

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

2nd Edition

Monstrous Compendium



Appendix



The second set of new monsters
for your SPELLJAMMER™ campaign!



TM

Appendix

Monstrous Compendium

CREDITS

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John Terra: Alchemy Plant, Aperusa, Astrosphinx, Autognome, Bloodsac, Buzzjewel, Dohwar, Dreamslayer, Dweomerborn, Fal, Feesu, Firelich, Flowfiend, Gonn, Greatswan, Lhee, Mercurial Slime, Meteorspawn, Monitor, Moon Dragon, Scro, Skullbird, Sluk, Space Owl, Space Swine, Stellar Undead, Sun Dragon, Yitsan

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO SPELLJAMMER™ MONSTERS

This index includes all monsters published to date for the AD&D® SPELLJAMMER™ campaign background. The code following each monster's name designates its source:

LV—*Lorebook of the Void* in the SPELLJAMMER Campaign Set

MC7—the first SPELLJAMMER Monstrous Compendium

MC9—this Monstrous Compendium

SJA1—Adventure 1, *Wildspace*

SJA2—Adventure 2, *Skull & Crossbows*

SJA3—Adventure 3, *Crystal Spheres*

SJR1—Accessory 1, *Lost Ships*

D#159—*DRAGON*® Magazine #159, July '90

P#55—*POLYHEDRON*™ Magazine #55 (Sept/Oct 90)

Aartuk	MC7	Firebird	MC9	Pyroserpent	SJA3
Air Stealer, see Shadow sponge		Firelich	MC9	Q'nidar	MC7
Albari	MC7	Flow Barnacle	SJR1	Radiant Golem, see Golem, Radiant	
Alchemy Plant	MC9	Flowfiend	MC9	Rastipede	MC7
Allura	MC9	Focoid	MC7	Reigar	MC7
Ancient Mariner	MC7	Fractine	MC7	Rock Hopper	MC7
Andeloid	D#159	Furnace Golem, see Golem, Furnace		Rogue Moon, see Moon, Rogue	
Aperusa	MC9	Gadabout	MC9	Salt Wiggle, see Wiggle	
Arcane	LV	Gammaroid	MC9	Sarphardin (Watcher)	SJR1
Archlich, see Lich, Arch		Giant Bubble, see Tinkerer		Scavver	LV
Argos	MC7	Giant, Space sea	MC7	Scro	MC9
Astereater	MC7	Giant Space Hamster, see Hamster, Giant		Selkie, Star	MC9
Asteroid Spider, see Spider, Asteroid		Space		Sentinel	SJA1
Astrosphinx, see Sphinx, Astro		Giff	LV	Shadow sponge (Air Stealer)	SJR1
Autognome	MC9	Gith, Pirate of, see Pirate of Gith		Shakti, see Reigar	
Beholder Mage	SJA1	Golem, Radiant	MC7	Silatic	MC9
Beholder-Kin	MC7	Golem, Furnace	MC7	Silver Slime	SJA1
Beholder, Undead (Death Tyrant)	SJR1	Gonn	MC9	Skullbird	MC9
Beholder Eater (Thagar)	SJR1	Grav	MC9	Sleek	MC9
Beholder	LV	Gravislaver	MC7	Slime, Mercurial, see Mercurial Slime	
Bionoid	MC9	Great Old Master, see Neogi		Slime, Silver, see Silver Slime	
Blazoid	MC7	Great Dreamers	MC9	Slinker	MC7
Bloodsac	MC9	Greatswan	MC9	Sluk	MC9
Bubble, Giant, see Tinkerer		Grell, Colonial	MC9	Space Drake	SJA2
Buzzjewels	MC9	Grimgobbler, see Beholder Eater		Space Whale, see Kindori	
Chakchak	P#55	Grommam	MC7	Space Mimic, see Mimic, Space	
Chattur	MC7	Gullion	MC9	Space Swine	MC9
Clockwork Horror	MC7	Haagathga, see Bloodsac		Space Hamster, Giant, see Hamster, Giant	
Colossus	MC7	Hadozee	MC7	Space	
Comet Steed	SJA3	Hamster, Giant Space	MC7	Space sea Giant, see Giant, Space sea	
Constellate	MC9	Hive Mother, see Beholder		Space worm	SJR1
Contemplator	MC9	Horror, Clockwork, see Clockwork Horror		Sphinx, Astro	MC9
Death Shade	SJA2	Hurwaet, see Wiggle		Spider, Asteroid	MC7
Death Tyrant, see Beholder, Undead		Infernite	D#159	Spirit Warrior	MC9
DeGleash Plasmoid, see Plasmoid		Infinity Vine, see Vine, Infinity		Spiritjam	MC7
DelNoric Plasmoid, see Plasmoid		Insectare	MC9	Starfly	MC9
Delphinid	MC7	Isopertite	SJA3	Stargazer	MC9
Director, see Beholder-Kin		Jammer Leech	MC7	Survivor	MC7
Dizantar	MC7	Kindori (Space Whale)	LV	Swamp Wiggle, see Wiggle	
Dohwar	MC9	Krajen	LV	Syllix	MC7
Dracon	LV	Lakshu	MC7	Symbiont	MC7
Dragon, Moon	MC9	Leech, Jammer, see Jammer Leech		Thagar, see Beholder Eater	
Dragon, Celestial, see Dragon, Radiant		Lenzman, see Beholder-Kin		Tinkerer (Giant Bubble)	SJR1
Dragon, Stellar	MC9	Lhee	MC9	Undead, Stellar	MC9
Dragon, Sun	MC9	Lich, Arch	SJR1	Undead Old Master, see Neogi: Undead Old	
Dragon, Radiant (Celestial)	LV	Lumineaux	MC7	Master	
Dreamslayer	MC9	Lutum (Mud-Woman)	MC7	Undead Beholder, see Beholder, Undead	
Dweomerborn	MC9	MagiStar	P#55	Vampire	SJA3, MC1
Elmarin	LV	Mariner, Ancient, see Ancient Mariner		Vine, Infinity	MC7
Ephemeral	LV	Men: Wonderseeker	SJR1	Watcher, see Sarphardin	
Esthetic	MC7	Mercurial Slime	MC9	Watcher, see Beholder-Kin	
Examiner, see Beholder-Kin		Metagdem	D#159	Wiggle (Hurwaet)	MC7
Fal	MC9	Meteorspawn	MC9	Witchlight Marauders	MC9
Feesu	MC9	Mimic, Space	MC7	Wizshade	MC7
Fire-Breathing Phase Doppelganger Giant		Misi	MC7	Wonderseeker, see Men: Wonderseeker	
Space Hamster, see Hamster, Giant Space		Monitor	MC9	Wryback	MC7
		Moon, Rogue	MC7	Xixchil	MC9
		Mortiss	MC7	Yitsan	MC9
		Mud-Woman, see Lutum		Zard	MC7
		Murderoid	MC7	Zodar	MC7
		Nay-Churr	MC7	Zurchin	MC9
		Neogi: Undead Old Master	SJR1		
		Neogi	LV		
		Ontalak Plasmoid, see Plasmoid			
		Oortling	P#55		
		Orbus, see Beholder			
		Overseer, see Beholder-Kin			
		Owl, Space	MC9		
		Phlog-Crawler	MC7		
		Pirate of Gith	MC7		
		Plasman	MC7		
		Plasmoid	MC7		
		Pristatic	MC9		
		Puffer	MC7		

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Single Plant
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Any
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	See below
MOVEMENT:	Nil
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Nil
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (1-3' tall)
MORALE:	Nil
XP VALUE:	25

An alchemy plant can change its essence into that of any inorganic matter that touches it. The plant can also convert one material into another, as explained below. Matter that was formerly alive, such as a wooden staff, cotton or wool clothing, or a corpse, also qualifies for transformation purposes. The plant is highly sought by alchemists.

The plant normally looks like an unremarkable bush with serrated green leaves. It grows anywhere, using its transmuting ability to thrive in exotic environments. The only distinguishing characteristic is the lack of other vegetation in a 1' radius around the plant.

Combat: The alchemy plant easily falls victim to a thoughtless swing of an adventurer's sword or the teeth of a hungry herbivore. However, it senses other live plants growing within 20'; when such plants take damage, the alchemy plant recognizes this and instinctively reacts to preserve itself by transforming into some nearby substance.

For this reason, the alchemy plants that survive best grow beside rocks. As a herbivore is about to chomp into the succulent brown stalks, the alchemy plant turns into a plant-shaped rock. The plant can also transform in the split-second after a weapon makes contact and before it cuts through the plant, resulting in a solid steel plant. The plant saves vs. crushing blow, using the column appropriate to the material it has duplicated. Of course, a weapon striking such a plant must also save! The transformation lasts so long as danger still threatens.

Habitat/Society: Alchemy plants grow wild, converting inorganic matter in the soil into food. They do not photosynthesize; thus, they do not require light. Alchemy plants take in carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen, providing an important service to spell-jamming vessels.

The alchemy plant can transform substances into other substances. When two objects touch the plant, one is transformed into the other's substance. Roll randomly (an even chance) to determine the object transformed. Thus, to make the plant create gold, touch the plant with a rock, then a piece of gold—and cross your fingers! An alchemy plant can convert one pound of matter per foot of plant height, to a maximum of three pounds. The transformation works only once per day.



Supposedly smart people have touched gold to an alchemy plant, watched the plant turn to gold, then pulled it out of the ground. The result is a dead green bush: The plant must stay alive to keep its own transformation intact, though this does not apply to other transformed matter.

A *charm plant* spell or a *potion of plant control* ensures precisely the transformation the caster desires. Attempts to convince the plant to effect a transformation using *speak with plants* seldom work. The plant cannot be bullied, as it has no concept of its own death or pain. Only a druid can hope to convince the plant to create a transformation; the druid must make an Intelligence check to succeed.

Alchemy plants cannot duplicate magical energy. Thus, for instance, a *candle of invocation* touched against the alchemy plant creates only a small block of wax.

Every month, the alchemy plant has a 5% chance to produce a new seed. The seed is hurled by explosive force to a new spot 10d6 yards away from the parent. (An unfortunate character who intercepts the seed in its flight takes 1 hp damage.) The seed grows from seedling to maturity in two weeks.

Ecology: Alchemy plants are at the bottom of the food chain, giving nutrition to wandering herbivores. Beyond this, only sages, mages, and alchemists have any interest in the plant, since its performance is undependable. Still, the alchemy plant can be found on board human, elvish, and illithid ships, where it freshens the air and possibly provides needed substances.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Group
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (14)
TREASURE:	W
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	6 + 1
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spells
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	M (5')
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	975

The allura are a race of reptilian monsters who lure spacefaring men to their doom using innate magical abilities. They use their limited shapechanging power to disguise themselves as beautiful females of their victims' race. Spells or devices that pierce illusions cannot detect an allura's true form.

The allura most often resemble beautiful human women, always wearing ornate clothing and flashing exquisite jewelry.

Combat: Allura feed on the emotions created by tension, excitement, and fear. To gather these emotions, the allura can cast the following spells at 12th level once per day: *charm person*, *sleep*, *friends*, *suggestion*, *demand*, *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *delude*, and *mass suggestion*.

The allura have another innate ability, *detect life*. This ability lets the allura automatically detect the presence of life within 500'.

When a spelljammer appears in their area, the allura quickly use *clairvoyance* to locate the spelljamming wizard and *demand* to lure him to them. Once they sight the ship, the allura pretend to be shipwreck survivors or escaped prisoners from a slave ship.

Once they board a ship, the allura quickly and invisibly take over key personnel with their spells. All members of the crew get the usual saving throws against each spell, but if one allura's spell doesn't work, the other allura are ready to cast theirs on the strong-willed crew members. If any can still resist, the allura have no compunction against fighting more conventionally, using all the offensive spells and weapons at their disposal.

Once they control most of the crew, the allura create illusions that evoke strong emotion, such as battles or the dangers of wild-space. One tale tells of allura who convinced a dragonship crew to attack a neogi deathspider. Though the dragonship was destroyed, the allura fed well.

After two weeks, the captured survivors become listless and drained from the allura's emotional vampirism. Crew members in this condition have their Constitution, Strength and Intelligence scores temporarily halved. The allura magically incapacitate the now-useless crew and abandon the survivors on the nearest asteroid. The allura end up adrift on an empty ship, unable to spelljam, looking for new victims.



Habitat/Society: Groups of allura stay together for their entire lives. Legends of the spaceways say that they are immortal, always trying to create higher levels of danger for their crews, to garner stronger emotions to feed on, to find new experiences.

Ecology: If the allura don't feed on new emotions every four months, their appearance degenerates, revealing their true reptilian form. While in this state, they hide when a ship comes into their range and provoke their first victim into fighting a fellow crew member. Using these emotions to regenerate, they regain their beauty in 2d4 rounds.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	E (O, V)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral (good)
NO. APPEARING:	5-50
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	1 + 1
THAC0:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M (5-6' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	175
Sword:	975
Umbra:	975
Clan leader:	3,000

The Aperusa are wildspace gypsies. They are a swarthy, nimble, handsome folk who dress in colorful silks and lots of jewelry. For all intents and purposes, they act like groundling gypsies, though no one knows whether the Aperusa are groundling gypsies who somehow made it into space, or spacefarers who met gypsies and chose to imitate them. Like other gypsies, the Aperusa are silent about their origins, and they resent intrusions into their pasts. This fanatical concealment of their past overrides even their love for money and "stuff."

These fun-loving folk wander wildspace in brightly painted, slapdash spelljammers. The Aperusa salvage wrecks, run confidence games, engage in petty thievery, and tell fortunes. They speak their own secret tongue, as well as Thieves' Cant and Common.

Combat: Treat most Aperusa as 1st-level thieves, their thief skills modified by appropriate Dexterity bonuses.

Any Aperusa quickly points out that they are lovers, not fighters. They pursue wealth and fun, not combat and its result, pain. They gladly let others fight their battles for them; in fact, the Aperusa reward their benefactors by selling them healing balms—at bargain prices!

If combat is inevitable, the Aperusa try to delay fighting until they get the advantage. They defend themselves with short swords and main-gauches (40%), daggers and slings (30%), rapiers (20%), or longswords (10%). They wear no armor, trusting their tough skin and high Dexterity. Some (20%) wear *protection* rings and cloaks, or *bracers of defense*.

Every Aperusa can feign death once per day, usually after taking a small flesh wound, or falling and pretending to hit his head. After the foe leaves the fight, the Aperusa plot a rematch, making sure the assailants won't know what hit them.

Aperusa are slightly magic-resistant and 75% immune to all detection spells. Their minds cannot be read, and they cannot have psionic abilities. Furthermore, due to their hearty nature and constant exposure to wildspace, Aperusa have learned to use very little air. Their bodies retain enough air to let them breathe for 2d10 days.



Habitat/Society: Aperusa, not aggressive overall, give the responsibility of fighting and spying to two groups.

The first, Blades, are accomplished warriors, with saving throws and abilities of 5th-level fighters, along with the normal Aperusa thieving skills (also 5th-level). In addition, Blades can cast spells as a 5th-level bard. Thus Blades can power the helm of a spelljammer. Blades are responsible for strategy and tactics for their clans. Only males can be Blades.

The second group, the Umbra, are spies who infiltrate other races to gather information, scout, and (rarely) assassinate a powerful enemy. Umbra are 5th-level thieves and have the spell abilities of a 5th-level bard. Males and females can be Umbra. In rare cases, some races hire Umbra to carry out spy missions. The Umbra usually cannot resist pilfering a few things for themselves, and they usually get caught.

Clans: For every 10 Aperusa there are two Blades and one Umbra. (Blades and Umbras look like normal Aperusa.) Twenty or more adult Aperusa make up a familial clan, led by a matriarch or patriarch (or both) of 10th level—the eldest male and his wife. The clan includes 2d6 children who have the skills of 1st-level thieves, the first skills taught to them. Aperusan clan surnames have a distinctly wildspace flavor. The best known clans are the Wildjammers, Phlogestos, and the Astralusians.

Clan leaders, called Beloved Grandfather and Beloved Grandmother, are either Blades or Umbras, with appropriate abilities at 10th level. A leader usually has at least one protective magical item, often a symbol of authority. Clan leaders do not enter combat, though in direst emergencies they can summon a constellate (q.v.) once per year to fight for their clans. The leader permanently loses 1 hp for each summoning.

If the Grandfather dies, his widow rules the clan, but she may never remarry. If the Grandmother dies instead, the Grandfather may remarry. Aperusans are monogamous.

Culture: Aperusan culture is thoroughly sexist. Males, considered the brains and brawn of the clan, make all decisions, enjoy the most freedom, and take the best loot found. Females, besides

bearing children, doing domestic duties, and tending the sick and wounded, serve the clan in "glamorous" roles like fortunetellers, bait for scam victims, and dancers.

Truly motivated women can become Umbras, though such women still must obey orders from any adult male. Males view non-Aperusan women no better. They especially enjoy taking advantage of women who think the gypsy life "romantic."

The Aperusa have no single faith; rather, in an effort not to offend or slight any patron whose good graces may someday be needed, they worship whoever seems most impressive at the moment. If an Aperusa is healed by a cleric of Ptah, for instance, the whole clan will be impressed and undergo a mass conversion. Everyone sings and chants to Ptah, wears Ptah's symbols, and swears eternal loyalty to Ptah. This lasts until a cleric of another patron performs a similar feat the following week, whereupon the Aperusa undergo mass conversion and swear to follow the new patron until the end of time.

Aperusa clans excel at making loaded dice, decks of cards (normal and marked), and small melee weapons such as daggers, knives, darts, and mains-gauche.

Ecology: The Aperusa help keep wildspace tidy, because they wander space collecting salvage. They are notorious packrats, for they never know what debris may be in demand.

Inquiries about an Aperusan homeworld are usually greeted with, "What's a homeworld?" Still, some scholars and shamefully optimistic adventurers insist the homeworld exists and is cluttered with treasures that all Aperusa clans give as tribute to the sovereign "King and Queen of the Aperusa."

Proponents of the homeworld theory each point to one solid piece of evidence: star maps that show the location of the Aperusa homeworld. Of course, the maps were bought from the Aperusa. Of course, no two maps are alike. Of course.

Relations With Other Races

Because of the Aperusa's troublemaking, many other races do not get along with them. The Aperusa act blissfully unaware of this enmity, wonder what all the fuss is about, feign an innocent air, and languidly dismiss tales of Aperusa cunning and trickery. Their most quoted expression is "Who, us?"

The dohwar (q.v.) hate the Aperusa, for the gypsies are immune to the dohwar's mind-reading abilities. Even worse, the Aperusa are flooding the market with their own cheap goods and services, offering more competition to the dohwar, who are already exhausted trying to keep up with the Arcane. Thus most dohwar, in sheer frustration, lash out at the Aperusa or run them over with a space swine (q.v.).

Aperusa adore the reigar. Though the feelings are not mutual, the reigar do not dislike the Aperusa, preferring to judge them on an individual basis. The Giff tolerate the gypsies, who hire them often. Only the Arcane truly frighten the Aperusa; the Arcane are just too strange for their taste. On the other hand, the Arcane have no qualms about dealing with the Aperusa.

Tinker gnomes and the Aperusa like each other. Lots of trading goes on at their riotous parties, since the gnomes love the slapdash Vagabond ships (see below), and the gypsies enjoy gnomish inventions.

Aperusan Characters

Aperusan characteristics are generated as humans, but Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma must be at least 15.

Adult male Aperusans usually have the Land-riding, Gaming, Appraisal, and Tumbling non-weapon proficiencies. Females usually have Cooking, Dancing, Fortunetelling, and Healing. Blades have Blind-fighting, Endurance, Running, and Weaponsmithing. Umbras have Disguise, Read Lips, Information Gathering, and Observation. Beloved Grandmothers learn Herbalism, Astrology, and Spellcraft.

Clan members are fiercely loyal, first to their nuclear family, then to their clan, and finally to their race. Though not usually literate, the Aperusa have their oral history and traditions. Like true salvage experts, they borrow and incorporate and pieces of other cultures.

Though unpredictable, the Aperusa almost never hurt anyone unless they are hurt first. But vendettas against particularly harsh enemies are not unheard of. Aperusa have long memories. Still, the Aperusa are content to wander the stars, collecting the living that they feel that the multiverse owes them. Even so, their thefts and con games are small operations. Since they know what it is to lack things at times, Aperusa do not pull scams on poor, starving folk. Unfortunately, not many sailors of wildspace are poor, so the gypsies have no qualms about robbing or swindling spelljammers.

The Aperusa Vagabond

Built by:	Aperusa	Armor Rating:	7
Used primarily by:	Aperusa	Saves as:	Thick wood
Tonnage:	30 tons	Power Type:	Minor helm
Hull Points:	30	Ship's Rating:	5
Crew:	10/40	Standard Armament:	None
Maneuver. Class:	E	Cargo:	15 tons
Landing—Land:	Yes	Keel Length:	90'
Landing—Water:	No	Beam Length:	20'

The Vagabond is an assorted collection of parts from other vessels, usually attached to a wooden hull. The ships are asymmetrical nightmares, but they work. Vagabonds are painted in bright, clashing colors, with multi-colored banners hanging from masts that seem to have no apparent function. They are unarmed. Each clan has its own ship, though some large clans require two or more ships.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Nil
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (4)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	5, Fl 6 (E), Sw 3, Br 4
HIT DICE:	5 + 5
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 or special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10/1d10 or special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	975

An autognome is a mechanical gnome with gears, pulleys, and bits of magic inside it. The tinker gnomes create the autognome for exploration, rescue, prospecting, and defense in environments hostile to human- and demihumankind. It works just as well as any other gnomish invention.

These automatons resemble gnomes, though no one could ever confuse an autognome with a real gnome. Autognome faces are painted, even down to red circles on their cheeks. They walk with a stiff gait, clanking, wheezing, whirring, and razzing, their arms swinging out of rhythm. Autognomes speak gnomish and Common in a nasal monotone.

Autognomes are either *directed*, under the gnomes' control; or *rogues*, which have forgotten their orders and now wander wilderness doing anything except what they were designed for.

Combat: Autognomes obey the following directives: (1) defend gnomes under attack by non-gnomes; (2) defend yourself against attack; and (3) defend babies and children from harm. The last directive arose from the best intentions, but unfortunately, it neglects to specify races; so if, for instance, an autognome sees elves battling young beholders, the autognome blasts away at the elves.

Autognomes attack with two heavy metallic fists, doing 1d10 damage each. Unfortunately, autognomes are slow and always attack last in a round when using their fists.

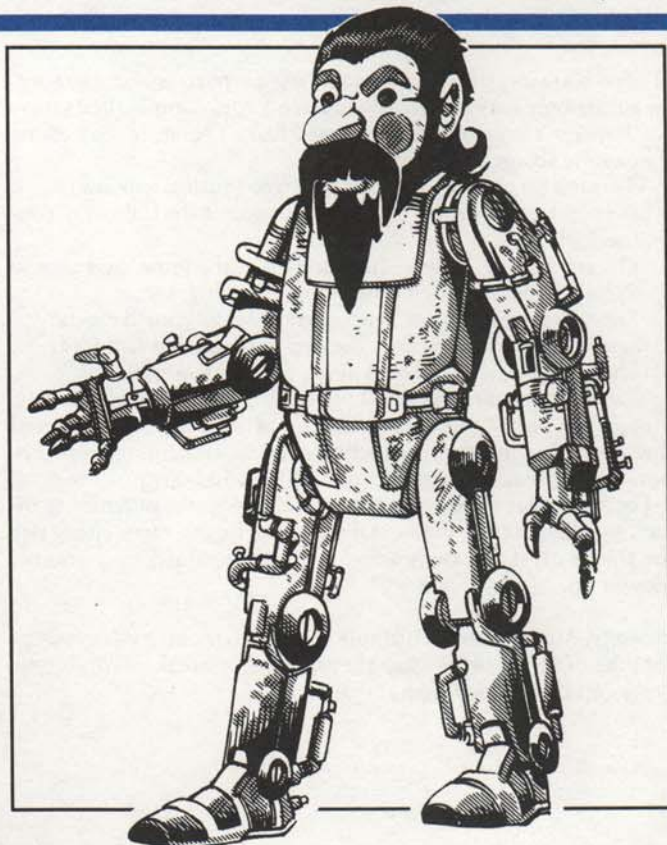
Since one of their functions is to collect soil samples from different planets, most autognomes (90%) have a retractable metal scoop. If the scoop is used as a weapon (only when the autognome malfunctions), it inflicts 1d12 damage.

Some autognomes (33%) are used exclusively for combat, and have a *wand of lightning* set in their chests. These wands have 5d10 charges remaining and are salvageable after the autognome is defeated or (more likely) when it breaks down and collapses into a useless heap.

Whichever attack form the autognome uses, it yells as it fights: "Crush! Kill! Destroy! Exterminate, exterminate! Maim! Hurt! Incapacitate!"

Autognomes save as hard metal. They are immune to poison and all spells except *disintegrate*.

Malfunctions: Every successful hit on an autognome has a 10% chance of causing a malfunction. Any time an autognome rolls a 1 for its attack roll, it has a 25% chance of malfunctioning. Fi-



nally, an autognome has a 5% non-cumulative chance per day to malfunction. Whatever the cause, roll 1d12 and consult the following table:

Autognome Malfunction Table

- 1-2. Autognome becomes a rogue (if already a rogue, use #10)
3. Autognome attacks itself for 1d4 rounds
- 4-5. Head or limb falls off (20% chance for each appendage)
- 6-7. As 4-5, but the autognome spends one round reattaching the lost limb
- 8-9. Autognome attempts to extract a core sample from victim
10. Autognome shuts down for 1d10 hours
11. Autognome explodes (3d10 damage in a 20' radius; save vs. breath weapon for half damage)
12. Autognome's orders change. Roll 1d6:
 - A. Self-destruct sequence starts. Autognome explodes in 1d4 rounds unless doused with water
 - B. Autognome gives its report
 - C. Autognome asks to record report, and remains stationary until the PC stops talking
 - D. Autognome begins talking backwards
 - E. Nearest PC is recognized as a baby
 - F. Nearest PC is recognized as a gnome; autognome follows PC around

Habitat/Society: Since autognomes are automatons, they have no society or preferred habitat. A gnomish spelljammer has a 10% chance of having 1d4 autognomes on board to explore hostile environments.

Autognomes can follow up to 100 different orders, including what to do in certain situations, or what minerals to look for on a planet. An autognome can memorize and recite everything it sees and hears in a 24-hour period.

An autognome can converse with others, but its thought processes are inflexible, and it does not deviate from its orders. Figures

Autognome

of speech are lost on it. Autognome logic is narrow. For instance, an autognome may be ordered to fetch a rock sample. In its travels, it meets a human warrior named Rok. Therefore, out comes the sample scoop and . . .

There is a $\frac{1}{3}$ chance that an encountered autognome is a rogue. It has forgotten its orders and is now in one of the following conditions (roll 1d4):

- 1) The autognome believes itself to be a real gnome, and tries to live a normal life, including eating, sleeping, etc.
- 2) The autognome awaits new orders from anyone it meets.
- 3) Same as #2, except it does the opposite of what is it told.
- 4) The autognome attacks all living creatures in sight.

The gnomes guard the secret of building autognomes jealously, though no one but gnomes wants to build the things. It is rumored that it requires many spells such as *enchant an item*, *animate object*, and *permanency*, and it costs at least 10,000 gp.

For some reason, the dohwar are interested in purchasing intact, working autognomes. All other intelligent races either flee the things or, if the autognome is unaccompanied by a gnome, blow it up.

Ecology: Autognomes contribute nothing to the ecosystem except for piles of scrap metal when they inevitably break down. Rogue types can be a wildspace hazard.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	All
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to Exceptional (8-16)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-3
MOVEMENT:	48
HIT DICE:	12
THACO:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8(x2), 1d10(x2), 2d8(x2)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Vorpul attacks, energy blast, crush
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (9-11' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	6,000 each

Bionoids are chitinous, bipedal humanoid insects with a glowing circular gem in the center of their forehead. Though their appearance strikes fear in those who view them, their demeanor belies their looks. They originated as "Living Weapons" during the Unhuman Wars.

In their combat form, also called their monster form, they are tall, muscular creatures with iridescent exoskeletons. Hard claw-like blades protrude from both forearms and the head. In addition to the standard pair of compound eyes, they possess four secondary eyes that can move independently like those of a chameleon. Pebbly, metallic-looking muscle fibers are visible at the joints.

In their humanoid form, bionoids are thin, well-muscled, and fairly tall. They have uniformly calm, even tempers, and are often contemplative. They move with great economy; useless gestures or movements are very rare.

Combat: In battle, the bionoids' true nature becomes apparent. They make two slashing attacks with their forearm blades for 1d10 points of damage apiece, along with spiked fists that strike for 1d8. Similarly, the bionoid's feet have a heel spur that does 2d8 points of damage in a kick or stomp attack. It can make two kicks per round. The bionoid's chitinous plates and its agility give it AC -3.

Due to their high speed, bionoids usually use their fists, forearms and feet in combination with a leaping attack that brings them immediately into close striking range. In close combat with large opponents, the bionoid also crushes the opponent in its arms for an additional 2d8 points of damage. This damage continues on each round the opponent is crushed.

The bionoids' specialized halberds do 1d12 points of damage (plus strength bonuses of +6); only bionoids can wield them. These weapons, pointed with blades at each end, can attack a single target three times per round. The bionoids' speed, agility and expertise with these traditional specialty weapons make them a most feared opponent.

