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ADKA

Adka are melancholy horrors that lurk the wastelands on the edges of the map where once great empires have since gone into the dust. They are utterly merciless but not without a sense of humor.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 6** [27hp], **Att** 2 x claw (1d8 + Degrades Armor), 1 x bite (2d6 + Degrades Armor), or Pheromone Cloud, **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 7, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 725, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** C

• **BONUS DAMAGE ON GREAT HIT** If the Adka's attack roll hits by 4 or more, or is a natural twenty, the attack does an additional 1d8 damage.
• **DEGRADES ARMOR** The Adka's claw and bite attacks will slowly destroy mundane armor. Every successful claw or bite from an Adka worsens the target's AC by 1 point.
• **MENTAL RESISTANCE** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.
• **PENETRATING SIGHT** The Adka can see through any illusions, invisibility, or any such similar magical effects.
• **PHEROMONE CLOUD** Cone of gas: end 10' wide, 50' long. Anyone in the area must **save versus poison** or laugh uncontrollably for 1d4+1 rounds. A character subject to this attack can cast no spells, make no attacks, automatically fails any saving throws, and suffers a -4 penalty to AC (and cannot use a shield).
3 x Day
• **SURPRISE** On a 1-3, due to camouflage and stealth.

DESCRIPTION

You glimpse an angular bestial form, roughly the size of a horse but built like a very large wolf. As you observe the thing more closely you notice it is armored with bony plates along its head and spine. It has an enormous head with an equally large maw and keen predatory eyes. The maw is filled with jagged, spikes of ivory and appears well-suited to a carnivorous diet as well as crushing bone. Disturbingly, its teeth seem constantly bared and an oddity of its jaw structure lends a sort of permanent manic grin to its loathsome countenance. Frills radiate from the dreadful mouth. And, its limbs are all tipped in long, bony talons.

The creature seems aware that you have spotted it. In the next moment it calls out to you in a deep and guttural voice. Although the syntax is broken and irregular the creature is clearly sapient and capable of communication. It will ask the party for food. If they are unable to share food, it will ask for one of their mounts. And, if that too does not happen, it will ask for the flesh of their weakest partymember. If none of these options are satisfied, it will grunt in something resembling derision and slink away. Leaving them alone... for now.

TACTICS

This creature likes to use slow attrition to weaken a party. It will return night after night to harass the party. It will try to avoid killing everyone in the party all at once (because it's bored and this is entertaining to it). In addition to slowly depleting their ranks and mounts, its tooth and nail will shred their armor as well. The creature will rarely fight to the death.

LORE

These creatures are known as Adka. They are one of the myriad weird horrors that roam the blighted and blasted areas of the map where great once empires thrived. Rumors about their origins abound, some say they are the cursed remnants of a noble house that brokered with otherworldly powers and in doing so guaranteed their eventual ruin. Others suggest that Adka are the spirits of lost merchants polymorphed into this twisted bestial form by a spiteful wizard that grew weary of their entreaties. Irregardless of their true beginning, all Adka are ruthless and cunning things filled with a deep melancholy and morbid wit.

The tactics of the Adka seem to run contrary to their appearance. That is to say, while they are obviously quite formidable they will rarely make a frontal attack or once engaged seek total victory. Often, they will simply ask folk they encounter for food, coin or what have you. If the folk refuse the beast, it always returns later to attack them. But, it will make all effort to attack from a position of advantage, often going after single targets and from hiding. Once it has reduced the party to a lone individual, it will ask them to tell it a joke, and if the jest is successful it will not only spare their life but render them a service as well. At the parting of ways, the Adka will take a trophy from the survivor as a keepsake.

Adka are tough and stealthy. They can usually surprise their prey. Their teeth and claws are incredibly sharp and easily rend leather, wood and mail. But, their most dangerous attack comes in the form of a pheromone mist they can spray from the frills encircling their maw. When they employ the attack the

frills temporarily flush red with blood and fold forward, wreathing the face of the Adka like a harlequin's collar. The mist induces fits of laughter leaving the victims virtually paralyzed for several minutes. During these incapacitating paroxysms of laughter, the Adka's toothy grin becomes altogether terrifying but the horror of it only exacerbates the laughing fit.

ECOLOGY

Adka are mortal, but they are extremely long-lived. No one has been able to determine the lifespan of the mysterious creatures. They require air, food and water but seem to have little need for rest. They appear to be entirely carnivorous. No sign of any young or mated pairs has yet been recorded. Adka have been encountered in a variety of climates ranging from desert to polar. They prefer to prowl the gloom and dusk but are not pained by light as some eldritch horrors are.

SEEDS

1.) The party happens upon what appears to be an abandoned camp. Upon closer investigation, they find the scattered remains of numerous broken and hewn corpses. All of the bodies show obvious bite marks on the remaining bits of flesh and bone. Characters skilled in such things might realize the wounds were inflicted by a very large jaw, possibly a dire wolf. The muddy earth of the camp reveals large clawed footprints. They seem bestial but not like any animal the party has encountered before. The long talons on its four limbs have torn deep furrows in the soft mud. The trail is obvious and easy to follow. If the party follows the trail for a few hours they soon sight an Adka overlooking their position from a large tree or rocky precipice. It calls out to them for food (similar to the Description section above). If the party feeds it, it will not attack them and may even offer information on the area. If questioned about the slaughter in the camp it will chuckle dryly but will not confirm or deny any involvement in the mayhem. If they attack it, it will flee and return later to harass them when they make camp.

2.) The party finds itself encamped on a rocky plateau. It is a dark and moonless night. Beyond the circle of the firelight is nought but blackness. All throughout the night an unease fills the group making rest hard to find. And during the watch, they always feel as if there is something out there in the darkness prowling about. Just before dawn an Adka reveals itself. It claims to have protected them during the night and asks payment. It requests a meal and 100gp. If denied it will slink away mumbling to itself. Either way it will return the next night. If they fed and paid it, they will be safe. But at dawn it will request the same payment. If they did not comply (or if they ever cease to comply) it will attack during the night and drag someone away.

LOOT

Adka will often accumulate fairly large hoards. However, many of the things they accumulate might not have obvious value to adventurers. Often the Adka will have a collection of trophies from previous encounters that it prizes more than its traditional wealth because the things bring some remembrance into their dreary lives.

AWRAHIM RAPTOR

Fearsome and ravenous, these alien insectoid warriors seem like some horrific amalgam of locust and demon. They are a lower caste of the foul Awrahim race used to brutalize and ravage the mortal realm.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 2+1* [10hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d4), 1 x axe (1d10), **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 120' (40') / 240' (60'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), **ML** 11, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 35, **NA** 1d6+1 (2d6+1), **TT** T

• **GRAB AND STAB** An extra pincer attack for 1d8 Damage with a +2 Attack bonus, if both claws hit.
• **MAGIC RESISTANCE** Their weird physiology grants them a +2 to all saving throws vs. magic.
• **RAVENOUS** Attack any moving creature.
• **REGENERATION** Regains 1 Hit Point at the start of each round that it is alive. May regain Hit Points even faster by eating flesh. For every 2 Hit Points of fresh meat it recovers 1 Hit Point. Rotten flesh is more effective and will heal 1 Hit Point per Hit Point consumed. Assume the dead creature has Hit Points equal to what it had when alive.
• **SPELL IMMUNITY** Unaffected by **charm** and **sleep** spells.
• **SUNLIGHT SENSITIVITY** -2 to-hit in brightly lit conditions such as sunlight or a Continual Light spell.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1-3 due to stealth.

DESCRIPTION

A hunched and twisted insectile humanoid drops out of the sky in the middle distance. The thing stands about the size of a large human. It has wings reminiscent of what one might see on a gigantic wasp emerging from a spiked carapace on its back. In the gnarly fist of one of its many arms it brandishes a heavy axe. Its fanged mandibles clatter and gnash as its skull-like visage turns towards you. The hair on the back of your neck rises as you feel the weight of its glossy-black, soulless eyes upon you. In the distance you see several of its loathsome kin flying your way.

TACTICS

Awrahim Raptors are not tacticians but neither are they simple brutes. Typically they will attempt to blindside a target, and usually from the air. They will always attempt to overwhelm their enemies with superior numbers and will flee a more powerful foe to regroup and gather in force.

LORE

Fearsome and ravenous, these alien, insectoid warriors seem to be an amalgam of locust and demon. They are a lower caste of the foul Awrahim race. They are wrought through alchemical and necromantic means by the sorcerer overlords and hierophants within the mysterious and hierarchical Awrahim society. The Awrahim name these creatures simply as Raptors. They have engineered the Raptors for aggressive, war-like behavior. Paradoxically, the Raptors, despite their explicitly bellicose purpose and belligerent disposition are considerably smaller than the ruling castes. This has led to much speculation amongst the scholars familiar with the enigmatic Awrahim race. The Raptors seem to favor lightning quick strikes from the air so perhaps their smaller size grants them better agility and maneuverability. Another line of speculation posits that only the Raptors encountered in the mortal realm are scaled thusly, and the purpose of such reduction in scale is to make more effective war upon humanity. In other words, they can invade human-sized habitations much more easily than their gigantic brethren. The diminution makes it much easier to plunder and scour within the hidey-holes of quaking mortals.

ECOLOGY

Awrahim Raptors are mass produced within vast arcane laboratory complexes. The raw material for their construction is a disgusting organic slurry rendered from the partially digested and decomposed remains of other sapient creatures. This rancid black soup is injected into vats inscribed with blasphemous runic formulae. Within these vats the potent necrotic energies of the semi-sentient home dimension of the Awrahim (known simply as The Black Gulf) flow into the dead matter filling it with motive spark and a simplistic, violent consciousness. Inside these vats, the noxious slurry coagulates into something resembling an insect pupae from which a fully-formed Raptor emerges in about two days.

The Awrahim Raptors are wholly carnivorous and like their peers are especially fond of carrion. They are incapable of reproduction in the conventional sense. However, a primary focus of their raids is to bring flesh back to their overlords. This meat is then fed into the breeding vats and thus used to further bolster the teeming and ravenous legions.

SEEDS

1.) Wave after wave of Awrahim Raptors have been assaulting the western lands. Attacks from the Awrahim hordes of insectoid abominations and innumerable undead are not unheard of in the history of these lands. The territory has been transformed over the past century into a veritable breadbasket thanks to wise and patient management of resources. The land has bloomed and the population has increased along with the bounty. But, as their bounty has waxed so has the intensity of Awrahim aggression. Never have the folk of these lands seen such an intense onslaught from the vile necromantic armies before. A call has gone out across the civilized lands to rally a defense. The tacticians organizing to defend the besieged territories believe this might be a final push by the Awrahim empire to establish a foothold here in the mortal realm. Should they manage to establish any form of hegemony it would be nothing short of a living nightmare for all unlucky enough to stand before the assembled corrupting might of the Awrahim war machine.

2.) A kingdom at the edge of the continent has been under constant assault from Awrahim forces for nearly a month. The invading forces are primarily Awrahim Raptors, Skeletons and Zombies. The kingdom has rallied its forces but is inexorably failing to defend its land and people. The king has begun to drain his coffers to entice mercenary companies to aid them. The party has been offered a generous commission if they choose to accept it. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The campaign is grueling. Attrition and desertion is rife. Supplies are running dangerously low. In time, a cult will be revealed within the population of the kingdom. They have become addicted to the necromantically derived narcotics of the Awrahim empire and have been conducting rituals which aid the Awrahim invasion to penetrate the kingdom. Perhaps they open portals or conjure vast mists to obscure enemy troop movements, etc.]

LOOT

The overlords of the Awrahim Raptors are powerful users of magic. It is highly likely that the Raptors would carry a few magic items. Perhaps every Awrahim Raptor is issued 1d4+1 magical potions before every mission they are dispatched on. I highly recommend giving each of them at least two Potions of Healing, but the potions function a little differently. The potions will make the imbiber ravenous for rotten flesh. The hunger for carrion is apt considering the Awrahim's taste for rotten flesh. For every Hit Point to be healed by the potion the imbiber will need to eat twice that much from a carcass. If the imbiber resists the urge to eat carrion, have them Save vs. Poison or lose consciousness for 1d6 rounds. If you are feeling particularly vindictive, you might say the PCs have a certain percentage chance (based on the amount of Hit Points they recover) to develop a permanent taste for rotten flesh. You may even rule that this new diet grants them a +1 to their Constitution (or maybe an extra Hit Die) so long as they get a daily meal of rotten meat.

