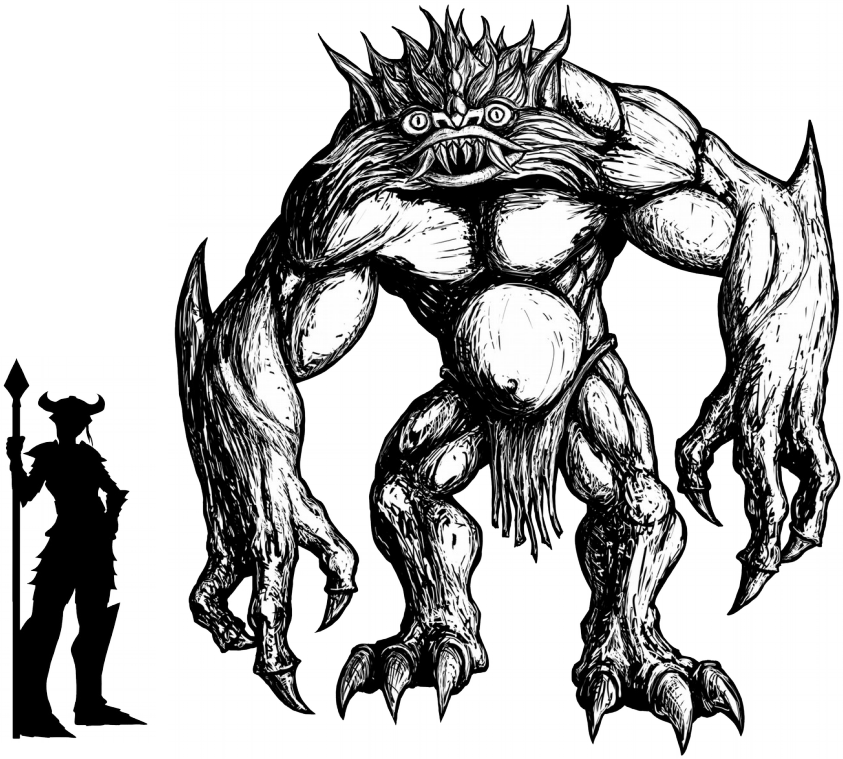
TABLE OF CONTENTS

1-2	Arbori
3-4	Blade Wraith
5-6	Cerberan
7-8	Devourer
9-10	Fallen Celestial
11-12	Hound Of Tindalos
13-14	Lurking Glutton
15-16	Mantid Stitch Golem
17-18	Ooze Lich
19-20	Protocol Imp
21-22	Star Tyrant
23-24	Tatterdemalion Lich
25-26	Thaumagrue
27-28	Twistbrute
29-30	Unseelie Psychopomp
31-32	War Engine
33	Appendix: Monster By CL

ARBORI

Arbori may look fearsome but are actually quite peaceful if not provoked. They prefer to live in small, tribal communities in remote forests. They are extremely skilled at ambush and pack tactics. They will surprise even alert opponents with a roll of 1-3 on a D6 (50%). Their natural attacks are poisonous and inflict an additional 2D6 damage on a failed save. Those that fail a save also suffer lingering numbness in their limbs as well as nausea. The Arbori are resistant to cold and poison.

Hit Dice: 4+1
Armor Class: 15
Attacks: 2 claws (2D6), 1 bite (1D10)
Save: 13
Special: Stealthy. Poisonous claws and bite. Resistant to cold and poison.
Move: 15 (12 climb)
Alignment: Neutral
Number Encountered: 1-6 (10D6 Tribe)
CL/XP: 6/400



DESCRIPTION:
A large humanoid with a broad and somewhat feline head. Its highly reflective eyes sit low in its face, framing a wide mouth full of fangs. Its hands and feet end in thick claws. Despite its somewhat ferocious appearance, it moves with a gentle grace. It will not attack unless hungry or provoked. It speaks the Sylvan language and will attempt to communicate with those it considers peaceful.

LORE:
Their origins are murky. Some sages claim the species came from the labs of mad wizards and are kin to Owlbears. But while Owlbears are bestial and incapable of forming a basic society, Arbori have a tribal culture. They live about 50 years and mate for life. They tend to have 3 or 4 offspring which mature within 5 years. They are generally peaceful. Their saliva is poisonous. They are naturally stealthy packhunters and skilled at ambush tactics.

ECOLOGY:
As their name suggests, most Arbori are found in forests. They seem to prefer colder climates, but there is a jungle variety. They are reclusive and often inhabit dense, primeval forests far from civilization. They have been known to barter with other woodland folk from time to time.

SEEDS:
1.) A group of D6 Arbori approaches the party's camp during the night. They make efforts to indicate their intentions are peaceful but how will the party respond to these fearsome giants silently padding into the firelight. Why have the Arbori made their presence known to the party? Do they wish to trade? Do they want the party to leave their territory? Perhaps they would like to warn them of a greater threat in the woods?

2.) A settlement has begun clearing woodland for farms. They have encroached upon the territory of the Arbori and drawn their ire. The encroachment was innocent enough, but now the consequences are mounting. The tribe begins by damaging equipment then homes. If that fails they steal livestock. A direct physical confrontation with the settlers will be the tribe's last resort.

LOOT:
Spears. Skulls (various). Rocks and shiny things (D3 SP). Fetish totems. Slings. Nets. A leather sack containing assorted berries, salted meat (unknown origin), stone tools, and a primitive tinder kit.

BLADE WRAITH

Blade Wraiths are undead assassins created from the remains of the most bloodthirsty killers a necromancer can find. They wield cursed black swords that drain life energy, this damage in turns heals the Blade Wraith. They can teleport short distances (without error) and attack in the same turn – in most cases (75%) a Blade Wraith will be able to teleport behind an opponent and attack from the rear (with appropriate bonuses). They are immune to damage from non-magical weapon attacks that are not silvered. Blade Wraiths are highly sensitive to bright light and all their attacks made in sunlight, or even magical light incur a penalty of -2.

Hit Dice: 4+4
Armor Class: 16
Attacks: 1 sword (3D8)
Save: 12
Special: Cursed sword. Immune to damage from non-magical weapons that are not silvered. Stealthy.Teleport. Infravision 120ft. Light sensitivity.
Move: 12 (36 teleport)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1-4
CL/XP: 8/800

DESCRIPTION:

A bent and twisted figure wrapped in a tattered cloak. It reeks of the grave and wields a vicious-looking blade. If the creature were not so bent it would be the height of a very large man. Beneath the cloak is a wiry frame of hardened leathery muscle and sunken flesh. A hissing whisper emerges from the shadows of its cowl.

LORE:

These are bloodthirsty murderers risen from the grave. They lived for murder and were brought back to serve a necromancer for 666 days. At the end of their service they are freed to ravage anywhere they like but are unable to strike down their creator. The jagged obsidian blades they wield contain their souls. Anyone acquiring one may wield it easily. They will also gain the ability to teleport and to steal vitality from their enemies. But soon they will discover they must fight the will of the Blade Wraith within the sword. This functions as a Charm Person + Magic Jar spell. The wielder of the sword will not give it up willingly. Inexorably the soul of the Blade Wraith will possess the character.

ECOLOGY:

Blade Wraiths are undead. They do not eat, sleep or reproduce. If slain, the body will rapidly decay into a tarry black mess. Only its blade will remain. Anyone that wields the blade will eventually be possessed by the soul within and slowly transformed into a Blade Wraith.

SEEDS:

1.) A recent haul of loot includes a Blade Wraith's accursed black blade. Do the PCs have enough knowledge to know how dangerous it is? If not, it seems to be a very potent magical weapon. Are there any takers? If the party learns of the blade's curse, how will they deal with the item? Is it valuable? Will they hand it over to a church to bury in holy ground, etc.?

2.) An NPC the party knows has acquired a fallen Blade Wraith's sword and is succumbing to the thing's influence. Who is the NPC? How deeply have they fallen under the blade's control? Where are they now? What have they been doing while under the blade's power? Do they remember?

