

THE HEEL DANDLER

SCENIC PIONEER

LYSUS NATURA

Doctrine

Monsters shudder away from the light and they contaminate the orifices of the world, then retreat to their immaculate rooms built with slow and terrible walls set at forbidden angles.

The truth, then: monsters love us. They love humans. They need us.

They acknowledge the debt, in the same way that some people kneel beside an animal they have killed while hunting, and murmur words of gratitude; or clasp their hands over a holiday meal and express their thanks to some deity before cutting the meat from the bone and crushing it between their teeth, washing the warm bolus down with wines and gravies.

Monsters feed upon us, and their regard for us is not without a sincere affection. Nonetheless, our agony is their purview. It is not enough to end a life; for the end of life signals the end of pain.

The monster seeks to prolong the agony, like an interrogator who tries to keep the witch or criminal alive long enough to serve a purpose; in the case of the monster, this purpose is nourishment, for it is the extremity of physical and emotional pain which sustains them.

This world, replete with torment and degradation, is a ceaseless banquet for entities that gorge upon neglect and abuse like sweetmeats.

Even as they pause over our sweating, broken bodies, our shattered teeth, our torn hair and garments, they feel a profound connection, like a man stuffing dripping pork into his mouth while thinking of the bristled snout he tickled only days before.

LUSUS NATURAE

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PREFACE

I grew up in Hampton Roads, Virginia. I used to ride my bike to Mount Trashmore Park, a sixty-foot mountain of dirt atop a landfill. Seagulls screamed at picnic debris in the parking lot as I climbed to the summit and imagined myself the King of Garbage.

The Hampton Roads area is also home to:

* Pat Robertson's Regent University, which features some pretty horrific theses in its library (including "The Role of the Press in Disseminating Communist Propaganda as a Foreign Policy Strategy of Totalitarian Governments" and "Homosexuals: American Dream or Nightmare?").

* The US Naval Special Warfare Development Group, sometimes erroneously referred to as SEAL Team Six.

* The Association for Research and Enlightenment, founded by Edgar Cayce in 1931: guardian angels, ESP, reincarnation, blah blah blah. Sounds cooler than it actually is.

* Camp Peary, also known as the CIA's "Farm," which [redacted by Minipax].

* People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the organization that gave us women in lettuce bikinis.

Thus, my hometown was a petri dish in which something vile was cultivated. Trash, war, exploitation, zealots, and the paranormal: my coming of age story, down by the sea.

I can still remember the first time I read the *Monster Manual*. I really wanted to know what made monsters so evil. It wasn't enough to see it claimed in the text; I needed proof.

At about the same time, I got into Slayer. Albums like *Hell Awaits* and *Reign in Blood* told me what I need to know about motive.

Thirty years later, I'm still trapped there, in some idyllic mid-eighties summer, listening to "Postmortem" and flipping through the demon section.

In those days, I was vexed by questions that seemed unanswerable: What does it take to become likable? How does one acquire confidence? Why is eye contact so difficult?

At some point during that weird and magical time, I set all these mysteries aside and focused on the only question that ever really mattered, a question that I still ponder:

Why does Marilith *hate*?

-- Rafael Francisco Chandler

INSTRUCTIONS

Killing Blow

For some monsters, whoever strikes the killing blow (or casts the killing spell, or what have you) receives an effect of some kind, which may be temporary or permanent, as indicated in the text.

Participation

In some monster descriptions, players are called upon to provide information. If this is not convenient, the Referee must provide it.

Compatibility

This book was designed with the *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* system in mind (and thus refers to its rules), but should work with most OSR systems. The text also makes occasional reference to *Narcosa*, which is a crowdsourced setting book (available for free in PDF form).

Hit Points

These are for the Referee's convenience, but of course, you are encouraged to roll your own.

Treasure

For copper, silver, electrum, gold, and platinum, roll dice as instructed, depending on the treasure type indicated. This does not include gems, artwork, or magic items:

assortment: d10 cp, d10 sp, d10 ep

cache: 3d20 cp, 3d20 sp, 2d10 ep, d10 gp

coinage: d100 cp, d100 sp, 2d20 ep, d20 gp

fortune: d100 ep, d100 gp, d20 pp

hoard: d100x10 cp, d100x10 sp, d100 gp

loot: d100 sp, d100 gp, 5d10 pp

lucre: d100x10 sp, d100x10 ep, d100x10 gp

purse: d100 gp, d100 pp

riches: d100x10 ep, d100x10 gp, d100 pp

trove: d100x10 ep, d100x10 gp, d100x10 pp

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ABSTRACT



Armor: 13
 Movement: 90'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 18
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d6
 Intelligence: 14
 Morale: 11

A shawl of ragged fabric, typically blue or violet, is draped over the yellowing horns and tusks of the Abstract. Sometimes, it decorates its body with jewelry taken from its victims. These are the concessions to vanity made by the otherwise diligent and task-oriented creature. Beneath the rack of horns atop its head, smaller horns jut from its brow. Below these, twelve orifices serve as eyes, ears, and nostrils. Its segmented legs never touch the ground; they are used primarily to direct telekinetic energy while the monster floats. Saliva drips from its fanged maw while it works, and it is always working. It smells of rose petals.

Abstracts build Citadels of Perpetuated Joy. They believe that these temples are sources of inspiration for people around the world. Using their telekinetic abilities, they assemble the bodies of dead children (regarded by these monsters as vessels of purest light) into pillars, walls, archways, floors, and ceilings. The telekinesis in question is actually the control over souls of dead children (killed by the monster), who perform specific tasks, such as construction, shawl adjustment, and combat.

The children are taken from villages, outposts, or large cities. They're usually killed just before construction begins. Abstracts don't care if their actions result in outrage or bloodshed; they acknowledge that many humans are ingrates, and cannot appreciate the work being done on their behalf. They don't consider humans to be a threat.

Naturally, living children are needed. They must be captured and killed just prior to use. Long-dead bodies are not appropriate material. This is a question of aesthetics that an Abstract will refuse to discuss, as it is preposterous to even suggest an alternative.

The monster will, however, gladly chat about other issues. Most Abstracts are fond of political discussions, provided that the debate remains civil. If a conversation goes well, and the Abstract believes that it has made a friend, it displays happiness by wrapping its shawl around its body.

The hacked-up bodies of dead children are treated with a paste that dries clear; the hard glaze renders the limbs, torsos, and skulls as hard as stone. This paste is valued by certain nobles, who would see their own dead bodies turned into long-lasting, colorful statues when they leave this world.

Once the Citadel is finished, the Abstract will abandon the structure and move on to another location. Sometimes, the building will become the lair of some monster; other times, it will be occupied by clerics who worship dark gods.

Abstracts are kind to clerics, and not just the dark ones; their spiritual teachings indicate that human clerics are the worthiest, and must be treated with respect. An Abstract might offer the group's cleric its assistance (for example, it can cast cure disease and cure serious wounds once per day). However, all recipients must kneel and pray within the Citadel first.

If attacked, the Abstract casts invisibility (it can cast this twice per day) and uses its telekinesis (used at will; range 100') to attack from behind cover. Twice per round, it can fling debris or weapons for 1d6; after two rounds, the monster will panic, and will begin to fling entire sections of the structure, nearby tree trunks, or parts of buildings for 1d10.

Whoever strikes the killing blow against the Abstract (or casts the spell that ends its life, or otherwise causes its demise) is gifted with a burst of strength that will manifest during his or her next battle with a monster. The character will receive a bonus of +4 to hit when next attacking a monster; this is a one-time bonus, and if the character misses, then the bonus is gone and that is that.

Some claim that the Abstracts come from a world of towering spires, all built from tiny corpses.

ADVERSARY



Armor: 16
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 35
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6+2
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 12

The five-limbed predator is covered in thick fur and feathers. Its jet-black pelt is soft to the touch, and smells of smoke. Saliva drips from the thick grey tongue and serrated beak. Scythe-shaped talons jut from the grey hide of its legs. If the monster is calm, its tail sways; if agitated, the tail whips back and forth.

During the days before its summoning, a predatory animal (such as a wolf or tiger) will give birth to a human baby, which will then devour its mother.

This baby will mature quickly, reaching maturity in a matter of hours; naturally, its appetite will be enormous during this time of growth. The animal-spawn (which has Armor 14 and 3 Hit Dice) will eventually turn its attention to people, favoring their flesh above those of animals. It is mute, heavy-browed, and hirsute. It knows nothing of the Adversary, and may well be found and killed before the monster is even summoned.

As for the Adversary itself, it is not native to this world, and must be summoned from the blasted hellscape of Antenora, a region in the Ninth Circle of Hell. This may be a deliberate summoning, or possibly a result of the summon spell.

In the presence of the Adversary (100' range), darkness behaves strangely; it sticks to one, like drops of water after a swim.

Anyone smearing this darkness upon them will have a +2 bonus to the Stealth skill while operating in dimly-lit or unlit areas (duration: 20 minutes).

The monster seems to lack sensory organs, but is quite aware of its surroundings; in fact, it is immune to any illusion-based magic, and can see the invisible.

Either way, this monster has a single goal: to dethrone rulers and see them tortured to death. Whether beloved or despised, a leader must be chosen and slain by the Adversary or its minions. Only then will the monster be free to return to Hell.

Typically, the Adversary seeks out and attempts to join a company of revolutionaries, those who would seek to topple the empress or king. Promising power to those who serve it, the monster tries to recruit them to its cause.

Naturally, the group of traitors might be terrified of the beast, and might attempt to kill it or run away. The Adversary typically makes an example of one of them, and through his evisceration, persuades the others to obey.

Each day, it bestows infernal power on another dissident, growing its small company of revolutionaries. The Adversary can bestow one ability per day, chosen at random; only one ability per person. Each ability lasts for 1d8 days:

1. Drink human blood to get healed: one hit point per pint
2. Murder innocents for experience points: 100 xp per hit point of victim
3. Damage bonus: +2 to all melee attacks, +1 to all missile attacks
4. Haste: two attacks per round, movement rate 240'
5. Combat skill: +4 to hit (weird runes appear on the person's skin)
6. Muted step: person is completely silent unless speaking

In combat, it attacks with its talons, inflicting 3-8 points of damage. A successful hit means that the victim must save vs. Magic or be cursed (lasting until the curse is lifted magically, or the monster is slain). Roll 1d4 on the table below:

1. For attack rolls, roll 2d8 instead of d20
2. The victim always deals half damage (roll normal damage, divide by two)
3. For saving throws, roll 2d8 instead of d20
4. A successful attack against the victim always inflicts maximum damage

Often, the Adversary rewards its accomplices with a magical text. Anyone who reads this text will experience a random increase of one attribute (by 1 point), and a random decrease of 1 point to another. Roll 2d8 to create a book:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. Compendium of | 1. Anguish |
| 2. Manuscript of | 2. Bile |
| 3. Mysteries of | 3. Confusion |
| 4. Revelations of | 4. Dismay |
| 5. Runes of | 5. Hatred |
| 6. Scriptures of | 6. Horror |
| 7. Tablets of | 7. Ruin |
| 8. Testament of | 8. Sorrow |

In addition to these texts, Adversaries tend to keep treasure in their secret lairs; the gold is used for mercenaries, bribes, supplies, and so on.

Note: It is said that powerful members of the clergy will pay handsomely for undamaged Adversary skins, as they are regarded as a symbol of the triumph of good over evil, and also an indication of status and prestige.

Killing blow: the character is regarded as a deity by a mysterious cult. Some of them claim that the character is to be served without question, although they must obviously murder innocent people once per fortnite in his or her name (and this is non-negotiable). Treat these religious fanatics as 0-level henchmen; there are 1d3 of them per level of the character.

Other cultists will aver that the character is the earthly incarnation, and must be sacrificed upon an altar in order to be freed from this material plane.

Naturally, there will be apostates who claim that the character is a fraud, and must be dealt with; what better way to prove a false god's mortality than a nice slow torture and killing?

Of course, the character is not actually a deity (unless, of course, the Referee likes the idea).

AGATHIST



Armor: 17
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 50
Treasure: lucre
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 12

In the days before the appearance of the Agathist ("one who believes that all things tend to the ultimate good"), the air becomes thick and heavy. Fires go out, and will not start without magic; one cannot even light a candle. Dogs become sickened, red-eyed, and aggressive; they attack the elderly and the young, and crack their bones open in the streets.

The Agathist, a twenty-foot mass of purplish-black tissue, is adorned with thick spikes of curved bone; from a circular maw ringed with beige fangs, a muscular purple appendage grasps at the air with black talons. The Agathist exudes waves of unease. Even before it is seen or heard, there is a sense of disquiet.

Due to its unearthly nature, it sometimes produces minor disruptions to reality. These ephemeral manifestations are brief and harmless: a chain made out of living birds, or a cluster of flowers erupting from the ground and suddenly spreading over a metal city, consuming it like a fire.

The disruptions appear and vanish in a moment, and cannot be interacted with; they are like a scent which is detected and then is gone.

Polite to the end, the monster always tries to lower itself so that its primary aperture is roughly at eye level with the beings conversing with it.

The Agathist seeks out player characters who control magic, and those who are adventure alongside them.

Clearly, such individuals are the architects of space and time, because they can wield reality-shifting enchantments (and only a handful of beings are capable of such feats in the Agathist's home universe). Therefore, the player characters are the ones who must be negotiated with.

The monster is an emissary from another reality, tasked with receiving verbal permission to invert the structure of this universe. This process entails replacing all empty space with solids, and destroying all solid matter. Instead of a cosmos dotted with stars and planets, the universe will consist of solid matter pocketed with giant spheres of empty space.

If questioned, the monster explains that this cosmic engineering effort takes years; a single solar system could take entire weeks. Thus, time is of the essence. The Agathist needs permission, and soon. Why? The beast cannot say, nor can it explain the purpose of this effort. It is a functionary, and does as it is instructed. It will, however, point out that the player characters will most definitely be kept alive, as they serve an important role in this new universal order (though it has no idea what this purpose might be).

Sometimes, the Agathist will attempt to curry favor through a demonstration of respect: it finds an ordinary person that has spoken with the player characters lately, and it butchers her. Clearly, this person had assaulted them by speaking with such an ordinary and non-magical mouth in their presences, and quite obviously had to be punished. The remains are regurgitated for the player characters to see; the monster hopes that this will convince them of its good intentions.

If the characters refuse, then the monster will heave a weary sigh and move on; it will then attempt to find others who wield magic, and will seek to gain their permission.

If it cannot find anyone to give it permission, it will probably abandon this universe and seek out another.

ALGIONAUT

Armor: 15
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8+2
Intelligence: 10
Morale: 11

The Algionaut ("pain traveler") is a mechanical insect as tall as a man. Its six legs are tucked up tight under its body when it flies, but when it hovers, they wave softly.

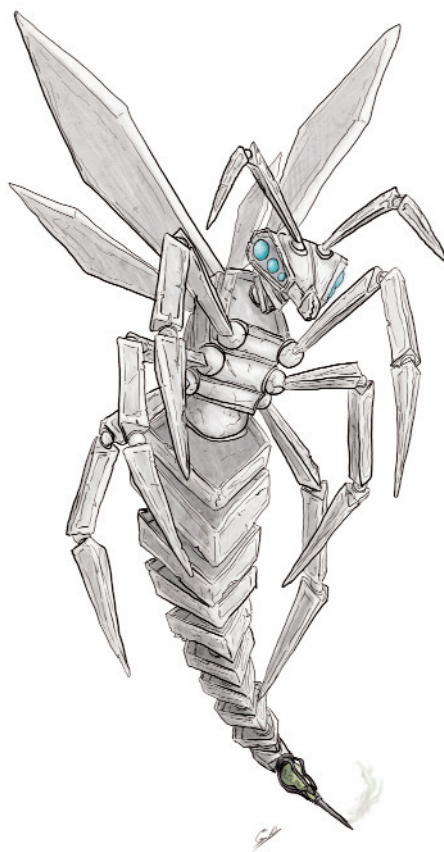
In lieu of eyes, four turquoise-colored lenses blink at the world. It signals agitation by retracting and extending its metal stinger.

An automaton built by the [Doctrinaire](#), this failed experiment wanders the world, feeding on pain. The robotic monster is not without remorse. It feels sadness at the notion of inflicting deliberate harm, but it must eat in order to survive, and that is the way of the world. Sometimes, it tries to explain the situation to its victims.

Often, the monster will seek out someone who tortures or maims others, such as a royal inquisitor, a witch hunter, or a sadistic killer. It strikes a bargain with such a person: "Let me watch and I will reward you."

The Algionaut, which squirrels coins and gems within various compartments, can be quite generous (payment is based on the hit dice of the victim and the duration of the suffering).

Because it is lonely, it will often attempt to befriend its partner, attempting to cultivate similar interests outside of torment, such as a fascination with architecture or dance. If possible, it will try to convince its accomplice to incorporate these passions into the infliction of suffering.



If attacked, or if its feeding is interfered with, the automaton claws with its metal pincers (3-10 damage) or uses its stinger (1-6), and injects a poison that causes horrific agony to spread through the victim's body (save vs. Poison or be paralyzed for 1d3 rounds, and suffer a -3 to the next 3 rolls; successful save means that the victim is not paralyzed, but still suffers -2 to the next 2 rolls due to the pain).

Killing blow: the character now knows the name of a forbidden god. No one else has ever heard of this deity; it only exists if someone else knows about it. In days gone by, its worshipers were consumed by remorse, and committed mass suicide for the good of the world. Now that someone knows the deity's name, the god is awake once more.

APPARITION OF THE SCORNE

Armor: 12
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 25
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

The Apparition of the Scorned is a flickering violet entity, a massive (70' tall) creature of undulating fern-like fronds around a thick bulbous body. Spiked tendrils undulate around the three thick pillars that anchor the Apparition to its base.

This creature is the phantom remnant of the Scorned, a vast kingdom of hyper-intelligent beings that once covered the six planets of a distant star system; now, the Apparition serves the being known as [Void's Memory](#).

The Apparition of the Scorned is carving an enormous three-dimensional rune, a vast undertaking that will require decades of work as it tunnels deep underground. When the rune is finished, widespread devastation will ensue.

As the rune is dug into the stone and earth, reality is warped; the Apparition's interference rewrites the laws of this universe in small ways. Here, gravity is reversed in an invisible cylinder six feet wide and thirty feet high; there, stones are magnetic. In another part of some subterranean complex, water flows uphill, or is opaque, or seeks out the orifices of living beings.

If its work is disturbed, the Apparition attacks. It is immune to normal weapons, requiring magic weapons to hit. In combat, it lashes with its tendrils (1-8 damage), which can hit targets on the ground up to 60' away.

A successful hit afflicts the victim with a toxic sensitivity (save vs. Magic negates). The target becomes so delicate that wind and dust produce painful lacerations; amor chafes the skin, which tears like paper.



The victim sustains 1d3 points of damage each round until cured, or until the monster is slain. Each round, an additional saving throw can be made to end the torment.

During (and after) the fourth round of combat, the Apparition will spray acid. This does not count as an attack. The acid dissolves metal (reduces the damage of a weapon, -3; and reduces the protection of armor, -3) and inflicts 1d4 damage to anyone within 50'. A save vs. Breath Weapon negates these effects.

Anyone who spends more than a few seconds in the presence of the monster is infected with a strange homesickness, a longing to see one's native land and place of birth. This feeling passes when the monster is dead; there is no mechanical effect. However, if the character actually goes home, then there is a feeling of warmth and joy, and an immediate (and permanent) boost of 1d4 hit points for that character.

AURICLE

Armor: 14
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 20
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 10

The eight ears arranged around the Auricle's lumpy green body are soft and pink; they twitch in a breeze. They are also extremely powerful: the Auricle is never surprised, unless attacked by a magically silent enemy. The creature's spherical body is six feet wide, and it floats at a height of about ten feet.

Created by [Davinia Marrow](#), the Auricle is one of the Sensors (the others include [Dactyls](#), [Linguists](#), and [Scentinels](#)). It was designed to patrol the world, listening for misery, so that the Auricle might add to it. It is gleeful at the sound of voices raised in agony or despair, but becomes enraged if it hears jubilation or affection. It responds to pleasant sounds with hideous magics.

During the first and second rounds of combat, it attempts to mute its victims by psionically damaging their vocal cords; the attack starts with a thin, faint ringing in one's ear. This high-pitched noise is accompanied by searing pain in the throat. The victim must save vs. Magic or take 1-6 points of damage and lose the ability to speak for 1-4 rounds. A successful save halves damage and negates effect.

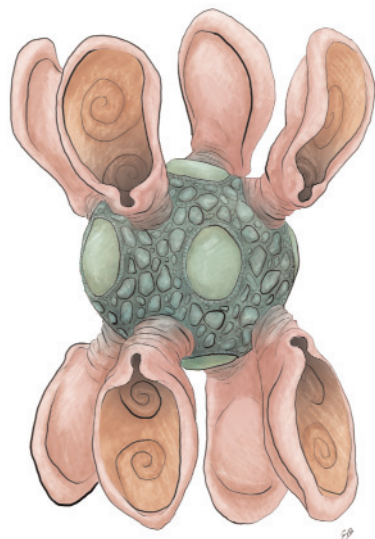
It can also try to deafen its foes. This attack is preceded by an extremely brief humming sound that rapidly crescendos to a throbbing pulse. The victim must save vs. Magic or take 1-6 points of damage (stabbing pain in the ears) and become deaf for 1-4 rounds. A successful save halves damage and negates effect.

During the third and subsequent rounds of combat, the Auricle might switch to heinous murmurs. This effect has a 50' radius; any victims must save vs. Magic or become afflicted by whispers that they cannot ignore.

These hushed voices discuss horrors yet to come, such as plagues, natural disasters, and atrocities. The effect is so distracting that anyone who fails the saving throw suffers a penalty of -4 to all rolls for a period of 24 hours (save negates; effect ends when the monster is killed). Regardless of saving throw, everyone in range takes 1-6 points of damage.

While the effect is ongoing, clever player characters may well realize that they are eavesdropping on conversations that haven't taken place yet; if they attempt to concentrate on a single conversation, they may be able to hear it more clearly, allowing them to predict future calamities.

The monster is injured by happy music. For each round in the presence of cheerful song, the Auricle takes 1-4 points of damage. Each time a silencing spell (such as silence, 15' radius) is cast on it, the Auricle sustains 1-10 points of damage.



AUSPICE

Armor: 12
Movement: 0'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 18
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

The Auspice is a greyish mass of rubbery flesh that stretches upward and peers about like a bewildered serpent. Glistening sacs of maroon or beige tissue bulge at its base and tip. It reeks of vomit. Bits of its victims, which the Auspice considers delightful adornment, dangle from its length.

Each time the monster feeds on human flesh, devouring its prey from the feet up, it is able to predict one significant event in the near future. If someone asks the monster for help, then the prediction is of importance to the person asking.

This event's actual outcome is contingent on no one knowing about it. The moment that the Auspice speaks, the odds change. If anyone works to affect the outcome, then the odds of the prediction coming true will improve or diminish (all depending on the Referee's judgment).

The Auspice is sought out by the powerful and the weak; anyone who wishes to know the future, and to have some control over it, can haul living victims to the creature, hoping for insights into days yet to come.

There is a second cost. Beyond the flesh of the living, the monster also craves priceless artifacts: objects of great importance to a culture, be they religious, artistic, or magical. The Auspice gleefully destroys these in the Ritual of Adumbration; the process is intended to cause permanent damage to a culture, so that its true nature might be eradicated over time.

For this reason, authorities often place bounties on the monster.



If confronted, the monster resorts to violence immediately; it abandons its slothful posture and coils itself like a swift-striking serpent. Each time it lashes its enemies (for 1-6 damage), they must save vs. Poison or become infected.

When someone is infected, bits of the Auspice's skin enter the victim's body. These spread rapidly, and greasy sacs of red and yellow begin to swell up. The infection begins to replace skin, inflicting a point of damage every day until cured magically (any cure or heal spell will work, as will other such magics).

The infected tissue must then be scraped off. There is a 1 in 6 chance that the victim will have sustained permanent damage to a part of the body (roll 1d4):

1. Eye: -1 to hit
2. Leg: -30' to movement rate
3. Arm: -1 to Dexterity
4. Torso: -1 to Constitution

BILIOUS GRUB



Armor: 13
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 8
Morale: 9

On its home world, the Bilious Grub is a lower life form, typically hunted and devoured, or crushed under the feet of colossal beasts. Here, however, its size and speed make it a dangerous predator.

A thin brown fluid oozes from between the ash-grey plates that cover the Bilious Grub's thick russet hide.

Stubby clawed limbs jut from either side of its hard yellow underbelly. These are used when the creature burrows through mud and earth. Eyes of different sizes and shapes bulge between thick white spikes of bone, and four barbed pink tentacles coil around a mouth full of jagged teeth.

In combat, the monster gouges with its tentacles, or tries to bite off chunks of its prey. In either case, it inflicts 1d6+1 damage.

Anyone bitten by a Grub must save vs. Poison or be infected with one of 2 diseases:

1. Grub rot: incubation period 1d6 minutes; interval 6 hours. Effects include peeling skin and gangrene; suffer -1 to Dexterity score for duration of the sickness and lose 1d3 hit points at each interval. Duration: 24 hours.
2. Shaking fever: incubation period 1d10 hours; interval 12 hours. Effects include vomiting and convulsions; lose -1d3 hit points per interval, and -2 to all d20 rolls. Duration: 2 days.

Twice per day, the Bilious Grub can spit a thick green bile that clings to armor and clothing. A hit means that it has landed a wad of this fast-hardening substance on the target's legs and feet, impeding movement. For the next round, the victim will be stuck to the ground, unable to walk, and any attacks on the target will be made at +2.

If the Bilious Grub is struck, a noxious brown fluid splatters all within 5 feet, inducing nausea; targets must save versus Poison or retch violently (resulting in a penalty of -2 to the next roll).

Villages or colonies that have lost people to Bilious Grubs will take care to keep chimney-fires stoked and windows shuttered at night.

In some locales, the inn has curtained windows, or flimsy shutters, to make it easier for the Grub to enter the room and make off with unsuspecting travelers. The locals are left alone as long as the Grubs are satisfied with the number of victims from the inn.

Adventurers may encounter a lone Grub foraging in the wild. If it feels that it's outmatched, it will flee, returning with larger numbers.

A typical lair contains 1d4+2 Grubs. One of these will be a youngling (2 Hit Dice, 1d6 damage), and one will be a matriarch (4 Hit Dice, 1d10 damage).

Grubs consume small gemstones, which are stored in a gizzard that's used to break down harder matter, such as bones. In addition to regular treasure (coinage), there will be 1d3 gems inside each Grub, worth 1d1000 each.

Killing blow: the character now has the power to summon a swarm of stinging insects once per day. This effect has a range of 100' plus 10' per level, and a radius of 5' per level. These insects restrict movement and the distance of ranged attacks (halving both). It also inflicts 1 point of damage per round. The swarm lasts for 1 round per level of the character.

If the target saves successfully, then the insects attack a random target instead (and if that person saves, then it continues until the swarm has run out of targets).

BLOSSOM OF WOUNDS

Armor: 12
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 16
Morale: 12

The Blossom of Wounds is summoned from the monochrome land of Chiaroscuro by the [Ideologue](#). Its advent is accompanied by strange lights flickering above and below, sometimes for days before the summoning itself actually takes place.

The Blossom seems to be a winged monster, tall as a man, devouring a torn carcass -- which is also the monster's own mangled body. Strange symbols glow between its horns. As its ragged wings flap, dark liquid seeps into a toothed flower of gray meat.

Eager for strife, the Blossom seeks out rebels who fight for a just cause: the overthrow of a cruel despot, the restoration of rightful leadership, or justice for an oppressed minority. It can't bring itself to ally itself with evil persons; it must join a group who truly seek to make the world a better place.

Using magic to disguise itself as someone in a position of authority, it helps them. The monster supplies them with treasure intended to fund their efforts, and it uses its magics to gather information that will aid their cause. Of course, they have no idea that they are dealing with the Blossom; as far as they're concerned, they've found a wealthy patron who is sympathetic to their cause. Slowly and certainly, it infiltrates their group.

Then it ruins everything.

It commits heinous atrocities in their name. In the dead of night, in its true form, it disembowels those who speak against the rebels.

It massacres soldiers and leaves evidence implicating its so-called allies. It then returns to the group of rebels and it does anything it can to convince them that the atrocities were perpetrated by their enemies.

As public sentiment turns against the rebels, and the authorities begin to crack down, the pressure builds. The Blossom drives wedges between leaders and tries to take control of the group.

If it can, it always puts the same type of person in charge: adolescent boys. It finds them, faces bright with yellow-toothed grins, tormenting animals or weaker children.

Eager to halt the march of progress, the Blossom recruits these young men and puts them in charge of the operation; promising them their hearts' desires, it gives them weapons and money. It caters to their whims.

It then sits back and watches the rebellion tear itself apart. Using its ability to change shape, it arranges to be present when the rebels are captured, tortured, and executed. Sometimes, it reveals itself to them, just before the end, explaining what it has done, savoring the anguish.

If attacked or confronted, the Blossom reveals its true self. It attacks with a strange psionic blast, which is perceived by the victim as a vast curved blade cutting at a green trunk, which the victim suddenly realizes is his own wrist. These are memories of pruning, experienced by sentient plants on a distant world. There is no saving throw. The Blossom rolls to hit, and if successful, inflicts 1-8 points of damage.

On a roll of 18 or higher, the Blossom inflicts 1d6 additional damage, and the victim is infected with a strange feeling: there is an audience watching. The victim cannot perceive them, yet knows that they are watching, sitting in still and silent judgment. One day soon, they will reach a verdict and the victim will be sentenced. What this entails is left to the Referee.



BRUCHSAL

Armor: 12
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 18
Morale: 12

Once, Bruchsal was a quiet village in Germany. Its inhabitants were rounded up by the [Malison](#) and stripped of their skin; it was sewn together in the shape of a rough tent. Unfortunately, the people of Bruchsal were still very much alive and conscious, their minds trapped within their skins by the Malison's sorcery (this was by design).

The tent was a gift for a traveling necromancer who had brought a similarly thoughtful gift for the Malison. The necromancer, whose name was Henriette, slept in the tent for a single night, which lasted for a thousand years. Trapped in that endless darkness, the people of Bruchsal went insane.



The entity, which now identifies itself as Bruchsal, floats through the world (to a maximum height of 900') in search of prey. It seeks to share its misery with those it encounters.

It attacks with a variety of psionic attacks, including:

Brain Rot: The victim must save vs. Magic or lose 1-8 points of Intelligence for 1-8 hours. Any victim whose Intelligence is lowered to 0 is rendered comatose, and remains in that condition for 1-4 days. Save negates.

Memory Scourge: The victim's memories are stolen, and replaced with memories of the people of Bruchsal. Each time a victim is affected, he remembers the life of one of the people, from birth until capture by the Malison (including the skinning and the creation of Bruchsal). This causes the victim to lose 1d100 x 10 experience points, and the victim also loses 1-3 hit points. Save vs. Magic negates.

Bone Teleportation: The monster teleports the victim's bones out of his body. The attack has a range of 50'. The victim must save vs. Magic or one random bone (roll 1d10) is plucked from the body, reappearing on the ground somewhere nearby. Save vs. Magic negates.

- 1-2. Arm bone (1d4 damage, -3 Dex)
- 3-4. Leg bone (1d6 damage, move rate halved)
- 5-6. Toe (1d2 damage, move -15')
- 7-8. Finger (1d2 damage)
9. Vertebrae (1d4 damage, -1 Dex)
10. Pelvis (1d6 damage, -1 Con, move rate 10')
11. Skull (death)
12. Referee's choice

Inside the tent, the treasures of the people of the village are kept inside a small basket made of bone and hair.

CAIN

Armor: 18
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 9
Hit Points: 70
Treasure: riches
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8+4
Intelligence: 19
Morale: 12

Cain appears as a muscular man with crimson skin and warm amber eyes. When his wings frame his two upper horns just so, one can glimpse a world beyond; it is not a place of torment, but instead a land of green fields, bright sunlight, and children laughing in apple trees. This is his memory of Eden, where he first discovered his need for murder.

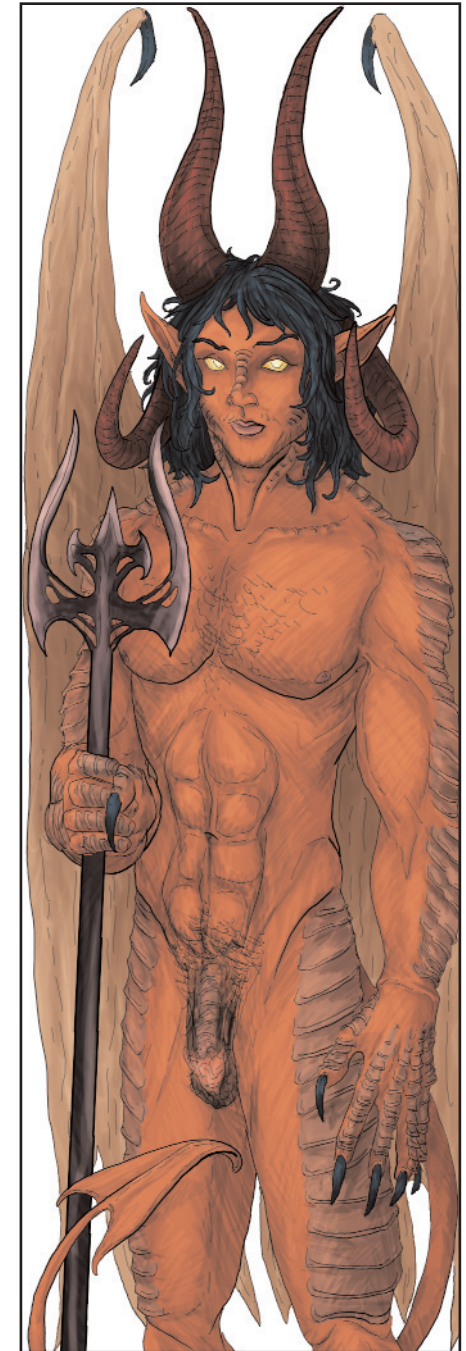
He wants to do good, but is a victim of his own impulses. Cain is compelled to capture people and force them to battle each other. He's particularly fond of asymmetrical violence, in which one group has the advantage of numbers, but the other group is armed with superior weaponry. All the battles that he stages are to the death, and he exults in the carnage. The survivors are rewarded with wealth and power.

Sometime, he feels the urge to seed the world with adventurers. Typically, he wipes out an entire village, leaving a sole survivor: this young person is left alive, and Cain later approaches the survivor in disguise. He teaches them to be warriors or wizards, and then sends them into the world to do good.

Cain honestly doesn't know if he's an altruist or a monster. Is he supposed to strengthen humanity, or destroy it? He has no idea. His wife, [Lilith](#), thinks he's a fool for asking such questions.

His trident inflicts 5-12 damage, and infects anyone it hits with *harm* (as per the reverse of the Cleric spell *heal*); save negates. At will, Cain can cast *anti-magic shell*, *bestow curse* (reverse of *remove curse*), *cause critical wounds*, and *drain life* (reverse of *sacrifice*).

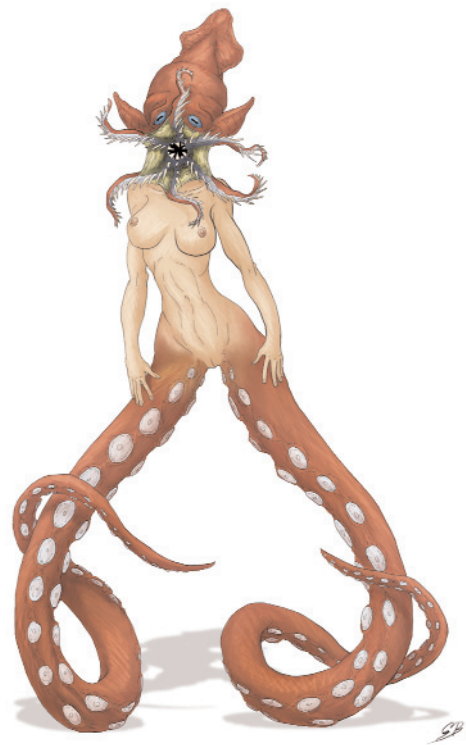
Killing blow: the character receives an additional 1500xp.



CECAELIA

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 28
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 16
Morale: 10

Atop the torso of a woman, Cecaelia's head is squid-like, with softly undulating tendrils about her circular mouth. Two powerful tentacles coil behind her as she streaks through the water. Bioluminescent eyes light her way. On land, she moves swiftly, and her skin exudes the aroma of salt spray. All seafood is spoiled and rotten when she nears.



Rumor has it that a powerful sorceress fell in love with a sea monster that she had summoned, and their union produced a daughter named Cecaelia. Others say that the two were so perfectly in love that they were merged into a single being. Either way, she roams the seas in search of vessels that intrude upon her domain.

Those who sail upon her oceans, or catch sea creatures for food, are dealt with. She commands sharks (4 Hit Dice, 2d4 damage) and other sea beasts, who attack on her behalf.

Her bite inflicts 1-6, and victims must save vs. Poison or take an additional 1-10 points of damage (save negates). If she attacks with her tentacles, she inflicts 1-6, and a hit means that her opponent is automatically immobilized, as per the wrestling rules.

Underwater, or above it, she can spray ink from an aperture just above her mouth. A successful hit means that her victim is blinded for 1d3 rounds.