BARAQI

Although these creatures look demonic, they are not. They are extraplanar merchants, slavers and raiders. They originate from a series of pocket dimensions within the overlap between the elemental plains of air and water. They are extremely fast and have an affinity for lightning.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 5+1*** [23hp], **Att** 2 x sword (1d10 + lightning arc), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (5), **ML** 9, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1425, **NA** 1d4 (1d6), **TT** F

• **AMBUSHER** If attacking from surprise, first attack is +4 to hit and inflicts x2 damage.
• **FAST REFLEXES** +2 bonus to initiative. If they have initiative, they can dart away without the opponent being able to counter-attack.
• **IMMUNITY** Is not harmed by electrical effects of any kind.
• **LIGHTNING ARC** If the Baraqi's sword attack hits by 4 or more (or is a natural 20), an arc of lightning passes through the blade and into the target inflicting an additional 2d10 damage.
• **LIGHTNING BURST** Each round of combat, there is a 1-2 chance on a 1d6 that the Baraqi will release a burst of lightning causing 3d12 damage in a 60' radius. **Save versus breath** for half damage.
• **STEALTHY** Surprises even alert opponents on a 1-3.

DESCRIPTION

A tall, lithe serpentine creature roughly twice the height of a large human. Its head is devilish looking with a profuse number of horns, frills and jutting fangs. The creature's scaly hide is blue-white with a metallic sheen to it. Across the whole of the thing's body small arcs of electricity dance, especially between the two razor keen scimitars it wields. Despite its size its movements are extremely deft and slippery. Occasionally the electricity dancing across its body coalesces into a devastating blast of lightning.

TACTICS

The creature will attack immediately. It is capable of delivering deft lethal slices from its blades in melee one moment and sinuously writhing away to safety the next. If threatened with range combatants or spellcasters it will seek cover, hiding until its lightning burst is ready to discharge. Although the Baraqi are fierce combatants, they will rarely fight to the death. Any they defeat, they would rather enslave than slay. If ever confronted with a significant threat, they will flee at the nearest opportunity.

LORE

These creatures are known as Baraqi. It is said that these monstrous serpentine beings are a form of elemental creature, perhaps similar to the Djinni or Efreeti. But whereas the Djinni and Efreeti are respectively associated with the elemental forces of air and fire, the Baraqi are beings of lightning. Lightning courses through every cell of their eldritch physiology. The Baraqi can use it to devastating effect against their enemies and according to some loremasters it also facilitates their extreme quickness. It is said the realm which birthed them is constantly assailed with fierce electrical storms.

The Baraqi are slavers and schemers beyond mortal measure. If they are encountered on the Material Plane, they are likely summoned by powerful magic, about some mischief or here to procure slaves. Occasionally they will seek out alliances with powerful beings for a coordinated raid of some sort where immense ill gotten wealth might be obtained. It is wise to be wary if ever asked to ally with these creatures however, as they are indeed a treacherous breed.

The Baraqi speak Draconic, which along with their reptilian mien has led to some speculation as to their origins.

ECOLOGY

Little of certitude is known about the origins of the Baraqi. However, it is rumored they hail from a tumultuous and storm-wracked overlap within the borders of the elemental planes of air and water. Within this area, numerous magical pocket dimensions have been wrought from the elemental chaos by Baraqi sorcery. And each pocket dimension is owned by a distinct confederation of Baraqi. The lords of these confederations constantly scheme against each other and jockey for power from the secure confines of steely towers. The confederations are all linked together via a twisted network of labyrinthine magical tunnels filled with all manner of traps and monsters.

Baraqi are mortal creatures. They share most of the same frailties we possess. They must eat, drink, sleep, breathe, etc. Sages familiar with race believe the Baraqi reproduce in a similar manner to mundane reptiles, but this is only speculation. The primary focus of their culture appears to be mercantilism, albeit a very treacherous and cutthroat form of it.

SEEDS

1.) A Baraqi has contacted the PCs via some magical means. It wants to recruit them for a raid upon a "caravan" of goods. The creature suggests that there will be significant wealth both mundane and magical.

2.) The party has been caught and enslaved by a Baraqi. They find themselves in a cage being readied for auction upon an alien plane. The sky is a perpetual slate gray with no sun, moon or stars. In the pen with them are other beings of myriad forms soon to be slaves as well. If the PCs manage to communicate with any of them, they are told this plane is Limbo and they should abandon all hope. Welcome to the Multiverse.

3.) Whilst studying a spell to summon lightning, a PC spellcaster accidentally happens upon the exact odd amalgamation of syllables that constitutes the true name of a Baraqi. One of the beings instantly appears. It is rather irate. However, it reluctantly states that it must serve the PC in the completion of three tasks before it can return to its home.

4.) Through a strange planar alchemy, the PCs have entered the pocket dimensional fiefdom of a Baraqi lord. All they know is they climbed a ladder and opened a hatch. Now they find themselves under a violet-hued, tempestuous sky strobed with lightning and they are in what appears to be a steel walled labyrinth. In the distance two immense steely towers soar skyward. The lightning seems to arc from them. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If the party investigates the labyrinth (and they should!), try to make them aware of the general environmental hazard of traipsing through an area full of conductive material during an electrical storm (but you probably don't want to TPK them). Perhaps they stumble an NPC that provides them a tool to survive the maze? Perhaps a group of Baraqi on patrol take them into custody and protect them from the lightning while they are escorted to an audience with the lord of the realm.]

LOOT

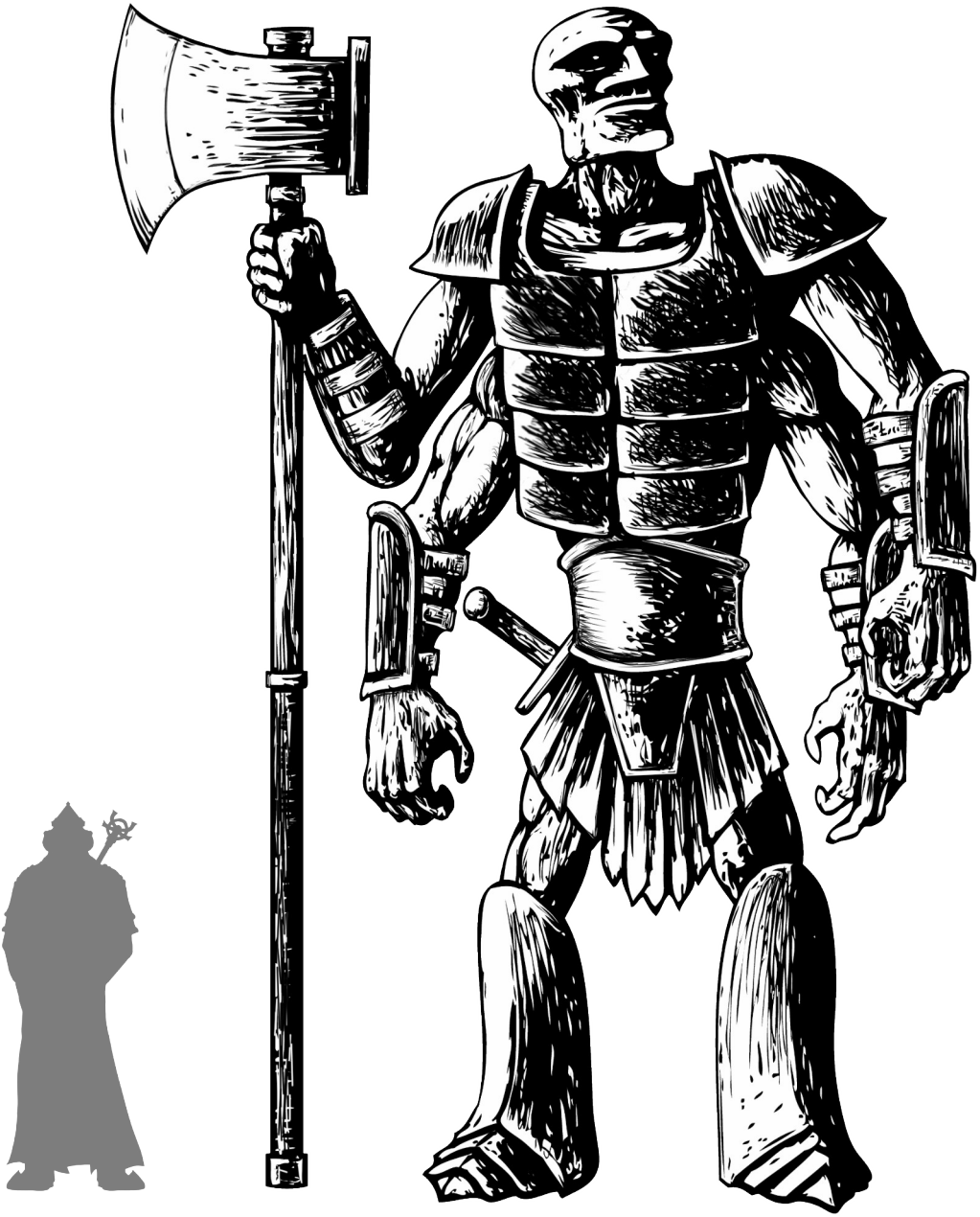
In addition to the usual loot appropriate from the TT rating, all Baraqi are equipped with two large scimitars. At the Referee's discretion, PCs might be able to wield them as two-handed swords. They are impressive weapons that bear a +2 enchantment and will retain the Lightning Arc feature detailed in the statblock.

GRAJOTUN

Reclusive giants that dwell in distant mountains and deep caverns. They build their kingdoms far from the realms of civilized folk. Although xenophobic, they sometimes interact with Dwarves. These huge beings have a deep connection with the elemental energy of Earth.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 10* [45hp], **Att** 2 x maul (6d6) or 1 x boulder (3d6), **THACO** 11 [+8], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10), **ML** 10, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 1600, **NA** 1 (1d4+1), **TT** E + 5000gp

- **BOULDER THROWING** Up to 200'.
- **IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)** as well as poison.
- **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
- **STONE CAMOUFLAGE** Surprise on a 1-4 in rocky terrain, due to camouflage.



DESCRIPTION
A huge, wiry, four-armed humanoid stares at you from the shadows. The being is easily as tall as a two storey house. Its body appears to be composed of some dark, rocky substance, perhaps basalt or granite. Its eyes are like bright, tiny sparks of orange light beneath a heavy brow. Its stony visage is simple, somber and nigh inscrutable.

The creature is armed and armored. It bears a long-hafted maul that matches it in height. It also appears to have a sheathed dagger or shortsword on its belt. And, it is clad in a breastplate, greaves and vambraces.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: Despite its rocky-looking physiology it moves with surprising speed and agility. The creature appears to be a skilled combatant but is not immediately hostile. If provoked, it will defend itself. It speaks the Common tongue and may be open to parley.]

TACTICS
These creatures generally avoid combat and will likely only use force in defense of themselves, an ally or a resource. If forced to fight, they will make use of any advantage available as well as any ranged attack capabilities (boulders) that it can. Once combat has begun, they are intelligent enough to recognize any obvious spellcasters and will prioritize them as targets.

LORE
These beings are a rare species of giant with strong ties to the elemental plane of earth. They are known to some folk as Grajotun, or more simply "Gray Giants". It is assumed they are so named due to their rocky flesh. They are a reclusive and somewhat xenophobic race. They speak the Dwarven language as well as the Common tongue. Sages and loremasters familiar with the Grajotun find it rather odd they do not speak the language of Giants. Grajotun generally trust Dwarves more than any of the other civilized folk.

In battle they can be quite fearsome as they combine the primal strength and fighting prowess of a giant with the tenacity and durability of an earth elemental. They are highly resistant to most mundane weapons and elemental forces. Further, they are completely immune to poisons.

The texture and color of their flesh also lends them a bit of natural camouflage whenever they are in stony surroundings. It is common practice for them to blacken their weapons and armor if they plan to use stealth.

ECOLOGY
Grajotun are deeply infused with elemental energies but are still mortal creatures. They must tend to the natural needs of their body as any normal, mortal being would. They require food, drink, sleep and air. Although, it is rumored they need far less sleep than most.