The bionoid's most powerful weapon is a spell-like effect similar to the third level *fireball* spell. The bionoid opens up the twin dorsal plates on its chest, exposing two highly charged membranes. Opening these chest plates causes 2d4 points of damage to



the bionoid itself, while causing damage as a 6th-level *fireball* spell in a 30' cone shape. The damage to the bionoid means this attack is a last resort. The warrior must rest for a full day after such a discharge before using it again.

The *crystal eye* on its forehead is the bionoid's weak point. The eye remains in the center of the bionoid's forehead when in monster-form, but is hidden inside the skull in human form. Removal of the *crystal eye* results in the bionoid's immediate decomposition. The *crystal eye* traps its master's essence to wait for regeneration. If a direct crushing blow shatters the eye, irrevocable death for eye and bionoid ensues.

Habitat/Society: Bionoids were originally tailored as troops in the Unhuman Wars. Volunteer elves gave themselves to be altered into organic fighting machines. After the Wars, they were cast out into the cosmos, to make their own way far from the sight of the elves. Years of ostracism, of living apart from the rest of elvish society like plague victims, has instilled in them a deep distrust of all other elven races.

Although these bionoids were instilled with an instinctive urge for combat without quarter, they are essentially good beings who constantly strive to control the powers of their implanted nature.

Though they travel nearly everywhere in wildspace, bionoids prefer to remain alone. Many work as crew members on spelljamming ships across the flow, or they reside in country manors or castles. Still others live as hermits on lonely asteroids far from the normal spelljamming trade routes. In some cases, elvish communities sympathetic to the bionoids' situation have taken in individual bionoids.

Though rare, a bionoid family can comprise hundreds of members, always led by the individual who started the unit, either the original bionoid or its full-blooded descendants. Bionoid symbionts are welcome to join the unit, but must vow to avoid (and avoid infecting) residents of the outside world.

Though engineered for warfare, the family unit sustains itself primarily through farming. They practice battle skills primarily

as a spiritual discipline. Most frontier cities and spelljamming outposts welcome bionoid communities.

Ecology: Even bionoid reproduction is invasive. The eggs of mature bionoids are disc-shaped with a single crystalline "trigger" in the center. This crystal serves a multiple purpose: it is an attractant to potential victims since it makes the egg look like a magical item, and it is also the young bionoid's eye. When a potential host touches the *crystal eye*, the host's essence marks the egg. The egg bursts, attaches to the host, and grows as a symbiont, eventually separating and becoming a separate, nymph bionoid.

If an orc touches the egg, the egg explodes in a mass of corrosive filaments causing immediate death. A successful saving throw versus spell causes 2d12 hit points of corrosive damage. If half-orcs make their saving throws, the half-orc and the bionoid bind in symbiosis. Evil beings can fuse with the bionoid, but suffer the penalties of radical change to the bionoid's good alignment.

If elves, humans or other humanoid races touch the egg, it infiltrates the victim, creating another adult bionoid. The new bionoid has the abilities described above, but appears only when danger threatens, whereupon the host "monsters out" into the bionoid monster form. In addition, the symbiosis gives the host a natural AC of 7. But the host should only wear normal, easily replaceable clothing, due to the unpredictable nature of his malady!

The *crystal eye's* AC is 0, it has 45 hit points, and it is worth around 10,000 gp—but woe betide the buyer! In the *crystal eye* is the essence of the original owner. If presented with a living body, the crystal reduces and restructures that body in favor of its stored master, resulting in death (of a sort) for the purchaser.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Swarm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Blood
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (3)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	3-12
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 18 (C)
HIT DICE:	4 + 4
THACO:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Surprise
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (4' diameter)
MORALE:	Very steady (14)
XP VALUE:	420

Bloodsacs (technically known as "haagathga") are blob-like bloodsuckers that silently glide through wildspace looking for blood. This usually means spelljamming ships, with their complements of warm-blooded sailors.

These space-borne horrors are shapeless, pulsating sacks of fluid in a slightly translucent black-blue membrane. This membrane is covered by tiny, razor-rimmed suckers, each with tiny speck of silver or yellow coloring. Bloodsacs resembles a patch of flying night sky. The familiar smell of blood wafts about their bodies.

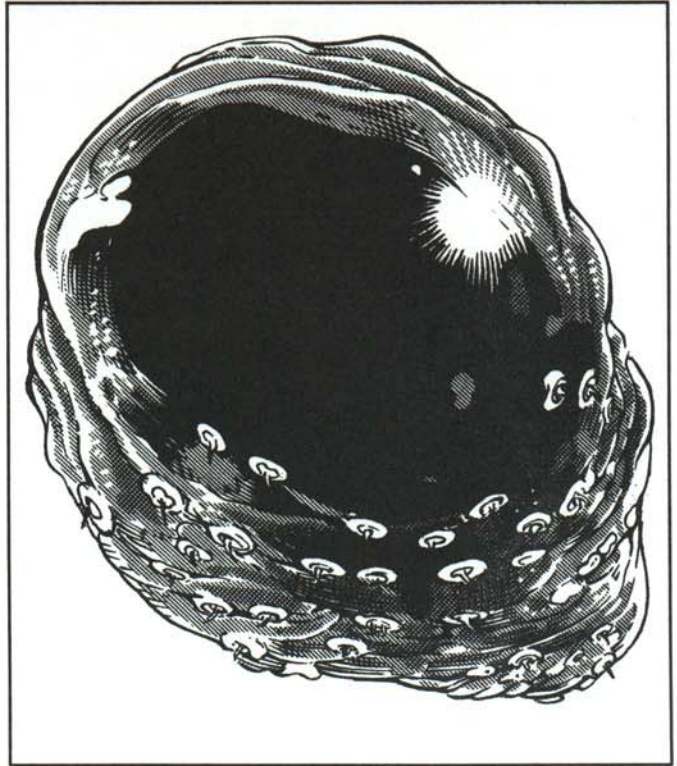
Bloodsacs travel in packs, using their natural camouflage to swoop down on unsuspecting ships, surprising the crews, and draining their blood. The beasts are sometimes called "star vampires." They have no speech.

Combat: Bloodsacs move silently through space using infravision to detect warm-blooded victims. They glide noiselessly onto the deck of a spelljamming vessel, probably one in orbit around a planet, and try to surprise sailors on deck. Due to the creatures' coloration, foes suffer a -2 penalty to surprise rolls. Guards have a 1% chance per point of Intelligence or Wisdom (whichever is higher) to spot the swarm. Guards only get one chance to spot the bloodsacs before the monsters attack.

If at all possible, bloodsacs attack from behind, gaining a +2 to their attack rolls.

Once a victim is hit, the bloodsac's tiny suckers bore into the skin and begin sucking out the blood, causing 2d10 damage. Once attached, a bloodsac does not let go until pulled off, or until it drains the victim completely. Pulling off a bloodsac requires a Strength ability check. If the beast comes off, the victim takes an additional 1d10 points of damage as the blob's suckers tear out of the victim's flesh. If the blob remains attached, it automatically does 2d10 points of damage each round (no attack roll needed). As the bloodsac drains blood from its victim, its color changes from dark blue to a sickly violet.

After draining a victim, the bloodsac sprouts a tube and attaches it to the base of the victim's skull. Through this tube the blob drains out the victim's brain fluids. This process takes one round, after which the bloodsac flies away, sated—for now.



The fluid it collects contains the victim's memories and knowledge. Thus, victims raised from the dead have no memory of their identities and, though they have full hit points, are effectively 0-level characters in skills, THACO, saving throws, and proficiencies. All memories are lost. Victims still retain basic skills needed to take care of everyday needs, as well as the ability to speak one language (most likely Common).

A spell such as *restoration* or a *wish* can restore lost memory; so can catching the bloodsac who drained the fluid and pouring it over the victim before he is raised from the dead.

Habitat/Society: Bloodsac swarms have no leader. They merely follow whomever has homed in on food. They wander wildspace, never sleeping, never setting up a lair nor landing on a planet. Bloodsacs hate gravity, for their bodies collapse into sluggish heaps of protoplasm.

Ecology: Bloodsacs are parasitic predators, greatly feared by warm-blooded beings of all alignments and races. They reproduce by laying a clutch of 6d6 eggs inside a victim who has been completely drained of blood. For each bloodsac that has killed a victim, there is a 50% chance that it was a female and has laid eggs in the victim's body. The eggs hatch 2d6 days later, bursting the body asunder and releasing the voraciously hungry bloodsac young (1 HD each, 1d8 blood drain damage per round).

Mind flayers take an interest in the bloodsacs, especially with the blobs' ability to drain brain fluids. Some mind flayers keep trained bloodsacs, a particularly deadly combination.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Swarm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Gems
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	10-60
ARMOR CLASS:	-3
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 24 (A)
HIT DICE:	1+1
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 + poison
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	45%
SIZE:	T (6" long)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	650

Buzzjewels are inoffensive insects native to wildspace. They travel through space in beautiful multi-colored swarms. They are attracted to light sources, much like moths. Sailors can always tell when a swarm of buzzjewels approaches, due to the loud droning noise from the insects' wings and the cloud of multi-colored light reflected from their bodies.

Buzzjewel bodies are partly gemstones, with opaque coloration ranging from ruby red to emerald green to aquamarine blue. When a buzzjewel dies or is killed, its organic body shrivels away, leaving a small ornamental gemstone of 5 gp value, the remnants of the mineral meals it consumed. One buzzjewel in a thousand produces a fancy, precious, or gem/jewel gemstone.

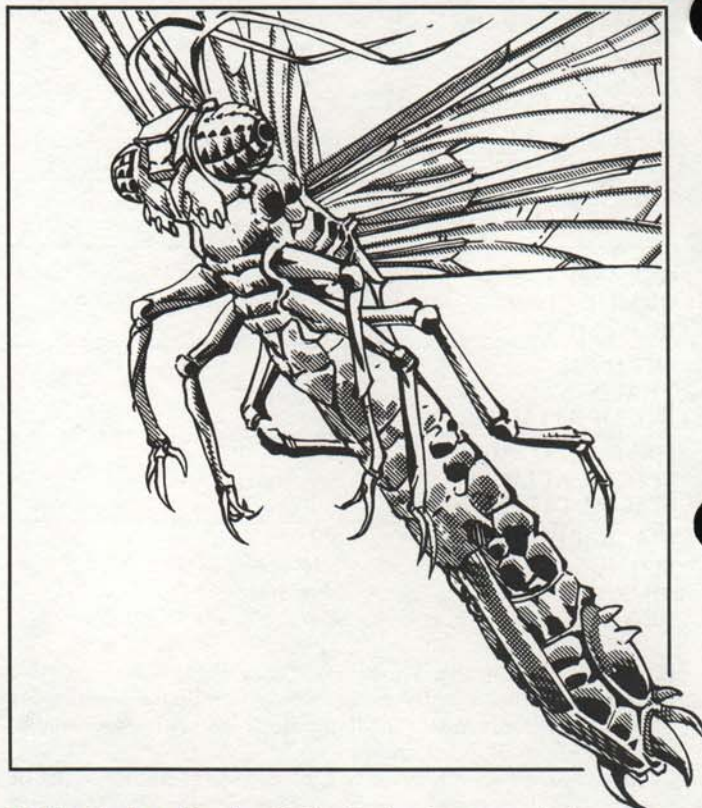
Like other insects, buzzjewel bodies have three segments: the head, thorax, and abdomen. Buzzjewel eyes are multifaceted and quite sensitive to light. Each buzzjewel has two pairs of translucent wings similar to the dragonfly's, and three pairs of legs, which it draws close to its body during flight.

Combat: Though buzzjewels swarm around light sources, they are timid around living creatures. Not easily angered, a swarm of buzzjewels passively tolerates 1d4 rounds of attack. After this the buzzjewel swarm, finally infuriated, attacks the offender and everyone else in sight.

All buzzjewels have tiny sharp teeth. Since buzzjewels have no taste for living flesh, they bite, then quickly let go. They attack in swarms of 10 or 20 against one opponent (10 vs. halflings, dwarves, and other small opponents). A single attack roll determining the swarm's chance to hit. The swarm overwhelms its victims; thus, the defenders get no Dexterity bonus to AC.

Each swarm of 10 buzzjewels causes 1d8 damage. For each point of damage the swarm does, there is a 10% chance that Type N poison is injected into the wound. The poison's onset time is one round. A failed saving throw vs. poison inflicts 4d8 damage; a successful save reduces this to 2d8 damage.

The buzzjewels' magic resistance sometimes reflect spells back at the caster. If the spell fails due to the insects' magic resistance, the spell is reflected back at the caster. If the spell fails because the buzzjewels saved against it, they don't reflect the spell.



Habitat/Society: Buzzjewels live in tiny honeycombed passages just under the surface of asteroids. They instinctively avoid worlds with humanoid populations. Buzzjewels do not require air to survive.

As a rule, buzzjewels live on asteroids high in gemstone content. Gems are their chief source of food, though the insects can eat any mineral or rock if pressed. Interestingly, pearls are poisonous to buzzjewels. A poisoned buzzjewel turns black and does not become a valuable gem.

Buzzjewels communicate by body movements, as bees do. When a buzzjewel swarm finds a new source of gems, it returns to its old lair and does a dance that tells the swarm where the new strike is. Dwarven sages have long tried to decipher the dance so they can obtain the gems, so far to no avail.

Buzzjewels can be called by various insect summoning spells; if summoned, they behave as groundling insects. Note, however, if the insects are summoned to be killed for their gems, the caster loses control over them, and the enraged swarm attacks instantly.

Ecology: Buzzjewels contribute nothing to the ecosystem. In fact, races that mine gemstones strongly dislike the little gem-eaters. The gnomes call buzzjewels "gembane," and the only printable name that dwarves use is "baublebiters."

Due to the unpredictable poisonous bite of the buzzjewels, most wise folk resist the idea of catching the bugs and killing them for their gems in a get-rich-quick scheme. The low value of the dead bodies does not make it worth the risk.

The dohwar actually use live, caged buzzjewels as currency, much to the horror of some of other civilized races. It is rumored that the dohwar are also experimenting with buzzjewels, feeding them fancy gems to see whether, once a buzzjewel dies, it leaves behind a more valuable gem.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Constellation
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	5 (-10)
MOVEMENT:	Variable
HIT DICE:	N/A
THAC0:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	G (1 to 100 million square miles)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	N/A

The peaceful constellates are made of small motes of light gathered in constellations, groupings of stars that suggest various objects and life forms. Surrounding each constellation is the ghostly image of the thing it represents—the constellate proper. These ghostly images depict wolves, swords, warriors, and the like.

Individual stars' colors vary, but most are bluish-white. Their color may relate to their age. No single star has ever separated from its constellate group.

Combat: Constellates choose to avoid battle when possible. Generally they fly away from danger (playing hob with astronomers in the process!). After the danger has passed, the constellate returns to its position.

When an Aperusa (q.v.) clan leader summons a constellate, its nature changes radically. Witnesses see an immense shadowy figure shaped like the constellation drop down from the heavens. The stars diffuse and move randomly within the constellate's body. It can change size at will, usually to maintain its size relative to the viewers; for instance, the Panther constellate seems to remain panther-sized whether in the sky or on a ship's deck.

The constellate gains the special abilities of the character or object it portrays: e.g., the Swan could use wing buffets, and the Krynnspace constellation Raistlin-Fistandantilus could use *time-stop*.

If it wishes, the constellate can melee at up to its full size—often millions of square miles! The full-size constellate can crush with its enormous bulk, causing 2d20 points of damage per 1,000 square miles of area. The range of this attack is the constellate's size. It can use this attack form once every other round. It can also throw bolts of energy (called *sunbolts*) with unerring accuracy. Sunbolts cause 2d12 points of damage for every 1,000 square miles of the constellate's area. The range of the *sunbolts* is believed to be 500,000 miles. Damage does not decrease over distance; however, accuracy does decrease. At short range (1-125,000 miles) there is no penalty to the attack roll; medium range (125,001-250,000 miles) takes a -2 penalty; and long range (250,001-500,000 miles) takes a -5 penalty. The constellate can use this attack once per round, even while it uses its crushing blow.



The sunbolt is a cone-shaped area 1,000 miles in diameter. When this area of effect is added to the strength of the sunbolt, the constellate can literally crush planets at its whim. Some believe that the Grinder asteroid belt within the heavens of Grey-space is actually the residue of a summoned constellate's attack. Legends speak of constellates who inflicted great harm against a planet within that crystal sphere. The gods retaliated against these constellates, thereby banning them from the crystal sphere. The constellates' whereabouts are unknown.

A constellate's attack lasts only five rounds. There are no reports of an attack lasting longer than this. It then resumes its place in the sky and its former nature. A given constellate can only be summoned once a year.

Habitat/Society: Each constellation in a sphere's night sky is a constellate. They occupy their assigned positions, swapping choice information about the goings-on of the groundling races or lamenting their eternal celestial imprisonment. The advent of spelljamming ships has created new gossip for these beings, and their overall morale has risen.

Although they converse freely among themselves through *telepathy*, they never speak to corporeal life forms. Attempts to imprison and interrogate constellates fail, for they simply change size to escape from their prison.

Ecology: Sages dispute the true genesis of the constellates. Some postulate that they have existed as long as the stars in the sky. Others point to Krynnspace, where new constellations appeared and old ones disappeared in the War of the Lance. Still others talk of the influence of divine entities.

Why the Aperusa have an affinity with the constellates is an equally tantalizing mystery. They have never divulged their spells of summoning, and with the constellates as allies, it is unlikely that anyone will wrest the secret from the wildspace gypsies.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Asteroid
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Godlike (21)
TREASURE:	H
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	24
HIT DICE:	13 +1
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (5)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d10/2d10/2d10 (2d8/2d8)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spell
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (12')
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	13000

Contemplators live on barren asteroids, pondering the questions of the universe. Some say that when one discovers all the answers to all the questions, the universe will end.

A contemplator is found most often seated in the classical thinker pose on a large stone outcropping. A gray humanoid, 12' tall, he often wears a gray toga. Consequently, unwary adventurers may easily mistake him for a statue.

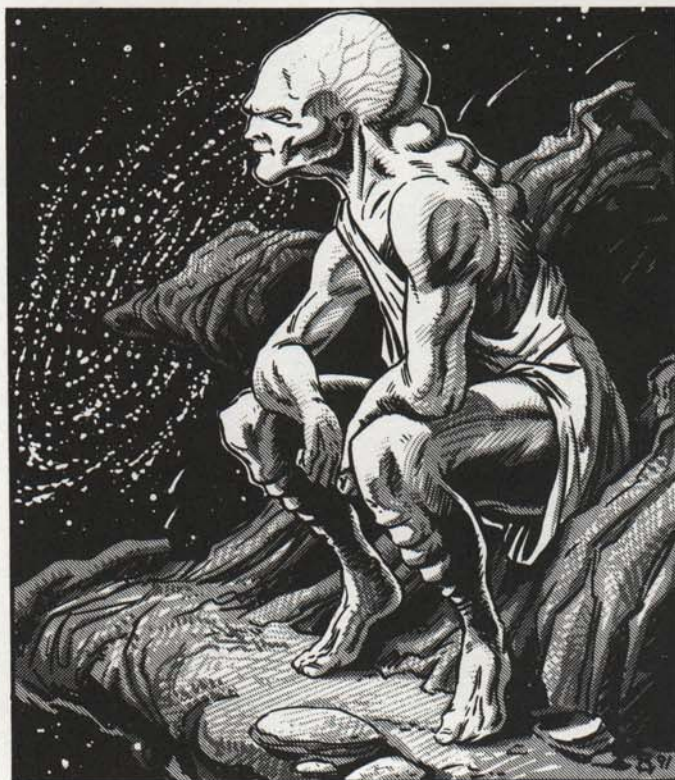
Combat: A contemplator yearns for all knowledge and has deduced that the best way to gather it is directly from the minds of other beings. To gather information, he captures any intelligent being who lands on or comes near his asteroid.

The contemplator creates three arms out of the asteroid's surface to capture his specimens. Each arm can extend 50' and has 25 hit points. If an arm is destroyed, the contemplator can create another after 24 hours have passed.

If forced into a fight personally, the contemplator punches with his own two arms (inflicting 2d8 points of damage with each) as well as with his three extra appendages.

When a contemplator captures a victim with one of the three large arms, he encases its body in a thin (1/4" thick) layer of stone and drains its Intelligence, one point a day. This requires the contemplator's uninterrupted concentration. If he is disturbed at any time, that day's point of Intelligence remains with the captured character (at least for one more day). Each day, the entombed victim can attempt a Bend Bars/Lift Gates role to escape the stone prison. When the victim's Intelligence is reduced to 3, the contemplator's stone arm flings the now-useless simpleton into space.

If a *wish* or similar magic restores a character's Intelligence, the knowledge restored vanishes from the contemplator who stole it. If this restored character ever comes within 50 miles of the contemplator who lost the knowledge, the contemplator immediately detects, intercepts, and attacks the character. A contemplator cannot tolerate knowing something and then having it taken away!



A contemplator who drains a wizard gains all the wizard's memorized spells. He casts these acquired spells only once, for he won't waste the time necessary to write them down. He can only use wizard spells, not those of priests. A contemplator still must use material components for spells that require them.

Habitat/Society: The contemplator spends all of his time on his asteroid sifting through his acquired knowledge, searching for any clue to the origin and end of the universe. He is totally devoid of emotion, but he is usually willing to negotiate for a captive's life. The price is often a quest for information, such as the answer to a question. The contemplator always sets a time limit on the quest and, once the deal is made, never reneges or renegotiates.

A contemplator can move his asteroid through space using a mysterious form of locomotion. He is usually content to drift through space, but when the need arises, he can move quickly in any direction.

A contemplator knows of any change on the surface of his asteroid, as though it were an extension of his body. This makes stealthy approach impossible except by flight.

Ecology: Strewn about the contemplator's asteroid are the material remains of his past conflicts. When he tosses his victims into wildspace, the contemplator keeps their possessions, primarily for his experiments with newfound spells. He still needs the components to make them work correctly.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Cartel
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (10)
TREASURE:	H (Z)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	4-40 (90-180)
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	3, Sw 9
HIT DICE:	3
THACO:	18
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (4' tall)
MORALE:	Irregular (7)
XP VALUE:	
3 HD Salesman:	65
4 HD Merchant:	120
5 HD Protector:	175
6 HD Manager:	270
7 HD Executive Board Member:	420
9 HD President:	1400

The dohwar are short, pudgy, flightless avians bearing a passing resemblance to penguins. They are shameless merchants, always looking for an opportunity to turn a profit. Since the Arcane (otherwise known as "Our Competitors") are considered the greatest merchants of wildspace, the dohwar try harder to displace them.

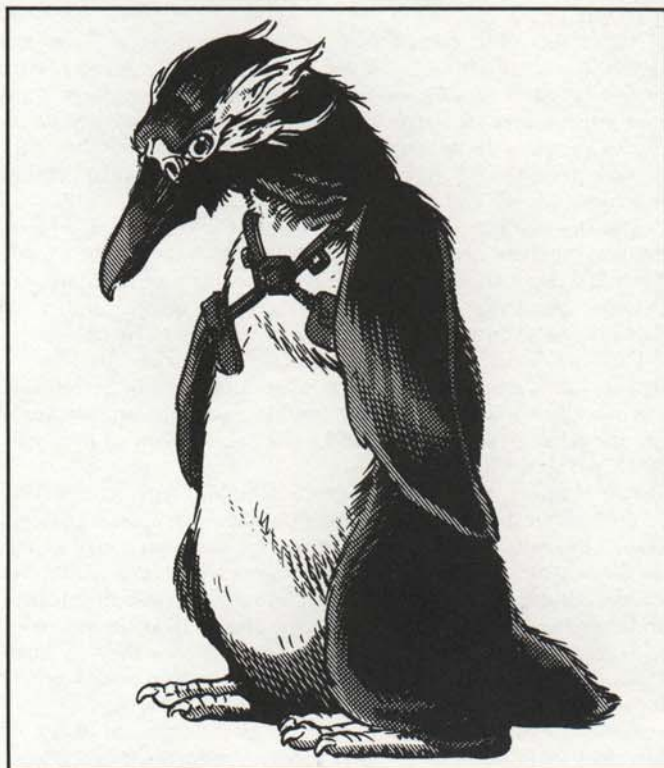
The average dohwar stands 4' tall. Black feathers cover most of its body, except for its chest, covered in white feathers. The dohwar has two wings that are useless for flight but have limited prehensile action, allowing it to grasp objects. Dohwar do not walk, they waddle. Their mode of dress is a garish mishmash of clashing clothes that would make an Aperusa blush. Amazingly, the dohwar have figured out that groundling civilizations may be disconcerted by their avian appearance. On these planets, the dohwar wear heavy hoods and cloaks and try to pass for short people.

Though the dohwar speak Common and their own tongue, they rely heavily on telepathic powers for communication among themselves. In fact, dohwar have pairings called "mergers," wherein two dohwar stay in mental rapport, even to the point of finishing each other's sentences. This drives other races crazy.

Combat: As a race, the dohwar are not fighters. They rely on others to do their fighting for them. Their philosophy towards combat is to tell their hired muscle, "Here's 500 more gold pieces. Keep attacking." Dohwar often hire Giff mercenaries.

The dohwar, with amazing foresight and awareness of harsh reality, know they cannot always depend on handy mercenaries. Thus they have Protectors, dohwar that are actually trained to fight. Protectors wield the "weega," a sword blade that fits over the dohwar's beak. This turns an otherwise ineffectual peck into a powerful sword thrust doing 1d6 damage to small and man-sized targets and 1d8 to larger victims.

Some Protectors ride space swine (q.v.), the winged pigs of the dohwar. The dohwar have even organized an elite air cavalry called the Deathsquealers. This cavalry is organized into squads



of four Deathsquealer riders each. Besides the weega, riders carry light lances. Deathsquealers have the non-weapon proficiencies of land-based Riding, aerial Riding, Blindfighting, and Tumbling.

Only Protectors wear armor. They prefer bulky plate armor but carry no shields. The only drawback of the armor is its clumsiness; armored dohwar attack last in a combat round. Against all logic, even Deathsquealers wear this heavy, unwieldy armor. Fortunately, no similar suit exists for the space swine.

All dohwar have fangs, which they developed over the centuries to eat tough, exotic plants found on the many worlds of wildspace. These fangs, a last desperate defensive measure, do 1d2 damage.

The fangs are the only weapon that all non-Protector dohwar have. Non-Protector dohwar do not carry weapons nor wear armor.

Habitat/Society: Manager dohwar have either wizard or priest spells (50% chance each) and have reached 6th level. Managers cannot be specialist mages. Managers act as the spelljammers on merchant ships.

Executive Board members and Presidents have a similar spell arrangement. Use the dohwar's Hit Dice to determine its spellcasting level (e.g., a President casts spells as a 9th-level spellcaster). Spellcasters choose few combat spells and prefer defensive, divinatory, negotiation-enhancing, concealing, and especially healing spells. Dohwar hate pain.

There is one Merchant for every four dohwar encountered, one Manager for every 20, and one Executive Board member for every 40. For every five conventional dohwar encountered, there is one Protector. Rarely (5%) groups are composed entirely of Protectors. If more than eight Protectors are encountered, they are all Deathsquealers.

A "cartel" consists of 10d10+80 dohwar, plus 10d4 x10 children. A cartel is run by a President, who is the final arbiter of all matters.

Life-style: Though the dohwar can live anywhere, they prefer

arctic or sub-arctic climes near large bodies of water. They are monogamous and mate for life in a union called a "merger." The female lays 1d4 eggs ("new wares") annually. These mergers are telepathic; mates are in constant mental communication to an effective range of 10 miles. If one partner is slain, the other goes berserk, trying to kill everything in its path. The mental link takes one turn to forge and one round to break.

The dohwar's other mental power is *ESP* usable at will. A dohwar must rest one turn for every round that the power is used. Thus, if a dohwar activates its *ESP* for five turns of negotiations, it must spend five hours resting, using no mental ability. A dohwar can use mental powers for a maximum of two hours.

Dohwar eat fish, vegetables, and plankton. They are fond of strong drink, and alcohol does not intoxicate them. Sweets, on the other hand, are highly intoxicating; to a dohwar, one apple has the effect of strong beer, and a few tablespoons of honey or maple syrup get it blind drunk.

The dohwar worship powers associated with commerce, profit, and wealth. The power's race or alignment is unimportant. Dohwar variously venerate Abbathor, the dwarven god of greed; the Realms' Waukeen, goddess of commerce; Krynn's Shinare, goddess of commerce; and Zilchus, Greyhawk's god of business and money. Though they love money, the dohwar are generous with religious contributions. Some speculate that they see such tithes as "cosmic investments," with the powers in return giving the dohwar a divine advantage in bargaining sessions.

Personality: Though the dohwar are chaotic neutral, this best describes their behavior to other races. Among themselves, they are surprisingly well organized and helpful. They feel (incorrectly) that the multiverse is out to get them, that everyone wants to see them go broke. Thus, despite their lust for wealth, they stick together and try not to sell each other short—at least not often.

The dohwar know few social skills, nor have they any interest in learning. They are obnoxious, brash, persistent, money-grubbing merchants. Their standard way to do business is by pairing up against prospective customers and talking them into submission. Clients face a pair of fanged penguins who talk non-stop and finish each other's sentences. The merger recites a fast, lengthy list of goods for sale, interspersed with offers to purchase various objects on the client's person.