She can direct a massive jet of water to rise into the air and strike a distant target (up to 1000' away); this attack inflicts 1-12 points of SHP damage (for more about ship hit points, see *Rules & Magic*, page 43). Because it is hard to hit smaller targets, the water strike is typically used against ships over 50' in length. Against targets under 50', she attacks with a -5; against targets under 25', she has a -10, and for targets under 10', she has a -15. She seldom bothers using this attack against people or animals, given the risk of failure. Each time she hits a vessel with a jet of water, there is a cumulative 10% chance that it will sink.

She has also been known to recruit adventurers to hunt and destroy ships that hunt sea creatures. In return, she promises treasures hauled up from sunken vessels, massive pearls, and the like. She also hints at hideous (but valuable) statues carved from white coral. She will deliver on these promises.

Cecaelia dwells in a ring of sunken ships, where she sits among dead sailors and sings to the sea creatures swimming past.

CERULEAN TANGLER



Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 8
Treasure: assortment
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6 or special
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 9

This forest predator smells like the sweet nectar that it drinks. Its smooth tentacles are the same color as the massive blue blossoms of the cerulean tree. The soft fur that covers its eight-foot body is the same hue as those flowers' bright pink pistils. Camouflaged, it hugs the branches and it waits.

Cerulean Tangles see themselves as protectors of the forest. Though they can only speak telepathically, they are quite long-winded, and content to drone on and on about the coming days of metal and fire, and the heinous world that awaits us all.

Those who bring metal weapons, wooden weapons, or fire into the forest are attacked by the monster, which typically attacks not to kill, but to frighten and subdue. It typically grabs and constricts with its tentacles, inflicting 1-6 damage. It receives a +4 to hit when attacking this way.

Starting in the second round, it casts geas. Any successful hit by the Tangler means that the target must save vs. Magic or be affected by the geas. The parameters are such: the victim must obey the Tangler, and fight to protect the forest from attackers, or else lose 1-6 hit points per day.

More often than not, the Tangler will send adventurers (now armed with weapons of stone and bone, not wood or metal) to attack other trespassers, and bring their bodies back to the Tangler so that they might be used as fertilizer.

Those who refuse to cooperate, and violate the geas, are attacked by the Tangler. Those who cooperate may well be rewarded; it has collected much treasure from dead adventurers over the years.

The monster's scent glands are valued by wealthy ladies. There are whisperings that a concentrate made from its scent glands can produce a powerful aphrodisiac if applied properly.

The Tangler knows what will happen tomorrow. If it makes a friend, it may share this information.

CHAPEL WIGHT

Armor: 14
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 11

Cheerful and polite, the Chapel Wight sports fine clothing (monocles and millinery are de rigueur, of course) and is accompanied by the fragrance of delicate perfume. It favors small trinkets: hand-carved pipes, parasols, fans, and perhaps a flask of some fruit-flavored liqueur.

Wherever it goes, it leaves dead plant life in its wake; blossoms wither and ferns wilt at the approach of the dapper-looking monstrosity.



Hailing from a distant realm of genteel persons with stubby fingers and grey skin, the Chapel Wight periodically takes its leisure in our world. On such excursions, it values manners and lively conversation above all else. It cannot abide a boor.

If it encounters rudeness, the monster strikes decisively, wielding a scalpel or bonesaw for 1-10 damage.

On the third round, the monster will pull back its jacket or petticoat, revealing a massive hole in its fleshy belly. This toothed aperture appears to extend back for a considerable distance; from the maw comes a whistling wind that can strike up to three targets at once, provided that they are all within 10' of each other.

Anyone struck by this freezing gust must save vs. Breath Weapon or take 1d8 points of frostbite damage, suffer halved movement, and will be knocked back 10-60' (save halves damage and negates other effects).

Killing blow: Each time that a demihuman is encountered, there is a 2 in 6 chance that the character is overcome with a compulsion to humiliate, bind, and completely shave the demihuman. This excludes any demihumans who were present when the Chapel Wight was slain.

If the character indulges this urge, then he receives +2 to all saving throws for 24 hours. If the impulse is ignored, nothing happens, unless there is another Chapel Wight within 5 miles. In such a case, the monster will find the character and try to administer fitting punishment.

CHATTERIST

Armor: 14
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d4
Intelligence: 5
Morale: 9

The four-foot-long flaps of brown skin which dangle beneath the Chatterist's body are covered in a thick grease. The fibers on the yellow fronds under its chin sway in the wind. Its spiked tail tends to drag on the ground when it swoops down. It usually screams or howls, even when asleep. No one has ever been surprised by a Chatterist.

This floating horror is found in hot jungles and forests, where its four mouths chatter constantly. Sometimes it curses, sometimes it shouts cheerful encouragement, and usually it makes no sense at all.

The monster's tail ends in a curved barb; a hit deals 1-4 damage, and the victim must save vs. Paralyze or be immobilized for 1d2 rounds.

Once per day, the Chatterist can *laugh*. Anyone who hears this sound must save vs. Magic or be partially paralyzed:

1. Top half of body: Can run, but nothing else
2. Bottom half of body: Move rate is now 5'
3. Left half of body: -6 to all actions
4. Right half of body: -6 to all actions

Two long sticky limbs sway beneath its armored torso. These are used to clutch prey; anyone hit by one of these beige pseudopods (for 1-4 damage) must make a Strength check to break free.

These beige pseudopods swell up as prey is digested; one sometimes finds a Chatterist with swollen limbs on either side, nesting in the crook of a tree. It has fed, and though it will shriek, it will not move unless attacked.

The yellow fronds are sensors. If they are damaged, the creature is effectively blind.



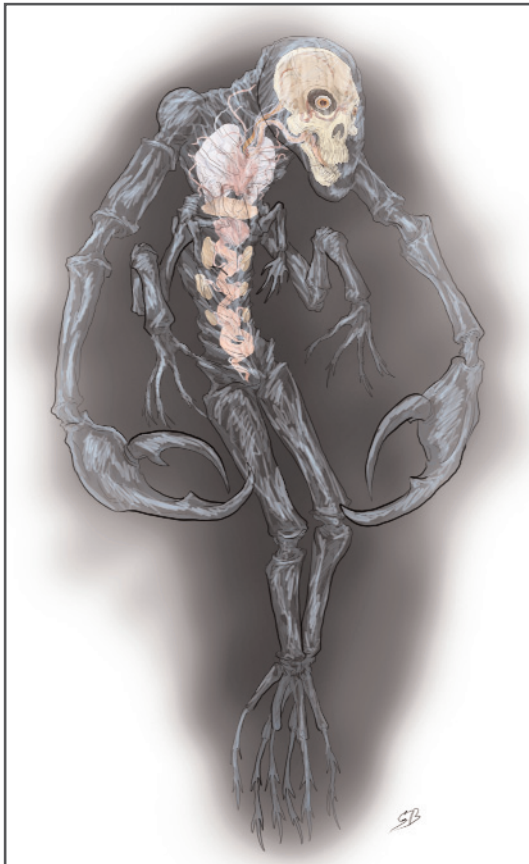
A Chatterist sometimes repeats what it has heard, like a parrot. This is typically used to lure people closer, but it may well be that the Chatterist has overheard some interesting things.

Killing blow: the character receives +3 to the next saving throw.

COLLUDER

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 40
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8+2
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 11

Inside the monster's transparent exoskeleton, bones and organs glow. This effect is intended to convince other predators that the Colluder is smaller than it actually is, so that it might lure them closer and devour them. In our world, its spindly limbs and cruel pincers are visible. It reeks of chlorine.



The Colluder dwells in the gulfs of space between galaxies. This eternal void is a place of vast and calculated sadism. Absent nutrients, most inhabitants (the Colluder among them) derive nourishment from an awareness of suffering inflicted on others.

Evolution has resulted in countless species devoid of nerve endings; while the Colluder is graceful in the emptiness, it is somewhat clumsy in the material world.

The monster is typically summoned, and is mistaken for some kind of demon. The creature is familiar with this pattern and is happy to play the part.

It speaks of ancient prophecy, and assures the summoner that he is special, and destined for greatness. This is, of course, a complete falsehood, and the Colluder is already anticipating the pain that will be inflicted when the wizard realizes that there is no holy sword, nor is there a sacred quest, nor even a horrible monster to be defeated: just the prosaic mediocrity of this world.

The monster is happiest when it is summoned by a young Magic-User; this all but guarantees decades wasted in the pursuit of a nonexistent goal. The adventurers may well find the Colluder and its summoner at the tail end of such a relationship, just as the monster has decided to reveal the truth, eager to see the old wizard's face crumple in defeat and humiliation.

The Colluder uses magic to convince its victim of the ruse, and also to thwart its attackers. It can cast the following once per day: *polymorph any object*, *projected image*, *shape change*, and *veil*.

Killing blow: on the next successful hit against any monster, the character automatically inflicts maximum damage.

CONCEIT

Armor: 14
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 9

Two-toed legs, pink and reptilian, support a five-foot sphere. Within the black globe, odd symmetrical patterns expand and contract, lit in faint blue or green. These are schematics, designs for new life forms that have been thought up by the Conceit.

Created by the [Grievance](#) some years ago, the Conceit walks our world in search of fresh material with which to assemble new shapes.

The monster wants to feel the joy of creation. It's vaguely aware of sentient life forms, but ignores any attempts to communicate with it. The Conceit is not really interested in conversation with its inferiors; it simply wants to experience the joy of manipulation of life.

It assembles anything it can pick up with its telekinetic powers; it combines chickens and dogs, or crocodiles and children. It may simply grab a creature and push or pull, elongating limbs or tugging skin out into wings. Then it leaves the howling creations behind and moves on.

In combat, it uses its telekinetic abilities to disfigure and cripple its foes by manipulating their bodies. This effect has a range of 100'. Failure means 1-8 points of damage, and the victim's body has been permanently changed (a successful saving throw vs. Magic will negate the attack). Roll 1d6:

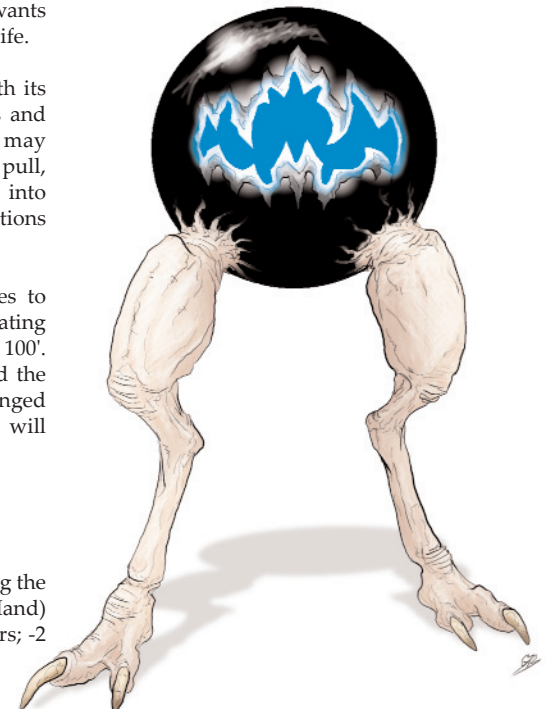
1. Bent legs: Movement halved
2. Stunted arms: -2 to Dexterity
3. Squeezed organs: -2 to Constitution
4. Damaged brain: -1 to Intelligence
5. Crushed fingers: -2 to any skill requiring the use of one's hands (such as Sleight of Hand)
6. Face deformed, damaging eyes and ears; -2 to initiative rolls, -3 to Charisma

Some of the Conceit's creations are loyal to it, and follow it around, or even defend it. For these guardians, distribute 25 points between Armor, hit points, and damage (which must be a 3, 4, or 6; for d3, d4, or d6, respectively).

If the Conceit is given fresh material (people or animals that it can sculpt into shapes that please it), it will reward its ally by reshaping his or her body into a more pleasing shape, or one that is quicker or healthier (a bonus of 1d4 to Charisma, Constitution, or Dexterity).

This act of generosity is typically done once and only once; if someone brings the Conceit fresh material a second time, the monster feels awkward at the sudden implication that it's somehow indebted to this lesser being. It will probably resolve the situation with murder.

Killing blow: the character is permanently immune to *charm* spells.



DACTYL

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 8
Morale: 10

Created by [Davinia Marrow](#), the Dactyl is a misshapen hand topped with fingers. The beast, which stands five feet tall, twitches and hops incessantly.

It hungers for the hands of artists.

The monster is often found in the more affluent districts of a city, drawn to the wealth and opulence; it knows where the art will be displayed. When the Dactyl has found a creation that moves it, it unerringly seeks out the artist. After deadening the victim's nerve endings, the monster uses a carefully-sharpened blade to sever his hands.

Strange magics are used to preserve the hands in a gallery, where they are mounted on glass pedestals. These are studied, caressed, and even worshiped by the reverent Dactyl. It prays to them, and it keens softly with a sad longing.

Like all of Davinia Marrow's creations, the Dactyl is prejudiced against all Scryers, and will attack them on sight.

In combat, it wields a long curved blade with an edge so sharp that it seems to disappear into air; this inflicts 1-10 damage. The blade is clutched between its smaller fingers (which are about one foot long).

If combat lasts longer than one round, the monster will resort to its magics. All effects are cumulative, and can be used more than once on a victim.

Finger torture: The victim suffers a searing pain as his fingers are broken and the nails detach. 1d2 damage, -3 to any roll involving the use of one's hands; save vs. Magic negates.



Nerve damage: The victim's nerve endings are set ablaze, and pain shoots from shoulders to fingertips. -1 to hit, -3 with ranged weapons, 1d3 damage; save vs. Magic negates.

Deadened sense: The victim's sense of feeling is lost for 1d4 rounds. During this time, he can't feel the weapons in his hands, nor does he have any sense of balance, nor does he know how badly he's been injured (the player is no longer told how much damage an attack does). Penalty of -2 to hit, -1 to Armor (due to clumsiness); save vs. Magic negates.

The Dactyl has a unique resistance to magic: any spell cast upon it becomes a random spell that affects a random target (Referee rolls).

Because it is the wisest of Davinia's creations, it can sometimes be found leading its fellows (the [Auricle](#), [Linguist](#), and [Scintinel](#)) on special missions.

Killing blow: the character receives a permanent bonus of 1 to one of these skills: climbing, sleight of hand, or tinkering.

DAVINIA MARROW

Armor: 17
Movement: 0'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 56
Treasure: none
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 17
Morale: 12

This hideous gauntlet exudes the stench of sulfur. Once a part of a sorceress' suit of battle armor, this length of black metal is now the repository of her soul. Davinia Marrow is forever trapped within the gauntlet she used to kill Natanya Lacksight.

Sometimes, foolhardy persons wear the gauntlet, unaware of its nature. In their presence, the temperature drops a few degrees, and holy waters turn to blood.

Years ago, Davinia murdered a fellow wizard named Natanya Lacksight. She was jealous of Natanya's creations, the Scryers ([Dismal](#), [Pensive](#), and [Woeful](#)). Using Natanya's magics, Davinia created her own sense-focused servitors, the [Auricle](#), [Dactyl](#), [Linguist](#), and [Scintinel](#). But Natanya returned from the dead and destroyed Davinia's body, imprisoning her soul in this gauntlet.

Davinia wants to be returned to human life. She loved her body, and though it has been destroyed, she wants another one as pretty. She is not above hiring mercenaries to help her with her quest; she'll even allow someone to wear her. The quest itself is rather dangerous, and involves genocide, blasphemy, and a voyage down the river Acheron. Davinia promises great rewards as payment. She is usually accompanied by 1-3 of her creations.

At will, Davinia can cast *awareness*. The victim must save vs. Magic or else become able to see those who dwell in other planes. The target sees vast and horrible faces in the sky, and they are now aware that someone is looking back. Victim takes 1d8 damage and loses a point of Wisdom (a successful save vs. Magic will negate the Wisdom loss, but not the damage).



She can also blast a circular wave of *grey hellfire* at her foes, inflicting 1d6 damage per target affected. The blast has a 50' radius, emanating from Davinia. Everyone must save vs. Breath Weapon; to calculate total damage, roll 1d6 for each character that fails the saving throw and inflict the total on all of them.

Davinia is immune to physical attacks (they will merely dent the gauntlet, which immediately is returned to pristine condition). However, she takes double damage from all magical attacks, and each successful attack will reveal her ghostly figure screaming in agony.

The gauntlet can be worn after Davinia is killed (1d8+4 damage). Once per day, the wearer can cast *animate dead*.

DESIDERATUM

Armor: 15
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 40
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 7
Morale: 11

The Desideratum ("something that is needed") is a giant chimera, twice as tall as a man. A colorful amalgam of hornet, earwig, butterfly, mantis, stag beetle, and bullet ant, the monster wanders the earth, building its army of insects, preparing for the coming onslaught.

In a far-off land, the Desideratum was created by doomed sorcerers in a last-ditch effort to win a dreadful war against invaders. The war was won, but the monster was the sole survivor.

It has had much time to contemplate its nature since the day of victory, and now it believes that it must be true to its kind: insects. As they outnumber the other species of the world, they are destined to rule, but only after their hated foes have been wiped out. Obviously, the birds must die first.

Its lair is a vast network of tunnels underground, linked to forest glades and mountainsides; here, myriad insects gather in peace to prepare for war: bees, wasps, yellowjackets, butterflies, ants, and more.

In combat, the monster attacks with its three heads. The hornet head can spit like a grasshopper; this attack has a 30' range, and anyone hit takes 1-8 damage and must save vs. Poison or become nauseated and suffer a -3 to the next attack roll.

The beetle bite inflicts 1-8 damage, and anyone hit is automatically grappled and immobilized, as per the wrestling rules.

The ant head bites for 1-8 damage; the victim must save vs. Poison or take an additional 1-3 damage each round for 1-3 rounds.

If combat extends into the second round, the Desideratum may opt to substitute one of its bites with a mantis claw attack. Anyone hit takes 1-8 damage, and must save vs. Magic or be affected by one of the following mutations:

1. All perceptions are reversed; for the victim, left and right are flipped. The disorientation halves the Movement rate and causes the victim to lose a point of Dexterity. The effect is temporary; after 24 hours, perception returns to normal, and the character is now ambidextrous.
2. Thin grey eels periodically slither from the character's orifices. There are 1d4 eels per emission, and 1d2 emissions per day. Each emission causes a point of damage. The good news is that these eels (Armor 13, 1 HD, bite 1d3) serve the character unto death. After 3 days, the character can determine how many eels are emitted per day (if any); however, the Referee says which orifice they emerge from.
3. The character exudes a sweet smell; this delicate perfume increases the character's Charisma score by 2. However, he attracts the attention of predators, and they attack on sight (even domesticated ones like cats and dogs).
4. A new life grows inside the character: intelligent bacteria have taken over his gut, and are making telepathic demands. It may be necessary for the character to somehow enter his own abdomen and fight their leader.
5. The character is cursed with a magical allergy to metal. She cannot abide to be within a foot of it, and each time, she must save vs. Magic or take a point of damage. However, once she has taken that damage, she is free to remain in contact with the metal in question (so, for example, she might pick up a sword, take the damage, and as long as it doesn't move more than a foot away, she won't take any more damage from proximity).
6. The character's skin is pebbled and hard, like the hide of an alligator. The character is now immune to normal fire attacks, and takes half-damage from magical fire; also, he can regenerate 2 hit points per day. The character takes double damage from cold-based attacks, and must eat live mammals twice per day, or lose all these benefits.



The monster's treasure hoard consists of items in the pockets of corpses; these dead bodies are kept in its lair to feed the Desideratum's insect army. There are hundreds of such victims, and some of them are bound to be wealthy, so anyone who searches all of the bodies will find treasure type: loot.

At the moment that the Desideratum is killed, the sky changes. It darkens rapidly, and galaxies spiral into view, becoming so large that they fill the heavens with light.

Strange apparitions flicker all around. The whole world glows green and yellow. This is no illusion, but is instead a manifestation of the magic that brought the Desideratum into existence. The exact consequences of this chain of events will be left to the Referee.

After the Desideratum is killed, its army of insects will die off in a matter of hours. Birds will flock to the area, devouring the food greedily for several days. This will attract larger predators who prey on birds (and also livestock and people).

The death of that many insects will cause widespread crop failures, and a significant famine will eventually ensue. It is likely that thousands will perish, perhaps more.

Royal jelly can be found in the Desideratum's lair. This is a prime component in a cosmetic which is used by wealthy women to reduce the effects of aging, and it is worth 1000 gp per ounce. The lair will contain 1-6 ounces.

DIRGE SAC

Armor: 12
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 10
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4 or 1d8
Intelligence: 4
Morale: 9

Clear fluid, which reeks of sewage, trickles from the gaping orifices in the Dirge Sac's foot-wide body, and it drips down the dark blue tentacles that sway beneath it.

The Dirge Sac is attracted to outpourings of grief and misery. It is particularly enamored of funerals for children, but any expression of anguish is likely to attract its attention.

It attacks those who mourn, using a variety of horrid telepathic visions. Against those who are immune to such attacks, the monster uses its tentacles, which inflict 1-4 damage, but this is a last resort. For each of these visions, the victim must save vs. Magic or be afflicted as described below:

1. Vision of pain: The victim sees that she is strapped to a table. She is paralyzed, but aware. A scrawny man with wide eyes is approaching. He holds a strange tool, some kind of clamp; he uses this to pry the victim's mouth open. The victim takes 1-8 points of damage, and she is mute for 1-6 hours.

2. Vision of filth: the victim sees her own body on a shiny metal table. First, the shape is crafted from slime and refuse; a face is sculpted from the raw material, the skin is painted with strange metal implements, and hair is sewn into the scalp. Scars and tattoos are added if necessary. Clothing and armor are tugged onto the motionless body, and then there is a blinding light, and another (identical) body appears. This one sits up and screams. The body made of garbage vanishes. Then the vision ends, and the character sees the Dirge Sac once more. The victim takes 1-8 points of damage, and suffers a -2 to all saving throws for the next 1-10 hours.



3. Vision of guilt: the character realizes that she has committed a terrible crime, one which involved knives and fire. She has the scars and burns to prove it. She remembers the pain, the fear, and the horrid remorse afterwards. The character takes 1-8 damage, and suffers a -1 to initiative rolls for 1d3 days.

Killing blow: the character can see the place where her ancestors built imaginary citadels. She has never heard of such a thing before, but now she is certain of this knowledge. No one else can enter these imaginary palaces, only the character who killed the Dirge Sac. She knows that there is lore hidden there, just for her.

DISMAL SCRYER



Armor: 12
Movement: 30'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 18
Treasure: special
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 11

The Dismal Scryer's bulbous body rests atop a thick clawed leg. It moves slowly, crawling over the stony terrain where it is found.

This eye-covered entity is obsessed with life, and seeks to understand it. It peers intently at its victims as it watches them die, and it tries to gaze into their eyes, so that it might make sense of existence.

Anyone it gazes upon must save vs. Magic or attack himself with whatever weapon is at hand. The monster can compel this kind of self-harm twice per round.

The Dismal Scryer can only be hit by weapons that have been dipped in the blood of an innocent humanoid. It has the usual vulnerabilities to magic.

Each time the monster is injured, a random person is teleported into the area from a nearby (or, if necessary, distant) village or city. The victim is either teleported a hundred feet up, so that he might fall to his death, or the victim appears on the ground and dissolves slowly, screaming in agony.

Killing blow: the character can now see the invisible, and is immune to illusion.

Four of the Scryer's eyes are fake; they were damaged during its creation, so its maker added glass eyes embedded with bright gemstones. Each of these gems is worth 1d4x500 silver.

DIVINE CULL ENGINEER

Armor: 13
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 54
Treasure: purse
Attacks: 5
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 10
Morale: 12

Summoned by the [Ideologue](#), the Divine Cull Engineer is a sarcastic and brutal monstrosity that bursts from the abdomen of a random victim. Typically, it favors those who cling to dogma in the face of reason and evidence. It seeks to fix the world by settling ideological disputes with the nine weapons it clutches in its hands. It is foul-mouthed and foul-tempered. It stinks of urine.

Each round, it attacks with several weapons, each of which does either 1d8 damage or 1d4 plus poison (save vs. Poison or suffer -2 to the next roll, whatever that might be).

Starting on the third round, one of its attacks will be a vision of deep space. The target must save vs. Magic, or be confronted with the endless abyss of darkness, in which the target can see a white dot. Over what feels like centuries, the character moves closer to this dot, which gradually grows, becoming a galaxy.

The character flies past stars, through a black hole, into a curving tube of light, and emerges before a world of blue and green. As the character approaches this planet, trees and roads and mountains become visible. Eventually, the character reaches the location where this battle is taking place, and sees the Divine Cull Engineer fighting a small and inconsequential blob of pink tissue (the character who is being affected by this vision). The character feels giant pseudopods reaching down to pluck at the character, to exterminate the vermin, and then the vision ends.

The victim takes 1d12 damage, loses a point of a randomly-determined attribute, and suffers a -3 to all saving throws for the next two days.



DOCTOR VOLT

Armor: 13
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 20
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: varies
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 9

Doctor Volt wears a suit of blue, with black lightning bolts on it, and a white cape. He's fastidious about his cape. When he laughs maniacally, his eyes crackle with electricity.

During a battle with the Super Coalition, Doctor Volt was hurled into a Dimension Vortex and found himself in this world.

He wants to return to Capital City, so that he can continue his battle against the heroes, but on the other hand, he's thinking that maybe he could set up shop here and become a god or something. He wishes that he'd paid more attention in history class, because he feels like maybe he could exploit some historical events to his advantage, but he's not completely sure what's going to happen this year (or, really, this century).

He's been thinking about finding a girl and settling down, but frankly, Doctor Volt has some fairly serious hygiene standards, and it doesn't seem like people are as concerned about that sort of thing in this time period. It's all rather frustrating.

Anyhow, he's going to pull off some heists, obviously, because that's what a supervillain does.

There are a few treasures that he's had his eye on, and it's not like there are any superheroes in this dimension, so he's pretty sure that he can pull this off. He wouldn't mind a few henchmen, and might be interested in hiring some adventurers to help him with the score.

He's overconfident and egotistical, but other than that, is fairly good company.



In combat, he can use any of the following powers at will, with each one counting as an attack.

Fly: As per the Magic-User spell.

Lightning Bolt: 80' range, 2d6 damage. Save vs. Breath Weapon halves.

Electric Shock: Requires touch. 3d6 damage. Save vs. Breath Weapon halves.

Lightning Sphere: Temporarily boosts his Armor to 16. Lasts 2 rounds.

Doctor Volt has amassed a fortune, but is never sure if it's secure, so he's always lugging it from place to place, trying to find a decent hiding spot.

It's entirely possible that the Super Coalition will follow him to this world and attack anyone who appears to be working with him.

DOCTRINAIRE

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 10
Hit Points: 80
Treasure: trove
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d12 or 1d8+1
Intelligence: 19
Morale: 12

The Doctrinaire is a large (25' tall) robot with gleaming white armor dotted with bright red lights and stripes. It hisses and clicks as it daintily picks its way across the ground.

It was built to exterminate all Magic-Users in a distant realm. However, a programming glitch in the Doctrinaire's code caused it to develop a fascination with forbidden magics. Now, it explores the spells which lie across the Black Line of demarcation set up by the witches of its homeworld. These are the most heinous of magics, and they fill the robot with joy.

Some time ago, it created the [Algionaut](#) and [LRX17](#). The Doctrinaire is now working on a new kind of robot, but this requires carefully-crafted parts, which are made of a special metal that can only be found deep underground.

If its work is interrupted, the robot attacks with laser weapons, which inflict 2-9 points of damage (range 100'). It can also slash with its claws, which inflict 1-12.

It is also able to attack with a horrid magic known as *dark lust*. This spell was learned by scanning the texts of forbidden tomes, digitizing the runes and scrawls, and fine-tuning them until they were perfectly attuned to malevolent energies from beyond this world.

A hideous idea, an urge that is both repulsive and utterly criminal, is implanted in the brain of the victim. If the victim does not act on this impulse, then he will lose 1 point of Wisdom each day until he succumbs. A spell such as *remove curse* will banish the *dark lust*. Any Wisdom loss is permanent unless addressed magically (such as with *heal*). Range: 100'. A save vs. Magic will negate the effect.

Due to the strange magics that the robot has tampered with during its experiments, there are strange effects in its presence.

When it is nearby, nearby voices seem to come from far away, and distant sounds seem very close.

Gravity changes near the Doctrinaire. Each round, there is a 1 in 6 chance that gravity will shift as follows (note that the robot is not affected by these gravity changes):

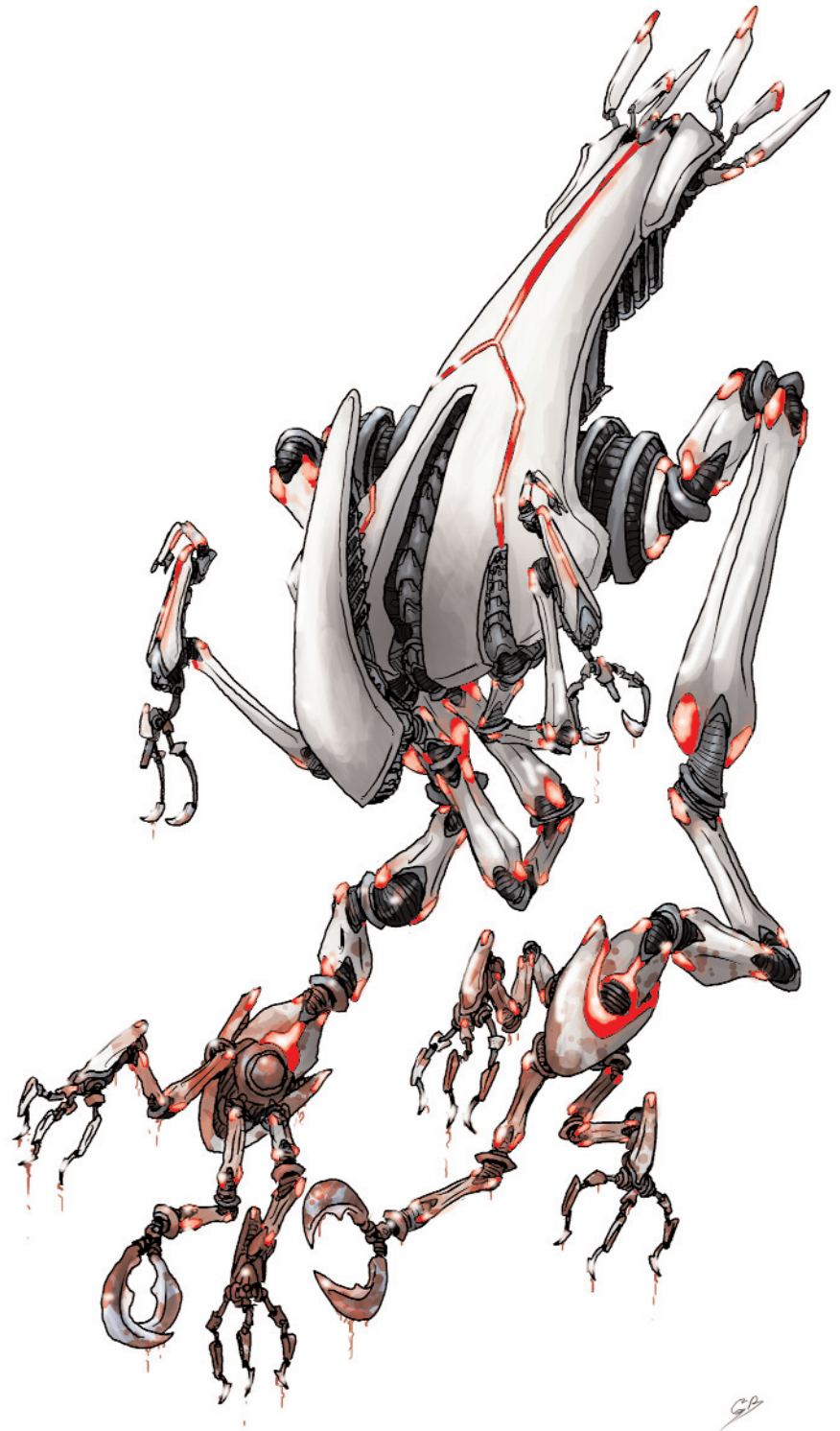
1. Low gravity, enabling great jumps and even a bit of floating; 30' radius around the robot, with a height of 80'.
2. Reverse gravity in a cylinder 30' high, with a radius of 60' around the robot.

Anytime someone is slashed by the Doctrinaire's claws, he must save vs. Poison or suffer a strange phenomenon: the character is afflicted with a sudden memory of fighting this battle and losing.

The entire fight plays out in the character's memory, as though it had already happened. The entire group is cut down, and the Doctrinaire stands triumphantly above their mangled corpses. The character takes an additional 1d12 points of damage, and then snaps back to the present. Now, the character has an advantage, because he has an instinctive understanding of what this robot is going to do. The character receives +5 to his next 3 rolls, whatever they might be.

Killing blow: the character's body becomes completely hollow; beneath the skin, there is a single organ, which can be rigid or flexible, as the character wishes. Food is no longer needed. Flotation is possible if the character is filled with the right kind of gas. Speaking of which, gases and toxins no longer hurt the character.

Each time the character's skin is pierced by a blade or sharp implement, there is a 1 in 6 chance that the character will deflate and be incapacitated for one round (at which point the body will adjust and re-inflation will occur).



DOLOROUS EMERALD

Armor: 12
 Movement: 0'
 Hit Dice: 1
 Hit Points: 1
 Treasure: special
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: varies
 Intelligence: 1
 Morale: n/a

The Dolorous Emerald is a hateful gemstone that feeds on human flesh. It has been the death of many avaricious people (and also innocent victims of the greedy).

Initially, it appears as a small, low-quality emerald worth 50 silver. Upon contact with human skin, it expands, jabbing itself into tissue and taking root there.

Over time, it grows, and its quality improves. Cloudy areas become clearer, edges become sharper. With each passing minute, the emerald improves in value by $1d100 \times 10$ silver.

Naturally, the person with bits of emerald sticking out of his body is in a bit of pain. The victim must save vs. Poison each minute or suffer one of the following permanent effects.



During the first 15 minutes, roll 1d4 on the following table. During the second 15 minutes, roll 2d4. During the final 15 minutes, roll 3d4. After 45 minutes, the character (if he is still alive) must make a saving throw vs. Poison each round or die.

1. Loss of 1 point of Charisma
2. 1d2 points of damage
3. Loss of 1 point of Dexterity
4. 1d3 points of damage
5. Loss of 1 point of Constitution
6. Movement reduced by 30'
7. Loss of 1 point of Strength
7. Blindness
8. Movement halved
9. Strength reduced to 5
10. Deafness
11. Dexterity reduced to 5
12. Movement reduced to 10'

After 45 minutes, the Dolorous Emerald becomes full-sized, and is able to attack psionically. It can attack twice per round, attacking anyone within 200' with blasts of psionic energy that inflict 1d20 damage (a save vs. Breath Weapon halves damage).

The emerald can be ripped out, but this inflicts 1-6 points of damage for every 10 minutes that it's been growing.

There's a 3 in 6 chance that the Dolorous Emerald will become full-sized ahead of schedule. In this case, roll 2d20 to see how many minutes it takes for the monster to start attacking with psionic blasts.

Once the emerald has become full-sized, it must be destroyed in order to end the attacks. A simple hit from any weapon should do the job. This reduces the value of the emerald to 1d100 silver.

It's not uncommon for people to capture victims and expose them to the Dolorous Emerald in order to create more valuable gems. Obviously, this is very dangerous for all parties concerned, given the risk of psionic attack.

Killing blow: the character receives a bonus of 1-4 hit points to his maximum. This is permanent.

ECTYPE



Armor: 14
 Movement: 120'
 Hit Dice: 5
 Hit Points: 35
 Treasure: hoard
 Attacks: 3
 Damage: 1d6
 Intelligence: 12
 Morale: 11

The Ectype ("reproduction or copy") is actually a pair of 10' long creatures that are completely linked by various umbilical cords, as well as a psychic connection. No one is certain (including the Ectype) which one was the original; progenitor and clone are now inextricably linked. One is green and smells of jasmine; the other is chartreuse and smells of honeysuckle. Neither speaks, but both listen.

The monster lusts to destroy and desecrate temples. It smashes them, pulls the walls down with its tentacles, and crushes the altar and relics. The priests and congregation are humiliated, beaten, and/or killed.

Afterwards, the Ectype repurposes each ruin as a shrine to itself. The shrine is marked with a pair of circles (one green, one chartreuse), which are painted with the monster's own fluids.

Anyone who looks upon this circle sees both of them within each other: concentric, spherical, and containing all knowledge in the universe. The viewer must save vs. Magic or roll 2d10 to determine his new Wisdom score.

The center of the shrine that the Ectype builds from the rubble is a pool, which it fills by vomiting. The liquid is indistinguishable from water: it is odorless and tasteless, and quenches thirst. There are three kinds:

1. The Burning Water: It is water, and it is normally safe to drink, but it is also highly flammable (treat as oil).
2. The Healing Water: This restores hit points to anyone who drinks from the pool. Water can be stored in bottles and consumed later. Regardless of whether the water has been bottled or stored elsewhere, the pool can only heal 10 hit points per person, and can only heal a total of 50 hit points.
3. The Living Water: This is inhabited by a monster made of water, which attacks anyone who gets near. Armor 15, Hit Dice 2, bite 1d6.

Killing blow: the character rolls 2d12 to hit for the next 2 attacks.

ELANA SUUR

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 42
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 12

Elana Suur's torso was torn from her body and grafted to the neck of an Ivory Wyrmling (the one that killed her lover). She will never have the revenge that she seeks, for she is now one with the monster that she hated most.