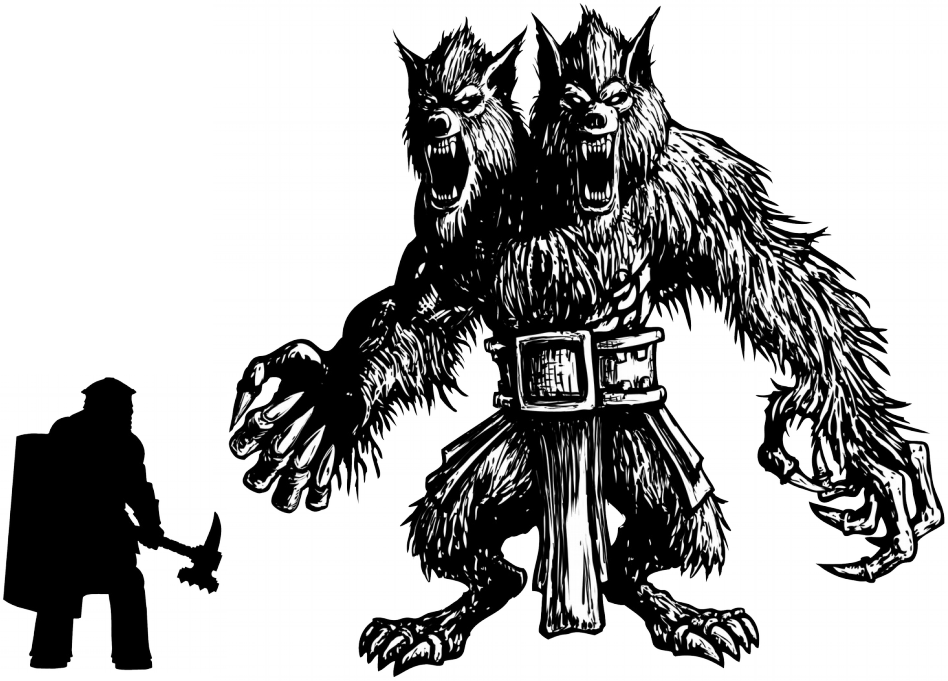
LOOT:

Cursed magical sword. Tattered Cloak. A ring. D12 GP. A vial of blood. A scroll from a necromancer depicting its target.

CERBERAN

Cerberans are demons from Tartarus sent to retrieve escaped souls. Their two heads and sharp senses make them extremely difficult to surprise. Each head can breathe a cone of fire on a D6 roll of 1-2 that deals 3D8 points of damage. Their howl causes Fear (as the spell). At will they can cast Charm Person, ESP and Invisibility. Three times per day they can cast Animate Dead. Cerberans are immune to all fire. Only +1 or better magic weapons can harm a Cerberan.

Hit Dice: 8
Armor Class: 15
Attacks: 2 claws (1D10), 2 bites (1D10), cone of fire (3D8, 30ft.)
Save: 8
Special: Breathes fire. Howl causes Fear. Immune to fire and nonmagical weapons. Keen senses. Two heads. Spell casting. Magic resistance (40%). Telepathy. Truesight 120ft.
Move: 15
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 11/1,700



DESCRIPTION:

A large, two-headed canine humanoid. Its eyes burn like coals. Its arms end in vicious-looking claws. Its two heads growl at you in some infernal tongue but its words are heard as booming echoes in your mind.

LORE:

Cerberans originate in Tartarus. They are avatars of Cerberus given independent form to hunt down and retrieve souls that have somehow escaped eternal punishment. All Cerberans despise Gnolls and will attack them on sight. They can read the minds of mortals and dominate their will. They can also become invisible and breathe fire.

ECOLOGY:

Cerberans are not mortal, they are demons and any biological functions are entirely optional. They do not need to eat, sleep or breathe but can and do if they choose to. They are a fragments of a deity and cannot be truly slain. If their mortal shell is destroyed their spirit returns to Tartarus and is cast anew into a fresh vessel to continue their hunt.

SEEDS:

1.) A room in the abandoned monastery the players are exploring is being ransacked by a Cerberan. The creature does not attack immediately but waits for the players to speak. If the party seems amenable, it offers them a king's ransom for their assistance in tracking down a monk that has escaped Tartarus. It describes the sins of the monk in gruesome detail and the players realize that a series of murders fitting that modus operandi have been occurring throughout the city recently.

2.) The players awaken to find whoever was on watch chatting with a large, hulking figure concealed in the shadows. The shadowy figure has two sets of eyes that glow a hellish red. The conversation seems bizarrely casual and very one-sided. The party soon realizes that only their companion is speaking. If the party interrupts, their companion will introduce the shadowy figure. If the party attacks, it will retreat but return another night to continue the interrogation. The Cerberan is gathering clues and the party has become enmeshed in its investigation. If the party cooperates it may reward them. It will not attack them unless seriously threatened.

LOOT:

Several scrolls of planar travel. A ring of large brass keys. 6d20 GP. Magical manacles (they resize to fit any wrists). A scroll with a detailed representation of its quarry. A bag of holding containing much more treasure. A peculiar map which seems to detail the layout of an extraplanar prison complex.

DEVOURER

Devourers are an accursed race of degenerate giants and their heads are little more than fanged maws sprouting from their shoulders. They lack any eyes, ears nose or mouth but are able to sense their environment in some unknown way out to 60 feet. These beasts swallow their prey whole on a roll 4+ higher than the needed number. They can swallow anything the size of a horse or smaller. The monster can be attacked from within (at an AC of 12) but only with a short weapon such as a dagger. Anyone inside the Devourer's stomach takes 1D6 points of damage per round as they are digested.

Hit Dice: 12+2
Armor Class: 12
Attacks: 2 claws (3D8), 1 bite (2D12)
Save: 3
Special: Blindsight. Immune to Charm, Fear, Sleep and attacks from non-magical weapons. Swallow Whole.
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 14/2,600

DESCRIPTION:
A towering monstrous humanoid with no head beyond a gaping, fang-filled maw. Its long arms end in grasping claws and it waddles about on stubby legs. It does not respond to sight, scent or sound but seems to be aware of its immediate vicinity. It burps and farts as it goes about stuffing whatever bits of flesh it can find down its gullet. Occasionally it mumbles in the Giantish language. This is not an effort to communicate. The creature seems incapable of communication.

LORE:
These were once giants that had the hubris to attack a god. As punishment the deity took their heads. But, the vitality of these ancient giants somehow allowed them to survive decapitation. Their necks grew teeth and eventually they degenerated into obese, self-propelled appetites with the strength to level villages. Their colossal bodies require massive amounts of food. For any that encounter a Devourer the best idea is often to simply flee. Their limited perceptive abilities make them relatively easy to avoid.

ECOLOGY:
As the centuries pass, the numbers of these creatures are shrinking. Many are slain or die in some foolish way. And the chances of a male and female encountering and successfully mating are also exceedingly rare (although not unheard of).

SEEDS:
1.) A depraved wizard has been breeding Devourers in captivity. Does he plan to merely keep them as oddities in a menagerie? Does he hope to utilize them as troops? Is he experimenting on them for some other mysterious or nefarious purpose?

2.) A cult has stumbled upon rituals that will allow them to summon and control these monsters. They are in the process of summoning as many Devourers as possible. They plan to offer the nearest village as a sacrifice and then enact a ritual to enslave the beasts.

