

Antler Wraith

Sinister, looming humanoids, cloaked in ragged black, with antlered stag-skull heads and bony claws. Haunt rings of standing stones, servants of grim, forgotten gods.

AC 5 [14] **HD** 4+2** (20hp) **THACO** 15 [+4]

Attacks 1 × clawed grasp (1d10 + life drain)

Move 120' (40') **Morale** 9

Saves D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (4) **XP** 275

#Appearing 2d4 (2d4) — 75% in lair

Alignment Chaotic. Hateful and avaricious

Intelligence 10. Ruthless

Speech Silent. Seem to understand Woldish and Old Woldish

Hoard B

Mundane weapon immunity: Only harmed by silver weapons or magic.

Life drain: The touch of an antler wraith drains 1d3 points of CON. A character reduced to 0 CON dies and cannot be raised. CON damage can only be healed by divine magic: *bless* heals one point, *dispel evil* heals all drained points.

Sinister silence: Within 60' of an antler wraith, sound is hushed and speech feels heretical. Characters casting spells have a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Turnable: Antler wraiths are not undead but they can be turned. They are treated as 6 HD monsters.

Dormant during the day: During hours of sunlight, antler wraiths are dormant, manifesting only as a cold mist around the stones they guard. If their stones or treasure hoards are tampered with, they manifest fully.

Sacrificial victims: Seek out warm-blooded sentients whom they drag to their stone rings for sacrifice.

Treasure hoards: Sacrificed victims are buried in the vicinity of the stone circle, along with their possessions and treasures.



TRAITS

- 1 Wields a scythe or ancient sword (damage as per touch).
- 2 Utters a single, sinister word, mantra-like.
- 3 Skull wreathed in blue flame.
- 4 Black jewels in eye sockets (500gp each, cursed: -4 STR).
- 5 Antlers draped with shrivelled human intestines.
- 6 Shrieks upon sight of living souls.

LAIRS

- 1 A single giant (20' high) obelisk of black stone streaked with veins of blood red. The earth around the stone is ashen and nearby plant-life is withered and blackened.
- 2 A ring of blood-daubed boulders at the marshy base of a dismal, overgrown valley. Skeletons of stags line the valley—the animals come here to die.
- 3 A 15' high spire of white marble upon a lonely, mist-wreathed island amid a murky pool. The spire is carved with time-worn images of human sacrifice.
- 4 An imposing ring of 5 dolmens, festooned with trailing moss and strings of human skulls. At the centre of the ring is a 10' deep pit filled with mist and an eerie blue radiance. The wraiths' victims (and their treasures) are cast into the pit. Anyone climbing down must save versus spells or be reduced to terrified babbling for 1d6 days.

ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Dragging a **young hunter** screaming through the undergrowth. **2d3 hunting hounds** bay wildly in defence of their owner, but are too terrified to approach the wraiths.
- 2 Slowly encircling a group of **2d4 grave diggers** who stand rigid with fear beside the wraiths' half-unearthed hoard.
- 3 Preparing to sacrifice **2 young noblewomen**, bound at the centre of a stone circle. Their escort, a knight, lies bleeding and dead nearby.
- 4 Battling **2d3 Drune cottagers** who are attempting to drive the wraiths from their stone circle. The Drones wield a golden skull whose radiance repels the wraiths.

Banshee

Drifting, incorporeal shades of frost elf ladies cruelly slain in ancient wars with mortals.
Haunt desolate moors and hills, seeking vengeance on the living.

AC 0 [19] **HD** 7** (31hp) **THACO** 13 [+6]

Attacks 1 × touch (1d8 + chill) or 1 × wail (death)

Move 150' (50') **Morale** 10

Saves D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (7) **XP** 1,250

#Appearing 1 (1) — 10% in lair

Alignment Chaotic. Bitter and vengeful

Intelligence 14. Cold brilliance

Speech Rasping whisper. Woldish, High Elfish, Old Woldish.

Hoard D

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison). Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*).

Mundane damage immunity: Can only be harmed by silver weapons or magic.

Cold immunity: Unharmed by cold-based attacks.

Chill touch: The victim loses 1 STR per hit, dying if STR is reduced to 0. Lost STR is recovered at dawn.

Wail (once a night): All within 30' must **save versus death** or die. Usable only during the hours of darkness.

If killed: A character who slays a banshee is cursed such that the next save versus death they have to make automatically fails.



TRAITS

- 1 Seductive, youthful beauty.
- 2 Throat slit. Icy, blue blood drips from the wound.
- 3 Sings forgotten ballads in an otherworldly soprano.
- 4 Spectral skin wreathed with frost and patched with moss.
- 5 Scent of ancient floral perfumes.
- 6 Nearby plants rime with crackling frost.

ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Gazing at her reflection in a pool, sobbing, then screaming in rage at the sky.
- 2 Closing in on a **lone friar** quaking behind a tree, impotently holding forth his holy symbol.
- 3 Drifting out of a chilling mist hanging over a reed-choked pond. **1d3 anglers** huddled on the shore are oblivious to the impending danger.
- 4 Hovering above a peat bog, conversing in whispers with a flock of ravens perched in a gnarled tree (a **gloom** in flock form). The gloam brings word of approaching travelers—mortal souls for the banshee to slay and soon-to-be corpses for the flock to pick over.