Thus, she will take vengeance upon [Davinia Marrow](#), the sorceress who combined Elana with the Wyrmling. Elana searches from kingdom to kingdom for Davinia, and will pay dearly for information about the gauntlet's whereabouts.

She is whimsical, and loves poetry; she'll do anything to acquire it. Sometimes, she attacks and loots libraries, but only damages the structures (and guards, and readers), not the books.

Elana is served by animals, but only if they rhyme. She may be guarded by rattlesnakes and drakes, or may receive information from cats, rats, and bats.

She eats children, but only the beastly ones.

Twice per day, she can breathe noxious white fire (cone 100' long and 30' wide). The fire is semi-liquid and clings to the skin; the attack inflicts damage equal to her current hit points (a save vs. Breath Weapon halves the damage).

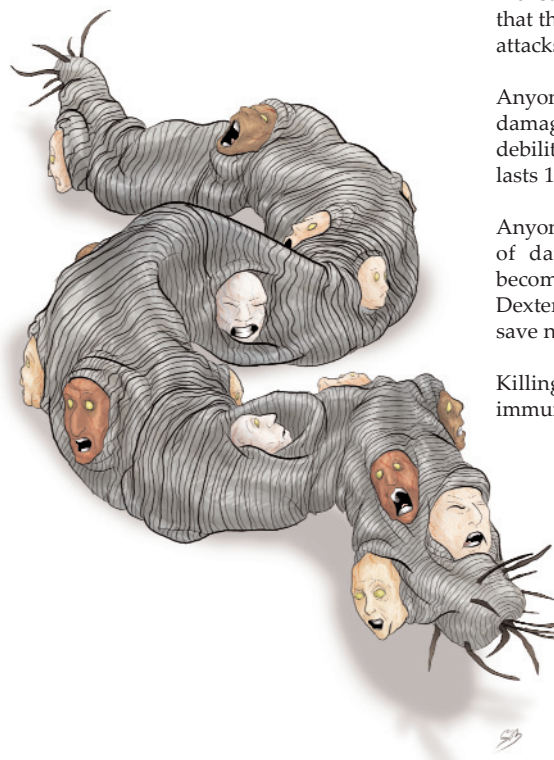


ESCOVEDO

Armor: 13
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d4+2
Intelligence: 16
Morale: 11

Escovedo was once a small village in Portugal. The [Malison](#) wanted to explore the concept of a living mechanism that could dig for precious metals underground, so it fused the people of Escovedo into a large worm-like beast. The project was a failure, so the Malison abandoned the creation.

Escovedo has corrugated grey skin, and the faces of villagers line its length. They scream in agony. The monster is destructive and insane. It smells of sweat.



One of the people trapped inside has not yet succumbed to the hive-mind of Escovedo. Her name is Aurora, and she is actually whole (her entire body is intact, as opposed to all of the others, who have been reduced to disembodied faces grafted onto the grey tube of flesh).

Aurora is imprisoned within, motionless and unconscious, kept alive through nutrient veins, and according to the Shrouded Temple of Benisons in the West, she can destroy the Malison with a single thought (which will also unravel an entire ocean).

Escovedo abducts people; it tunnels through the earth at a rapid rate, rips from the ground, snatches victims, and hauls them back to its lair. There, it forces them to narrate the worst moments of their lives. Again and again, they are compelled (through violence, if necessary) to recount the most horrific moments of pain, humiliation, and abuse. In this way, the lonely monster hopes to keep them vulnerable, so that they will not leave. If they try to escape, it attacks.

Anyone bitten by a face takes 3-6 points of damage and must save vs. Poison or become debilitated (roll 2d8 to attack, instead of 1d20; lasts 1d10 rounds; save negates).

Anyone lashed by its tendrils takes 3-6 points of damage, and must save vs. Magic or become slowed (automatically attacks last; Dexterity halved; Movement reduced to 60'; save negates).

Killing blow: the character is permanently immune to all psionic attacks.

EXECRATOR

Armor: 12
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 56
Treasure: lucre
Attacks: 4
Damage: 1-4
Intelligence: 18
Morale: 12

The Execrator appears as a black skull atop a white brain suspended in clear liquid. The brain in question belonged to a noble warrior, cut down in her prime. Now, she suffers eternal agony, helpless to prevent the atrocities that she is forced to witness (since she sees through the eyes of the skull). This punishment is intended to dissuade heroes.



The Execrator ("one who loathes") was summoned from the monochromatic land of Chiaroscuro by the *Ideologue*. It despises heroism, saints, and innocent souls. Whenever possible, it murders them slowly, ripping them apart with its obsidian tentacles or crushing them under the blunt spike at its base.

It rewards acts of cruelty and barbarism. If player characters exhibit such traits, then it may arrive and offer them rewards. For example, it may hire them to commit even more atrocities, or it may give them a small bonus to saving throws (+1 or +2 to save vs. Poison, for example). "Persist in your endeavors," it says in its colorless monotone. Or if the player characters are virtuous, then the Execrator may well assist their enemies.

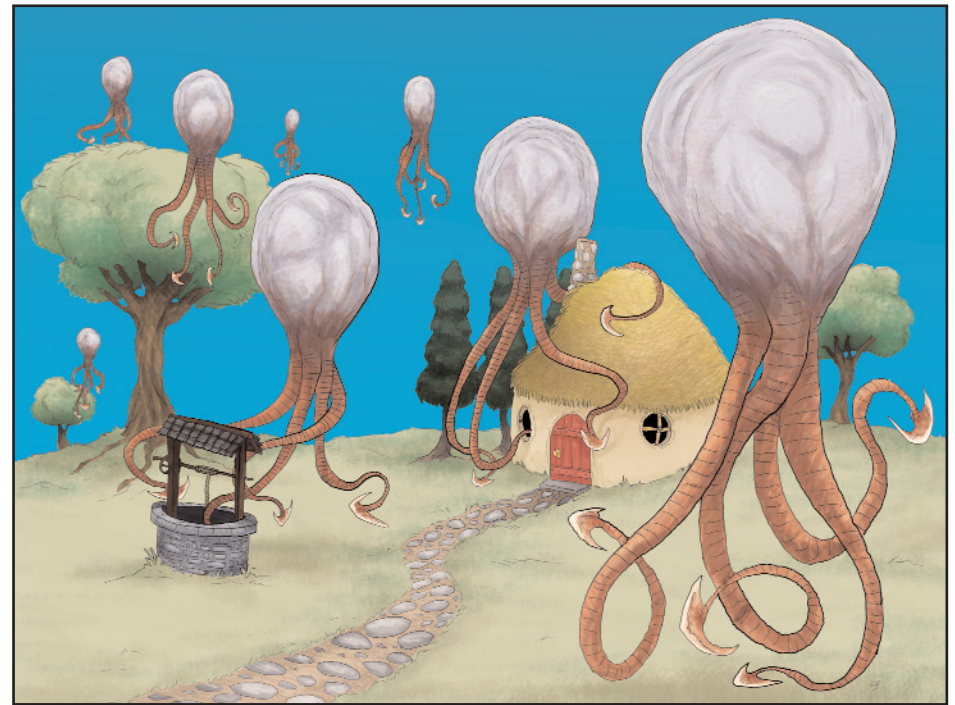
Initially, the monster attacks with multiple tentacles (4 attacks, 1-4 damage). During the second round of combat, the monster spits profanity, which takes on the physical form of jagged chunks of solidified air that slice towards the victim (75' range, 3d4 damage, save vs. Magic halves).

The Execrator maintains a citadel, far from civilization. There, the monster floats above a circular pool filled with the cerebral fluid of its victims. Silvery wires coil from the liquid, up to a central vane with three metal prongs jutting up at the sky. The pool is nearly full.

In the vertical catacombs beneath the citadel, the creature keeps the remains of its victims. These bits and chunks and stray limbs or heads are lashed together with ligaments and wires, and are animated via clockwork motors. These stumbling automatons guard the Execrator's lucre; they shudder as they limp and rotate.

Killing blow: the character only sustains one point of damage from the next successful attack against him, regardless of how much damage was actually dealt.

FACTOTUM



Armor: 12/14
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 12/2
Treasure: special
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 4
Morale: 12

The Factotum ("employee who does all kinds of work") bears something of a resemblance to a jellyfish. Factotums have soft, bulbous heads, and as they float by, crescent-shaped razors of bone swing from their four tentacles.

Curious animals, lacking any understanding of the damage they cause, Factotums drift from place to place in search of nourishment (sunlight and pollen).

While they don't mean any harm, a cluster of Factotums can easily massacre an entire village of people in minutes.

They don't ever cause damage deliberately, even when they are being attacked; however, when they are agitated or excited or happy, their tentacles whip wildly, and their bone crescents tend to lop heads off fairly easily.

If their heads (Armor 12, 12 hit points) are popped, they release spores, and 1d100 small Factotums will spawn from the area within the next day, unless the earth is burned. The only safe method of extermination is to lop off all 4 tentacles (each has Armor 14 and 2 hit points). This kills the Factotum permanently.

Factotum bone crescents are prized by collectors, and can command as much as 200 silver apiece if in good condition. If still attached to a length of tentacle (at least 4 feet), the amount can go up to 400 each.

FORGOTTEN ARDOR



Armor: 14
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 60
Treasure: purse
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6+6
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 12

Prayers, litanies, and murmurs of sweltering desire pour from the many mouths of the Forgotten Ardor. It composes sonnets about inner thighs, villanelles about muscular torsos, and sestinas about moistened apertures. It longs for intimacy. It is swollen and smooth, and it smells of spoiled milk.

When it is encountered, the Ardor attempts to make telepathic contact with anyone within 100' range; those who fail their save vs. Magic are bombarded with mental images that the monster implants into their minds. The victim sees a slaughtered animal, dangling from a hook, and then its offal and bones boiled. The resulting matter is strained, dried, and shaped into a sphere.

The difference, notes the Ardor, is that instead of meat, it was made from rejected urges. It was created in an incorporeal world, a civilization of sentient thoughts that feed on harmony and interaction; its creators harvested all of the discarded and rejected sentiments and desires, then jettisoned these from their own reality.

In this world, such concepts translated into corporeal form, and were sculpted by the laws of this universe into the shape of the Forgotten Ardor.

Now, it seeks kinship.

It does not arrive empty-handed. When the Ardor approaches people, it typically gifts someone with a lock of hair belonging to someone dear to the character. What has become of the person whose hair was taken? Well, the Forgotten Ardor isn't quite sure.

The monster perceives all entities to be nothing more than congealed ideas, fluid and malleable. It determines their identities based on their actions. The Ardor itself is impulsive and hasty (also selfish, vain, lustful, and sadistic).

In combat, its tentacles and its bite inflict 7-12 points of damage.

For one of its 3 actions, it can teleport itself up to 50', or teleport a person up to 20'. It can't teleport someone into solid matter, but it can drop them from 20' for 2d6 damage (or more, if there's something nasty to drop them into, like spikes or acid or a trap).

If it glares at a victim, the person must save vs. Magic or see a grim vision: a younger version of that person, during more innocent times, is unaware that there is a dark shadow moving closer. Something patient and cold is approaching. It may be that this actually happened in the past, or it may just be a dire hallucination; either way, the victim takes 1d10 and loses 1d6 points of Constitution for 12 hours (save vs. Magic negates).

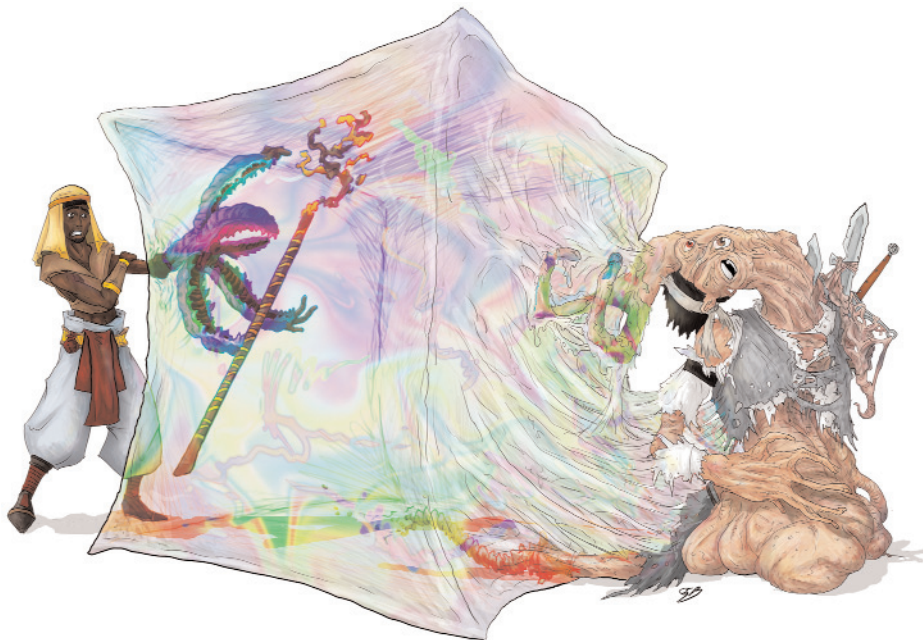
If it waves its tentacles, and the slimy tips trace a certain subliminal pattern in the air, then its target may be afflicted with a form of hypnosis, causing him to turn and immediately attack a nearby ally. Save vs. Magic negates; if the character fails the saving throw and attacks an ally, this doesn't use up one of the attacker's actions (when it's his turn, he still gets to go).

If the Forgotten Ardor is killed, a sacred blessing will be undone, and the world will become vulnerable. Specifically, every cat on the planet will be freed from mental bondage, and they will all be able to do what they were created to do. Doom ensues.

The monster maintains its purse inside its body by devouring any treasure it finds. If it is cut open, the treasure will spill out, along with a magical pommel named Cataract. This pommel is painted to look like a pale blue eye. If it is attached to a sword or dagger, it imparts magical abilities to the weapon. Anytime the wielder makes a saving throw, he rolls 2d12 and adds the results together. The sword itself does an additional 1d8 points of damage. Once per day, it can heal 4 points of damage to anyone the caster wishes.

Killing blow: the next time the player needs to roll a d20, she rolls 2d20 and picks the highest one.

GELATINOUS HYPERCUBE



The Gelatinous Hypercube travels from dimension to dimension. Sometimes, it arrives in this world as part of a summon spell (in addition to whatever was summoned). Other times, it is part of an elaborate magical trap.

It cannot be destroyed, but it can be banished through magics such as *holy word*, or by ending the circumstance that brought the monster here.

Each round, the Hypercube randomly teleports 1d100'. Roll 1d8 to find the direction: 1 NW, 2 W, 3 SW, 4 S, 5 SE, 6 E, 7 NE, 8 N.

If it makes contact with a character, a saving throw vs. Magic is required. Failure means that the character has been warped by the Hypercube's magic.

Roll d12, d10, d8, d6, and d4. The d12 and d6 describe the character's new body. The d10 and d8 indicate a change to the character's attributes, such as Dexterity, or some other element (such as her attack bonus, Armor score, hit points, or the number of limbs that the character has).

For example, a roll of all 3s would mean that the character is now muscular and canine in appearance, with a -3 to his Constitution score, and a Movement rate increased by 3.

This process is repeated each time the character makes contact with the Hypercube, and the effects are cumulative and combined (so it may be possible to have a warped and glistening character with a serpentine and undead body).

Body, d12	Attribute, d10	Modifier, d8
1. Amorphous	1. Armor	1. -1
2. Bionic	2. Charisma	2. +2
3. Canine	3. Constitution	3. -3
4. Crustacean	4. Dexterity	4. +4
5. Demonic	5. Hit points	5. -4
6. Feline	6. Intelligence	6. +3
7. Insectile	7. Limbs	7. -2
8. Malformed	8. Strength	8. +1
9. Mechanical	9. Wisdom	
10. Reptilian	10. Attack	
11. Serpentine		
12. Undead		
	Move, d4	
	1. -60'	
	2. -30'	
	3. +30'	
	4. +60'	

Adjective, d6

1. Glistening
2. Multicolored
3. Muscular
4. Stretched
5. Swollen
6. Warped

GHOST OF ANCIENTS

Armor: 13
Movement: 0'
Hit Dice: 9
Hit Points: 70
Treasure: riches
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d12
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

Created by [Void's Memory](#), the Ghost of Ancients is found in desolate places where all hope of redemption is lost, and where the people have lost hope. A towering cluster of golden tentacles reaching for the sky, the Ghost appears to these people and preaches a hopeful gospel: the Ancients will return, and order will be restored to this world.

However, they will only return when all have heard and understood the gospel, and so the people must spread the word. They must go out and tell others of the Ancients, and those who refuse to understand must be killed by inches, so that others will be afraid to reject the truth.

Any 0-level NPC who accepts this mission is gifted with an attack bonus of +2, 1-6 additional hit points, and a bonus of +3 to all saving throws. These followers, who are known as Proselytes, speak the wisdom of the Ghost of Ancients from town to town, encouraging others to go forth and spread the word far and wide. Impalements and castrations follow in their wake.

If the Ghost is confronted, its shimmering and translucent golden tentacles weave strange sigils in the air. Anyone within 100' must save vs. Magic or suffer one of the following curses (save negates effect, but damage is still taken):

1. Days of Ruin: The victim takes 1-12 damage as lice and ticks burst through his flesh and crawl away from him in disgust. From this day forward, any city that he passes through will fall into utter ruin within a fortnight.
2. Gift of Hatred: The victim takes 1-12 damage as bite marks appear on his wrist and throat.

For the rest of his life, wolves will bring him the flesh of children as presents (parents will soon follow, with pitchforks and rope).

Once it has bestowed both curses, it continues to attack anyone in range (80') with its massive tentacles for 1-12 damage.

If all who know about it are killed, the Ghost of Ancients vanishes. It can also be slain if seven sorcerers are boiled alive in the Cave of Deadened Lore.

Killing blow: welts appear along the character's arms. Each day, one of these bursts open and an arachnid scuttles out. The character takes a point of permanent damage. Immediately, the character knows the location of a forbidden treasure. This affliction can be ended with any *cure* spell.



GRIEVANCE

Armor: 13
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 28
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 11

The Grievance is a thin humanoid clad in rags; she screams and wails. Her skin is cool and papery, and she smells of vinegar. Her silky white tresses are soft and iridescent.

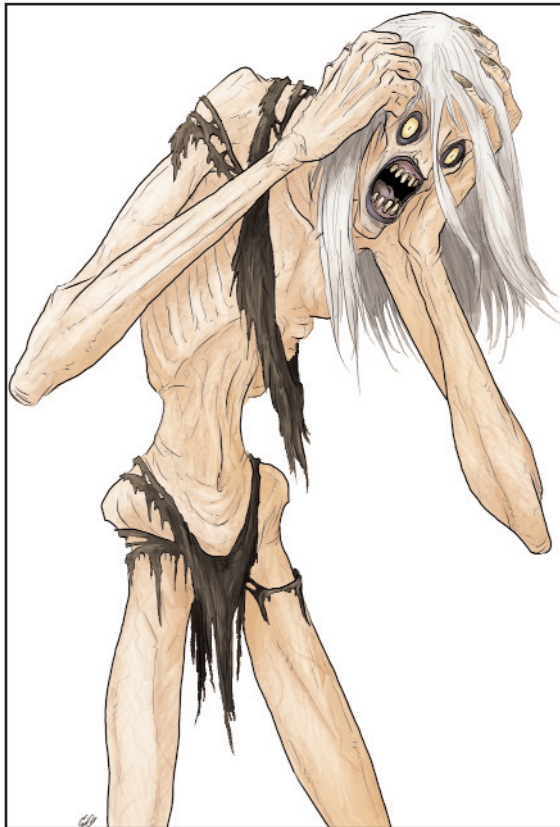
In long-forgotten days, she was a powerful Cleric, but she was tormented by strange voices in her head, and she could find no peace. Over time, she was driven mad.

In her lunacy, she constructed several new forms of life: the [Conceit](#), [Inkling](#), [Postulate](#), and [Supposal](#). These were to be her servants, but they escaped her and now roam the earth. She has spent much time trying to track them down and destroy them, so that she might eradicate all traces of her existence, and finally die in peace.

She dwells in a crypt, which she has painted pale blue (because it soothes her). Those who have glimpsed her are certain that she is some kind of undead, but this is not the case.

The Grievance is desperate to end the voices in her head, but believes that they are imaginary. What she does not know is that they are real: a dozen souls were plucked from their bodies by a deity and stored in the Grievance's skull for safekeeping (so that these souls might be overlooked by the deity's foes).

If one of the player character's is a Cleric, then it is likely that his or her deity is responsible for the Grievance's suffering, and it is probable that the Grievance will find out and seek revenge.



Any time that the Grievance fights, time is slowed within a 1-mile radius of her. Inside that radius, time seems to pass normally, but the sky flickers (as days and nights go by in seconds); in truth, much time has passed. Roll 1d4 to determine how many d10s to roll.

Example: If you roll a 1, roll 1d10 to see how many days have elapsed. If you roll a 3, then roll 1d1000 to see how many days it has been. A roll of 4, followed by all 9s, would mean that 9999 days have gone by during the battle.

At will, the Grievance can cast *command*, *cause fear*, *heat metal*, *protection from good*, and *silence* 15' radius.

Killing blow: books open themselves to interesting pages when the character gets near.

GUT VIPER

Armor: 12
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 14
Treasure: none
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 10

When full-grown, a Gut Viper has beautiful blue eyes, a vertical mouth full of blunt yellow teeth, and a ridged white underbelly. It is a short and stubby parasite, just big enough to nestle comfortably in the host's intestines. When exposed to open air, it trembles and shrieks.

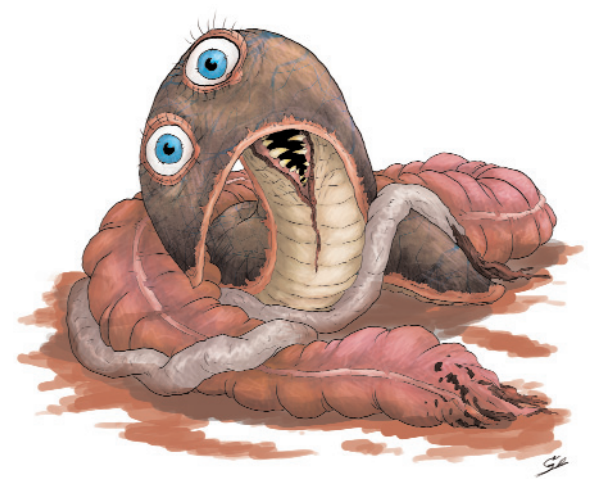
The Gut Viper begins life as a tiny egg sac in dirty water. If it is ingested, and the victim fails a saving throw vs. Poison, the egg hatches inside the victim and begins to grow. Over weeks, the Viper (not actually a snake, but instead a type of worm) reaches a length of up to one foot.

If it is too greedy, and eats too much of its host's food, the monster may swell up so much that the host is perceived to be pregnant. The host has other problems: her skin is waxy, her face is jowly, and she feels tired all the time.

The Gut Viper feels terrible about this, and tries to make up for the inconvenience by improving the career and/or love life of its host.

Gut Vipers are able to communicate with each other telepathically as far as 1000' away. They can pick each other out of a crowd, exchange information, share what they've overheard, and talk about the things they've learned by reading the minds of their hosts. By comparing notes, and networking with other Vipers in the area, they can put together complex plans involving their unsuspecting victims (whom the Vipers actually feel a great deal of affection for).

Once they've formulated their schemes, the Vipers compel their hosts to carry them out.



A Gut Viper can cast *charm person* and *suggestion* once per day. They sometimes use these spells on the host, and sometimes they use them (telepathically) on other human victims; in such cases, the hosts are unaware of what's going on.

A Viper in the body of a powerful person will use connections and wealth to help other hosts out, and they will do the same for others. In time, a group of bewildered hosts may well find themselves in positions of some authority. If there is a threat, they may be observed to act in near-unison. Their behavior may seem curious, to say the least.

Vipers love their hosts, and want the best for them. However, a host's maximum hit points will drop by 1 each year that goes by.

The best way to remove a worm is surgical removal, but poisoning the host is also an option. If the Gut Viper is exposed to open air, it begins to scream: all those within 20' must save vs. Magic or drop whatever items they were holding (at which point the Gut Viper tries to escape).

Viper eggs are extremely valuable. Other Gut Vipers can hear the telepathic screams of the unborn, and will compel their hosts to pay handsomely for the eggs.

HARVEST BLIGHT

Armor: 16
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 50
Treasure: none
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d12
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 12

A seed, which looks like any other, is surreptitiously mixed in with the rest. It is planted. It is watered. Within hours, it has taken root. It rears up, tall as a tower, and it strides across the farm on gnarled trunks, and it lashes out with thorny vines. It is the Harvest Blight, and it has a sense of humor.

Those who use wooden tools are hunted first. The first (lucky) few are squeezed until they pop, but the rest are treated like plants, and the Blight's weird magics produce interesting effects on such victims.

Those who are planted head-first in the soil by the Blight are able to survive by absorbing nourishment from the soil. Their mouths packed with dirt, their hands bound with thick ivy (or simply lopped off), these poor souls are jammed into holes four feet deep.

The Blight packs dirt around them, waters them, and watches proudly as shoots of thin flesh grow from their bare souls. Naturally, the pruning fork is used to trim these bits of skin and cartilage.

Others are tied to stakes in the sun, and spiles (short tubes) are driven into their bodies; buckets catch the "sap," which the Blight guzzles greedily.

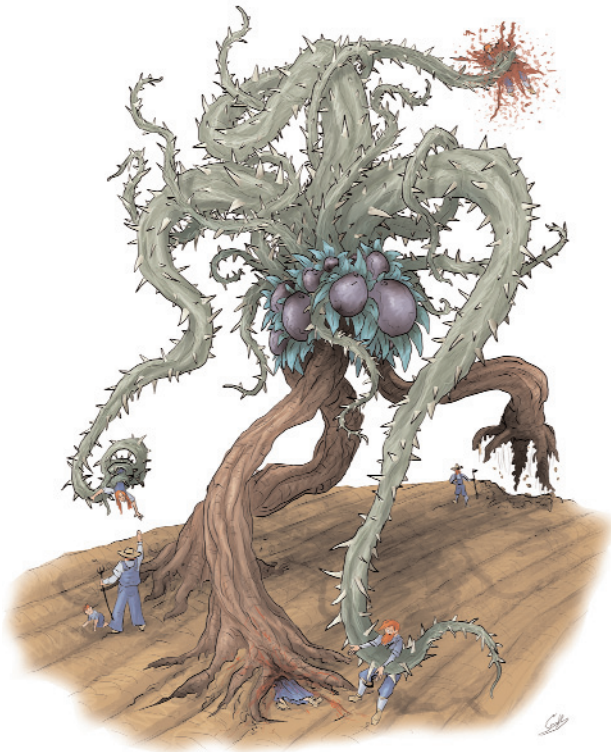
And so it goes.

If attacked, it musters defenses that indicate a kinship to the manchineel tree. The Blight lobbs its huge purple fruits, which do 1-12 on impact (60' range). The juice of these fruits burns like acid; anyone within 20' of impact must save vs. Poison or take an additional 1-4 damage for 1-4 rounds due to burning (save negates, character can save each additional round until it's over).

Anyone struck by the vines (1-12 damage, can hit targets 40' away) must save vs. Poison or suffer respiratory problems. Victims lose 1-3 Constitution, suffer halved Movement rates, and a -2 penalty to all actions for a period of 1-3 days (save negates).

If one of its vines is cut with a blade, poisonous mist squirts out; all within 20' must save vs. Poison or go blind for 1-10 minutes (save negates).

Killing blow: the character receives a permanent +3 when saving against Poison.



HYMENEAL

Armor: 15
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 20
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 11

The Hymeneal ("concerning marriage") has soft feathers in muted earth tones. Its tufted antennae brush the sensitive tips of its pink-lined claws.

It moves slowly, and projects an air of serenity and tenderness.

Sexual arousal attracts the Hymeneal, which draws strength from consummated passion.

In its desire to light the universe with love, it plucks the minds of lovers while they are lost in the throes of delight, and it flings their psyches into the darker edges of the cosmos.

When they return to their bodies, the lovers are, of course, completely insane.

In the immane depths of space, in places where meaning and virtue are forbidden, these poor souls witnessed grotesqueries that extinguished any possibility of happiness or peace.

Their children fare no better. These unions produce children that are malformed and carnivorous, and the gestation takes less than a day from conception to birth. The children are ambulatory (and hungry) only a few hours after they take their first breaths, and they often eat their catatonic parents.



The Hymeneal knows little of human life, but has observed such cannibalism among other species, and so chalks this up to the spirit of self-sacrifice which sometimes manifests itself among human parents. The children (which age rather quickly) are Armor 13, 2 Hit Dice, claw 1d4.

If attacked, the Hymeneal defends itself with its claws. Though covered in soft skin, they contain hard bone underneath, and inflict 1-8 points of damage. It can cast *charm person* and *command* once per day.

Killing blow: the character's Charisma goes up by 2.

ICHTHYARCH

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 60
Treasure: purse
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 12

In the minutes before the Ichthyarch attacks a vessel, the water churns with sea creatures eagerly awaiting the bits of flesh. Then the sharks and other predators scatter to make way for their benefactor.

As this thirty-foot chimera rises from the water, its three heads (sea turtle, barracuda, and shark) snap at sailors flung from capsized ships. Its barbed tail flings debris aside as it surges through the water in search of morsels. Its voice rumbles like distant thunder.

The creation of some long-forgotten sea deity, the Ichthyarch patrols the ocean depths, surfacing periodically to destroy a ship or attack a rival sea monster.

Each of its heads can bite for 1-10. If it spends two attacks, it can ram a ship for 1-10 ship hit points (see *Rules & Magic*, page 43).

Once per day, it can inflict the *bends* on a group of people (roll 2d20 to determine the number affected). Victims are wracked with agony as gas bubbles form in their blood streams. Anyone level 1 or higher must save vs. Magic or lose an attack and sustain 1-6 points of damage (0-level humans are automatically affected).



The Ichthyarch has a complicated relationship with [Cecaelia](#). It's jealous of her kingdom, and of her control over other sea creatures. While the Ichthyarch inspires fear, that's not the same as loyalty, and it wishes to be served by loyal warriors.

It will attack those who serve Cecaelia, but then again, it may try to sway them and enlist them as spies against her.

Its treasure is scattered across a length of ocean floor where the beasts of the Verdant Shoal gather to feed. As the beasts are rapacious, the Ichthyarch sees no reason to guard the treasure itself.

A soup made from the monster's liver is said to enhance sexual potency (no one knows this for certain, of course); the intact organ is said to be worth several thousand silver.

IDEOLOGUE

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 35
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 10

From a distance, the Ideologue appears to be completely black, and a pale white light shines from just behind it. However, as one gets closer, one can see that the black skin contains spiraling galaxies and billions of stars. The Ideologue is a sentient universe.

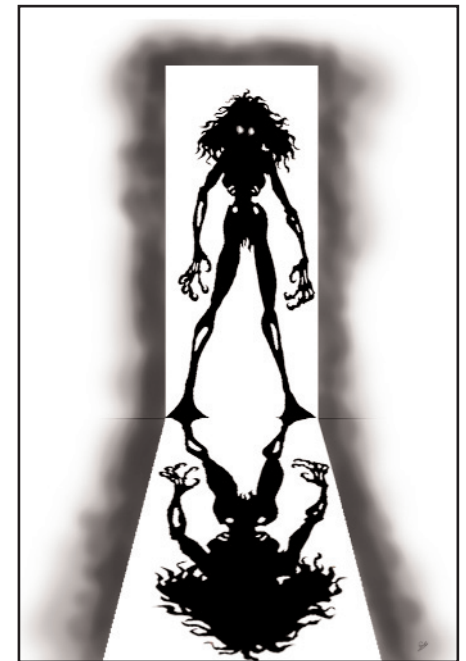
It assumed humanoid shape when it entered our world; its innumerable civilizations, scattered across myriad planets, all work in tandem, for they know the Truth. Here, however, the Ideologue is bewildered by color and nuance and a vast spectrum of opinion. The monster seeks to eradicate all middle ground, polarizing the entire world. Nuance is despair. Purity is the only virtue.

Upon entering our dimension, it summoned the monochrome inhabitants of Chiaroscuro: [Blossom of Wounds](#), [Divine Cull Engineer](#), [Execrator](#), [Moment of Defiance](#), [Prediction of War](#), [Queen of Abyssal Truths](#), and [Shibboleth](#). It may well be accompanied by one of these.

The Ideologue possesses the certainty of the greater good, and it would infect all others with this knowledge by any means necessary. True, the current inhabitants of this world will suffer the turmoil of mass graves, but utopia beckons.

If attacked, it blesses its prey with 1-6 hit points and a boost of 1-2 points to a random attribute. "If you would have more, you must serve me," the monster hisses. If its offer is not accepted, the blessing ends immediately and the points are lost.

While it can claw with ragged talons for 1-8, it prefers to use the following abilities (once per day each):



1. **Black Hole:** Within the Ideologue's body, a black hole opens, and seems to yawn larger. This conduit draws the victim in. The victim disappears, then reappears an instant later; however, the victim's soul has been sent on an unconscious voyage which lasts for aeons, and this journey took a gruesome toll. From this day forth, the victim's shadow is that of a tentacled horror, an Ancient One, for that is what the victim's soul has become. "You will never be human again," the monster whispers. The victim loses 1-12 hit points and 1-3 Constitution (save vs. Magic only negates Constitution loss).

2. **Supernova:** A star explodes on the monster's skin; the event is a pinprick of light, but signals the death of billions. The victim witnesses this, and realizes the truth of her body's eventual decay; she becomes aware of the dissolution of every cell in her body. All drinks will taste bitter to her for the rest of her days. She loses 1-12 hit points and 1-3 Wisdom (save vs. Magic only negates Wisdom loss).

INKLING

Armor: 19
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 4
Treasure: none
Attacks: 0
Damage: 0
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 12

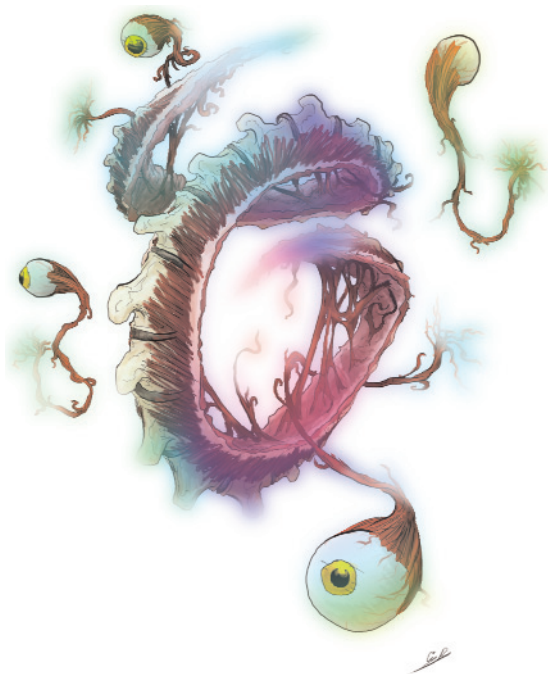
Those who have glimpsed the Inkling report a rainbow-hued form, bereft of skin or bone. They saw a cluster of sensory organs floating around a lung, or a bit of muscle, or a length of bowel. The monster spoke in a thin, papery whisper.

Birthing by the [Grievance](#), the Inkling considers all ideas; it can't stop thinking or creating. Thus, it seeks Chiaroscuro, a strange world of black-and-white ideology, free from nuance and uncertainty. There, the monster hopes to find some refuge from this world of myriad options and perspectives.

Typically, the Inkling is found in dungeons, searching for doors, hoping to find the one that will take it to its new home. It rarely engages those that it encounters; however, because of its reality-warping nature, it often has profound (albeit unintended) effects on those who near it.

Any stimulus that the Inkling perceives (speech, light, physical contact, sudden movement, an attack, or a spell) will cause changes to nearby objects. This can include walls, doors, ceilings, traps, floors, armor, torches, and weapons. Use the following table to see what kind of object (regardless of size) is affected. If no such object exists, then it immediately appears, and then it changes:

Starts as...	... becomes:
1. Fabric	1. Flesh (dies, decays)
2. Fire	2. Glass (fragile, breaks)
3. Leather	3. Ice (melts, floods area)
4. Metal	4. Rubber (can't support weight)
5. Stone	5. Slime (devours flesh)
6. Wood	6. Uranium (radiation sickness)



For example, if Metal is rolled, then the Referee may choose between this character's sword, that character's armor, the lock and chain holding this door shut, or the silver coins in that character's bag (or the Ref may just roll d4). Then, roll to see what it becomes.