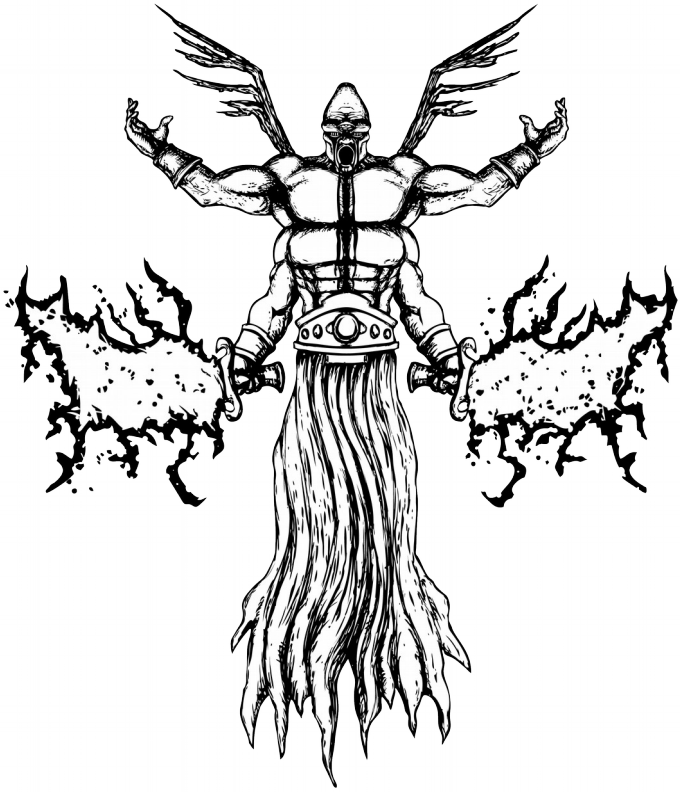
3.) A guild of monster hunters has recruited the party to exterminate a small family of Devourers infesting a distant kingdom. They have reports of at least one mated pair and three whelps currently wreaking havoc. The work will be dangerous and the pay high.

LOOT:
D4 semi-digested adventurers and their gear plus 9D20 GP in various coins and gems sitting in its gullet. A ragged and filthy loincloth the size of a tent.

FALLEN CELESTIAL

Fallen Celestials are rebel angels that have become spiritual parasites. They constantly emit a form of necrotic energy which does 2D6 points of damage to all creatures within 10 feet, they are healed by the damage inflicted. At will they can cast Charm Person, Invisibility and Phantasmal Force. Three times per day they can cast Blade Barrier, Dispel Magic, Fireball and Animate Dead. Once per day they can cast Commune, Control Weather, and Insect Plague.

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: 20
Attacks: 2 swords (4D8) + necrotic energy (2D6)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to Charm, Fear and Sleep. Immune to non-magical weapons. Spell casting. Necrotic aura. Telepathy 100 ft. Truesight 120 ft. Magic Resistance (60%).
Move: 18 (fly 36)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 20/4,400



DESCRIPTION:
A large, powerfully built four-armed humanoid with a conical head floats into view. It wears the stained and torn remnants of a once fine robe. The burnt stumps of wings project from its back. It has three eyes. Two of them are sewn shut, above them in the center of its brow is a third eye. This one is bloodshot and looks diseased. A stinking, black ichor weeps from the orifices of its head.

LORE:
Before the world was made there was a war in the higher realm. The losers were cast into the newly forged material realm as bodiless spirits. Existing invisibly and bodiless infuriated them. So they bargained with a being known as Yaldabaoth. It promised them it would give them form and substance if they agreed to take its mark. The mark required them to sew their eyes shut and take its eye upon their forehead. In so doing they became part of a vast, interdimensional network of spiritual parasitism. They take nourishment from the suffering of others. Some of them are merely berserkers. And others are puppetmasters that build empires through proxies just to burn them to the ground, savoring the misery of all who suffer in the process.

ECOLOGY:
Many Fallen Celestials prefer to live amongst mortals invisibly. This allows them to better manipulate and sow the misery upon which they sup. There are many berserkers among them though, simply driven wild with bloodlust. Games of intrigue that span centuries hold no interest for them. Neither do the creation of famine and pestilence. These creatures seek only violence and they are cruel masters of the practice. Regardless of their methods, once they have wrought pain and misery they will linger invisibly and bask in the suffering.

SEEDS:
1.) A group of Fallen Celestials are attacking a kingdom. No one knows why. It could simply be to satisfy their alien appetite for violence and cruelty. Or, they might be bound to or allied with a powerful being such as an arch-priest, wizard or dragon.

2.) A Fallen Celestial has been terrorizing a village. It returns every full moon demanding a "tribute" it refuses to define. And when the villagers fail to give the creature what it wants, it slaughters a handful of men, women and children and then publicly desecrates their remains. It then promises to return at the next full moon.

LOOT:
2 large magical scimitars of impossibly fine craftsmanship. A large ornate belt. Ragged robes.

HOUND OF TINDALOS

Hounds of Tindalos are ancient, extradimensional avatars of entropy. Their mere presence evokes terror in mortals (treat as Fear spell). Any death magic, poison or similar magical effect will heal them. The bite of a Hound of Tindalos paralyzes victims (saving throw applies) and drains their life, the Hound of Tindalos is healed by the amount drained. Any creatures slain by a Hound of Tindalos become Shadows under the monster's control. They can teleport short distances (without error) and attack in the same turn – in most cases (75%) a Hound of Tindalos will be able to teleport behind an opponent and attack from the rear (with appropriate bonuses). They can shift planes at will, jumping from one reality to the next with ease.

Hit Dice: 7+4
Armor Class: 17
Attacks: bite (4D6) + necrotic energy (2D6)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to Charm, Fear and Sleep effects. Healed by Death magic and Poison damage. Can only be harmed by silver or magical weapons. Aura of fear. Teleport. Plane shift. Bite drains life and causes paralysis, those slain by bite become Shadows under the Hound's control. Telepathy 100ft. Truesight 120ft. Magic Resistance (60%).
Move: 15
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 15/2,900

DESCRIPTION:
A large four-legged beast with a gaping, fanged maw stands before you. It has long curving horns and eight eyes that glow a bright, iridescent green. Its outline is indistinct within a foul smelling mist. There is a keen intelligence in its menacing glare. Its forelimbs appear to have hands complete with opposable thumbs. Its speech is guttural and clotted so it will likely use telepathy to communicate. The touch of its mind conjures up vast, incomprehensible gulfs of time and space teeming with eldritch wonder and horror. The overall feeling it conjures is that of an incredibly ancient and alien predator. The sight and scent of it will leave many dumbstruck with fear.

LORE:
Hounds of Tindalos originate from beyond space and time. They are embodiments of corruption and decay. Traveling the Multiverse is natural to them. They are able to shift into other planes and travel through the Multiverse at will by using angles of 90 degrees or less as a hyper-dimensional portal. The angle can be from a tree branch, a rock formation, the corner of a room, etc. Those that accumulate knowledge of these creatures often go mad trying to ward their dwellings from the monsters. Hounds of Tindalos are drawn to magic that alters or disrupts time and space such as teleportation spells.

ECOLOGY:
Hounds of Tindalos exist beyond the Material Plane and only visit it in short jaunts. They feed upon the souls of mortals and are drawn to them as a shark is drawn to blood in the water. They may be encountered in any place, on any plane and at anytime.

SEEDS:
1.) Your adventuring party (or an NPC near them) has accidentally summoned one of these monsters from a scroll they found. The monster appears and begins to feast upon the weakest mortals it can reach. Villagers, hirelings and tavern rabble die very quickly and return as Shadows under the Hound's control.

2.) A deul between rival wizards at a guild function ended abruptly when a miscast spell summoned (or attracted the attention of) one of these monsters. The Hound of Tindalos has decimated apprentice mages by the score and many have returned as Shadows. The party has been called to aid the remaining mages in resisting the onslaught.

LOOT:
Nothing

LURKING GLUTTON

Lurking Gluttons are aberrant beings that contain a pocket dimension in their gut which allows them to eat virtually limitlessly. They can swallow any prey smaller than an ogre with ease. Any victims struck with a roll 4+ greater than necessary are swallowed (saving throw applies). Those swallowed by the Lurking Glutton can attack it from within (at an AC of 12). Anyone inside the Lurking Glutton's stomach takes D4 points of damage per round as they are slowly digested. Any hit from a Lurking Glutton requires a saving throw or the victim is paralyzed for 3D6 turns. Paralyzed victims cannot make a saving throw vs. its Swallow Whole ability. They are extremely stealthy and will surprise even alert opponents with a roll of 1-4 on a D6 (50%).

