victim





and will begin drawing blood, not unlike a leech. Each round, a tentacle that has successfully attached will draw blood at the rate of 2 HP per round (no to-hit needed). The tentacles that did not attach will continue to attack. A successful strength check will rip the tentacles free.

PARALYZATION: The tentacles are coated with a toxin that will slow the victim. Any victim struck must make a constitution save or be *slowed* (per the spell). If all five tentacles are all attached in one round, the victim will become paralyzed, unable to move at all.

IN AIHRDE

The Ondesnegl are born where a greater devil or demon's blood soaks into the sand of the Wretched Plains. The blood thickens and hardens, creating pods in the sand. Its evil source however, is not forgotten and these pods split and release the dreaded worm that is a plague to all who dwell in the Wretched Plains and Aufstrag. At times, where large battles occur, fields of the Ondesnegl sprout up, infesting the whole region.

SAKIMAL FLE

NUMBER: 1

INT: Low

SIZE: Large (40' square)

ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil

HD: 3 (d8)

TYPE: Extraplanar

AC: Nil

TREASURE: Nil

SAVES: P

XP: 20+3

MOVE: Nil

ATTACKS: Special (see below)

SPECIAL: Spore

Growing on the multiple planes of hell (mainly in those that support plant life), one can find the sakimal fle. Looking like a nondescript plant of the fern family, it is in fact an intelligent and malevolent creature. It is usually found spread over a fairly large area, up to forty square feet, and has covered anything left in its path. It has small, pink flowers and large, thick, green fronds.

The creature takes no damage in the traditional sense, and will possibly never even be detected. If detected and attacked, it will take damage from holy water (1d8 per splash), being touched

by a good-aligned holy symbol (1d4 each touch) or by clerical spells from a good-aligned cleric. Attack spells from this cleric will always work as expected (i.e., *flame strike*), but *bless* will also harm the creature (2d6 damage) as will *prayer* (4d6 damage).

COMBAT: The sakimal fle do not actively attack, but release spores that infect their victims, who in turn attack each other.

SPORE: The sakimal fle gives off small, invisible spores when surrounded by other creatures. Anyone breathing these spores must make a constitution save (CL 6) or become sickened by the plant. A new save must be taken each hour spent within the range of the plant. Those failing will feel only a sense of malevolence in their thoughts. The spores will lay dormant for up to twelve hours, slowly influencing the thoughts of their host. After a short time (2d6 hours), the host that has failed the constitution save will act upon his thoughts and take part in some act of evil. This is usually in the form of violence against their friends, but will sometimes manifest itself in more nefarious ways. The CK should take any extenuating circumstances under consideration when determining what exactly the effects will be.

Suffice to say, if nothing presents itself, the affected host will simply attack his companions. This attack will be quick and by surprise, and in the most diabolical way available (i.e., a backstab, while sleeping, while already injured). Once the evil act has been acted upon, the host will break from his evil reverie and act accordingly. At this point, another constitution save must be attempted, this time, however, with a CL of 4. This will continue with the next CL being a 2. After this, the spores will have died. A successful save at any point effectively kills the spores.

IN AIHRDE

The sakimal fle is a plant created by Narrheit as a jest toward Wenafar. Amused by her brother's attempt at humor she nonetheless eradicated the plant, driving it to the Wretched Plains where it thrives. It is found in Aihilde still, but usually in desolate areas where few go and the wrath of Wenafar unknown.



DENIZENS

FLORA

There are many plants that grow on the Infernal Planes, both useful and harmful.

ATTIC FLOWERS: These flowers are accursed by all creatures of the Infernal Planes. They grow everywhere and grow extremely quickly. They only grow on worked stone, however, springing up on castles and towers everywhere. For the most part, they grow in the roofs, or tops of buildings. That is what gives them their name. The flowers are on short, leafy vines that will cover up to 12 square feet. Evil creatures have a hard time seeing the beds, they are almost wholly invisible to them. And they cannot see anything in the flower beds. Anything in the bed is utterly invisible to them. To lie down in one is to be invisible. Arch devils and greater demons, however, can see attic flower beds and anything within them.