These beings tend to inhabit lonely mountainous regions far from the realms of civilized folk. They can also be found underground in immense cavern fortresses of their own construction. Their extreme toughness allows them to be comfortable in a wide range of environmental conditions that most other races would perish under.

SEEDS

1.) An overland quest in a far-flung corner of the world has necessitated a trek through some foreboding mountains. These mountains are considered ill-omened even by the most greedy of Dwarven clans. As to why the area is so maligned, none can truly say. The cause for the superstition is long lost to history. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The party will come to find out that the mountains are home to several tribes of highly xenophobic Grajotun. These tribes and the Dwarven clans have an ancient grudge against one another. The reason for the feud has been lost to time.]

2.) Whilst fleeing a mortal danger in the Underdark, the party happens across a titanic fortress carved from the very stone in a deep cave complex. They quickly spy light within many of the windows and conclude that it must be inhabited. As they weigh their options, they decide that it is more risky to face what they are fleeing from. So, they hasten deeper into the cave complex towards what looks to be a moat and drawbridge at the entrance of the fortress. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Soon they will discover this is a Grajotun fastness and they will have to negotiate asylum. What terms will the inhabitants demand of them?]

3.) A mining company has contracted the party to provide protection for their operations in a distant mountain range. They recently discovered some old Dwarven mines and upon some exploration determined them to be very rich in many valuable ores. However, once they began to dig in earnest they were attacked by several giant four-armed stone men. No miners were harmed but the equipment was completely destroyed. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The Grajotun have sworn to protect this site. Deep within it, are concealed doors which will lead to a Dwarven kingdom. If the party manages to get into the Dwarven kingdom beyond, they find the place littered with skeletons. There are no signs of violence. It appears some sort of plague overtook them at least a few centuries past.]

LOOT

All Grajotun wield gigantic mauls and suitably scaled daggers or short swords. Additionally, they all wear well-crafted breastplates. Grajotun will hoard coin and other valuables but are rather prosaic and not inclined to keep magical items that lack an obvious martial purpose. It is suggested that any magical items they possess come in the form of weapons or armor. Even if the items are too small for the Grajotun to wield itself, they tend to collect them anyway. A typical Grajotun will carry an individual treasure not greater than 200 gold pieces in total value, usually in the form of rare gems. Its hoard is likely to contain approximately twenty times that value in coin, gems, armor and weapons.

HODRAK

Hodrak are the huge, imbecilic bastard offspring of an insane fey woman exiled to the mortal realm. They are vicious and stupid. Absolutely carnivorous and endlessly hungry.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 8** [36hp], **Att** 2 x axes (1d12), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B11 S12 (8), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1750, **NA** 1d4 (2d6), **TT** C + 5000gp

• **BELLOW** 2-in-6 chance per round of bellowing in horrifying, imbecilic rage. **Save versus spells** or be paralysed. This attack mimics the effects of a Hold Monster spell and as such can be used in two ways:

1.) Against an individual: The target's saving throw is penalised by -2.

2.) Against a group: 1d4 individuals in the group are targeted.

Restrictions: Undead are not affected.

• **MAGICAL AXES** Paralyzes target for 1d4 turns on a natural 20. No save allowed.

• **MENTAL RESISTANCE** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic or silver.

• **SURPRISE** On a 1-3, due to stealth.

DESCRIPTION

A large, densely muscled, but portly humanoid emerges from a nearby shadow. The lumbering figure stands easily thrice as tall as a large man. The brute has an almost comically small head in comparison to its obese physique. You are shocked at how silent such a lumbering oaf must have moved to come so close without being noticed. You suspect something supernatural must be afoot to lend it such stealth.

The being's flesh is pale and unwholesome looking. A green hue and an almost bloodless pallor. It grips a massive hooked blade in each hand. The blade might be considered an axe, cleaver, sickle or pick in equal measure. Regardless of its categorization, the blades are clearly intended to be implements of murder in one form or another. They appear to be forged entirely from a silvery black metal that the light slides from in a peculiar way, not quite a shine but more of a diffuse scattering. The creature is adorned simply in a loincloth which is secured by a heavy, armored belt composed primarily of the same weird metal as its blades. The belt must be stoutly wrought to contain the prodigious gut beneath.

As the thing approaches from the darkness you can see the beady eyes beneath its heavy brow widen hungrily. It opens its mouth revealing several rows of triangular teeth and bellows in a sort of titanic, imbecilic rage. As you face this horrific sound your resolve begins to crumble.

TACTICS

These are simple brutes. They will charge into melee and likely will not coordinate their attacks with any allies. They will not take advantage of any environmental or terrain features. But, they will make ample use of their paralyzing attacks and fear-inducing bellow.

LORE

These creatures are known as Hodrak. They are the weird half-fey bastards of a powerful and insane faerie woman. These faeries were exiled to the mortal realm and decided to style themselves as queens of sorts. As such they set about building themselves a powerful army possessed of unswerving loyalty. To achieve this goal they seduce the most powerful and brutish males they can find. The mad fey prefer such beings as ogres, orcs and hill giants but a human of certain standards might suffice as well.

By means of their magic, these brood queens will enchant the male and then polymorph into whatever species the stud desires for purposes of mating. Afterwards she quickly swells with child and then places the father in a magical torpor. When the child is eventually birthed mere hours later it will devour its father as its first meal.

A mature Hodrak is nothing to be trifled with. They are immensely strong and surprisingly sneaky. The tactics of a Hodrak are fairly straightforward though. It will wade into a melee combat at the nearest opportunity and is generally speaking, to stupid to flee from danger. Their strange axes carry a bit of their mother's eldritch craft and will paralyze victims on a critical hit for 1d4 turns (no save allowed).

ECOLOGY

Hodrak are mortal, but they are half-fey. As such their bodies and life cycle are fairly unusual. They require air, food and water but seem to have little need for rest. Also, They are not birthed as most

mammals are. Upon conception they grow quickly within the wombs of their mothers. Within mere hours, the fey broodqueen will be heavy with pregnancy. But, she will not deliver a living infant. Instead, she will birth a large green, fleshy pod. The pod continues to grow at a miraculous rate. And, within just another handful of hours it will have grown to the scale of a roughly full-size Hodrak. At this point the wicked fey will spill the blood of the Hodrak's father. Once it scents the flowing lifeblood, it will emerge from the pod and consume its father in a ravenous frenzy.

SEEDS

1.) The party happens upon what appears to be an abandoned lumber camp. Upon closer investigation, they find numerous broken and hewn corpses. All of the bodies appear to be women and children. And, all of the bodies show obvious bite marks on the remaining bits of flesh and bone. Characters skilled in such things might realize the wounds are not from an animal, but likely from a human-like jaw. Albeit a rather large one with multiple rows of large triangular teeth. The muddy earth of the village reveals large clawed footprints. They also seem quite human-like in form. The trail is obvious and easy to follow. If the party follows the trail for a few hours they soon sight an abandoned monastery surrounded by at least half a dozen (1d6+5) large, crudely-built mud huts. Each hut contains 1d3 Hodrak. As the Hodrak are rather dim and imbecilic, the party might be able to sneak past the huts. However, if they choose to fight and lose, all human-sized males will be taken prisoner. All others (save for Elves) will be eaten on the spot. Any Elven males will be imprisoned and reduced to what is essentially a beauty potion for the insane fey broodqueen.

2.) The party finds itself encamped in dark, dense forest alongside a winding river. As night settles in and they prepare their watch, a damnable wail echoes down the river setting their nerves on edge. It is the sound of a very large male in abject horror. If the party investigates that night they discover a rather large cave opening further down river. The entrance is festooned with large skulls on crude pikes. Although the only illumination without is a wan and eldritch moonlight, within the cave dim torchlight flickers. The screams have risen in intensity as they echo from the cavern. A moment later, the sound is cut short with a wet gurgle. An audible, hungry growl along with chomping, slurping and crunching soon follow. Characters from grim and wild backgrounds or with sufficient experience might liken the sound to a large wolf tearing into a carcass. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If the party investigates inside the cavern, they find a creche for newly birthed Hodraks. The mother seems to be absent, but 1d4+2 of her offspring hungrily await any interlopers. There is a 3-in-6 chance males will be taken captive. Females will be slaughtered and eaten immediately. If the party avoids the cavern entirely, there is a 1-in-6 chance per hour they remain in the vicinity they will encounter 1d4 wandering Hodraks.]

LOOT

Hodraks are simple brutes whose prime motivation is to sate the ravenous hunger that is their constant companion. However, they are likely to accumulate a small hoard of shiny baubles to present to their mother. If slain, the Hodraks axes might be repurposed by a smith of sufficient skill. Although, they are very large and will likely only be suitable for greataxes or polearms. Such weapons will have a +1 enchantment and will retain the paralyze on natural twenty feature. The Hodrak's belt is large enough to craft a shield from (also +1).

IBESEAN

Ibesean are demons summoned to the mortal realm for various purposes. They are usually called forth to function as assassins or guards. They also provide knowledge of the hellish dimensions. Unscrupulous sorts may barter with them for magical knowledge as well.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 12+3*** [57hp], **Att** 1 x bite (1d12 + petrify) or 1 x breath (12d6), **THACO** 10 [+9], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (12), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 3500, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** H

• **DETECT INVISIBLE** 75% chance per round. 60' range.
• **FIRE BREATH** 3-in-6 chance per round of breathing fire. One target. **Save versus breath** for half damage.
• **FIRE IMMUNITY** Unharmed by any fire (magical or mundane).
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used **3 x Day**:

a. Dimension Door

b. Invisibility

c. Illusion: Visual and audial. No concentration required. Remains until touched or dispelled.

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
• **PETRIFY** Those who fail their **save versus petrify** are burnt from within. They become crumbling, ashen statues.
• **TELEPATHY** May communicate mentally within 60'. Those contacted are not compelled to communicate, but the Ibesean will have an empathic sense of their thoughts regardless.

DESCRIPTION

[REFEREE'S NOTE: This description assumes the party sees the monster fully hidden in shadows.] Your party sees in the middle-distance what might be eyes. Glowing eyes that burn like yellow-orange embers in the darkness. Although still quite some distance you can sense that whatever foul mind sits behind those weird eyes has noted your presence. In the next moment you hear or rather feel a soft, dry chuckle in the back of your mind. And then the thing with its glowing eyes is gone. A momentary feeling of ease washes over you but is soon chased away by a persistent lingering stench of sulphur. The smell is faint but clinging and seems to follow you henceforth. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The monster has turned invisible and is lurking around the edges of the party formation. If it sees a straggler it will likely blast the poor unfortunate with its fiery breath and then turn invisible once again at the nearest opportunity.]

[REFEREE'S NOTE: This description assumes the party sees the monster fully revealed.] You see a tall, hunched, gangly, horned monstrosity. The being is nominally humanoid with two arms and two legs. Its head is elongated and vaguely equine with four eyes and innumerable jutting teeth. The horrific creature has crimson skin and its eyes glow like hellish yellow-orange embers. Conventional wisdom tells you this is likely a demon of some sort.

TACTICS

These creatures will rarely make a frontal assault. This is especially true if they are outnumbered. If ever put in such a situation they will usually retreat and plot a trap or an ambush. They may also simply lurk near the party using their Invisibility to conceal themselves. And then when a partymember is isolated and caught unawares, blast them with its fiery breath or turn them to ash with its bite.

LORE

These creatures are known as Ibeseans. They are demons from some otherworldly, extradimensional hell realm. They are often summoned to the mortal realm to serve as guardians or assassins. Sometimes they are summoned to provide occult knowledge on the various hellscapes that exist outside the mortal realm. It has been rumored that they will barter dark, arcane knowledge for unspeakable prices.

As with most such creatures they are loathsome horrors spawned of chaos and violence they are anathema to the natural world. This specific breed of demon has a marked affinity for fire. The telltale scent of sulphur always lingers about it and often betrays its presence. These things can breathe a gout of flame that would rival a dragon, luckily they lack the ability to affect more than one target per blast. Additionally, their bite causes a victim to burn from within, turning them into a statue of crumbling ash and charcoal.