Dohwar wares are many and varied. Anything from the *Player's Handbook* may show up in a dohwar ship's hold, even things like wagons and small boats, as well as magical items, magical weapons, spell components, books, scrolls, and potions. Gnomish inventions also clutter many a dohwar ship. There is an 80% chance to find any specific non-magical product on a dohwar ship. For magical items, consult the Treasure Type stats.

Relations With Other Races

The rest of the multiverse consider the dohwar to be a major irritant and wish the dohwar would leave them alone. There is no malice in this, just a fervent desire to be far removed from this obnoxious race.

The Arcane refuse even to acknowledge the existence of the dohwar, let alone consider them serious competition. If illithids or beholders have any interest in dohwar, it is probably a clinical interest involving vivisection. The neogi welcome relations with the dohwar, since Great Old Masters need all the food they can get, and dohwar have such juicy, tender flesh. Pirates of Gith enjoy encountering the dohwar, since the ships are lightly armed and laden with loot.

Elves and reigar avoid the dohwar and find them intolerable. The reigar believe the birds "dress to make one ill," and consider their waddling "an insult to the idea of graceful movement."

The Aperusa and the Monitors are wary of the dohwar, the former because the dohwar can out-talk them, the latter for the chance to catch the dohwar at illegal business practices.

Tinker gnomes welcome the dohwar, who have many nice gadgets to sell that the gnomes love to take apart and put back together. The gnomes also like the dohwar's vast stock of spare parts and knick-knacks, all perfect for incorporating in gnomish inventions. The dohwar also buy gnomish inventions and try to sell them to others.

The Dohwar Uspo

Built by:	Dohwar	Armor Rating:	6
Used Primarily by:	Dohwar	Saves as:	Thick wood
Tonnage:	40 tons	Power Type:	Minor Helm
Hull Points:	40	Ship's Rating:	2
Crew:	20/60	Standard Armament:	None
Maneuver. Class:	E	Cargo:	20 tons
Landing—Land:	75% likely	Keel Length:	200'
Landing—Sea:	Yes	Beam Length:	90'

The Uspo is shaped like a huge penguin lying on its stomach. Its massive wings are movable, and they are deployed perpendicular to the body during planet landings. The wings are supposed to make the ship more maneuverable. This does not work.

Although the ship has no defenses, there is a 5% chance that the Uspo is carrying 4d12 Deathsquealers, who fly out of the Uspo's main hatch (its "beak") and engage any belligerents.

There is a 50% chance that the ship has 4d12 Giff mercenaries on board as security.

Ecology: The dohwar do not contribute to nor disrupt the ecological balance of wildspace.

There is a dohwar homeworld in the far reaches of wildspace, an arctic planet teeming with millions of dohwar, all wheeling and dealing. Thus far, no one has shown an interest in visiting or even learning its location.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Moons
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Variable
NO. APPEARING:	1 (1-3)
ARMOR CLASS:	4 (base)
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 18 (C)
HIT DICE:	9 (base)
THACO:	12 (base)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4/1d4/2d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Special
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	G (25' base)
MORALE:	Elite (15)

Moon dragons are evil dragons that exclusively inhabit caves on moons. Like most dragons, they prize wealth and power. The coloration of moon dragons changes every 30 days, starting out as brilliant white. Slowly, what appears to be a large black shadow forms on the dragon's left side, and gradually moves across the beast until it is all black. This process takes 15 days, whereupon a small sliver of white appears on the left side and moves across the dragon until, 15 days later, it is all white again. The dragon's strength and alignment vary with its coloration. Each "phase" lasts seven days. When the dragon is all black, it is at full strength and chaotic evil. When either black-white or white-black, its powers and combat modifiers are half the dragon's age category, its alignment neutral evil. When all white, it is lawful evil and its power is one quarter of its age category (e.g., an old dragon during the all-white phase fights as a very young dragon). Size and Intelligence do not change.

When the moon dragon is all white, lycanthropes immediately change into were-form and, unless they save vs. magic, obey the moon dragon's commands as though *charmed*.

Moon dragons speak the tongue common to all evil dragons, and 20% of all hatchlings can speak with any living being, this chance increasing 5% per age category.

Combat: The moon dragon dislikes lowering itself to mere combat. If provoked, it leads with its breath weapon and hopes this attack panics the enemy. If the dragon's opponents dare not flee, the dragon breathes again, sometimes casting a spell or two "for variety's sake." Moon dragons dislike using their claws and bite (each 1d4), considering such brawling beneath them.

Moon dragons breathe a cone of black frost 160' long, 40' wide at the base, and 10' wide at the dragon's mouth. Besides causing



2d10 damage, the black frost hardens rapidly. Those who fail to save vs. breath weapon are encased in a tomb of black ice, with only enough air for 1d4 + 1 rounds. After that time, the victim suffocates. Breaking the ice from the inside requires the victim to make a Strength ability check at -2 (allowed once per round).

Breaking the ice from outside requires 1d6 rounds of uninterrupted chipping. Magical fire melts the ice in 1d4 - 1 rounds. Excess magical fire damages the victim.

Moon dragons are immune to cold. They have superior vision and are not affected by either *light* or *darkness* spells. As they age, moon dragons gain the following spell abilities, each usable three times a day: young—*light*; juvenile—*darkness*, 15' radius; adult—*continual light*; old—*Melf's minute meteors*; very old—*repulsion*; venerable—*reverse gravity*.

Habitat/Society: Moon dragons have a strong feeling of superiority. Arrogant and elitist, moon dragons are obsessed with the moon motif and the dichotomy of light and darkness. Their treasure consists mainly of white or black pearls and diamonds, moonstones, and any coin called a "moon" by its society.

Ecology: The average moon dragon brood holds 1d4 eggs.

Moon dragons eat almost anything, and they keep a well-stocked larder of frozen victims. Only rarely do they range about their moon for food. Moon dragons are the mortal enemies of sun dragons and attack them on sight.

Age	Body Lgt(')	Tail Lgt(')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard Spells	MR	Treas. Type	XP
1	1-12	2-12	7	2d6 + 1	Nil	Nil	Nil	1,400
2	13-24	13-20	6	3d6 + 2	Nil	Nil	Nil	2,000
3	25-36	21-28	5	4d6 + 3	Nil	Nil	Nil	4,000
4	37-48	29-36	4	5d6 + 4	1	Nil	F	6,000
5	49-60	37-44	3	6d6 + 5	2	Nil	F	8,000
6	61-72	45-52	2	7d6 + 6	3	15%	F	11,000
7	73-84	53-60	1	8d6 + 7	3/1	20%	F	14,000
8	85-96	61-68	0	9d6 + 8	3/2	25%	DF	16,000
9	97-108	69-76	-1	10d6 + 9	3/2/1	30%	DF	18,000
10	109-120	77-84	-2	11d6 + 10	3/3/2	35%	ADF	20,000
11	121-132	85-92	-3	12d6 + 11	3/3/2/1	40%	ADF	22,000
12	133-144	93-100	-4	13d6 + 12	4/3/2/1	50%	ADFZ	25,000

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Stars
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Any good
NO. APPEARING:	1 (2-5)
ARMOR CLASS:	1 (base)
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 36 (C)
HIT DICE:	10 (base)
THACO:	11 (base)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10/1d10/3d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Special
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	G
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	Variable

The benevolent sun dragons live and cavort on the surface of suns. Though majestic and intelligent, they love life and freedom, showing this love in a playful attitude.

The sun dragon's coloration changes as it ages, matching stellar evolution. At hatching, they are fiery red; as juveniles, burnt orange; as mature adults, brilliant yellow; when venerable, bluish white. Finally, when a sun dragon becomes a Great Wyrms, it shrinks back to almost hatchling size and turns a flat white color. Some people confuse these sun dragons for very young moon dragons, at much risk to their health.

Sun dragons speak their own language, as well as the language of all good dragons and Common. Though a happy race, they hate moon dragons, their mortal enemies.

Combat: Sun dragons have little interest in combat. Since they lair on the hot surfaces of suns, few opponents get close enough to invade their homes. When necessary, the sun dragon uses its breath weapon to soften up opponents (3d8 damage), then pauses so that enemies can reconsider and retreat. If the enemy does not, the dragon breathes again and charges, teeth and claws flashing (1d10 each).

Sometimes it acts like a big cat, picking up its enemies, batting them around, and swatting them into the air. In this case, the victims avoid claw damage but take 1d10 damage from the buffeting. Victims lose initiative and must make an ability check against half their Dexterity to take action in the following round.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: Sun dragons "spit" fireballs with a range of 240' and an explosion radius of 5' per age category of the sun dragon. The dragon can also coat the fiery wad with its



special saliva, delaying the blast for up to ten rounds. The dragon can control the detonation time exactly.

Certain innate spell abilities manifest themselves at different ages. A dragon can use each spell ability three times a day. Juvenile dragons gain *heat metal*; adults, *fire shield*; and very old dragons, *prismatic spray*. Whenever a sun dragon takes flight, its entire body is suffused by *continual light*. Sun dragons are immune to all forms of fire; they save at -2 vs. cold-based attacks. Finally, a sun dragon can innately sense the presence of a moon dragon in its crystal sphere.

Habitat/Society: Sun dragons scoop out the fiery matter on a sun's surface and hollow out good-sized caverns for their needs. When a sun dragon lays its clutch of 1d4 + 1 fire-resistant eggs, it causes a solar flare to erupt on the sun's surface.

When a sun dragon dies of old age, the body collapses in on itself, creating a *sphere of annihilation* (95% probability) or a *well of many worlds* (5%). These creations are unstable, with a 1% per day (cumulative) chance to dissipate unless a *permanency* spell is cast upon them.

Sun dragon treasure is coated with the beast's saliva to keep it from melting into nothingness. When the items are removed from the heat of the sun, the saliva freezes into a kind of sleet that can be easily removed.

Ecology: Sun dragons eat anything, but they are careful not to eat intelligent creatures, for they respect life.

Age	Body Lgt(')	Tail Lgt(')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard Spells	MR	Treas. Type	XP
1	10-19	5-10	4	2d8 + 1	Nil	Nil	Nil	1,400
2	20-29	11-16	3	3d8 + 2	Nil	Nil	Nil	2,000
3	30-39	17-22	2	4d8 + 3	Nil	Nil	Nil	3,000
4	40-49	23-28	1	5d8 + 4	1	25%	Nil	6,000
5	50-59	29-34	0	6d8 + 5	2	30%	Nil	8,000
6	60-69	35-40	-1	7d8 + 6	2/1	35%	Nil	9,000
7	70-79	41-46	-2	8d8 + 7	2/2	40%	Nil	10,000
8	80-89	47-52	-3	9d8 + 8	3/2/1	45%	Nil	11,000
9	90-99	53-58	-4	10d8 + 9	3/3/1	50%	H	12,000
10	100-109	59-64	-5	11d8 + 10	3/3/2	55%	H	13,000
11	110-119	65-70	-6	12d8 + 11	3/3/2/1	60%	H, Z	14,000
12	20-29	11-16	-7	13d8 + 12	4/3/2/1	65%	B, H, Z	15,000

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace/phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary/tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Godlike (21 +)
TREASURE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 48 (A)
HIT DICE:	50
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Variable
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Special
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	G (1,200' base)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	54,000



Age	Body Lgt(')	Tail Lgt(')	AC	Wizard Spells	MR	Treas. Type
1	10-100	20-100	2	Nil	Nil	Any
2	101-200	101-200	1	1	10%	Any
3	201-600	201-600	0	2	20%	Any
4	601-1,200	601-1,400	-1	2/1	30%	Any
5	1,201-2,000	1,401-2,200	-2	3/2	35%	Any
6	2,001-3,000	2,201-3,200	-3	4/2/1	40%	Any
7	3,001-4,000	3,201-4,300	-4	4/2/2	45%	Any
8	4,001-5,000	4,301-5,300	-5	4/3/2/1	50%	Any
9	5,001-6,000	5,301-6,300	-6	4/3/3/1	55%	Any
10	6,001-8,000	6,301-8,400	-7	4/3/3/2	60%	Any
11	8,001-10,000	8,401-11,000	-8	4/3/3/3	65%	Any
12	10,000-1 million	11,001-2 million	-9	4/4/3/3/1	70%	Any

Big, peaceful and highly intelligent, these enormous philosophers of the phlogiston wander the flow seeking discourse with the keepers of the crystal spheres.

The scales of stellar dragons are iridescent deep purple, with a chrome drop at the tip of each scale. Gems of myriad colors and sizes adorn the scales in random patterns, giving the stellar dragon its name. Two main fins, like the fins of a lionfish, adorn either side of the central torso, and four enormous lace-like wings provide guidance and stability. Numerous other fins of various sizes cover the rest of the dragon's body. They have no visible arms or legs.

Stellar dragons, unlike their smaller kin, the radiants, are neutral. They consider stooping to meddle in the affairs of smaller beings to be loutish and in bad taste. When they encounter humanoids, stellar dragons prefer to watch rather than involve themselves. Only rarely do they speak with lesser beings.

However, if one has information previously unknown to the dragon, this may gain its interest and even useful knowledge in trade. Information is the stellar dragon's food and drink if anything is, and it is willing to trade in kind. (One rumor has it that the Greyhawk wizard Bigby learned his *interposing hand* and

grasping hand spells from a stellar dragon in exchange for a juicy tidbit of information.)

Stellar dragons literally consume their knowledge, transforming it into clear or milky gems of varying size. These *gems of wisdom* and *pearls of knowledge* push their way outward to rest embedded in the dragon's scales. The number of gems and pearls studding its scales mark its status among other dragons. The encrustation also roughly indicates its age; younger dragons have few gems, whereas venerable stellars are literally covered in jewels. The chief, or mikado, is another case entirely (see below).

Combat: Though not normally aggressive, the stellar dragon can easily defend itself. Its unique "breath weapon" is gravitic: rather than emitting breath, it *draws things into* the dragon's internally generated *sphere of annihilation*. The mouth, a focus for the *sphere*, confines its gravitic attraction to a cone 1200 yards long, 50' wide at the dragon's mouth and 600' wide at the base. A successful save vs. breath weapon negates the effect.

The stellar dragon has three other innate attacks. First, it can randomly teleport an attacker 500-6000 yards (1d12 hexes) in any direction.

Dragon, Stellar

Second, its titanic intellect lets it use any wizard's spell in the *Player's Handbook* without error. It can also modify or create spells to suit its needs; for example, it could merge *darkness*, 50' radius and *fireball* to create a *shadow flare* spell. It can repeat spells as often as needed.

Third, it can summon one denizen of another plane once per round for up to seven rounds (DM's choice of any monster up to half the dragon's own HD in strength). Summoned individuals serve the dragon slavishly, remaining for 2d6 rounds before they "snap" back to their home continuum.

Habitat/Society: The stellar dragons' range covers the entire cosmos, so their exact numbers are unknown; parties encounter them only rarely. However, once every 500 years, the stellar dragons convene for their mating ceremony. In this ceremony, the most worthy stellar dragons are selected by their tribal head, called the mikado. There is only one mikado at any time. The mikado is distinguished by the single crystal horn on his forehead.

Those dragons that the mikado selects as mates each produce a single offspring. This dragon, born fully sentient, leaves to make its own way among the stars.

Stellar dragon territories are vast, extending into other planes and dimensions. Individuals negotiate boundaries to prevent intrusion on each other's space. However, they haggle endlessly to obtain dynamic civilizations to monitor.

The dragons deal with attackers handily. However, if a party approaches the dragon with respect and choice information, chances are even that the dragon deigns to talk. Chances are equally good that the dragon is thinking (that is, digesting) and dismisses the interlopers.

The stellar dragon's ultimate goal is truth. It abhors dishonesty and misinformation. Though its information may be cryptic, it is never false. A lesser being's misinterpretation is that being's own fault. Misinformation causes a stellar dragon severe, painful indigestion. And as with its smaller kin, a dragon in pain is dangerous.

Ecology: The stellar dragon understands the underpinnings of the multiverse. These primeval watchers have seen the rise and fall of many civilizations. Such is the power of this knowledge that according to some texts, the power of artifacts and relics comes from the gems that encrust them. The crystallized everlasting knowledge of thousands of beings, say these legends, provides the power that runs these wonderful objects. How these gems were wrested from the stellar dragons remains unsaid.

Gems of wisdom and *pearls of knowledge* are valuable almost beyond calculation. The information they contain can be liberated and used to gain enormous profit. Sages and wizards do nearly anything to gain one.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace/Astral plane
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 24 (B), SR 5
HIT DICE:	8
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90%
SIZE:	M (7' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	10,000

The realm of dreams is a dark, mysterious place in the mind of every dreamer. Something in the nature of wildspace lets certain beings use dreams as a portal, allowing them the chance to depart the immaterial world and walk in the real world. The dreamslayer looks for sleeping spelljammers and attacks them through their dreams.

When seen in a dream, the dreamslayer's most common form is a black-shrouded humanoid figure. Its covered face is the face of the dreamer, though its eyes are glowing white sockets, and the facial features are twisted into a look of pure evil.

A dreamslayer can also appear as the living thing the dreamer fears most, or in its true form: a 7'-tall bipedal lizard torso, glistening black, with a 3'-long tail, talons, and a pair of draconian wings. The face is a glowing, featureless white oval.

Combat: When the dreamslayer encounters a sleeping victim in wildspace, the beast attempts to enter the victim's dreams. The circumstances of a character's dreams are up to the DM.

The dreamslayer always seeks a dream featuring other people, such as family or friends that the dreamer misses. A typical dream features 1d6 of these "dreamfolk." The dreamer sees the dreamslayer enter the dream. To weaken the dreamer's will, the dreamslayer takes control of the dream and "slays" the dreamfolk in gruesome ways. With each slaying, the dreamer (who can only watch, not act) saves vs. spell; a roll of 20 means the dreamer awakens, driving the dreamslayer back into the Astral Plane. A normal save means that the dreamer neither weakens nor awakens. Failure to save drains 2 points of Intelligence from the dreamer.

After all the dreamfolk are "killed," the dream scenery vanishes, replaced by a barren gray plain. The dreamslayer advances to kill the dreamer. If the dreamer saved successfully, he can conjure one weapon or possession for every 3 points of Intelligence remaining; if the dreamer is a spellcaster, he selects one spell per 2 points of Intelligence left. If the dreamer failed to save, he has nothing but a nightshirt. In either case, use the dreamer's normal statistics for combat. Spells and items must be chosen before the battle is joined.

The dreamslayer attacks once per round, making a normal attack roll. If the dreamslayer hits, the victim loses 2 points of Intelligence. When the victim reaches zero, see below.

Each round that the dreamslayer hits, the victim must save vs. spell, with a cumulative -1 die roll penalty for each hit the



dreamslayer has already made (including those on the dreamfolk). A victim who saves can try to awaken instead of attacking, using the saving throw and Intelligence check procedure described above. A victim who wakes up recovers the lost Intelligence at a rate of 1 point per 10 minutes of rest.

A dreamslayer can only be attacked inside a dream, and then only by the dreamer. It cannot attack physically.

Habitat/Society: Dreamslayers have no society or organization. Dreamslayers are not found on planets nor in the phlogiston. They wander the Astral Plane, looking only for dreamers to inhabit.

If a dreamslayer reduces its victim to zero Intelligence, it takes over the body for one day per point of the victim's original Intelligence. During this time, the dreamslayer does everything denied to insubstantial forms. It eats and drink to excess and tries to experience anger, love, thrills, fear, and joy. *Detect evil* cast on the host shows strong evil. *ESP* reveals an alien mind. *Know alignment* shows a chaotic evil entity.

When its time is up, the dreamslayer is hurled back to the Astral Plane, and the body collapses, dead. But if *exorcise* or *dispel evil* is cast on the victim before that time, the dreamslayer leaves the body, screaming. The victim falls into a deep sleep lasting 1d6 hours and awakens with no memory of the ordeal.

Though they roam the Astral Plane, dreamslayers cannot be seen, heard, or felt. Dreamslayers only see sleeping beings; waking life is invisible to them.

Ecology: Dreamslayers contribute nothing to the ecosystem. They are the vultures of dreams, parasites of the night. Their method of reproduction, if any, is unknown.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Magic
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-4
MOVEMENT:	6 + special
HIT DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d12/1d12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Special
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+2 or better weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L (8' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic (17)
XP VALUE:	9,000

Matter and energy are seldom annihilated. The magical energy used to propel spelljamming ships produces its own "exhaust" trail, invisible to the eye but detectable by *detect magic*. This energy sometimes forms into a sentient monster called a dweomerborn. These bizarre creatures wander the spacelanes of wildspace feeding on magical energy. They look especially for spelljamming ships.

Dweomerborn appear as warped, distorted humanoid phantoms, 8' tall, with long, delicate fingers. Each finger is tipped with a long talon-like fingernail. They cannot speak.

Combat: When a dweomerborn finds a spelljammer, it tries to "hitch a ride" by diving to the ship's stern and riding its exhaust trail. The dweomerborn can work its way up this exhaust, like a rope, to the stern of the ship. To do so, it must make a Dexterity check. Most dweomerborn have a Dexterity of 12 + 1d6.

Consider a ship's stream to be 60 + 6d20 feet in length. The dweomerborn clings to the end of the stream and begins working its way up. To an observer at the ship's stern, it appears that a small patch of fog is following the ship, closing with it at 60' per round. Once within arm's length of the ship, its claws grip the hull, and it climbs aboard.

The dweomerborn also uses its claws to defend itself if pressed, doing 1d12 damage per hand. When the dweomerborn uses its claws for combat, it lets go of the ship's deck.

All dweomerborn have the following innate spell-like abilities, each usable seven times a day: *detect magic*, *identify*, *invisibility*, *know school*, and *gaseous form*, all cast at 10th level.

The dweomerborn drains spellcaster, magical item, and other sources of magic (except artifacts, relics, and helms). Magical items must save vs. electricity. Failure means the item loses its magic permanently. A dweomerborn's successful wrestling attack on a spellcaster inflicts normal wrestling damage, and the victim also loses one spell! (Choose the spell randomly, levels notwithstanding.)

Once a dweomerborn gets 20 spell levels of energy, it jumps off the ship, sated for the next 24 hours. Magical items supply spell levels equal to the item's XP value divided by 100 (minimum 1).

If a dweomerborn touches a *rod of cancellation* or *wand of negation*, the monster must save vs. death at -2 or die. A successful save means it takes 2d10 damage.

Only magical weapons of +2 or greater enchantment can harm



the monster. If a weapon scores a hit, the weapon must save vs. electricity or become non-magical.

Due to its magical makeup, a dweomerborn is unaffected by most spells. In fact, it devours magic aimed at it, except illusion spells. The dweomerborn are affected normally by all illusions, including phantasms. Sages speculate that this happens because illusions are insubstantial and leave nothing behind. (Even a *divination* spell leaves something behind—the knowledge it imparts.)

Habitat/Society: Dweomerborn care nothing for treasure. They simply wander wildspace, singlemindedly seeking new sources of magic. Their bodies are living sponges, absorbing magical energy without conscious effort. They have no society or organization; each dweomerborn looks out for itself. They have no lairs, for they require no sleep.

Ecology: Dweomerborn have no function. If they do not eat the magical exhaust of spelljamming vessels, the trails simply dissipate in about a week's time with no effects. They cannot reproduce.

All spelljamming ships except those powered by orbi, forges, furnaces, and non-magical engines can supply the energy to bring a dweomerborn into existence. The chance of giving "birth" to a dweomerborn is 1% for every two levels of the spelljammer; roll the chance once per month of game time. The spellcaster is not solely responsible for the dweomerborn's creation; rather, the ship's magical exhaust provides the last bit necessary for a birth.

Some speculate that since most spellcasters are humanoid and since most spells are stored in human brains, there is a sort of "racial memory" that causes the dweomerborn to take humanoid form.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Supra-genius (19)
TREASURE:	F,T
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	1
MOVEMENT:	9, Fl 3 (E), Br 6
HIT DICE:	15
THACO:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	G (50 + ' long)
MORALE:	Elite (15)
XP VALUE:	6,000

The Falmadaraatha (or "Fal" for short) are huge, slug-like creatures that dwell inside hollow, lifeless asteroids. They are among several races that share the title "scholars of wildspace."

The Fal have large, soft, pulpy bodies that change from light tan at birth to jet black at the end of life. At the fore end of their bodies, they have a pair of small sensory antennae, bulbous eyes, a massive mouth filled with sharp teeth ideal for burrowing, and a smaller mouth above it, used for speech.

These gentle, brilliant, inoffensive giants burrow through small planets that contain no sentient life and make their lairs inside. They speak their own tongue, as well as Common and most human, demi-human and humanoid languages.

Combat: Although the Fal find combat offensive, considering it the final refuge of the incompetent, they are perfectly capable of defending themselves with a ferocious bite that inflicts 4d8 damage.

On an unmodified to-hit roll of 20, the Fal catches its opponent in its mouth. The Fal does not swallow, until it tries to persuade the foe to surrender in a peaceful manner. Should the foe agree to surrender, then renege on its word, the Fal attacks with no quarter. To the Fal, a promise is sacred.

All Fal are telekinetic. A Fal can lift 1,000 pounds in this way and, if it acts first, tries to neutralize an opponent by simply lifting and holding it about 30' off the floor until the opponent stops fighting. A successful hit on the Fal breaks its concentration, and the victim falls hard.

Habitat/Society: The Fal are solitary, though there is a 5% chance of encountering 1d3 of these massive beings inside one asteroid, chatting away about philosophy, metaphysics, or the state of the multiverse. As a rule, the Fal are peaceful, honest, hospitable geniuses.

Despite this solitude, the Fal enjoy polite company, provided it does not visit often. (To a Fal, more than once a year is "often.") Any alignment may visit, though the Fal are wary around chaotic evil and lawful good beings. The Fal consider these two alignments too extreme in their philosophies.

The Fal have a well-deserved reputation as some of the best sages in the multiverse. They answer questions in exchange for gifts worth more than 100 gp, anything from a bottle of fine wine to a book or a painting. Unlike normal sages, however, the Fal do



not limit themselves to one or two subjects. This, they say, denies the opportunity to learn all the multiverse has to offer. Hence, any question asked of a Fal may be answered immediately (30% chance), within 1d10 days (30% chance), in 1d10 months (30%), or 1d10 years (10%)—but, if answerable, it *will* be answered.

The Fal lair (called a *tcha*) is surprisingly comfortable. Most Fal decorate the *tcha* with accurate maps of planets and regions of space, massive bookshelves, and little trinkets that grateful visitors exchange for the answer to a question. Two types of plants usually grow inside a *tcha*: a phosphorescent fungus for illumination, and hardy greens that make up the Fal's diet. Many Fal also enjoy fine wine and keep a well-stocked "cellar." Predominant in the *tcha* are books—lots of books, old and new, in different languages.

The Fal live at least 2000 years. To them, a year is like a day, so they take things slowly. Many people mistakenly think the Fal stupid, since the slugs talk so slowly. They believe hasty words bring bad results.

The Fal often associate with the Gonn (q.v.) for discourse and the Arcane for research material and books. The Fal are suspicious of Aperusa (q.v.), but they delight in tinker gnomes.

The Fal venerate three gods above all others: Deneir, Thoth, and Oghma.

Ecology: There is no romance in the Fal society. The Fal are hermaphroditic, each Fal responsible for creating a "pupil" at some point, tutoring it, and sending it on its way. No one has ever seen a Fal pupil, however. It is possible that the Fal do not take questions when they are training a pupil.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Swarm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	6-48
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 12 (C)
HIT DICE:	2 +2
THACO:	18
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1 hp
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Air deprivation
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (2' long)
MORALE:	Unreliable (3) + special
XP VALUE:	270

Feesu are large, space-going moths that travel in swarms that are a great nuisance to space travellers. Many spelljamming sailors consider them bad luck, with good reason.

A flock of feesu appear as a mass of giant moths bathed in a sphere of soft phosphorescent green light. Individual feesu look like groundling moths. Like all moths, feesu are attracted to light.

Combat: Feesu are not known for combat, though as explained below, combat seems to follow them! However, if provoked by repeated attacks against the swarm, a moth attacks with tiny jaws that cause 1 hp damage. Since the feesu's bodily fluids are phosphorescent, the wound glows eerie green for 2d12 hours.

Feesu save at -2 vs. fire attacks. Due to their soft bodies, blunt weapons are ineffective against them, but edged weapons do +1 hp damage.

The feesu's most insidious attack is unconscious. Since they require air to survive, their wings trap and store air. Thus, when feesu leave a spelljamming ship, they inadvertently pull away one day's worth of air per feesu that escapes.

Habitat/Society: The feesu travel in tight swarms that hold a thick globe of air, enough to allow survival for 1d10 weeks. They refresh this air by swooping down on spelljamming ships and flying off.

The feesu instinctively seek sources of bright light, perhaps to recharge the phosphorescent glow in their bodily fluids. Hence they fly headlong toward any major light source, including blazing suns. After one turn within 5' of a bright light source such as any form of light spell, lantern, or light-producing magical item, the feesu is "recharged" for 24 hours.

During this recharging period, the feesu swarm, the air around them in a 10' radius glowing with the intensity of bright sunlight. If a character tries to drive off the swarm by waving a weapon or shouting, the swarm makes a single morale check. Failure makes the swarm take wing, but they hover within 120' of the light with the patience of the single-minded, lingering for days until recharging.