BLADDERWRACK: This weed grows in lakes, ponds, seas or anywhere there is still water. When cut and dried it can be carried to protect one against mental attacks. Anyone with bladderwrack on their person gains a +1 against all mental attacks.

FALSIL TREE: The falsil is a tall tree-like plant that appears to grow upside down. The seed of the plant blows on the winds of Hell until it comes to rest some 200 feet above a piece of ground upon which a demon has died. It then stops and two or three dozen weed-like protuberances begin to grow from the seed to the place where the demon died. These protuberances spread out and surround the area where the demon died. Once they hit the ground, they grow into thick trunks of a ceramic-like substance that grow and twist about one another. They can reach thicknesses of 2-3 feet and become so entangled with one another that picking one out from the other is impossible.

The plant roots deep into the ground around where the demon died and pulls energy from its vestigial power. Then the upper portion of the plant begins to grow. This is a wild profusion of long limbs of ceramic-like material. The limbs are clustered with small thorns or small, pike-like twigs harder than iron and steel. This wild growth spreads quickly like an umbrella over the area, merging with other falsil trees, and the whole can sometimes reach miles in width. After some time the growing stops and the limbs drop wispy tendrils of a silk-like substance to the ground. These grow in such profusion that the whole area under the tree becomes like a wall of tendrils.

The tendrils consist of a thin, gossamer fiber that is cool to the touch and almost impossible to break. The wise can pull them from their stalks and weave ropes from them (+4 on all strength checks for rope breakage). But the tendrils serve a far greater purpose, as the lesser creatures of the Infernal Planes are terrified of them and will not enter them. Any creature native to the Infernal Planes that is 4HD or less, will not pass through the tendrils.

DEVIL'S EYE: This strange small plant grows in single stalks, usually where other plants grow, hiding in the foliage. The stem

of the devil's eye is about six inches long and ends in a bulb-like eye. The eye allows the plant to see threats around it and react accordingly. Anything that moves too close triggers the plant to retract itself into a compacted small bulb that barely breaches the ground (most of the stem vanishing beneath the ground). The eye is very valuable. Magic using classes can hold the stem in their hand and, upon a successful attribute check, see whatever the eye saw for the next 1-4 days. It may take them a while to sort through the eye's visions, nor is the plant at all helpful as it is not sentient. The devil's eye can see several hundred feet in front of it. It is used by many in Hell to watch secret chambers, passages and the like.

DUN CLOVER: This small leafy clover-type plant grows in large patches several hundred feet broad. The clover itself is short, only a few inches tall and sprouts a leafy 3 leaf bulb. The bulbs are very soft and sensitive to pressure. When stepped on, or any pressure put on them, they explode and release a small gas. The gas is harmless to most creatures, but to devils, demons and daemons it causes severe blistering and one point of damage. Any such creature that enters the patch suffers 1-2 points of damage per round they are in it, as they are continually crushing bulbs. For this reason, it is rare that any of those creatures enter such a patch. It does not affect Arch Devils or greater demons.

FELIG'S BERRY: This small leafy vine grows in shady spots. It clings to almost any surface, from other plants to rocks, iron, stone, anything that stays still long enough for the vines to take hold. The leaves grow in clusters, and each cluster sprouts a small red berry. The berry is edible though rather tasteless. It is also a very powerful poison. Also, the pulped berries become a paste that can be coated on weapons. Any lawful evil creature ingesting the poison or struck with a coated weapon must make a successful mental saving throw (CL 10) or become disoriented, almost as if they were inebriated. Any devil succumbing to the poison suffers a -1 penalty on all combat rolls. It cannot affect arch devils. Several dozen of the berries must be harvested to make a poison.