Their weird flesh is immune to mundane attacks as well as fire of even the magical sort. Their four weird eyes can see through invisibility and illusion with relative ease. Perhaps this is due to their own penchant for illusion and invisibility magics. They can also briefly step outside of normal reality and into their home dimension to make short teleports via the Dimension Door spell.

ECOLOGY

Ibeseans are not mortal. While in the mortal realm, they have flesh and that flesh can be destroyed. But they can never be slain in the truest sense, they will only lose this shell of flesh. Their corrupt essence will return to their home dimension to wait for another chance to invade the realm of mortals. However, they are very reluctant to lose this material form and return to incorporeality in their own dimension. As such, they will

often flee if put in serious jeopardy. As for the necessities of biology that plague most normal folk, such as eating, breathing and sleeping, these are optional for demons. They only indulge in these activities if it pleases them to do so. They will gladly feast on an infant sacrifice but will never starve. They could make their lair in the deepest, fetid swamp and never drown.

SEEDS

1.) During an expedition the party comes across the long-deserted ruins of an abbey and a neighboring orphanage. Although long past, there is considerable evidence that something horrific transpired here. Skeletons with broken limbs and shattered skulls are frequent. The remains are those of adults and children. Scorch marks dot the masonry throughout the ruins. In some places the heat looks to have been so intense the stonework has been vitrified. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Several decades hence the orphanage took in the child of a witch cult. They thought they would be able to dissuade the innocent from following the dark path it was born into. Unfortunately they were wrong. The corruption in the child ran too deep. Somehow the waif summoned an Ibesean which then slaughtered all the other inhabitants of the compound. The child is now an adult and has fostered another coven in the area. The Ibesean lives in their midst and tutors them in black sorcery.]

2.) A profligate and degenerate princeling has been hosting midnight masquerades at one of his family estates in the hinterlands. He has been holding them every fortnight since the spring equinox. The parties have grown infamous for their debauchery and all the spoiled libertines of note and nobility are scraping and grovelling for an invitation. The ecclesiarchy has caught wind of the reprobate scenes and is out for the princeling's blood. The church has been aware of this corruption in the royal line for several years and would prefer the king's third son, a far more pious and upright man, eventually ascend to the throne. To achieve their goal, the priesthood has conspired to abduct the errant heir. They have orchestrated events such that the princeling's kidnapping (or death), will be blamed on the increasingly potent mind-altering narcotics which fuel the parties descent into orgiastic rituals. The machinations of the church will paint a convincing tale of madness and mob violence but they are hiring folk such as you to do their dirty work. Name your price. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The agents of the church can easily facilitate entry for the player characters via forged identities and posh conveyance. At some point they will realize that the striking woman that glides about the periphery of the event is an Ibesean and that these events are tributes to the foul thing which has taken on the princeling as an apprentice.]

LOOT

Ibeseans will hoard anything mortals value. As demons, they require nothing from the material world, neither shelter nor sustenance. But they are well aware of the power that greed holds over mortal souls. As such, they will make considerable effort to gather and protect at minimum a trove of coin. They will usually spend their wealth buying influence from petty nobles, funding cults, fostering seditious political movements, etc. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It might be helpful to consider how an Ibesean would use its powers to subtly influence mortals. Illusion. Telepathy. Teleportation. All could be utilized to draw even the most saintly individual towards vice and iniquity with a bit of imagination.]

KROKOWORG

Krokoworgs are large, alchemically-engineered hybrids of crocodiles and dire wolves. They are fast, ferocious and amphibious. They hunt in packs and possess a cunning that exceeds that of a normal beast.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 5+1** [23hp], **Att** 1 x bite (1d10), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 180' (60') / 120' (40') swimming, **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (5), **ML** 10, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 575, **NA** 1d6 (2d6), **TT** None

• **CAMOUFLAGE** Krokoworgs surprise targets on a 1–3, in swampy or forested regions due to the color and texture of their hide.
• **FEEDING FRENZY** Attracted to the scent of blood or violent movement in the water.
• **MOUNTS** Sometimes trained as mounts by Lizardmen and other reptilian folk.
• **TRAINING** At the Referee's discretion, captured cubs may be trained somewhat like dogs. Krokoworgs are ferocious and extremely difficult to train, especially by non-reptilian species.

DESCRIPTION

You see a large reptilian animal. It looks to be about the size of a small horse, but much more densely built. It has a thick, long tail that ends in a large fin of sorts. The whole of its body is covered in a greenish-brown, tough, horny hide. Upon closer observation you begin to notice some definite lupine features intermingled with the reptilian traits. Its limbs are fairly long but also quite meaty. As you observe it more closely it seems to have noticed you. Its long triangular head turns toward you. As it does so, its eyes flicker with the luminescent cunning of an apex predator. Its huge jaws part revealing several rows of sharp, conical teeth. A low and rumbling chortle somewhat akin to the laugh of a hyena rumbles in its belly and rolls out of its terrible maw. A few moments later it throws back its head loosing a long plaintive, rattling groan. The sound resembles a mix of a wolf's howl and a throaty crocodile moan but with enough volume and bass that it shakes your bones. Mere moments later, its call is answered by another of its weird breed in the distance. And then you hear another. And another. A chill runs up your spine as you feel panic beginning to set in.

TACTICS

Although quite capable, these creatures have a general dislike for direct combat. They will harry their prey with hit and run tactics seeking to weaken it or until members of their pack arrive in force sufficient to overwhelm it. However, once the scent of blood is in the air, they are prone to go into a feeding frenzy.

LORE

These weird creatures are generally known as Krokoworgs although with different names in various regions of the continent. They are believed to be the escaped experiment of some mad alchemist or wizard. Krokoworgs appear to be a mixture of dire wolf and crocodile. They mix most of the better characteristics of each predator to great effect. They are fast and deadly on land and in the water. And, their gnarly, leathern hide affords them a good degree of camouflage in swampy waterways, jungles and subtropical forests.

Lizardmen are rumored to have a special affinity with the brutal mutants and often use them as mounts. The amphibious capabilities of both races combined with the speed and ferocity of the Krokoworgs makes them a formidable team. They can coordinate lightning raids on both land or water.

ECOLOGY

These weird creatures are likely to inhabit watery, dank places such as swamps and marshes. But, they do sometimes lurk around other bodies of water. This is particularly true if they are seeking new hunting territory. Due to their cold-blooded, reptilian physiology it is exceptionally rare to see these creatures outside of a tropical or subtropical climate. They are absolutely carnivorous and highly

territorial. They take after their lupine side when it comes to their social instincts. They will almost always be encountered as a pack and will coordinate their tactics to bring down prey.

SEEDS

1.) The party has been employed by a noble fop that seeks to add some Krokoworgs to his menagerie. He will provide the party with the means to capture a male and female Krokoworg. To this end they will be given retainers, wagons, horses and specially constructed cages. He is offering a considerable amount of coin per adventurer. He will give 250gp in advance and promises 500gp on completion. The fop provides the party with a detailed map his expeditionary group drew. The expeditionary crew visited the area last spring and reported several packs of Krokoworgs in the area. [REFEREE'S NOTE: But, what no one could know is that in the interim a clan of Lizardmen has also occupied the same territory and allied with the Krokoworgs. They have fortified much of the area with crude but effective traps such as swinging spiked logs, deadfall pits, etc.]

2.) The party happens across a small, riverside hamlet that appears to have been totally devastated by large animals of some sort. Massive clawed footprints are obvious in the bloodsoaked earth. As they explore further they find evidence that suggests the beasts were not alone. There are crudely made arrows and broken spears found as well. Additionally tracks from smaller clawed feet, likely made by a bipedal creature are also discovered. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The party is currently being watched by a Lizardman scout mounted on his Krokoworg. They are concealed in the nearby woods. You might allow Elves and Thieves a 1 in 2 chance on 1d6 to spot the concealed watcher. If spotted, the watcher and his mount will flee deeper in the forest and summon more of their fellows. The Lizardmen are not keen on having further interlopers here. As a result they will surely seek to eliminate the party before they can bring any help.]

3.) One of the PCs (or perhaps an NPC hireling) discovers a lone Krokoworg cub as the party is trekking through a swampy forest. The cub is quite young and still very little, about the size of a large puppy. It makes a variety of adorable sounds. [REFEREE'S NOTE: How will the party respond to the astonishingly cute monstrosity? If they decide to adopt it and leave the general area (swampy forest) within 1 hour, things will probably be fine. However, if they remain in the same terrain there is a 2-in-6 chance the Krokoworg cub's cute vocalizations attract 2d6 adult Krokoworgs that will keen to retrieve the pup.]

LOOT

Krokoworgs are animals, albeit very cunning ones so any treasure acquired from them is quite likely to be incidental. However, if you wish to use them alongside Lizardmen it might make sense to devise a trap baited with all the glittering things adventurers crave.

MADCAP

Sinister little fungal creatures. They have pity in equal measures to their soul, which is to say they have neither. The wretched things release spores that invade the lungs of other creatures. These spores cause madness and lead to an infection that reproduces more of the little fiends.

AC 8 [11], **HD** 1-1* [3hp], **Att** 1 x claw (1d2) or 1 x spore cloud (see below), **THACO** 20 [-1], **MV** 60' (20'), **SV** D14 W15 P16 B17 S18 (NH), **ML** 6, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 6, **NA** 1d12+1 (3d20), **TT** C

• **IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.

• **SPORE CLOUD** Range: 10' radius per HD. Targets are allowed a **save versus poison**. A Spore Cloud causes a confused or manic state. Additionally it acts as a poison and a disease. Undead, constructs or any creatures that do not breathe are immune. **3 x Day**

1.) Targets of 2+1 HD or greater: May **save versus poison** each round to resist the spore cloud's effect, acting with free will.

2.) Targets that do not make a save versus poison incur a -2 penalty to morale checks, attacks rolls, and damage rolls. They are visibly ill, coughing, gagging, etc.

3.) Targets that do not make a save versus poison within 1 turn of exposure have become infected. They must succeed on a save versus poison at the end of everyday thereafter or lose 1d6 points of Constitution. When their Constitution reaches 0 they froth at the mouth and their chest bursts open releasing a spore cloud and 3d20 cricket-sized Madcaps that flee immediately.

4.) Targets affected by the spores are deranged and confused. Roll a 1d6: On a 1-3 they are passive and imbecilic (Spell casters are unable to use their magic). On a 4-6 they attack the nearest living, moving thing (except Madcaps). A Madcap can add its HD value as a modifier to influence the outcome of the 1d6 roll.

• **STEALTHY** Surprises even alert opponents on a 1-3.

• **NEVER STOPS GROWING** These creatures will never stop growing. Although they begin very small and weak they will continue to grow. For every additional Number Appearing you can opt to an additional Hit Dice to create one (or more) larger Madcaps. Typical Madcaps are about the size of a cat and each additional HD added increases their size about a foot. Remember to adjust the statblock of any larger Madcaps.

DESCRIPTION
You glimpse movement just at the edge of your vision. It seemed to be a rather small humanoid figure, roughly the size of a cat but perhaps even smaller. The figure was visible for just a moment. It appeared to have a large head and frail body. Perhaps it is some form of fey creature?

[REFEREE'S NOTE: If the party ignores the creature and moves on. It will trail them. But its tiny legs means they quickly outpace it. However, there may be a chance that it catches up with them if they set up camp for the night. If the creature does catch up with them, it will steal into their midst while they sleep. Once nearest the greatest concentration of the party, it will release a spore cloud. The creature is not concerned about self-preservation, its goal is to spread its spores as effectively as possible.]

If the party manages to get a good look at the creature, it appears to be a very small humanoid. It seems to be some form of plant-like monster. It is mottled greys, browns and greens in color, perhaps a sort of natural camouflage. The head of the thing is lighter in color with a more intricate structure reminiscent of the fungal growths on trees and rocks. It has six featureless black eyes, three of them on each side of its weird head. Its limbs end in sharp claws. And a series of fins or fronds run the length of its spine. The growths that run down its back are highly mobile and may perhaps serve as a sort of sensory organ similar to the whiskers of a cat.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: Here is a bonus DESCRIPTION if the party should happen to encounter a corpse overrun with the disease a Madcap spore infestation inevitably leads to:] You spot a corpse (animal? adventurer?) laying just at the edge of your visibility. Its face is covered in a mucusy froth. Its chest appears to have burst from within. If the party inspects the remains more closely, they will see several tiny humanoids (Madcaps) the size of crickets struggling to crawl free of the shattered rib cage and assorted viscera.