The problem with the feesu swarm is that its glowing cloud near the ship creates a signal beacon for monsters and raiders. The likelihood of an encounter in this situation increases to 10%. For this reason, Pirates of Gith (see the first SPELLJAMMER™ Monstrous Compendium) and other raiders find the feesu useful, since their tell-tale recharging glow often means a ship is nearby. This may contribute to the superstition that feesu bring bad luck. Curiously, the Aperusa (q.v.) consider the feesu good luck.

After 24 hours, the feesu's glow slowly fades to a dim flicker inside its translucent, sickly-green body. Feesu do not suffer if they cannot get recharged. But in this condition, the swarm insists on getting light, and their morale increases to Fanatic (18).

Feesu cannot be trained, though communication is possible via magical spells. From there, the caster's negotiating skills determine whether the feesu cooperate.

Ecology: Feesu lair in the shattered hulks of space wrecks. The gravity of planets makes them uncomfortable, for it inhibits their flight. Feesu do not collect treasure.

Feesu lay 10d10 eggs every three months. Though most of these egg-laying activities occur in the safety of their lairs, feesu are not particular, occasionally laying eggs in out-of-the-way corners of spelljamming ships.

The feesu's bodily fluids are sometimes used to create a phosphorescent pigment. When exposed to a strong light source, the paint glows with the strength of a normal light spell for one hour. Spelljammers find this useful for travel in the phlogiston. Tinker gnomes, never known for doing things the easy way, trap feesu in elaborate cages and use the moths themselves for light while in the phlogiston.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Special (magic items only)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-20
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	Fl 24 (SR 10)
HIT DICE:	5
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8/1d8/2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Flame lance (1d4 hull points)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Flame sheath (12d6, 10' radius)
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (20' wingspan)
MORALE:	Elite (15)
XP VALUE:	2000

Firebirds match the description of giant eagles—10-20' wingspan, large claws, sharp hooked beak—but they are not as intelligent, and a beautiful orange-yellow flame envelops them. Their eyes glow a painfully bright blue-white.

Combat: Like its terrestrial cousins the giant eagles, the firebird uses its claws and beak as primary weapons. In a diving attack, its normal 1d8/1d8 damage is doubled, and it adds +6 to its attack roll. A successful hit also inflicts 12d6 burning damage. These giant birds swoop down on unfortunate ships, snatching sailors off decks and igniting the ships' sails. They are particularly fond of gnomish vessels; they use a blowtorch-like tongue of fire to cut their way into the hulls in search of both giant space hamsters and their gnomish handlers.

The envelope of fire that gives the firebird its name creates a zone of blast-furnace heat in a 10' radius, making melee combat impossible without magical protection. This flame sheath also renders firebirds impervious to normal missiles, since their intense heat instantly vaporizes the objects. Large missile weapons do only half damage to the firebird. Only magical weapons of +1 or better can damage a firebird. These weapons must make a saving throw vs. magical fire or be destroyed. The firebird's fire, generated internally, serves as propulsion (SR 10).

In addition to its flame abilities, the firebird also possesses keen eyesight. Adventurers have only a 5% chance of surprising a firebird. Even in its lair this is true, since mated pairs of firebirds roost in shifts, one keeping watch while the other sleeps.

Habitat/Society: Firebirds prefer to nest in asteroids, but are equally at home in the hulks of gnomish spaceships. Using their flame tongue ability, they hollow out the stone or metal, blowing the molten liquid with rapid beats of their wings into fantastic



free-form nests. The nests are then lined with the shed feathers of the parents. These feathers glow like burning embers, providing heat for the firebird eggs and hatchlings. In each nest there is a 50% chance that 1-4 eggs are present, and a 25% chance of 1-4 young.

Like eagles, they continually add to their nests until they die. Occasionally, firebirds link their nests into rookeries for mutual defense and care, generally in the vicinity of liveworlds or asteroid reefs where potential prey is plentiful. Any treasure in a firebird nest is magical, since only magical items or devices can stand the birds' extreme heat. There is a 10% chance that 1d4 random magic items have melted into the nest's structure. Due to the magical nature of the firebird's flame, the magic in the items transfers to the structure of the nest. For instance, a *ring of protection* melted into the nest makes it more resistant to damage.

Ecology: Firebirds fill an ecological niche similar to that of a hawk or eagle, feeding on small pests. Unfortunately for star travelers, the firebird considers the crews of spelljammers "small pests." The advent of spelljamming humans and demihumans has provided firebirds with tender pre-packaged meals that are fairly easy to catch.

One other firebird attribute attracts adventurers: Their feathers are ingredients of *elixirs of life*. Shed feathers can fetch up to 1,000 gp apiece. An adult firebird has 1d3x10 usable feathers.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17+)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Any evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	Fl 36 (D), SR 4
HIT DICE:	16+
THAC0:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	16d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Fear
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
SIZE:	L (18' long)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	10,000

Firelichs are high-level evil mages whose bodies were prepared for lichdom upon their death. Such mages, either through ignorance (such as in casting fire spells) or spell failure, exploded in the phlogiston. The lich-preparation spells in their bodies turned them into living fireballs of undeath, racing through wildspace, screaming in eternal pain and looking for something to collide with, as a way to extinguish the flames.

A firelich resembles a comet of yellow, orange, and red flames. The "head" of the comet has a skull-like face with a mouth that appears locked in a perpetual scream. The "head" measures 6' in diameter, with a fiery tail 18' long trailing behind it. It has no limbs.

Combat: Unlike its groundling brethren, a firelich goes out of its way to find confrontation. Its blazing eyes always seek spelljamming ships, in the same way that a person on fire would look for water or a blanket.

The first sign that a firelich is in the area is its luminous, fiery appearance, followed by an ear-splitting shriek of pain. Viewers must save vs. spell at -2 (wisdom bonuses allowed). Those who fail are frightened as though by *fear*. Those who succeed still take -2 to their attacks for the rest of the encounter.

The firelich attacks by plunging headlong into the ship in a screaming dive. It makes an attack roll to hit. Treat the initial impact as a greek fire attack (*Concordance of Arcane Space*, p. 57).

After the initial damage, the ship's deck must make an item saving throw vs. magical fire. If the deck succeeds, see below. If the deck fails, the firelich has crashed below deck, creating a hole 2d6+6 feet in diameter. The firelich flies downward, striking the ship's inner hull. If this hull fails another saving throw vs. spells, the firelich has made another hole and flown clear through the ship, its fire still burning strongly. In frustration, the firelich shrieks and flies off.

Any time a natural 1 is rolled on the ship's saving throw, a *wall of fire* (as the 4th-level wizard spell, cast at 16th level) has sprung up on the affected deck, surrounding the hole made by the firelich. The ship also suffers a Critical Hit (*Concordance of Arcane Space*, p.59).



If a deck's save succeeds, the firelich fails to penetrate and explodes as a *fireball* cast at 16th level. On the round after the explosion, the firelich's life-force recreates its comet-like body outside the ship, and the entity flees frantically through space, screaming in renewed frustration.

Since a firelich is undead, it can be turned. It is considered a Special undead.

Although it is a lich, the firelich cannot cast spells known in its previous existence. It has no limbs for the somatic components of a spell, and it cannot mouth words for the verbal portion.

Habitat/Society: It is unknown how the wizard gets from the phlogiston to wildspace. Since the only wizards that can become fireliches are the ones that had made previous preparations for lichdom, some guess that the arcane lich ceremonies tear a temporary hole into wildspace. The energy to create this tear may come from the explosion that created the firelich. If this is true, the hole certainly closes immediately after the firelich enters wildspace.

Fireliches are solitary, shunning even those who share their suffering. Due to their pain and probable madness, fireliches are not communicative, though some observers have managed to coax a few fireliches to reveal their identities.

Ecology: Fireliches are an aberration in any healthy ecosystem. If it perishes, only wisps of smoke remain. Its spelljamming ability is innate and cannot be harnessed.

A story has circulated through wildspace about a group of pirates that captured a firelich and tried to connect it to their spelljammer helm. The firelich overloaded and exploded. As the ship burned, the bits of firelich reincorporated and flew off, screaming.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-8
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	9, Fl 18 (D)
HIT DICE:	7+7
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d12/1d12/1d12/1d12/2d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 or better weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	Varies
MORALE:	Very steady (14)
XP VALUE:	5,000

Sometimes travellers between crystal spheres fall (or are thrown) into the phlogiston flow. Most simply calcify. Some evil folk are spared this fate; a shadowy presence of great power and evil "rescues" the castaways by transforming them into smaller versions of itself. Thus the flowfiends are born.

Flowfiends vary in height, depending on the race of the original victim; as a rule, a victim grows between a quarter and a third of its original height. Flowfiends have four muscular arms, each with a powerful hand with overgrown fingernails. The flowfiend's mouth is filled with razor-sharp teeth. The creature walks upright, its body bulging with exaggerated, twisted muscles rippling under sickly yellow skin. Sometimes, the victim's previous features are still recognizable. It has its own language, a form of Common as ugly and transformed as it is.

The flowfiend "swims" through the flow in search of food or other victims to convert. The beasts know the flow offers many spelljamming vessels travelling between the crystal spheres.

Combat: Flowfiends relish combat and waylay as many ships as possible. Their bite does 2d10 damage, but the fiends rely on their four sets of claws, each set doing 1d12 damage.

One of the flowfiend's favorite tactics is to use two arms to pin a victim, then use its other two arms and its bite to reduce the victim to a bloody pulp. If the flowfiend gets two arm hits on one victim, the victim is pinned. A pinned character is hit automatically by the flowfiend's jaws and other arms. A pinned foe may attempt to break the beast's hold once per round, using the punching and wrestling rules in the *Player's Handbook*. The flowfiend has Strength 18/50.

Note that the pin and claw/bite attacks are for victims who are ineligible for "conversion" into more flowfiends. To gain new recruits for transformation, all flowfiends can cast *detect evil*, *detect good*, *detect magic*, and *know alignment* at 7th level, though only one at a time. Only evil or chaotic neutral characters are eligible. Flowfiends attempt to pin evil victims harmlessly and carry them away. If a victim fights, the flowfiend strikes it, doing non-lethal damage.

Flowfiends sometimes use their powerful claws and jaws to grab a spelljammer hull and climb on deck. If more than three flowfiends are encountered, they attack at different parts of the ship to surround their victims. Sometimes they just toss sailors overboard to other flowfiends waiting in the flow.



Flowfiends are immune to the calcifying processes of the flow and to all *hold*, *flesh to stone*, *paralyzation*, or *petrification* spells. They regenerate 2 hp each round, starting three rounds after they first take damage. A dead flowfiend's body must be burned to ashes, or it regenerates.

Habitat/Society: The flowfiends have forgotten everything about their former lives and now exist as a hunting pack eager to please their master. All flowfiends obey the mysterious entity they call "Great Father." Scholars speculate that this is a double-strength flowfiend, probably a native of the Outer Planes. The flowfiends' greatest goal in life is to please the Great Father by bringing victims for conversion and capturing meat.

Flowfiends take candidates for conversion to a remote spot in the flow resembling a rocky island. This is a platform built of thousands of calcified victims of the flow. The victims even make up decorative columns, a dais, and a 6' x 6' altar.

When victims are placed on the altar, all flowfiends in attendance begin a shrill whistling. In 1d10 hours, the Great Father appears and transforms the victim, which takes 1d4 turns. The victim makes a system shock roll; success means the birth of a new flowfiend. Failure means the victim dies. The Great Father returns to his secret lair, and the ceremony ends.

Chaotic neutral victims turn chaotic evil. All memories of the victims' past lives give way to a new purpose: Kill and capture for the glory of the Great Father!

Ecology: Flowfiends have no gender. They add to their numbers only by getting more victims from spelljamming ships. Flowfiends require no sleep, just food.

No one knows why the Great Father is creating flowfiends. Some speculate that the monster plans to conquer wildspace.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace, shipboard
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	None
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Photosynthetic
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	36
HIT DICE:	2
THACO:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	N/A
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	N/A
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	N/A
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	N/A
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (4'-6' wide)
MORALE:	N/A
XP VALUE:	Nil

Spacefaring elves use this small winged plant as personal conveyance for short-distance travel outside a spelljammer's air envelope, such as boarding actions between ships, or as emergency life-support.

The gadabout reflexively wraps its branches around the wearer, spreads its butterfly-like "wings" and allows its wearer to fly through space in a continually refreshed air bubble. This bubble is generated when the plant takes in carbon dioxide and gives off oxygen. The photosynthetic properties of the colorful wing-leaves even provide a nourishing syrup, which the user can drink from a flexible stalk near his or her head.

This closed environment persists as long as the wings remain intact and there is sufficient sunlight. In the phlogiston, a *continual light* spell can substitute for sunlight.

Habitat/Society: As these plants remain under the elves' control, information about their growth and development is sketchy at best. The elves have only recently sanctioned gadabouts for sale to non-elfen races.

Gadabouts do not generate seeds. Therefore, each gadabout is a rare commodity. Since the plants are expensive (2500 gp each), owners jealously guard them; no one has yet dissected one.



Ecology: Easily cared for, the gadabout requires only sunlight and occasional waters. Adventurers of any class can use the gadabout, controlling it by thought as a wizard or priest controls a helm. Scholars do not know how the elves achieved this crucial modification.

Though gadabouts are hardy, they do not tolerate abuse well. When punctured, the entire plant undergoes rapid decomposition, turning to an evil-smelling mess within two hours.

Gadabouts, as well as flitters, men-o-war, and armadas, are modified fruit from the starfly plant (q.v.). The gadabout is arrested in the motile fruit stage, and modified further to be seedless as well as responsive to commands.

Gadabouts live about 25 years. The central part of the plant remains the same size; the only parts that grow are the wings. As with the other elven spacefaring plants, owners must trim the wings occasionally. The central plant is flexible enough to accommodate various humanoid body types. Ogres as well as gnomes have used them.

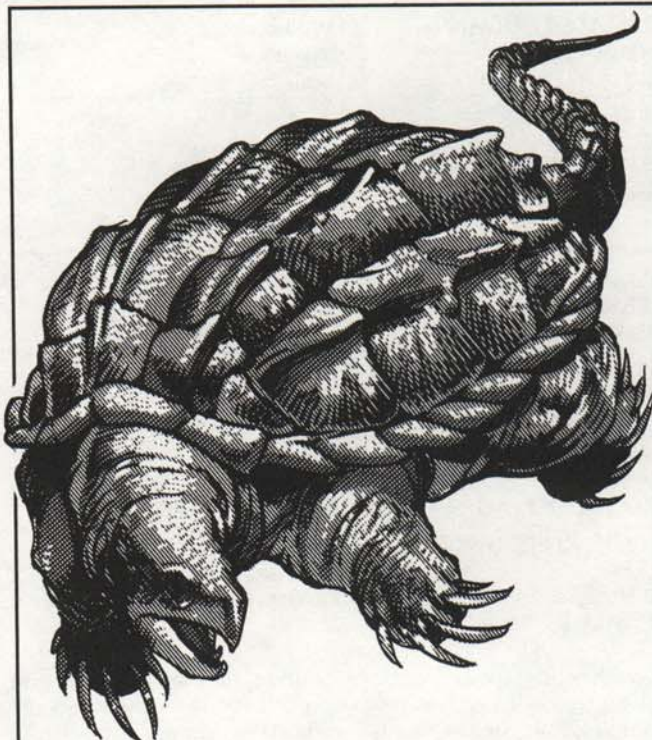
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	None
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Various
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-2/ -10
MOVEMENT:	9, SR 9
HIT DICE:	100
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	10d6/10d6/60d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hide limbs, flame sheath
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	G (2500' diameter)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	125,000

The gammaroid is a gargantuan variety of the giant snapping turtle. Like its terrestrial cousin, it has a voracious appetite and rules any territory it occupies. Its unique breeding habits have made it the source of monster legends and religious rites on many worlds.

Combat: On land or in space, the gammaroid is a fearsome opponent. In space, the gammaroid masquerades as an asteroid, allowing smaller rocks to adhere to its body by gravitic attraction. When prey happens by, its enormous head shoots forth, smashing victims with 6d4 hull points of damage from its powerful jaws. This attack can swallow small vessels whole. The bony ridges of the gammaroid's beak are sharp enough to rip through ship hulls, and its claws do 1d6 hull points of rending damage on impact (or 10d6 to a living target).

The gammaroid can also pursue fleeing prey by retracting its legs and head, rotating on its central axis, and flying at spelljamming speeds (SR 9, maneuverability F). When this deadly missile hits a ship, the target suffers an automatic "Ship shaken" critical hit; the whirling serrated edge of the gammaroid's shell may (30% chance) cut in half or utterly destroy the ship. In atmosphere, atmospheric friction from its rapid rotation creates an enveloping fireball that causes an additional 12d6 damage. The gammaroid uses this whirling attack primarily against its favorite prey, the gossamer noble (q.v.).

Habitat/Society: Gammaroids spawn on planetary bodies larger than size A. They land near geologically unstable regions, homing in on areas where the heat is near the surface (up to ten miles



deep). The female digs until she reaches magma, then lays 2-8 eggs in the lava pit. When the egg laying is complete, she crawls from the hole, allowing it to collapse behind her. Within 50 years, the young gammaroids hatch and tunnel upward, usually surfacing far away from the hatchery. This spawning causes great destruction to surface dwellings, and even the largest underground monsters are easy prey to the hungry hatchlings.

Ecology: The gammaroid is the undisputed master of any ecosystem it inhabits. Its only natural enemy is the gossamer noble, which it disables by cutting off the tentacles, then attacking with claws and enormous jaws. Though the gammaroid prefers the gossamer noble, it may attack spelljamming ships during times of great hunger to get at the soft, tiny morsels inside. However, the metal-and-wood canisters that hold these small feasts do not settle well with the gammaroid's palate.

The lifespans of gammaroids are very long. Specimens with shell growth patterns indicating millennia of molts have been recorded. The shells of dead gammaroids are quite useful as spelljammer hulls, as the lightness and toughness of the shell combine to make a highly maneuverable armored vessel. They can fetch a king's ransom.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Scale
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (18)
TREASURE:	U
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
NO. APPEARING:	8
ARMOR CLASS:	-4
MOVEMENT:	Fl 48 (A)
HIT DICE:	18
THACO:	3
NO. OF ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	H to G (25' to 1,000')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	25,000

Though wildspace is fraught with mind-blasting perils, it also holds great beauty. The musical, pacifistic race known as the Gonnlingdaah (or the Gonn for short) brings much beauty to wildspace. These good beings float through wildspace creating hauntingly beautiful music and preserving life. Though blessed with brilliant intellect, they live a simple but extremely long life. Instead of speaking, they sing. The Gonn can sing in their own mysterious language and in Common.

The Gonn resemble gas giants: perfect spheres with bands of different colors decorating their bodies. To the novice sailor, the Gonn appear by a trick of perspective as far-off planets.

Combat: Though the Gonn do not consider combat their first option, they wisely realize that sometimes one must fight to preserve good. Before any combat, however, the Gonn attempt to negotiate with all but the most violent, life-hating beings. The Gonn offer to help foes change their violent ways. If the opponent rejects their offers of help and peace, the Gonn bring their full powers to bear with no hesitation.

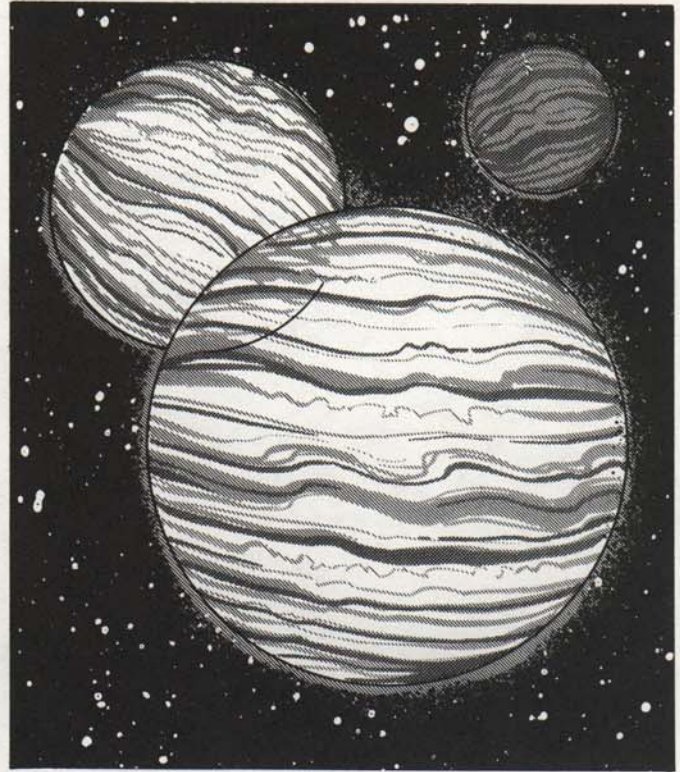
The Gonn's power is music, and their songs can accomplish amazing feats. Their most powerful song is a high-pitched keening that affects all enemies of the Gonn's choice within 240'. All targets take 10d10 sonic damage (save vs. breath weapon at a -2 penalty for half damage). Targets that fail to save must roll saving throws for their equipment vs. crushing blow, also at a -2 penalty. Due to the enormous power of this song, the Gonn are loathe to use it except against the most destructive foes.

Another destructive musical attack is a single shrill note. All non-living matter in 240' must save vs. disintegration or shatter. Living beings of the Gonn's choice are deafened for 1d4 rounds.

The Gonn prefer a gentle, soothing song of pacification. All targets of the Gonn's choice must save vs. spell at a -1 penalty or immediately cease combat and relax, listening to the sweet music. In addition, 30% of victims fall asleep for 2d10 turns. Those who save are confused and can take no action for one round.

Gonn can cause magical spells within 240' to cease functioning by singing a lilting ditty that acts as *dispel magic* at 9th level.

A Gonn can sing each of these songs three times a day. Gonn prefer to sing in groups of eight, called "scales." All Gonn in a scale must sing the same song. A Gonn sings solo only if it has no other choice. Such a song is diminished in power; saves are made without penalty.



Since Gonn music comes from their every pore, *silence* spells are useless against them. However, enemies in the circle of silence are immune to Gonn songs. Bard songs cannot counteract Gonn songs, since the behemoths sing so powerfully that they drown out any other sound.

Habitat/Society: In every scale, one Gonn is the leader, called the "conductor." The scale moves in formation, each Gonn singing one note.

Gonn live for up to six millennia, wandering wildspace, collecting songs and tales. Each Gonn's name is a long song that would take 1d20 hours to sing. Among shorter-lived races they adopt shorter melodies as temporary names.

Though the Gonn love to answer questions, the asker had best be ready for a long answer. They ramble on and on, singing instead of talking. Typically, one who seeks information from one of these singing sages must listen through 1d8 days of non-stop singing. Each day, there is a cumulative 10% chance the Gonn gives the information. The price of an answer is a song or story (make a non-weapon proficiency check to produce a successful song). Failing this, the Gonn accepts gems worth 500 gp instead.

Besides their attack spells, Gonn can also sing the following spells: *heal*, *restoration*, *raise dead*, *identify*, and *legend lore*. Costs for these spells are 1,000 gp in gems per level of the spell cast, plus a song or story. However, Gonn defend, rescue, and heal anyone that they see hurt by evil, without charge.

The Gonn wander often, and like the Fal (q.v.), they dislike intrusions by the same visitors more than once a year. It is practically impossible to find the same scale of Gonn one met before.

Ecology: Once a century, a scale of Gonn engages in a song of perpetuity, which takes 1d12 months and results in the birth of 2d4 immature Gonn. The young cannot sing for five years, when they reach maturity. Until then, they hum.

The Gonn try to preserve life any way they can. Some speculate that either Oghma or Apollo created them to bring beauty to the universe.

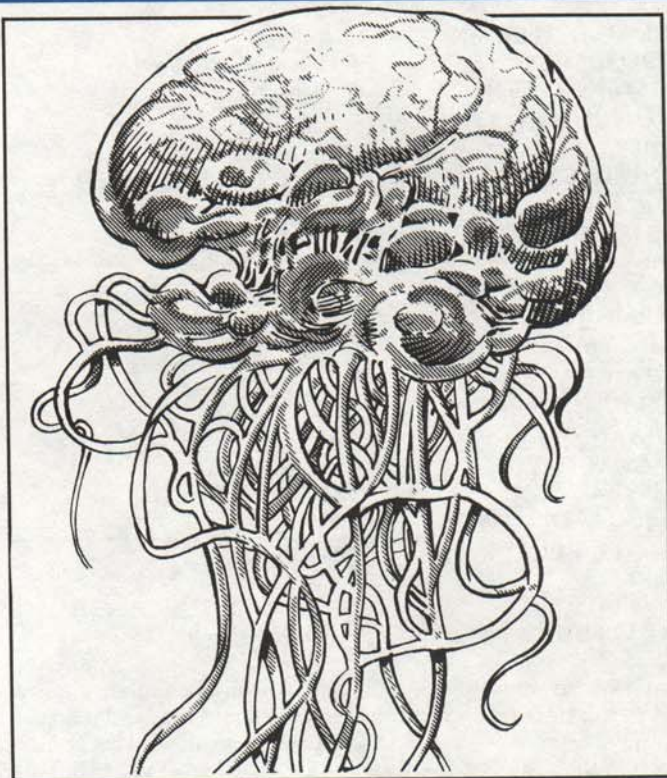
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Standard Space	Noble Wildspace/phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Shoal	Flotilla
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET:	Scavenger	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)	Animal (2-4)
TREASURE:	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	20-200	1-8
ARMOR CLASS:	10	4
MOVEMENT:	Fl 12 (D)	SR 4
HIT DICE:	1 hit point	58
THACO:	19	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	20
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d3	1d6(x20)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison stinger	Poison stinger
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Nil
SIZE:	T (6" diameter)	G (120' to 250' diameter)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2-4)	Champion (15-16)
XP VALUE:	7	49,000

Gossamers are the spacefaring cousins of the jellyfish. They travel in groups known as shoals. Gossamers usually drift among the rocks of asteroid fields and the junk of space sargassos, though they occasionally venture into open space. They scavenge leftover prey, cleaning areas of organic junk.

Gossamer shoals offer beautiful color displays that communicate their moods. Contented gossamers are awash with waves of cool colors—green, blue and purple punctuated with bright flecks of yellow and orange. When danger threatens, waves of red and amber wash over the shoal from the point of contact. These displays lead some sages to theorize a group-mind among gossamer shoals.

Combat: Like the jellyfish, the standard gossamer grows stinging tentacles. These tentacles secrete a nauseating paralytic poison. A saving throw versus poison offsets the allergic reaction. Gossamers only attack prey smaller than themselves. If the offending object is larger than 1', the shoal immediately changes direction away from the offending critter. The gossamer may accidentally collide with and sting larger creatures, or foolish crewmen may touch a dead gossamer that has landed on a ship deck.

Ecology: Most of the gossamer's body consists of empty space, and depends on weightlessness to maintain its structural integrity. If introduced to a gravity plane, the gossamer collapses under its own weight and dies. Air also renders the gossamer's body liquid. Dead gossamers collapse in 1d3 minutes into viscous pools of evil-smelling liquid. The liquid is a solution of the enzymes that cause the gossamers to sting, and remains dangerous until it evaporates (one turn).



Gossamer Noble

Actually a colony of specialized life forms, the gossamer noble is 10d10' in diameter, with enormous sacs that act as sails, allowing it to navigate at spelljamming speeds. Cloudy currents and colorful lightning-like flashes fill its pearly, translucent body.

Hundreds of tentacles trail from the noble's base. These are long (50-500'), supple hawsers with wicked spikes that inflict 1d2 points each on exposed flesh. The gossamer noble uses 1d20 of these tentacles in battle. Victims must save at -4 vs. paralyzation, and the spikes' digestive enzymes inflict an additional 1d6 points of damage per round. These solitary predators live on spacefaring life forms (including smaller spelljamming ships) and are highly dangerous. They are the prey and natural enemy of gammaroids (q.v.).

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon (Elite: Rare)
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (6) (Elite: High (13))
TREASURE:	J (Elite: R (E))
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	6-60 (Elite: 1 per 30 miners)
ARMOR CLASS:	10 (Elite: 6 (10))
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	3+1 (Elite: 5+1)
THACO:	17 (Elite: 15)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 (weapon)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Gravity reduction
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3')
MORALE:	Steady (13) (Elite: Elite (14))
XP VALUE:	270 (Elite: 650)

Gravs are short, stocky humanoids who manipulate gravity. They mine ore and gems from unclaimed asteroids and moons.

A grav is short, squat and square, with a small head in comparison to the rest of its body. Gravs are as tall as dwarves but are wider at the shoulders. Miners wear dingy gray clothes and mining gear such as helmets, gloves, and belts.

The Elite are thinner than their worker minions but are still squat. They wear refined, foppish clothing and seldom sully their hands with manual labor. Some Elite wear leather protection under their showy clothing—hence the lower Armor Class.

All gravs are dense, with three times the mass of a being of a similar size. This increases their air envelope, allowing them more time to search wildspace for potential mining sites.

Combat: Gravs are a peaceful race, intent on their mining and leaving other races alone. If provoked, however, gravs retaliate by reducing gravity beneath a target (and thus its weight). A grav can only affect one target at a time, with a range of 60'. However, the target can contain many objects; for instance, after mining gems, the gravs move them into large crates and then float the crates aboard ship.