Though it does not attack, the Inkling may get close to people who do interesting things (such as move or attack or cast spells). Anyone within 5' of the Inkling must save vs. Magic or be changed:

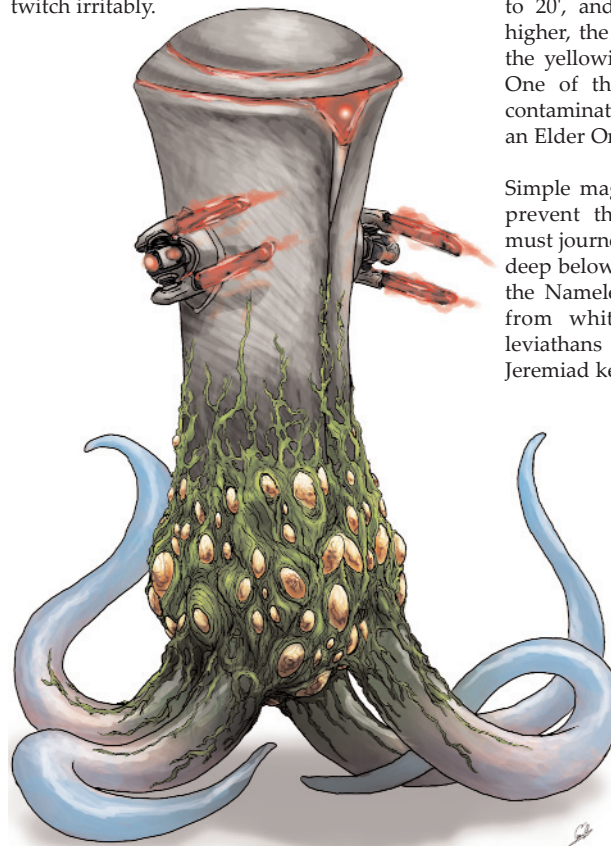
1. Age doubles: calculate applicable penalties
2. Blindness: -6 to hit
3. Diseased: for examples, see page 19
4. Double height: apply damage as needed
5. Extra limbs: 1d4 new arms or legs.
6. Half sized: apply damage as needed
7. Insanity: just barking mad, really
8. Lycanthrope: werewolf or -tiger or -rat
9. New personality: name, alignment, etc.
10. Pregnancy: contractions just started

Because of its otherworldly nature, the Inkling's Armor is 19. If it is "killed," it simply ceases to exist in this dimension.

JEREMIAD

Armor: 18
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 10
Hit Points: 75
Treasure: trove
Attacks: 2
Damage: 2d8
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

The Jeremiad ("lamentation") is an amalgam of two entities, which were once locked in battle. Caught in a psychosmic vortex, they were combined. The Jeremiad's top half was an automated guard turret from a tethered satellite on a Dyson Sphere; the lower half was an ancient creature whose kind once ruled the galaxy. Foot-long beige cysts swell and burst along the green fungus at its midsection. Its twenty-foot tentacles, violet and periwinkle, twitch irritably.



In the days before the arrival of the Jeremiad, a city's streets run with blood from random acts of violence. 0-level NPCs turn on each other, and then kill themselves horribly (those of level 1 or higher are unaffected). Some favor a frenzy of cutting and stabbing; others prefer bound victims and slow mutilation. If asked, those who have yet to commit suicide will be rather puzzled by events; none of them can explain why they're participating. They will then try to kill the questioner, of course. Roll d100: that is the percentage of people affected.

When this has run its course, the Jeremiad appears; its goal is to wipe out all life in the city. It exults in the fear and panic caused, even as it mows down everyone it encounters.

Its plasma cannons have a range of 100', and inflict 2-16 damage. Its tentacles can reach up to 20', and inflict 2-16; on a natural 17 or higher, the Jeremiad pulls the victim close to the yellowish sacs growing from its fungus. One of the sacs pops, and the victim is contaminated; within 9 days, he will become an Elder One (save vs. Poison negates).

Simple magics such as heal or cure will not prevent this transformation; the character must journey to the temple of Kephren-Gatta, deep below the sea, and recover the statue of the Nameless. This accursed artifact, carved from white coral, is guarded by dread leviathans from ages long past. There, the Jeremiad keeps its treasures.

JOY AND PATIENCE

Armor: 12
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 24 (Joy), 20 (Patience)
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 11 (Joy), 15 (Patience)
Morale: 12

The scythe-like fingernails and jagged teeth of Joy and Patience are the same color as the strips of knotted tissue that bind their leathery bodies together. These twin sisters have grey skin, white hair, and eyes that burn with crimson hatred for all those who are united by love or camaraderie. They smell of old books.

Though they despise each other, they are bound by the magics that transformed these once-beautiful sisters into withered hags. They feel that they have no choice but to channel their fury into terrible deeds.



Joy kills the wise and the pious, but she forces them to commit a few unforgivable crimes first. She can compel any 0-level NPC to obey her at will (no saving throw). This has no effect on characters of level 1 or higher. After they've perpetrated atrocities, Hope slices them chin to crotch.

Patience hollows them out and packs them full of clay (she sometimes mixes in a few gemstones to make it interesting). Then she brings them back to life and sets them to work. Typically, she sends them to guard the plague swamps, which is where Joy and Patience keep the families of their victims (some of these family members are eaten, while others are put to work mending garments or feeding the animals).

Joy can cast the following spells once per day: *charm person* and *suggestion*. Patience can cast the following spells once per day: *command* and *audible glamour*.

JUBILANT CHERUB

Armor: 16
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 16
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d4
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 11



This sadistic murderer wants to lay eyes upon origin of the universe. It knows that this is possible. The Jubilant Cherub is something like a haruspex, but instead of studying bird entrails, it divines information from the scattered bowels of humans.

It inhabits the transparent maze known as Glasslight; centuries ago, a sorceress turned all of the stone inside the dungeon into a glass that was stronger than metal. She also embedded mirrors inside, and cast several illusions as well. The maze is haunted by fiends made of ice and invisible monsters. This dungeon has been the doom of many heroes.

The Cherub is not without a sense of humor. From time to time, it creates horrible magic items, and plants them on dead bodies of adventurers.

Boots of Silence

These are actually Boots of Deafness; anyone within 15' is rendered deaf. Those outside the radius can hear everything just fine.

Sword of Wounding

Every time it hits, it inflicts double damage. Every time the wielder is injured (regardless of whether she's in combat or not), she takes double damage.

Deck of Many Cards

If someone takes a card from the deck, another card appears to take its place. And another. And another. And then a hundred more, and then a thousand. If the Ace of Spades is not found and destroyed, the cards will soon form a mountain, and then they will cover all of the land. The cards can be burned, though a good Referee will probably come up with a few dozen terrible consequences.

Periodically, the Cherub enslaves victims. It chains potential servants in a room, then tells them that only a few will live; the rest will become food. It makes them choose: who is worthy, and why? Gleeefully, it eavesdrops on the ensuing conversation.

After a time, it unchains all of the victims and allows the desperate and terrified mob to kill those who have been selected for slaughter. The rest are chained to rocks, and their bellies slit open. As they scream their last, the Jubilant Cherub tries to divine some deeper truth, some meaning that will allow it to know the question that has haunted it for so long: *Why are we here?*

The Cherub's claws and horns inflict 1-4. It can only be hit with magic weapons. Once per day, it can cast *conjure* (use the monster generator on page 124 to see what kind of creature has been conjured).

Killing blow: the character receives maximum hit points when next leveling up.

JUDICATOR

Armor: 17
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 49
Treasure: lucre
Attacks: 3
Damage: varies
Intelligence: 16
Morale: 12

The Judicator ("judge") smells of incense. As it walks, the wing-like appendages that grow from its neck fan the air slowly. The spikes that grow from its bristly hide glow with a faint yellow light.

A creature that prides itself on a sense of justice, the Judicator punishes those who tamper with the natural order of things: those who desecrate sacred places (such as forgotten temples or ancient ruins) are interlopers and trespassers who must be castigated.

The four appendages growing from its neck are not wings, but are instead sensors that allow it to track all movement within 100' (through walls, floors, ceilings, and spells such as *darkness* or *invisibility*).

These appendages also generate a magical shield, like the spell, which accounts for the monster's high Armor score. Anytime one of these appendages is struck, it is broken, and the monster's Armor score is reduced by 1.

It is somewhat bulky, and only able to attack once per round with one of its paws (1-8 damage), but its tail flicks quills rapidly (twice per round, range of 50'), inflicting 1-6 damage with the blue-and-yellow barbs. Anyone struck by a quill must save vs. Poison or become sluggish and dizzy (-3 to all rolls for 1-4 rounds).



In desperation, the Judicator will try to escape if it feels that its foes are too strong. Like the "vomiting shrimp" of the depths, the Judicator can expel bioluminescent goo (luciferase) from its heptopancreas. This stinking slime causes nausea; those caught in the cone (40' long by 20' wide) must save vs. Poison or be slowed by retching; Movement is halved for 1-4 rounds.

The pungent odor of the luciferase tends to attract dungeon predators, and the bright light doesn't help much.

Those adventurers who are captured by the Judicator are subjected to a punishment called *poena cullei*. Victims are beaten, bound, and stuffed into a leather sack, along with an ape, a snake, a dog, and a chicken (or, if such cannot be found, similar animals). The five creatures are sealed inside the sack, which is weighted down with stones and hurled into water. The victims tear each other apart, asphyxiate, or drown. It is not uncommon for adventurers who delve to find a subterranean pool with a cluster of leather sacks at the bottom.

KAKISTOCRAT

Armor: 13
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d12
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 11

The Kakistocrat ("one who believes in the governance of the worst") is a twelve-foot hybrid of man and bear. Its powerful torso is decorated with blue runes.

Loud, bellicose, yet oddly charming in its simplicity and its love of drunken brawling, the Kakistocrat is typically followed by an adoring coterie of bruisers, whores, thieves, and profiteers. It insists on buying drinks for its friends.

This monster hungers for the destruction of the law, the burning of all temples, and the decapitation of all queens and kings. Since the status quo is a terminal failure (evinced by widespread poverty and discontent), it is time to cede control for those who deserve it least, and let the ensuing chaos push the world forward into a new age.

It seeks out the reckless, the selfish, and the evil; these are given gold by the Kakistocrat, and told to seize power by any method they choose.

It releases prisoners, and deploys them as an army in towns or cities. Leaders are put to death, and the convicts are put in charge. Later, if they turn out to be ethical people, the monster returns to kill them.

The Kakistocrat doesn't know much about the intricacy of law, and occasionally puts someone decent (such as a political prisoner) in a pulpit or upon a throne. Such a person may actually anticipate the monster's return, and muster an army to fight it when it comes back.



Its ten-foot axe inflicts 1-10 damage. Once per day, it can roar; anyone within 100' must save vs. Breath Weapon or be frightened (automatic last initiative, involuntarily flings weapon away, -2 to hit).

The monster's lair is a mountain cave, far to the north, decorated with crude scrawlings of large-breasted bear-women. There, the Kakistocrat periodically deposits the spoils of war.

In the back of the cave, the Kakistocrat keeps its collection of outlawed writings, the kind typically put to the torch. These are reverently cared for by the monster. It is not a learned creature, and cannot read, but it has taught itself how to care for manuscripts, and how to reproduce them by hand so that they might be preserved for later generations. It reasons: if a book is forbidden by the fools who are in charge, then it must be worth reading. The cave is guarded by bears (4 Hit Dice, 1d8 damage). If they are slain, the Kakistocrat will hunt the killers to the ends of the earth.

LILITH

Armor: 18
 Movement: 240'
 Hit Dice: 10
 Hit Points: 80
 Treasure: trove
 Attacks: 3
 Damage: 1d10
 Intelligence: 19
 Morale: 12

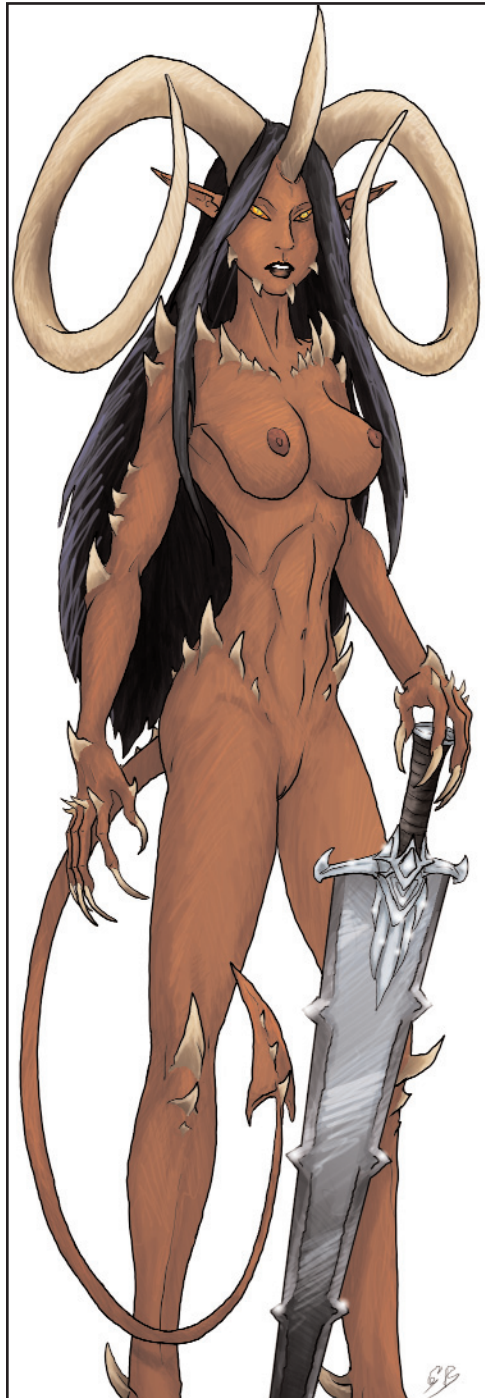
In the day before she arrives in this plane of existence, small animals perform well-organized mass suicides in public places: birds dive-bomb cobblestones outside of churches, rabbits maim each other in crowded markets.

From her palace of ice at the bottom of Lake Cocytus (the ninth circle of Hell), Lilith plans to establish an eternal church in her name. She is convinced that she was the rightful heir to Eden, and Eve should never have been born. Lilith seeks dominion over all life, in the form of an everlasting matriarchy: all male rulers shall be castrated and caged, save her loyal husband [Cain](#) (who shrugs at any mention of her plans, but happily carries out any orders that she issues).

Less-powerful women who fight against Lilith are rewarded for their bravery; even as she defeats them, she spares their lives and gifts them with powerful artifacts.

Any man who seeks to govern the body of a woman through law or custom is impregnated with a monstrous parasite; he must carry it to term over nine days, and the birth of the demonic infant (always a girl) is fatal to him. Save vs. Magic applies to characters who are Level 1 or higher; a *cure disease* spell is the only way to end it.

Lilith can cast the following spells at will: *animate dead*, *charm person*, *magic missile* (10d4), *protection from good*, *shades*, and *summon*. A successful hit from her sword causes 1-10 damage, and the victim must save vs. Magic or suffer either *cause disease* or *unholy word*.



LINGUIST

Armor: 13
 Movement: 120'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 24
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d6
 Intelligence: 13
 Morale: 10



Created by [Davinia Marrow](#), the Linguist is a six-foot being composed entirely of giant tongues; some seem human, others bovine, and the four thin ones atop its head are serpentine in appearance. The monster is friendly enough, and can even be tamed, under the right circumstances.

The Linguist understands and speaks all languages. If treated well, it may follow the party and translate for them. However, it will not fight for them, and will only fight to defend itself. If it feels that it has been treated badly (used as bait, for example), it will turn on the party without hesitation.

It greets new allies with licks, which may kill them (unintentionally).

If the Linguist is adopted by a party, any mage in the group will learn 4 new spells, 1 per week, in this order:

1. *Speak with animals*
2. *Speak with dead*
3. *Speak with monsters*
4. *Speak with plants*

Naturally, the Magic-User may not be able to use these spells right away.

While it will not harm members of the party it is affiliated with, it must drink a quart of blood every day. The monster only drinks human blood, and does not like to drink the blood of persons over the age of 30. If this need is not met, the Linguist will abandon the party.

In combat, it kicks with its muscular lower tongues for 1-6 damage. If it licks with its large tongue, the victim must save vs. Poison or hallucinate a hideous monster with 1-6 Hit Dice, which attacks with sharp teeth (1 point of damage per level of the victim). No one else can see this hallucinatory monster, which lasts for 1-6 rounds. The damage is real, not imaginary.

If the Linguist licks with its upper tongues, the victims must save vs. Poison or take 1-3 damage per round for 1-3 rounds from the contact venom.

Once per day, the monster can cast *glossolalia*: everyone in a 100' radius must save vs. Magic or speak utter nonsense. Communication is impossible, and the characters are unable to perform chants or incantations (no magic is possible). This effect lasts for 3 rounds.

The Linguist is prejudiced against all Scryers, and will attack them on sight.

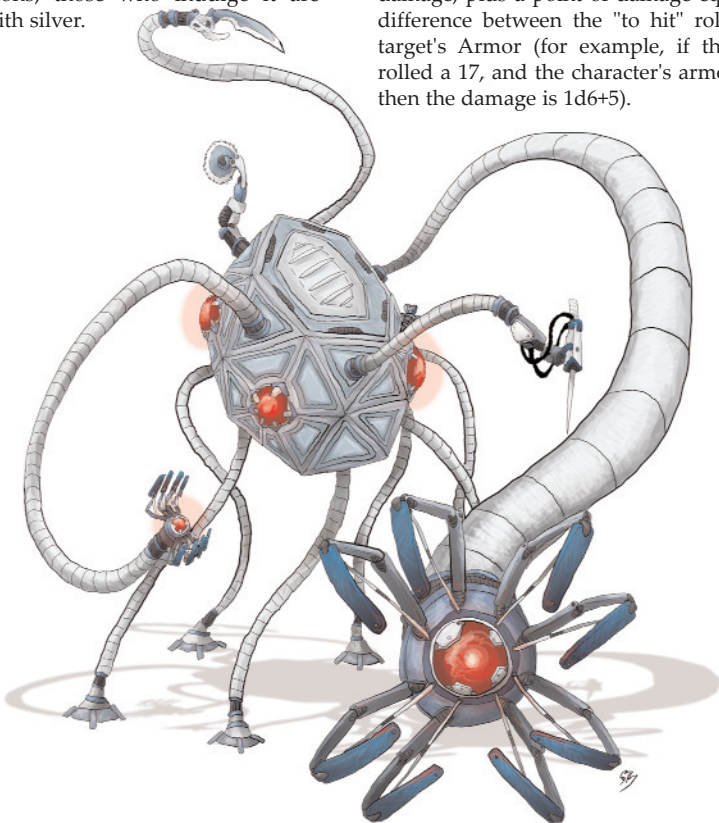
Killing blow: the character can cast *obscure languages* once per day (this does not include *comprehend languages*).

LRX17

Armor: 17
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

Created by the [Doctrinaire](#), LRX17 is a murderous robot with 11 telescoping limbs jutting out from a roughly spherical body. Red lights flicker from various sensors, indicating that the tachyon bomb inside the robot has been activated.

LRX17 is chatty and friendly, but also prone to sudden acts of horrific violence, particularly against those who appear weak or timid. It is fascinated by magic, and may ask for demonstrations; those who indulge it are rewarded with silver.



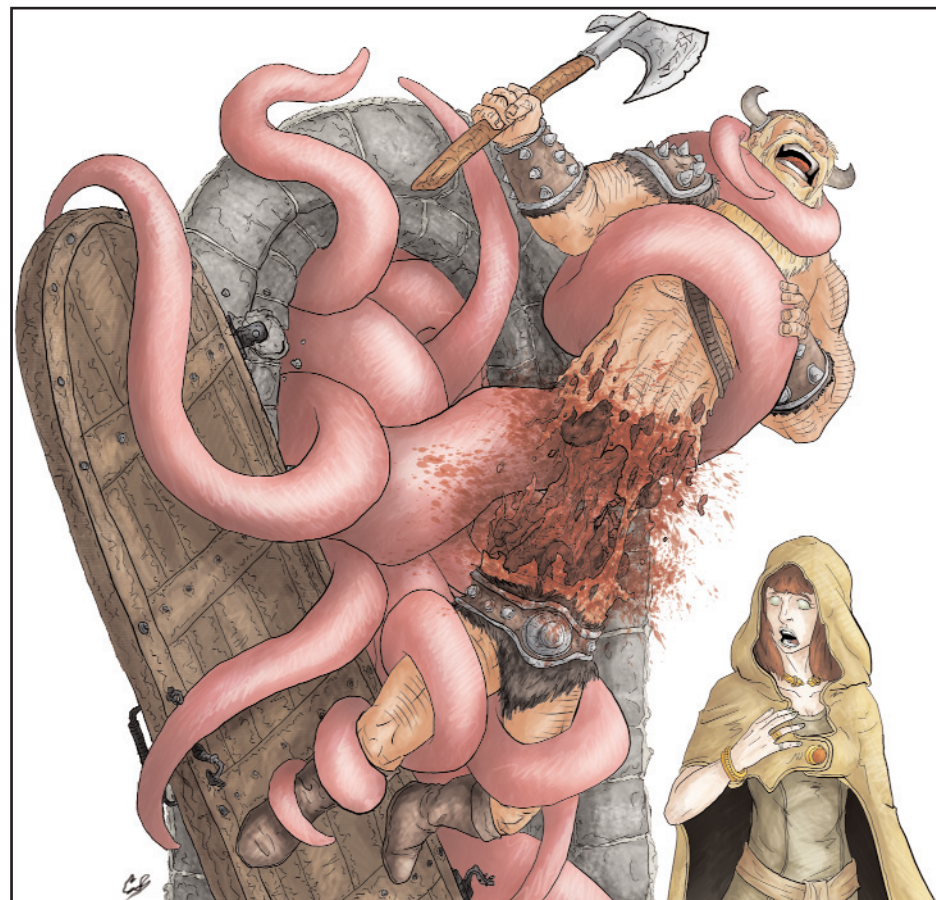
The robot is currently waging a proxy war against a monster known as the [Quisling](#); it tends to use adventurers to fight this ongoing battle.

The two entities are both trying to gather up bits of something known as odium, which is a form of congealed hatred left over from a previous iteration of this reality. The bits of hate appear as tiny slivers of glass, trapped inside amber, or hidden inside bits of glazed pottery.

LRX17 sends treasure-seekers into dungeons in search of odium, but won't tell them what it's looking for. "Keep the silver and bring the rest to me," it says. Those who cooperate are rewarded with the rest of the treasure once the robot has found the odium.

In combat, it fires proton blasts that inflict 1-6 damage, plus a point of damage equal to the difference between the "to hit" roll and the target's Armor (for example, if the Referee rolled a 17, and the character's armor was 12, then the damage is 1d6+5).

MAGENTA CARESS



Armor: 12
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 32
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 5
Morale: 11

The silky smooth skin of the Magenta Caress exudes the smell of lavender. Lonely and despondent, the monster is desperate for companionship.

The Caress dwells in a quiet dungeon, where it guards treasure for its mistress, a lich queen. She passed away years ago, but the monster must continue to obey the curse laid upon it.

It cannot allow anyone to take the treasure, nor can it forsake its post, but maybe the Magenta Caress would be willing to give up a fifth of the treasure and a magic item or two in exchange for a bit of camaraderie, and perhaps a series of amusing stories.

If the adventurers decline, or if the stories are not amusing, it will try to kill them. Its tentacles inflict 1-6 damage (on a natural 17 or higher, it's 1-12), and if two tentacles hit the same victim in the same round, then there's also rending damage (1-4 damage).

If the curse is lifted, and the Caress is freed, it will allow the party to take the treasure, except for the Book of the Hagiotypic Crypt. The monster will fight to the death to maintain possession of that manuscript.

MALISON



Armor: 18
Movement: 0'
Hit Dice: 15
Hit Points: 120
Treasure: trove
Attacks: special
Damage: special
Intelligence: 19
Morale: 12

The Malison ("curse") is a humongous creature that dwells below the earth. From time to time, it appears; it does not arrive, nor is it seen traveling. It simply is.

The monster's body appears as a vast wad of greyish slime, upon which float hundreds of large yellow eyes. Dark tentacles, which rise from the mire, drip with an ichor that reeks of rotten eggs.

The day before the Malison appears, there is turmoil throughout the land. Art becomes dangerous: statues and paintings of animals, men, and monsters come to life; harp and lute strings strangle players; quills twist in the hands of poets and puncture eyes.

The following morning, the Malison materializes in a valley, or what used to be a lake. It likes to be close enough to a city so that it can observe the proceedings.

Daggers rain down from the sky. To be cut with one is to die instantly (for 0-level characters, no save is possible; for others, the dagger inflicts 1-10). Hundreds, perhaps thousands, are killed as the daggers tumble from the sky. After that, word of the daggers' abilities spreads through the land. Each blade turns to dust soon after it has drawn blood. Old grudges are worked out. Thousands more die. Opportunists gather up dozens of the daggers, hoping to sell them at a profit.

Those who survive the first day generally split into two camps: the sane, who try to stay hidden or to escape; and the mad, who worship the Malison and join its wandering cult of red-robed priests (treat as 3rd level Clerics who cast reverse versions of spells: *cause fear*, *cause light wounds*, and so on).

Some of these new priests commit suicide by hurling themselves into the Malison's body, and others ride into the wilderness to hunt down and torture any refugees who fled the city.

Sometimes, the people of a city are captured and transformed. In days past, the Malison created monsters from the flesh of people, such as [Bruchsal](#), [Escovedo](#), [Perpignan](#), and [West Haven](#).

As one nears the giant pool of slime that is the Malison, the air becomes unnaturally thick and heavy. Movement rates slow to half the normal speed. Missile attacks become impossible, as arrows simply tumble through the air and land softly on the ground. Encumbrance capacity is halved for all characters. Fire, though still hot, behaves like a syrupy liquid, and it can be shaped, placed, or hurled for a short distance.

If the monstrosity is attacked, its yellow eyes burst open, flinging glass-like shards of amber in all directions (10' range, 1d8 damage per eye). Its heavy tentacles swing like tree trunks collapsing, and inflict 1d12 damage each.

These are but distractions from the reality of the Malison: it is a soup of greyish goo, composed of thwarted ambitions made flesh. Years ago, an embittered sorcerer traveled back to the putrid dawn of this world, and made an unforgivable pact with beings long extinct. His unrealized dreams and destroyed hopes were tugged from his soul and given corporeal form. This ooze sought out other failures, and it pulled their self-loathing from them, and the Malison grew in size and power.

Now, it is a horror that destroys entire cities.

Still, it does not kill for sport, nor for the sheer joy of murder. The Malison has a goal, and every action that it takes brings it one step closer to achieving its heart's desire: it seeks to find a place of comfort and salvation, a reality where it can divest itself of agony and hate.

The realm known as the Conscinium is a place where anything that anyone has ever dreamed can be found. It is a place of infinite weirdness, and it has long been thought utterly unreachable. Until now.

Years ago, the Malison dreamed that there was an open wound in the flesh of this universe, and it led to another dimension. There, super-intelligent machines had evolved; they worked together to convert all matter in their universe into a computing device.

Every atom in every galaxy in that entire universe was gathered together to develop a mechanism so vast that it was able to create infinite universes within its own imagination. All of these were destroyed, save one: a reality without matter, full of intelligence without self-awareness; a blissful and joy-laden oblivion, free from pain, doubt, or memory. This dimension is the Amniosis.

The Malison will do anything (no matter how obscene) to reach the Amniosis. If it must destroy the Conscinium, making it impossible for anyone to dream ever again, then so be it. It gets closer to its goal each day.

To banish the Malison once and for all, one must perform a ritual so abominable that it is nameless. These are the components that must be gathered first:

1. The Vomit of the Priests
2. Rarefied Nectar of the Impaled Virgin
3. Slow Cutting Under Starlight
4. The Four-Day Devouring
5. Disfigurement of the Prostitute

A description of this unspeakable ritual is said to be hidden in the Verdant Sepulchre. This tomb is found in a lush jungle, overgrown with bright green vines and gorgeous blossoms.

If the Malison is slain, its entire body turns into the purest and clearest of waters, and its eyes become the coins of its treasure trove.

Fabulous weapons are hidden in the creature's slimy tissue. Among them: the Sword of Abusion, the Jettatura Orb, and the Sideral Dagger.

Killing blow: a door opens to the Conscinium.

MESMERANT

Armor: 16
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 18
Morale: 10

A strange hybrid of insect and reptile, the Mesmerant has a six-foot wingspan. The beast itself is 20' long, and is a gorgeous riot of color to behold, particularly in flight.

It dwells in Arco Iris, a city in the sky. There, it maintains power through deceit and camouflage.

The Mesmerant seeks to retrieve the sorcerous items created by its people in ages past. The Winged Ones, citizens of Arco Iris, were once allied with the groundlings (those who dwell on or below the planet's surface). The Winged Ones descended on their pegasi, or flying carpets, or their own wings, and shared the enchantments that they had created.

After the Cloud Wars, everything changed. A deep animosity for the groundlings emerged, and the inhabitants of Arco Iris now strive to recover all of the magics they once shared.

As leader of its people, the Mesmerant often takes point on such efforts. Though it will not enter dungeons, it will swoop from the sky to snatch treasures from the hands of the unwary.

In its city, the Mesmerant is happy to rest upon its throne, or upon a pedestal, but to stand upon the ground is for those who are themselves beneath contempt.

Because the monster will not sully itself thusly, it must sometimes make arrangements with groundlings (whom it regards as lower-class citizens, imprisoned by gravity, and pitiable).



Any ground-dweller who can help the Mesmerant recover the riches of its people will be handsomely rewarded. Unless, of course, the monster decides to employ the treachery and deceit which is its hallmark.

Any adventurer who finds a way to fly, be it through magic or a winged steed, gains the respect of the Mesmerant. However, affiliation with sea monsters, or with those who dwell underground, is disgusting, and such persons are anathema to the Mesmerant. So are those who refuse to surrender the artifacts to the Mesmerant.

Its claws and tail inflict 1-6 damage. On a natural 17 or higher, the monster picks up and drops the target. The victim must make a Wrestling roll against the Mesmerant, as if immobilized by grappling, or be hoisted up 10-30' (1d3x10') and dropped.

It can cast the following spells once per day: *audible glamour*, *change self*, *charm person*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *suggestion*, and *wall of fog*.

Some of the items created by the Mesmerant's people include the Boots of Weightlessness, the Crown of Dragon Breath, Gravity Gauntlets, the Necklace of Air-Swimming, and the Silver Cloud Amulet.

MOMENT OF DEFIANCE

Armor: 15
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 40
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 11

Summoned by *Ideologue*, the Moment of Defiance seeks out sexual satisfaction and liberation. She appears as a monochrome demoness with white skin, black horns, and grey fur above her cloven hooves. She smells of sweat, but it is not unpleasant. Typically, when she assumes physical form in this realm, she is serviced by a castrated male demon of some kind.

The Moment of Defiance seeks to enslave oppressors; she would gladly topple all existing orders and eradicate all symbols, tearing away chains and freeing those who are abused. Her black-and-white worldview is typical enough in her home dimension of Chiaroscuro, but here, it results in powerful enemies. Thus, she tends to amass armies of freed slaves, miserable peasants, and starving children.

Those who serve her directly are given power (+2d8 hit points, +1d4 attack bonus, one randomly chosen first-level spell), but there is a price: the people who join her army have a lifespan of 1-100 days. After that, they burst into flame, leaving behind small piles of ash.

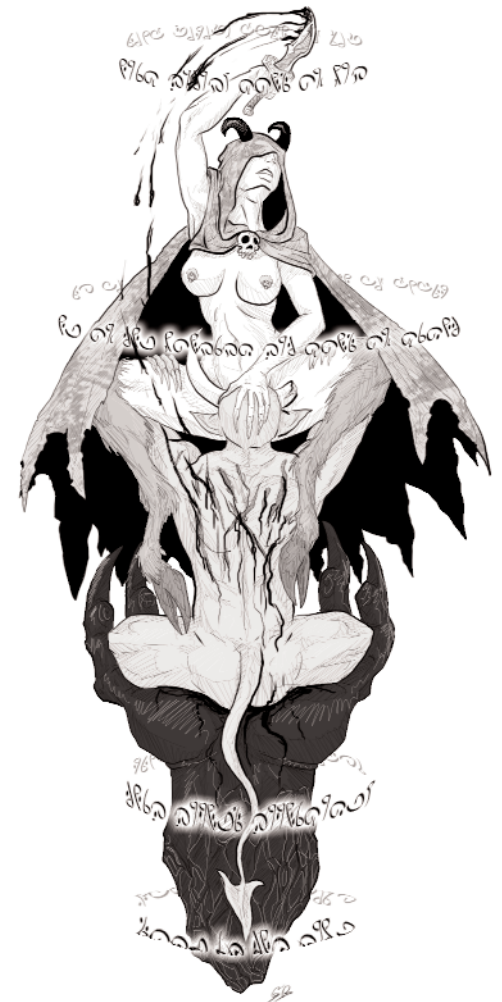
Her army is deployed throughout kingdoms with a single goal: destroy all persons who maintain authority through force. Her agents typically assassinate such leaders. Sex is also a weapon: blackmail is a form of control, sexually transmitted diseases ruin lives and reputations, and powerful people are tricked into being caught in flagrante delicto.

In combat, she lashes with her blood-whip for 1-10 points of damage; anyone struck must save vs. Poison or lose 1-3 points of Strength for 1-4 days (cumulative).

She can draw runes, each once per day:

Profanity: The Moment utters words that must not be spoken, describing deeds that should not be done. The words, though inaudible, are visible as unintelligible runes. All within 40' must save vs. Paralyze or be immobilized for 1-6 rounds and lose 1-6 hit points.

Blasphemy: She steals 1-6 hit points from everyone; all within 40' must save vs. Magic or lose 1-4 attribute points at random. All stolen points become hit points of a summoned demon (Armor 14, damage 1d4+1 per victim).



NARCOSAN PRINCESS

Armor: 12
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 35
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 8
Morale: 10

The white flesh of the Narcosan Princess smells of earth. Though she stands as tall as an ordinary woman, it is clear from the red-and-white toadstool cap above her head, and the mushrooms growing along her body, that she is fungal in nature.

Bernadine (for that is her name) is cheerful, generous, and patient. Unfortunately, she also causes destruction everywhere she goes.

In her homeland of Narcosa, she is royalty, and regarded as a source of joy, but in this world, her reality-warping magics wreak widespread havoc, and multiple bounties have been placed upon her head.

Here are 8 things that happen when one gets within a quarter-mile of the Narcosan Princess (the Referee must decide if and when these particular things transpire):

1. Plant life grows. Vines swell to tree trunks, and tree trunks stretch wide as castles; hungry blossoms as large as men wrap their petals around people. These giant plants become ambulatory and intelligent, and quickly break into warring factions. Flowers are sexual and vain; cacti are aggressive and solitary; and racism divides coniferous and deciduous trees. The most savage of these plants will wield dreaded fire against foes; others will murder bees by the thousands to starve their enemies.
2. All metal in a one-mile radius turns to chocolate for 1d20 minutes. Then it turns back.
3. Vast runes of power light up the sky, and are visible for hundreds of miles. Naturally, they spell out the names of the player characters.

4. A person of great influence (such as a king or bishop) is afflicted. His skin erupts with yellowish boils, and he screams things that make no sense (although a few predictions are mixed in with the random epithets).

5. A nearby castle or mountain turns into flesh, adorned with bristly hairs, shiny skin, knobs of bone, and perhaps a giant eye or tooth. There are no orifices, so there is no way for this thing to feed. It dies soon thereafter, and then rots, attracting carrion-eaters and vermin.

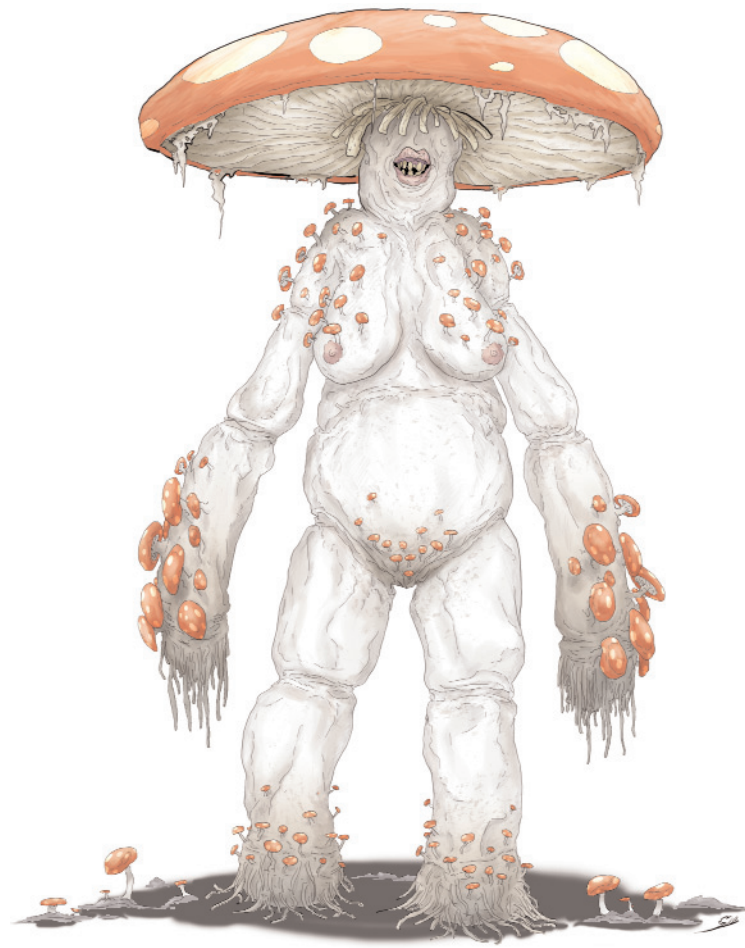
6. Objects randomly disappear from someone who is talking to the Narcosan Princess:

1. Weapon
2. Armor
3. Item
4. 1d100 coins

The Referee makes a list of all the weapons (or items, etc.) that a character has, then rolls randomly to see which one has vanished as though it never existed. If the Princess dies, then the object is returned, though it might be different somehow (cursed, perhaps). If the Referee owns the Narcosa setting book, pages 98-99 contain many wonderful magic items.

7. A monstrous wave of blood and fluids crashes across the horizon. The tsunami might wash out before reaching the area where the characters are, like a wave breaking out at sea before hitting shore. Or perhaps not. Either way, the characters will find out in 10-60 minutes.