TACTICS
Madcaps prefer to attack by stealth and in numbers whenever possible. Additionally, they have no true sense of self-preservation. However, they are intelligent and will send swarms of their smaller brethren against a target before they send in their larger kin.

LORE
These little fungal creatures are known as Madcaps. They have pity in equal measures to their soul, which is to say they have neither. They are named after their fungal nature and ability to release madness-inducing spores. The spores are also their means of reproduction. Loremasters claim the spores that birthed the Madcaps came into our realm from a curse pronounced by a necromancer. The blasphemous rune was spake from the blistering lips of the fiend as he burned at the stake. Those who were there to witness the execution recall a thunderclap which rattled their bones and shook the earth. After the immolation of the heretic, a noxious plume rose from the ashes. It stole into the lungs of everyone present. All fell ill not soon after, more than half of the watchers perished from an eldritch blight within a fortnight. Weird, pustulent fungal growths ran riot within them and eventually burst from their chests. In many cases, tiny little man-like creatures no bigger than crickets were seen squirming free of the frothy mucus ejected from the ruptured lungs of the diseased. It is said this dread vapor that

rose from the ashes spawned the wretched spores and hence the grotesque little fungal folk. Those learned few who have studied the happening know not from what toxic netherworld the spores escaped and have thus far failed to cure the malady. Most assuredly, the creatures continue to multiply. Their population is surely burgeoning and festering in dark, wet and unsuspected places.

ECOLOGY

Madcaps are mortal and quite fragile. But, the longer they survive and the more they eat, the larger they grow. They begin as tiny things about the size of a cricket and most never grow beyond the size of a housecat. But, larger specimens have been reported. The creatures typically flee from contact but the largest recovered remains appear to be roughly child-size in stature. As of this entry, these specimens remain the largest, but telltale signs in the vicinity of their colonies indicate larger growth is possible.

They make their lairs in dark, warm and moist environments. Additionally, they favor a location with ample amounts of decaying organic matter. They are quite capable of altering the terrain to suit their needs. Just as beavers might build a dam, Madcaps can fell trees, divert streams, etc.

The spores of Madcaps are their means of reproduction. Animals that breathe the spores slowly weaken. Victims that fully succumb will begin to incubate a horde of tiny Madcaps within their lungs. Eventually their chest will swell and burst, releasing a spore cloud and many new Madcaps. The spores allow the Madcaps to alter the perceptions of those exposed to them. Usually they compel creatures to go into a rage. Afterwards, the Madcaps utilize the corpses as a growing medium once the mayhem has subsided.

SEEDS

1.) Madness has gripped the countryside. At first, it was thought to be a peasant revolt. But when the forces dispatched to quell the uprising returned, they told of folk frothing at the mouth in berserk fury. Mayhem and slaughter were everywhere as the folk struck down their own kin. Not long after their return, these agents of the crown also show signs of the contagion. [REFEREE'S NOTE: A blasphemous cult has been spreading the spores of Madcaps. The fiends have infiltrated many rural communities throughout the kingdom and released the corrupting spores. The cult is trying to disrupt agricultural production and create a massive famine across the whole kingdom and possibly the continent.]

2.) The party comes across a large Goblin settlement. But, it is eerily silent. The warmachines and rusting weapons stand in mute testimony to what was a devastating horde. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The Goblins were infected with Madcap spores almost a month ago. The huge population of Goblins has now been replaced by many more Madcaps. Most of them are no bigger than cats. But, 1d4 have reached Ogre size. The Madcaps have been roused by the party's appearance. And the smallest of them will soon be creeping into the midst of the party to intoxicate them with their spores. Perhaps the tiny interlopers are spotted and slain before they can do any harm. But, in 1d4 rounds their gigantic kin will emerge to subdue the party by force.]

LOOT

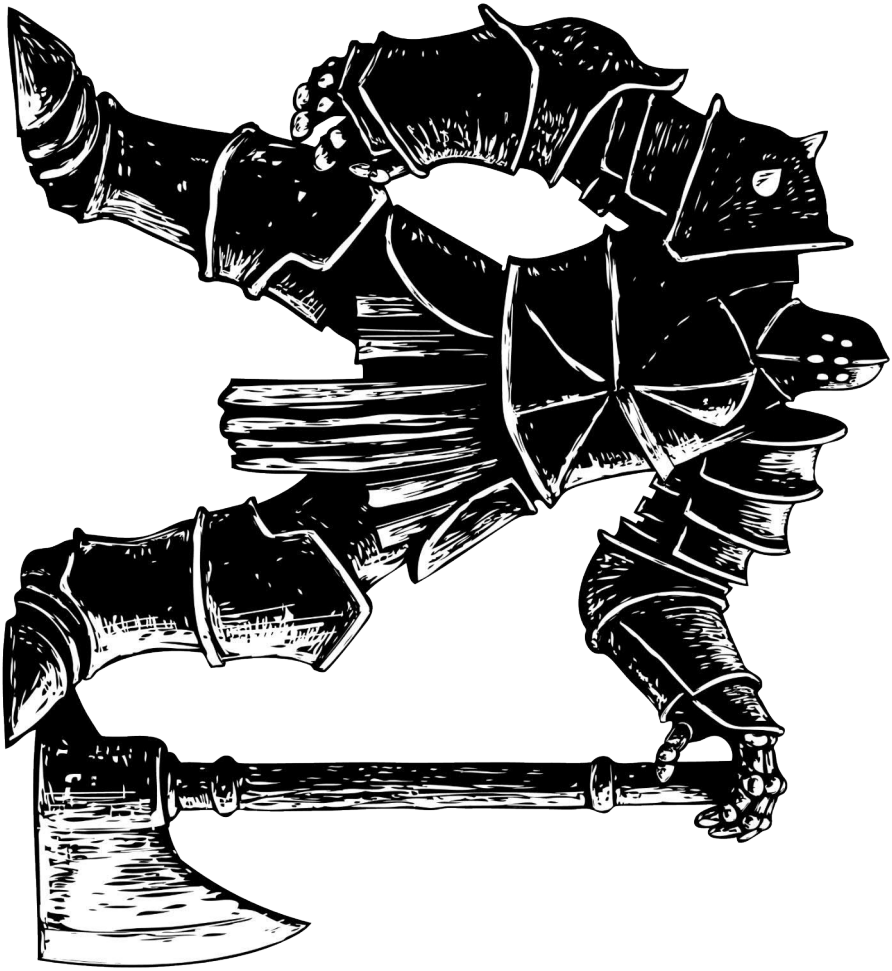
Madcaps are aware of the lure treasure has for normal folk. As a result, they will build a hoard. But it is often more glitter than gold. The Madcaps will divide their hoard into several locations to serve as bait.

MAGMA THRALL

Magma elementals summoned and then bound to specially constructed and enchanted armor. They are usually the reluctant servants of powerful spellcasters. They emit intense heat, keep your distance should you ever meet one.

AC 0 [19], **HD** 8+4**** [40hp], **Att** 2 x axe (2d12 + 1d12 heat), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (8), **ML** 12, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 2850, **NA** 1d3 (1d6+1), **TT** None

• **DEATH THROES** When the Magma Thrall dies there is 1-2 chance in 1d6 that, it explodes, and each creature within 30' must make a **save versus death** or take 8d6 damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. The explosion ignites flammable objects in the area.
• **FLAMING BLOOD** If damaged by an edged weapon, emits a spurt of magma: attacker suffers 2d6 damage **(save versus death to avoid)**.
• **HEAT** A Magma Thrall emits intense heat. Anything within a 10' radius will take 1d12 damage. There is a 1-in-6 chance per round that combustible materials ignite.
• **IMMUNITY** Unharmed by gas; unaffected by **charm, hold, and sleep** spells. Immune to poison and fire.
• **INITIATIVE** -1 penalty due to stiff movement.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.
• **VULNERABLE TO COLD** --2 to saves against cold attacks; suffers one extra point of damage per die.



DESCRIPTION
An immense figure clad in black, heavy, plate armor and wielding a massive battle axe. It stands about twice the height of a large human. A fiery, red glow can be seen behind the grille of its helm and along the seams of its armor. Its outline is shimmery and indistinct, almost as if an incredible heat emanates from it.

It approaches you. As it does, you notice the stiff movements of its limbs and gait. It makes no vocalization. You also notice small, flammable objects burst into flames in its presence.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature will attack if it has reason to, e.g., its creator ordered it to defend this area or if the party is threatening the creature with violence. If the creature has no reason to attack the party it may simply observe them. It is not inherently hostile but it is a dutiful servant. However, if this being has survived the death of its creator it will be much more aggressive.]

TACTICS
The creature is a brutal, heavily armored melee combatant. All it really knows how to do is chop things to bits with its axe. If fighting on its own it will likely go after the most obvious threat, in other words the target that appears the most formidable. However, If there are more than one of them in an encounter, they will coordinate their attacks to eliminate an enemy force quickly and efficiently. For example, they will attack softer targets first en masse to reduce the number of enemy combatants as quickly as possible. If one particular target demonstrates more destructive potential than its fellows they will split their forces to engage that opponent as well.

LORE
These creatures are known as Magma Thralls. They are often mistaken for constructs, but they are in fact magma elementals bound to a suit of enchanted, adamantine full plate. The armor is a vessel which contains their roiling, volcanic form.

They are incredibly tough opponents. The armor is naturally durable and heavily enchanted. Additionally, the elemental within the armor is invulnerable to many forms of attack. Further, they radiate enough heat to severely burn any who approach them. Luckily, because the adamantine armor is perpetually super-heated it can become brittle if struck with freezing temperatures.

The magma elementals are summoned and bound through a complex ritual. An enchantment within the armor keeps the magma elemental under the control of its summoner indefinitely. But, if for some reason the creator of a Magma Thrall is slain and the elemental is not released, it will run amok until destroyed. Once the armor is destroyed, the elemental is set free to return to its home plane.

ECOLOGY
Magma Thralls are elemental creatures that draw their energy from the primal forces of nature itself. As such, they do not eat or drink as mortal creatures do. Nor do they breathe or sleep. They can be encountered anywhere throughout the Multiverse.

SEEDS

1.) In the bowels of an ancient and abandoned wizard's tower the party encounters a Magma Thrall. The Magma Thrall's creator died centuries ago and the elemental spirit inhabiting the armor has been growing more and more enraged as the decades have past. It will charge at the party as soon as it sees them. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If the party can somehow convince the creature that they can release it from bondage it may hold off its attack. But as far as the Magma Thrall is concerned only the destruction of its armor will free it and the best way to find such release is via mortal combat.]

2.) The party happens across a strange tableau. They see an incredibly eerie swamp covering the whole of a small valley. The air is thick with a steamy, fetid miasma that provokes nausea. The incessant drone of overfat flies makes speaking in a normal voice difficult. About a dozen or so Magma Thralls trudge through the muck ceaselessly dispatching all manner of undead and demonic abominations that rise from the swamp. The swamp seems to be generating an endless stream of undead things and the Magma Thralls are here to cut them down. [REFEREE'S NOTE 1: There is some sort of planar tear beneath the muck that allows undead and similar loathsome abominations from some hell dimension to access our realm. In the distant past, a conclave of wizards learned of the breach and forged these Magma Thralls as a bastion against the incursion. They do a reasonably good job, but occasionally some crafty hellspawn or incorporeal undead slips through their defenses.] [REFEREE'S NOTE 2: If the party intervenes or enters the muck, the Magma Thralls will likely attack them.] [REFEREE'S NOTE 3: Regardless of whether the party investigates further or moves on, as long as they are in the vicinity there is a strong likelihood of them being attacked by incorporeal undead.]

3.) A warlord of considerable power and influence has contracted the PCs to seek out a Magma Thrall, subdue it, and bring its armor and axe back to him. He will provide the party with several NPCs to assist them in the task. One of the NPCs is a scout that has found a lone Magma Thrall, he has a map to the location. Another is a Cleric to offer healing should they need it. And the third is a mage specializing in elemental magics that claims he can communicate with and free the Magma Thrall from its enchanted bondage. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The general plan is to track the Magma Thrall down, offer it freedom, and return its armor and axe to the warlord. It seems fairly straightforward, so you should devise some complications to vex your players. Perhaps some of these valued NPCs meet an untimely demise? If the mage dies before completing the task, perhaps he instructed one of the PCs on the proper rituals to free the Magma Thrall from bondage? Perhaps the scout dies and the map he made is full of shorthand jargon? And probably the most obvious, if the Cleric dies and the party lacks one of their own...]