The grav can reduce the target's weight by 25% per round. After four rounds, the target begins to float. The grav can make the target hover or float away. When the target floats beyond the grav's range, it plummets to the nearest gravity plane.

The grav can just drop the target or gently lower it to the ground. If a grav's concentration is disrupted, as by a blow, the target drops immediately, taking normal falling damage.

Gravs use this power to intimidate and scare their opponents away. If confronted, a grav first demonstrates its power on an inanimate object. If this intimidation doesn't work, the grav suspends the opponent in the air, incapacitating it.

Though peaceful by nature, gravs hate silatics (q.v.), which eat metal. Even the Elite attack silatics on sight.

Habitat/Society: In the strictly hierarchical grav society, the Elite order the Miners (workers), who obey almost without thinking. Miners who question this centuries-old structure are promptly "brought in for questioning" and "moved to a position better fitting their talents"—servitude to some minor Elite on the homeworld. This is ultimate shame.

If characters try to subvert Miners against their overseers, the



Elite politely ask the characters to leave the area. If they persist, the gravs remove them without harm.

Elite gravs can use spells and advance to 9th level. These wizards power the Argosy, the grav's standard ship.

Argosy

Built by: Gravs
Used primarily by: Gravs
Tonnage: 150
Hull Points: 150
Crew: 55/200
Maneuver Class: D
Landing—Land: Yes
Landing—Water: No
Armor Rating: 0
Ship's Rating: As for helmsman

Standard Armament:
 2 heavy ballistae
 Crew: 4 each
 2 medium ballistae
 Crew: 2 each
Cargo: 100 tons
Keel Length: 175'
Beam Length: 175'
Saves as: Stone
Power Type: Major helm

An Argosy resembles a small dwarven Citadel. The ship's stone surface is pitted like a moon; some craters are concealed port-holes. One part is flattened, allowing it to land and take on precious cargo. (Most of the ship's interior is cargo space for ore and gems. Both Miners and their Elite overseers sleep in the cargo bays.) The Argosy's armaments are strictly for defense.

Ecology: The name and location of the grav homeworld are unknown. Conversations with Elite gravs reveal that their homeworld is divided into fiefdoms, each ruled by one Elite family. Family prestige depends on wealth.

Some say the scarcity of information about their homeworld represents the Elite's attempt to foil potential thieves. However, thievery is totally alien to the grav race. Any thought or suggestion of stealing merely puzzles a grav. The Elite may maintain secrecy to prevent outsiders from disrupting the social system that keeps them in power.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace, oceans
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Godlike (21 +)
TREASURE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	Sw 18, Fl 30(F), SR 18
HIT DICE:	72-144
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	G (10-20 miles)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	61,000-133,000

These enormous spacegoing cetaceans are apparently responsible for the occurrence of whales and other cetaceans, both in space and on worlds with plentiful water. They travel through space in a spherical envelope of airy water, so large that weather patterns occur on its surface, creating the image of an immense elemental whale swimming through the cosmos. Within it swims the Dreamer's "entourage": 1-3 leviathans, their attendants, and 2-12 intelligent delphinid "knights" of 9-12 HD each. Statistics for entourage members are in the GREYHAWK® Monstrous Compendium (see "Whale") and the first SPELLJAMMER™ Monstrous Compendium (see "Delphinid").

Like the delphinid, the Great Dreamer is trilaterally symmetrical. Its three eyes, equidistant around the head, shine with reflected starlight.

Communication with the Great Dreamers is not difficult; their broad-band *telepathy* makes conversation easy within a range of 1,000 miles. Their "speech" can be circular, seemingly wandering from topic to topic in a stream of consciousness, but they invariably return to the subject at hand.

Combat: The Great Dreamers do not normally engage in combat; their great power speaks for itself. The aura given off by these beings is so powerful, opponents must save vs. spell at -4 or be caught up in the beauty of the Dreamers' existence.

Against those who do save and still have warlike intentions, a Great Dreamer can also contact the Elemental Planes of Water and Air, *summoning* 1d8 elementals of 12-16 HD to do its bidding. The elementals either wash or destroy an offending spelljammer; only when its entourage takes severe injury does a Dreamer order its elementals to kill an opponent.

If nothing dissuades an attacker, then he faces the onslaught of the Dreamer's entourage.

In addition to the listed abilities, the entourage members have a *sound lance* than can stun opponents within a 10-mile range. Targets must save vs. breath weapon or be stunned for 1d4 turns. The delphinids direct their sound lances against one opponent at a time. Larger whales aim at entire vessels, and can also change tones to resonate with a ship's hull, causing a ship to rattle itself to pieces (2d6 hull points of damage per round).

If necessary, the Great Dreamer uses its magical ability to project a giant waterspout from its water envelope. The waterspout has a range of 20 miles. The ship must save vs. crushing blow or



be destroyed by the rushing wall of water. Ships that save take 2d10 hull points of damage.

A Great Dreamer's bite can inflict damage according to its Hit Dice. Dreamers of 72-83 HD inflict 3d4 × 2 hull points, those of 84-95 HD inflict 3d4 × 3 hull points, and those of 96-144 HD inflict 3d4 × 4 hull points.

If a Dreamer's attack roll is 2 more than needed to hit, it can swallow its opponent. It can either digest a victim or send him to a destination of its choice. A Dreamer's tail can deliver a crushing blow with damage equal to half its HD. (For example, a 72 HD Great Dreamer does 36d8 damage, or 36-288 hp.)

Habitat/Society: It is unknown whether the Great Dreamer generates its spherical envelope of water and air or opens a gateway to the Elemental Plane of Water. The envelope instantly responds to the Great Dreamer's commands.

These beings remain in the flow, traveling from sphere to sphere, attending to cetacean affairs on many worlds. Every 1000 years, the leviathans of each world receive an audience with the Great Dreamers to report on the events of the previous millennium. They remain for a year before returning to their homeworlds.

Ecology: Though they feel neutral toward humanoids, the Dreamers are always lawful in alignment. They preserve the abundance of life both in the seas and in the endless ocean of the flow. They perceive existence to be a continuous song, an endless paean to life itself. All members of a Great Dreamer's entourage continuously sing this hypnotic song.

Perhaps as a function of this guardianship of life, the Great Dreamers have one final ability: the power to grant immortality to one being, once per year. Usually the champion who receives this honor is a cetacean. Rarely, however, a humanoid who has greatly aided the Dreamers' subjects may receive this gift.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Elven lands, wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore, insectivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 36 (B), (C) when mounted, Sw 18
HIT DICE:	3 + 3
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6/2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' long, 28' wingspan)
MORALE:	Very steady (14)
XP VALUE:	420

Greatswans are massive swans raised and trained by elves to act as guards and war mounts. Like normal groundling swans, greatswans are ferocious fighters, and many have a nasty temper.

As a rule, greatswans are found with any race of elves in wildspace. Greatswans sometimes ride aboard elven men-o-war (25% chance) and armadas (50%). Normally, there are 2d6 greatswans on the former and 4d6 on the latter. Each vessel also has a like number of elven swanrider cavalry. A greatswan can carry up to two elf-sized riders (the equivalent of about 240 pounds).

Greatswans are beautiful, graceful birds with characteristic long necks and snow-white plumage. The swans have no language.

Like their mundane counterparts, greatswan males are called "cobs," and the females are called "pens." Young greatswans are called "cygnets."

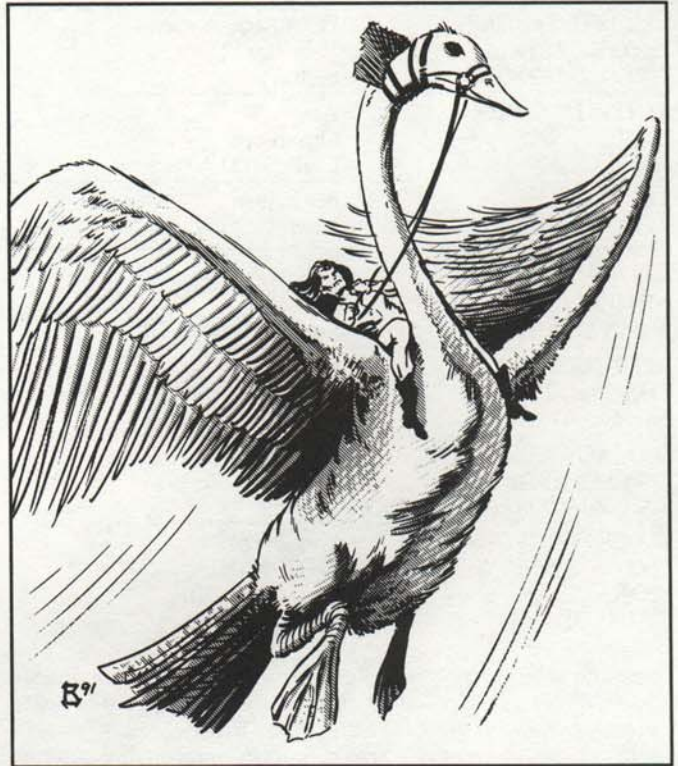
Combat: Though greatswans are gentle birds, they nevertheless fight with a strong strike of their beak (1d6 damage) and wing buffeting (2d6 damage). The wing buffet has a 50% chance of blinding and confusing the opponent for one round. There is a 25% chance that the sheer force of the wings knocks a man-sized or smaller foe backwards 2d10 feet.

If a greatswan is used as a mount, it cannot perform the wing buffet while in flight. However, an elven swanrider can urge his mount into what amounts to a power dive against an enemy; the elf's weapon and the greatswan's beak each gain a +2 bonus to THACO and do double damage. Elves use mostly medium lances for such attacks.

Greatswans have excellent senses, and have a 75% chance of detecting an intruder, even an invisible one. This makes them well suited for guard duties. Swans that spot an intruder raise a raucous call and close with the enemy, wings flailing madly.

Greatswans are immune to all forms of poison.

Habitat/Society: Greatswans wander exclusively in elven lands. The elves fear that introducing such large birds to normal environments may alter the balance of nature. Thus they keep the birds close at hand and watch their movements closely.



Greatswans are aquatic birds, and are excellent swimmers. This comes in handy when the elves are exploring water worlds in wildspace.

Unlike groundling swans, greatswans are not territorial. They become hostile only if intruders approach within 30' of either their nests or guardposts. Greatswans recognize the names their trainers give them and can learn command phrases, one command per point of Intelligence.

Greatswans are bred to require little air. A lungful of air lasts the bird 24 hours. A greatswan's personal gravity drags along enough air for two elf-sized riders to breathe for 5d10 turns.

Elves found with greatswans have the Airborne Riding non-weapon proficiency. Such elves are always at least 3rd-level fighters, armed with some sort of charging weapon (such as a spear, pike, lance) and a bow (long or short) in addition to their normal melee weapon. A great swan never carries any rider but an elf.

Encountered without elves in attendance, an even number of greatswans are mated pairs. There are 1d2 cygnets and 1d4 eggs per pair.

Ecology: As mentioned earlier, the elves confine the greatswans to their own sylvan lands and cities, fearful that the birds' large appetites will upset the balance of nature. Greatswans eat green plants, especially water plants, and they eat large numbers of insects, digesting even the most poisonous insect without harm. Greatswans consider feesu (q.v.), space moths, a delicacy. Elves use feesu as a reward during a cygnet's training.

Some elven mages use greatswan feathers to create *Quaal's feather tokens*, *wings of flying*, and *winged boots*.

	Soldier/	Philosopher	Patriarch
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Worker		
FREQUENCY:	Any	Any	Shipboard
ORGANIZATION:	Rare	Very Rare	Very Rare
	Hive	Hive	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	Carnivore	Carnivore	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average	Exceptional	Supra-Genius
	(8-10)	(15-16)	(19)
TREASURE:	U(see below)	W	H
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil		
NO. APPEARING:	1-10	1-2	1
ARMOR CLASS:	5	5 (0)	-10 (10)
MOVEMENT:	Fl 12 (D)	Fl 12 (D)	SR 9
HIT DICE:	5	7	9
THACO:	15	13	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	11	11	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	by weapon type		1d8 hull pts
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil		
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil		
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil		
SIZE:	M	M	L
MORALE:	Very Steady	Elite	Fanatic
	(13-14)	(15-16)	(17)
XP VALUE:	2000	5000	9000

The "civilized" grell is a colonial (as the term is used for ants and other colony animals) version of the underground ravager of Oerth. It is similar in size and appearance to terrestrial grells. Unlike its solitary kin, however, it can speak via *telepathic link* with both grell philosophers and the highly intelligent grell patriarch.

The grell's arrogance surpasses all other intelligent beings. Spacegoing grells acknowledge no equals, regarding even terrestrial grells as lesser beings. "Lesser being," in the grell language, means the same thing as "food."

Combat: Grell battle tactics resemble those of their lesser kin; they use *levitation* ability to hide in the upper reaches of large chambers. However, their ability to function in groups lets them mount vicious assaults, wielding tip-spears and *lightning lances*. Tip-spears are edged metallic heads that fit by suction over the tips of a soldier-grell's tentacles. The grell can make slashing attacks doing 1-6 points of damage, or stab doing double damage. Victims impaled on tip-spears are considered *paralyzed*, and subject to the same fate as those who are grappled, i.e., automatically hit by subsequent tentacles, etc. (See "Grell" in the GREYHAWK® Monstrous Compendium for full information on grappling.) Anyone captured faces imprisonment and later consumption as part of the grell raiders' food supply.

The grell lightning lances deliver 3d6 electrical damage (save vs. spell for half damage). Each lance has 36 charges and can fire once per round.

In wildspace, grell ships do not spelljam so much as submerge and surface in space, travelling "underneath" space using some bizarre dimensional passage that the grell patriarch generates. When out in the flow, the front end of the ship opens, exposing a hollow tube that runs the length of the vessel. The grell ship then ignites the intruding phlogiston, ejecting the exhaust gases from the rear in a motion similar to that of a squid. The spelljamming patriarch controls the size of the phlogiston burn.

In a hopeless situation, the grell patriarch can transform the ship into a vaguely humanoid form via *telekinesis*. The giant armored fighter strikes with an oversized halberd for 1d10 hull points of damage. The halberd can loose an electric arc for 3d6 hull points, but takes one round to recharge. The giant's fists can strike for 1d3 hull points each.



Habitat/Society: Grell have a distinct pyramidal hierarchy. The patriarch stands at the top, and a secondary caste, the philosopher, handles the lower castes. Each grell "family" occupies a ship.

The Patriarch: Each grell ship has a solitary patriarch who handles the workings and navigation of the ship. He is a sessile mass of flesh approximately 30' in diameter whose tentacles have grafted themselves to the floor of his chamber. The patriarch's enormous brain controls the higher functions of all the shipboard family. All other castes serve the patriarch.

Philosophers: These grell serve as intermediaries between the patriarch and the workers. They have limited authority to lead the worker/soldier grell in organized combat. A grell philosopher may (20% chance) wear a *ring of protection* (AC 0). Some philosophers can use magic as 2nd-level wizards. There is one philosopher for every 10 worker/soldier grell.

Workers/Soldiers: This common garden-variety grell, limited in intelligence, performs minor maintenance aboard ship. They make up most of a grell family or raiding party.

Imperator: Above all families stands the Imperator, who holds absolute sway over all grell families and can unite them as a single fighting force. Known as the Legion of Gold, due to the uniform golden color of their spaceships, this horde sweeps over space like locusts, leaving nothing but debris in its wake.

Ecology: Grell are the true wastrels of wildspace races. Arrogant and vicious, they hunt an area to exhaustion, then move on to more fertile regions. Their (re)discovery of human space means only a rich storehouse of meat to these monsters.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Planet/Around ships
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	10-100
ARMOR CLASS:	10 (6 in flight)
MOVEMENT:	10, Fl12
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3')
MORALE:	Irregular (5)
XP VALUE:	7

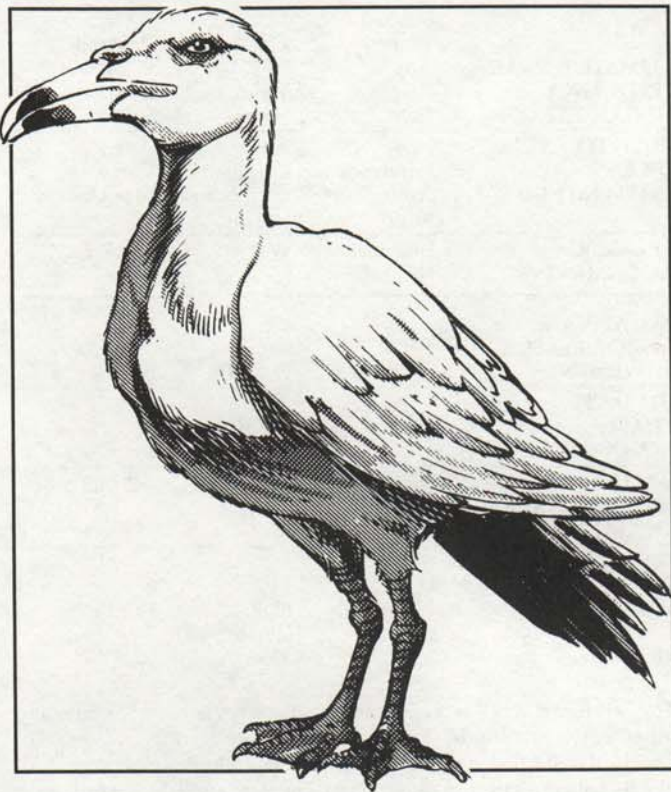
Gullions are related to terrestrial seagulls but have adapted to life in space. Spelljamming crews despise them, because they waste precious air and demand a good deal of food.

Due to exposure to many different magics and climes, the gullions vary widely in color, from purple to orange to normal gull colorings, but all are shaped like large seagulls.

Combat: Gullions try to steal food. For birds with animal intelligence, they are incredibly sneaky; they sometimes stage diversions in order to get their beaks on someone's dinner.

Gullions only attack in numbers and only when extremely hungry. If a large group of gulls haven't eaten in days, they attack the nearest food—usually crew members on a ship. They flock together and attack with their beaks, trying to knock foes unconscious. Once a crew member has been knocked out, the gullions search for food on the body. If there isn't enough food to satisfy them, they start eating the victim.

Many green crews plagued with gullions try to kill as many as possible as soon as they enter wildspace. This is difficult, for the gulls have adapted to the air envelope around ships and use the gravity line to fly erratically. This gives them a low Armor Class. More experienced crews tolerate the colorful birds, and usually cast food out into the air envelope to keep the scavengers satisfied.



Habitat/Society: Gullions can survive in almost any environment. They hitch rides with ships from one world to another. The gulls stay in the travelling ship's air envelope, as they have no spelljamming ability. These gulls have also grown accustomed to the gravity plane and actually sleep while floating along the plane.

Upon landfall, gullions jump spelljammers and may inhabit port towns their whole lives. Planet-bound natives often wonder how these colorful gulls suddenly appeared.

Ecology: As scavengers, gullions aren't picky about what they eat: Rats, garbage, and leftovers all form part of their diet. Some innkeepers encourage gullions to stay around, primarily to eat the remains of last night's dinners.

Nesting areas for flocks of gullions with exceptionally bright colors can become tourist attractions. This can lead to nasty infighting between bar owners about which establishment owns a particular flock. The gullions don't care, as long as they get fed.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12)
TREASURE:	W (A)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-12
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	3+1
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 (weapon)/1d2/1d2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	M (6')
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	420

Insectare are a humanoid race rumored to be the descendants of a magical union of elves and insects. The insectare's goal is to rule the spaceways, but they wage this campaign subtly, trying to play one race against another. While instigating these problems, the insectare try to stay in the background.

These humanoids are immediately recognizable by their lime-green skin and the two eight-foot antennae that sprout from behind their elven ears. For this reason, they wear heavy, concealing clothes such as large robes with hoods pulled in close. That way, an insectare can hide its antennae by slipping them down its back or coiling them in the folds of a loosely-fitting robe.

Close examination of an insectare's eyes reveals that they are slightly multifaceted. Getting that close may prove difficult, though, as insectare do not ordinarily allow other races near them. From five feet away, the eyes look normal.

No one has ever reported seeing a female insectare, but for that matter, not many people have even seen a male insectare without a hood. Therefore, they could have been dealing with a female and not noticed.

Insectare can communicate with each other by touching their antennae together. They also have their own language, a clicking, lilting tongue that is a mixture of the common tongue and the insects' original language. Characters who understand the common tongue have a 30% chance of catching the general idea of a conversation between two insectare, but cannot provide a comprehensive translation for others.

Most insectare stand 6' or taller and are heavily muscled beneath their tough exoskeleton. Most insectare encountered outside their home sphere are fighters, wizards, thieves, or any combination of the three.

Combat: Insectare are ruthless in battle. Once a fight has begun, they never give up until the enemy is completely defeated. They chase fleeing foes to exact surrender, and they execute survivors who refuse surrender.

Insectare use a long sword and their two antennae, which attack as whips (1d2 damage). Often, one antenna entangles the opponent's weapon hand (with an attack roll of 18 or better) while the other antenna and sword attack. An entangled limb cannot attack; to disentangle the limb, the character must make a Dexterity ability check.

In combat, the insectare's chitinous exoskeleton provides an



Armor Class equivalent to plate mail, without restricting movement. The exoskeleton has no known weak points.

Insectare wizards jealously guard their magic, relying on their martial skills to bring them through a battle. The insectare obviously have magical ability, since they can spelljam, but the limits of insectare power remain unknown. Insectare wizards never reveal information without overwhelming reason. (The threat of death doesn't qualify.)

Habitat/Society: Insectare live in a closed society. They forbid outsiders to set foot on their secret homeworld. Captured interlopers can expect a harsh interrogation, to find out if any other beings know of the world's location, and then public execution. Insectare do not believe in keeping prisoners.

Insectare live in large hollowed-out mountains that rise out of the endless forests of their homeworld. These mountains are said to be honeycombed with dwellings. Not much is known about these community homes, but they are probably a remnant of their insect heritage.

The two major classes of insectare society are the wizards and the priests. The wizards are the explorers, forever searching wild-space for more magical power. The priests stay on their planet, diligently serving their god, Klikral.

The insectare mages' goal, after learning spelljamming, was to acquire magical knowledge and power from other races, without drawing attention to their goals. Consequently, insectare prefer to work subtly among foreigners.

Some insectare are proficient thieves, despite the aversion to thievery on their homeworld. Insectare thieves are only interested in magic; gold, jewelry, gems hold no attraction. When an insectare steals a powerful magic item, it often leaves at least one misleading clue, pointing at another known thief (such as a player character).

Insectare priests rarely leave their homeworld, for they prefer not to venture far from Klikral. If a priest is found offworld, its mission must be highly important to the insectare race. Klikral

Insectare

grants insectare priests who reach 2nd level one special ability: They can summon insects from the surrounding area and send them against any one opponent. This swarm of insects arrives in one round, inflicts 1d8 points of damage per round, and remain for one round per level of the spellcaster.

Unlike other insectare, priests have normal humanoid eyes. No explanation has been found for this difference. The symbol of one multifaceted eye with two antennae off the two corners means that the owner or creator is an insectare wizard, fighter, or thief; a similar symbol, with a regular eye and two antennae, represents an insectare priest. These two symbols, obviously signatures of some sort, appear on stolen insectare documents.

Multiclass options for insectare are wizard/fighter, wizard/thief and wizard/fighter/thief. Priests never engage in another profession. Insectare can reach 11th level in all classes except wizard, where they reach 14th level.

Ten ancient insectare priests on the insectare homeworld serve as high priests of Klikral. They are all 11th-level priests and never leave the planet. They are twice as large as the usual insectare, and can communicate directly with Klikral.

The insectare travel space in their own distinctive ship, the klikklikak. The sleek ship resembles a grasshopper head with two long antennae trailing behind it. The name means "service to Klikral."

Insectare Klikklikak

Built by: Insectare	Saves as: Thick wood
Used primarily by: Insectare	Power Type: Major or minor helm
Tonnage: 20 tons	Ship's Rating: As for helmsman
Hull Points: 18	Standard Armament:
Crew: 10/20	1 heavy ballista
Armor Rating: 6	Crew: 4
Maneuver Class: C	Cargo: 10 tons
Landing—Land: Yes	Keel Length: 80'
Landing—Water: No	Beam Length: 30'

The insectare power the klikklikak with a special spelljammer helm consisting of a shiny copper sphere with two holes. To propel the ship through space, the spelljammer inserts its two antennae. Only insectare can use this helm; conversely, insectare cannot use other kinds of helm.

Rumors have it that a new, larger version of the klikklikak roams the spaceways, but no sightings are confirmed.

Ecology: Spacefaring peoples shun the insectare, especially elves. Elves vehemently deny any suggestion that they are related to the insectare. Insectare, aware of this discord, go to great lengths to remain inconspicuous while among elves and other foreigners. Although other races don't know much about the insectare master plan, they note the insectare's secrecy and deviousness, which puts many people on guard.

A good weaponsmith can work the outer skin of an insectare, which is a hard exoskeleton, into a +1 shield, and can fashion an antenna into a short rope or whip. However, insectare consider this practice abominable, and anyone who uses such a weapon or shield earns every insectare's instant hatred.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Common Any	Lesser Any	Greater Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon	Uncommon	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Pack	Pack	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	Omnivore	Omnivore	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)	Low (5-7)	Semi-(2-4)
TREASURE:	D	Nil	W
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Chaotic neutral	Chaotic good
NO. APPEARING:	1-12	1-8	1-6
ARMOR CLASS:	2	3	4
MOVEMENT:	9, Fl 12 (B)	9, Fl 12 (B)	9, Fl 12 (B)
HIT DICE:	1+1	3+3	5+5
THACO:	19	17	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	1	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d2	1d8	1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil	Nil	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	Nil	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	45%	30%	15%
SIZE:	S (1' high)	S (3' high)	M (5' high)
MORALE:	Irregular (5)	Fanatic (17)	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	120	270	650

The lhee are canine pranksters of wildspace, more of a nuisance than anything else. Their behavior swings wildly from acting like regular groundling dogs to being irresponsible imps.

Although there are three types of lhee, they all share certain physical characteristics. All lhee have a pair of dextrous humanoid hands instead of front paws. Each type of lhee has a pair of great, snowy-white dove wings mounted just behind the shoulder blades. All lhee speak a language of yaps, growls, and woofs. They can also speak with blink dogs.

The three types of lhee resemble different breeds of dogs. Lesser lhee resemble dachshunds, chihuahuas, and miniature poodles. Common lhee look like pit bull terriers, doberman pinschers, and rottweilers. Greater lhee appear as great danes, St. Bernards, and sheepdogs.

Combat: The common lhee's bite does 1d8 damage. The common lhee actively look for fights. All lhee can cast *invisibility* (at will), and *audible glamor*, *dancing lights*, *blur*, and *darkness* 15' radius three times a day each. Common lhee function as 3rd-level spellcasters.

Habitat/Society: The lhee have a definite hierarchy. The bigger lhee bully the smaller. A pack of lhee consists of all one type, though not necessarily all one breed. Each pack has a leader that the others follow, if they feel like it.

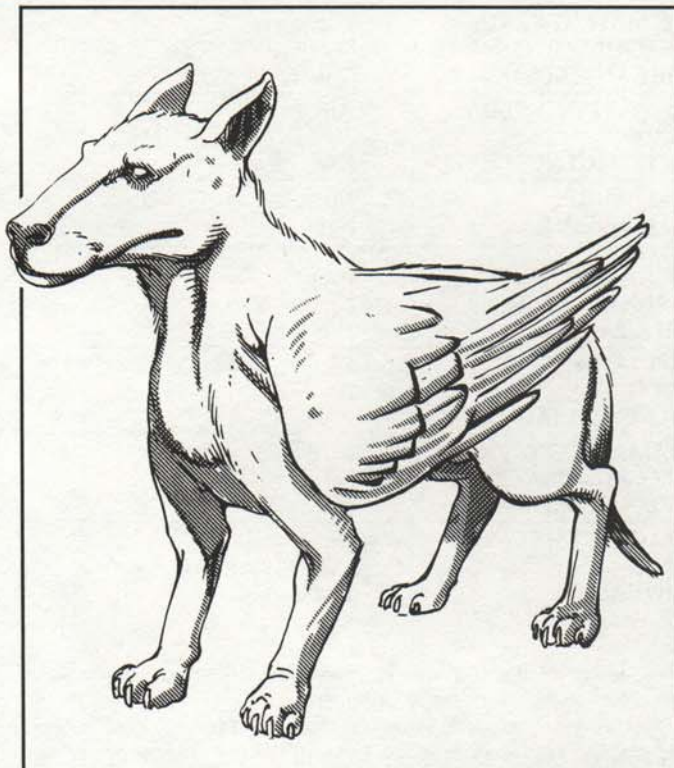
A pack of lhee lairs inside caves or hollows in small moons or planetoids. Common lhee chew everything they find to small bits; consequently, they have no treasure.

The life of a lhee consists of racing comets, eating, chasing spelljammers, eating, and annoying sailors. And eating. They exhibit some groundling dog habits such as a love for chasing felines, and a strong attraction to trees, wizard's staves, ship masts, and the like.

Common lhee are the most violent, aggressive, and downright nasty lhee. They enjoy pulling pranks, though their jokes tend to be violent. ("Hey, let's push that torch-wielding halfling through that portal into the phlogiston!") They tend to be stupid, and the lesser lhee are forever tricking them.