RED MOSS: This moss grows throughout the Infernal Planes, mostly on the underside of rocks, but where there is enough ambient heat to keep it warm. The moss pulls moisture from the air and stores it in thousands of tiny pods. The moss can be cultivated and used as a sponge to acquire water. It usually takes several square feet of moss to fill a flask. But the moss has a more potent effect as well. If it is laid on or near a fire and cooked until it is brittle, the moss can be ground to powder. The powder, once ingested heals 1d6 hit points of damage.

FLOWERS OF LOSS: It is rare for a paladin to die in the Infernal Planes but when one does they leave a mark like no other. The space where they fell becomes sanctified with their blood and spirit. The ground becomes hallowed, holy ground, and soon after plays bed to the Flowers of Loss. These are long-stemmed, blue and yellow flowers whose petals grow in a cup shape. They release a very pleasant aroma that permeates the area up to 20 feet beyond where the paladin fell. The cups are filled with a

small dollop of liquid. The water acts as holy water. The liquid is dangerous to evil creatures. Splashed with a single flower of the stuff causes 1d4 points of damage. Once ingested, it inflicts 1d12 points of damage, no saving throw. For this reason, all evil creatures shun such spots, avoiding them as if they were cursed. Some may try to destroy the holy ground, but most fear to tread too near. There are anywhere from 6–12 flowers in a given patch.

MIG PLANT: A type of pitcher plant that grows in cool, moist areas. They are very averse to too much heat. They are plentiful along the banks of the River Styx. The leaves of this plant are dark green with purple-red veins that grow in a tubular shape. The tube secretes oily water that, once ingested, heals the recipient for 1d8 points of damage. The plant takes a full 3 days to recover enough water to be able to heal again. There are usually 3–6 leaf tubes per plant. The plant is a solitary plant.

OATMOSS: This gray to gray-black is not a moss at all but rather a type of lichen. It is highly adaptable and grows almost anywhere. It grows extremely fast as well, crawling up stone or masonry in a matter of hours. Oatmoss causes confusion in demons and devils. Any demon 6 HD or less who sees the oatmoss must make a successful mental check or suffer a –1 penalty on all combat rolls.

SANDY WEED: This type of tumbleweed roams dry, burnt and very hot landscapes. It is carried by the wind mostly, though on occasions they are caught up on a devil's cloak or some such. The weed is dry and hard, and covered in thorns. It is larger than normal tumbleweed as well, as it can grow up to 12 in radius. When picked up by a powerful wind it can be dangerous, inflicting 1d12 points of damage on anyone it strikes. The weed has grown a slight magical resistance to evil creatures and because of this, its thorns, when harvested from the weed (broken off) can be used in blow guns to inflict an additional 1d3 point of damage.

SEEING GLORY VINE: Seeing glory vine is a flowering vine, whose deep green leaves and pale green stems are overshadowed by the explosion of colorful flowers that spring from the receptacles that line the vine. Generally, the flowers remain in tightly rolled buds, but once a day (or when the plant wills it), they open. The flowers are pale blue, marked by yellow bands that line their folds, all of which end in a dark yellow at the flower's center.

The vine itself is found throughout both the Abyssal and the Infernal planes, growing wherever there is a modicum of food. It grows rapidly, coiling around anything within reach, including other plants. If there is nothing to coil around, the vine coils around itself. As it requires no sunlight and can grow almost anywhere the vine seeds quickly, so that a patch of seeing glory vine can cover several hundred square feet. The plant itself is vaguely sentient, aware of its surroundings. It is able to discern the alignment of those who cross near or over it. The seeing glory vine is a weed to most creatures who live in the Outer Planes and it is stamped out when discovered. But it is a prolific vine, and spreads quickly.

The seeing glory vines are carnivorous, feeding upon smaller creatures that come into the patch. These include rats, mice, fowl, imps, quasits and other creatures. It strikes these creatures with small tendrils, pulling them into the mass of vines where it strangles them. Any small creature snared in the vines suffers 1-2 points of damage per round. Once slain the creature rots and the vine feeds upon it. They instinctively kill any small creatures that come into their reach, including familiars.