Hit Dice: 8+4
Armor Class: 15
Attacks: 4 tentacles (1D8), bite (3D6)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to Charm. Half damage from non-magical attacks. Paralyzing attacks. Swallow Whole. Stealthy. Magic Resistance (30%).
Move: 15 (fly)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 12/2,000

DESCRIPTION:
A large ovoid monstrosity floats before you. Its dominant features are a single massive eye and an enormous fang-filled, cavernous maw. A powerfully muscled tongue hangs from its immense mouth. The tongue ends in three grasping tentacles. Three additional pairs of much larger tentacles protrude from its body. A foul ichor drips off the thing. What is most uncanny to the observer, is that despite the palpable threat of the beast is the eerie quiet of its silent hovering.

LORE:
Their origin is unknown. Some claim they are extradimensional. The biology of the creatures is quite alien. They float, sweat a paralytic venom and can eat without limits. The bottomless appetite of these creatures is often attributed to their gut being a sort of pocket dimension.

ECOLOGY:
They prefer the eternal night of the subterranean realm but they are not especially vulnerable to light. They have no society or culture. They are intelligent and capable of speech but rarely meet others of their kind. They consider all other life to be food. They prefer meat but can consume plants as well. Their method of reproduction is unknown. Their solitary nature seems to indicate they reproduce asexually and some suggest that perhaps their young are gestated within the mysterious pocket dimension their great maws lead to. This might explain a bit about their boundless appetite.

SEEDS:
1.) A Lurking Glutton was disturbed when a village re-opened an abandoned mine. Rumors say that the mine was built by an ancient Dwarven kingdom. The initial reports are from a group of miners that claim to have heard strange guttural laughter and then saw a huge glowing eye watching them from the darkness. The miners fled but in their fright, did not seal the entrance. Since the event, several villagers have gone missing along with livestock and stores of crops. The PCs have been contracted to slay the beast and seal the mine.

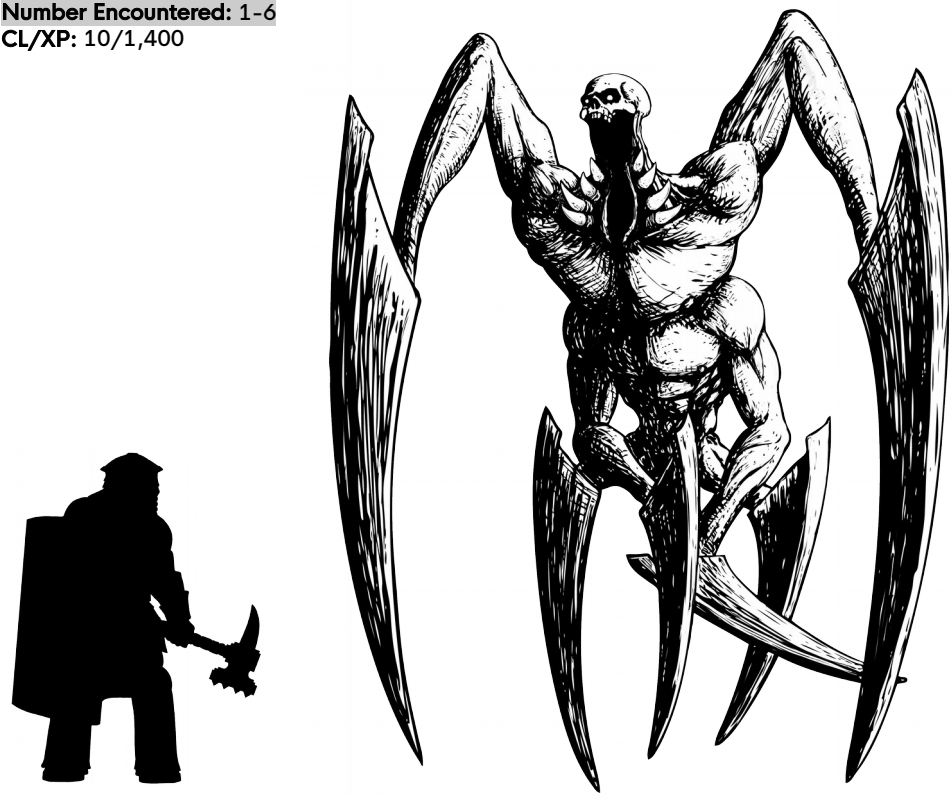
2.) A powerful wizard has contracted the party to seek out and return an item he possessed earlier in his adventuring career. This item is believed to be in the gut of a particular Lurking Glutton the wizard encountered and narrowly escaped from. The wizard promises a handsome reward, a method to track the beast as well as lodging and travel expenses.

LOOT:
D20 semi-digested corpses and their belongings, (at least 6D20 GP worth of stuff) which are forcefully regurgitated if the Lurking Glutton is slain. A 10% chance of finding a lair with frightened livestock or captives.

MANTID STITCH GOLEM

These foul creatures are pack-hunting undead predators. They are immune, like most undead, to charms and sleep spells. They are extremely stealthy and will surprise even alert opponents with a roll of 1-4 on a D6. In addition to their stealth, they can climb virtually any surface (even upside down) and leap great distances to pounce upon their prey. Furthermore, these creatures have a paralytic venom in their bite requiring a saving throw or the victim becomes paralyzed for 3D6 turns.

Hit Dice: 8+2
Armor Class: 15
Attacks: 4 scythes (D12) and bite (D6)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to Charm, Fear, Sleep, Poison and death magic. Paralyzing attacks. Spider climb. Stealthy.
Move: 15 (climb 15, leap 60)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1-6
CL/XP: 10/1,400



DESCRIPTION:
A large, wiry stitched together hodge podge of bodies stares at you from hollow eye sockets. A flickering witch fire can be glimpsed in the deep recesses of its orbits. It has six limbs all ending in a vicious-looking blade. Its flesh is bloodless and leathery. Taut, ropy muscles can easily be seen working as the undead thing languidly creeps about like some sort of predatory insect. It has a gaping, fanged slit running vertically from its collar bone to upper jaw.

LORE:
These horrific things are part of a new development in necromancy. They are a fusion of flesh golem crafting and traditional necromantic ritual magic. This new school of macabre fleshcrafting has led to a sort of renaissance in undead creation. There are rumors of secret fairs and markets where necromancers can gather to display their most prized creations as well as trade knowledge and components. Disturbingly, there usually seems to be a thriving slave trade in areas where these gatherings take place. This particular type of Stitch Golem is rumored to contain the spirit of an arachnid predator from the nether realms.

ECOLOGY:
As undead creatures, they do not need to sleep, breathe or eat. But they do eat. They eat voraciously. Their gaping throat maws allow them to swallow incapacitated victims of Human size or smaller. Afterwards, they tend to seek out a deep, dark place to digest their meal. The corpses of their victims are drained of all vitality and eventually regurgitated. The desiccated husks that remain afterwards resemble large owl pellets. Their lairs are usually elevated caves or niches. They also nest in large trees. One of their favorite tactics is to leave loot at the base of their lair to lure unsuspecting victims.

SEEDS:
1.) A necromancer plans to desecrate a sacred forest and build a lair within it. He has been constructing many foul creatures such as these to infest the forest. How many of the monsters are in the woods already? Has the presence of the creatures disrupted any communities dwelling in or around the forest? Has the growing corruption attracted any other monsters?