LOOT

Magma Thralls are unconcerned with the accumulation of wealth. This is especially true if they are still under the control of whoever summoned and bound them. However, their axe and armor are composed of a magically enhanced adamantine that would likely be worth four or five thousand gold pieces together. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If the Magma Thrall explodes (see Death Throes in the statblock) there will still be some salvageable metal, but not nearly four or five thousand gold pieces worth. Use your discretion.]

OLILDAN

Olildan are an exceptionally murderous form of automata. The madmen who devised the means of their construction were mages and artificers of great skill and little wisdom. They sought to imbue their creations with a greater degree of autonomy. To achieve this they utilized a demonic spirit instead of an elemental spirit. The result was more than they had bargained for.

AC 0 [19], **HD** 10**** [45hp], **Att** 2 x claw (2d6 + paralysis) or 1 x stomp (4d8), **THACO** 11 [+8], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 3700, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** D

• **BLINK** In combat, teleport close to an enemy, attack, then reappear 1d4 × 10' away. If they have initiative, can blink away without the opponent being able to counter-attack.
• **DISAPPEAR** If in serious danger, the golem can flee by entirely disappearing.
• **IMMUNITY** Unharmed by gas; unaffected by charm, hold, and sleep spells.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
• **PARALYSIS** For 2d4 turns **(save versus paralysis)**.
• **STOMP** Will stomp on paralyzed targets for 4d8 damage.

DESCRIPTION

In the middle distance you hear the shriek of rusty metal and the clanking grind of machinery. As you turn to face the cacophony, you see a towering automaton. The machine stands easily four to five times the height of a large person. Its long arms end in hooked and barbed talons that drag across the ground as it makes its way towards you. Its stride is somewhat slow and ponderous. You can feel a palpable hatred from the ghoulish machine as its heavy tread closes the distance to you with an inevitable, murderous intent.

As it closes on you and reaches missile range, it simply disappears. A moment later it reappears inside missile range and is nearly upon you. The wicked talons at the end of its long arms are already swiping at your front ranks.

TACTICS

These creatures do not shy from a frontal assault. But, they will make ample use of their Blink ability to move around the battlefield and harry softer targets first. If they manage to paralyze a few of the party, they will retreat from melee. This is especially true if they have already incapacitated any spellcasters or obvious missile weapon specialists. Once the numbers of combatants have dwindled, the machine will begin to teleport in and stomp on paralyzed targets.

LORE

These creatures are known as Olilidan. They were created by mad wizard-artificers that sought to imbue automata with cunning and independence. Foolishly, they used demonic spirits (instead of elemental spirits) as the motive sparks for the machines. The result was a towering construct of blackened, rusty metal cast in the ghoulish caricature of a man. Those that create Olildan will struggle to control the machines due to their bloodlust. But what they lack in discipline they make up for in brutality. They are incredibly effective combatants if not servants.

They have long arms ending in barbed, hooked claws. Their wicked, slicing claws carry a hellish enchantment that paralyzes victims, wracking their souls in a burning agony. Once a target is paralyzed, the Olildan will stomp on it, grinding them to paste beneath their heavy tread.

An unexpected side-effect of their demonic essence housed within the machines allows them to step between dimensions. They can effectively teleport within line of sight. Or, whenever presented with a serious threat to their existence they will simply disappear entirely.

Their dual natures of demon and machine pit the Olildan irrevocably against the natural world. They hate all life and will indiscriminately slaughter anything that moves. It does not matter what form of life, plants, animals, common folk in the fields. The Olildan will try to annihilate any natural living thing that it comes across.

ECOLOGY

Olildan are self-aware machines. They have no mortal biology. They do not eat, drink, sleep or rest. Nor do they reproduce. Presumably they are not immortal but are likely extremely long-lived. The lifespan of

an Olildan could be infinite with proper upkeep. Some scholars have pondered if the machines do in some way heal themselves. Olildan, that manage to dispatch or outlive their makers tend to go on rampages in hinterland villages. They will seek out places where they can slake their bloodlust on the vulnerable and then retreat for a respite. Some of these murderous machines even attempt to establish dominion over a territory. Curiously, undead seem to be drawn to these places and will serve the Olildan.

SEEDS

1.) During a wilderness expedition the party comes across the ruins of what looks to have once been a wizard's tower. Little of the original structure still stands, possibly only two or three storeys. Most of the upper floors appear to have been blasted and riven from within by eldritch energies. Although this looks to have once been settled land, a swampy forest has overtaken the surrounding area and dusk is drawing near. This looks to be a decent place to camp for the night. [REFEREE'S NOTE 1: Should the party decide to stay in the ruined tower, they will be able to rest peacefully. But, whomever stands watch will hear the sounds of movement in the muck and slime of the forest during the night. If the party decides to venture on through the night, they will encounter swarms of roaming undead (1d4 + 3 Ghouls, Skeletons or Zombies). Roll a 1d6 every turn, on a 1-2 the party runs into more undead. If the party continues to press on through the undead, then just before dawn at the edge of the swampy forest they will encounter an Olildan.] [REFEREE'S NOTE 2: If the party leaves the tower on the following morning, there is half the chance of encountering the undead described earlier. Regardless, the Olildan will still face them should they attempt to exit its domain.]

2.) The party finds itself encamped on a rocky plateau. It is a dark and moonless night. Beyond the circle of the firelight is nought but blackness. About halfway through the night the shriek or tortured metal pierces the darkness. It is accompanied by a grind of ancient gears and thud of a heavy tread. It awakens everyone. After some time the sound ceases only to begin anew from the opposite direction it occurred previously. In time, it too will cease. But not long after the sound begins again from an entirely new direction.

3.) A wizard has contracted the party to help him seek out an Olildan and return it to his tower for study. The wizard claims to have some knowledge of the Olildan's capabilities and weaknesses. He will gladly reveal this information to the PCs once they accept. He also claims to know the truename of the demon which animates the specific Olildan they are to capture. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The wizard hypothesizes the pronouncement of the truename should cow the demon within the golem and force it into servitude. Although, the wizard is far from certain and too cowardly to attempt it on his own.]

LOOT

Olildan will often accumulate fairly large hoards. No one really knows why, perhaps their demonic essence inspires some avarice. If the Olildan still has a master, they are wise not to interfere with the Olildan's trove.

PUKER

Stitched together ghoulish effigies of abject gluttony. Rotting avatars of unreasoning violence. These abominable flesh golems are wrought from the worst and most brutal of degenerate humanoid races.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 5+1**** [23hp], **Att** 3 x sickles (3d6 + posion) or 1 x vomit (6d6 + poison), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (5), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 925, **NA** 1d6 (1d8), **TT** B

• **POISON** Causes victims to become horribly sick for 1d6+1 rounds **(save versus poison)**: no physical activity possible except half speed movement.
• **MAGIC RESISTANCE** Their weird physiology grants them a +2 to all saving throws vs. magic.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by silver weapons or magic.
• **UNDEAD** Make no noise, until they attack. Immune to effects that affect living creatures **(e.g. poison)**. Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.
• **VOMIT** The Puker spews a geyser of acidic bile that inflicts 6d6 damage. Damage from this acid is ongoing and is halved every consecutive round. The vomit contains the same poison listed above. **Cone: 2' wide at the mouth, 30' wide at the far end**.

DESCRIPTION
A hulking rotten creature roughly the size of two obese ogres stacked lumbers towards you. It has four disproportionately long arms that end in some form of dirty, blackened sickle-like blade. Its great, corpulent form is crisscrossed with ragged scars and crude stitch work. It stands on short, thick legs ending in large hooves. The incessant churn of its swollen, bloated gut can be heard at some distance. The considerable reek of the thing is a remarkably awful mix of rotting meat and vomit that wafts further than the echoing gurgle of its digestive processes. Within its rotten, piggish countenance lies only malice and hunger.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature will make no attempt to communicate, it cannot.]

TACTICS
It will attack as soon as possible with a blast of acidic vomit and then charge into melee. It will not cease its attack until slain or commanded to stand down. It will target any obvious spellcasters and ranged specialists first.

LORE
These creatures are a form of necromantically crafted flesh golem often referred to as a Puker. It is rumored their design originated in some debased northern kingdom where a guild of necromancers has risen to prominence. The harsh conditions have allowed the necromancers to barter their gruesome arts with some success by raising up carrion legions to fight the wars of the petty lords in those blasted lands.

This particular type of constructed undead has flourished due to an ample supply of building materials in that barbaric, mountainous place. For what it lacks in comfort, it makes up for in degenerate, brutal humanoid creatures such as Ogres, Orcs and Hill Giants. The abundance of pieces from which to assemble these noxious brutes, has made them an increasingly common sight in the fallen hinterlands of the north. Unfortunately, their dim brains only grow dimmer still upon reanimation and as such their commanders sometimes struggle to control them once blood is in the air.

Not only are these fearsome brutes terrifying in melee, but they are also capable of spewing geysers of acidic, poisonous bile across the battlefield. This stream of noxious bile is intended to soften up their targets prior to an assault with their multiplicity of filth encrusted blades. The acid will continue to burn targets for several minutes after contact whilst the poison renders them weak and nauseous, unable to do more than crawl away.

ECOLOGY
Pukers are artificial beings, they are not truly alive. They are essentially a hybrid of a golem and a very large zombie. They are constructed from alchemically treated flesh harvested from numerous other creatures and granted motive spark through an infusion of the same eldritch, entropic forces that animate the undead. As such, the vital functions of a living body are optional to them. They should have no actual need for food or drink, but will devour carrion from a battlefield like swine at a trough. Some

sages speculate they must consume various substances within flesh and bone to fuel their acidic vomit. They do not require rest. They also do not need to breathe.

The designs for these foul amalgamations of carrion monsters originate from the blasted reaches of a vast northern wasteland. However, there is nothing stopping an enterprising fleshsmith from other lands constructing more from local materials (or importing the necessary building materials from afar).

SEEDS

1.) A Necromancer Lord from the north has set his eye upon a new home to the south. He has assembled a legion of undead and is marching out from the fastness of his ancestral home in the frozen mountains. Word has gone out far and wide of the carrion legion as they move south like a swarm of locusts. The PCs have been contracted to help sort out the problem.

2.) The party has run afoul of some necromancer's trap in the depths beneath some ruin. They had been traveling at pace when some vast portion of the floor began to give way and pitch forward at a crazy slant. Most of them are caught off guard and tumble forward. The injuries they suffer are minor, but they now find themselves in a stinking mire full of undead. Before they can muster themselves, they are attacked. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The party should run into at least one Puker. It really depends on how experienced the characters are and how cautious your players are. If their resources are not fit to the challenge, a few Pukers could definitely ruin their day.]

3.) The party has been contracted by an old wizard to gather what he terms "research materials". He wants the party to bring him the corpses of large humanoids, especially Ogres and Hill Giants. He can furnish them with maps to the locations of several tribes of these creatures. He has no interest in their treasures and encourages the party to keep them. As he does so, he jokes about having once been a destitute adventurer himself once. He offers 800 gold pieces per Hill Giant and 400 per Ogre. He will also pay 50 gold pieces for large Orcs, 300 for Minotaurs and 75 for Bugbears. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If ever asked why he needs so many of these corpses, he will say he is using them to make various potions and magic items that draw upon their strength. This is a lie. He is a necromancer and has begun constructing his own Pukers. But to what end?]