Seeing glory vines are aware of another creature's alignment, and react to good creatures by opening their flowers and releasing a wave of pollen. The pollen either aids or hinders depending on one's alignment. This vine only actively attacks small creatures that are no bigger than an imp. Anything larger than that the vine ignores. If good creatures approach the vine it recognizes them, and immediately opens its flowers, releasing waves of pollen. If threatened by evil creatures it does that same, though the pollen impacts them differently.

The vine's pollen is deadly to evil creatures. Once inhaled, any creature with an evil alignment must make a successful constitution save or suffer the effects of contact poison. The type of poison is determined by the size of the patch. For 10 square feet it is Type I poison, for 20 square feet it is Type II and for anything above 30 feet it is Type IV poison.

It affects good-aligned characters differently. They are immediately given the gift of true sight (as the spell) as long as they stay around the vine. Furthermore, they are filled with a sense of hope and reinvigorated. All attributes checks are made at +1 and for every hour spent in and near the plants, 1 point of damage is healed.

TORMENTAL: This small, dry stemmed bush grows almost anywhere. It blooms when it is very hot. Otherwise, it sits dormant. Its thorny branches protect the plant from immediate harm. When it does bloom, small, thick dark green leaves unfold from the base of the thorns. These leaves, when harvested can protect one against possession, granting anyone who ingests a handful of them a +1 to any saving throw against mind-affecting spells or magic.

WITCHWOOD: When a limb or stem is cut and carried by a mortal it grants them twilight vision and darkvision. The plants grow wild all over the Infernal Planes but are most commonly found in Gehenna and Hell.

THE PLANES OF AIHRDE

The thoughts of the All Father flowed through the Void as a river. In after ages, it was called the River of Time, or the Arc of Time. From this, all things came to be, including the Val Eahrakun, the gods. The gods rose at the feet of the All Father but took their own paths. When the All Father created the world, they came to it and set about making it their home. In time they warred with one another, and these wars led them toward building houses of their own and fortifying them.

Ornduhl created the Wretched Plains. He carved them from the Void and bent some small fraction of the River of Time to them. This path was named the Rim Felt. He peopled the Wretched Plains with all manner of beast and made there is home the Homeless House. He ruled there for many years until he was imprisoned in the House by his brother Corthain. It has become an abyss of madness. In later ages, Unklar came to the world of Aihilde and laid waste to it. He conquered all that he saw and once done built a might fortress from which to rule the world. Festung Auftrag, the Citadel of Command, was a massive towered dungeon of horror and despair. It was and is hell on earth.

THE WRETCHED PLAINS

Also called the Gegelmesh, the Wretched Plains lie within and beyond the Endless Pools. Ornduhl carved five deep cavities in the Void, and he harnessed some small portions of the river of the Arc of Time to empty into them. This branch of the river, he called the Rimfelt. He filled the five cavities with darkness and terror, and these were named the Gegelmesh, the Wretched Plains, the nightmare of the Red God. The Gegelmesh grew, a mirror of the Stone Fields, and here all the evil dead gather, culled from those who travel the Arc of Time, by Ornduhl and his minions, or those who become lost and enter the Rimfelt. In time Ornduhl created five gates to the Wretched Plains and set the dragon to watch them, these gates are called the Furthnopt.

The plane consists of a twisted, barren landscape where jumbled rocks mingle with deserts of sand. Mountains, shorn of moisture or growth, are cut by deep ravines and gulches that spit fire and ash, burning with the tormented souls of those unfortunate enough to reside here. It is a realm dominated by the tvungenos (the unfettered, demons) and the tvungen (the fettered, or devils) who, in the absence of the Red God, make constant war upon one another. In the 6th Rin of the world, the tvungen bound themselves to Unklar; the tvungenos did not. The dead gather in large groups usually herded or tormented by lesser devils and demons. The collective moans of the dead carry on the dry winds of the Wretched Plains mingled with the cries of torment from their captors. Throughout the Wretched Plains, the towers and bastions of the outnumbered tvungen stand in contrast to the madness and chaos of this ever-changing landscape.