LAIRS

- 1 The rotting remnants of an ornate wooden carriage, half submerged in a bog alongside the skeletons of 2 fairy horses. The banshee reclines on the decaying seats, dreaming of ancient days.
- 2 A lonely tower, now crumbling and overgrown. The banshee dwells alongside **3 giant black widow spiders** (*OSE*), whose sticky webs fill the tower.
- 3 A pool of dark water in which the faces of dead warriors can be seen.
- 4 A glade of crooked silver birches in which black flowers bloom. The banshee has reassembled the bones of her companions' corpses, as well as her own, and lain them in state amid the blossoms.

Barrowbogy

Waif-like fairies (3' tall) with repulsively wrinkled brown skin. Carry pots or jugs upon their shoulders in place of heads. Lair in barrow mounds, riddled with tunnels extending into Fairy.

AC 6 [13] **HD** 3 (13hp) **THACO** 17 [+2]

Attacks 2 × scratch (1d4) or 2 × bramble dart (1d4, range 20'/40'/60')

Move 120' (40') **Morale** 9

Saves D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 **XP** 125

#Appearing 1d6 (2d6) — 25% in lair

Alignment Neutral. Wild trickster

Intelligence 12. Sharp-witted

Speech Tinny voice emanating from head-pot.
Woldish, Sylvan

Hoard B, 4d20 pots or jugs

Pure iron: As fairies, barrowbogeys suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

Curse dwelling (once a day): A barrowbogy can curse a dwelling, causing all within to be stricken with shak-ing, boils, and warts—losing 1 CON, 1 CHA, and 1 DEX (**save versus poison** to resist). The curse may be cured by magic (e.g. *remove curse*) or by eating a porridge cooked in the pot stolen from the shoulders of the fairy who placed the curse.

Upon death: When a barrowbogy dies, its pot shatters instantaneously to dust.

Pot and pie theft: Barrowbogeys occasionally creep into villages to steal earthenware vessels (they do not produce their own, but stockpile whatever they can pilfer) or pies, which they cherish.

Relationship with undead: Barrowbogeys cohabitate, on occasion, with undead. The two parties tend to simply ignore each other.

Also known as: “Plague fairies” or “pot-heads”.



TRAITS

- 1d4+2 pots, precariously stacked on shoulders.
- Cheeky, grinning face painted on head-pot.
- Teapot-head. Pours and drinks cups of tea.
- Croaks like a frog.
- Wears pots on feet and hands, like shoes and mittens.
- Hops on all fours, leaps, and tumbles.

ENCOUNTERS

- Arguing over who has the right to the largest slice of a freshly baked blackberry pie which lays on the ground between them.
- Attacking a washerwoman beside a small stream, attempting to steal her cauldron. The woman fights back with a broom.
- Groping around as if blinded, pots tumbled into a nearby ditch. (Another being—which may be nearby—caused the bogeys to get into this state.)
- Spying on a maiden bathing in a pool.

LAIRS

- An ancient warren-home, delved by an unlikely consortium of foxes, moles, and rabbits. The bogeys act as advisors to the animals.
- Tiled passages delved into the side of a muddy, root-riddled bank. The bogeys excavate the ruins of an ancient village close by, providing them with an excellent supply of antique pots.
- A lonely burial mound shared with the undead warrior who was interred there (now a wight).
- A tunnel-bored mound of earth and stone excavated in old times from a nearby mine. The bogeys' treasure consists of mined ores and nuggets.

Boggin

Amphibious monstrosities (10' tall) that lurk in pools, lakes, and mires. Frog-like limbs and a huge matting of pondweed growing from the head, concealing the grotesque face.

AC 5 [14] **HD** 6+4* (31hp) **THACO** 14 [+5]

Attacks 2 × groping hands (1d4 + grab)
or 1 × muck rake (1d12)

Move 120' (40') **Swimming** 120' (40') **Morale** 8

Saves D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6) **XP** 500

#Appearing 1d6 (2d6) — 25% in lair

Alignment Chaotic. Cruel slavers, man-eaters

Intelligence 6. Murky

Speech Loon-like gibbering. Woldish (basic), Boggin

Hoard C, earths and ores (1d10 × 100gp)

Prey on sentients: Boggins ply the water's edge in search of warm-blooded sentients to drag down to their lair. 4-in-6 captives are dismembered and consumed; the remainder are kept as slaves and put to work in the sludge mines.

Grab: Anyone hit by both of a boggin's grasping hands in the same round is dragged beneath its reeking mane of weed. The victim is trapped and may not act, but may **save versus paralysis** each round to escape. In the meantime, the boggin will attempt to drag the victim to its underwater lair.

Upon death: The flesh of a boggin dissolves into sludge. Their true appearance, beneath the matting of hair/weed, is a matter of some conjecture.

Sludge mines: Boggins mine lake-beds for ores and clay.