Lesser Lhee

What the lesser lhee lack in size and ferocity, they make up in brains and mischief. They enjoy pestering spelljamming sailors



by pulling little innocent pranks on them. Lesser lhee are the most intelligent type of space canine, and they prefer to wriggle out of combat situations by spell use. Lesser lhee have 50% skill in picking pockets. Lhee love to steal little things and commit small acts of sabotage on spelljammers.

In addition to the spells available to the common lhee, the lesser lhee can cast *grease*, *spook*, and *phantasmal force* three times a day at 2nd level.

Lesser lhee bite for 1d2 damage. These small animals avoid battle if at all possible.

Greater Lhee

Greater lhee act like big, friendly dogs. They exhibit many traits of groundling dogs, such as loyalty, frantic displays of happiness at seeing humans, a fierce love of playing, and a gullibility that shocks even the lesser lhee. For instance, a greater lhee will fetch a burning stick tossed into the phlogiston. Like other lhee, greater lhee love to play jokes on spelljamming sailors, though they believe the sailors want them to!

Greater lhee have the same spell capability as the common lhee, casting spells at 6th level.

The greater lhee's bite does 1d6 damage, and they are not reluctant to fight. They feel fights are part of a dog's life.

Ecology: Each pair of lhee encountered is a mated pair. There is a 10% chance that the pair have a litter of 2d4 puppies. These puppies have no powers or abilities until they reach adulthood at six months old.

Lhee are difficult to train, though it is possible if the trainer can get a puppy no older than three weeks. Training takes a full year.

Trained lhee are sometimes used as watchdogs, but this does not always work, since the dogs have a horrendously limited attention span.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Colony
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 48 (E), SR 2
HIT DICE:	4
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	5d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10 +' diameter)
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	420

The mercurial slime is widely feared by wildspace sailors as a mindless, swift, and deadly organism.

A colony of mercurial slime resembles a large blob of silver liquid drifting aimlessly in space. Several colonies can be found together, though no closer than 30' apart. As a result, only one colony at a time attacks a ship, though other mercurial slimes may block escape routes.

Mercurial slime has no sensory organs, but it can follow sound waves to their source. It is also attracted to light. When the slime is in an atmosphere, it can sense motion by disturbances in the air.

Combat: Mercurial slime is pervaded with strong acid that works much like blood and digestive fluids do in a human, dissolving nutrients and carrying them to individual cells. If the acid contacts living flesh, it dissolves the skin, causing 5d10 damage. All inorganic matter must save vs. acid at a -2 penalty. Weapons that hit the slime must save before they roll damage. If a weapon fails, it dissolves, causing no damage.

Mercurial slime is most hazardous when it contacts a spelljamming ship. Should a vessel touch mercurial slime, it must save vs. acid. If the ship fails, the mercurial slime makes a standard attack roll. Its acid damages the ship like a heavy ballista.

Sometimes the slime's silver surface catches starlight and reflects it back in lovely color patterns. Anyone staring at this display is mesmerized as if by *hypnotic pattern* cast at 4th level. Nothing frees the mesmerized viewer except a violent shaking for one round.

Mercurial slime is not organic. Thus it cannot be affected by spells that control nature, such as *charm plant* or *charm animal*. Fire, cold, and electrical attacks have no effect. However, mercurial slime is susceptible to *magic missile* spells.

Habitat/Society: Mercurial slime is unintelligent and has no society or organization beyond the colony. It merely drifts through space, seeking to feed. It cannot communicate.



Ecology: The organism reproduces by fission while it is dissolving living tissue. There is a straight 1% chance that the slime reproduces after each hit against an organic target. The slime splits into two creatures, the victim takes an extra 5d10 damage, and the two creatures reach full size instantly.

Mercurial slime converts light, including starlight, into propulsive energy. It can attain spelljamming speeds. Mercurial slime does not need air to survive, but it cannot land on planets, since gravity breaks it up into a fine mist which dissolves rapidly into nothing.

Enterprising folk have attempted to use the slime as an organic spelljamming source. The big problem with this plan: The mercurial slime attacks any container holding it, requiring a saving throw at -2 (cumulative) vs. acid each round.

Alchemists have tried in vain to collect mercurial slime to create a powerful acid, but the stuff keeps eating through vials and containers.

Some sages theorize that mercurial slime is in fact nothing more than a groundling slime or jelly carried into space and somehow altered. Others call it a plague sent by deities who do not wish to see the races ply the spacelanes. It is interesting (and reassuring) that no clerics endorse this theory. Some elven scholars guess that mercurial slime may be a weapon from the Unhuman Wars.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Rocks and minerals
INTELLIGENCE:	Non-(0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-6
MOVEMENT:	Fl 6 (E)
HIT DICE:	19
THACO:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	G (100 + ' diameter)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	11,000

For as long as the human race has been in space, sages have wondered what creates meteors. The meteorspawn is not necessarily the only source, but its presence certainly explains the reason for some of these flying rocks.

Meteorspawn are huge globes of living rock. The smallest meteorspawn measures at least 100' in diameter; some specimens are rumored to reach diameters of thousands of feet. The meteorspawn has a circular mouth that measures $\frac{1}{4}$ the spawn's diameter. Two other holes lie opposite each other on the left and right rear quarters. These holes, waste orifices, and are no wider than one tenth the spawn's diameter. The meteorspawn's coloration ranges from black to earth brown to slate gray.

Despite its great size and big mouth, the meteorspawn has no interest in eating spelljamming sailors nor their vessels. It drifts placidly, eating rocks and minerals.

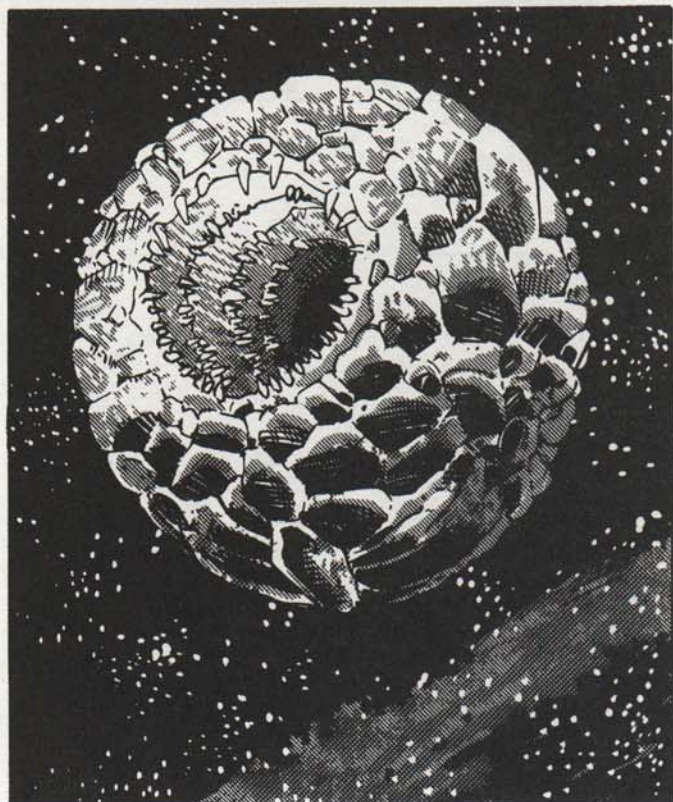
Combat: Meteorspawn avoid fighting until they have lost 25% of their total hit points. Only this much damage makes the thick-skinned, unintelligent meteorspawn realize it is under attack.

The meteorspawn's only real attack is the meteors that it shoots out of its two opposing holes at extremely high speeds. If the meteorspawn is less than 1,000' in diameter, it can rotate its body and bring both holes to bear on an enemy. Meteorspawn wider than 1,000' can only bring one hole to bear.

Any unfortunate caught in the line of fire gets hit by 1d4 meteors, each doing 3d10 damage. In ship combat, treat the meteors as heavy catapult shots. Whether or not a meteor hits, the shot flies out of the combat into wildspace. Another meteor is born!

The meteorspawn's mouth does not bite, though if a ship collides with the mouth, it gets sucked in. The ship must make a saving throw vs. spell, or the part of the ship stuck in the meteorspawn's mouth is destroyed as though by a *disintegrate* spell. The ship's bow is normally the part which ends up colliding with the mouth. Each sailor in the affected area must make also save or suffer disintegration.

Habitat/Society: The meteorspawn is a solitary drifter. Chunks of rock and mineral floating through wildspace make up its diet. The meteorspawn scoops up its food the way a whale scoops up plankton. Using extreme pressure, it crushes the rock for mineral nutrients.



Waste material in the form of boulders is stored in two sacs deep behind the mouth. When these sacs are filled, the meteorspawn shoots boulders of waste rock out into space at great pressure and speed.

In rare (5%) instances, meteorspawns get close enough to planets to pull some atmosphere along with it. Since the meteorspawn does not need air to survive, this atmosphere remains until it is taken by grateful spelljammers.

Ecology: Most meteorspawn live for several centuries. During this time, the meteorspawn gestates 1d4 young. At the end of its life, it breaks up, and—a rare and wondrous sight—the young emerge. There is a 1% chance that any meteorspawn encountered is about to give birth.

The initial size of the young depends on how many are born. If four are born, each is a quarter the size of the parent. If three are born, each is a third the size, and so on.

Meteorspawn are a mixed blessing. On one hand, they clear away loose rock and debris that poses a navigational hazard. On the other hand, they create new hazards, high-velocity meteors that crash through ships. The only consolation is that the meteorspawns create less matter than they consume, so at least the overall volume of rocks and minerals in a given area is reduced.

Some mariners consider the birth of a meteorspawn to be a sign of good luck, seeing the symbolism of renewed life from death. In addition, when the parent breaks up, sailors can retrieve enough ammunition for 2d10 shots for each catapult on board. The size of the catapult does not matter; there are plenty of rocks of all sizes to choose from!

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Patrol
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (16)
TREASURE:	D
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
NO. APPEARING:	4-7
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 24 (A), Sw 9
HIT DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 or 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10 (weapon) +1 (strength bonus) or 1d8/1d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (16)
XP VALUE:	8,000

The monitors are benevolent beings who patrol the farflung reaches of wildspace and the phlogiston. However, space is quite large, and the monitors' forces are spread thin. Understandably, not everyone feels comfortable around monitors. Their absolute, black-and-white code alarms beings who compromise or bend rules to accomplish things.

Monitors manifest in two different ways. In a crystal sphere or on the Outer Planes, they appear as gold-skinned, winged centaurs. Their eyes and hair blaze as if made of red flames. In the phlogiston (only), monitors appear as silver-skinned pegasi, with icy blue eyes and manes. Both forms have the same movement rate.

Monitors speak their own complex language, Common, and all of the tongues of evil races native to wildspace and the phlogiston.

Combat: Monitors are not averse to combat when necessary, though they usually give opponents a chance to surrender before starting hostilities.

In their centaur form, monitors wield two-handed *flame tongue* swords. The swords strike twice per round, inflicting 1d10 hp on small or man-sized opponents, and 3d6 hp on larger opponents. *Flame tongues* are +1 swords, +2 vs. regenerating monsters, +3 vs cold-using, flammable, or avian creatures, and +4 vs. undead. Monitors have Strength 17.

In pegasus form, monitors can breathe a *cone of cold* three times a day at 10th-level ability.

In addition, either of the monitor's forms may strike with the two forehooves, doing 1d8 damage each. This, however, is a last-ditch measure, as the monitors consider it undignified.

Besides their normal magic resistance, monitors are immune to all spells from the school of enchantment/charm.

A monitor reduced to 0 hp falls and dies in 1d4 + 1 rounds. Before the monitor expires, it makes a loud keening noise. This special distress call relays who is dying, where they fell, and the descriptions of those who committed the deed. Any monitors in the same crystal sphere immediately receive the report. Satisfied, the monitor dies, its body and sword becoming a puff of golden smoke.

Habitat/Society: Monitors travel in patrols with a rotating leader, giving all squad members the chance to command. The squads



wander everywhere, enforcing the tenets of their lawful good alignment: punishing evil, rescuing the helpless, and protecting all innocent life from harm or malice. They personify goodness, raising the alignment of lawful good almost to an art.

Monitors are unselfish, just, brave, unswervingly loyal to their ethos, and dedicated to their mission of eradicating or reforming evil. They are not intimidated by anything and calmly face overwhelming odds. One tale tells of a monitor who was surrounded and outnumbered by a horde of Pirates of Gith (see the first SPELLJAMMER™ Monstrous Compendium). When asked for her last words, the monitor replied, "You are all charged with murder, piracy, and threatening a monitor. Surrender now, and things will go easy for you." The scary thing is, after the dust of battle settled, she had won.

Unfortunately, monitors are not the greatest diplomats. They have a black-and-white view of right and wrong. Compromise is repellent. As they say, "Shades of gray may feature a bit of white, but they also harbor a bit of black." In some cases, monitors have rescued halfling thieves from the clutches of illithids, then turned the thieves over to the proper authorities for incarceration.

With all the evil races such as the neogi, illithids, and beholders in wildspace, other races are reluctant to alienate a powerful race of good beings who try to stem the tide of evil. Monitors are the butt of many complaints, jokes, and grumblings, but people turn to them first when a great evil arises.

Ecology: Though monitors appear as beautiful male or female centaurs, they do not reproduce. Young monitors have never been seen. Some scholars guess that monitors are the spirits of deceased paladins, rewarded by various good deities with these powers and responsibilities. Some cynical observers believe the opposite: paladins who were not "good enough" have been stuck with the task of policing space.

Monitors do not require air, food, or drink, though they sometimes eat food to make other beings feel at ease. Even so, they are strict vegetarians.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Parliament
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (18)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
NO. APPEARING:	1 (2-8)
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	3, Fl 12 (B)
HIT DICE:	3 + 3
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4/1d4/1d3
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (2 1/2' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (15)
XP VALUE:	420

Every spelljamming ship needs a navigator; wildspace is big, and the chance for error is great. Space owls are intelligent owls with a gift for navigation. Humans, dwarves, and gnomes use them most often.

Space owls resemble normal owls, with coloration ranging from dark brown to snowy white. They have big, yellow, unblinking eyes. The owls stand about 2 1/2' tall, with a wingspan of 4'.

These highly intelligent birds can communicate with all birds, both of groundling and wildspace origin. Space owls also speak Common and up to three other languages (DM's choice).

Combat: These cerebral birds are reluctant to enter combat. They would much rather discuss the conflict with their foe, trying to dig deep into the enemy's subconscious to explain their violent tendencies. Is it nature? Is it a bad upbringing? Since most foes resent being mentally dissected, this practice winds up infuriating an enemy even more.

Thus, the space owls have no choice but to defend themselves, using their two sets of sharp talons to inflict 1d4 damage each. The space owls follow up with a beak blow, doing an additional 1d3 damage.

Since space owls are brilliant, they realize that these attacks seldom deter an enemy. So they have developed the ability to cast *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *blink*, *ventriloquism*, and *spook*, each three times a day, at 6th level. Also, owls can cast *find the path*, *true seeing*, and *augury*, each once per day.

Habitat/Society: Space owls congregate in small groups called parliaments. They nest in trees, on the roofs of buildings that house knowledge (observatories, sage houses, mage towers, libraries, laboratories), or in the wrecks of spelljammer ships. (When space owls lair in a spelljammer shipwreck, they often try to rebuild it.) An even number of owls in a parliament are mated pairs. For each pair, there is a 20% chance of 1d4 owlets, or a 10% chance of 1d4 + 1 eggs.

Space owls live for 100 + 10d10 years. They are nocturnal, and so they love the starry night sky of wildspace. Bright lights, such as *light* spells, blind them. Space owls have exceptional hearing and ultravision, the latter only usable at night.



All space owls have the Navigation proficiency, and they do not suffer the -2 check modifier. There is a 45% chance that trained space owls have 1d4 other proficiencies from the following list: Ancient History, Animal Lore, Astrology, Engineering, Reading Lips, Reading/Writing, and Spellcraft.

The owls' sense of direction is 90% accurate. They can serve as a ship's navigator, and they need no star charts when travelling in their native sphere. The owls instinctively memorize the positions of all heavenly bodies in their native crystal sphere. They can learn the astronomical layouts of other crystal spheres, but this requires at least one month of travel in the sphere, followed by an Intelligence check. Studying an accurate map of the sphere, reduces study time to only 1d4 days, followed by the Intelligence check. In either case, success means that the owl now knows that sphere; failure means another month of travel or 1d4 days of map study.

Besides navigation, space owls are adept at calculating planetary orbits, debating philosophy or science, and even playing chess. Their only drawback is an unfortunate tendency to ramble, over-analyze, and use huge polysyllabic words.

Ecology: Space owls need only a little air to breathe; a few minutes in an atmosphere every couple of days keeps them happy. They eat almost anything, including cooked food, wine, and sweets. In the wild, they eat plants, insects, and small rodents.

Wizards who want a space owl familiar must still cast the *find familiar* spell, then persuade the owl to become a familiar.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	See below
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (16)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	10 (without sphere)
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	8 + 1
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Nil
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	S (3.5'); M (5') with sphere
MORALE:	Steady (12); Elite (16) with sphere
XP VALUE:	10,000

Pristatics resemble a sphere of swirling colors, much like the *prismatic sphere* spell. Within the sphere is the actual prismatic, a small gnome-like humanoid. While bereft of its sphere, the prismatic floats in the phlogiston with legs and arms crossed, a look of intense concentration on its face.

A long-standing legend maintains that pristics were created when a wizard attempted to alter the *prismatic sphere* spell by combining it with a *teleport* spell (in order to drop a sphere into the middle of a group). Unfortunately his assistant, a young gnome, tripped and bolluxed the experiment, disappearing in the process. A more reasonable conjecture is that the prismatic is native to the phlogiston; it may be a key to unknown secrets of magic.

Combat: Pristatics avoid combat. Though adult pristics innately have all the abilities of the 9th-level wizard spell *prismatic sphere*, they can use it only once per day, for a total of two hours at most. Therefore, pristics are willing to endure some damage before resorting to this, their only means of defense.

The prismatic's colorful sphere is still visible even when not in use. There is no way to detect whether the prismatic sphere effects are currently active. *Detect magic* always registers the area as magical, since it is composed of the ambient magical forces of the phlogiston.

In contrast to the *prismatic sphere* spell, an adult prismatic can activate some or all of its sphere's layers. For example, the prismatic can invoke the orange, indigo and violet effects, leaving out



the other colors. The prismatic selects these effects to inflict the least harm to its opponent. Only when near death does it erect all layers against attackers.

If characters converse with a prismatic, it answers any questions it can. Pristatics are good observers and can remember the type and bearing of all ships that have passed within about the last month. However, the prismatic has no way to measure the passage of time, making its recollections less helpful.

Pristatics cannot spelljam. They bob in the phlogiston, going where the rainbow stream takes them.

Habitat/Society: Pristatics have no social structure, for they are solitary beings. They prefer the vastness of the phlogiston over the company of others.

Ecology: Innate magic in the phlogiston is food for the prismatic. If brought into a crystal sphere, a prismatic's life force rapidly fades, and it dies within a day after leaving the phlogiston. Curative magic doesn't help the prismatic, although placing it inside a wizard's *prismatic sphere* prolongs its life for 24 hours. Similarly, if a dying prismatic returns to the phlogiston before the 24 hours are up, it returns to health in the same amount of time that it was away from the phlogiston.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Z (J,K,M,Q)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil
NO. APPEARING:	30-120
ARMOR CLASS:	4 (8)
MOVEMENT:	9 (12)
HIT DICE:	3
THACO:	18
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6, or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M to L (5-8' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (15)
XP VALUE:	270
Sergeant/guard (4 HD):	420
Captain/bodyguard (6 HD):	975
Warpriest (5 HD):	975
Almighty Leader (8 HD):	2,000

The highly militaristic scro are a violent goblinoid race that has only recently appeared. They are still rarely encountered, but if present trends continue, wildspace travellers will unfortunately see much more of them.

The scro resemble musclebound orcs, fully armored and armed to the teeth. Scro have the orc's characteristic pig-like snout; however, the scro stand proud and erect, and their high foreheads resemble humanity's. Scro have large canine teeth that they sharpen to a fine point; they decorate teeth and ears with tribal mini-totems. Scro eyes appear human, but they glow a sickly phosphorescent green in dim light. Hide color ranges from slate gray, burnt orange, light tan, and moss green, to jet black and even, in rare cases, albino white.

Scro armor is well oiled, well maintained studded leather with each stud filed to a sharp point. The armor is always jet black, though the studs are painted different colors. Their numerous weapons are just as well maintained. Scro often complete their wardrobe with a night-blue cloak.

Scro carry no standards, but each scro wears an insignia that identifies its tribe. This is worn either as a shoulder patch or on the left side of the chest.

The scro speak a distant variant of the orcish tongue. Curiously, some speak fluent elvish, for they have fanatically preserved the language of their worst enemies—so that when the scro slaughter the elven race, the marauding humanoids can tell their victims, in their own tongue, who is doing this to them.

Combat: The Scro live for combat. They have raised it to the highest form of expression in their society. They fight easily in any environment and are well disciplined. Though the scro can be just as bloodthirsty as orcs, they have tempered their savagery with pragmatism and strategic and tactical cunning. Scro actually obey most of the civilized rules of warfare and do not fire on messengers or truce-bearers.

For every four scro encountered, there is one sergeant. For every ten scro encountered, there is one captain and one war priest. Only the largest gatherings of scro include an Almighty Leader.



Scro use the following weapons: longsword and dagger (15% of the time); scimitar (10%); arquebus and hand axe (25%); arquebus and starwheel (5%); spear and hand axe (15%); polearm and dagger (10%); shortbow and shortsword (15%); and crossbow and battleaxe (5%). Captains and bodyguards may also possess a starwheel firearm (75% chance). Almighty Leaders almost always carry a starwheel. War priests, multi-classed 5th-level cleric/mages, have one weapon with an enchantment between +2 and +4, plus 1d4 miscellaneous magical items usable by priests and wizards.

Sergeants and war priests get three melee attacks every two rounds; captains and Almighty Leaders get two melee attacks per round. These attacks are usable only with melee weapons or fists, not missile weapons or firearms. Optionally, scro with two melee weapons may be trained in two-weapon fighting (see *The Complete Fighter's Handbook* for details).

The vast majority (95%) of scro warriors specialize in unarmed combat, which gives them two punches per round at +1 to hit, doing 1d3 damage per punch plus Strength bonuses. (Most adult scro have at least Strength 16 and Constitution 15.) In addition, some (30%) scro use a spiked leather glove that does an extra +1 hp damage in unarmed combat attacks.

Scro armor spikes cause 1d4 damage to any foe that the scro smashes against. Some nasty scro coat their armor's studs and spike with a Type D poison (5% chance); the poison's onset takes one minute and does 30 hp damage (save vs. poison for 2d6 damage).

If all else fails, a scro bites with its powerful teeth for 1d3 damage. If a scro kills an opponent with its teeth, the triumphant warrior affixes a small gem or bauble on one of its oversized canines. It then takes a tooth from the opponent and puts it on a necklace called a *toregkh*. This necklace is prized as a totem of strength. If it is stolen, the warrior flies into a berserk rage against the offender (+2 to hit and damage, +4 penalty to AC, number of attacks per round doubled).

Strangely, the scro are notably articulate. They prefer to begin

combat by shouting long, literate insults against their opponents, to show that they hold their enemies in contempt. The mere sight of a goblinoid spouting offensive alliterations might disorient the most battle-hardened veteran long enough to let the scro gain initiative in combat.

Direct sunlight does not affect scro combat ability.

Habitat/Society: Scro live in a regimented society, based on a complex system of laws and customs that call for unswerving loyalty and obedience. Each scro is a valued member of society and has a duty to fulfill.

Leaders are respected and obeyed unless they show obvious cowardice in battle. In that case, it is the strongest scro's duty to overthrow the coward's authority and lead the troops in glorious battle.

The scro homeworld's location is unknown. Thus far, they have seldom ventured into civilized areas, preferring to keep out of sight until they are truly ready. On the homeworld, Dukagsh, the scro live in well-planned, spartan cities with stout towers, strong fortresses, and efficient shipyards. Though the place is no garden spot, neither is it smoky, ugly, or garbage-strewn. Each city has 10,000 to 100,000 orcs.

Each of Dukagsh's 24 tribes is led by an Almighty Leader. The entire planet is ruled by the Ultimate High Overlord, a 16 HD scro who is guarded by 24 Captains, one from each tribe. Each tribe has a social rank, with those of lower rank subordinate to the higher tribes.

Scro soldiers train in non-weapon proficiencies and normally have three of these skills: Armorer, Blindfighting, Endurance, land-based Riding, Reading/Writing, Rope Use, Running, Tracking, and Weaponsmithing. Sergeants have four of these proficiencies; captains have five; war priests have four, plus Healing, Herbalism, Religion, and Spellcraft.

Scro are not interested in conquering the multiverse. Their sole purpose is to drive all groundling human, demi-human, and humanoid races out of wildspace for good. The war priests see this, not planetary conquest, as their holy mission. As for the races native to wildspace . . . well, the scro will need slave labor, and those pitiful races will do quite nicely. The scro are merely waiting for the right moment to strike.

Ecology: The scro have an "us against the whole multiverse" philosophy that is sure to produce plenty of enemies when they make their presence felt. Thus far, the scro know much about the other space-faring races, but those races are unaware of the scro's existence, save for a few rumors from unreliable sources.

Like their orcish forebears, scro are fecund. They produce litters of 1d4 + 1 offspring, most with an excellent chance of survival beyond infancy. Unlike their orcish ancestors, the scro live for an average of 80 years.

History: The scro trace their ancestry back to the orc tribes that fought and lost the Unhuman Wars. Some crews and troops of the few surviving orc vessels made their way to a remote but habitable planet and settled down. This ragtag band was led by a huge orc called Dukagsh, who appointed himself the first Almighty Leader.

By orc standards, Dukagsh was a visionary. He recognized that the orcs lost the Unhuman Wars because of their one-dimensional ideas and outmoded tactics. Brutality for its own sake had gotten them nowhere. Dukagsh realized that the orcs needed to fight in an organized way, and that each soldier must realize his full potential.

In the ensuing years, Dukagsh whipped his people into shape, making sure that they learned fighting, survival, and even culture. To make sure no one forgot who caused the orc's misfortune, each orc had to learn fluent elvish.

Sometimes, the orcs salvaged equipment from drifting space junk, the remains of human, elven, dwarven, and goblinoid ships from the Unhuman War battles. Occasionally they found books, and Dukagsh made his people read them.

Before Dukagsh died, he declared that his people were on the path to success. The old ways were dead, he claimed, and a new race was born, a race that was more than any orc could ever be. He named them the scro.

At his death, his grateful followers named their homeworld in his honor. Dukagsh's tomb now floats over the homeworld's north pole, so that the deceased leader may look down on his people and watch their progress.

Scro Battlewagon

Built by:	Scro
Armor Rating:	3
Used only by:	Scro
Saves as:	Metal
Tonnage:	80 tons
Power Type:	Major helm
Hull points:	80
Ship's Rating:	2
Crew:	40/160
Standard Armament:	Blunt ram
4 turret-mounted bombard	Crew: 3 each
1 Greek fire projector	Crew: 3 each
6 medium ballistae	Crew: 2 each
8 medium catapults	Crew: 3 each
Maneuver. Class:	E
Cargo:	20 tons
Landing—Land:	No
Keel Length:	150'
Landing—Water:	No
Beam Length:	50'

The massive scro battlewagon symbolizes the scro's emerging power. Thus far, only four have been built: *Decapitator*, *Devastator*, *Conflagrator*, and *Eviscerator*. Two others, *Mutilator* and *Defenestrator*, are under construction on Dukagsh.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace/phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to genius (8-18)
TREASURE:	A (magic only), R
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
NO. APPEARING:	1 or 10-20
ARMOR CLASS:	2 (prow -2), 10 in human form
MOVEMENT:	Fly 12 (B), SR 5
HIT DICE:	4
THACO:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d2 hull points or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Change to human form
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (5'-8' in either form)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	270

Star selkies, though large and carnivorous, are actually an ethereal, shape-changing humanoid race. In their human form, they are kind, gentle, individuals of remarkable beauty. Like terrestrial selkies, they have striking green, blue, or black eyes, with irises that sparkle with an inner light. Though somewhat absent-minded, they are highly intelligent and well-versed in the lore of wildspace.

Selkies may retain their human form for up to two weeks at a time. In human form, the selkie communicates in both its own language and Common. In flight, selkies understand spoken language, but communicate among themselves in an unspoken tongue that is as yet unknown.

It is said that star selkies originated from a group of Ptah worshippers whose colony barge crashed on a barren asteroid. In answer to their prayers of salvation, Ptah turned them into the graceful, space-adapted selkies. However, there is only circumstantial evidence of this legend.

Combat: In flight, star selkies are savage, deadly fighters. Their armored, bullet-shaped bodies have razor-sharp guide fins and a prow sheathed in natural armor (AC 2). This armored prow does 1d2 hull points of damage. As high-speed battering rams, they impale their prey. The selkie then extrudes ten tentacles that automatically hit impaled victims. These tentacles, tipped with lamprey-like mouths, attach to the victims and drain 1 hit point per round. A successful Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll destroys one tentacle. A victim can roll to destroy a tentacle once per round.