Within this broad plane stands the Homeless House, where Ornduhl the Red God of the Val Eahrakun dwells. Agorl, the orc god, dwells here as well, gathering together the limitless legions of the dead. The roots of Auftrag breach the Wretched Plains as well.

TRAVEL TO AND FROM: To arrive at the Wretched Plains one must utilize one of the Rings of Brass, a magical portal, or follow the Rimfelt, a road that leads from the Arc of Time to the Maw of Huadun, the Furthnopt, the Five Gates. To enter the Wretched Plains one must go through the Maw of Huadun, cross the bridge that spans Ornduhl's Cut, a chasm of infinite depth, pass beneath the Barbican before at last one comes to the Wretched Plains, where lies the Homeless House and the abyss.

TIME: Time has no meaning here.

SURVIVING: People do not need to eat or sleep, other than to gather themselves and rest from wounds or for other needs.

MOVEMENT: Movement here is normal.

ENCOUNTERS: Encounters upon the Wretched Plains range from the simple undead to a wide host of demons and devils, demigods, Lords of Hell, Lords of the Abyss, and gods.

MAGIC: Magic works normally here.

RIMFELT

This road, devised by Ornduhl, leads from the Arc of Time to the Furthnopt and on to the Wretched Plains. It is the road taken by evil men and creatures. It is a lonesome path cut into walls of stone. It ends in the Furthnopt.

FURTHNOPT OR THE MAW OF HUADUN

Where the Rimfelt ends there lie the gates to the Wretched Plains, called by men the Maw of Huadun, or the Futhnopt, the "Five Gates" by Dwarves; a place the elves have no concept of and call it only the Darkling Step. Huadun is a dragon of immense size, created by Ornduhl to guard his realm.

The Maw consists of five caves; each cave leads to the Wretched Plains. The undeserving dead wander from the world over, following the Arc of Time to the Maw. There, hosts of demons and devils hound and torment them, driving them ever on to the caves where the darkness devours them. Barring some powerful magic none may enter the Wretched Plains unless they pass first through the Maw of Huadun. These caves are named: The Black Path, The Glacier, The Blue Way, The Stone Path and Death's Gate.

The spirits of the dead follow the Arc of Time until they arrive at the Maw where their tormenting begins. They know little beyond the pain of lash and tongue. The living come to the Maw from time to time, supplicants of some dark god, servants of the Red God, worshippers of demon and devil; or at times heroes come to pluck some tortured soul from the road of damnation. The living who approach the Maw must take one of the five gates to enter the Wretched Plains, either that or they must return up the Arc of Time on the Rimfelt.

The Rimfelt opens upon a broad, flat plateau that hangs out over the emptiness of the Void. On the far ends lie the Mountains of Five Caves, where stands the Maw of Huadan. Massive gray-colored stones litter the plateau. But it is the damned that draw the eye, as their souls listlessly wander toward one of the

five gates. But they are not alone for winged demons hound all them all the way, the souls wail their terror and confusion, and the demons shout their torments.

The rocks are living creatures, who, from time to time, rise from up to attack the living and dead who walk upon their backs.

The hosts of the dead that cling to the Maw pay no heed to the living; they cannot see or hear them, though they can feel the living when they pass through them so that they moan quietly when so encountered. The demons and devils never pay the living any heed, unless they themselves are attacked.

Each of the dragon's heads is a gate, called the Five Gates, the Furthnopt. To pass into the Wretched Planes, one must pass through one of them.

THE BLACK PATH: The cave is roughly 100 feet deep and ends in a wide pool, roughly 30 feet across, at the back of the cave. One must pass through the pool to come to the other side.

THE GLACIER: The Glacier is 100 feet deep, narrowing to a small crevice only a few inches high.