Amphibious vomit: The putrid, green vomit of a boggin, when caked around the mouth and nose of a land-dwelling humanoid, grants the ability to breathe underwater. A boggin produces enough of the substance to apply to two humanoids per day. In this manner, they keep air-breathing creatures alive as slaves.



TRAITS

- 1 Dead tree branches arranged like antlers.
- 2 Weed-hair full of squirming worms and tadpoles.
- 3 Rows of pendulous teets.
- 4 Long, lumpy tail, ending in a tuft of pondweed.
- 5 Sickening, rotting stench.
- 6 Adorned with necklaces of human bones.

ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Emerging from a pool to chase 1d3 fleeing slaves: naked humans, covered in pondweed.
- 2 Lurking in a muddy pool, only the tops of their heads protruding. A drune perches in a willow tree and promises payment (in the form of human slaves) in return for six barrels of "husk sludge".
- 3 Sneaking through a bed of reeds, approaching a group of fishermen who sit around a fire, drinking and singing merrily, unaware of the impending danger.
- 4 Dragging themselves from a muddy pool which is dried up or frozen, moaning plaintively. The beasts will not live long out of water.

LAIRS

- 1 An ancient well shaft, submerged in a pond. An old woman is kept bound in weeds at the bottom of the well. She spends her days blindly tunnelling.
- 2 An underwater dome of mud and woven branches. Swimming slaves tend colonies of rare fish and molluscs. The boggins serve a supra-intelligent octopus.
- 3 A maze of subaquatic caves in the bedrock of a lake. Slaves support an organised mining operation, tied to a network of unscrupulous traders on the surface.
- 4 A cavern in the side of a pool. The boggins live peacefully—preying only on fish—led by a lambent orb which speaks of philosophy and the stars.

Centaur—Bestial

10' tall horse/human hybrids with grotesque, lumpy flesh and jutting fangs. Wander Dolmenwood, feverishly hungering after the flesh of sentients—find all other meat repulsive.

AC 5 [14] **HD** 6* (27hp) **THACO** 14 [+5]

Attacks [2 × hoof (1d6) and 1 × weapon (1d8+3)] or bellow

Move 180' (60') **Morale** 9

Saves D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6) **XP** 500

#Appearing 1 (1) — 25% in lair

Alignment Chaotic. Brutal and furious

Intelligence 6. Feverish

Speech Semi-comprehensible bellowing.

Basic Woldish, basic Gaffe, basic Sylvan

Possessions Q, chaotic item (see below) **Hoard** V

Weapons: Bestial centaurs wield great spears and axes.

Bellow (once a day): A bestial centaur can let out a hideous, sanity-wrenching bellow. All within 100' must **save versus spells** or be stricken with complete amnesia and have their WIS reduced to 3. Both afflictions last for 1d6 days.

Gifts of the Nag-Lord: Bestial centaurs serve Atanuwë and each bears a gift from its master. See **Chaotic Items**. If such an item is stolen, it may be used by others of chaotic alignment, but reduces the user's WIS by 1 per use. (WIS lost in this way can only be restored by magic.)

Hatred of music: Beautiful music drives a bestial centaur mad—it must save versus spells or flee the source of the music for 1 turn. If the save succeeds, the bestial centaur is instead driven into a rage where it gains a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls for 1 turn.



CHAOTIC ITEMS

- 1 **Hunting horn.** Once per day, blowing the horn summons 1d4 crookhorns to aid in 1d6 rounds.
- 2 **Goat-horn dagger.** Once per day, slashing oneself with the blade (1d4 damage) brings on a battle frenzy: +2 to attack rolls and damage for 1 turn.
- 3 **Skull necklace.** Leap up to 60', once per day.

ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Lounging beside a bloodied stream, chewing on the freshly rended limbs of a party of travellers—several humans and a grimalkin.
- 2 Pursuing 1d3 unicorns (OSE), intent on butchering them and bringing their horns to the Nag-Lord.
- 3 Attempting to subdue a writhing, speared black bile wyrm and bind it to a tree with a great, rune-bound chain of cast iron.
- 4 1d3+1 bestial centaurs in an orgiastic mating frenzy, bellowing and screaming.

TRAITS

- 1 Hairless, indigo skin and flaming, yellow eyes.
- 2 Patchy, white fluff.
- 3 Fronds of writhing, snake-like “hair” upon head.
- 4 Cyclops. Eye pulses green and purple.
- 5 Hugely obese.
- 6 Stunted, three-fingered arm protruding from chest.

LAIRS

- 1 A rocky, cave-riddled island amid a sludge-rimmed lake. The centaur lairs in the caves, which it decks with outré sculptures of mud, bone, and guts.
- 2 A forest-cave where fabulous, glowing crystals grow. The centaur spends much of its time gazing at the crystals, in hypnotic communion with the Nag-Lord.
- 3 The ruined shell of an old barn, roofed with branches. Cured skins of animals and humans hang inside.
- 4 A bubbling pool of orange, green, and blue mud. The pool has healing properties (bathers cure 1d6hp) but is ferociously guarded by the centaur.