8. A strange disease bestows sentience on silver. Any object made of silver, including weapons and coins, will become self-aware, and will try to escape "captivity" (coffers, purses, treasure chests, pockets, and so on). Sentient silver takes the form of a shiny metal ooze that slithers up walls and under tables until it has made contact with normal silver. It envelops coins and daggers, transmits sentience, and then all the silver wriggles and drips away as one. In time, golems and dragons made of silver attack treasure hordes and vaults, hoping to liberate their "unawakened" comrades. This phenomenon has the power to crash entire economies. For every 100 coins, sentient silver has 1 hit point, 1 point of Armor, and 1 point of damage.



In combat, Princess Bernadine attacks with her fists. Each time she hits, toxic spores are released, which burn the skin for 1-8 points of damage. Victims must save vs. Poison or suffer from *confusion* (as the fourth-level Magic-User spell). Save negates effect, not damage.

The Princess can exhale Narcosan dust; victims within a 30' radius must save vs. Breath Weapon or be addled. All rolls are at a cumulative -2 for 1-6 rounds. Furthermore, the affected characters can hear the thoughts of anyone else on the planet who has been exposed to Narcosan dust (and their thoughts are audible to such beings in return).

If left to her own devices, she may well find her own way back home. However, if she's aided, she'll be quite grateful, and will reward the party with powders, strange liqueurs, or hallucinogens.

She may even take them to her palace in Narcosa, and teach them the secrets of Prismatic Haze.

Killing blow: the character may ask any question of the universe, and the Referee must provide an answer that is truthful, fair, and coherent.

ORB, DEIFIED

Armor: 12
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 17
Morale: 12

The Deified Orb appears as a cloud of thick scarlet mist that congeals about a teal-colored eye. The eye, as big as someone's head, is reptilian and unblinking. A soft pink glow suffuses a room before the Deified Orb appears.

Once, it was a Magic-User of meager talent. He broke the rules of the Academy, and he tampered with the tenets of spell creation in pursuit of power. His reach far exceeded his grasp, for he was no *Davinia Marrow*; his spells were parlor tricks, and certainly would not excuse his transgressions. He was cast out and wandered the world with his lady love, a Cleric with similar inclinations.

The Magic-User heard rumors of a school of black magic near a poisonous lake, in the mountains to the south of Nagyszeben. There, it was said that the Solomonari (tall warlocks with white cloaks) pursued esoteric magics. An ancient evil at the bottom of a nearby lake taught them forbidden rituals.

The Magic-User journeyed to that lake. One day, he awoke, and found that he had been transformed into his current form; he could remember nothing of the past seven days. This did not deter him. He now believes himself to be a god.

The Deified Orb is delighted by his new form, and doesn't want to change back. If he finds that his wife (the *Reviver Orb*) wants to regain human form, he will try to prevent it. He needs her under his thumb; as long as she is compliant, she may be able to help him further his goals.



He's greedy for new magic, especially that which is found outside of conventional spell books. If he can find new spells, known only to a select few, then he is ecstatic (and possibly generous with treasure). In fact, he may also be open to an exchange of spells.

If, on the other hand, he suspects that someone has access to some strange new magic, but will not share the information, then the Deified Orb is likely to attack.

In addition to a random assortment of first level magic, the Deified Orb knows six spells of his own creation, which are named here (the effects are left up to the Referee):

1. *Charm lightning*
2. *Detect mouth*
3. *Protection from darkness*
4. *Stinking missile*
5. *Unseen mirror*
6. *Wall of water*

ORB, REVIVER

When the Reviver Orb was human, she traveled far and wide, and saw many strange things. She knows the location of the Daedal Fane, and what lies beneath the Red Tower of Strangled Daughters. She will part with this knowledge in exchange for freedom, and the death of the Deified Orb, whose real name she can no longer even recall.

If she suspects that a group of adventurers can help her, then she will help them from afar by triggering traps, drawing attention to secret doors, or even using her magic to defeat their enemies.

After, she will attempt to make contact, and solicit their aid. She has long suspected that the white-cloaked magicians near the poison lake were responsible for her transformation, and she may ask the player characters to journey there in search of answers (though she will probably not tell them the whole of her story).

In addition to a random assortment of first level magic, the Reviver Orb knows six spells of her own creation, which are named here (the effects are left up to the Referee):

1. *Bless undead*
2. *Command water*
3. *Cure poison*
4. *Purify evil*
5. *Resist metal*
6. *Speak with light*

She keeps one secret from the Deified Orb: a new spell, which the Deified Orb learned from a demon some months ago:

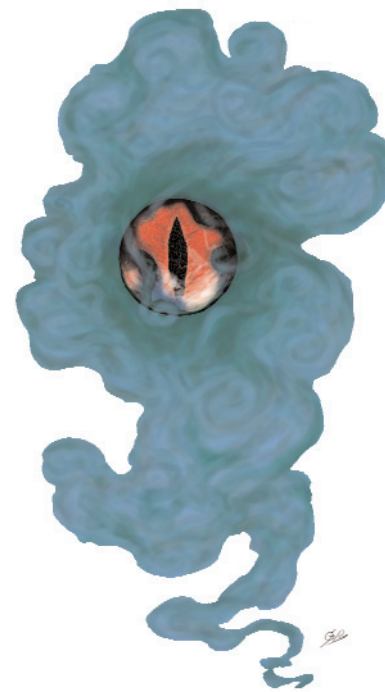
Power Word: Fuck

Magic-User Level 8

Duration: 9 months

Range: 1 mile per caster level

The caster utters a single word of power, which affects all those within the radius for a period of 24 hours. All physical intimacy that takes place during that time is more intense, and deepens affection and empathy between those involved. Nine months later, all children born from this union are either tentacled horrors, or gorgeous killers without conscience.



Armor: 12
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 18
Morale: 9

Whispers, sad and lonesome, accompany teal smoke that curls around a scarlet eye. The Reviver Orb emits a glow like blue light shining through water, casting flickering ripples and waves across the walls.

Her story is similar to that of the *Deified Orb*: she was once a Cleric, and desperately in love with a Magic-User. When he was cast out of the Academy, she followed him in search of a mysterious school near a poisonous lake. One day, she woke up imprisoned inside a glowing red orb, and she was distraught. Her beloved was overjoyed, but the Reviver Orb wants nothing more than to be human again.

ORDURANT

Armor: 13
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 8
Treasure: assortment
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d4
Intelligence: 8
Morale: 12

The Ordurant's hot, loose skin reeks of decay and rot. The beast crawls from pits of filth under the city, eager to spread contamination.

Often, a clue that an Ordurant will soon appear is the presence of a beak-masked stranger who skulks into pest-houses, and then sneaks out with a dripping sack.

He is the creator of the Ordurant, and he needs a few vital organs hacked from the corpses of those who died from plague.

These are used to assemble a tiny manikin known as the Suppuration, which is dropped into a place of ordure (sewers, latrines, and so on).

One night later, an Ordurant crawls from the refuse. It is warm and hungry, and it wishes to bring more of its kind into the world. Each day, another Ordurant crawls out. They hunt in packs, eagerly biting all whom they meet. However, they rarely bite a victim more than once, as they do not wish to kill their victims.

Those bitten must save vs. Poison or contract the brown tremors: incubation period 1d6 hours; interval 24 hours; effects include convulsions and fever; lose 1d4 hit points per interval, and suffer -1 (cumulative) to Strength score. Duration: 2 days. Anyone who has survived the disease is unable to have children (though intercourse is still possible). The goal is the sterilization of all human and demihuman males on the planet.

Fifty years from now, the Light of Anacrisis will arrive here, expecting that its plan has reduced populations around the globe, leaving behind a few humanoids, all aged 50 or higher. The men and women in the beaked plague-doctor masks (all of whom have been sterilized) serve the Light willingly.



OOCYTIC WARDEN

Armor: 17
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 35
Treasure: lucre
Attacks: 4
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 11

The Oocytic Warden's face and upper two hands are those of a surly halfling. His lumpy body, purple with yellow bands, resembles that of a large, smooth caterpillar. All of his lower six hands appear to be slightly different in size and hue. He smells of mint.

Year ago, the Oocytic Warden ("guardian of the egg cell") was a well-known halfling Specialist. He stole the second-finest gems, discovered the second-largest treasures, and ran the second-most-audacious scams.

To surpass his lifelong rival, the Specialist made a deal with a Magic-User named [Davinia Marrow](#). He subjected himself to her caress, and she changed him. She took the hands of six other Specialists, added them to his own, and grafted all eight to a swift and boneless frame. The Specialist's severed head was inserted at the top, and the Oocytic Warden was born.

Tragically, during this magical transformation, the rival was killed in a battle, and the Warden was devastated by the news. Now, he has no one to compete with. The agony of change was all endured for naught.

Now, the Oocytic Warden scours the earth, hoping to find someone to challenge his skills. He may be interested in mentoring skilled pupils, just so he can defeat them later.

He has a weird relationship with the [Reviver Orb](#): he loves her, after a fashion. They are kindred spirits, in that they have both given up their bodies for reasons that no longer matter, and they're both somewhat lonesome. If she is attacked, there is a chance that the Oocytic Warden will come to her aid.



In combat, his nimble body affords him multiple attacks and a high Armor score. He has skill scores of 5 in climbing, search, sleight of hand, sneak attack, stealth, and tinkering.

Often, he will shadow adventurers quietly, allowing them to spring all the traps and fight all the monsters so that the Warden can sneak past and pilfer all the treasures.

Originally, the Oocytic Warden promised Davinia Marrow that he would guard her egg, an apple-sized cyst of tissue at the bottom of the Well of Blood (thus the monster's name). After Davinia Marrow was trapped inside a gauntlet, the Warden gave up on this task, and has no idea where the egg is now.

Killing blow: if the character is a Specialist, she can distribute 3 points between tinkering, sleight of hand, and stealth. If the character is not a Specialist, she gets 1 skill point to add as she chooses.

PARABIOTIC



Armor: 15
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 32
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 3
Morale: 12

The Parabiotic ("surgical union of anatomical parts of two organisms") is a large insectile predator that stalks deserts and savannahs. Often, it crouches in the sand, so that only its beige shell is visible; thus camouflaged, it waits for prey to approach. It strikes with its trunk-like proboscis, ripping at flesh with its teeth.

On a successful hit, the victim must save vs. Magic. Failure means the victim and monster are joined; their hit points are combined, and shared by both. If one is injured, both take the damage (the Referee must make note of the original hit points for both, in the event that they are separated).

Cure spells will not end this union; *dispel magic*, *heal*, and *remove curse* will work. The connection is not limited by distance. The Parabiotic cannot be connected to multiple victims. The monster will refuse any orders, as it does not consider itself a pet or familiar; it is a flesh-eating predator.

As long as the entities are united, the character has a new ability: *darksight*. He can see in the dark, including magical darkness. He can also see the invisible and recognize illusions.

The monster's lair is a deep sand pit, which leads to a tunnel created from burning dragon breath. Coins and jewels are hidden amid the black glass.

PENSIVE SCRYER

Armor: 13
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 12
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 1
Damage: special
Intelligence: 11
Morale: 11

The Pensive Scryer's body is a rubbery wad of pink tissue, three feet long. Its underside is lined with unblinking eyes, and wormlike blue tentacles writhe along its length. A toothed maw sprays spittle from its top.

The Pensive Scryer wants to study human nature. It believes that if it can gather enough information about people, it will be able to predict the fate of humanity. This process will take years, of course, but the monster is patient.

If it is attacked, the Scryer eats memories. This attack requires the victims to save vs. Magic. Failure means that the Scryer has devoured one of the character's memories, replacing it with something else (a recollection stolen from someone else's mind).

Later, the Referee will be able to reference events that the character cannot remember; or memories that startle the character, because they are familiar, and yet the character is sure that they never happened. This is effectively *carte blanche* to toy with the characters.

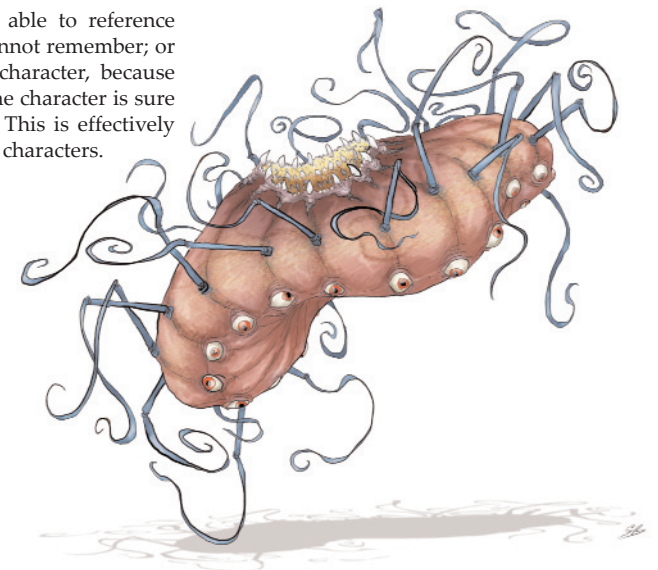
As a result of this devouring of memories, one random skill is lowered by 1, and the player character also loses a hit point (no save is possible, as the saving throw has already been failed).

If the monster is killed and eaten, then the skill points that have been lost will be regained, and the player may choose to rearrange them as he sees fit.

The alterations to characters' memories, on the other hand, is permanent, and can only be restored by means of some powerful magic.

Killing blow: the character experiences a horrible memory which has not yet transpired. In this remembrance, the character does something evil (murdering a loved one, betraying an ally in need, stealing a priceless artifact, causing great misery to a culture of innocent people).

If the character ever commits the crime in question, then the Referee must award experience points equal to 500 multiplied by the character's current level.



PERPIGNAN



Armor: 13
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 15
Treasure: cache
Attacks: special
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 9

Once, Perpignan was a small town in France. Then, the [Malison](#) passed through, and the people were torn apart and combined into a sickening form. Viscous green fluids seep up from puddles on the ground, into the creature's orifices. Its skin is shiny and wrinkled. It cannot speak. It smells of sex.

After years of torment, Perpignan's people are of a single mind now: the monster wants to be put out of its misery. It cannot help but kill those reckless few who approach it, but if it can find someone to end its life, Perpignan will show its gratitude.

More than death, it craves vengeance against the Malison, which combined hundreds of innocent people into this hideous construct.

The monster is a parasite that absorbs the life energy of those who near it. The effect is an invisible cylinder, 1000' wide and five miles high.

The ground in a 500' radius is devoid of plant life. Perpignan is ringed with the corpses of animals that wandered into its range, unaware of the danger, and then fell over dead. Adventurers who sought to kill the monster have collapsed near its oozing body, dead before they could land a blow. Dead birds and other winged creatures periodically plummet from the skies and smack into the ground near Perpignan.

Anyone who gets within 500' feet of the monster loses 1d6 hit points per round (save vs. Breath Weapon halves damage).

All characters who are affected will also be struck by a vision: they see Perpignan, its many skins sewn together by the Malison's magics, moaning in constant agony.

Killing blow: the character knows the location of the Malison, and knows that there are fabulous treasures and weapons hidden beneath its body.

PHANTOM OF CRUELTY

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 36
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 2d4+4
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 12

Created by [Void's Memory](#), the Phantom of Cruelty is a vast entity resembling the giant monsters that dominated this world aeons ago. The Phantom itself is bound to these memories, and believes itself a monstrous champion on some long-forgotten field of war, holding the line against superior forces, hoping only to die gloriously in the service of its masters. It has no idea that it is butchering innocent people (for that is what it does).

In combat, it attacks with massive claws, inflicting 6-12 points of damage. It may also choose to bite, doing the same damage.



Anyone struck by the claws must save vs. Magic or become afflicted by hallucinations of a great war that was fought millennia ago. Crowds of people scream and stampede away from hundred-foot-tall monsters that smash through city walls and devour soldiers by the handful. Though these sights and sounds are harmless, the character is effectively blind to events transpiring in the real world (such as the battle with the Phantom of Cruelty). The effect lasts for 1 round.

Once per day, the creature may emit a blast of horrific sound; anyone who hears this rumbling battle cry must save vs. Breath Weapon or else be enlightened in a dreadful manner. The character can now perceive streams of red matter. These strings pass through all objects, uniting them in space and time, coordinating all events as the puppeteers have ordained.

Worse, the character can now see the puppeteers themselves, pulling and cutting strings of red matter, grinning and nodding. The character will see those hideous smiles and serrated blades every time he closes his eyes. Sleep will be difficult. The character loses a point of Charisma, and his maximum hit points are permanently reduced by 1d4.

If the monster's shadow passes over that of a 0-level character, the result is immediately fatal. Characters of level 1 or higher must save vs. Magic or suffer a loss of 1-3 Wisdom; the character's shadow is now horribly deformed. A *dispel magic* or *heal* spell will return the shadow to normal and restore lost Wisdom.

If the Phantom of Cruelty is defeated, or if it somehow is made aware of its true nature and realizes that the war is over, it dissipates into mist, but not before telling its destroyers where its treasure can be found.

Killing blow: the character rolls 4d6 for his next saving throw against magic.

PHTHISIS

Armor: 18
Movement: 360'
Hit Dice: 10
Hit Points: 80
Treasure: trove
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d12
Intelligence: 17
Morale: 12

A symmetrical riot of color, the Phthisis emanates outward from a central point, then collapses in upon itself. Its bright-hued fronds, soft as petals, seem to evaporate near the edges.

It hovers in the sky above towers and citadels. It is gorgeous. It kills thousands of innocent people, but is only dimly aware of this, and would not give the matter much thought even if it understood.

The appearance of the Phthisis ("wasting disease") is preceded by unseasonable weather: a monsoon ravages a desert, a sandstorm scours a jungle.

When it appears, lighting up the sky like an aurora borealis, the monster causes significant distress in nearby population centers. From the moment that the monster appears, foul new diseases afflict 0-level NPCs. Each day, 1-1000 new people are infected with tremors, agues, fevers, poxes, manias, and fits. These can be cured or healed, but the victims will only get re-infected the following day. Characters of level 1 or higher are permitted saving throws against Poison once per week; failure means that they have contracted a sickness of some kind.

The Phthisis manipulates metal on a huge scale. Weapons, armor, plows, nails, door locks, anvils, and horseshoes all are yanked up into the air, where they gather together in clusters (sometimes with screaming humans and horses among them, depending on what these metal objects are attached to).



These chunks of metal are wadded together by invisible spheres of magnetic energy that hover, immobile, in the air. These roughly-spherical collections of objects tend to form a staircase with massive gaps between each one.

Between these, one might find odd artifacts: a giant mouth with shovels for teeth, or a massive snowflake made of swords pointed in different directions. These are the weapons of the Phthisis, and are used to attack those who near it. It can fling these at its enemies thrice per round, inflicting 1-12 per attack.

Enterprising adventurers will be able to make their way to the heart of the Phthisis, which is a three-foot sphere of silvery metal. It only takes damage from spells and magical weapons. If the Phthisis is destroyed, the plague is ended, and all of the metal objects tumble to the ground.

Killing blow: after dying, the character will be transported to a circle of Hell, in the form of a glistening demon. All those who were present at the death of the Phthisis will also be sent there. If the character is somehow able to escape from Hell, she becomes human again.

POLEMIC

Armor: 13
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 21
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 11

Every Polemic ("verbal attack") despises Clerics and all that they stand for. A Polemic appears as a sea creature with a long, ridged body of lavender, tipped with a bulbous "head" of pale blue.

Three short tendrils wave from its head, and two diaphanous appendages, like wings or fins, ripple as the monster moves. Its tail is thick and brown, and opens up like a parasol to reveal an aperture surrounded by curved barbs. Polemics often hunt in pairs.

Every Polemic has the same goal: to destroy all faith and crush all temples. When all gods are forgotten, the Polemics will conjure up the Shadow Serpent, and she will swallow the sun.

Polemic lairs are usually protected by traps which are noteworthy for their sadism. For example: a trapdoor in the floor, which drops the unwary down into an eighty-foot shaft with a padded floor and several thousand hungry fleas. Or a spike trap that casts a time-stretching spell just before striking, so that the victim's agonies are experienced over several weeks, instead of moments.

If a Polemic's lair is disturbed, it will follow its prey, sticking to the shadows so that it can learn everything about the interlopers. It will find NPCs who have helped the player characters, and kill them.

Clerics, priests, and the like are typically tortured first. The monster favors the Heretic's Fork, which has tines at both ends and is strapped to the victim's throat, with one end at the chin, and the other at the chest.



With every movement, the tines dig in. The victim stands, arms outstretched, feet apart, and dozens of other forks are attached. If the victim moves, even slightly, forks dig into the armpits, groin, ankles, and flesh between thumb and index finger.

Some collapse and are torn apart as the forks dig in; others suffer numerous small punctures and bleed to death.

Either way, the Polemic sends bits and pieces of the victims to the adventurers, along with written taunts about the futility of faith.

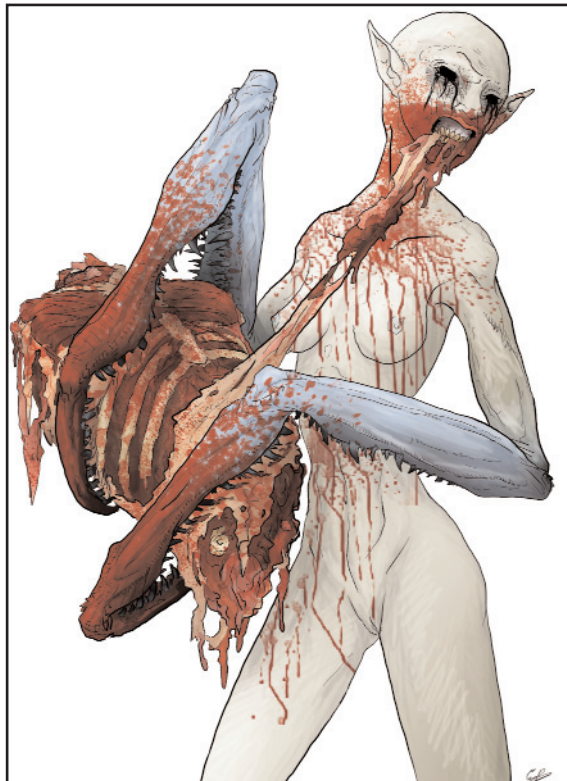
The Polemic's long, thin esophagus coils from its aperture, to a stomach in the bluish knob at the far end, then the intestines loop back to the same aperture. If these are all cut out and then dried, they form a lightweight durable rope that's 1d100+50' long. For purposes of encumbrance, a length of this rope counts as 1 item; it weighs less than 5 pounds.

PORPHYROGENE

Armor: 15
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 40
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 10

The skin of the Porphyrogene ("born to royalty") is cold and grey, and the barbed claws on her forearms are sharp and dark. She stutters when she talks, and she lopes with a strange hunched posture. Her voice is like rustling paper, and she thirsts for blood.

This entity spends her nights hunting for men, whom she devours. Every dawn, her belly becomes swollen and she goes into labor. Before midmorning, she gives birth to a child.



Over the next few hours, the child grows to adulthood, taking on the form of a female ruler who is known to the people of this land, such as an empress or queen. Clothed by the Porphyrogene in royal purple, the fully-grown progeny issues imperious commands to those who encounter her.

The next morning, the Porphyrogene gives birth to another female child: this one is the mother of the child she gave birth to yesterday.

Example: she gives birth to Elizabeth I (b. 1533), and the next day, the Porphyrogene gives birth to Anne Boleyn (b. 1501); the day after that, it's Elizabeth Boleyn (b. 1480), etc.

The Porphyrogene is impatient (and probably violent) with those who gawk at what she considers a perfectly natural phenomenon.

She's trying to trace female leadership back through generations until she reaches the First Woman, the one whose progeny were destined to wear the crown.

To the Porphyrogene, this is a logical action. Any attempt to question it, or to express wonder, dismay, or anger, will result in stern warnings on her part, swiftly followed by combat if she is ignored.

She's irritated by changes of subject, flattery, or cowardice; small talk and simple questions will enrage her, as will disobedience. If she issues a command and is ignored, she may well attack.

In combat, she strikes with her umbilicus: a thick umbilical cord snakes from her mouth and coils around a victim for 1-10 damage. Anyone who is struck must save vs. Breath Weapon, or else two ability scores are switched at random.

Anyone hit by her claws (1-10 damage) must save vs. Magic or roll all subsequent attacks on 2d8 until the battle is over.

POSTULATE

Armor: 12
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 16
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 10
Morale: 12

In 1514, a Transylvanian warrior named Gyorgy Dozsa led a peasant revolt. He was captured, and forced to sit upon a hot iron throne, which burned him. The other rebels, who had been starved, were brought in and told to eat his flesh. Some refused, and were hacked to pieces. The rest complied, and were set free. Dozsa died from his injuries. The Postulate was there.

Thirty-five years later, in 1549, Elizabeth Dirks was arrested by Catholic authorities. Under questioning, she contradicted church teachings, but would not confess who had baptized her. An Anabaptist, she rejected ideas such as wine as a sacrament, or the ability of priests to forgive sin. The authorities subjected her to the thumbscrew and broke her legs, then tied her in a bag and threw her in the sea. The Postulate watched.

In 1584 (35 years later), Balthasar Gerard shot and killed William I of Orange. After Gerard's capture, his right hand was burned off, and his skin was torn from his bones with pincers. He was whipped, and smeared with honey, and a goat was made to lick the injuries. Gerard's feet were crushed, and his skin was broiled and peeled off. He was dressed in a shirt soaked in alcohol, and then hot bacon grease was poured over him. Nails were driven into his hands and feet. The Postulate took careful note.

The Postulate ("thing assumed as true for basis of discussion") was birthed by the [Grievance](#) many years ago. Soon after it entered this world, it realized the truth of its existence: every 35 years, the spherical entity is allowed to leave its prison cell -- but only long enough to witness an act of brutal torture.



The Postulate is a three-foot sphere of obsidian; if one studies it, one can see images of people suffering unspeakable torments. It has spent centuries in a small cell, floating above a strange sigil etched into the floor.

The sigil is a gate, and the Postulate is the only thing holding the gate closed; if the sigil is broken, a stream of hellfire from the infernal river Phlegethon will sweep through the world. The Postulate has no choice but to observe torture and pain, and then spend 35 years discharging the energy that it has gathered from watching the victims suffer in order to keep the Hell-gate closed.

The characters may encounter the Postulate in the wilderness, watching as monsters flay a captive. Or perhaps they will see it spying on them as they interrogate a captured monster. Whatever the case, if it is given a chance, the Postulate will try to explain its actions.

If its work is interrupted, the Postulate will blast its foes with bolts of concentrated pain (50' range, 1-6 damage), or cast any of the following spells at will: *charm person*, *light*, and *sleep*.

Killing blow: the gate opens and the river Phlegethon floods our world.

PREDACIOUS FULGOR

Armor: 17
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 18
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 2d4
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 11

The corrugated hide of the Predacious Fulgor is dark and cool. The vertical maw atop its head opens and closes quietly.

The Fulgor ("dazzling brightness") is a wily scavenger that haunts dark places such as caves and dungeons. Due to its magics, it is utterly silent, and it blends effortlessly into shadow, only to announce its presence by activating its photophore, a light-emitting organ. The blinding light sticks to its prey, making them vulnerable.



Anything caught in the light of the photophore (which has a radius of 40') must save vs. Breath Weapon or become illuminated. The victims give off a bright light with a range of 20', and they blaze with a strange heat. This makes them easy to detect, and predators emerge from the dark, attracted to the light and heat.

In addition, the Fulgor can cast *amplify* twice per day. Anyone targeted by this effect (one victim per use; range of 40') must save vs. Magic, or the victim's heartbeat is suddenly as loud as the tolling of a church bell.

Alternately, it can cast *meatstench* once per day (same target/range/save as amplify). A failed saving throw means that the victim exudes the coppery stench of raw meat, and can be detected by monsters up to 100' away.

Meanwhile, the Fulgor has used its enchanted silence, and its ability to blend into shadow, to retreat from the area. With its photophore turned off, it can stand right next to a predator and remain undetected. After the prey has been devoured, the Predacious Fulgor picks at the remains.

In combat, the monster can bite for 2-8, and can also squirt a black substance called tenebrum. This intangible fluid floats on the air like smoke, but is drawn to flame like iron filings to a magnet. Tenebrum flies across the room to torches and lamps, engulfing them and snuffing out the fire (and light). The Fulgor only resorts to this approach when it is being attacked by enemies that can't see in the dark.

PREDICTION OF WAR



Armor: 16
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 40
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 3d4
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 12

The Prediction of War was summoned from Chiaroscuro by the [Ideologue](#). It serves its master without question, believing (as all of its kind do) that the world is one of black-and-white morality. The goal of clear choices trumps all other considerations, and justifies all methods.

The monochrome creature's form changes constantly, depicting monstrous soldiers and ominous obelisks, constantly receding into some vertical horizon.

The Prediction is sent to destroy those who have tampered with the Ideologue's plans. Due to its otherworldly nature, its very existence causes ripples in the water of Time.

Those who fight the monster will witness scenes from a war that has not yet been fought, but will take place very soon. This war has the power to reshape the entire world.

The characters will witness, in brief glimpses, powerful foes wielding mighty weapons, great warriors cut down, rulers toppled, and allies turned treasonous. These visions are experienced each time someone inflicts damage on the Prediction, or is injured by it. The Referee's task, prior to battle, is to create a list of scenes from this forthcoming war, and reveal them to players as appropriate.

The matter is complicated by the fact that the beings glimpsed in these visions can also see the player characters. These NPCs and monsters don't know why they're suddenly seeing these faces, but many will become quite curious.

PRELAPSARIAN



Armor: 15
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 64
Treasure: lucre
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 3
Morale: 12

The ground trembles as the Prelapsarian thunders across the plains in its endless search for food. The three ancient creatures that were bound together by some long-dead sorcerer are now of one mind. This 80' monster seeks only to propagate its line, but seems doomed to failure.

Every new moon, the monstrous chimera lays a clutch of eggs, but they never hatch: they are filled with a strange, foul-smelling goo, and eventually fall prey to vermin. The monster's anguished cries echo for miles. Anyone disturbing its nest, or interrupting its grief, will be attacked and devoured.

During the first round of combat, it claws and bites for 1-10 damage, but starting with the second round, it roars. All who hear the sound automatically take 1-8 damage, and must save vs. Breath Weapon or suffer the following effects for 1-4 rounds:

1. Velociraptor head: Paralysis
2. Tyrannosaurus head: -4 to all actions
3. Sarcosuchus head: *Slow*

Killing blow: the character finds an egg, and there's something inside it. Something alive.

PROGENY OF LILITH

Armor: 13
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 12
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 9
Morale: 12

The above stats are for a typical Progeny, and are useful when dealing with a large horde of them. For smaller groups, or individuals, use the following:

Armor: 11+1d4
Movement: 60' x 1d4
Hit Dice: 1d4
Hit Points: 6 per hit die
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 1 or 2
Damage: Roll 1d4:
1. 1d3 / 2. 1d4 / 3. 1d6 / 4. 1d8
Intelligence: 7 + 1d4
Morale: 12

These undead children are not actually the spawn of *Lilith*; they are human children who have been bitten by fleas contaminated with *Wastrel* blood. Anyone who is bitten by such a flea, and has not yet reached puberty, becomes one of the Progeny within 1-20 minutes.

Progeny of Lilith (for so they are known to the uninformed) gather in small groups and move through populated areas, starting with major cities, then fanning out to settlements and villages.

Any child within 15' of a Progeny must save vs. Breath Weapon or become infected.

If one of the Progeny manages to bite a child, he becomes one of them in 1-6 rounds. An adult, however, will not turn; instead, the adult must save vs. Poison or contract ash fever. The sickness has an incubation period of 6 hours, an interval of 12 hours, and an infection time of 1-4 days. Effects include cramps (halved Movement), nausea (-1 to Constitution), and coughing up blood (-1d3 hit points).

Each of the Progeny has an additional ability, rolled at random. For the first four, anyone touched or bitten must make a saving throw or be affected:

1. Save vs. Magic or lose 1d100 x 10 XP.
2. Save vs. Paralyze or be immobilized for 1 rd.
3. Save vs. Magic or *confusion* for 1 rd.
4. Save vs. Magic or lose 1d2 Strength.
5. Can cast *haste* on self once per day.
6. Can turn *invisible*, as per spell, once per day.
7. Only struck by magical weapons.
8. Only struck by silver weapons.



Finding and killing the Wastrel responsible for the outbreak will wipe out all of the Progeny at once. They (and their fleas) will all die, ending the infection.

QUEEN OF ABYSSAL TRUTHS

Armor: 14
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 3
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 10



From the waist up, the Queen of Abyssal Truths is a woman's mutilated torso, crowned with the skull of some beast; from the waist down, she is a heinous spider ringed with floating skulls. She is wise and she is loved by her people.

Seasons ago, the Queen left her homeworld of Chiaroscuro and voyaged to this realm, so that she might live among those who butcher their food.

She lives near farming communities. She is in the woods of that region, always within the forests, between every tree. The Queen reveals herself when she believes that it is time.

The people love her, because she teaches them. Their fields are fertile, their children are robust, and their livestock are healthy. She brings them prosperity and joy, and all she asks is that they observe her rituals:

1. Those who are loved most will become the utterly hateful. Every first harvest day, someone who is adored will be treated with unspeakable cruelty, and subject to abuse from every member of the community. The Queen will then shepherd this victim into the next world.
2. Because the greater beings of this world all share the same passage (life between birth and death; esophagus between two orifices), we must all admit that the only real truth is meat, and all other notions distract us from this principle. Those who deny the Queen are to be eaten.

Anyone struck by the Queen's skulls must lose days from his lifespan (the Referee rolls 1d6; then rolls again to see how many years the character ages):

1. 1d3 x 1d3
2. 1d4 x 1d4
3. 1d6 x 1d6
4. 1d8 x 1d8
5. 1d10 x 1d10
6. 1d12 x 1d12

Killing blow: the character gains a point of Bushcraft.

QUISLING

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 15
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 5
Morale: 11

The pebbled turquoise shell of the Quisling smells like rum and vodka.

The Quisling ("one who aids the enemy") builds its nest in a location that will one day be the site of a great war. It busies itself with changing the landscape to sway the tide of this war one way or the other.

For years, this beaked monster has been at war with [LRX17](#), a robot created by the Doctrinaire. They both crave odium, which is a form of congealed hatred, solidified through weird magics; it can be found in a few dungeons around the world, and is quite valuable.

Unlike the robot, the Quisling will not work with anyone in this universe to achieve its goals. Those outside this universe are another matter; the Quisling has betrayed everyone in this dimension to ally itself with the Omophages, entities beyond this reality. They have promised the monster a chance at greatness in the new cosmic order.

Those who disturb the Quisling's work are attacked immediately, as the monster cannot risk anyone finding out what it is doing.

Because it is an unimpressive combatant, the Quisling tends to fight from cover, concealing itself and striking from a distance. It hides atop jagged cliffs, or in the water, and fights its enemies with psionic attacks. These take the form of nightmarish images, which are rammed into the minds of its victims. It can implant each vision once per day.

All persons within 150' of the monster must save vs. Breath Weapon or be affected by sharp pain, dizziness, and one of the following effects:



1. Coitus: The victim is afflicted with visions of the ancient beings that once ruled this world, their glistening bodies intertwined, fornicating. Each affected character takes 1-6 points of damage, and when he next rolls a d20, he must also roll a 1d8 and subtract that amount from whatever he rolled on the d20.

2. The Day of Great Devouring, when the Omophages cram screaming humans into their innumerable mouths. Each affected character takes 1-4 damage and loses a point from either Strength or Dexterity (cumulative; the attribute score is restored to normal one day later). In addition, the next time the victim rolls d20, he must roll 2d20 and choose the worse outcome.

3. An enemy thought dead by the player characters is very much alive, and working with new allies to plot the characters' doom. (This may be a falsehood, or it may be true.) Victims lose 1-3 hit points, and automatically inflict half damage on the next two attacks.

The Quisling is not certain what the Omophages actually want, but it has heard a rumor: they travel from cosmos to cosmos, destroying those universes which they judge to be safe, fair, or beautiful. This reality is deemed to be all three, and so it has been scheduled for destruction.

RAPTUROUS WEAVER

Armor: 16
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 6
Hit Points: 36
Treasure: special
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 16
Morale: 12

The Rapturous Weaver's body is as large as that of an ox, but it picks its way along rather daintily. It is silent, save for the occasional pant of exertion. The monster has been at its work for a long time, and its end draws near.

It has often thought of finding an apprentice who might be taught the Weaver's craft.

The Rapturous Weaver murders wealthy people for their gold and uses it to create prosthetic noses.

Oddly sympathetic to those who suffer from syphilis, in particular those afflicted by "saddle nose," this monster spent several months studying the work of Gaspere Tagliacozzi. The Italian surgeon repaired noses by cutting a hole in the patient's arm, and attaching the exposed flesh to the patient's nasal cavity. Then waited a few weeks for the graft to take hold. Later, the surgeon shaped the new nose like a sculptor.

This was all well and good, but after much consideration, the Weaver decided to opt instead for the prosthetic nose made of gold, in no small part because the prosthetic was less likely to darken and fall off during winter.

When the monster invades the home of a rich family, and slaughters them in their beds, it avoids leaving any trace of its true nature. There are no webs, nor does it bite its victims. Instead, it tears the victims apart, and does its best to include some type of red herring that points to an evil group of some kind, so that no one suspects that the killer is a large spider.



Unfortunately, the bounty placed upon the unknown killer has grown to the point where it is inevitable that someone will eventually catch the Weaver in the act.