Star selkies use an inborn ability similar to a *fly* spell to move in any direction, as slowly as a walking human (MV 12) or as fast as a seasoned spelljammer (SR 5).

Habitat/Society: Star selkie communities resemble their terrestrial counterparts. Both sexes hunt and gather food and share responsibilities for child-rearing. If anything, star selkies are more gregarious than their sea-going kin, occasionally even settling



larger human habitations in selkie enclaves. The selkie predilection for scavenging space wrecks has proven to be very useful to them. A number of selkie merchants deal in "reclaimed goods."

Though primarily carnivorous, selkies consider eating humanoid flesh an act of cannibalism. They prefer to eat the wildlife of wildspace, and do not normally attack spelljamming ships (except in self defense). On the contrary, star selkies sometimes help lost travelers, leading them to safe, well-charted areas.

The selkie leaders can cast the following spells once per day: *create air*, *charm monster*, *cure critical wounds*, and *sunray*. They also have an ability similar to a modified *stone shape* spell that allows them to construct their enclaves. The leader casts these spells as a 8th-level wizard.

Ecology: Though the star selkie is a carnivore, it is sensitive to over-hunting of its habitat. Trade with ground dwellers supplements its diet. The star selkie population has increased slightly, but their birthrate is still low.

Star selkies have a special gland that produces oxygen, allowing them to travel in space as long as there is food to eat. This gland does not function properly until the selkie's third year of life, so selkie habitats (called "enclaves") must be air-filled.

Star selkies occasionally attract and take human mates. Offspring of such a pairing breed true as selkies. Such mixed colonies are easy to spot, for the enclaves sport intricate freeform surface dwellings to accommodate the human mates. These surface dwellings tend to be large Egyptian-style structures, lending further credence to the theory of Ptah-worshipping ancestry.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Platinum Space	Gold Space	Iron Space
FREQUENCY:	Rare	Rare	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary	Solitary	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	See below	See below	See below
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5)	Low (5)	Low (5)
TREASURE:	L(x10)	M(x10)	J(x10)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1	1	1
ARMOR CLASS:	3	9	5
MOVEMENT:	6	12	6
HIT DICE:	10+1	9+1	6+1
THACO:	11	11	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2	3	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6+7	1d6+4	1d6+7
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below		
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 or better weapons to hit		
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%	30%	75%
SIZE:	M (6')	M (6')	M (6')
MORALE:	Steady (12)	Steady (12)	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	4000	3000	975

Silatics are amorphous blobs, 5-7' in diameter, that eat metal. Continuously shifting and quivering, they use their two pseudopods to test substances for edibility. The silatic's diet consists solely of the metal they are made of. For example, a platinum silatic eats only platinum. Silatics innately detect the metal they eat within a 100' range.

Silatics hide well, for they can stretch as thin as 1" thick. They need no air to survive and prefer wildspace to planets. In wildspace they are almost graceful, fanning their thinned bodies to move slowly. As soon as gravity takes hold, though, gracefulness disappears; their pseudopods pull them along the ground.

Combat: The silatic's two pseudopods administer bludgeoning damage of 1d6+4. Each adult silatic's pseudopod can extend to 50'. They attack only if disturbed while eating or prevented from feeding. Usually, one pseudopod remains attached to the food while the other attacks an opponent. If injured, the silatic detaches from the food source and attacks the offender with both pseudopods.

There are three known types of silatics: gold, platinum, and iron. (A fourth, silver, is rumored.) Each has a special attack.

Iron—+3 bonus to damage; high magic resistance.

Gold—moves faster than other silatics, gaining one extra attack per round.

Platinum—+3 bonus to damage; also, the platinum silatic coats its pseudopod with acid. If it hits, the character takes an additional 2d8 damage (save vs. poison for half damage).

A silatic eats by attaching a pseudopod to its meal, excreting a liquid that dissolves the metal, and absorbing it through the skin. It takes three rounds to administer the liquid and three to absorb the liquefied metal. The liquid is harmless to living beings. Metal of the silatic's type saves vs. acid at -5. Metal not of the silatic's type saves at -2.

If a silatic senses metal within a wooden-hulled ship, it first tries to sneak aboard. If this fails, it batters a hole in the ship near the metal inside. Against metal ships, a silatic inflicts 1 hull point per turn; against wood, it inflicts normal combat damage.

Habitat/Society: Silatics are solitary, avoiding other beings by hiding in "uninhabitable" places. Silatics of the same type exhibit instant hostility and fight to the death.

Gravs and most space miners kill silatics on sight. Residents of inhabited worlds hunt down silatics relentlessly. Once a gold silatic got into the gold reserves of a major city, reproduced, and soon dozens were oozing around, searching for more gold to devour. The entire city's economy collapsed because gold became too scarce—all because of one hungry silatic.

Ecology: Silatics have no spelljamming ability. To move from world to world, they stow away on ships, often on the outer hull.

When a silatic absorbs enough metal (around 100 lbs), it seeks out an uninhabited area and splits in two. The two new silatics, each 3 1/2' wide, are dazed and instinctively move in opposite directions. Five hours after splitting, they regain their senses and search for food. If the reproduction occurs in a confined space, the two silatics fight to the death upon regaining their senses.

If a silatic is killed, only the metal eaten in the last week can be recovered (usually 1d10 lbs per Hit Die). All other material dissolves into a jelly-like substance.



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (2)
TREASURE:	R
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	2-5
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 9 (C)
HIT DICE:	6+6
THACO:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8/1d8/3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Grab prey
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Slippery
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (16' wingspan)
MORALE:	Irregular (7)
XP VALUE:	1400

Skullbirds are large carrion birds of wildspace. A bad reputation follows these birds. Sailors consider the sight of a skullbird a sign that someone aboard ship will die soon.

The birds are named for their gruesome heads, which appear to be bird skulls covered with a layer of shiny black skin stretched tight. Their glittering dark eyes are hidden deep in the recessed sockets, and their beaks are jet black and needle-sharp. Skullbirds are covered with oily black feathers and exude an oily, charnel odor. Their talons are like razors.

Skullbirds have no language, but have two distinct calls: an irritating, high-pitched screech when they find live food, and an ominous, bass croaking when they find carrion.

Combat: Though the birds prefer to eat carrion, since it puts up no fight, they unhesitatingly attack live prey if they have not had a decent meal in several days (50% chance).

Skullbirds attack with their two sets of sharp talons, each doing 1d8 damage. If the prey is still moving, they try to finish it off with a swift stroke of their razor-like beaks, inflicting 3d4 damage.

Whenever a skullbird attacks a victim who weighs less than 200 pounds, it tries to snatch up its prize and fly away to its foul nest. To do so, the skullbird must hit the victim with both claws in the same melee round. The talons have an effective Strength of 17. The victim is allowed a Strength check to escape; failure means the bird swoops up with the victim at top speed. If the prey struggles for more than one round, the skullbird drops the victim, in hopes that the falling damage will finish it off.

Skullbirds secrete an oily substance that keeps them comfortable while flying in space. The oil is slippery; any attempt to grapple with the bird takes a -4 penalty. This oil is also responsible for the creature's low AC, since weapons seem to slip off the bird.

The oil, however, is highly flammable, giving the skullbirds a -4 penalty when saving vs. fire-based attacks, and +2 hp per die of fire damage. Waving torches or other open flames around a skullbird for one round forces a morale check.

Habitat/Society: Skullbirds nest in floating wrecks of spelljamming vessels, or in the decomposing bodies of huge, dead, wildspace creatures. They travel in flocks and have no leaders. Skullbirds are not territorial.



Once every three months, a female skullbird lays 1d4 eggs. Ugly, almost skeletal chicks hatch from the eggs and begin croaking incessantly, demanding to be fed. The sound is reminiscent of a group of bullfrogs. There is a 25% chance of finding skullbird eggs in a nest. They are not edible.

The oily feathers of the skullbird also trap air most efficiently, giving the birds a full day's supply of air. They do require air to survive in wildspace.

The skullbird is a bird of ill omen. Sailors shun them, and shun anyone foolish enough to wear anything made from part one of the birds. If a ship encounters skullbirds outside their lair, the encounter begins with the birds flying out of nowhere and trying to perch on the ship's masts. This is considered the worst possible omen, a sign that the ship will soon be destroyed. Fast-moving characters get one round to try to drive the birds away from the masts; if they succeed, the birds may attack instead (50% chance).

Average or Green crews who see the skullbirds roosting on their ships undergo an immediate morale check at -1 penalty. Failure indicates that the sailors immediately panic, some scampering below decks, others jumping off the ship. They remain panicked until the birds are driven off. More experienced crews need not check morale, but they make morale checks in later battles at the same penalty.

Ecology: The only positive ecological contribution skullbirds make is their pursuit of their favorite food, feesu (q.v.).

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary/tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Nocturnal
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	36
HIT DICE:	2 + 1
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4/1d4/2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Sever vein on 19-20
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (1-3')
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	65

Sleeks are ermine-like mammals with bright, black eyes. Antennae on their muzzles aid them in gauging both the size and distance of their prey. Though independent, they occasionally seek human and demihuman companionship.

Combat: The sleek's speed and silent motion make it all but invisible (surprise on 1-5 on 1d6). In combat against man-sized or larger adversaries, the sleek uses its antennae to sense vital areas in an opponent, then attacks with its claws and razor sharp teeth. The sleek's claws do 1d4 points of damage. Man-sized or larger targets suffer 2d6 points of damage.

A roll of 20 indicates that the sleek has opened a major blood vessel, causing a halfling-sized or larger victim to lose 1d6 hp per minute through bleeding. First aid, such as a tourniquet or direct pressure, stops this hp loss, as does healing magic. Smaller targets must save vs. death. Failure means the victim dies immediately, its spinal cord severed.

Their fast metabolism, coupled with an extremely powerful and efficient digestive tract, renders sleeks immune to poison. This also lets them consume poisonous or exotic flesh—even flesh golems are not safe!

Sleeks sometimes act in concert against large prey. This ability to cooperate, combined with their berserker-like battle frenzy (+4 to hit), makes them formidable enemies to shipboard "pests."



Habitat/Society: Sleeks inhabit cargo holds and small ship passageways. If coaxed with food they can be domesticated (30% chance).

Their large, bright eyes, silvery-white fur, and sensitive antennae mark them as onetime cave dwellers, but their adaptations pose no handicap to them in the light. Sleeks mate for life, producing litters of 1d4 young once a year. A family of sleeks may occupy a "territory," but conflict between sleek territories is rare.

In lean times sleeks also exact "tribute" from ship crews. Instead of helping themselves to foodstuffs, they play tricks, steal clothes and precious items, and generally make nuisances of themselves until the crew formally offers food. Simply leaving food for them is not good enough; the "insulted" sleeks demand a show of submission. For instance, the captain must roll on his or her back in full view of the sleeks. Only then is the sleeks' honor satisfied. This behavior earns them the name "pirate-masters."

Ecology: Sleeks live about 20 years. Young stay with their parents for two years, whereupon they leave to establish territories of their own. Those individuals who adopt humans remain with them for life as staunch allies.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Wildspace and phlogiston
FREQUENCY: Common
ORGANIZATION: Bed

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Wood, magic
INTELLIGENCE: Non- (0)

TREASURE: Nil
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 8
MOVEMENT: 3

HIT DICE: 5
THACO: 16
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Special
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Special

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: G (50 +' diameter patches)
MORALE: Nil
XP VALUE: 420

Sluk is wildspace seaweed, with the same ship-mirring ability as sargasso seaweed in planetary seas. An unintelligent parasite, it feeds on magical energy.

Sluk is a dark blue weed with small silver nodules in its leaves. It drifts in 50' long, stringy clumps called "beds," waiting for ships to run into it. Its coloration acts as near-perfect camouflage in wildspace (only 5% chance that lookouts see it). In the phlogiston, the plant is easy to spot.

Combat: If a spellcaster or anyone carrying three or more magical items falls into a sluk bed, the seaweed wraps itself around the victim. If it scores a hit, the sluk contracts with Strength 18 as it leeches magical energy, inflicting 1d6 damage per round. Draining effects on magical items are described below.

Sluk can mire spelljamming vessels. Each 50 square feet of sluk bed can stop five tons of vessel; the bed's area is 2d10 × 50 square feet.

If the vessel is moving at spelljamming speeds when it runs into a sluk bed big enough to stop it, the ship immediately decelerates to tactical speed, requiring all aboard to make a Dexterity check or lose their balance and fall. A vessel travelling at tactical speed through a sluk bed gradually slows to a halt, losing 1/4 of its original speed and maneuverability each round until it stops.

Once a vessel stops in a sluk bed, the only way to get moving again is to chop away the strands. This takes 1d6 + 3 rounds.

Sluk is completely immune to magic, except for cold-based spells. Magical cold instantly causes the plant to shrivel up and flake off. Other spells merely nourish the sluk. If a total of 10 spell levels are cast at the sluk, it reproduces as detailed below.

Habitat/Society: Sluk is attracted to sources of magic and moves towards them much as a groundling sunflower turns to face the sun.



Ecology: Sluk reproduces by adhering to a trapped spelljamming hull and bleeding its magical energy. (The hull must be wood; metal hulls are immune to the bleeding, though they are still trapped.) Subtract the trapped vessel's SR from 10; the result is the number of rounds (minimum 1) the sluk must hold the ship motionless to reproduce. Thus, a vessel with SR 4 lets the plant reproduce in six rounds. Sluk can only bleed motionless ships.

In reproducing, the sluk doubles the size of its patch, possibly miring the ship even deeper in the bed. At DM's option, the crew must spend 1d6 extra rounds cutting away strands.

Drain effects: The sluk temporarily reduces a trapped spelljammer's SR by 1 per round (minimum 1). Ignore this temporary reduction when figuring how long the sluk takes to reproduce; always use the ship's original SR instead. The ship regains 1 SR per hour once it escapes from the sluk. Once a ship is reduced to SR 1, it no longer feeds the sluk enough energy to permit reproduction. At DM's discretion, spelljamming helms may lose their power permanently after months in the sluk.

Magical items lose one charge per round; permanent magical items lose their magic after one hour in the sluk, but recover their powers within 1d10 turns if removed before then. Relics and artifacts are not affected.

Feesu and skullbirds (qq.v.) enjoy an occasional nibble of sluk, but not enough to make a difference.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi- (3)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	9, Fl 12
HIT DICE:	4 + 4
THACO:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' at shoulder)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	420

The space swine are a species of boar, custom-bred by the mercantile dohwar (q.v.) for a variety of uses. They serve primarily as trackers, since they have uncanny senses.

Standing three feet at the shoulder and six feet long, the space swine also sport a pair of huge grey wings, resembling a pigeon's. The wings span about eight feet. A single blunt horn juts out six inches from the space swine's thick skull. The normal space swine coloration is a dirty or mottled brown. Space swine of remarkable lineage or belonging to influential dohwar may be pure white or black. Space swine grunt like pigs and sometimes coo like pigeons. Judging by the dohwar's irritation, some speculate that the pigs are not supposed to coo.

Besides tracking, space swine also serve as beasts of burden, food, and (rarely) mounts. Though the dohwar are proud of their porcine creations, the other intelligent races consider the pigs an insane idea and nickname them "star pork."

Combat: Despite their odd appearance, space swine are fierce fighters, as ill-tempered as wild boars. The space swine's nasty bite does 2d4 damage.

As a war mount, the space swine is trained to attack with its horn. If a space swine and his dohwar rider have at least 120' between themselves and their foe, the space swine can make a high-speed dive. During the dive, the space swine emits a piercing war-squeal that rises in pitch as it nears the target. Make an attack roll for the space swine to hit its target. If the space swine hits, its 500-pound weight does 2d10 crushing damage, and its horn impales for an additional 1d10 damage. After a hit, the space swine save vs. breath weapon or drop unconscious for 1d4 rounds with a light concussion. The riding dohwar, of course, is thrown.

A space swine war mount can follow up to a dozen commands. These commands can be sign language or simple phrases. Though the space swine cannot speak, it recognizes its given name and its rider. If a space swine loses its rider in battle but has a chance to rescue the rider, the pig flies away fast (though it feels really bad about this and misses its rider terribly).

Habitat/Society: Space swine are raised in herds. A litter of space swine consists of 3d4 sucklings. Only the strong become war mounts. All space swine are rather good-natured, and do not pick fights, though adult space swine band together to defend sucklings from predators.



Space swine are clean animals, preening their wings to keep them in good shape and airworthy. On hot planets, space swine enjoy rolling around in mud to cool off.

Muscular animals, space swine can bear 400 pounds of weight with no encumbrance penalty. Despite their bulk, they are sure-footed. A space swine retains enough air for itself for 24 hours, or 18 hours with a rider.

Space swine are uncanny trackers. If allowed to sniff a piece of a person's clothing, or a sample of some sort of material, the space swine can track the person or material in question with a Tracking proficiency level of 18. The material can be anything from gold to silver to water to truffles. Once on the scent, the space swine tracks relentlessly to the source; nothing stops it but fatigue, injury, or trickery.

In wildspace, a space swine can find a scent up to 48,000 miles away. This distance drops by 2,000 miles for every hour of the scent's age. Thus, if a dohwar wished to track down a particular vessel that passed within 10,000 miles of the dohwar 12 hours ago, the space swine could pick up the scent. To determine success, use the space swine's Tracking proficiency level of 18.

Space swine also taste delicious, roasted with applesauce on the side.

Ecology: Space swine can eat anything, and they manage to fulfill some small role in gobbling up space garbage tossed by passing ships. Other than this, the space swine have no real use except to the dohwar.

The dohwar try to market space swine as an all-in-one animal for the knowledgeable explorer, but apparently those explorers have enough knowledge not to believe this. The only ones who purchase space swine in great numbers are the tinker gnomes, who think that space swine are "a brilliant idea."

In desperation, the dohwar also try to sell space swine to space-going halflings, billing them as "dependable mounts, strong beasts of burden, and they make a tasty mid-afternoon snack." Thus far, the strategy has failed.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Spirit warrior Any	Zwarth Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	N/A	N/A
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	N/A	N/A
DIET:	N/A	N/A
INTELLIGENCE:	Non-(0)	Non-(0)
TREASURE:	Nil	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-200	1-5
ARMOR CLASS:	-5	-8
MOVEMENT:	15, Fl 24	18, Fl 24, SR 3
HIT DICE:	Master's +10	Master's +20
THAC0:	Varies	Varies
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Varies	Equals master's attacks
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	— 3d6/3d6 or by weapon type —	
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Special
SIZE:	H (20')	G (30' +)
MORALE:	Varies	Varies
XP VALUE:	6000	7000



The spirit warrior is an enormous undead insect, the primary long-range weapon of elven crack troops during the Unhuman Wars. All Spirit Warriors went into time storage after the end of the Unhuman Wars, and they occasionally emerge in modern times.

A fighter operates the spirit warrior from a cavity inside the chest. This is the spirit warrior's master (also called a spirit warrior, as the two become essentially one).

Spirit warriors are of three types: carnivores, herbivores, and nektars. Carnivores descend from the praying mantis. They have its slashing, grasping forelimbs and biting mandibles. Their wings bear eye-spots that they reflexively display before combat.

Herbivores are based on the katydid. Though they are thin and spindly in build, their powerful legs carry them 600' forward or backward, and up to 400' vertically. Their wings and limbs are leaf-shaped.

Nektars descend from an insect similar to both a butterfly and a wasp. Nektar spirit warriors are brightly colored, with iridescent thoraxes and alternating bands of color on their abdomens. Their wings are large and colorful, with various patterns.

All breeds of spirit warrior have at least two clawed hands, feet that adhere to any surface, and functional wings that enable them to make gliding leaps of 100-600' on planets. They also wield various melee weapons scaled to their size.

Combat: A spirit warrior's number of attacks depends on its master's ability—for instance, a 1st-level fighter attacks once per round, so his spirit warrior can only attack once per round. Conversely, a 12th-level fighter's spirit warrior can attack three times every two rounds. Most spirit warriors attack with a giant longsword, doing triple normal damage (3d8). Some warriors use special bows with a range of 500 yards. The arrows do triple normal damage (3d6); there is a 5% chance that one arrow is an *arrow of slaying*. All spirit warriors can deliver two claw attacks for 3d6 per claw, in lieu of the weapon strike.

The various species also have different attacks, as follows:

Carnivores bite for 5d6 damage. The forelimbs of the carnivore spirit warrior can grapple an opponent on a successful attack roll, inflicting 1d6 crushing damage each round thereafter. A successful grapple immobilizes a smaller opponent, and later attacks hit

automatically. A grappled opponent gets a Strength ability check each round to break free.

Herbivores can change color like a chameleon, becoming almost invisible to an opponent (surprise on 1-4 on 1d6). Their screech attack does 2d10 sonic damage per round. The herbivore uses its leaping ability to jump over its opponent, somersaulting in midair to land and strike from behind (+2 to hit when the master makes a successful Dexterity check).

Nektars have a smooth wasp-like stinger. In life, a gland pumps a poison through the stinger, inflicting a painful wound. The spirit warrior has a hollow stinger outfitted with a small greek fire projector with 1d3 shots. The stinger can fire every other round for 3d6 damage at a range of 50 yards.

The spirit warrior body "remembers" its previous existence as a living insect and confers its sense of absolute balance to the master, making disorientation impossible.

The bonding between the spirit warrior and its master means that damage to the spirit warrior is relayed to the master. In the event of a critical hit, the master must save vs. death. Failure means both spirit warrior and master die from shock.

Habitat/Society: Spirit warriors are weapons from the Unhuman Wars. There are three ways to acquire one: find one that has been abandoned, wrest one from its owner in combat, or grow one from an egg and perform the appropriate spells. Since the Wars ranged over a great area, the chance of finding an abandoned warrior is small. Also, those still piloted have most likely been around since the time of the Wars, so wresting one from its master in combat is also unlikely. This leaves the method of growing one from an egg, as follows:

The would-be spirit warrior receives an egg. The fighter must incubate the pinhead-sized egg in a warm and secure environment, preferably next to the fighter's body. When the egg hatches, the warrior must nurture and protect the fragile larva from six months to a year, until it is mature. This nurturing involves close emotional contact with the insect (stroking, petting, cuddling,

Spirit Warrior

thinking pleasant thoughts) to develop a strong emotional bond as one would with a pet or familiar. After a year the insect is mature, and the spells of modification begin; however, for the strongest bond, this final process is delayed until after the insect has died of old age. If the spells are performed on a living insect, it dies during the ceremony.

The insect becomes a spirit warrior via spells that enlarge, animate, strengthen, and physically modify the insect's remains. These spells also link the minds of warrior and insect in an unbreakable bond, unaffected by magic, disease, physical attack, or mental control. The final stage of the process installs a special minor helm in the hollow chest cavity of the insect warrior.

There is a base 5% chance that the discoverer of an abandoned warrior can forge a new bond with it. Alignment affects this chance, for warriors created for the Unhuman Wars were of either good or neutral alignment (law and chaos were of no consequence). If the discoverer's alignment differs from the warrior's, the bonding chance decreases 1% for each degree of difference—for example, if the spirit warrior is good in alignment and the finder is neutral, the chance of bonding drops to 4%; if the finder is evil, the chance drops to 3%.

If the 5% chance fails, the effects on the discoverer who attempted the bond range from devastating to deadly. Roll percentile dice and consult this table.

Die Roll	Effect
01-25	unconscious for 1d3 days
26-85	stroke (cerebral hemorrhage); victim incapacitated. DM's choice of specific effects: loss of motor skills, speech impairment, etc.
86-00	Death due to massive stroke and psychic trauma.

The reason for such severe results is the bonding process itself. The process effects physical changes on the would-be spirit warrior's brain and nervous system. When the bonding takes place between an insect and its keeper, the links are easily forged due to the years of intimate contact. For a stranger to attempt such a bonding is dangerous indeed.

Ecology: This is only important when the spirit warrior larva is being nurtured. Nektars and herbivores feed on one or two specific types of flowering plants. Growing these flowers requires a hothouse. An insect can eat up to 30 times its body weight in a day.

Carnivores also develop preferences and are more insistent. The master may grow anxious when the insect is hungry, resulting in mood swings and irrational behavior (for instance, drastic reductions in the local space hamster population) in both master and insect.

During the Unhuman Wars, elvish mages created the warriors as armored, super-strong weapons to counter orcish monsters being released on various worlds. At first their years of research only worked up to a point: the giant undead insects ran amok, killing researchers and damaging Armada Noble itself.

An assistant, Rowan Starblade by name, discovered that the ceremonies failed because the researchers and the insects shared no emotional bond. When one of Rowan's "pet" research insects rampaged after the ill-fated ceremony, she threw herself in front of the beast, begging it to stop. To her surprise, the giant insect obeyed her command!

Further experimentation with Rowan's pet zombie revealed that when she welded a modified minor helm in the insect's hollow chest cavity with gold and platinum wire, she could sit in the helm and pilot the insect with her speed and agility, and with the insect's strength.

Zwarth

This large version of the spirit warrior, piloted by crews of 5-8 people, has as many attacks per round as it has crew members. It is capable of true spelljamming flight and can use many weapons.

The zwarth has the magical power of *spell projection*. A spellcaster in a zwarth can amplify attack spells, doing a spell's dice of damage in hull points. For instance, if an ordinary *magic missile* does 1d4 + 1 points of damage, then the same *magic missile*, cast through the zwarth's hands, would do 1d4 + 1 *hull points* of damage!

Zwarth construction resembles that of a spirit warrior. Growth and bonding processes are the same. (Yes, an entire party must undergo this process!)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	A
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	18, Fl 24
HIT DICE:	9
THACO:	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d6/2d6/4d6/1d6/1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Chain lightning
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	L (12' at shoulder)
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	6,000

Astrosphinxes are a malevolent breed of sphinx whose origins are shrouded in mystery. Standing twice as tall as a man, the astrosphinx is covered with brass-colored scales like those of a dragon. A pair of huge black bat wings sprouts from its back. The head resembles a goat skull, with tiny pinpricks of violet light in its eye sockets. The head does in fact have flesh; it is just so pale, and stretched so tightly across the skull, that it seems invisible. Instead of forepaws, the astrosphinx has a pair of large, clawed human hands. The beast exudes a smell of ozone and offal.

These frightful creations, parodies of true sphinxes, speak the language of all sphinxes and the Common tongue.

Combat: An astrosphinx uses its two goat horns to attack with a head-butt, each horn doing 1d6 damage. It can bite viciously (4d6 damage). Its human hands have large claws that do 1d6 damage each. In rare instances (5% of the time), the creature wields a two-handed sword, sometimes magical.

Though the creature has a draconian body, it cannot use its tail or hind legs in combat. It does, however, breathe a cone of sleep gas 80' long, 4' wide at the beast's mouth and 20' wide at the base. Targets caught in the cone must save vs. breath weapon or fall asleep for 1d6 turns. Victims in wildspace in their own air bubbles remain asleep until the gas is somehow flushed out of the air supply. The astrosphinx can employ this breath weapon once every five rounds.

Finally, the astrosphinx can shoot a 9d6 chain lightning bolt from its eye sockets. There is a one-round delay before hurling the bolt, and a resting of the eyes for one round afterwards. On the round before the bolt fires, the pinpoints of light in the astrosphinx's eye sockets change color from violet to gold. On the round after the bolt is fired, the eyes change to red. At the end of that round, the eyes change back to their normal violet, which means that the eyes have recharged.

The disadvantage to the sphinx's lightning weapon is that it is blind for the one round of rest. The sphinx suffers a -4 penalty to THACO in melee combat during the round of eye rest.

In melee combat, the astrosphinx attacks homicidally, mindlessly until nothing living still stands. As a rule, after its riddle is answered incorrectly (see below), the sphinx breathes its sleep gas, shoots the lightning, then hurls itself into melee. The astrosphinx attacks not only the person who got the riddle wrong, but all companions as well.



Habitat/Society: Astrosphinxes are fiercely territorial and challenge all intruders to a contest of riddles. Those who answer incorrectly, or do not answer at all, are killed outright. Due to their dementia, the astrosphinxes challenge any living things, even birds, bugs, small animals, and plants.

The madness of the astrosphinxes renders their riddles unanswerable and illogical: "What is the speed of blue?" "How loud is down?" "What do a kobold and the Spelljammer have in common besides triangles?" Unfortunately, an astrosphinx slays anyone who does not answer its riddle correctly; so, an astrosphinx is usually the only creature on a given planet.

Some travellers, legend states, have solved an astrosphinx's mad riddle by giving an equally mad or nonsensical answer. This tactic seldom works (1% chance of success). Legend says that if an astrosphinx's riddle is answered correctly, the beasts erupts into a 20d6 ring of chain lightning, killing itself. Supposedly all that is left is a clue to the whereabouts of the Spelljammer.

The astrosphinx can survive in space without air. It lairs most often on small, barren chunks of rock. The sphinx eats anything, usually those who give wrong answers to its riddles.

Ecology: The astrosphinx is a bizarre predator that all conscientious races believe is better off hunted down and killed. Not even the evil intelligent races have anything to do with it. Saving any piece of an astrosphinx as a trophy is considered a bad omen, and the owner of the grisly trophy winds up shunned by his fellows.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace, phlogiston
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	N/A
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-100
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	0
THACO:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	0
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (2' long)
MORALE:	Nil
XP VALUE:	Nil

This colorful butterfly-shaped plant drifts slowly through wildspace, much to the delight of spelljammer crews—its fruit is delicious! Spelljammers consider the starfly plant an omen of good luck, since it not only ends hunger but also symbolizes wealth and happiness.