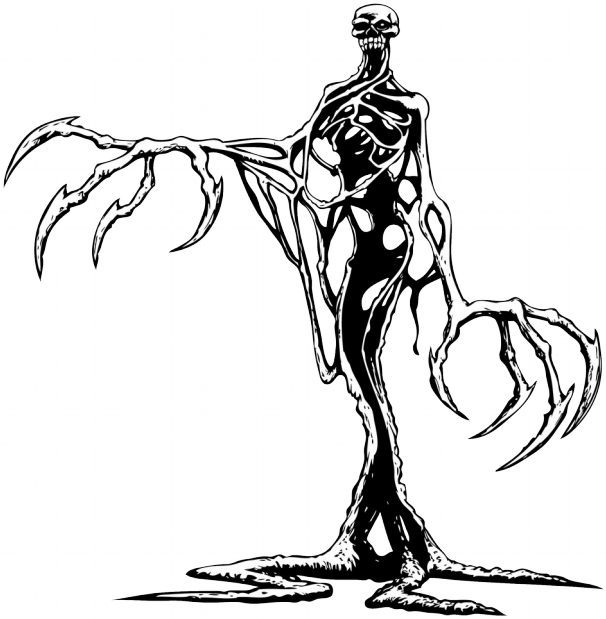
2.) A necromancer has kidnapped several children and taken them to a lair beneath the city. The way is treacherous and filled with a myriad of undead creations. The cunning fiend has built his lair in the center of a labyrinth with high, spiked walls. The adventurers would likely have a difficult time scaling the walls and navigating the labyrinth, but monsters like these would be masters of just such an environment.

LOOT:
D6 corpses (looks like big owl pellets) and their belongings. At least 12D20 GP worth of exceptionally shiny baubles used as bait to lure in prey.

OOZE LICH

An Ooze Lich is a magic user cursed to undeath as a toxic, oozing mass. It devours prey with acid and necrotic energy. Its amorphous form can paralyze with a touch and allows them to squeeze through small openings. It also makes them entirely immune to bludgeoning and piercing damage. If struck with an edged weapon, the Ooze Lich will split into two separate forms, each with half its remaining hit points. They can summon eldritch energies to blast distant targets. At will they can cast Mage Hand, Minor Illusion, and Prestidigitation. Three times per day they can cast Charm Person, Darkness, and Misty Step. Once per day they can cast Major Image. If every bit of an Ooze Lich is not destroyed it will regenerate 1 hit point per round, slowly reforming out of sight.

Hit Dice: 11
Armor Class: 13
Attacks: 1 claw (D6) + acid and necrotic (D6 each) + paralysis (2D6 rounds), Eldritch Blast (2D8, 120ft.)
Save: 4
Special: Immune to Acid, Charm, Cold, Exhaustion, Fear, Death Magic, Lightning, Poison and Sleep. Immune to bludgeoning and piercing damage. Slashing damage causes them to split. Telepathy 100 feet. Truesight 120 feet. Amorphous. Corrosive form. Paralyzing touch. Spellcasting. Magic Resistance (50%). Regeneration.
Move: 6 (climb 6, fly 15)
Alignment: Neutral
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 16/3,200



DESCRIPTION:
A foul, oozing mass vaguely resembling a human skeleton. Its body is composed of grayish, translucent, ropy sludge. The skull seems to be the most solid part of the whole sickening thing, but closer scrutiny reveals that too is shown to be some sort coagulated gel. The thing reeks of charnel house and rot. It communicates via Telepathy but likely considers anything it comes across as prey.

LORE:
Legends say these creatures, known as Ooze Liches, are the damned remnants of sorcerers that made alliances with or somehow ran afoul of certain demonic forces worshiped by the various oozes, puddings and other such foul things. These beings possess many of the same qualities as a standard ooze, pudding or slime but are motivated by a much more keen and malign cunning. In addition to consuming the flesh of their prey, they also consume its life force. It is supposed, that it is for this reason they enjoy toying with their victims. They often lure prey through illusion and other forms of artifice into vulnerable situations. For example, they might lead a character into a room with concealed door that slams shut behind them, leaving them in a confined space all alone and at the tender mercies of the Ooze Lich. While their slimy forms bear a resemblance to common oozes and puddings, they are actually composed of ectoplasm and charged with necrotic energy from the negative material plane.

ECOLOGY:
These disgusting things are undead, so many mortal necessities and frailties no longer apply to them. But it has been discovered that they do weaken over time if denied nourishment. Some argue, mere flesh and blood will not sustain them indefinitely, and that they must also bask in the miasma of woe. They say these wretched excretions crave misery as flowers do the light of the sun. They can be found at the bottom of spiked pits waiting to sup on the last breath of an unlucky soul. They can be found slithering through the blood-soaked muck of battlefields. They may even be found in the sewers and latrines of plague-ridden populations. Nothing is beneath them.

SEEDS:
1.) Whilst exploring, a member of the party is separated from the group. This will be by the design of an Ooze Lich. The separation will likely place the party member in a tight, enclosed space. A space that would make drawing a sword or casting spells difficult. Once the character is isolated, the Ooze Lich will begin to fill the space with its own form, engulfing them. It will whisper into the mind of its victim as its mere presence dissolves their flesh and steals their life.

2.) A once flourishing but now ruined mining community is rumored to possess fabulous treasures. The PCs are sent to seek out the laboratory of a wizard and retrieve as much of his research as possible. The client wants the research, but gives the party leave to take whatever else they desire. The PCs are not aware that the wizard in question moved to this isolated area to commune with some foul spirit the mining had unearthed. The wizard has since been transformed into an Ooze Lich and loosed a plague that devastated the community. It lingers there still and grows hungrier by the day.

LOOT:
10D20 GP worth of assorted gear mixed in with a heap of bones in the corner of its lair. A 20% of finding a lair with various spellbooks and esoterica.

PROTOCOL IMP

Protocol Imps are consummate prevaricators and litigators. They are quite possibly the best liars in all the Multiverse. At will they can cast ESP, Phantasmal Force and Polymorph Self. Three times per day they can cast Charm Person, Dimension Door and Sleep. Once per day they can cast Commune and Speak With The Dead. The Protocol Imp's staff is covered in a poison, those that fail a saving throw are paralyzed for D6 rounds. These creatures are some of the most deceptive and manipulative in the entire Multiverse, any attempts to disbelieve their lies will be very difficult.

Hit Dice: 2+1
Armor Class: 14
Attacks: 1 staff (D6)
Save: 16
Special: Immune to Fire, Poison and non-magical weapon attacks that are not silvered. Omniglot (knows all languages). Paralyzing attacks. Spell casting. Silver Tongue. Magic Resistance (60%).
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 7/600

DESCRIPTION:
A small, twisted and red-skinned humanoid with four horns atop a grossly oversized head leers at you through slitted reptilian eyes. It has claws, a tail, cloven hooves and an equally oversized forked tongue. It leans heavily on a stained and moldering, gnarled staff.

LORE:
Hell is a very legalistic place. There are a near infinite number of rules, rulings, codes, contracts, statutes, decrees, mandates, ordinances, and "laws" that would put any mortal bureaucracy to shame. And, the Multiverse is filled with all manner of enterprising and immoral beings that want do business with those that rule in the infernal realms. The Protocol Imp is often an intermediary between the rulers of the nether worlds and those foolish enough to seek commerce with them. Usually these creatures serve in the courts of powerful devils. But there are some that freelance throughout the Multiverse.

ECOLOGY:
Protocol Imps are devils and their natural environment is some lower plane. But they can be encountered anywhere in the Multiverse. Their biological functions are entirely optional and at will. They do not require air, food, drink or sleep.

SEEDS:
1.) A PC receives a document sealed in some regal manner. It seems official and is written in Common. It is a subpoena to appear before an Infernal Court in Hell pertaining to some matter in a previous adventure. At the end of the document is the name and address of a law office where the PC is directed to go for legal counsel. This will be the law office of a Protocol Imp.

2.) One of the party requires some thing from Hell and was directed to contact a Protocol Imp to make arrangements. The suggestion comes from a trusted friend. Maybe it is a lost or stolen magic item? Or, perhaps an obscure spell component?

3.) The party is in Hell and run afoul of the law. Use your imagination to determine what the transgression was. Did they do something relatively mundane or did the cleric accidentally pray in public? Whatever the infraction, they now find themselves trapped within the judicial system of Hell and a Protocol Imp has been assigned them as an attorney.

LOOT:
D6 books of legal statutes. D6 scrolls of planar travel. A stout but moldy club covered in poison. D6x100 GP and D6x500 GP in assorted gems and jewelry.