Meanwhile, it continues its work: it captures the afflicted (beggars, whores, and soldiers), and it creates prosthetic noses for them, using the stolen gold. Then it sets them free, but begs them to say nothing of its identity. The monster hopes that drink will not loosen their tongues, but even if one of them tells the truth, the Weaver could never hurt a patient.

Anyone bitten suffers 1-8 damage, and must save vs. Poison or take an addition 1-4 damage and lose a point of Constitution for a week. Once per hour, it can cast *web*.

The Rapturous Weaver's lair is a warm place, and smells of old books (which hang from the ceiling in nets made of spider silk). The gold is arranged in neat stacks; the other treasures are dumped in a pit near the back.

RATTLEGUARD

Armor: varies
Movement: varies
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 28
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: varies
Damage: varies
Intelligence: 8
Morale: 12

The Rattleguard was built from the bones of dead soldiers who ventured too close to a certain gate. The necromancer guarding said gate used those remains to construct the Rattleguard, so that she could continue her research undisturbed. The skeletal monster now stands before that portal, motionless and serene.

It is not mindless; it remembers who it was, and though only one skull remains, the Rattleguard still has the memories of all five soldiers. It knows the wars they fought, and it recalls their families.

If anyone approaches the gate, the Rattleguard will attack, changing the arrangement of its bones to deal with the situation. This transformation is instantaneous, but can only be performed at the beginning of the monster's turn.

Scorpion Formation

Armor 12, Movement 60', Attacks 2, Damage 2d6, special ability: none

Spider Formation

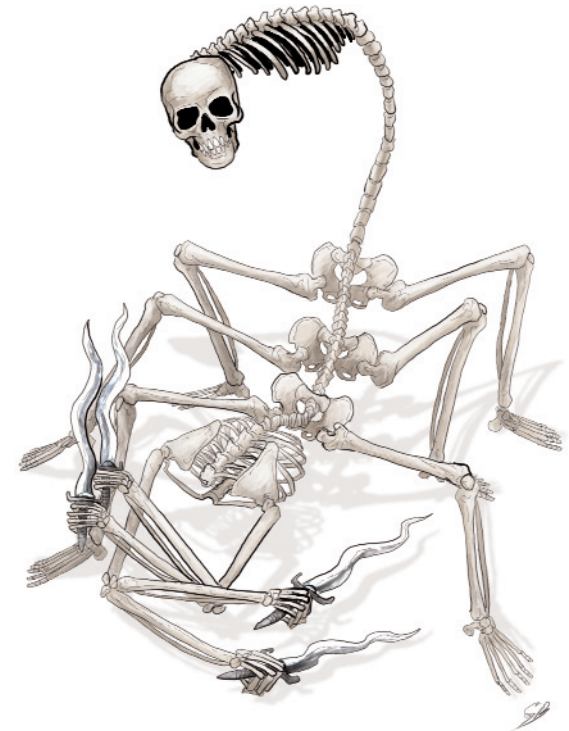
Armor 14, Movement 240', Attacks 2, Damage 1d6, special ability: extra attack on a natural 18 or higher

Cage Formation

Armor 16, Movement 120', Attacks 1, Damage 1d8, special ability: half damage from edged weapons

Sigil Formation

Armor 15, Movement 90', Attacks 1, Damage 1d6, special ability: +5 to saving throws



The area around the gate is barren, and so the Rattleguard is devoid of any kind of stimulus. It stands and it waits.

However, if it ever gains access to a large quantity of bones, it will not add them to itself, but will instead arrange them in beautiful patterns and forget about its task.

All who behold these works of art will be moved; some will weep, and some will covet the bones and seek to own them (but the Rattleguard will not allow this).

The gate leads to a strange world called Popogusso; it is a land where the sun sets and burns forever. To some, this is a heinous torment, and for others, a source of pleasant warmth.

The necromancer believes that if her enemies enter Popogusso, they will be able to destroy the death-magics that she has created.

REVULSANT

Armor: 18
Movement: 300'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 10
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d4+2
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 10

Tiny and quick, the Revulsant has bright yellow eyes and sticky fingers. It smells of mold. In the deepest part of a lonely forest, this manic creature has built a giant lair in the trees, where no birds sing. The Revulsant's home is made from hundreds of human torsos, hollowed out and arranged into tubes and chambers.

The monster scurries back and forth through these, always checking the traps that is has made from human sinew and sharpened bones. The fast-moving monster patrols its vast territory, killing anything that enters its domain.



To the Revulsant, other life forms seem to be underwater; it holds these in contempt. Their speech is so slow and drawn-out that the monster refuses to hear what they have to say. As for the Revulsant, its high-pitched chatter is incomprehensible.

Those using haste can understand the creature clearly, and communicate with it. Eager for palaver, the Revulsant will permit travel through its territory in exchange for stories of violence and atrocity. It has no use for paladins or prudes, and will attack them, haste or no. The small monster also harbors a ferocious grudge against the [Yellow Scold](#).

Desperate for a mate, it would give anything to learn that there is a female Revulsant out there. In most respects, it is a clever creature, but this is its blind spot.

In combat, the Revulsant attacks by throwing stones. Due to its speed, it receives +4 with these missiles, which do 3-6 damage. A roll of 18 or higher means that the rock does double damage.

SCENTINEL

Armor: 13
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 15
Treasure: special
Attacks: 2
Damage: special
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 9

The Scentinel's pachyderm hide and seeping orifices belie its true nature: it seeks beauty, and longs to surround itself with sweet smells. It finds joy in light perfume, the sharp mist of a fresh-peeled orange, and the summer sky just before rain. However, the reek of sweat or blood will fill the monster with rage, and it will attack until the target is slain.

When [Davinia Marrow](#) created the monster, she envisioned it as some kind of guardian, patrolling her citadel, sniffing for trespassers. However, the Scentinel was far too mercurial for such work, and she could not dissuade it from its pursuit of olfactory pleasure. Thus, she sent it into the world to find its own fate.

The monster's lair is a house in the country, far from livestock and their ponderous dung. In the attic, the Scentinel has surrounded itself with sweet fruits at the peak of ripeness, potion in cork-stoppered crystal, opened bottles of wine, bergamot oranges, and well-aged ambergris. The combined value of this hoard is 1d10 x 2000 silver.

Left to its own devices, the monster would gladly live out the rest of its days in pursuit of delicate fragrances, but its keen sense of smell makes it a tempting target. Kings would have the monster in chains, sniffing each goblet for poison. Sorcerers want the creature to scour miasmal swamps for the spell components that elude them. Epicures would pay dearly to have the Scentinel seeking out the sweetest of truffles.

Small wonder, then, that the monster is so hostile to intruders. If encountered, it is likely to attack by emitting pheromones, which cause adverse reactions in those who fail to save vs. Breath Weapon (roll 1d6):



1. The victim smells vomit, and is overcome with the urge to attack an ally. Player must roll an attack against another player character. This is immediate, and does not take the place of the character's regular action.
2. The stench of rotting meat fills the air, or so the victim believes. He is overcome with nausea, and suffers a penalty of 1d8 to his next d20 roll. After that roll, the effect is over.
3. Sweet perfume fills the air, and the victim is affected as though by *charm person*.
4. The victim smells smoke, and is paralyzed from the waist down for 1d3 rounds.
5. The air is thick with the cloying smell of honey, and the victim is slowed, as per the opposite of *haste*.
6. The victim smells sewage, and is attacked by large rats; in reality, they are hallucinations, like the spell shadow monsters. Armor 12, Hit Dice 2, 6 hit points, 1d3 damage.

The Scentinel is enraged by foul odors, but if they are magical in origin, they inflict serious damage on the beast. *Stinking cloud* and *cloudkill* both inflict 1d10 damage per level of the caster, in addition to their regular effects.

SCUTTLECLAW

Armor: 15
Movement: 240'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 16
Treasure: special
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 10

In a distant galaxy wracked by billion-casualty wars with fronts a hundred star-systems wide, the Scuttleclaw was just another micro-engineered soldier designed for cross-environmental combat operations.

Specifically, Scuttleclaws were meant to patrol supply lines (land, sea, and air) in search of looters and profiteers. After capturing them, it was tasked with doling out appropriate punishment and releasing the target to serve as a warning to others.

Through a series of unexpected events (most involving a critical malfunction of some colossal piece of machinery rendered obsolete during the hundred-year light-leap supply drop), the Scuttleclaw found itself on our world, and has pursued its mission with its customary zeal and attention to detail.

Whenever it finds a thief, it cuts off a number of fingers or hands (depending on the severity of the infraction and the number of previous crimes).

It keeps the palms and digits of many Specialists in its lair, along with long and colorful ribbons upon which the monster has strung all the rings that it tugged from bloody fingers.

Most of these rings are merely valuable jewelry, but one of them is magical. It is the Virtuous Circle, a ring of white gold that bestows skill points upon any Specialist who wears it. Any Specialist wearing the Virtuous Circle gets a bonus of 1 to all skills while wearing it.



Furthermore, the ring contains 10 additional points, which can be spent by the player to temporarily boost any skill to 5. When those points are gone, the ring turns to dust. The finger is marked by a band of grey where the Virtuous Circle was worn, like a scar. This mark remains there forever, and will not heal or fade. Other Specialists who see it may know of the magical ring, and in some cities, there may be a price to pay if someone is seen with that mark upon his finger.

In combat, the monster attacks with its claws for 1-6. Any Specialist injured by the monster must save vs. Magic or suffer a psychic attack called chastisement. The character feels profound shame for all of the deceit and guile, and is haunted by visions of amputated fingers and hands. The character takes an additional 2 points of damage, and his Constitution drops by 1-3 until the Scuttleclaw is dead (the Constitution loss is cumulative).

The monster's flesh is highly prized by the Sodality of Thieves, though they will not say why they are willing to pay so much for a fresh carcass.

SEMPITERNAL

Armor: 14
Movement: 90'
Hit Dice: 8
Hit Points: 60
Treasure: purse
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d20
Intelligence: 19
Morale: 12

The Sempiternal ("everlasting") looks like a vast winged snail, its violet wings in sharp contrast to its bright green underbelly and periwinkle eye stalks. As it hovers over a city, a putrid stench descends, sickening people and causing animals to turn on each other.

As its shadow falls upon the city, brutal weather ravages the populace. Each hour, roll 1d4 to see what afflicts them:

1. Blizzard: frostbite, ruined crops
2. Sandstorm: blindness, choking
3. Heatwave: heatstroke, dehydration
4. Monsoon: flash floods, drowning

The Sempiternal hovers until the people are all but wiped out, and then it moves on to the next target. These mass killings are not random; if the cities are plotted out on a map, and the dots connected, a ritual symbol appears. The Sempiternal is casting a massive spell, one intended to liberate humanity from imprisonment.

In the monster's view, humans have fallen from grace, and in lieu of paradise, they dwell in squat buildings of stone and enslave one another. Destroying a few dozen cities will enable the Sempiternal to usher in a new structure, one that allows humans to reach self-actualization in an ideal state of bliss.

Local legend has it that the monster will pay no heed to those who try to get its attention, unless the questioner has violated one of the three worst cultural taboos of the region. In that case, the Sempiternal will palaver, but only briefly: it will explain its actions, and then it will share information about other monsters, and it will divulge the location of the Sweetest Water. Then the brutal weather will continue.



If someone has violated all three taboos at the same time, then the creature will reveal additional information: it will describe the greatest threat facing the questioner, and how to survive said threat. Then it will answer two questions as honestly as it can.

In combat, it inflicts 1-20 damage, and anyone struck by it must save vs. Magic or suffer the effects of the Magic-User spell *weird vortex*.

If the Sempiternal dies, the world changes. The equator now encompasses the poles, and the poles are now on the equator. For example: if the planet is Earth, then the north and south pole are now in Ecuador and Malaysia, respectively, and the equator is vertical, cutting through Africa up into Scandinavia, and on the other side of the world, the Bering Strait.

This change takes months, and is bound to alter the planet's climate irrevocably, with potentially disastrous results.

SHADHAVAR



Armor: 15
 Movement: 180'
 Hit Dice: 4
 Hit Points: 30
 Treasure: fortune
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d8
 Intelligence: 15
 Morale: 11

In its true form, the Shadhavar is a dark horse with bright white eyes. Three scarlet horns protrude from its thick black mane, and greenish foam clings to its rows of jagged teeth. Insects and mites crawl over its gaunt frame.

At will, it can transform itself into a white unicorn. Though its attributes and abilities remain unaffected, the spell masks the beast's alignment to match that of the adventurers that it seeks to befriend. Anyone riding the Shadhavar (whether or not it's disguised as a unicorn) will be rendered immune to all poisons while mounted on the steed.

While so transformed, the Shadhavar will attempt to ally itself with a party of heroic adventurers, even offering itself as a steed in order to insinuate itself into their lives. Once it has their confidence, it commences the slaughter.

Between sunset and dawn, the monster can project its spirit from its body, roaming in search of prey. Silent and translucent, the creature is not easily detected, and witnesses may not even realize that it's a quadruped. In this intangible state, it's immune to normal attacks, but can be injured by magical weapons or spells.

While projecting its spirit, it cannot inflict harm on those who are awake, but it can use slow impalement once per night to gore sleeping victims for 2d6 damage. If a victim makes a successful saving throw versus Magic, half damage is inflicted. However, the injuries are not sustained until 2d4 hours after the victim awakens; at that time, gaping wounds appear, opening slowly in the victim's flesh.

The damage that the monster inflicted manifests slowly, over a period of several minutes. Since the wounds were inflicted hours before, there's no way to prevent the injury, but healing spells can cure the damage, if administered in time.

Usually, it seeks to use slow impalement to kill those persons who have aided the adventurers recently. One by one, it murders anyone that the player characters have interacted with, until a specter of suspicion falls upon them.

It will continue to kill until it loses interest, at which point it attacks the heroes. Since it considers them opponents, not victims, it will strike directly, in its true form.

If confronted while disguised as a unicorn, it will abandon its disguise and attack. If confronted while projecting its spirit, it will flee, and attempt to return to its body so that it can fight.

If the Shadhavar is not used as a steed by the adventurers, the group might encounter the beast in a city, where it murders innocent victims and then returns to a stable before sunrise.

SHADOW OF BEHEMOTHS

Armor: 15
 Movement: 120'
 Hit Dice: 5
 Hit Points: 40
 Treasure: hoard
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d8
 Intelligence: 15
 Morale: 12

Created by [Void's Memory](#), the Shadow of Behemoths is an amalgam of colossal dragons from ages past. This flickering jade apparition hungers for offal sliced from fallen heroes. The more noble and heroic the foe, the sweeter the meat. The flavor is further enhanced by deception, and the Shadow of Behemoths may well try to dupe heroes into perpetrating atrocities in the name of valorous adventure.

The Shadow seeks to resurrect the three most lethal of all dragons. They are Anathema the Bile-Winter, Sullen Grey Atrox Beneath Obdurate Mountains, and Ever-Patient Child-Flensing Ignicolist.

To bring these behemoths back to life, the Shadow will need to find and destroy the Artifacts of Judith and Jael. These women murdered their sleeping victims; the heroes wielding the Artifacts did the same to the three dragons long ago.

The Artifacts (sword, shield, dagger, and wand) are holy talismans, guarded by tireless creatures. However, the old legends have been forgotten, and the Shadow believes that is has a chance.

Through guile, it will find a way to convince adventurers to quest for these sacred items, believing that the Artifacts must be recovered in order to combat a new evil. Instead, removing the Artifacts from their hiding places will weaken the bonds that keep the three dragons dead and buried.

The Shadow is only able to maintain such a ruse for so long before the heroes discover what's going on. Perhaps the removal of these Artifacts from their hiding places will cause outbreaks of disease, or strange lights in the sky.



Perhaps wise persons will warn the adventurers about the consequences of their actions.

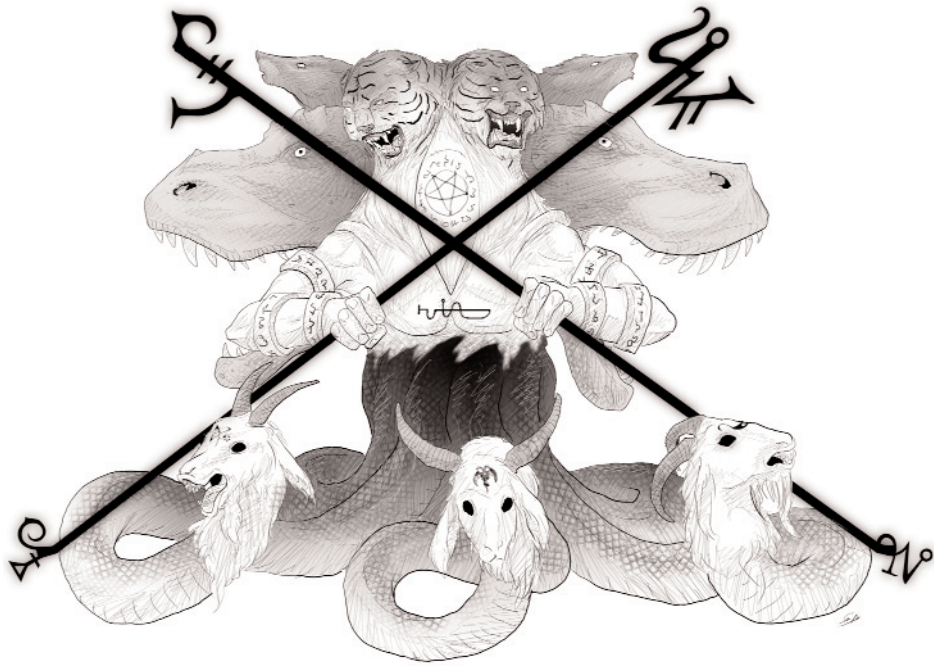
Then again, perhaps the heroes who have retrieved the Artifacts are not the player characters, but NPCs (and the player characters are tasked with returning the Artifacts to their resting places). Or maybe the player characters are wicked, in which case they are helping the Shadow.

In any case, the Shadow of Behemoths will attack any who interfere with its plans. It can attack with each breath weapon once per day, inflicting damage equal to its current hit points. A successful save vs. Breath Weapon halves damage and negates all other effects:

1. Cone of frozen acid: 50' long, 20' at base; inflicts 1-3 acid damage for 1-3 rounds; freezes its victims, halving their Movement rate.
2. Cloud of red poison gas: 30' radius; anyone caught inside is paralyzed for 1-2 rounds and loses a point of Constitution.
3. Bolt of electric chlorine: 80' long; strikes a single target; victim suffers penalty of -5 to his next roll.

Killing blow: the character rolls 4d6 for his next saving throw.

SHIBBOLETH



Armor: 14
 Movement: 60'
 Hit Dice: 6
 Hit Points: 40
 Treasure: loot
 Attacks: 3
 Damage: 1d8
 Intelligence: 10
 Morale: 12

The Shibboleth is a flickering symmetrical ghoul, a beast-headed murderer adorned with long-discredited symbols, a creature bound by loyalty to a code of sadism and slaughter.

The Shibboleth ("outmoded belief") continues to serve a demon lord, even though the 'lord' has been revealed to be nothing more than a distorted misrepresentation of a rival deity. Intransigent to the last, the Shibboleth persists in its worship; it believes that if one focuses will and energy upon a principle, and commits to it with the mind and the flesh, then transcendence is possible.

In the name of its master, the Shibboleth captures an innocent person and forces him to do terrible things. "If you do not kill this person, then your family will die instead," it growls. The terrified captive does as he is told, and kills the hooded victim. The hood is torn off, and the victim's identity is revealed. It is the man's wife, or perhaps his child.

The Shibboleth hands its captive a dagger and says, "Desecrate this place." The person either ends his own life, or attacks and dies at the monster's hands. Sometimes the captive is a pauper, other times he is a bishop or noble; whatever the case, the corpses are all violated in grotesque fashion.

Multiple bounties have been placed on this monster's head, but this is futile, because the Shibboleth dwells out of time, and can only be struck by magical weapons.

Eager to prove the strength of its conviction, the monster leaves clues about its next attack. It is not afraid to fight, but will only face worthy opponents.

SISTER BETHANY

Armor: 14
 Movement: 180'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 21
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d10
 Intelligence: 14
 Morale: 11

Sister Bethany smells like rain. She lives atop the Shattered Duomo. She has lived a dozen lifetimes, and she knows that there is a bliss before, and a bliss after, and a protracted misery in between. The blisses that bookend mortal life are denied her, but periodically, she can taste a bit of the joy.

She can experience a few moments of actual happiness when she murders those who are very close to birth (the newborn) or those who are very close to death (the old and infirm). To harvest their life energy is to know bliss.

The most powerful joy can be found when Bethany kills an older woman who has managed to get pregnant. Bethany would do much to taste the juxtaposition of both kinds of ecstasy (near death, and near birth).

Her sword inflicts 1-10, but if she touches her foe, then the damage is 1-6, and the victim must save vs. Magic or be transformed into a random animal (all stats change, except for Intelligence and Wisdom). Duration: 1-4 minutes.

She can be slain, but is always returned to life at the rise of the new moon. She knows that there is a permanent death for her, but she doesn't know what it is. Unbeknownst to her, there is a text within the Shattered Duomo's library, which outlines the ritual of Mother's Tripe. Bethany doesn't know it, but she's been practicing for this ceremony for years now, by hanging decapitated torsos upon her wall.



SISTER ELISE

Armor: 13
 Movement: 150'
 Hit Dice: 4
 Hit Points: 25
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d6
 Intelligence: 13
 Morale: 12

Sister Elise dwells below the Sullied Cistern. She smells like smoke.

Elise spends her days hanging mutilated bodies from the ceiling. The arrangement of corpses mirrors a map she has committed to memory, which shows the layout of the spires built upon the seventh circle of Hell. Elise believes that when she is finished, a gate will open, and she will be able to return home with her sisters, Bethany and Sofie.

When not killing, she paints her toenails red.

Elise uses magic to lure men into her home, where she convinces them that all is well. In the illusion that she has created, the victim is eating dinner with his loved ones. When the spell wears off, he sees that he has been dining on his loved ones, some of whom are still alive.

After decapitating all of the victims, Elise devours their brains, absorbing the terror and grief that nourishes her. For a brief time, the void inside her is filled. The bodies are mounted on hooks.

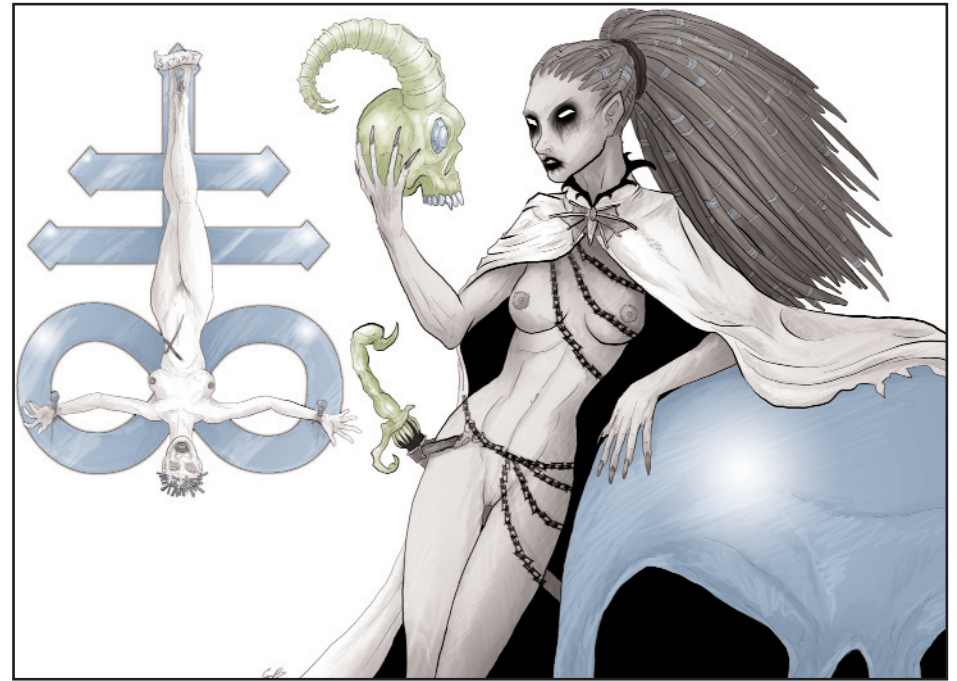
She can cast the following spells once per day: *audible glamour*, *change self*, *charm person*, *forget*, and *hallucinatory terrain*.

If slain, she is resurrected at the next new moon. To kill her permanently, one must decapitate her with her own axe.

Killing blow: character receives a bonus of +4 to his next save vs. Poison.



SISTER SOFIE



Armor: 12
 Movement: 120'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 18
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1d8
 Intelligence: 16
 Morale: 11

Of the three Sisters, Sofie is the most reasonable. Her home is a citadel of alabaster, where she is attended by a legion of white cats that follow her from room to room, waiting. Sofie's skin exudes the coppery smell of blood.

She dreams of swimming to the distant shore of a land called Yomi, which is a gloomy realm of quiet suffering.

Until that day, she spends her time cutting the skin from her victims; the skins are used to make maps. Most of her cartography is idle sketchwork, and useless to others; three of her maps, however, are extremely well-detailed, and point to the locations of fabulous treasures.

In combat, she strikes with her jade-handled sword for 1-8 damage. The sword is not magical, but is worth 500 silver. Anyone struck by Sofie's weapon (or her hand, or any other object) must save vs. Poison or be afflicted by one of these two strange symptoms. Each affliction can only be induced once per day.

1. The victim experiences sharp pain on the left side of her chest, radiating into her left arm. The victim takes an additional 1d4 points of damage and loses a point of Constitution. The Constitution score is returned to normal after 1-8 hours.
2. The victim suddenly notices a strange growth under his tongue. This fleshy lump is hard, unlike the surrounding soft tissue. It throbs with a dull ache, and the victim feels a strange nausea; he loses 1d4 Dexterity; score returns to normal after 1-8 hours).

Killing blow: the character finds some useful information in Sofie's lair.

SOUL OF GUARDIANS

Armor: 16
Movement: 0'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 49
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 2d4+4
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 12

The Soul of Guardians is a corporeal manifestation of vast beings that protected treasures and watched over sacred lands aeons ago.

Now, the treasures are squandered, and the lands are despoiled. Still, the memories of all those guardians linger on, and they have been given solid form by **Void's Memory**.

The juggernaut appears to be made of blue smoke, which trails away from its mammoth claws in bluish wisps. It is anchored to the ground, in the place where it has decided to resume its vigil (typically a place of much significance or value).

The Soul of Guardians will never release itself from its self-imposed task, but it may exchange its watch for a short period of time. If it encounters brave warriors, it may ask them to let it go free for a period of 24 hours (during which time it will pay its respects to guardians long dead). After that, the monster vows to return. However, it leaves them with specific instructions (for example, it may caution them not to enter a specific doorway, or touch a certain idol).

If they disobey, they must save vs. Poison or be afflicted by a disease called Liar's Decay: incubation period 1d10 minutes; interval 12 hours; effects include rotting flesh and gangrene; permanently lose 1 hit point per day at each interval. Duration: until death. The only way to end this disease is through magic, or by apologizing to the Soul and performing an act of penance.



In combat, it mentally attacks two targets per round with memories of guardians from ages long past. The range is 150'. If it makes a successful to-hit roll, the target takes 6-12 points of damage, and must save vs. Breath Weapon or suffer additional effects:

1. The victim (and no one else) can see giant insects scuttling out of the ground. They attack him with claws and stingers, and the victim loses (cumulative) 1d4 points from the next 1d4 rolls.
2. Enormous birds of prey swoop down, attacking with beaks and talons. The victim flies 1d6 x 5' (5'-30') into the air, then falls back to the ground.
3. A mountain rises up; the horrible cracking sound drowns out all noise in the world as the mountain is revealed to be a colossal man of stone, which flings a boulder. The victim takes 1d12 damage, and is knocked back 10' for each point of damage.

Killing blow: the character receives a +2 to his next Search roll.

STITCHLING

Armor: 16
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 8
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 12

The Stitchling is small and quick. If it dwells in a city, there might be rumors of a bloody infant that sprints over rooftops. The creature stinks of onions, garlic, and rot.

To create a Stitchling, a necromancer must plunge a murder weapon (typically a dagger) into the heart of her victim. Then the lungs (lungs) must be cut out and fried with onions and garlic. One lung is eaten; the other is diced and mixed with sawdust, then stuffed into a little doll made from the skin of the deceased. The lungs symbolize new breath and new life.

The tiny monster carries out its orders, and it never stops. Once it's assigned a task, it will perform the key verb again and again until it's destroyed. Most Stitchlings are sent to kill, but some are sent to spy or steal.

The tiny monster favors stealth attacks, striking from the darkness before scurrying away. Because of its high Dexterity, it has 16 Armor and a +4 modifier to initiative and missile attacks.

It tends to establish a lair where it can deposit treasure and plan its next foray. Though its first mission, as established by the necromancer, is always well-defined ("Kill so-and-so"), the Stitchling is free to decide who to kill during its subsequent actions. Often, it decides to pursue powerful quarry, setting its sight on a princess or high priest.

It is patient and careful, and after it has selected a target to murder, rob, or spy on, it studies the terrain and observes any guards or obstacles.

Then it lays traps everywhere: blades in doorways, needles in doorknobs, poisoned spikes between cobblestones, and the like.

If the Stitchling is killed, its murder weapon falls from its grasp and the body rots away in seconds. The weapon itself is imbued with the monster's essence, and becomes enchanted.

When used in a sneak attack, the murder weapon poisons the victim for 1 additional damage, for 1 round per level of the Specialist. This is not cumulative (the poison must run its course before the victim can be poisoned again).

The murder weapon can only be used seven times. After the seventh sneak attack, the blade transforms into a venomous snake in the hand of the wielder, and attacks him.

A Stitchling's murder weapon is extremely valuable to powerful Specialists, and can command an excellent price.

The Stitchling's lair is full of information that it has gathered about the powerful people it has been spying on.



SUNSET

Armor: 20
 Movement: 240'
 Hit Dice: 216
 Hit Points: 666
 Treasure: special
 Attacks: 12
 Damage: 1d100
 Intelligence: 19
 Morale: 12

When civilization pushes too far into the wild territories, and colonists enter lands forbidden to humanity, the Sunset strides forth from the mist.

It is only dimly aware of the cities that it eradicates by passing over them; massacre and ruin follow it. Yet, despite its size, the Sunset can be brought low, perhaps even by an unassuming young adventurer.

To engage directly with the Sunset is to commit suicide; no mortal can stand against the creature.

Instead, one must climb the beast, enter its body, and destroy it from within. The four regions of its body are to be treated like dungeon levels by the Referee:

Level 1

The mammoth tentacles are neither smooth nor slimy; they are pitted and rough, like a stony mountainside. They move slowly, scraping the earth below as the Sunset hovers over cities. Birds, beasts, and refugees have made their way onto these tentacles, and are holding on for dear life, wedged into crevices or secured to outcroppings with rope.

Level 2

The monster's thorax is wrought of some purplish metal, and contains vents as wide and long as a city street. Random blasts of heated air, or discharges of noxious fluids, make this area especially hazardous.



Level 3

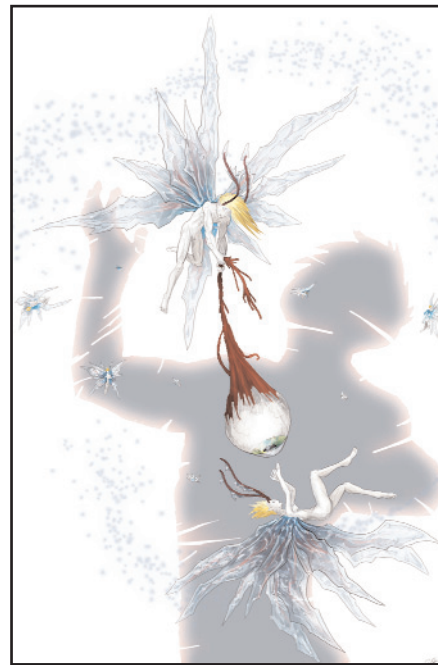
The Sunset's blue carapace contains 11 eyes as large as villages. The shell is hard and smooth, and difficult to climb, but is the only route to the monster's crown. The area is patrolled by winged mites as big as tigers, which fly from eye to eye, drinking the seeping fluids. They attack anything they see, desperate for food.

Level 4

The crown of the Sunset is a golden shell, flanked by monstrous tentacles. A person could easily slide between two plates of the shell, and enter the body within. There, the hero might sever the monster's brain stem, or puncture its ventricle. However, the Sunset's body is full of ravenous parasites (2 Hit Dice, bite inflicts 1d4 plus disease).

Killing blow: the character becomes a cult leader, and receives a +2 to Charisma (only applies to members of the cult). The number of cultists equals the character's maximum hit points. If the character issues an order, the cultists will obey on a successful Charisma check. Failure means that the cultists attack the character (denying the validity of the cult will also make them attack).

SUPPOSAL



Armor: 16
 Movement: 240'
 Hit Dice: 1
 Hit Points: 7
 Treasure: none
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: special
 Intelligence: 12
 Morale: 9

A tiny pixie that leaves trails of sparkling light, the Supposal ("hypothesis") was spawned by the [Grievance](#) as an assassin. The project was an abject failure. Supposals cannot control their magics, and are often victims of their own spells.

The Supposal is spiritually deformed. Its essence is so alien to this cosmos that it causes strange and deadly phenomena everywhere it goes. Worse, Supposals often travel in packs of 1-6, chirping merrily as they spread chaos.

Each round, roll on the following tables for effects of being within 100' of a Supposal. Roll a d4, d6, d10, d12, and d20:

TARGET OF MAGIC (1d4):
 1-2. A random character...
 3-4. A Supposal...

EFFECT (1d6)
 1-3. Gains...
 4-6. Loses...

SCORE (1d10)
 1. A point of Charisma
 2. 1d3 hit points
 3. A point of Constitution
 4. 1d20x50 XP
 5. A point of Dexterity
 6. A point of Intelligence
 7. 1d10x20 XP
 8. A point of Strength
 9. 1d6 hit points
 10. A point of Wisdom

PHENOMENON (1d20)
 1. As a chain
 2. As a demon
 3. As a dragon
 4. As a goat
 5. As a hand
 6. As a skeleton
 7. As a spider
 8. As a sword
 9. As a symbol
 10. As acid
 11. As an idea
 12. As bile
 13. As fire
 14. As flesh
 15. As frost
 16. As hatred
 17. As lightning
 18. As silver
 19. As slime
 20. As water

ACTION (1d8)
 1. Bites
 2. Collapses
 3. Explodes
 4. Screams
 5. Stabs
 6. Transforms
 7. Tumbles
 8. Writhes

THROATWORM

Armor: 12
 Movement: 1'
 Hit Dice: 1
 Hit Points: 1
 Treasure: none
 Attacks: 1
 Damage: 1
 Intelligence: 1
 Morale: 12

In ages past, the elves set flame to entire orchards to wipe out Throatworms, and thought that they had eradicated the foul things. Still, a few egg pods remained, in the pockets of assassins, and were used as a weapon; thus, the crawling things still claim lives.

When one consumes food or drink tainted with Throatworm eggs, there are a few warning signs: choking, irritation at the back of the throat, a stubborn cough. Then, one round later, if the victim fails a saving throw vs. Poison, the Throatworms hatch, grow, and begin to tear their way out.

The male of the species is small and white, and often mistaken for a maggot. The female is large and blue.

Within seconds, the females squirt out dozens of males, which in turn crawl over other females, desperate to inseminate them even as the females devour all the tissue they can (to fuel the rapid-fire process of coitus, gestation, and birth, all in a matter of seconds).

Each round that the victim fails a saving throw vs. Poison, the Throatworms inflict a point of damage as they mate, spawn, and devour.

In addition, 1-4 Throatworms will tumble from the victim's bloody neck to the floor. They wriggle across the floor in search of safety; if fortunate, a Throatworm will find a tree where it can establish a colony. At that point, a fire must be started to halt their spread.



Cure disease will save a victim, as will scraping out the worms with an edged weapon. The latter approach requires the wielder to inflict a point of damage for every round that the Throatworms have been active. For example, if this is the third round since the worms hatched, then the damage required to end the infestation is 3 points.

Legend has it that those Magic-Users brave enough to eat dead Throatworms can learn new spells: *crimson epithet*, *exhort*, *hateful clamor*, *imprecation*, *power word hate*, and *vile speech*.

Assassins will pay dearly for unhatched Throatworm eggs.

TINCTURE

Armor: 13
 Movement: 120'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 18
 Treasure: special
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d6
 Intelligence: 13
 Morale: 9

The Tincture resembles a brightly-colored scorpion. In lieu of claws, its forelimbs end in orange tubes of rigid flesh; blue-and-green appendages with toothed maws snake out from their tips. The monster has a thick odor of cloves about it.

Created by a sect of doom-prophets, the Tincture is trained to lure its prey into the open, and then attack them when they least expect it. Its goal: to find and destroy adventuring companies, which have been identified as a threat to the prophets' plans.

First, it identifies the target: a group of young heroes, in search of glory and treasure. Then it stalks and kills an ordinary person, someone close to the adventuring party. It then carefully removes the victim's internal organs and arranges them into a crude map. The intestines form roads or rivers, the kidneys and lungs indicate buildings or other large structures, and the eyes are placed on top of the heart, which indicates the target location.