LOOT

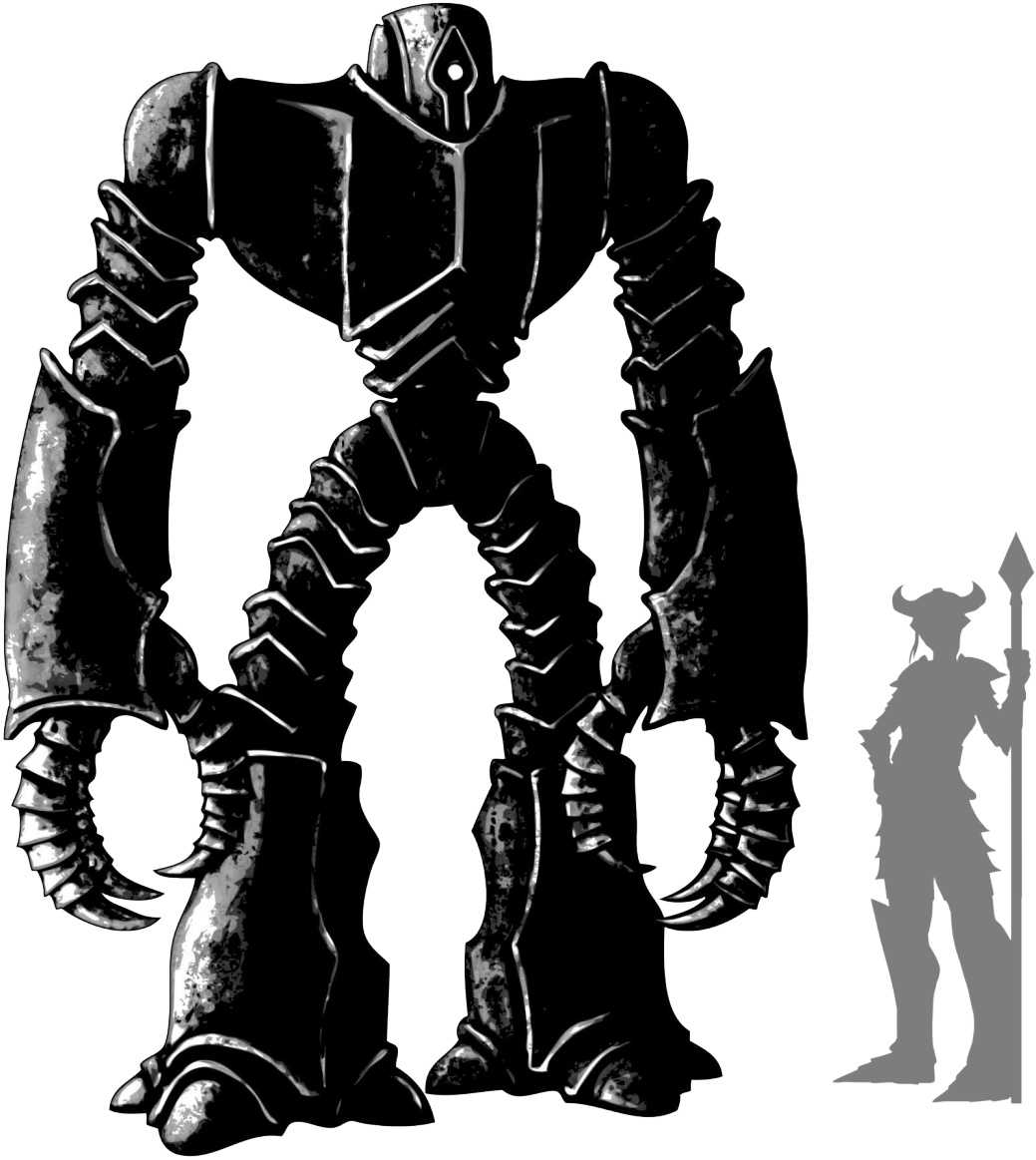
Pukers are slightly more than beasts that hunger for slaughter. They do not wear armor or use weapons. And, they have no real culture or economy. But they will amass a hoard of sorts. Some sages posit, the desire to build a hoard is something so intrinsic to the creatures that Pukers are crafted from that it persists even in their current loathsome incarnation. Others suggest the cruel beasts use it as bait if nothing else. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It is quite likely that any loot recovered will have some acid damage from the Puker's vomit attack.]

SUBO

Subo are murderous mechanical beings said to possess a splinter of an assassin's soul. Although difficult to control, they are highly sought after for their effectiveness in hunting down and eliminating their targets.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 6*** [27hp], **Att** 2 x claw (2d8) or 1 x scorching ray (6d6), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 950, **NA** 1d4+2 (2d6+2), **TT** B

- **DETECT INVISIBILE** 75% chance per round. 60' range.
- **ENCHANTMENT IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting spells and illusions **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.
- **JUMP JETS** Can leap up to 30' high and 60' horizontally.
- **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
- **SCORCHING RAY** 2-in-6 chance per round of firing a heat ray from its eye. One target up to 180' away. **Save versus wands** for half damage.
- **SURPRISE** On a 1–4, due to stealth.



DESCRIPTION

You see a tall humanoid in the middle distance. The figure appears to be roughly twice the height of a human. Darkness seems to cling to it, concealing its outline in gloom. Upon closer scrutiny, it is obviously some sort of machine. Its body looks to be composed entirely of angular black metal. It has long, drooping arms ending in menacing hooked claws. The thing's limbs appear to be somewhat tentacular, possessing many linked segments that bend and rotate in a fluid manner. This appears to grant the thing a peculiar and disquieting grace. It has only a single eye, which glows like a red hot ember in the shadowy depths of its flat and featureless face. You sense a cold, malevolent intelligence within the piercing glare of that single glowing eye as it bores into you.

As you watch the thing, it seems to be returning your gaze. The light of its eye quickly begins to brighten in intensity. Moments later a searing ray of intense heat blasts the wall behind you, mere inches from your head. The heat of its passage singed your hair. As you duck for cover, the thing crouches for a moment and then leaps into the air. Similar searing energies ejected from the bottom of its feet rocket it upward, allowing it to traverse the whole distance in a single bound. In the next moment, one of its immense claws is grasping for you.

TACTICS

These creatures are highly intelligent and will coordinate their attacks with any allies. Additionally they are quite stealthy, preferring to attack from ambush. If their numbers are sufficient, some of the constructs will use their Scorching Ray ability to provide suppressive fire while their fellows move into melee. These constructs will target any obvious spellcasters first.

LORE

These creatures are known as Subo. They are a form of golem. But, Subo are less physically powerful and far more mobile than most golems. Subo are also quite intelligent and cunning. Where a typical golem might be considered a hammer, a Subo would be a scalpel. Subos have been designed with capable and ruthless minds. And for this reason, they are often somewhat difficult to control. Rumors say that the first Subo was imprinted with the cunning of a notorious assassin through some form of necromantic ritual. Strangely enough, the same cunning killer mentality has persisted throughout all other Subo created since. Which has fueled some speculation that splinters of the assassin's soul somehow coexist in all Subo.

The dense metal that forms the body of a Subo is highly resistant to both magical and mundane attacks. It also seems to absorb the light, greatly enhancing the Subo's stealthiness. Additionally, as with other golems its consciousness is impervious to mental assault as well. It can project intense blasts of searing heat from the bottom of its feet that allow it to leap great distances. The eye of the Subo is able to blast the same searing energy as a devastating attack. Furthermore, the claws of a Subo can easily rend most mundane materials.

ECOLOGY

Subo are constructs, they have no biological functions. They have no need to eat, drink, sleep or breathe. They also have no need for rest. Additionally, they do not age. Although, in time they will likely deteriorate without maintenance and repair.

SEEDS

1.) The party has been contracted by an NPC such as a wizard or eccentric noble, to seek out the means to construct a Subo. The NPC is willing to pay an enticingly exorbitant fee. The party is told that the designs for Subo creation are in a tome locked away in an abandoned tower on the edge of the kingdom. [REFEREE'S NOTE: What the NPC may or may not tell them is that the tower was once the domain of a powerful wizard with a knack for designing novel constructs, such as Subo. Unfortunately for the wizard, several of the Subo he had created turned on him. They were relentless and easily slew him once he ran out of magic. Now the tower is silent, the folk of the nearest hamlet say it is haunted. Nothing will stop the party from entering the tower, but any attempts to leave will be blocked by some form of golem, possibly a Subo.]

2.) The party happens across a fortified tower atop a virtual pillar of stone. The tower seems abandoned but the party is drawn to it for some reason. It all but exudes the promise of untold riches and adventure. Unfortunately the keep is at least one hundred yards of open chasm away. And the bottom of the chasm cannot be seen with the naked eye. Assuming the party manages to cross, they find themselves soon accosted by a raving madman in the tattered remains of fine clothing. The wretched fellow is going on about some black metal fiends that have been tormenting him. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Unbeknownst to the party, they have just entered the tower of a wizard artificer. The poor fool constructed several Subo a few months ago. Not soon after they rebelled and burned all of his spell books. They have since taken over his tower and torture him at their leisure. Without access to his spellbooks he cannot cross the chasm to escape, much less defend himself. He promises them a princely sum if they can help him escape. Needless to say, the Subo will be reluctant to let him or the party leave.]

LOOT

Although Subo have no real need for material wealth, they do amass a sizable hoard of trophies. Many of these trophies still adorn the corpses of those who possessed them in life. These grisly mementos are often preserved through crude attempts at taxidermy and left standing on display in well-made alcoves or cases.

TORMENTOR

Terrifying and sadistic demonic jailers that delight in the torment of mortals. They all wield an enchanted whip that can wound body and soul. They can also teleport through shadows and craft mind-breaking phantasms.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 6+6*** [33hp], **Att** 2 x claw (1d10), 1 x bite (1d8) or 1 x whip (6d6 + paralysis), **THACO** 13 [+6], **MV** 120′ (40′) **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1250, **NA** 1 (1d4+1), **TT** F

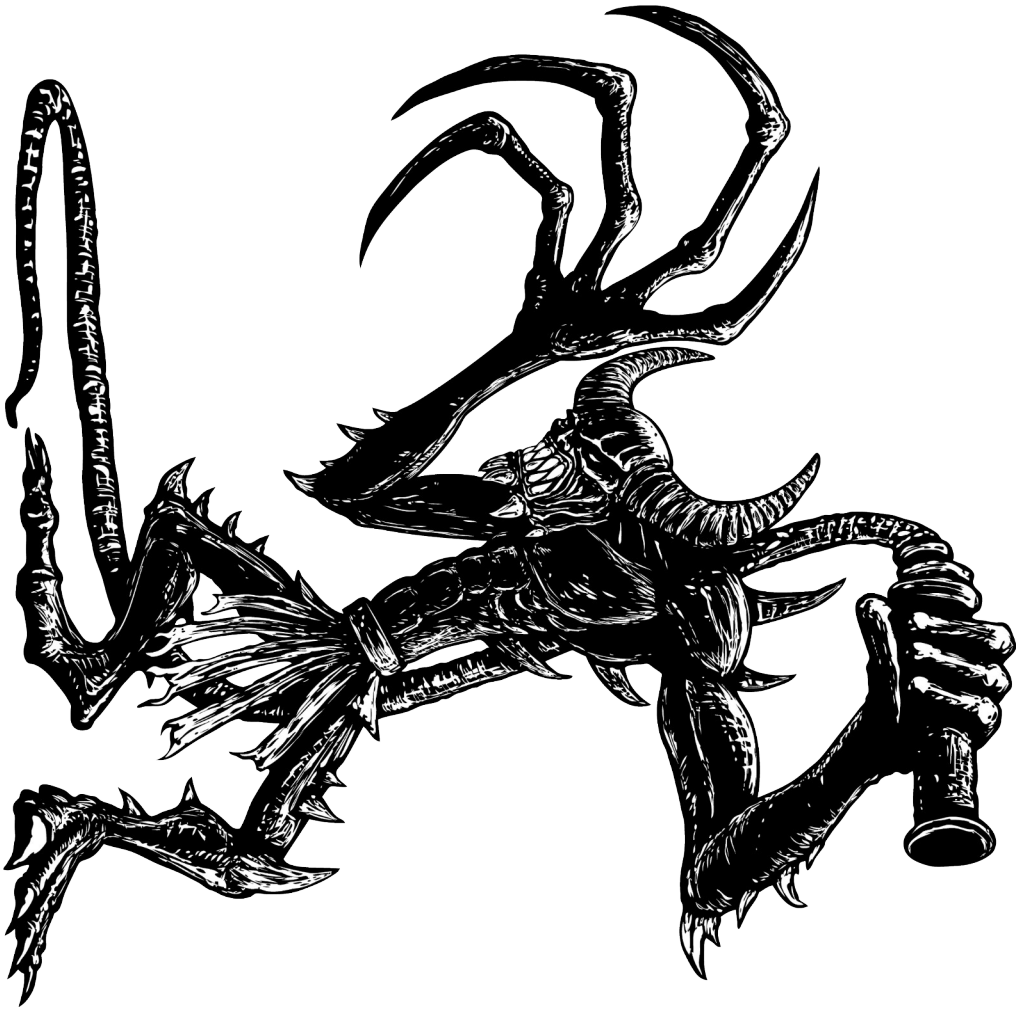
• **FADE TO BLACK** Teleports via shadows to get close to an enemy, attack, then reappear 1d4 × 10′ away. If they have initiative, can teleport away without the opponent being able to counter-attack. If in serious danger, the Tormentor can flee by entirely disappearing.
• **IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep).** Also immune to poison and fire.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Darkness, Hold Portal, Phantasmal Force*

3 x Day *Hold Monster, Teleport*

1 x Day *Hallucinatory Terrain*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by silver weapons or magic.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1–4, due to stealth.
• **TELEPATHY** May communicate mentally within 60′. Those contacted are not compelled to communicate, but the Tormentor will have an empathic sense of their thoughts regardless. May also use this ability on corpses. The dead are compelled to communicate and answer truthfully.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.
• **WHIP** The Tormentor's whip has a range of 45′ and inflicts 6d6 damage. Additionally those struck by it must **save versus paralysis** or be paralyzed for 1d4 turns.