The gossamer wings of the starfly trap sunlight, converting it to sugary food for the seed nestled inside. Similar to a peach pit, the warty, almond-shaped seed contains foul-tasting chemicals poisonous to living things.

Ecology: The starfly is actually the mobile fruit of a spacefaring plant, a tree that grows to maturity rooted in the ice and dirt of comets. Known as a mother-tree, it grows winged fruits that drift across space in search of new comets to seed.

The starfly's shape resembles elven spacecraft, leading scholars to suppose (correctly) that elves took these plants and enchanted them to grow to maturity while mobile, thus creating variants such as the gadabout (q.v) and the elven armada ship. In truth, the starfly is the mainstay of spacegoing elvenkind, since its simple form is so easily changed.

Mother-tree: This plant is the mature form of the starfly. Once the fruit has landed on a comet, the seed takes root and begins to digest the cometary ice and minerals. The sapling grows winglike leaves that take in sunlight. After a time, the young tree develops a bulb that stores water. At this stage, the leaves become reflective, focusing sunlight on the bulb and heating the water within. The resulting steam jets out of the bulb nozzles, pushing comet



and plant closer to the sun. Once the tree is close enough, the leaves fall away, and the second stage of life begins.

In this phase, the tree feeds on the remaining minerals of the comet. By the time they are gone, the tree is large enough to generate a gravity plane and hold an air envelope. As the tree grows, its gravity plane attracts rocks and debris into the tree's organic furnace, further aiding the tree's growth. When the tree has grown to about 1000 feet, the smelting pods wither, giving off gases that create air.

New growth begins, dense clusters of leaves that form a habitat for animals and other plants. When the tree matures, it is a fully functioning ecology. The tree's gravity may pull in other rock bodies, supporting further growth and eventually creating a live-world.

It is rumored that elven wizards have used secret spells to mount special helms into mother-trees for use as spelljammers. The rumor says that the giant trees will succeed the armadas as the mainstays of the elven space fleet. As yet the rumor remains unproven, but rivals of the elves would pay a great deal to anyone who can confirm it.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace/asteroids
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Diurnal
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOR CLASS:	-2(8)
MOVEMENT:	12 (Roll 24)
HIT DICE:	6 + 2
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (1)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8/1d8/4d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Electric bolt (5d6 × 2)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Stone hide
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (18' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12-13)
XP VALUE:	3,000

The stargazer is a large, four-legged reptilian asteroid-dweller. Its rocky skin mimics crystalline outcroppings, giving it an AC of -2.

The stargazer is often mistaken for a large lump of precious stone amid a larger stone formation or on the ground. The stony, gemlike carapace hides a frog-like mouth lined with razor-sharp teeth, as well as four sharp claws which are kept folded under the stargazer's body.

The hide absorbs sunlight, both to warm the beast's body and to power the beast's main weapon, lightning discharges. Hides show a variety of colors and crystalline formations, but generally they are reddish or violet, suggesting deposits of ruby or amethyst. Citrine, emerald and sapphire varieties are also seen.

Combat: The stargazer uses its carapace as a blind, imitating an outcropping of precious stone. Wandering animals or greedy adventurers entranced with their find receive a "shocking" surprise.

When the stargazer senses prey (25' range), twin lightning bolts leap from its eyes, doing 6d6 electrical damage per bolt; the bolts can fire independently at different targets. It then raises itself from its shallow hiding space and lunges toward the victim, biting (4d6) and rending with claws (1d8). It can loose up to six lightning bolts, two per round, before stopping to recharge.

If the stargazer is losing a battle, it rolls itself into a ball, stone shell outward, protecting its soft underside (AC 8). It rolls in a random direction to escape its tormentor. Roll a 1d12 to determine the direction the beast escapes in; numbers on the die correspond to positions on a clock face. Those in the indicated direction must save vs. breath weapon. Those who fail the saving throw are run over. Victims caught by this rolling action suffer 4d6 crushing damage.



Habitat/Society: Stargazers live on the sunny sides of large asteroids, basking in the continual sunlight. They are solitary, mating quickly, hiding their eggs, and abandoning them. Stargazers are territorial, guarding a range of 1-3 square miles. Two stargazers may occupy opposite hemispheres of a single asteroid, establishing the opposite sides of the gravity plane as their "territory."

In mating season stargazers may duel to the death over territory, mates, and prey. If an area is overpopulated, the stargazer uses its powerful hind legs to leap from the asteroid. It then rolls into a ball, to drift through space in hibernation until caught by the gravity of another asteroid or a shipload of greedy spelljammers. The advent of spelljamming humanoids has enlarged their range.

Ecology: The stargazer is a voracious killer, prone to berserker rages against large opponents. The monster is its own treasure; specifically, the carapace is actually an organic form of the crystal that it most resembles. There is one drawback: Unless treated with a *permanency* spell, the carapace crumbles to dust 1d6 days after the stargazer's death. Jewelers can cut magically treated stargazer shells to produce 1d6 gems of (4d6 + 1) × 1000 gp each.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Nil
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-10
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	5
THAC0:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d4/2d4/3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S to M (3-7' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	420

Stellar undead are the corpses of spelljamming sailors returned to a semblance of life. The corpses are animated by raw energy from the Negative Material Plane. This energy warps the dying sailor's brains, twisting their final thoughts of home, safety, and friends into an unholy desire to walk again among the living, and to be warm again by drinking their blood.

Due to the vacuum of wildspace, most bodies decompose very slowly. When viewed from more than 3' away, stellar undead do not look dead, but much as they did in life. Though their bodies and clothes show the cause of their deaths, they remove weapons stuck in their bodies.

Stellar undead retain some vestiges of intelligence, and can speak one language of those they knew in life. Their voices are a hollow croak, though some confuse this with a thirsty sailor's dry throat. Most of their words are monosyllables such as "help," "yes," "no," "food," or "thanks."

In order to track down warm-blooded bodies, the stellar undead have infravision with 90' range.

Combat: Stellar undead attack by clawing their opponents (2d4 damage per hand) and biting them (3d4 damage). If both claw attacks hit one victim in the same round, the bite attack on the same victim, if successful, does double damage.

Once a victim has been hit by all three attacks in one round, the undead changes its tactics. Instead of attacking with its claws, it holds tight to its new meal, automatically doing 2 hp damage on each later round. The undead continues biting, doing double damage if it hits. The victim can break away by making a successful Strength check (allowed once per round).

Like most undead, the stellar undead are immune to all mind-affecting spells such as *sleep*, *charm*, *fear*, and *hold* spells. Due to their close relationship with the Negative Plane, they are turned as liches. A direct hit with holy water causes 2d12 damage; a splash does 1d6 damage.

Though the stellar undead still have the clothes and weapons that they wore in life, they have forgotten how to use them. Some clumsily try to swing a sword or activate a wand, without success.

Habitat/Society: Stellar undead have no society or leader. They tend to congregate around areas where it is normal to find be-draggled survivors, such as spelljammer wrecks. Sometimes they



are found on barren asteroids, where they appear as castaways of a ship crash.

Their common trick is to cling to fragments of a spelljamming ship and pretend to be stranded sailors. Some act unconscious, while others wave frantically and call out to passing ships. When brought aboard, they try to pass for living sailors as long as possible, though there is a cumulative 5% chance per turn that the undead lose their self-control and attack in force, sinking their teeth into the first warm flesh they can grab.

Besides attempting normal "living person combat," stellar undead sometimes (45%) try non-violent actions from life (eating food, drinking, writing) to keep up the sham of life before their hosts. Otherwise, the undead just go where they are led, mumbling thanks until they cannot take it any more and tear into their rescuers.

The chance of stellar undead successfully imitating the living depends on how long ago the corpses died. At the beginning of the encounter, roll percentile dice. The result is both how many days prior to the encounter that the ship crew died, and the chance that any attempt to "act normal" fails. Thus, a roll of 47 means that the stellar undead died and were "created" 47 days before being found. Once aboard, one stellar undead tries to act normal by drinking from a flask; in this example, there is a 47% chance that the attempt to drink fails.

Ecology: Stellar undead exist only in the Prime Material Plane. If encountered within five miles of an actual gate to the Negative Material Plane, the stellar undead cannot be turned, and they regenerate 2 hp per round.

The stellar undead can sense the presence of other types of undead in their line of sight.

	Primary Any	Secondary Any	Tertiary Any	Space Any	Remote Wildspace
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any	Any	Very rare	Any	Any
FREQUENCY:					
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary	Horde	Swarm	Solitary	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Diurnal	Nocturnal	Any	Any	Any
DIET:			Omnivore		
INTELLIGENCE:	Low	Low	Semi-	Average	Non-
TREASURE:			None		
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil	Chaotic evil	Neutral evil	Chaotic neutral	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-3	2-20*	1d4*	1	1-5
ARMOR CLASS:	-5	0	2	-3	5
MOVEMENT:	9	48	16	SR 3	24
HIT DICE:	15	8	4	45	7
THACO:	5	13	17	5	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	7	6, spit	3	7, sunbeam	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d6(x6)/5d12	2d6(x6)/3d6/2d10	1d6 + 3(x2)/1d10	1d6 hull pts(x6)/ 2d6 hull pts/25d10	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:			See below		
SPECIAL DEFENSES:			See below		
MAGIC RESISTANCE:			Nil		
SIZE:	G (200')	H (20')	M (5'-6')	G (1000')	G (25')
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)	Elite (13-14)	Steady (11-12)	Fearless (19-20)	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	12,000	6,000	270	40,000	2,000

* indicates per number of previous monster; i.e., one primary can hatch 2d10 secondaries; two secondaries can hatch 2-8 tertiaries (1d4 each).

Orc shamans created the witchlight marauders during the escalation of the Unhuman Wars to "counter ruthless elf aggression," as one surviving orc scroll reads. In truth, the marauders were shock troops, organic first-strike weapons meant to devastate whole elven planets. Their efficiency as killing machines was matched only by their fast breeding.

Luckily for the rest of humanoid civilization, these monsters were wiped out during the Unhuman Wars. There are orcish legends, however, of *timestop* devices that preserved some of these beasts as doomsday weapons.

Combat: The slug-like land marauders were enormous (500+ feet), dwarfing even venerable red dragons. Everything in the witchlight marauder's path—plants, animals, city walls, mountains—was food for the beast's cavernous central maw. Secondary mouths sprouted to gobble up prey on either side of the beast's path. Land marauders especially liked metal, mineral deposits, and magical items. All food made its way to the blast-furnace gut, producing poison gas—and more witchlight marauders.

As the marauder gorged itself, it periodically ejected secondary marauders. These smaller (20' tall) killers leapt forth, rending and killing with six poisonous metallic talons (2d6 each; save vs. poison or take 1d10 additional damage), steel teeth (3d6), and a sweeping spiked tail (2d10). The secondaries also spat an acid jet (1d8 per round, 30' range), and could climb nearly any surface with their gripping feet. These monsters ranged the countryside, covering miles in a single night, homing in on the scent of elven blood, destroying all survivors of the primaries' attack.

Once the secondaries gorged themselves on living flesh, they ejected still smaller fighters. These small (4' tall) tertiaries were berserker warriors with two metallic sword blades in place of hands. Their strength (18/50, +3 damage) and agility made them fearsome in combat.

After a week's "foraging," the primary marauder burrowed deep underground and established a lair. In the two weeks that



followed, guarded by secondaries, the primary split like an amoeba into two primary marauders. The cycle continued until the marauders ran out of food, whereupon they turned on and destroyed each other.

These land marauders reached their targets via still larger creatures: the space marauders. These enormous (1000') reptilian hor-

Witchlight Marauders

rors traveled through wildspace on sails spun from special organs on their bodies. These sails doubled as focusing mirrors, enabling the space beast to focus a deadly (25d10) sunbeam on targets. Once they reached a crystal sphere, they phased their way in, searching for small celestial bodies to feed on. Like their smaller kin, flying marauders ate any being, rock, or small moon they found, creating both land marauders and explosive projectiles (12d6 hull points of damage).

The spacegoing marauders were enormous (1,000'). A crocodilian head sported a nest of thousands of yard-long, razor-sharp teeth. This head was encrusted with glowing red eyes, and bit for 2-12 hull points of damage. Surrounding the central head were six long, flexible necks ending in eyeless heads with gaping, ship-smashing maws (1-6 hull pts damage per head). The scaly, veined necks were attached to a tree-trunk shaped body that terminated in a pulsating mass of writhing hawser-like tentacles. At the center of this squirming mass were the umbilicals to which were attached three primary marauders. As individual primaries reached maturity and detached, new ones grew in their places.

The space marauder's crocodilian mouth held thousands of yard-long, razor-sharp teeth (2d6 hull points). Surrounding the many-eyed central head were six long, flexible necks ending in eyeless heads with gaping mouths (1d6 hull points per head). The scaly necks attached to a tree trunk-shaped body that terminated in a mass of writhing hawser-like tentacles. At the center of this squirming mass, umbilicals held three primary marauders. As individual primaries reached maturity and detached, new ones grew in their places.

In addition to the land marauders, the spacers could also birth 1d4 + 1 remote feeders. These were little more than gigantic (550' diameter) flying gullets that would engulf matter from planets, digest it, and return to the mother beast to provide it with additional nourishment.

Habitat/Society: These solitary war beasts were bred and unleashed by orcish mages for use in the Unhuman Wars. The orcs' overall objective was a scorched-earth strategy that would leave the elven worlds lifeless, barren rocks.

Fortunately, the elven forces found out about the plan before the witchlight marauders were unleashed. Using their own new weapons (see the "Bionoid" and "Spirit Warrior" entries), they attacked and destroyed the orcs.

Some old scrolls hint that one of the space marauders escaped the elves' onslaught, burning its way through the elven blockade into space. Elven sages refuse to comment on this, dismissing the writings as orcish propaganda.

Ecology: During the Unhuman Wars, orcish breeders developed creatures that were meant to counter the threat of elven spirit warriors. These monsters served as land and air/space attackers. It was thought that the elves eradicated all of these doomsday weapons, but apparently a few may have survived either by encapsulation in *time-stop* fields or by wandering the starlanes. If an adventuring party were to find one of these organic time-bombs, it would behoove them to leave the area immediately.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary/tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Diurnal
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average-Genius (8-18)
TREASURE:	W
ALIGNMENT:	Any
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	See below
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	1 + 1
THAC0:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1(3)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	by weapon type, or 2d6/2d6 or 1d4 + poison poison bite
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (5'base)
MORALE:	Very steady (13-14)
XP VALUE:	Varies

Xixchil (ZIX-chil) are praying mantis-like "mantoids" who are accomplished craftsmen. Using the fine scalpel-like manipulators at the ends of their forelimbs, they create fine metalwork, clothing, and clockwork devices whose complexity and beauty rival even that of the reigar.

The xixchil's main avocation (some say religion) is surgery. The xixchil believe that the body is like a house, and that one must add to the blank shell to make it truly one's home. Because of this belief, xixchil are very easy to tell apart—their exoskeletons can be covered with inlays, gem settings and other adornments, and they may be grown into fantastic shapes. Most xixchil who deal with humans are named after their "modifications"—Spike, Crest, Hook, and Spinner, for example. The xixchil talent for surgical adornment has found many applications among non-xixchil as well.

Xixchil can synthesize a person-specific anesthetic that renders a patient unconscious for the duration of the "operation." This enzyme soup requires a taste of the subject's (or victim's) clothing, weaponry, or any object that the subject has held in close body contact. A single bite (normal attack roll) administers the dose, or the saliva can work through food or drink.

In this manner the xixchil also create poisons. Once the xixchil has touched the victim, it licks its finger blade to taste the victim's essence and synthesize poison. On the next round, the xixchil bites to administer the poison saliva. Generally, the poison reacts with the victim's body chemistry, paralyzing or killing the victim in one round. Those bitten save vs. poison at -4 due to the tailored brew. The xixchil may also spit the poison onto its finger blades. The saliva must be used within ten turns before it breaks down and becomes useless.

The xixchil communicate among themselves with a complex language of both gestures and spoken words punctuated with sharp clicks of their mandibles. The xixchil mandibles are so complex that they can be used to form the words of humanoid speech.

Combat: Most xixchil prefer to strike from surprise or a position of advantage. "Stealth equals efficiency," says one xixchil proverb.

Xixchil tactics rely on their forelimbs, which have sharp retractable blades. The xixchil slaps with its blades extended for 2d6 damage per forelimb. It can strike twice per round in this fashion,



using a sort of boxing maneuver, feinting and dodging to defend itself. Unadorned xixchil have a base AC 5 due to their exoskeletons.

Battle-hardened xixchil: When a xixchil pursues a life of combat, it purchases body modifications—special limbs in the form of maces, blowguns, swords, man-catchers, or other weapons. Use the *Player's Handbook* for weapon-limb damage statistics, since these modifications are comparable to the actual items.

Large xixchil carry so many battle "adornments" that they become killing machines, hiring themselves out for contract work as mercenaries, bodyguards, gladiators, or leg-breakers. These battle-hardened xixchil may have as many as six attacks per round, due to their specialized extra limbs, increased speed, or enhanced strength. Their Armor Class can reach -4.

Battle-hardened xixchil are rare, since fighting is not the race's main concern. But in the words of one xixchil proverb: "Scalpels are knives." The xixchil's flair for sharp objects and their inborn ability to synthesize poison win them renown as assassins.

Habitat/Society: Xixchil evolved on a liveworld among many predators. Their modification ability enabled them to grow defensive weapons and camouflage. Aided by their unique metabolism, they poisoned and slashed their way to the top of the food chain.

Since danger was ever-present in xixchil life, females spun egg cases containing 10d10 eggs. When they hatched, the young immediately duelled and ate each other until one or two individuals remained. After the first week of life, the infants' homicidal tendencies faded, allowing the xixchil to achieve civilization.

This inborn winnowing process still occurs today. "Survival of the fittest" remains a major tenet of xixchil society, which stresses individual achievement and improvement over group effort. A xixchil's allegiance is first to self, then to family; society comes last.

Since they discovered spelljamming, xixchil have realized that there is an endless variety of places and beings and things, all use-

ful for attaining greater prestige. Ironically, this desire to experience the new has caused some individuals to realize that there is more to life than merely self-preservation. This motivates them to try many things—even join adventuring parties.

Xixchil and Adventurers

In this capacity, the xixchil is renowned for its surgical ability. Injured adventurers, or those who simply desire enhancements, can count on swift, sure treatment for their problems. With their sharp forearms and fingertips, the xixchil can execute the finest surgical techniques, separating nerve endings, even isolating single veins for modification. When coupled with clerical magic, a xixchil adventurer can make a party nearly unbeatable.

Their unique digestive processes also work on the cellular level, allowing them to create chemicals with many effects—body armor, increased strength, specialized appendages, etc. These “adornments” have earned these surgeons a mixed reputation among their clients, for humanoid aesthetics mean nothing to the xixchil. They believe that form follows function, which has led to some really unhappy customers—for instance, the dwarf who wanted superhuman strength, so the xixchil surgeon modified him to use it. Who needs a head, the surgeon reasoned, except for use as a muscle anchor? The poor headless dwarf, though very strong, never again won a beauty contest.

Suffice to say there are more than enough “beautiful people” who are no longer that way thanks to the gentle ministrations of the xixchil. But oh, are they functional!

As a general rule of thumb, if PCs request special modification from a xixchil—for instance, “I want wings”—the modification is non-magical, irreversible, and functional. If the PC can no longer crawl dungeons because his wings are too big, too bad. That PC probably also gets a larger lung capacity, an enhanced appetite, and hollow bones—all essential to flyers. Overall, any given modification takes from one day to two weeks . . . longer if the client requests extensive changes like super-strength or body armor.

The “adornments” don’t come cheap. Accomplished surgeons charge $2d10 \times 100$ gp per change, varying the price with the extent and complexity of each operation. Implanted dagger sheaths and hidden dart throwers are fairly simple jobs. A full-body makeover with gender change is not. However, if one is rich and on the run, it could prove a valuable investment.

As an aside, this penchant for adornment also extends to lower animal and plant life. Blooming birds and winged kittens are common sale items. Xixchil spelljamming ships are prime examples of plant sculpture, sporting orchid-like blooms as gangways, exotic naturally-grown staterooms, and sail-like leaves. The introduction of these non-intelligent spacegoing beauties has caused consternation among the elves, since they rival the elven ships in quality but are easier to maintain.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 3 (D), Br 6, Sw 12
HIT DICE:	11
THACO:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6/1d6/3d6/2d12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 weapon or better to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' tall)
MORALE:	Fanatic (18)
XP VALUE:	7,000

The yitsan is also known as "treasure bane" and "intruder within." Unwary sailors bring the eggs aboard ship in newfound treasure hoards.

Yitsan measure around 10' in height. They are humanoid, with 8' tails. Their skin is a fine mesh of grey-green scales. Yitsan have long claws on their four-fingered hands and toes, and their mouths have three sets of sharp teeth. Perhaps their most unusual characteristic is their lack of eyes. An odor of salt hangs about them.

If the yitsan have a language, it has yet to be discovered. They frequently utter hisses, shrieks, roars, and growls.

Combat: Fighting is what the yitsan does best. Its four sets of long claws each cause 1d6 damage. The yitsan can use the claws on its two feet just as easy as the claws on its hands. The only ways it can use all four claws at once is atop a victim, or while trampling underfoot.

The yitsan begins melee using its tail, with its many razor-sharp projections (2d12 damage). The tail can strike up to three opponents in a closely-spaced line. Only one attack roll is made, regardless of the number of opponents (use the best AC among the victims). Victims of the tail sweep must make a Dexterity check or fall. The yitsan tries to trample a prone victim with all four sets of claws (4d6 damage).

The tail can also wrap around a human-sized victim. Once it hits (for no damage), starting on the following round the tail constricts for 2d4 damage per round, plus 1d6 cutting damage from the tail's razor edges (not vs. victims in metal armor). A victim must succeed in a Strength ability check (trying once per round) to escape the tail. The yitsan can attack other victims with its claws while constricting with its tail.

The yitsan has three rows of sharp teeth that cause 3d6 damage. Once its jaws get hold of someone, they continue to grind, inflicting an automatic 2d6 points of damage per round. A victim gets Strength ability checks to escape as described above.

Due to their blindness, yitsan are immune to *illusions* and any spell that requires the target to see. However, a yitsan's senses of hearing, taste, and smell are inhumanly acute. They locate opponents in a 50' radius by their breathing or their scent (80% chance). Like snakes, the yitsan use their tongues to taste the air. Casting a *silence* spell on a yitsan gives it only a 25% chance of detecting an opponent, and a -2 penalty to its attack rolls.



Habitat/Society: Yitsan have no organization. Each beast is out for itself. Most encounters with yitsan are with young, since adults avoid large groups of humans in favor of less intelligent prey.

A yitsan reproduces by laying a group of 1d4 eggs. These eggs are 1"-wide golden disks. To the casual observer, a yitsan egg looks like a gold piece, except that it is featureless.

When the egg hatches, the newborn yitsan resembles a tiny (1") green lizard. It crawls into a cozy crack in a ship's bulkhead and eats bugs, mice, wood, and cloth. The lizard grows to 6" in two weeks, trusting to its chameleon-like hide to remain unnoticed. Sailors may notice small nibble marks in their clothing or wood implements; there is a 1% chance per sailor to notice this per day.

After the lizard reaches a foot in length, it undergoes rapid and painful metabolic changes, maturing in two hours. This frantic growth spurt drains much energy and leaves the adult yitsan ravenously hungry. The yitsan always seeks a private place to mature, for it is helpless during the transformation.

An adult yitsan lays eggs once it has eaten its first meal. Once again it seeks a stash of coins, perhaps even returning to its spawning hoard.

Ecology: The yitsan is a predator of unknown origin. Some elven scholars guess that the yitsan is an orcish biological weapon left over from the Unhuman Wars that somehow escaped into civilized space.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Wildspace, asteroid fields
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Non- (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	8
HIT DICE:	1 +1
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4 +2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spines
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (6" to 1' diameter)
MORALE:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP VALUE:	120

The zurchin, commonly called "star urchin" or "space porcupine," is a spherical mollusk with myriad radial spines. It moves slowly, using a muscular belly-foot for propulsion. The zurchin scavenges organic matter, dust, and wood.

Individuals appear in many bright colors, yellow and red, purple and blue. Striped varieties are not uncommon. They range in size from 6" to a foot in diameter.

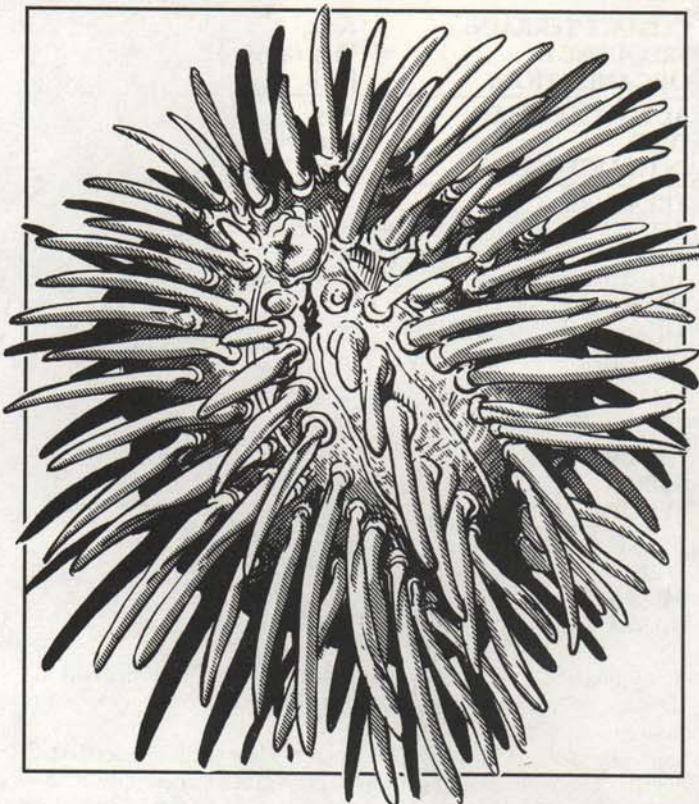
Combat: The zurchin normally attacks only when disturbed. It shoots poisonous hollow spines, using gas pressure so great that the range of the spines matches an arrow's. The zurchin can fire 1d4 spines per round, pegging a man-sized target with deadly accuracy. These spines are the equivalent of +2 darts, doing 1d4 +2 points of damage. A zurchin typically has hundreds of spines.

Their poison is released on impact, expelled by a small sac inside the spine. The poison paralyzes the victim's heart and breathing; the victim must save vs. poison or die in 2d6 hours. A successful save negates subsequent poison damage; after a slight fever and nausea, the target develops immunity to the zurchin's poison.

Habitat/Society: Zurchins inhabit the rocks of asteroid reefs, eating bits of cast-off food that fall into the gravity planes. They frequently lair among colonies of mortiss (see the first SPELLJAMMER™ Monstrous Compendium).

Ecology: Zurchins are peaceful scavengers. A zurchin's spines conceal a complex 40-part mouth that can extrude hard, sharp teeth. Given hours or days, these teeth can excavate holes in wood, rock, and even iron. The zurchin uses the holes as hiding places or mating areas.

Ten to 20 of a female zurchin's darts each contain thousands of microscopic eggs. If an egg is implanted in a victim (5% chance), the victim suffers no poison or ill effects (except impact damage).



Over the next week, the egg-bearer loses its appetite, becomes confused, and begins to itch uncontrollably. At the end of a week the victim is paralyzed and dies of suffocation. Then each egg hatches a tiny new zurchin, which feeds on its dead host and its fellow hatchlings. A *cure disease* spell destroys the incubating eggs.

The egg-laden dart can also lodge in a wooden or organic spelljammer hull. Incubation time doubles to two weeks. A spelljammer may be far away from the original asteroid reef when the crew discovers a sudden, major zurchin infestation. Even worse, they may not discover it until too late. More than one dragonfly ship has surprised its small crew by collapsing suddenly, leaving nothing intact but the helm and a few hundred zurchins.

To wealthy and decadent neogi, the zurchin is a particularly prized delicacy. Specialist chefs prepare the zurchin meat (ordinarily a deadly poison to the neogi) in a secret way that neutralizes the poison—usually. The resulting dish attracts rich neogi diners less for its exotic taste than for its danger; occasionally a diner fails to survive the evening.

The neogi specialist chefs, called "white sashes" for their characteristic garb, belong to a caste of familial dynasties engaged in cutthroat competition to gain one another's trade secrets. All white-sash neogi pay handsomely for zurchin meat, so penurious spelljammers risk their lives to harvest the unassuming scavengers.

Besides neogi, predators such as firebirds (q.v.) consider zurchin meat tasty.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]

2nd Edition

Monstrous Compendium



Appendix



Prepare to be boarded! Here are still more new, inventive, dangerous, and entertaining creatures and races for your SPELLJAMMER[™] campaign setting! There are giant undead insects, star gypsies, space plants, and much, much more awaiting your stellar travelers in these pages. Elven war-beasts, giant space turtles, orcish death-creatures, and other beings of the phlogiston, crystal spheres, and wildspace roam this volume. Some look nasty, and are; some look nasty, and aren't. Which are which? Read the entries and find out for yourself! And of course, they are organized into five-hole-punched pages that fit right into your Monstrous Compendium binders.

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