

# Bog Zombie

Sodden corpses of hapless mortals who died, accursed, in bogs and swamps. Inhabited by the spirits of marsh-fires, they rise to wreak death and jealous vengeance upon the living.

**AC** 8 [11] **HD** 3\*\* (13hp) **THACO** 17 [+2]

**Attacks** 1 × thumping (1d6 + throttle)

**Move** 90' (30') **Morale** 12

**Saves** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **XP** 65

**#Appearing** 0 (2d4) — 35% in lair

**Alignment** Chaotic. Hateful and savage

**Intelligence** 1. Mindless

**Speech** Incoherent moaning

**Hoard** C

**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*).

**Throttle:** Upon a successful hit with a damage roll of 4 or greater, the zombie clasps its hands around the victim's throat and begins to strangle them. The victim automatically suffers 1d6 damage per round, until the zombie is killed. A victim killed in this way will be dragged into the bog and will rise the following night as a bog zombie.

**In melee:** Characters in melee with a bog zombie must **save versus paralysis** or suffer a –2 penalty to attack rolls, hypnotised by the flickering green light burning in the creature's chest cavity.

**If killed:** The unholy green flame in the zombie's chest explodes. All within 10' suffer 1d6 damage (**save versus breath** for half).



## TRAITS

- 1 Headless.
- 2 Draped with dank pondweed.
- 3 Covered with crabs and bogsnails.
- 4 Flesh rotted away, almost skeletal.
- 5 Eyes burning with a flickering green light.
- 6 Swollen and leech-ridden.

## ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Dragging a freshly suffocated (though perhaps not quite dead) trapper into a bog.
- 2 Laying in wait in a muddy ditch beside a path.
- 3 Fleeing from a solitary **friar** who is stuck up to his waist in quicksand. His holy symbol, clutched in his quaking hand, has repelled the monsters, for now.
- 4 Two opposing gangs of zombies fighting over the corpses of three woodsmen, mindlessly tearing them limb from limb.

## LAIRS

- 1 The half-submerged ruin of a wooden shack.
- 2 The waterlogged shrine of a long-forgotten saint, now defiled by necromancy. The zombies spend much of their time in prayer around the unholy altar, worshipping a decapitated which rests there.
- 3 The ruins of an old gaol, slumped into a boggy pool. The zombies are trapped in one of the cells, still locked.
- 4 Ritualistic bog-graves. The zombies are the victims of tribal sacrifices, buried in the marsh in order to appease ancient, heathen deities.

# Centaur—Sylvan

Jovial yet volatile human/horse hybrids native to Fairy. Famed for their wisdom and love of philosophy and for their fondness for capturing and roasting mortals in debauched feasts.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 4 (18hp) **THACO** 16 [+3]

**Attacks** [2 × hoof (1d4) and 1 × club (1d6+2)] or 1 × bow (1d8, range 70'/140'/210')

**Move** 240' (80') **Morale** 10

**Saves** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (4) **XP** 75

**#Appearing** 0 (2d6) — no lair

**Alignment** Neutral. Wild, jovial

**Intelligence** 14. Elevated

**Speech** Gentle murmuring and wild whinnying.  
Basic Woldish, Sylvan

**Possessions** U

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

**Reaction roll:** Sylvan centaurs are of highly volatile temperament. When encountered, make a reaction roll (2d6 modified by CHA—see *Encounters* in *Old-School Essentials*) and consult the *Sylvan Centaur Reactions* table to determine their behaviour.

**Food, drink, music:** The sight of food or drink or the sound of music sends sylvan centaurs into a hedonistic rage (as described under *Sylvan Centaur Reactions*).



## TRAITS

- 1 Decorated with hunting trophies.
- 2 Clad in wolf-skin.
- 3 Eyes of piercing blue, tangle of black hair.
- 4 Silver-dappled flanks.
- 5 Collection of fantastic hunting and drinking horns.
- 6 Battle-beaten helmet with ornate antlers.

## ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Feasting on the crispy, roasted flesh of a party of adventurers. The party's gear and treasure (type V) lie strewn nearby. One party member remains alive: a **hunter** hides in the bushes, trembling with anguish and rage.
- 2 Navigating a series of stepping stones across a broad pool, accompanied by a skittish young centaur foal.
- 3 Carrying the corpse of one of their number, slain by the arrows of a gang of **3d6 bandits** (OSE) who are lairing in the nearby woods.
- 4 On the trail of a herd of **2d6 shaggy mammoths** (mastodons—OSE).

## SYLVAN CENTAUR REACTIONS

- |           |  |
|-----------|--|
| 5 or less | <b>Hedonistic rage.</b> Charging in a wild-eyed frenzy of gleeful violence. Will attack all non-centaurs they encounter.   |
| 6–8       | <b>Merry.</b> Cavorting through glades, joyfully surveying the strange wonders of the mortal world.  |
| 9 or more | <b>Contemplative.</b> Engaged in quiet philosophical debate. Discussing matters of the heart with sylvan centaurs for 1d6 hours can lead to great insight: the referee should inform the players of the likely outcome (either weal or woe) of their current course of action. |

# Nutcap

2-3' tall, tree-dwelling demi-fey with wings like sycamore seeds, heads like acorns, hands and feet like creeping roots, and skin like smooth beech bark.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 1 (4hp) **THACO** 19 [0]

**Attacks** 1 × dart (1d4, range 20'/ 40'/ 60') or  
1 × cudgel (1d4)

**Move** 60' (20') **Flying** 120' (40') **Morale** 7

**Saves** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **XP** 10

**#Appearing** 0 (2d6) — 50% in lair

**Alignment** Neutral. Avaricious, flighty

**Intelligence** 10. Capricious

**Speech** Excited chittering. Woldish, Sylvan

**Hoard** C

**Pure iron:** As demi-fey, nutcaps suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

**Wood extraction:** Nutcaps can extract raw or shaped wood from trees merely by touch, without cutting or harming the tree. An unarmed nutcap can arm itself with a cudgel by touching a living tree for one round.

**Aerial raids:** Nutcaps are agile flyers and are fond of making aerial raids on ground-dwellers, gleefully stealing tasty food and small items.

**Mount:** 1-in-3 nutcaps is mounted on a **robber fly** (OSE).

**Reproduction:** Like many trees, nutcaps are hermaphrodites. They live in breeding clusters of 2–4 adults and lay nut-like eggs which they plant in pots of carefully fertilised soil, guarded in their nests. The young grow as semi-humanoid plants for the first year, before leaving the pot.

**Life cycle:** Nutcaps have a lifespan of 20–30 years, finally entering a vegetative state wherein their body melds with the wood and roots of nearby trees. They subsist entirely upon the produce of trees: wood, roots, fruits, and seeds.



## TRAITS

- 1 Scintillating compound eyes.
- 2 Creaks like wet wood as it moves.
- 3 Leafy shoots growing from joints.
- 4 Symbiotic hornets' nest (as a 2 HD insect swarm—OSE).
- 5 Burred hands (can be used as clubs).
- 6 Eye-like whorls over whole body.

## ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Drunk on berry wine, fighting over a pouch of 2d20 lambent blue nuts. The nuts are magical, each having the effect of a random potion with a 1 turn duration (1d4): *control plant, diminution, growth, speed*.
- 2 Raiding a cart laden with root vegetables. The **angry farmer** waves a rake at the diving nutcaps.
- 3 Polishing little faces (the hallowed remains of community elders) in the trunk of a great elm.
- 4 Tenderly carrying **1d6 young** (1' tall, wavering, green saplings with humanoid arms and little leaf faces) in clay pots down to a stream to bathe and drink.