STAR TYRANT

Inscrutable psionic tyrants from another dimension that feed on pain and suffering. On a successful attack, the Star Tyrant has a 3 in 6 chance of grabbing and immobilizing its prey, slowly strangling the life out of it. Each round, the victim will suffer an additional D6 points of crushing damage. Star Tyrants feed on the psychic distress of other beings and they are healed by half of the amount of damage they inflict. A successful save is required to break free of the immobilizing grasp. At will they can cast Darkness 15′, Dimension Door, ESP, Fear, Phantasmal Force and Silence 15′. Three times per day they can cast Animate Dead, Charm Monster and Sleep. Once per day they can cast Word Of Recall.

Hit Dice: 6+2
Armor Class: 14
Attacks: 3 tentacles (D10)
Save: 11
Special: Immune to Acid, Charm, Fear, Poison and Sleep. Only half damage from non-magical weapons. Entangling attacks. Telepathy 240 feet. Spell casting. Magic Resistance (45%).
Move: 15 (fly 30)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 10/1,400

DESCRIPTION:
A wiry figure twice the height of a human lurks in a nearby shadow. Its face is hidden in the dark depths of a tattered cowl. It stands upon three powerful, sinuous tentacles. It is difficult to follow the creature with the eye. It disappears and reappears suddenly in various locations, as if traveling through the shadows. An unnatural darkness and eerie silence follow the thing as it suddenly jets through the air like an otherworldly cephalopod.

LORE:
These strange beings are known simply as Star Tyrants. Most sages agree that they are not native to our plane. They feed on the psychic energy of pain and misery. Their goal is always to inflict a slow, painful death upon their prey. They have no mouth or sensory organs but perceive their environment through psionic means. They can induce vivid and horrific hallucinations that paralyze weaker minds with agony. They are very intelligent and communicate via telepathy

ECOLOGY:
Star Tyrants are solitary predators. They prefer dark places although illumination does not pain them. Star Tyrants are asexual but must implant an egg within a host. The host need not be living. But, living hosts are preferred, as the nourishment gained from a suffering host allows the egg to mature faster. The larva is a gray and purple grub the size of a small dog. Once it has reached this size it burrows out of the host and slowly devours its body. Their lifespan is unknown. But many sages think their unnaturally durable flesh lends them considerable longevity as well.

SEEDS:
1.) A Star Tyrant (although the party need not now this yet) has abducted a party member in the night. The rest of the party can hear agonized cries in the distance. What will they do? Consider, this might be a hireling and not a PC. If so, is it important enough to risk their lives? Is this nightly abduction an ongoing phenomenon? These monsters seek to sow as much suffering as possible and may be inflicting a prolonged psychological torture upon the party.

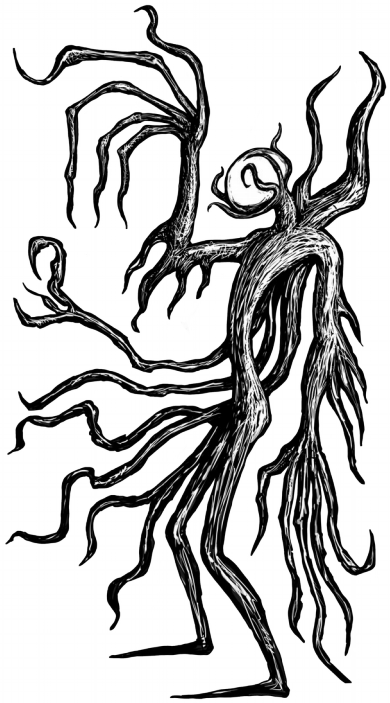
2.) A Star Tyrant has abducted an important NPC (family member, local lord or nobility, etc.). It is believed the beast will use the NPC as a host for its egg. The PCs must discover the lair of the Star Tyrant and save the NPC from a horrific death.

LOOT:
A tattered cowl. D6 corpses in various states of decay (and their stuff). A 20% chance of D4 captives (a 2 in 6 chance they are carrying eggs). At least 7D20 GP worth of assorted treasure.

TATTERDEMALION LICH

A slightly surreal effigy of a wizardly scarecrow with a crystal ball for a head, writhing and twisting like a sheet in the wind. On a successful attack, the Tatterdemalion Lich has a 2 in 6 chance of entangling its foe, immobilizing its prey and slowly strangling the life out of him. Each round, the victim will suffer D6 points of damage due to the strangulation. A successful save is required to break free of the immobilizing, strangling grasp. At will they can cast Darkness, Dimension Door, Phantasmal Force and Silence. Three times per day they can cast Animate Dead, Charm Monster and Sleep. Once per day they can cast Word Of Recall.

Hit Dice: 8
Armor Class: 14
Attacks: 1 claw (2D6) + (D6) strangling
Save: 8
Special: Immune to Charm, Exhaustion, Fear, Necrotic, Poison and Paralysis. Only half damage from non-magical weapon attacks. Telepathy 120 feet. Truesight 60 feet. Spell casting. Entangling attacks. Magic Resistance (50%).
Move: 15 (fly 15)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 12/2,000



DESCRIPTION:
A lanky caricature of a man with a glowing orb for a head. It seems to be composed of ropy debris. It strongly reminds you of a scarecrow masquerading as a wizard. It speaks into your minds and its voice is gentle and smooth. Its movements are quick and fluid and reveal the utter bonelessness of its limbs.

LORE:
A Tatterdemalion Lich arises from the use of the Magic Jar spell to cheat death. In most cases, they were unlucky, and their mortal form perished while they were employing the spell. In some cases they were a mediocre wizard grasping at immortality and settled for this state. It is not a perfect solution but they have achieved a sort of immortality. Although they could possess a living body with relative ease, they tend to have a scarecrow-like form they can inhabit with little effort. Many sages speculate that fragments of the creature's mind are left behind with every transference of consciousness and this serial migration of the soul inexorably drives the Tatterdemalion Lich insane. They greatly fear death and will never reveal the object to which their soul is bound. They will always carry several suitably impressive baubles, many or all could be decoys. They may also keep an entourage of weak-willed servants around as spare vessels should something go awry.

ECOLOGY:
These creatures have no mortal requirements. They do not breathe, drink, eat, or sleep. They always have a secret lair with a library of esoteric knowledge and experiments. The lair is also likely to contain several cages of potential hosts. They like to maintain a collection of potential hosts and weaken their resistance to possession in various ways such as sleep deprivation, drugs and torture.

SEEDS:
1.) Through a combination of manipulation and possession a Tatterdemalion Lich has begun to corrupt the youth of a village. Its ultimate goal is to turn the entire village towards the worship of a demonic entity it has made a bargain with. Whether it takes a year, a decade, or a generation neither the demon nor the Tatterdemalion Lich are overly concerned with haste. Their goal is simply the corruption of the people.

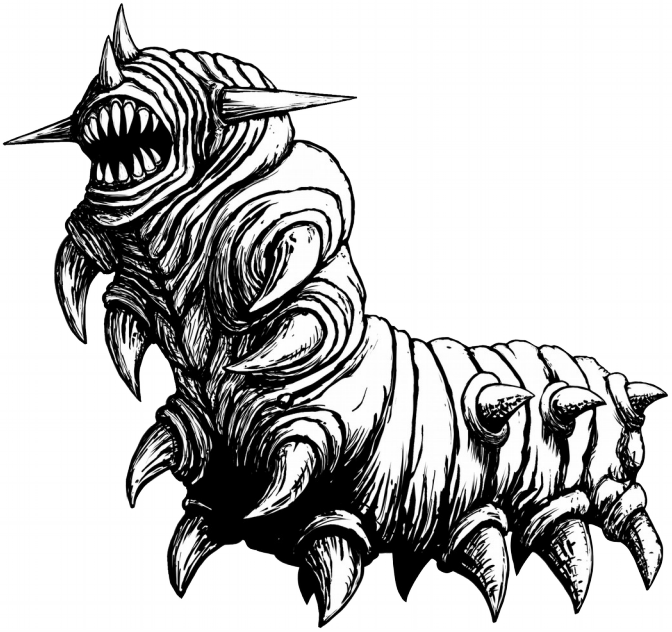
2.) A Tatterdemalion Lich has adopted the party as its new adventuring group. It could be a powerful ally. It might look creepy at first, but once it migrates into one of your enemies and is no longer an animated bundle of twine with a crystal ball for a head, it might become a bit more tolerable. But, no matter what, the creature is insane. Its madness may be relatively harmless at first, like a doddering elder. Inevitably it leads the party to ruin though. When and how will it show its madness? How will it behave? Will it attack the party? Perhaps, it has already possessed or charmed someone within the party?