THE BLUE WAY: The cave is sunken into the ground more than the other four, and much of it is submerged as the rocky shelves give way to a deep pool of water that covers the bottom of the cave.

THE STONE PATH: A simple stone path that leads into the maw, or cave. As one enters the Stone Path the air is warm; it becomes warmer the deeper one goes until it is stifling, to the point of choking, toward the back.

DEATH'S GATE: The cave is difficult to discern as a fog of light green colored gas hangs around the entrance and through the cave. Within, the cave is wide and open, but bones cover the floor around the gate's mouth.

AUFSTRAG

Aufstrag serves as both a physical kingdom in Aihilde and spiritual realm where the evil dead reside. Unklar constructed Aufstrag upon the ruins of Al-Liosh, and there he created a hell on earth. The fortress mocked the Eahrtaut, the Great Tree, in size and shape, but as if the Great Tree were dead, hollowed and peopled with all the terror of his realm. Beneath it are many intersecting passages which were meant to mimic the roots of Eahrtaut, called the Rings of Brass, and span the planes. But most of these failed to do as Unklar desired and they exist as tunnels, snaking into the earth beneath Aufstrag. One, however, did cross the Wall of Worlds and broke through to the Arc of Time. This road is called the Hule Rupt, which is the "Road of Horrors."

Unklar sought to people Aufstrag with the restless dead that wandered the Arc of Time, but only those who had served his vile purpose. In this, he had the aid of Heth who culled the dead for binding evil and guided these to Aufstrag, where they served

as worms and insects in the filth of that place. Only time and service allowed them to rise to greatness.

But more than that he called upon the lords of the Wretched Plains to serve him. In the absence of Ornduhl many flocked to Unklar's banner, and in time they peopled Aufstrag and fleshed out the ranks of his armies. They were called the tvungen, or the tethered for their service to him. In time he used them to conquer the world, and they ruled it for a thousand years. When at last they were overthrown, the tvungen scattered. Some hid in Aufstrag; others fled to the planes, others returned to the Wretched Plains where bitter war erupted with the tvungenos, those who turned their back on Unklar's call.

Today Aufstrag stands in the Grausumland without a lord or master, for Unklar was banished to the Void. It attracts many people, adventurers who come to plunder it of its wealth. Few breach its walls, few still survive.

TRAVEL TO AND FROM: Aufstrag exists in Aihilde. To get to it, one must cross the Grausumland, the Gray Pools, either through the marsh or via the Wasting Way, the long causeway that spans the Grausumland. This brings one to the gates of Hell, the Ahargon Den. Within are the living passageways of Unklar's citadel and many creatures, great and small. The condemned haunt the halls or serve in whatever capacity they may manage, wallowing in the ruin of their lives. Magic protects Aufstrag against *teleport* and similar spells. However, certain gates exist in the Rings of Brass and elsewhere that allow one to breach the tower. The other way is from the Arc of Time, following the Hule Rupt, the Road of Horrors.

TIME: Time passes in Aufstrag as it does in Aihilde.

SURVIVING: Those who dwell there or pass into the place must eat, drink, and rest as would any man.

MOVEMENT: Movement here is normal.

ENCOUNTERS: Encounters here are normal.

MAGIC: Magic works normally here.

AHARGON DEN

In all of towering Aufstrag, there is but one physical gate, the *Ahargon Den*, the Great Maw, called the *Art et Unklar*, the Mouth of Darkness, for all that entered there were devoured by the malice of Aufstrag.

HULE RUPT

This is the Road of Horror, and it leads to the bowels of Aufstrag on Aihilde. Here all those who serve the Horned God or his purposes wander until Aufstrag consumes them. The Hule Rupt appears as a tunnel, dark and rank. Black dirt and twisted roots mark one's passage. For more on Aufstrag, please see **The Dungeons of Aufstrag**.

GEHENNA

Gehenna is one of the planes of the Dimensional Matrix. Treat it exactly as Gehenna in this book.

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