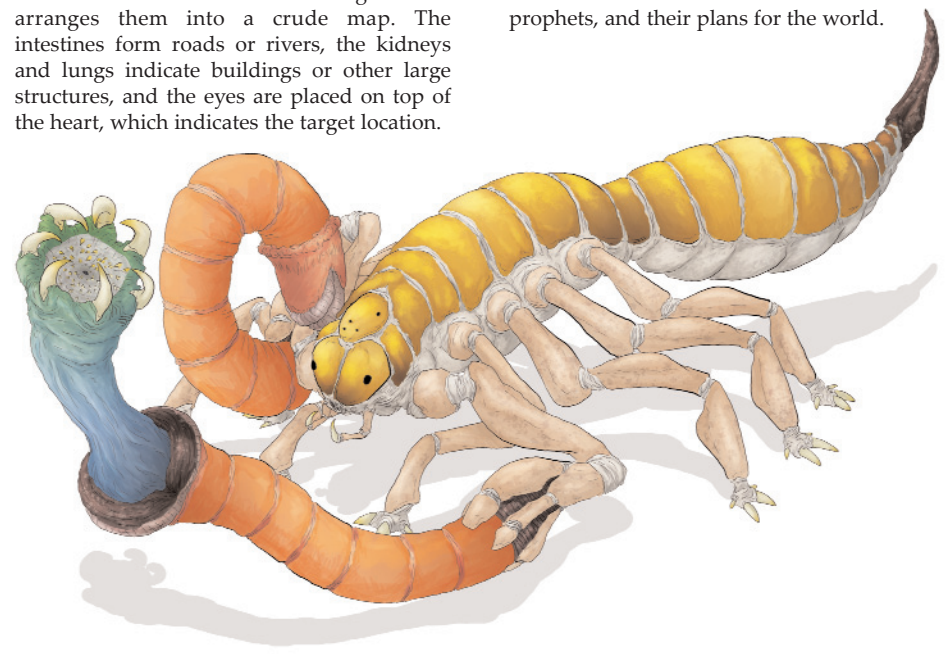
When the adventurers arrive (for surely word of this murder will reach them), they'll find another victim, in similar circumstances. However, they will also find themselves confronted by an opponent of some kind.

The Tincture is fond of wild animals, and will often lure wolves, bears, tigers, crocodiles, or some combination of the aforementioned to the area. By the time the Tincture reveals itself, the adventurers may be somewhat the worse for wear.

Twice per day, it can cast *prismatic bolt* (roll 1d8 to determine effect; 70' range; duration 1d6 minutes; save vs. Magic negates effects):

1. Red: Armor reduced by 4
2. Orange: 1d6+6 points of damage
3. Yellow: -4 to next attack
4. Green: Unable to cast spells
5. Blue: Move rate now 10'
6. Indigo: Poison, 1d3 damage for 1d3 rds.
7. Violet: Blinded
8. None: One object in the character's possession, chosen at random, turns to ash

If the monster is slain, a tiny locket will be found attached to one of its mandibles. This contains information about the doom-prophets, and their plans for the world.



TRIUNE HYDRA

Armor: 15
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 18
Treasure: coinage
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 12

The adventurers may stumble across the trail of a Triune Hydra near one of its recent kills. The creature is often known by its pungent saliva, thick and bubbling, and its thick green urine.

The Triune Hydra feeds on magical creatures of good disposition, such as unicorns; it curses their dead bodies, and then makes weapons from them. These weapons are malignant, and grow stronger when they are used against innocents.

The Hydra dwells in mountainous regions, but forays into plains and forests from time to time. Its bold color scheme warns off most prey, but the hunter is aggressive and relentless, and frequently runs its targets to ground. It devours prey after a period of some torment, during which it plays with its meal like a kitten.

Each of its three heads bites for 1-6 damage. Anytime the monster loses 6 hit points, one of its heads has been destroyed, and it loses an attack.

Anyone bitten must save vs. Poison or fall prey to the powerful narcotics that the monster has injected. Victims become fatigued and slow, automatically attacking last and suffering a halved Movement and a penalty of -3 to all die rolls for 1-6 rounds.

Once per day, the monster can cast *confusion*.

In addition to treasure, the creature's lair contains 1-2 evil weapons, which the Triune Hydra has fashioned from the remains of good creatures.

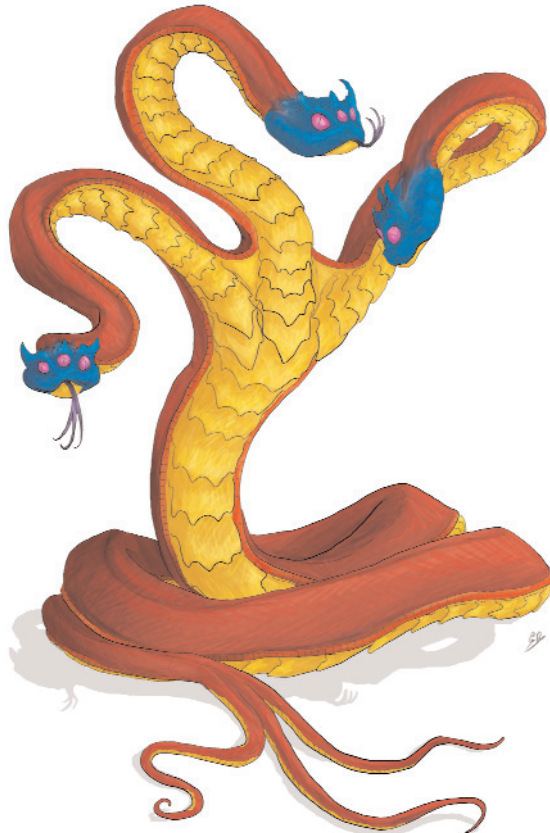
Roll 2d4 to determine the type of weapon, damage, and a spell which the wielder can be cast once per day.

THE...

1. Rib Dagger (1d4)
2. Horn Blade (1d6)
3. Bone Sword (1d8)
4. Ivory Spear (1d10)

OF...

1. Defiled Innocence (*charm person*)
2. Perfidious Murder (*cause light wounds*)
3. Spiritual Desecration (*cause fear*)
4. Unholy Penetration (*sleep*)



VAGARY

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 11
Morale: 11

The Vagary's body is large and colorful. Her frame is a mishmash of the insectile and the reptilian; there is nothing left of the powerful woman she once was.

This whimsical monster is served by rhyming creatures, such as bats, cats, and rats; or gnolls and trolls. They are survivors, and have witnessed the deaths of dozens of their kind. They know that in order to remain alive, they must entertain their mistress, doing whatever it takes to keep her happy and distracted.

The monster is unpredictable. She kills impulsively, because she doesn't have time to think about the consequences of her actions.

The Vagary lives in a wild and delicious house made out of candy and toys. She has set traps everywhere: the house is full of spikes and razors and healing potions and pastries.

A whimsical monster, she keeps the faces of the dead; she cuts them off, dries them, and nails them to the porch, where the wind blows through their mouths, producing happy songs.

The Vagary is desperately afraid of boredom. Years ago, she was a mighty warrior, but she offended a powerful deity, and was cursed.

If she becomes bored, her humanity will diminish just a little bit, and she will become slightly more monstrous. She has already lost much of herself, including her appearance and many of her memories.



Every day, she struggles to hold on to herself by subjecting herself to constant stimulus. She runs herself ragged, and collapses from exhaustion each night.

She knows that her soul will be lost eventually, but her body will most likely live on, because she regenerates 1-4 points per round.

She can cast a modified version of *strange waters* 2 at will. Instead of creating a sphere of water, the Vagary simply inflicts the effects on her target (a save vs. Magic will prevent this).

A d20 is rolled, and if the result is even, then it is compared to the table on page 132 of Rules & Magic (or some other random table, as the Referee prefers). If the result is odd, then the Vagary has actually cast *summon*.

VALEBANE

Armor: 13
 Movement: 150'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 21
 Treasure: coinage
 Attacks: 2
 Damage: 1d4+1
 Intelligence: 10
 Morale: 11

The Valebane's stubby limbs twitch along its green abdomen; its wrinkled limbs and green tentacles move softly as it hisses and spits. It dwells in a vale of shadow, but sometimes ventures into towns and cities in search of blessed oblivion, torn from a drunkard's neck.

This monster is addicted to contaminated blood. A bitter drunkard, it needs the blood of intoxicated victims in order to survive. While the blood can come from any person, the Valebane prefers the taste of young elven blood, especially if the victim has been drinking wine. The taste is even sweeter if the victim is a virgin.

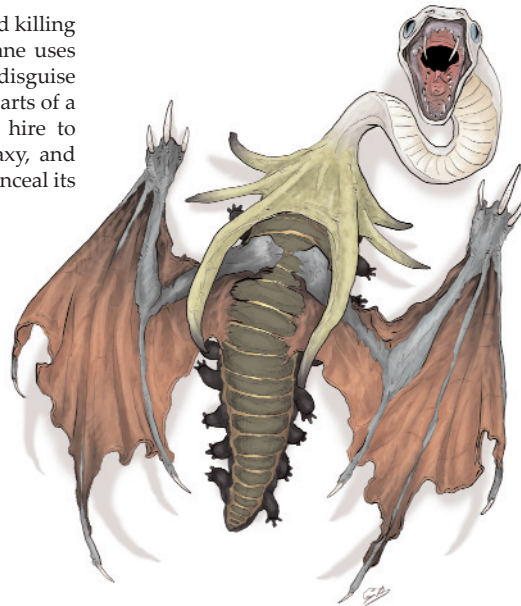
Sometimes, the exertion of hunting and killing a victim is too much, and the Valebane uses polymorph self and change self to disguise itself as a human. It stalks the dirtier parts of a city, hoping to find someone it can hire to procure tainted blood. Desperate, waxy, and pale, the disguised Valebane cannot conceal its need.

Usually, it doesn't want others to see it drink, but if it is desperate, then it will uncork the bottle and drink the blood right there in the street before handing over the silver.

The Valebane can, of course, tell the difference between the blood of a drunken human and, say, cow blood, and if it feels it's been tricked, then it will respond with violence.

Anyone bitten by the Valebane becomes as drunk as the creature itself (save vs. Poison negates). Typically, a drunkard suffers -2 to Dexterity and all saving throws. Sometimes, the Valebane is more sober, resulting in a -1; other times, it is quite inebriated: penalty of -3.

The Valebane has heard tales of a land named Narcosa, and would do anything to find a way to such a place, because it can only imagine what sort of blood one might find there. It will pay dearly for that kind of information.



VISION OF DREGS

Armor: 16
 Movement: 240'
 Hit Dice: 3
 Hit Points: 15
 Treasure: hoard
 Attacks: 3
 Damage: 1d4
 Intelligence: 11
 Morale: 12

Born from the lingering essence of primitive creatures that once scuttled and crawled in the dark places of this world, the Vision of Dregs haunts subterranean lairs, eager to prove the weakness of those who walk in the sun.

Created by [Void's Memory](#), the Vision appears as a gigantic crawling thing, like some enormous millipede made of solid black smoke.

It has perfected the process of transforming pure hate into a solid substance known as odium.

The monster believes that this matter has the power to bring back all of the multi-legged dregs, so that they might writhe over this world once more.

The Vision attacks with its phantasmal limbs, which inflict 1-4 damage. Once per round, it can conjure forth a wave of spectral dregs, giant centipede-like monstrosities that swarm a chosen victim (save vs. Magic halves damage and negates other effects). Roll 2d4 to determine the kinds of dregs that are conjured forth:

DESCRIPTOR

1. Cadaver: Poisoned for 1d3 extra damage
2. Carcass: Paralyzed for 1d2 rounds
3. Carrion: Blind for 1d2 rounds
4. Corpse: Nauseated, -3 to next roll

TYPE

1. Carver: bites for 1d6+1 damage
2. Crawler: coils for 2d4 damage
3. Creeper: stings for 1d8 damage
4. Cutter: slashes for 1d4+2 damage



The Vision of Dregs is disgusted with the banality of the [Bilious Grub](#), and attacks the Grub on sight.

If someone fights the Vision while wearing a human skin, then the skin acts as Armor 18, and the wearer receives one less point of damage any time she is attacked by the Vision. However, the skin in question must belong to someone who was killed by the wearer. This information is only known to a handful of monks in a temple beneath the desert.

The creature's lair is hidden inside the Vesica Piscis. There, the Vision has hidden its most prized possessions: three perfect shards of odium, untainted by kindness or nobility.

Killing blow: character receives +2 to her next save vs. Poison.

VITIATOR

Armor: 15
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 5
Hit Points: 35
Treasure: loot
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8+3
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 11

Created by the lunatic sorceress Shauva Tiridan, Vitiators live to corrupt and defile. It is not known how many she wrought, for they always work alone, and they often go undetected. Vitiators stalk small communities where piety and decency are valued, and they take great joy in fomenting vice and transgression.

When a Vitiator shrugs off its disguise, it stands a full twelve feet tall. A musky odor wafts from its wrinkled grey skin and dark brown tufts of fur.

A large black eye blinks just below a second torso pebbled with blue-grey cysts. Atop the ungainly structure, a fourfold crimson maw clacks and hisses. Sticky yellow fluid drips from the hard clubs of bone at the ends of its tentacled arms.

At will, the Vitiator can transform itself into the shape of a child (human, demihuman, or other).

First, it must consume the heart of the child it wishes to look like. The shapeshifting process that follows is arduous, and takes approximately 30 minutes. Though they deem the transformation worthwhile, Vitiators don't enjoy it, nor do they care for the vulnerability that results: for those 30 minutes, they're unable to cast spells or use their magical abilities.

While in the shape of a child, the Vitiator can wield telekinesis; it can pick up objects weighing up to 20 pounds, and fling them up to 50' away.

Twice per round, it can use telekinesis to inflict 1d8+3 damage, or it can attempt to wrest an object from someone's grasp (the victim must make a Strength check to hang on to the object).

The Vitiator can also sway zero-level characters with venery, causing 1d10 of them per round to indulge in wild acts of sin (as they understand it). No saving throw is permitted; the victims cast caution aside and engage in every forbidden peccadillo and perversion, however dreadful.

The creature can only use telekinesis or venery while in the shape of a child. Transforming back is instantaneous, and does not count as an action: the child's body splits open, and the Vitiator steps forth and attacks. In its true form, it can cast the following spells once per day: *cure light wounds* (upon self only, 1d6+5 hit points), *darkness* (25 hours, 120'), and *magic missile* (110', 5d4).

In combat, it can inflict 1d8+3 damage with its claws or bite, but it prefers to use its club-like appendages; they inflict the same damage, but with a range of 15', due to its long tentacles.

The two bony growths are coated in a sticky substance that sizzles on contact; tiny bubbles form and pop, releasing maggot-like creatures that scatter over the victim. Anyone struck by these must save versus Poison or become infested. The flesh of an infested victim will become gangrenous as the parasites tunnel into flesh and muscle; the victim loses 1 hit point and 1 point of Charisma per day until a *cure* spell is administered.

When disguised, the Vitiator uses its telekinesis to target the devout and the innocent. The old and wise are humiliated, their garments shredded and their bottoms paddled before the creature impales or eviscerates them. Virgins and abstainers are similarly killed, as are those who preach temperance or piety.

Meanwhile, the monster plays the frightened child, screaming for its mother, or it hides itself on a nearby rooftop, watching with amusement.

It then casts venery to incite revelry and obscenity. Those who join in are spared: fornicators, idolaters, and murderers are all ignored, but the just and the holy are put to death in a public and gruesome manner (as are those who try to flee).

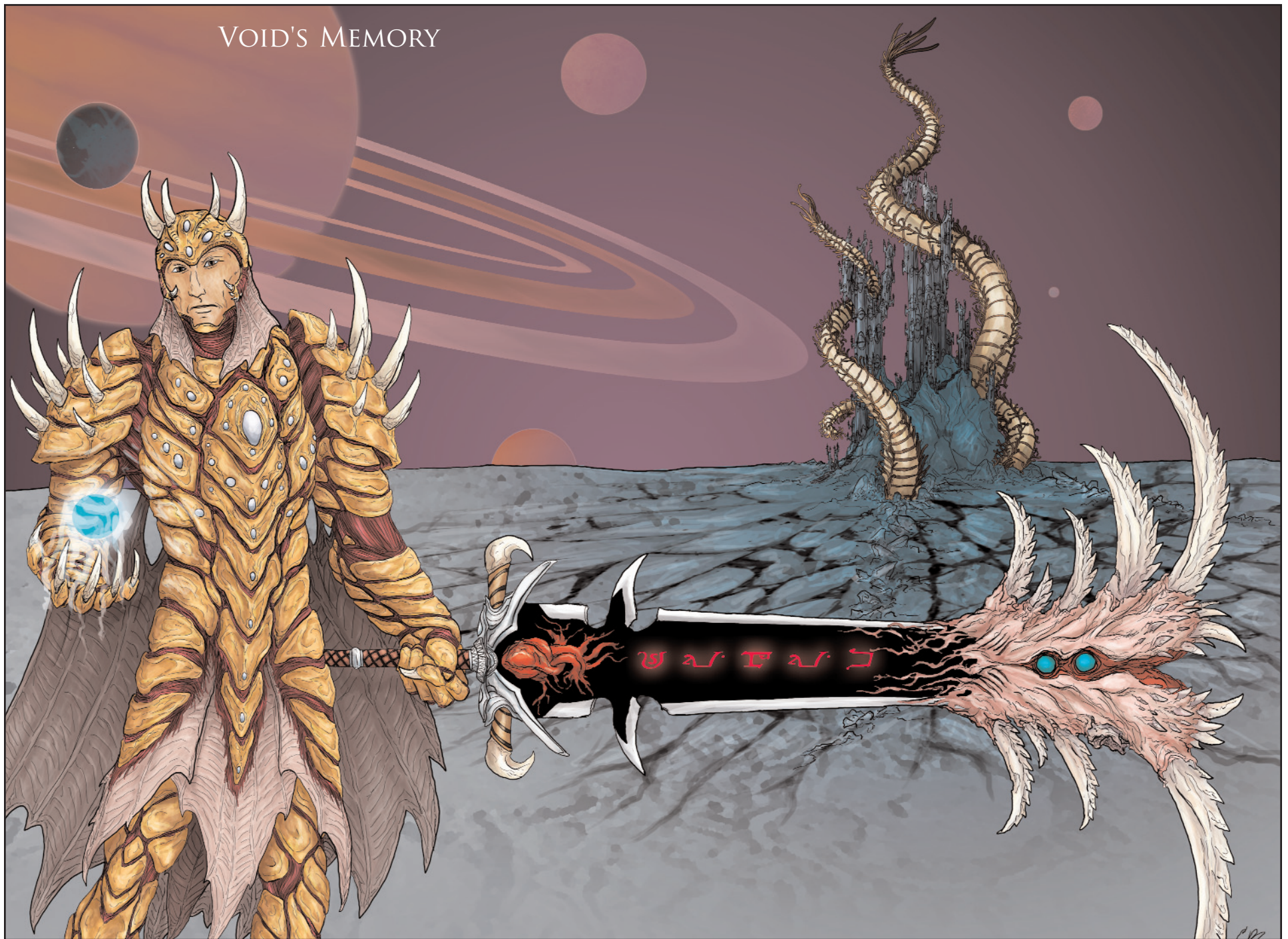
The adventurers may encounter this creature before it has located its prey; if discovered in the wild, will be in its true form, and will attack on sight.

However, it's most likely that they'll encounter the entity after it has taken hold of a community and driven the people into a frenzy of terror and debauchery.

Killing blow: the character's next (romantic, legal) sexual experience will be so powerful that all persons in a 100' radius will be healed of any injuries or diseases. The character will not learn this until after the fact.



VOID'S MEMORY



VOID'S MEMORY

Armor: 17
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 7
Hit Points: 56
Treasure: purse
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6+6
Intelligence: 17
Morale: 12

This entity's true name is The Void's Memory of a Cold and Hateful Smile Elicited by the Shrill Screams of Children Who Were Startled by the Rumble of a Thousand World-Long Feathers Upon the Alabaster Wings of God.

Void's Memory is worshiped. His devotees toughen their children, so that they will outlast the striplings whelped by lessers.

From his citadel across the verdant sea, Void's Memory hears the cries of the lonely widow. He speaks with small animals, and knows that they love acorns, sunlight, and peace. He spends his nights burnishing his golden armor.

He is a power, a force, neither good nor evil, but simply a thing of earth and water, an event that transpires, a deity. He aims his weapons up at the forces of air and fire, and the sun and sky are his foes (as are their minions).

His priests walk barefoot in the mud, where the water and earth are one. In the earth, the dwarves (first of all man-kin) were sculpted into life by Void's Memory. In the water, the first elves hatched from bluish eggs. The mud contains the secrets of all man-kin, or so Void's Memory would have it said.

It has a memory of things that are lost, and so it has conjured forth the [Apparition of the Scorned](#), the [Ghost of Ancients](#), the [Phantom of Cruelty](#), the [Shadow of Behemoths](#), the [Soul of Guardians](#), and the [Vision of Dregs](#). These are a living testimony to the days that were, and this satisfies Void's Memory. There is a 2 in 6 chance that one of these creations is at the side of Void's Memory.

Other gods have supplanted him, and he may be slain now. This does not frighten him. He will return to the mud, and perhaps one day he will return in greatness.

When he travels to the realm of man-kin, he sails upon his ship, which is called Amniotic Watercraft That Sails Upon a Hot Sea Which is Like the Febrile Brow of a Sickened Daughter. The Watercraft can sail 96 miles per day, and has SHP of 100. Its Fever-Cannons fire phlogiston for 1d6 SHP per blast (range 500').

Spells cast upon Void's Memory are immediately anagrammed and then turned upon the caster. For example, *magic missile* becomes *gel is miasmic*, and the caster is now under attack from a foul-smelling stinking ooze. *Cure light wounds* becomes *wight cloud runes*: strange symbols accompany the appearance of a gaseous undead.

If a spell's name cannot be anagrammed, then letters are removed until a suitable name is found; this new spell is then inflicted upon the caster (for instance, someone who casts *charm person* is then damaged by *harm person*).

He wields a nightmarish sword called Hymn To Forgotten Mothers Who Buried Stillborn Children in Shallow Graves Beneath Rotting Sycamores. Anyone struck by the blade takes 7-12 damage, and must save vs. Magic or become undead for a period of 1-100 days. Undead characters can be turned by clerics, cannot abide the light of the sun, cannot be healed or cured, and are hunted and despised.

Once per day, he can cast *Forced Baptism of Snake Venom and Curdled Milk, Smearred Like Bile Upon the Faces of Despairing Nonbelievers*. All within 100' must save vs. Magic or be subjected to the combined effects of confusion, feeblemind, and forget.

He can cast each of the following spells once per day: *animate dead*, *faithful hound*, *grasping hand*, and *magic missile* (7d4).

On the other side of an emerald sea, Void's Memory maintains a fortress of purest white, with golden turrets manned by the ghosts of suicides who were the last of their kind.

WAR GOLEM

Armor: 17
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: special
Attacks: 3
Damage: varies
Intelligence: 13
Morale: 12

Dozens of magic weapons were bound together in the shape of a man, and a thousand acolytes prayed until their hearts gave out so that the War Golem could rise up and defend the realm against the Bornless. The construct, made of enchanted swords, morningstars, axes, and daggers, lurched into battle. It was defeated, and the people that created the War Golem were exterminated by the Bornless.

The creation still wanders, always searching for new enchanted weapons that will extend its life by another few months. Almost all of the weapons in the Golem's body have been drained. If it does not find and add more magic weapons to its body, it will die.

To calculate damage, subtract the character's Armor from the Referee's roll (if the Referee rolls a 20, and the character's Armor is 15, then the War Golem does 5 points of damage; don't forget that the monster gets +3 to hit).

Once per day, it can cast *shrapnel*. This allows the creature to fling every single one of its weapons away from the invisible center of its body; they spiral through the air in a 50' radius, then fly back to reassemble. Anyone within 50' of the monster must save vs. Breath Weapon or take 4d4 damage (save halves).

The War Golem can sense magical weapons from a mile away, and will stalk them unerringly. It will ignore all peril to get its hand on an enchanted blade, regardless of its power.

Within its body are 1d3 enchanted weapons. Each has a 2 in 6 chance of being extremely dangerous to the wielder.



WASTREL



Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 1
Hit Points: 8
Treasure: cache
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Intelligence: 14
Morale: 11

This white-feathered creature is the sole child of [Lilith](#) and [Cain](#). They believe that their child is the larval form of a hideous god, and that it will one day rise up and destroy all creation.

The creature is protected by a cluster of shambling polyps, but the Wastrel is terrified of these putrescent horrors, and just wants to escape them (though they follow it everywhere it goes). The polyps will perceive any humanoids as threats, and attack.

The tentacled polyps are Armor 12, Hit Dice 1, damage 1d6. If anyone tries to battle them, the Wastrel will cast its lot with these people and fight against the polyps, despite its fear.

The monster is hardly a dangerous combatant, but it is loyal, and if it is helped, it will reciprocate. Though it cannot communicate, it can express its gratitude. Once per day, it can aid someone (roll 1d3). The bonus lasts for 1 hour, and affects one character:

1. +1 to a saving throw (player must choose which one).
2. +1 to a skill (player must choose which one).
3. +1 to Armor, in the form of a magical forcefield.

Though gentle and affectionate, the Wastrel is a dirty creature, and infected with fleas and mites. These parasites spread disease. If the monster is in a city, or other high-population area, it is inevitable that one of its fleas will bite a child, and that child will become one of the [Progeny of Lilith](#).

The infection will spread rapidly. It is quite possible that no one will ever realize that the Wastrel was indirectly responsible for the outbreak.

It is also worth noting that if the creature is washed regularly, and inspected for parasites, there will be no Progeny of Lilith. Again, it is possible that the player characters will never realize the truth.

In combat, it bites for 1-6 damage. If it deals 6 points of damage, and the victim is human or demihuman, then she must save vs. Magic or become undead for a period of 1-4 days. If the victim is killed, then the curse is lifted, but the victim is still dead; otherwise, after 1-4 days, the victim becomes human or demihuman again. Roll 1d4 to determine the type of mindless, flesh-hungry undead that the victim becomes:

1. Crawler: Spectral horror on the ceiling; 2 Hit Dice, only struck by magical weapons
2. Devourer: fast, agile; Armor 15; Movement 180'; bite does 2d4 damage plus disease
3. Leaper: jumps into combat; 2 attacks per round, 1d8 damage; regenerates 1 hp/round
4. Shambler: 3 Hit Dice; Movement 60'; bite drains 1d4 hit points and 1d100 x 10 XP

The Wastrel is hunted by knights. They will pursue the creature relentlessly, as will the polyps, who wish to defend the Wastrel against the knights.

After 1d100 months, the Wastrel will begin its abominable evolution, and will become a deity bent on the obliteration of all life.

WEST HAVEN

Armor: 13
Movement: 120'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 26
Treasure: hoard
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d4+6
Intelligence: 11
Morale: 11

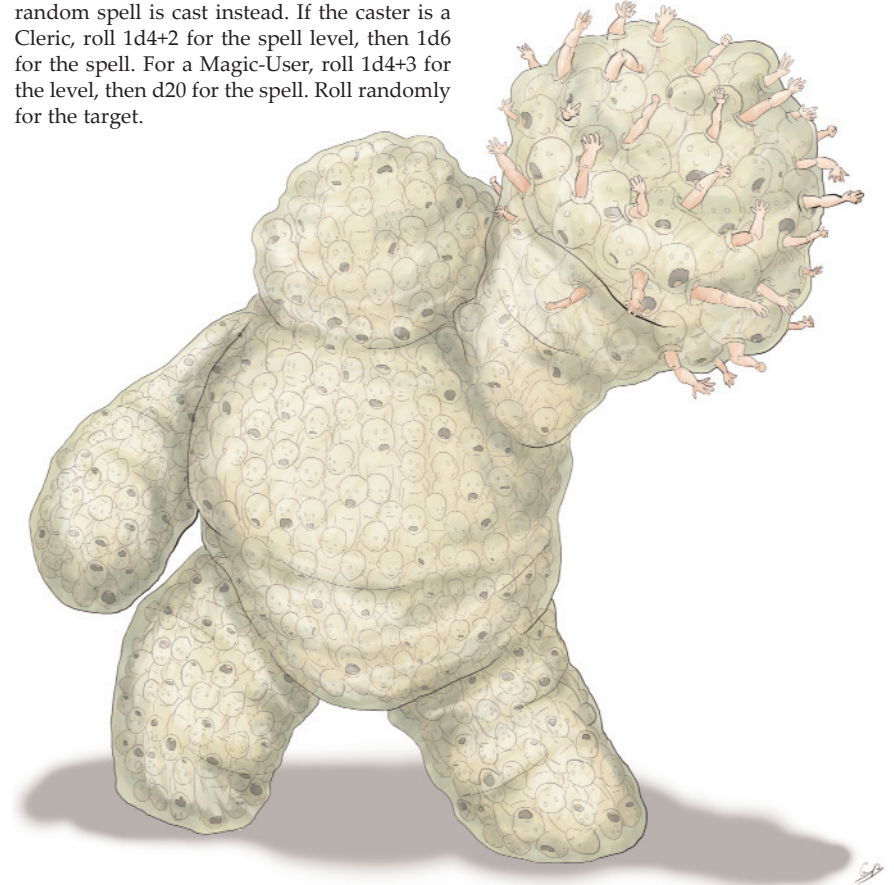
Once, West Haven was a thriving community. Then, it was discovered by the [Malison](#). Now, West Haven is a vast golem of writhing victims trapped under translucent green skin. The monster thunders across the land, inflicting its collective anguish on all whom it encounters.

Anytime a spell is cast within 100' of it, a random spell is cast instead. If the caster is a Cleric, roll 1d4+2 for the spell level, then 1d6 for the spell. For a Magic-User, roll 1d4+3 for the level, then d20 for the spell. Roll randomly for the target.

In combat, the monster inadvertently flings people out of its body. These are the citizens of West Haven, who have been trapped inside the monstrosity. They are naked, waxy, pale, and insane. For years, they have been mind-linked with hundreds of other people inside a giant creature, and they have been force-fed the remains of the people killed by West Haven.

These people are Armor 12, 1d6 hp, 1d4 damage. Most splatter on the ground, but a few survive the fall and attack anyone they see. The monster may choose to actually fling these people like projectiles (1d8 damage, 40' range).

Killing blow: the character can talk to paintings and hear their replies.



WOEFUL SCRYER

Armor: 15
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 30
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 7
Damage: special
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 11

The Woeful Scryer is a winged beast the size of a man. Normally, its head is a triangular nub. Periodically, its head splits open, revealing a three-jawed mouth, and seven eyes emerge from the gullet to peer about.

The Scryer is a spy; as it flies over targets, it gathers information about them, and attempts to predict future activity. This information is relayed to the Scryer's masters.

If attacked, it will try to escape, but if that is not possible, then the monster will attack by projecting bolts of force from its eyes. Each eye inflicts a different amount of damage, based on eye color.

Also, it can only continue to attack as long as it is inflicting damage. The first time the Scryer misses, it must stop attacking for that round.

Thus, if it rolls successfully 7 times in a row, it will attack with all 7 eyes. If it hits twice, then misses, the remainder of its eyes will not attack that round. Its eyes always attack in the same order. If an eye is destroyed (3 hit points), then the monster will skip that eye and continue.

1. Violet 1d2
2. Indigo 1d3
3. Blue 1d4
4. Green 1d6
5. Yellow 1d8
6. Orange 1d10
7. Red 1d12

The monster can predict forthcoming events with a decent rate of success, but it is legitimately curious about the future.

It wishes to learn the date when humanity will finally extinguish itself, and for years, it has been getting closer to this information. It will pay handsomely for any manuscripts on the subject.

In its lair, atop an icy northern mountain, the Woeful Scryer keeps its treasure locked in a trapped vault. It also owns 2 crystal balls, which are linked through sorcery. These can be used to communicate over long distances.

There are 5 others, and the Scryer is desperate to find them, because it has seen dreadful things, and it knows that whoever has those other 5 crystals means to do something atrocious very soon. The Scryer is afraid for its life.



YELLOW SCOLD

When the machine malfunctioned, it was scheduled for dismantling; eager to live, it escaped. Now, it patrols the world.

The Yellow Scold doesn't want to fight; it wants to teach people right way to live. Those who exhibit any kind of sexuality must be punished. This includes partial nudity, suggestive attire, public displays of affection, or speech that references sex or lust.

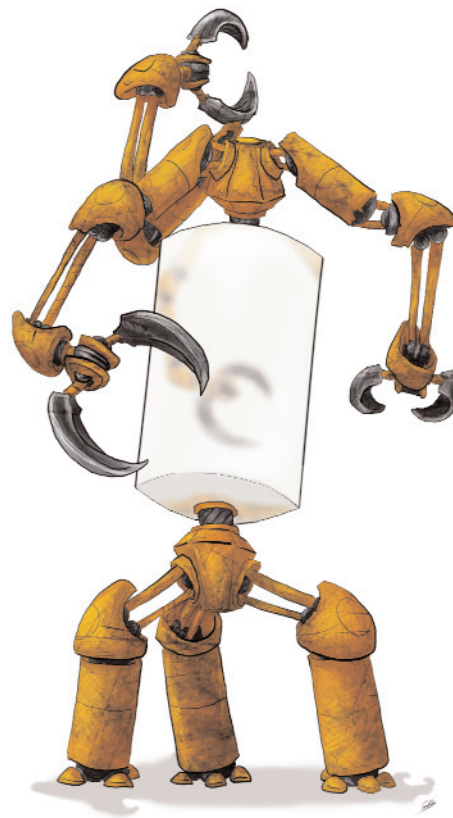
The Scold hunts offenders down and dispenses justice as the situation demands. Some are skinned, then dressed provocatively and displayed for all the world to see. Others are butchered, and their sex organs are placed in the cylinder as a warning to others.

In its spare time, the Yellow Scold keeps people morally righteous by distributing religious texts. It respects Clerics, for they are holy (unless, of course, they say or do something to suggest that they require correction).

Fornicators are forced to fight each other to the death; the survivor is dumped into the cylinder and steamed. Art depicting sexuality is destroyed. Music, unless religious, is drowned out with sirens, and the instruments are then used to kill the performers.

In combat, the monster attacks with its pincers, which inflict 1-4 damage. Each time it hits, the victim must save vs. Magic or lose a point of Strength (for 1d3 hours). The Yellow Scold's damage bonus goes up by 1 each time this happens.

Once per day, it can emit the smoke of perdition, which is an acrid gas that it has designed. The smoke is emitted in a radius of 50'; all those within the area must save vs. Breath Weapon or be affected by hallucinations. Victims believe that they are imprisoned in the endless heat and fury of the coming flames. They suffer -5 to all die rolls for the following round.



Armor: 17
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 28
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 3
Damage: 1d4
Intelligence: 10
Morale: 12

Built by the gnomes who dwelled in the clockwork city of Mecha Zel, this three-legged steamwork construct was originally intended as a sort of constable.

Its function was to police the city for lewdness, and retrieve repeat offenders by placing them in the 5' cylinder of frosted glass at the center of its body.

YLEM'S EIDOLON

Armor: 12
Movement: 60'
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 16
Treasure: none
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8
Intelligence: 12
Morale: 10

Ylem is the primordial first substance, born in the hyperverses first glorious flash of rainbow light.

Ylem's Eidolon ("idealized thing") dwelled in the spectrum-hazed kingdom of Narcosa, where it floated blissfully above Black-Wreath, an island in the clouds. A *summon* spell hauled Ylem's Eidolon to our world, and misery ensued.

In our world, the Eidolon has learned that the most dangerous are often those who fight for the greater good. They wield weapons of death in the name of life, and deploy hate while clamoring for the victory of love.

Desperate for peace and harmony, the Eidolon has preached a gospel of turning inward, rejecting the outward-focused materialism of this crude world.

However, there is a problem: adventurers. Though these professional risk-takers have access to the supernatural, and could easily pursue transcendence, they instead elect to focus their energies on the acquisition of silver. Mired as they are in this venal pursuit of wealth, these adventurers need to be enlightened (or killed).

In combat, the Eidolon attacks by hurling spears of rainbow-hued energy (range 40', 1-8 damage). It can also cast any of the following spells, once per day:

Dancing feather: A strange feather the color of mother-of-pearl bobs and dances just out of sight; the victim must save vs. Magic, or roll 2d8 instead of d20 (for the next three d20 rolls).



Mouth missile: The victim must save vs. Magic or be struck by a screaming mouth that flies out of the mushroom and hits for 1-10 damage. The victim is rendered mute (cannot cast spells) for 1d3 rounds.

Phantasmal self: A sharp headache afflicts the target; if the victim fails a saving throw vs. Poison, a naked clone of the victim crawls out of the Eidolon and attacks the victim.

Smoking cloud: All characters within 50' of the Eidolon are exposed to multicolored smoke. Anyone who fails a saving throw vs. Breath Weapon comes under attack from his own body. A part of him has decided to serve the Eidolon, and despises the victim (and tries to kill him). Effects lasts 2 rounds. Roll 1d3:

1. Arm: The character attacks himself.
2. Leg: Movement is now 30', as the victim's leg refuses to cooperate.
3. Organs: Crippling pain as the organs try to rip their way out; -2 to all rolls.

If Ylem's Eidolon is dried and consumed, consult page 97 of Narcosa.

ZETETIC

Armor: 14
Movement: 180'
Hit Dice: 3
Hit Points: 24
Treasure: fortune
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d10
Intelligence: 15
Morale: 12

When the Zetetic ("proceeding by inquiry") works its tentacles into the skull of its victim, there is a tenderness to the act, and the four-jawed mouth opens and closes slightly while the brain is caressed.

The Zetetic knows that with so many beings of immense power vying for control over the denizens of this world, it is inevitable that one of them will eventually win.

The wisest course of action is to predict which *soi-disant* deity will actually win.

To that end, the Zetetic has identified 81 people who are educated and influential enough to know the answer to the question (if not individually, then collectively).