LOOT:
A mass of debris. An impressive crystal ball. An assortment of D4 fine rings. There is a 20% chance of D4 captives. In total, there should be at least 8D20 GP worth of assorted treasure.

THAUMAGRUE

Thaumagrue are immense caterpillar-like demons obsessed with arcane knowledge and power. They can swallow any prey smaller than a horse with ease. Any victims struck with a roll 4+ greater than necessary are swallowed (saving throw applies). Those swallowed by the Thaumagrue can attack it from within (at an AC of 12). Anyone inside the Thaumagrue's stomach takes 1D6 points of damage per round as they are slowly digested. The spells of any arcane casters eaten by a Thaumagrue can be utilized by the Thaumagrue until cast. Each round of combat, there is a 1-2 chance on a D6 that a Thaumagrue will puke up D6 corpses which reanimate the next round as Zombies under its command. At will they can cast Charm Person, Detect Magic, Dispel Magic and Polymorph Self. Three times per day they can cast Blade Barrier, Invisibility and Mass Suggestion. Once per day they can cast Plane Shift.

Hit Dice: 18+5
Armor Class: 16
Attacks: 1 bite (3D6) or trample (5D10)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to Poison. Only takes half damage from cold, fire, lightning and nonmagical weapons. Telepathy 100 feet. Blindsight 120 feet. Trample. Spellcasting. Magic Resistance (50%). Regurgitate Zombies.
Move: 18
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 26/6,800



DESCRIPTION:
An immense demonic caterpillar thing. It towers over you, easily the size of an inn. It lacks a face other than rubbery lips, a jutting chin and a gaping fang-filled maw. Its head is bedecked in horns. Its limbs are spikes of bone. Although the immense brute is obviously an evil, malignant hellspawn, its telepathic voice is charming and has both a conciliatory and regal quality to it.

LORE:
Thaumagrue are thought to be the demonic incarnation of souls driven mad with power lust as well as a pursuit of magic. They can sense and dispel magic at a whim. They also have the ability to absorb the magic of any arcane spellcaster they eat. Thaumagrue are skilled enchanters in their own right and can charm most beings with relative ease. They are fond of using this tactic to lure a victim close in order to eat them whole once their back is turned. The loathsome beasts laugh and laugh every time they successfully employ this tactic. If ever in need of reinforcements or servants, a Thaumagrue can regurgitate the corpses of those it has consumed. These half-digested masses of rancid meat will animate to serve the will of the Thaumagrue moments later. Despite its bulk, it is very fast. It can also climb quite well. In addition to it ability to absorb the magic of its victims and cast enchantments, it can travel betwixt the planes.

ECOLOGY:
Thaumagrue, like all demons, are native to the infernal realms. However, they can travel from plane to plane with little effort and as such appear anywhere throughout the Multiverse. As supernatural beings with radically different biological functions to mortal beings, the Thaumagrue have no need to eat, drink or sleep. They are resistant to many forms of damage including elemental forces.

SEEDS:
1.) A wizard's academy has been targeted by a Thaumagrue and its rotten entourage. So far, the headmaster has proven potent and cunning enough to preserve the sanctuary and protect his wards. But his strength is failing and he has called for help.

2.) One of the party members has fallen under the sway of a Thaumagrue. The individual is convinced the Thaumagrue is a trusted friend. The enchanted party member convinces the rest of the party to join them on a multiplanar quest to hunt evil wizards. Once the party has agreed the character reads a scroll which transports them to the lair of a disguised Thaumagrue. The Thaumagrue provides the party with magic items and other things they might need in their quest. The party is instructed that the wizards must be captured and brought to the Thaumagrue alive. Once the quest is complete, the Thaumagrue may or may not reveal its true identity.

LOOT:
A 20% chance of D8 potent magic items. A 50% chance of D12 spell books. D20x2000 GP worth of gear from previous fights littered around its lair and in its gullet.

TWISTBRUTE

A massive wall of densely muscled demonically infused flesh. Only +1 or better magic weapons can harm a Twistbrute. Each round of combat, there is a 1-2 chance on a D6 that a Twistbrute will go into a Blood Frenzy (treat as a Haste spell). It is slowed by fire and cold spells. Lightning heals the Twistbrute for the number of points of damage that it would normally inflict and triggers their Blood Frenzy. No other type of spell affects a Twistbrute.

Hit Dice: 10+5
Armor Class: 14
Attacks: 2 melee attacks (2D12)
Save: 11
Special: Immune to most magic. Immune to poison. Only hit by +1 or better magical weapons. Truesight 120 feet. Blood Frenzy. Lightning Absorption.
Move: 15
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1-6
CL/XP: 14/2,600

DESCRIPTION:
A hulking, heavily muscled brute about twice the height of a human. It is easily the mass of eight strong men, possibly nine. It has something akin to horns or blades jutting from a helmet with a curious rune worked into the faceplate. The creature also has cloven hooves. Its right arm ends in a long, twisted mass of fused and spikey bone. The creature's flesh has an unnatural, bloodless pallor to it. In many places smaller spikey growths of bone jut through its pale, leathery flesh.

LORE:
Twistbrutes are flesh golems made from an alchemical fusion of ogres and demons. The ogres are vat grown and taken from a bloodline infamous for aggression. They are infused with the blood of demons throughout their growth. The blood increases their strength, durability and resistance to magic. During the final stages the ogre bodies are vivisected and the best bits are reassembled as flesh golems. Then, one of their arms is twisted into a bone spur and helms are bolted to their skulls. The helms are linked to a control helm which is used to command Twistbrutes with matching runes on their faceplates. They are terrifying in battle and frenzy when they scent blood. If left uncontrolled they will attack anything that moves. They are immune to electrical attacks, instead of harming them, it heals them and triggers their frenzy.

ECOLOGY:
Twistbrutes are made not born. They have no natural ecology or life cycle. The raw material they are crafted from is quite unnatural and they have no mortal requirements. They do not need to breathe, drink, eat, or sleep.

SEEDS:
1.) A lone Twistbrute survived the death of its controller and is now running amok. Consider, how big is the settlement it has attacked? Will the local militia be able to assist the party in stopping the beast?

2.) An insane lordling has invested the remnants of his fortune in the purchase of thirteen Twistbrutes. He controls four himself and has distributed the rest amongst his most trusted men-at-arms. They have been raiding trade routes and plan to establish a bandit kingdom.

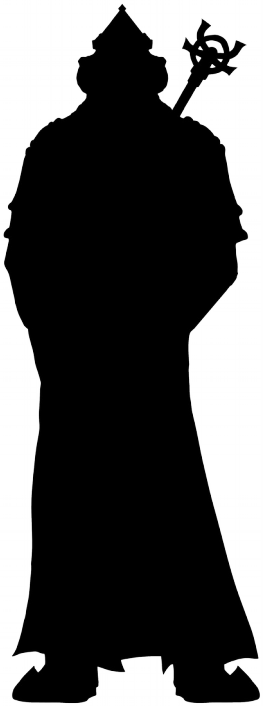
3.) The party discovers a Helm of Twistbrute control in a recent haul of loot. Along with the helm is map to the location of the pen where the monsters are kept.