## LAIRS

- 1 A communal hive-home fantastically moulded from polished wood—arching bridges, round doors and windows, vaulted roofs. Alongside, a wicker breeding enclosure houses **2d6 robber flies** (OSE).
- 2 Clusters of wicker spheres built high in the branches of a great oak. Bees (friendly with the nutcaps) buzz around the lair, their huge nest hanging in the middle.
- 3 Tunnels and little chambers delved into the living wood of an enormous beech tree. The nutcaps cultivate luscious berries in pots on balconies and along branches.
- 4 A treetop village of mud huts on woven platforms stretched between tree branches. Orb-like, glowing fruits hung from twigs light the village.



# Scrabey

Grubby, scrawny, 3'–4' tall demi-fey traders with saggy, sallow skin, moonish eyes, needle teeth, and tap-like noses. Live in a labyrinth of tunnels beneath the roots of the forest.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 2 (9hp) **THACO** 18 [+1]

**Attacks** 1 × weapon (1d6 or by weapon)

**Move** 120' (40') **Morale** 7

**Saves** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2) **XP** 20

**#Appearing** 1d6 (1d4) — 15% in lair

**Alignment** Neutral. Prudent, excitable

**Intelligence** 12. Shrewd

**Speech** Snivelling, whiny. Woldish, Sylvan

**Possessions** Fairy/herbal trade goods  
(see pXXX) **Hoard** B, N

**Pure iron:** As demi-fey, scrabies suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

**Weapons:** Typically carry a short sword and 1d3 daggers.

**Worm form:** In a pinch (they find it distasteful), scrabies can transform into a long (5'), thin (1"), grey worm with their face at the tail end. The transformation takes one round, during which the scrabey can do nothing else. When in this form, they are able to dive into the earth and burrow away at their normal movement rate.

**Nose beverage:** Each scrabey can pour a particular liquid (see **Nose Beverages**) from its tap-like nose, at will—up to a pint per hour. Despite their questionable origin, these liquids are quite delicious. The giving of a nose-beverage is a gesture of friendship, sometimes performed when sealing an especially satisfying deal.



## NOSE BEVERAGES

- 1 Cheap wine.
- 2 Iced tea.
- 3 Honey water.
- 4 Birch sap.
- 5 Exquisite mead.
- 6 Ginger beer.

## ENCOUNTERS

- 1 Lying listless by the roadside, drunk on mushroom ale, their wares strewn behind them. Drunkenly barter with passersby, offering ludicrous or fictional goods (e.g. moon cats, kings' jowl-fur, mermaids' toes, sagacious mares).
- 2 Feverishly repairing a section of tunnel exposed due to a cave in. Passersby may be enlisted to help, if willing to work in exchange for a gift.
- 3 Slyly peeking out from a hole at the base of a tree, negotiating a deal with an irascible **Drune cottager** carrying jars of pickled organs and painted eggs.
- 4 Perched atop a sled packed with goods, wildly lashing the boards which drag it, frantically trying to evade the crashing footsteps of a **gelatinous hulk** in pursuit.

## TRAITS

- 1 Wears a quizzical wooden mask.
- 2 Smokes green *mogglemoss* (DPB) in a long, clay pipe.
- 3 Listens to mercantile negotiations through an ivory horn.
- 4 Braided beard, down to the knees.
- 5 Calls strangers "palanquin" and friends "spontywiff".
- 6 Telescopic fingers that can unfurl up to 3' long.

## LAIRS

- 1 Cramped stores, pantries, libraries, bed chambers, and smoking parlours in the hollow trunk of a mighty tree, accessible via a tunnel through the tree's roots.
- 2 A stone trapdoor in the forest floor leads to a chilly, subterranean warehouse full of barrels and crates. A stove and mounds of blankets are the only home comforts.
- 3 2' wide clay pipes lead to narrow ledges (stores, resting places) at different levels of a bottomless underground shaft. Ever more absurd creatures dwell deeper down.
- 4 A cavern pool. The scrabies hide their goods in casks at the bottom of the pool, extracted by hooked poles. They also sleep in the water; one stays above the surface, on guard, and draws the others out when they awake.