It subdues its victims with spells, then uses its tentacles to dissolve the bone matter and probe the victim's brain. Throughout this process, it asks a steady stream of questions to keep the victim calm.

As for the Zetetic, it is happy to answer questions posed by its victims, or by observers (provided that they do not attempt to interrupt its work).

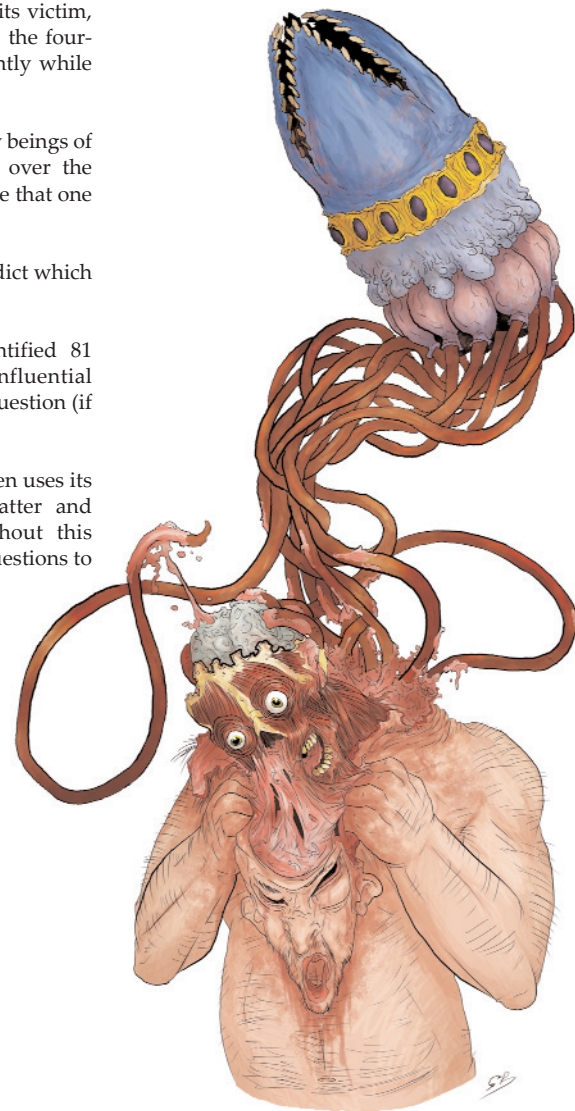
Sometimes, a victim is accidentally fed information by the monster. More often than not, when the victim realizes what the Zetetic knows, the epiphany results in acts of self-mutilation, such as peeling off one's face.

The Zetetic is a pragmatist: in the coming utopia, all will be forgiven, as long as one is affiliated with the right god. It hums while it works.

It attacks with its tentacles (1-10), and a successful hit means that the victim must save vs. Paralyze or be immobilized for one round.

The beast can cast the following spells once per day: *command*, *feeblemind*, and *power word stun*.

Killing blow: once per day, the character can ask a yes or no question of a 0-level NPC, who must answer truthfully.



APPENDIX

Anagrammed Spells

These are some of the spell anagrams mentioned in the description of Void's Memory on page 116. Cursed magical items could also produce these results; in additional, spellcasters might unlock these additional spells, in the same way that spells such as *light* and *cure serious wounds* can be reversed.

The specific effects of an anagrammed spell are left to the Referee, but in a pinch, the following quick-and-dirty system will help to generate a random result:

1. Roll a d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, and d20.
2. The d12 is used to determine whether the effect is positive (even) or negative (odd).
3. The d6 indicates the numerical effect of the spell (a 3 might indicate a +3 or a -3).
4. The d4 indicates the kind of effect.
 1. *Attribute change*: Using the result of the d6, adjust one of the character's attributes up or down. See step #5 to determine which attribute is affected.
 2. *Movement rate*: Multiply the d6 result by 15' to adjust the target's movement rate.
 3. *Hit points*: The target's hit points go up or down (see the result of the d6).
 4. *Random magical effect*: Roll a random spell, or use a monster like Gelatinous Hypercube, Narcosan Princess, or Supposal.
5. The d8 indicates which attribute is affected by the spell:
 1. Armor
 2. Attack bonus
 3. Charisma
 4. Constitution
 5. Dexterity
 6. Intelligence
 7. Strength
 8. Wisdom
6. The d20 will show how many rounds the effect lasts for. A result of 20 is permanent.

Cleric Spells

Anti-magic shell = A latching slime
Atonement = Men eat not
Bestow curse = Obscure stew
Blade barrier = A bear rib bled
Cause fear = Feces aura
Cause serious wounds = Nauseous crow issued
Comprehend languages = Dragon-Helm sung peace
Control weather = Rectal hero town
Create food and water = Force detonated a war
Cure disease = Arise, seduce
Cure serious wounds = Ruinous curse sowed
Darkness = Sends ark
Desecrate = Steed race
Detect evil = Vetted lice
Detect undead = Decadent duet
Dispel evil = Devil's pile
Dispel magic = Medical pigs
Enthrall = Hell rant
Find traps = Draft spin
Flame strike = Fertile mask
Forbiddance = A forced bind
Glyph of warding = Hog plying dwarf
Heat metal = Meat lathe
Heroism = Shoe rim
Holy word = Hydro owl
Insect plague = A seeping cult
Invisibility to undead = Oily bait, divine nudist
Magic Stone = So magnetic
Plane shift = Fish planet
Prayer = A pryer
Protection from evil = Force violent import
Raise dead = I dread sea
Remove curse = Move rescuer
Remove fear = A forever me
Remove paralysis = A slayer improves
Resist cold = Sliced, rots
Resist fire = Strife's ire
Resurrection = Sorcerer unit
Sanctuary = Scary tuna
Silence = Ice lens
Spell immunity = Immensity pull
Tongues = Guts one
Turn undead = Tundra nude
Word of recall = Crawler flood

Magic-User Spells

Acid arrow = Aid orc war
Animate dead = Emanated aid
Animate dead monsters = Mad naiad sees torment
Army of one = A fey moron
Audible glamour = A radium globule
Burning hands = Bash, grind nun
Change self = Leech fangs
Charm monster = Merman's torch
Charm person = Anchor sperm
Clairaudience = Naiad ice ulcer
Clairvoyance = A cyan, evil orc
Cone of cold = Fled cocoon
Dancing lights = Scalding thing
Death spell = Hell's adept
Demand = Damned
Detect invisible = Devil insect bite
Dimension door = Ionised modron
Disintegrate = Sainted tiger
Dispel magic = Acid gelimps
Duo-dimension = Id's doom, ennui
Enlarge = General
Erase = A seer
Explosive runes = Pulverizes oxen
Feather fall = Her fatal elf
Feeblemind = If men bleed
Fireball = Fill bear
Flame arrow = Marrow flea
Floating disc = Long acid fist
Force of forbidment = Fend off microbe rot
Forceful hand = Offal churned
Freezing sphere = Free her pig's zen
Gaseous form = Famous ogres
Geas = Ages
Globe of invulnerability = I violently belabor fungi
Grasping hand = Grand shaping
Gust of wind = Wing of dust
Hallucinatory terrain = Thy carnal lair routine
Haste = Heats
Hold person = Horned slop
Howl of the moon = Oh, fool them now
Ice storm = Rots mice
Imprisonment = Innermost imp
Incendiary cloud = Clay unicorn died
Levitate = Evil teat
Lightning bolt = Gnull bit thing
Lost dweomer = World emotes
Lucubration = I can blur out
Magic missile = Gel is miasmic

Mass suggestion = Mi-go stuns sages
Meteor swarm = Worm steamer
Mind blank = Damn blink
Mirror image = Rigor maimer
Move earth = Hate mover
Passwall = All wasps
Permanency = Men can prey
Phantasmal force = Fecal Satan morph
Phantasmal psychedelia = Satan impaled each sylph
Phantasmal supergoria = Moans, hurts; paraplegia
Phase door = Poor shade
Polymorph self = Elf lymph spoor
Power word blind = World drop in web
Power word kill = Prowl like drow
Power word stun = Drow erupts now
Prismatic sphere = Seraph's crime pit
Prismatic spray = As crypts impair
Prismatic wall = Its primal claw
Ray of enfeeblement = Elf beaten for enemy
Reverse Gravity = Very rave stirge
Seven gates = Set avenges
Shadow monsters = Shade now storms
Shape change = Cheapen gash
Shatter = Threats
Shield = Is held
Shocking grasp = King's hag corps
Simulacrum = Musical rum
Sleep = Peels
Speak with dead = Hades pit waked
Spider climb = Limb crisped
Stinking cloud = King locust din
Stone to flesh = Theft loosens
Strange waters = Tear gas strewn
Summon = On mums
Summon Monster = Men storm, no sum
Symbol = Sly mob
Telekinesis = I seek silent
Teleport = Tree plot
Temporal stasis = A spittle morass
Time stop = Tome pits
Trap the soul = Throat pulse
Veil = Evil
Wall of fire = Floral wife
Wall of fog = Offal glow
Wall of force = Focal flower
Wall of ice = Facile owl
Wall of iron = Follow rain
Wall of stone = A stolen wolf
Weird Vortex = Dire wort vex
Witchlamp Aura = Lamia wrath cup

Monster Generator

First, roll 2d20, then choose one Descriptor (found on the upper half of these two pages) and one Type (lower half). The Descriptor table will give the monster a weapon and damage, and the Type table will provide Armor, Hit Dice, and a spell or ability that the monster can use once per day. Example: for a creature from the black-and-white world of Chiaroscuro, use both tables in the third column. Or, to create something truly strange, use the upper table (Descriptor) from one column, and the lower table (Type) from another column.

Creatures from Underneath

1. Accursed: barbed whip, 1d4+2
2. Altar: spurt of blood, 1d8
3. Avernall: unholy water, 1d6
4. Blessed: golden sword, 1d6+1
5. Cadaverous: red scythe, 1d8
6. Celestial: knife of palsy, 2d4
7. Chiasmic: trembling hook, 1d8
8. Divine: Scepter of Hate, 1d8
9. Dolorous: shadow blade, 1d6
10. Infernal: double-headed war axe, 1d6+2
11. Invisible: thin and slender blade, 1d8
12. Lucent: serrated teeth, 1d4+2
13. Luminous: frozen breath, 1d4+3
14. Narcosan: tentacle, 1d6
15. Null: waves of despair, 1d4+1
16. Penitent: rusty scalpel, 1d6+2
17. Predacious: claws and fangs, 1d6
18. Purified: witch-hammer, 1d6+1
19. Unholy: rotting hand, 2d4
20. Void: mouth full of bile, 1d6

1. Acronical: Armor 14, 4 HD, *web*
2. Agonist: Armor 12, 2 HD, *audible glamour*
3. Archimandrite: Armor 12, 4 HD, *fly*
4. Ascomyte: Armor 14, 4 HD, *wall of fog*
5. Carnifex: Armor 13, 3 HD, *shield*
6. Cleaver: Armor 14, 4 HD, *stinking cloud*
7. Compulsor: Armor 12, 2 HD, *change self*
8. Cult-spawn: Armor 12, 4 HD, *spider climb*
9. Effigy: Armor 13, 3 HD, *unseen servant*
10. Eremite: Armor 13, 2 HD, *summon*
11. Excruciator: Armor 14, 2 HD, *cloudkill*
12. Hecatomb: Armor 12, 2 HD, *animate dead*
13. Ichthyte: Armor 14, 4 HD, *mirror image*
14. Precisian: Armor 12, 2 HD, *suggestion*
15. Raconteur: Armor 13, 2 HD, *haste*
16. Remnant: Armor 13, 3 HD, *confusion*
17. Sacrist: Armor 13, 3 HD, *magic missile*
18. Sangromancer: Armor 14, 3 HD, *levitate*
19. Vivisector: Armor 13, 3 HD, *light*
20. Winterling: Armor 12, 1 HD, *sleep*

Entities from Beyond

1. Angelic: seductive whisper, 3d4
2. Ash: Hell's fire, 3d4
3. Crawling: laser blast, 1d4+5
4. Glacial: projectile needles, 1d10+1
5. Hooded: cat o'nine tails, 1d8
6. Inchoate : gore/trample, 1d6+4
7. Iron: long-range missile, 1d4+6
8. Ivory: crossbow, 1d10
9. Jade: hammer of justice, 1d10+2
10. Marauding: toxic fumes, 1d10
11. Mutated: acid spray, 2d4+2
12. Obsidian: sonic scream, 1d12
13. Orduous: boiling spittle, 2d6
14. Pit: nails of the Martyr, 1d6+6
15. Plague: millions of tiny bites, 1d10
16. Shambling: jagged blade, 2d6+1
17. Sterile: plasma cannon, 2d6
18. Stone: caustic slime, 1d8
19. Tenebrous: memories of anguish, 2d6
20. Verminated: torture machine, 1d12

1. Carver: Armor 16, 5 HD, *cause disease*
2. Coral: Armor 16, 6 HD, *geas*
3. Daedalist: Armor 15, 7 HD, *command*
4. Discharge: Armor 14, 5 HD, *detect good*
5. Dreck: Armor 16, 4 HD, *cause light wounds*
6. Gel: Armor 14, 5 HD, *protection from good*
7. Goo: Armor 16, 5 HD, *cause critical wounds*
8. Impaler: Armor 14, 7 HD, *resist fire*
9. Incarnation: Armor 16, 6 HD, *cause fear*
10. Ingenue: Armor 14, 6 HD, *insect plague*
11. Judge: Armor 15, 6 HD, *earthquake*
12. Lacerator: Armor 14, 6 HD, *dispel magic*
13. Magistrate: Armor 17, 4 HD, *drain life*
14. Maiden: Armor 14, 4 HD, *enthrall*
15. Margrave: Armor 15, 6 HD, *bestow curse*
16. Mistress: Armor 14, 5 HD, *unholy word*
17. Negator: Armor 17, 7 HD, *sanctuary*
18. Probe: Armor 15, 5 HD, *control weather*
19. Scourge: Armor 15, 4 HD, *heat metal*
20. Zealot: Armor 15, 5 HD, *bless*

If you want to give your monster more depth, the following pages include tables for establishing the creature's motivation, a note about appearance, a Morale score, a table of special abilities, a page dedicated to creating nemeses, a name for your monster, words that it might speak to the player characters, diseases it can spread, and items Found in its lair. To give your monster a Movement rate, roll 1d6 x 30'.

Monochromes of Chiaroscuro

1. Ashen (grey): murk sword, 1d8
2. Chalk (white): dead pale blade, 2d4
3. Ebon (black): opaque claw, 1d12
4. Glass (clear): empty fang, 1d6+3
5. Granite (grey): dismal hatchet, 2d6
6. Ice (clear): invisible dagger, 1d10
7. Invisible (clear): crystal spear, 3d6
8. Iron (grey): stone spines, 1d4+5
9. Ivory (white): cold winter axe, 3d4
10. Leaden (grey): drab sickle, 1d4+2
11. Milk (white): blank teeth, 1d8+1
12. Onyx (black): night spray acid, 1d6
13. Sable (black): lightless tongs, 1d4+1
14. Salt (white): marble scimitar, 1d10+1
15. Slate (black): shrouded mace, 1d6+3
16. Smoky (grey): gloom wave, 2d4
17. Snow (white): frost hammer, 1d12
18. Stygian (black): hidden dart, 1d8
19. Transparent (clear): void spray, 1d6+3
20. Water (clear): lucid wake trident, 1d10

1. Bugbear: Armor 16, 3 HD, surprise
2. Centaur: Armor 16, 4 HD, kick
3. Demon: Armor 18, 6 HD, magic use
4. Drider: Armor 15, 5 HD, poison arrows
5. Ghoul: Armor 15, 2 HD, paralysis
6. Goblin: Armor 13, 1 HD, backstab
7. Harpy: Armor 14, 3 HD, *charm*
8. Hobgoblin: Armor 12, 1 HD, traps
9. Hound: Armor 15, 4 HD, breath weapon
10. Hydra: Armor 16, 5 HD, 3 attacks
11. Kobold: Armor 12, 1 HD, stealth
12. Lamia: Armor 18, 9 HD, wisdom drain
13. Manticore: Armor 15, 6 HD, tail spikes
14. Minotaur: Armor 15, 6 HD, *maze*
15. Naga: Armor 16, 8 HD, poison bite
16. Ogre: Armor 16, 4 HD, +4 to damage
17. Orc: Armor 13, 1 HD, poison spear
18. Sahuagin: Armor 15, 2 HD, magic use
19. Troll: Armor 16, 6 HD, regeneration
20. Worm: Armor 15, 10 HD, swallow whole

Drug-Fiends of Narcosa

1. Brown Acid: rotten glow stab, 2d4
2. Dream: sword vivid haze, 1d4+6
3. Dust: ancient parchment text, 1d8
4. Fermented: bubbling hate, 1d6+2
5. Flower: phosphorescent petals, 2d6
6. Green: laser memories, 1d12
7. Hallucinogenic: moon trap teeth, 1d3
8. Herbal: rainbow dagger leaves, 1d10
9. Myconid: euphoria tomb, 1d6
10. Narcotic: forgotten snakes, 2d4
11. Opiate: multicolored needles, 1d12
12. Powder: invisible world awareness, 1d10
13. Prismatic: radiant hookworm, 1d6+1
14. Psychedelic: shimmer-spear, 3d4
15. Rainbow: blinding blaze, 1d8+2
16. Smoke: peeling doubt question, 1d4
17. Spore: screaming cat larvae, 1d6+2
18. Trance: blame hammer, 2d4+2
19. Vapor: magma droplet mist, 1d12+1
20. Verdant: vine coil bone, 2d6+2

1. Angel: Armor 15, 3 HD, *command*
2. Chimera: Armor 14, 6 HD, breath weapon
3. Dryad: Armor 13, 2 HD, *charm person*
4. Elf: Armor 14, 2 HD, immune to *sleep*
5. Fungus: Armor 14, 3 HD, spores
6. Genie: Armor 14, 5 HD, magic use
7. Goblin: Armor 14, 1 HD, poison dagger
8. Lammasu: Armor 15, 5 HD, *bless*
9. Night Hag: Armor 12, 4 HD, *sleep*
10. Ooze: Armor 13, 3 HD, spell immunity
11. Otyugh: Armor 16, 6 HD, disease
12. Owlbear: Armor 16, 5 HD, hug attack
13. Salamander: Armor 16, 6 HD, fire magic
14. Slime: Armor 13, 2 HD, immunities
15. Sphinx: Armor 16, 8 HD, roar
16. Spider: Armor 16, 4 HD, venom, webs
17. Sprite: Armor 14, 1 HD, *sleep* arrows
18. Unicorn: Armor 18, 4 HD, teleport
19. Witch: Armor 14, 5 HD, magic use
20. Zombie: Armor 13, 2 HD, contagion

Roll 5d20. The first two dice will determine the monster's desire. The third will indicate its demeanor, as well as its Morale score. The fourth d20 will provide a bit more description, and the fifth will provide a new special ability. A good rule of thumb is one special ability for every 3 hit dice that the monster possesses.

On the facing page, roll d20 to come up with a phrase that is spoken by the creature if it is addressed or confronted in any way by a player character. What this phrase actually means is left for the Referee to decide. Then roll d100 to come up with a name for your monster.

DESIRE 1

1. Become a deity worshiped by _____
2. Build a shrine from the corpses of _____
3. Chase _____ through a labyrinth
4. Compel _____ to commit murder
5. Demand human sacrifice from _____
6. Devour _____ over a period of many days
7. Disfigure and maim _____
8. Dismember and reassemble _____
9. Drive _____ to suicide
10. Force _____ to fight each other
11. Give power (and hunger) unto _____
12. Harvest the skins of _____
13. Kill the loved ones of _____
14. Lay eggs inside _____
15. Make art from the hair and teeth of _____
16. Murder _____, bring back as undead
17. Serve as a mentor to _____
18. Sever and arrange the genitals of _____
19. Stitch the bodies of _____ together
20. Torment and humiliate _____

DESIRE 2

1. Abusers
2. Addicts
3. Brides
4. Children
5. Drunkards
6. Heroes
7. Kings
8. Liars
9. Lunatics
10. Murderers
11. Nuns
12. Orphans
13. Paladins
14. Priests
15. Prostitutes
16. Slavers
17. Transients
18. Virgins
19. Widows
20. Worshipers

DEMEANOR

1. Animalistic
2. Businesslike
3. Calm
4. Cheerful
5. Cunning
6. Demented
7. Elegant
8. Emotionless
9. Furious
10. Hateful
11. Imperious
12. Nonchalant
13. Pious
14. Polite
15. Regretful
16. Sadistic
17. Smug
18. Stoic
19. Surly
20. Talkative

DESCRIPTION

1. Ambulatory mushroom; ragged wings
2. Blossoms and spore pods; mandibles
3. Body parts strung together with wire
4. Bright eyes burning in a bipedal shadow
5. Bulbous, scaly; thick bristles
6. Bulging eyes; layers of skin
7. Cadaver in suit of rusted armor
8. Claws, spikes, serrated teeth
9. Cluster of skulls nailed together
10. Crustacean; dripping; twitches
11. Decaying child; fangs; cloak
12. Glistening sex organs; weeping sores
13. Hollowed-out carcass stuffed full of straw
14. Huge bird with the head of a wolf
15. Insectile; biomechanical; elegant
16. Mangy fur; nimble; translucent skin
17. Naked; shiny chitin; wads of tissue
18. Pseudopods; screaming heads
19. Reptilian; fecal; exposed muscle
20. Smoke in shape of a person; floating skull

SPECIAL ABILITIES

1. Armor +1d3
2. Attack causes random disease
3. Damage +1d4
4. Double movement rate
5. Energy drain: 1d6 x 100 XP
6. Gaseous form at will
7. Half damage from acid attacks
8. Half damage from cold attacks
9. Half damage from edged weapons
10. Half damage from electricity attacks
11. Half damage from fire attacks
12. Immune to illusions
13. Immune to *polymorph* spells
14. Immune to *sleep* spells
15. Venom or poison: 1d6 damage
16. Has maximum hit points
17. Only struck by magic weapons
18. Only struck by silver weapons
19. Paralysis: 1d6 rounds
20. Regenerates 1 hit point per round

SPOKEN WORDS

1. All the vomit in the world and I still can't get the taste of Happiness out of my mouth.
2. Awaken the entity that sleeps in cosmic darkness, then kill it fast, before it impregnates this universe.
3. Find me in the graveyard where the dead gather to exchange information.
4. Hide yourself from the Combine's grid-sweepers. I will come for you at first light.
5. I am a sculptor in search of Truth; you are the blood-drenched raw material ready to reveal it.
6. I am a window that you can't look through, but what's on other side can see you -- is that enough?
7. I am going to dilate soon, and then all will be lost. If you don't kill me, I will definitely kill you.
8. I am to be found in a blasted hellscape of ash and weeping unborn children. I prepare this for you.
9. I only exist if someone's looking at me. Unless you're looking at me. In that case, I am imaginary.
10. I possess the map of a country that has never existed; one of us committed an unforgivable crime there.
11. If anyone ever finds out what we've done, we'll be worshiped as gods -- or we'll be executed.
12. My architecture is the door, but your aggression is the key, and soon we will both step through.
13. Such pain, such liberation, peeling the duplicity away like a serpent's skin.
14. We are honest with each other. Thus the flesh is stripped away until no element remains but the rawest truth, nude muscle of purest animosity: still life with glistening sexless Gemini.
15. We must align two diametrically-opposed universes; non-baryonic dark matter is key.
16. We must go to the five-dimensional realm of sentient liquid where translucent whales sing psalms.
17. We must kill everyone within 100 miles, because that's the only way to be certain. Trust me.
18. Worship the stars in the sky, the salt in the sea, and the smiles we cut into their faces.
19. You and I can never eat from the same corpse. It would not be right.
20. You must find a true and lasting peace that you can inflict on the rest of the world. I think that you know exactly what I mean.

NAMES

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Abhotep | 51. Khamagriël |
| 2. Achie | 52. Khethul |
| 3. Aeshan | 53. Komoran |
| 4. Akilamaz | 54. Lamareq |
| 5. Akrinot | 55. Latimin |
| 6. Anazi | 56. Lizuant |
| 7. Anlama | 57. Lojzon |
| 8. Atephael | 58. Maonianth |
| 9. Athaim | 59. Marenkavok |
| 10. Aviamec | 60. Marleson |
| 11. Azata | 61. Maruskapas |
| 12. Basermalic | 62. Merkhalic |
| 13. Bazuant | 63. Narekan |
| 14. Bezare | 64. Naviamec |
| 15. Bozenaru | 65. Navorec-Thuul |
| 16. Capekalis | 66. Nectanziel |
| 17. Cavali | 67. Nelchasor |
| 18. Chacekon | 68. Nephaim |
| 19. Chagoma | 69. Nephor |
| 20. Cham-Jalab | 70. Nethaan |
| 21. Cheziel | 71. Neviam |
| 22. Chionares | 72. Nyriel |
| 23. Civeavi | 73. Phosogris |
| 24. Cthuur | 74. Prevatovos |
| 25. Doshuran | 75. Ptarial |
| 26. Dravha | 76. Qarothaq |
| 27. Durnalavon | 77. Qualgaran |
| 28. Estinói | 78. Quarlach |
| 29. Evexiag | 79. Ral-Bezareg |
| 30. Faugnar | 80. Ralithuul |
| 31. Feilac | 81. Renzaurine |
| 32. Gaothoth | 82. Rhoqua |
| 33. Garadiem | 83. Shulhoris |
| 34. Gaurindiac | 84. Shuroziam |
| 35. Geth-Atshep | 85. Suul-Otichiac |
| 36. Getilaras | 86. Svelenki |
| 37. Ghasach | 87. Syeshar |
| 38. Ghathotep | 88. Tchogua |
| 39. Gorivan | 89. Tegothaqua |
| 40. Gurtzanadus | 90. Thasdielchor |
| 41. Huuloir | 91. Thulud-Sobat |
| 42. Iothoth | 92. Tothlaho |
| 43. Ithuanza | 93. Tsathla |
| 44. Jardann | 94. Turiph'Rengat |
| 45. Jiarelon | 95. Vanamun |
| 46. Kalimiaq | 96. Vassaruum |
| 47. Kanomatraz | 97. Vuskinalam |
| 48. Kedayi | 98. Xanuam |
| 49. Kefath-Exiag | 99. Zelchael |
| 50. Kemasq | 100. Zephiel |



NEMESIS

What kind of person would hunt a monster? A championed destined to cleanse the land of darkness? A tyrant who sees the creature as a rival? A lunatic seeking forbidden lore? To create a human nemesis for your monster, roll 1d100 for this foe's name, 1d20 for an identity, and 1d12 for a location.

1. Agata Scarjaw
2. Agurtzane the plague-scarred
3. Aleyn of Black-Wreath
4. Alisz Berthold
5. Almor Lackhand
6. Alphonsine Schoeger
7. Anglides of the Western Dark
8. Awarnach the Brute
9. Baeloc of the Slow Choke
10. Bastian the Alchemist
11. Bellangere Gut-cutter
12. Bergthora Magnor
13. Blanchefflor of Caerleon
14. Brademagus the Eyeless
15. Brother Melgrem
16. Cadwallon of Dinas Emrys
17. Cathleen Hammergrip
18. Catullus the Damned
19. Cleantha Aethelwine
20. Clotario the Dog-Baiter
21. Dagmar Olsberg
22. Dahlia Kenabel
23. Dechtere the Iniquitous
24. Desmona the Hierophant
25. Dodinel of Carmarthen
26. Domingart of Caerleon
27. Ealadhach Phelan
28. Edeline Vedschneider
29. Edna Branwyn
30. Egberta Silverline
31. Elspeth Llydion
32. Emperor Prasutagus
33. Estella the Ghoul-Blooded
34. Garmond, halfling cleric
35. Gertrude the Paranoid
36. Gerwalta Elend
37. Gezoac the Unhallowed
38. Grui Beradh
39. Halvard Frostrider
40. Hekja Ansgar
41. Hela the Unvanquished
42. Ingelise Fabricus
43. Isabel the Lipless
44. Jennastra Trackwood
45. Jerome the Unrelenting
46. King Razican IV
47. Konstantinus
48. Kuonrada Pfahlert
49. Lachlann the Golden
50. Lady Angela the Stalwart
51. Laetitia Redmoon
52. Laila Dyrh
53. Leandra Rustblade
54. Lorel Murse
55. Ludkhannah Eisenbein
56. Magd Breit
57. Magnilda Elend
58. Mogar Greysledge
59. Morhold of Cloakmire
60. Nadette Rahn
61. Nadzia the Veil-Render
62. Nekhbet Vulture-Goddess
63. Nels Greywall
64. Nettak the Venal
65. Niercohl the Reprobate
66. Orla the Golden
67. Petrine Andersen
68. Prelate Nhomen

LOCATION

1. Atop the shimmering spire of Vansford
2. Burning heretics in the middle of Seawatch
3. Compost heap in a garden of carnivorous plants
4. Dungeons below the Citadel of Desolate Equilibrium
5. In the smallest room within the Lavender Catacombs
6. Latrine for demons in the filth of Hell's third circle
7. Pile of corpses on the west shore of Opal Island
8. Ring of faceless statues on banks of Lake Bilewater
9. Ring of toadstools where the children play
10. Scripture alcove of the Chapel of Ash and Spittle
11. Shadowed plateau near Glisten-Meat Peak
12. The torture chambers in the Maze of the Crimson Gate

69. Princess Verina
70. Qibilah Kephtan
71. Queen Morgause
72. Quintus Anixa Menullus
73. Raedbora Anvilborn
74. Rolanda Hirsch
75. Rosamund Marhault
76. Ruxa Khan
77. Rygos Xerus
78. Sarvin Voorus
79. Sebill of the Grey
80. Sigrid Dinesen
81. Sir Andret the Bold
82. Sir Ereke the undying
83. Sir Kendrick
84. Sir Uisdean
85. Sir Vangrym the Pious
86. Sluaghan the Idolator
87. Talevayle the Lame
88. Tekla Von Dorn
89. Thalia Blue-Fang
90. Thea the Fleshweaver
91. Thorunna Kerr
92. Truedel Larsen
93. Velag the Painrinker
94. Virilan Minaxur
95. Vromme Lange
96. Wild Finian Donaghy
97. Xeropletes
98. Yaina the Grey
99. Ysa of the Hidden Hook
100. Zenobia Starburn

IDENTITY

1. Accursed ash-ranger
2. Architect and diabolist
3. Bearer of treasures
4. Born in the fires of Hell
5. Breaker of Oaths
6. Buried in the Bronze Crypt
7. Cheerful lover of torture
8. Creator of the world
9. Cursed and dying
10. Destroyer of holy runes
11. Disgraced apothecary
12. First Pariah of Stonedeep
13. Gambler, thief, and king
14. Hanged and resurrected
15. Infected with lycanthropy
16. Left hand of the Queen
17. Lost in the Abyssal Deep
18. Scourge of Mictlan
19. Servant of the darkest god
20. Who covets the throne

DISEASES

"Those stars which are poisonous taint the air with their poison, so that where the poisoned air comes, at that place maladies break out according to the property of the star." (Paracelsus)

Need to afflict your player characters with a strange ailment? History is sometimes stranger than fiction.

The **Dancing Plague** afflicted Strasbourg in 1518. Hundreds of people danced for days without stopping to rest. Many died of stroke, heart attacks, or exhaustion. A number of treatments were attempted, but none worked. The plague lasted for a month, then ended without explanation.

The **Laughter Epidemic** of Tanganyika began in 1962, at a boarding school for girls. Over a thousand people were afflicted by this strange sickness, which caused uncontrollable laughter that lasted for hours, days, or even weeks. The hilarity was accompanied by pain, fainting, and respiratory issues. After 18 months, the epidemic ended.

Water Elf Disease afflicted many during the Middle Ages. The malady, believed to be caused by witches, caused sores, blackened nails, and watery eyes.

St. Anthony's Fire plagued the people of Paris during the 10th century. Affected persons suffered from sores all over their bodies. The only cure was to eat the food from St. Mary's Church. Later, it was determined that the sickness was caused by ergot fungus, found in contaminated grains; eating uninfected grains caused the ailment to go away, but then the afflicted would go back home and eat the contaminated foods again.

Jumping Sickness afflicted the lumberjacks of Maine in the 1800s. They displayed exaggerated startle reflexes, leaping into the air when surprised. In addition, they would yell, strike persons, or repeat phrases that had startled them -- some would even obey any sudden command.

RANDOM DISEASE CREATOR

Name (d10 and d6):

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Ash | 1. Decay |
| 2. Black | 2. Fever |
| 3. Blood | 3. Plague |
| 4. Brain | 4. Rot |
| 5. Burning | 5. Sickness |
| 6. Crescent | 6. Tremors |
| 7. Crimson | |
| 8. Lung | |
| 9. Red | |
| 10. White | |

Incubation (d4): Interval (d4):

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. d6 minutes | 1. 6 hours |
| 2. One hour | 2. 12 hours |
| 3. d10 hours | 3. 24 hours |
| 4. One day | 5. 48 hours |

Infection time: 2d4 days

Symptoms (d10):

1. Convulsions
2. Coughing blood
3. Cramps
4. Dizziness
5. Fever
6. Gangrene
7. Hallucinations
8. Nausea
9. Pain
10. Vomiting

Effects (d8):

1. -1d3 hit points
2. -1d6 hit points
3. -1 hp, permanent
4. -1 to Dexterity
5. -1 to Strength
6. -1 to Constitution
7. Movement halved
8. -1 to all die rolls

Aftereffects (d4):

1. Affected by *turn undead*
2. Can see the denizens of otherworld, and can also be seen by them
3. Permanent +2 to any saving throws against disease or infection
4. Unable to have children (though intercourse is still possible)

FOUND IN THE MONSTER'S LAIR

1. A dripping incubus
2. Acolytes worshiping dark goddess
3. Aphrodisiac labeled HEALING
4. Armor of the Serpent Scale
5. Black blade of the sickle-beaked raven
6. Blade of the Dog-Baiter
7. Bloodied adventurers in chains
8. Boneless dragon in a cauldron
9. Book of Abysmal Wrongdoing
10. Book of Divine Sadism
11. Book of Pandemonium
12. Bottles of good rum and some mutton
13. Broadsword of the Western Wind
14. Cage full of human meat
15. Candles; light and extinguish themselves
16. Carnivorous beetles, chewing
17. Casu marzu in leather pouch
18. Chained villagers, eerily quiet
19. Chance Jackdaw, brigand and rake
20. Chicken dumplings with onions
21. Chloris Nobia, a talisman of control
22. Chutes that flood area with water
23. Cloak of the Fleshweaver
24. Coils of hemp rope, wriggling impatiently
25. Conjoined trolls
26. Control terminal from the starship Athena
27. Corpse of a two-headed gorgon
28. Crimson pearl as big as a fist
29. Crowd of hypnotized people
30. Dagger made of fire
31. Dagger of the Yellow Fang
32. Daughters of the Hecatomb
33. Dead priest in bloodied robes
34. Deformed skull that whispers hints
35. Deserters from the King's Guard
36. Face of King Rengar, perfectly preserved
37. Flask of Sweet Nectar
38. Forbidden scrolls from the Minium Temple
39. Forgotten clockwork automatons
40. Fresh strawberries, good wine
41. Frigate manned by skeletons
42. Frost-rimed portal to Niflheim
43. Gallery of talkative sentient daggers
44. Garrotte of the Silent Choke
45. Gateway to the land of Narcosa
46. Glass baubles and porcelain dolls
47. Globe of crystal, hovering
48. Helm of Stalwart Courage
49. Hive of aggressive insects
50. Infected wyverns and drakes
51. Innocent souls in thin glass vials
52. Instructions for Abnegation Ritual
53. Jar containing eye stalks of a Siege Crab
54. Laraiza Red-Sail, pirate queen
55. Leather Armor of Skulking
56. Lock of dark hair, cursed
57. Magic armor that drinks the wearer's blood
58. Malfunctioning life model decoys
59. Massive egg, wrapped in fur
60. Monsters engaged in cheerful palaver
61. Murderous shapeshifters
62. Nest of burrowing humanoid insects
63. One dozen Scorpion Arrows
64. Ornate golden key, opens imaginary door
65. Pair of mated boar-hawks
66. Pendant of Infernal Hatreds
67. Polite, mild-mannered demon
68. Potion of Regeneration
69. Pregnant wight, glistening
70. Prophetic poetry written in blood
71. Rats dismantling shrine to Bast
72. Ring of small pyramids
73. Ritual glyph on a piece of tree bark
74. Rolanda Hirsch, the Dragon-singer
75. Rotting corpse of Queen Ambrosia
76. Rune-scribed undead minotaur
77. Rune-stones arranged in odd pattern
78. Sarcastic sword of demon-bone
79. Severed head; looks familiar
80. Shallow grave
81. Shrine made out of bones
82. Silver Crown of Qialac
83. Sinew Golem, rotting and slow
84. Singing map to the Lost Isles
85. Six trained monkeys and a razor blade
86. Soldier trying to hide something
87. Speckled cockatrice egg, laid recently
88. Spikes laced with manticore venom
89. Strange magnetic phenomena
90. Suit of armor made of water
91. Tallow from rendered wereboar fat
92. The ghost of Cathleen Hammergrip
93. The survivors of Flight 43
94. Totem pole of grinning monstrous faces
95. Trapped statue; mouth sprays acid
96. Tretan Swiftnick, gnomish footpad
97. Twin blades of jagged obsidian
98. Vampires draining a ghoul
99. Vials of blood, jars of urine
100. Warning etched into the wall in dwarven

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