LOOT:
A large magic helmet, dirty loincloth, about 5D20 GP worth of trophies from previous fights littered around its lair. A 10% chance of an enchanted shield. A 5% chance of an enchanted weapon.

UNSEELIE PSYCHOPOMP

Unseelie Psychopomps are weird, darkling fey that herald death. They emit an energy which drains life from animals and causes any fires within 500 ft. to become sickly green and impotent. The aura does 2D12 points of damage to all within 10 feet of the Unseelie Psychopomp and heals the monster that amount. They can transfer the stolen life-force to plants creating riotous and unwholesome growth as well as bestowing consciousness upon them to create all manner of plant monsters. Each round of combat, there is a 1-2 chance on a D6 that an Unseelie Psychopomp will begin to dance, inducing a soporific hypnosis (treat as a Mass Charm spell). At will they can cast Darkness, Dimension Door, Plant Growth, Phantasmal Force, and Silence. Three times per day they can cast Animate Dead, and Sleep. Once per day they can cast Transport Via Plants.

Hit Dice: 3
Armor Class: 16
Attacks: 1 claw (1D6) + necrotic (2D12)
Save: 14
Special: Immune to Charm, Cold, Exhaustion, Fear, Death Magic, Poison and Sleep. Only hit by magical weapons. Telepathy 100 feet. Truesight 120 feet. Awaken Plant. Gloomwood Aura. Dance. Spellcasting. Magic Resistance (50%).
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutral
Number Encountered: 1
CL/XP: 8/800



DESCRIPTION:
A small, wiry humanoid with a large, fearsome mask floating in place of its head appears to frolic in the distance. The macabre scene becomes even more surreal as its body leaps and spins while the mask floats motionless. It has long spidery fingers that end in wicked-looking talons. The mask seems to be made from a fox skull and is reinforced with ornate metalwork. Within the eyeholes of the mask burn green witchfire. Its cloven hooves and diminutive stature suggest a fey origin.

LORE:
Many religions tell of creatures such as these, they are believed to guide the souls of the recently dead into the afterlife. They are known collectively as psychopomps. But, these specific beings serve the gloomy pantheon of the Dark Fey. Their path leads to perpetually silent, twilit forests. Wherever they make their lair, a nightmarish forest will soon grow. The plants are spurred to twisted growth and animals die, their life-force drawn into the shadowy realm from which the Unseelie Psychopomp emerged. In this way, it does function as a guide to the afterlife, albeit an unwelcome one.

ECOLOGY:
They prefer dark, heavily wooded places. But wherever their lair, it will always be lush with unwholesome, weird vegetation and eerily silent. As spirits, they do not eat, sleep or breathe. They do not require shelter, but often nest within a twisted tree. Unseelie Psychopomps are solitary creatures but make frequent use of their Awaken Plant ability to bestow consciousness upon the plants in their vicinity.

SEEDS:
1.) The party finds themselves at the edge of a very creepy forest. It seems quite peaceful though. So, they decide to rest for awhile. Their rest is soon disturbed by what appears to be a stunted and malignant-looking Treant. The deformed Treant is not hostile and warns the party of the Unseelie Psychopomp within the forest. How the party decides to proceed is up to them. Will they try to purge the taint or flee. Are there any nearby settlements that are threatened by the spirit's presence? What would they gain from fighting the spirit? Perhaps the spirit's mask is a potent magical item?

2.) While traveling through a forest the party encounters a dark and foreboding grove. An eerie silence seems to seep from the place. It just feels wrong. Unfortunately, the route they are on requires them to go through the menacing wood. They will encounter an Unseelie Psychopomp at some point, but what manner of additional plant monsters and weird vegetation will they also encounter along the way?

LOOT:
An ornate magical mask. About 7D20 GP worth of assorted treasure littered around its lair. A 10% chance of some enchanted scrying device attuned to the plane of shadow.

WAR ENGINE

War Engines are remnants of a civilization long turned to dust. These ancient constructs are potent weapons that were constructed to aid them in their final battles against the dark hordes that were overtaking their lands. Their dense metal bodies are constructed of a strange black metal that is proof against all mundane weapons and heals itself. This curious metal also absorbs and stores electricity. They are healed by it and can release it as a burst of lightning if necessary. No other type of spell affects them. Each round of combat, there is a 1-2 chance on a D6 that a War Engine will release a burst of lightning causing 5D12 damage in an 80 foot radius.

Hit Dice: 16+4
Armor Class: 20
Attacks: 2 claw (4D10) + lightning (2D10). Lightning Burst (5D12, 80 ft. radius)
Save: 3
Special: Immune to spells. Healed by lightning. Only hit by adamantine or magical weapons. Magic Resistance (50%). Truesight 120 feet. Regenerates 3 hit points per round.
Move: 9
Alignment: Neutral
Number Encountered: 1-3
CL/XP: 23/5,300

DESCRIPTION:
A towering, ponderous construct with long talons. Arcs of lighting dance and spark between the talons. It has a long grill running up its torso. It is composed of a black, pitted metal. It will not attack unless approached by those of giant, orcish or goblinoid blood. It will also attack any undead or necromancers immediately. If attacked it will defend itself. The machine seems incapable of communication.

LORE:
They are known simply as War Engines. They are autonomous golems and also fighting vehicles. Behind the torso grill is a cockpit large enough for a Medium sized creature. They were constructed aeons ago and wrought of such potent craft they can repair themselves through arcane means and so they persist throughout the millenia.

Sages believe these constructs were built by a lost civilization and were integral in their final war. They fought against degenerate giants, orcs, goblinoids, undead and their alien gods. The present absence of their culture is mute testimony to their annihilation. But, remnants of their works can still be found throughout the world.

There are stories of those who pilot War Engines that claim they develop an empathic bond with the machines. They can see through its eyes and even feel the lingering pain of some deep betrayal. Through this connection information about the, lost civilization has been gleaned. These clues often come as fragmentary visions and dreams.

ECOLOGY:
These constructs have no biological functions or requirements. They are often encountered in ancient, buried temples or blasted wastelands far from the civilized realms. If left to their own devices, these constructs will defend their territory, but will not wreak havoc such as invading villages or harming normal folk.

SEEDS:
1.) Rumors have reached the party of a treasure containing ancient and powerful magic items. The hoard is guarded by fearsome adversaries, chiefly a startling variety of constructs. The quest will lead them deep into a fortress of the civilization that created the War Engines. What else will they find though? Perhaps other arcane technological wonders? What else will they fight?

2.) A "Tome of War Engine Control" has been acquired by an eccentric nobleman. The nobleman has contracted the party to seek out and retrieve a suit of the "marvelous armor". The PCs should not know that the armor is autonomous and capable of great violence. How will they capture a War Engine and return it to their employer?

3.) The party encounters a squad of War Engines deep in the bowels of an ancient temple. The constructs are in the midst of a pitched battle with some huge, loathsome monstrosities. Remnants of the lost civilization which built them fill the temple. Perhaps the party can find a way to aid the machines in their battle against the foul creatures in their midst.

LOOT:
The War Engine itself. About 10D20 GP worth of treasure. A 10% chance of an artifact from the lost civilization.

APPENDIX

MONSTERS BY CHALLENGE LEVEL

CL6	Arbori
CL7	Protocol Imp
CL8	Blade Wraith
	Unseelie Psychopomp
CL10	Mantid Stitch Golem
	Star Tyrant
CL12	Lurking Glutton
	Tatterdemalion Lich
CL14	Devourer
	Twistbrute
CL15	Hound Of Tindalos
CL16	Ooze Lich
CL20	Fallen Celestial
CL23	War Engine
CL26	Thaumagrue

DESIGNATION OF PRODUCT IDENTITY
The Arbori, Blade Wraith, Cerberan, Devourer, Fallen Celestial, Lurking Glutton, Mantid Stitch Golem, Ooze Lich, Protocol Imp, Star Tyrant, Tatterdemalion Lich, Thaumagrue, Twistbrute, Unseelie Psychopomp, War Engine and their likeness and description are the sole property of the artist and author Jeremy Hart and deemed Product Identity.

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