DESCRIPTION

You hear a low guttural chuckle somewhere in the near distance behind you. It sounds almost as if a dire wolf or other large predator has learnt to appreciate humor. As you turn, you see a large, wiry, horned figure with eyes like pinpricks of blazing witchfire. This being seems an obvious hell-spawned fiend of some sort. Whether it be devil, demon or some other sundry abomination, it certainly bears you no good will.

The wretched thing leers at you from a twisted, barbed visage beneath a crown of long horns. It has skin like black oil and seems to blend into the darkness, only the sheen of light on the angles of its form and its blazing eyes reveals its presence. Its limbs appear to be horned and barbed as well. It is naked save for a girdle of brass and leather. Its hands are long and end in wicked claws. One of them grips a whip that seems to twitch and flex with an inexplicable sentience all its own.

Although the being is clearly possessed of malevolent will and intent, it does not immediately attack. You can hear its voice inside your head. It asks you why you are here. What you are doing, and why it should not kill you?

TACTICS

These creatures generally avoid direct combat with more than one opponent. As such they will attempt to teleport around the area, attacking the PCs with its whip (from a distance) until all but one is paralyzed. When only one target remains mobile, the monster will toy with the individual using its powers to blind, confuse and manipulate them.

LORE

These demonic beings are known simply as Tormentors. Many believe these fiends are created from the souls of torturers and sadists. It is thought that after unknowable gulfs of time in the infernal realms, they are stripped of their humanity and anything resembling compassion. They are then forged anew into these devilish tormentors of living darkness. In their new form and station they are given an unholy remit to blast and excoriate any they deem fit for their lash.

These beings are indeed fearsome and deceptive, but their tactics in combat are fairly straightforward. They will first employ their wretched lash against a target. They are quite skilled with it and able to reach targets from great distances easily enough. Beware! The kiss of the lash also wracks the victim with excruciating pain and paralysis. Many that have survived encounters with these monsters claim to have seen visions of hell whilst held in the agonizing coils.

Tormentors are not unreasoning beasts however, and a convincing argument or barter is always possible. Many recount the beings being totally uninterested in wealth. Some tell of their grace being won by tattling upon a wicked and degenerate noble. And a smaller group still, have told of the beings accepting magical items or lore in exchange for their safety.

ECOLOGY

These monsters can be encountered anywhere although their natural environment is extraplanar, presumably some darkened hell dimension. Being a supernatural creature with very dissimilar biology to mortals, Tormentors do not need to eat, drink, sleep or breathe. They are highly resistant to many forms of damage and entirely immune to fire and poison.

SEEDS

1.) A Tormentor has sought out the party for assistance. It offers them magic items and other riches for their assistance in the capture of an individual. The individual is likely to be a wicked and debauched individual. The Tormentor greatly desires to expedite the rancid soul's journey to a just reward. Perhaps the Tormentor's masters want to recycle the debased soul as quickly as possible for some dreadful purpose.

2.) The party happens across a fortified keep atop a virtual pillar of stone. The keep seems abandoned but the party is drawn to it for some reason. It all but exudes the promise of untold riches and adventure. Unfortunately the keep is at least one hundred yards of open chasm away. And the bottom of the chasm cannot be seen with the naked eye. Assuming the party manages to cross, they find themselves soon accosted by a raving madman in the tattered remains of fine clothing. The wretched fellow is going on about some black fiend that has been tormenting him. Unbeknownst to the party, they have just entered the jail of a Tormentor where it can go about its work at leisure thanks to the natural barrier the party just crossed.

LOOT

In addition to the appropriate loot expressed by the TT in the statblock, all Tormentors will have a few unusual items. All Tormentors will have a very large whip that may be enchanted. [REFEREE'S NOTE: I suggest that it is not only enchanted, but is intelligent, perhaps dust off the rules for Sentient Swords. If you go this route you may have to rule that it magically resize itself to fit a human-sized hand. What else can it do? Perhaps the ego of the whip is a remnant of the defeated Tormentor? Perhaps it is a prison of sorts and contains a wicked and tortured soul?] They will also have several sets of manacles which magically resize to fit any wrists. Other items might include a scrying mirror (treat as a Crystal Ball), a large ring of brass keys, a tome of summoning, etc. And finally, there is a 1-in-6 chance of finding a journal cataloging the prisoners it has placed in solitary confinement within various unique pocket dimensions as well as the necessary magical incantations to access these finite realms and personal hells.

UGORLUT

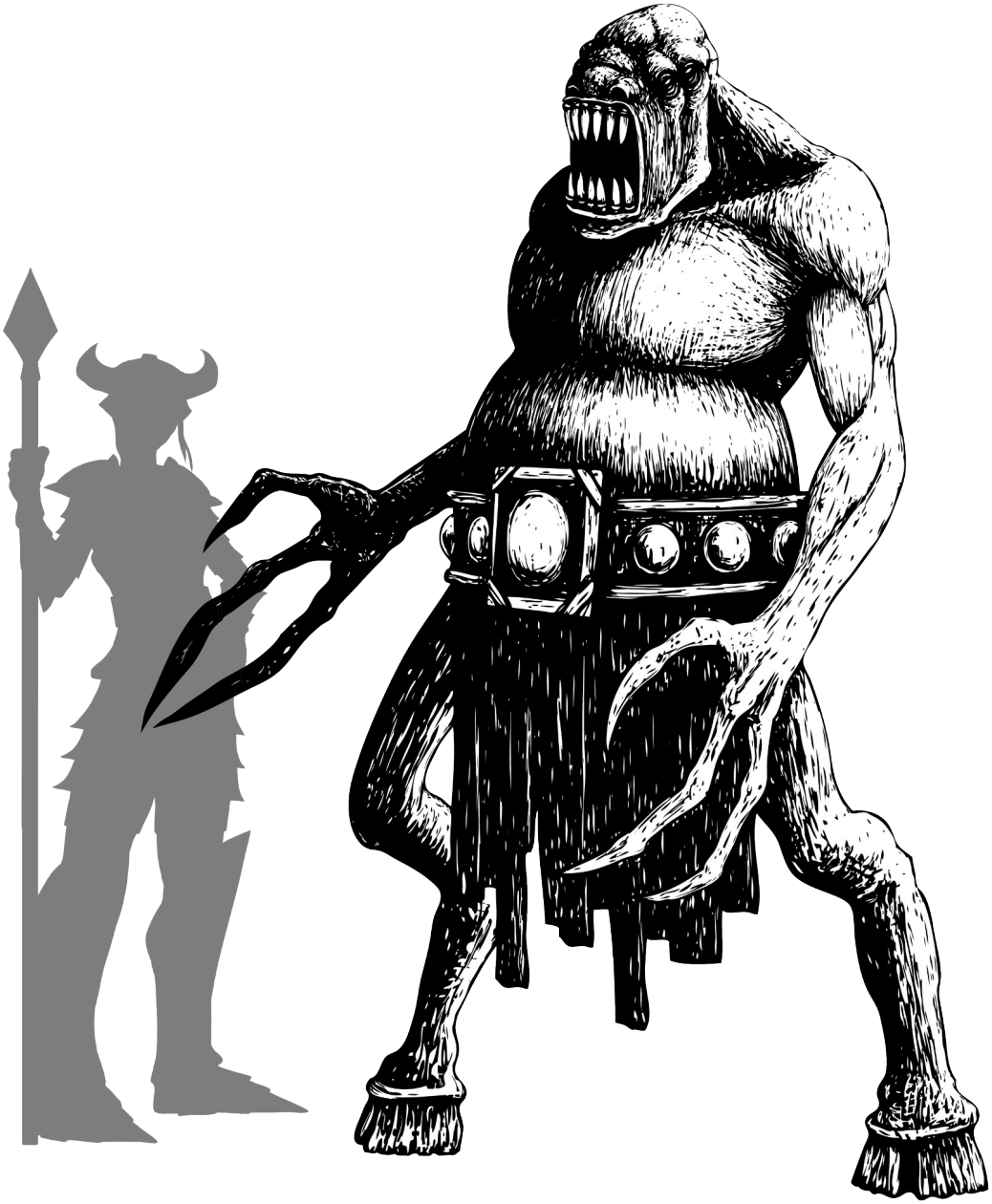
Ugorlut are cunning and malevolent predators from another plane. Across the Multiverse they are well-known for their tendency to kidnap and enslave. They are skilled in many schools of magic but are chiefly focused on illusion and charm magics. They all wear a magical belt studded with eldritch gems. Each of these gems is a sort of prison that houses the Ugorlut's slaves.

AC 7 [12], **HD** 6*** [27hp], **Att** 2 x claw (1d4), 1 x bite (1d6), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 6, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 950, **NA** 1 (1d6), **TT** F

• **IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Charm Person, Detect Magic, Invisibility, Ventriloquism*
3 x Day *Dispel Magic, Magic Missile, Sleep*
1 x Day *Fire Ball*

• **SUMMONING** The Ugorlut summons enslaved creatures from its magical belt to do its bidding. Roll on the Encounter Table with a Dungeon Level of 6 or less. If the resulting encounter is 1d4+2 HD greater than the Ugorlut's HD re-roll the result or simply reduce the number of creatures in the encounter.
• **TELEPATHY** May communicate mentally within 60'. Those contacted are not compelled to communicate, but the monster will have an empathic sense of their thoughts regardless.
• **TRAP** The Ugorlut will attempt to trap exceptional specimens within the gems of its magic belt. It will target anyone with an Ability Score greater than 16. The victim is allowed a **save vs. spells** to resist. If they fail, they disappear into a gem on the magical belt. The Ugorlut may then summon them from the belt to serve its will. The effect is similar to a Charm Monster spell regarding frequency of Saving Throw. But the enslaved creatures will defend and serve the Ugorlut even if it means their certain death. And, they may also be compelled to take actions contrary to their nature.



DESCRIPTION
In the middle distance, you see a weird humanoid creature. It appears to be roughly nine feet tall. It stands portly and stooped upon two comically thin goat-like legs. A wide and ornate belt encircles its prodigious girth and secures a leathern skirt. Apart from this belt and skirt the creature appears unequipped. The belt is festooned with large opalescent stones that bleed a faint and unwholesome afterimage across your vision.

To say the creature is ugly is at the least an understatement. Its visage is lumpen, alien and likely wholly carnivorous judging by its long, gnashing conical teeth. It has a low brow and somewhat pointed head, lending it an imbecilic mien. However, any supposition of stupidity is quickly quashed by the cunning and malevolent gleam from its four beady eyes.

As you attempt to assess the unlikely threat of the weird being, it begins to chant and gesture. And, as it does so one of the weird stones upon its belt begins to pulse with more of the same unwholesome light. In moments, an undulating mote cloud of the weird light somewhat akin to a murmuration of sparrows or a school of fish erupts from the stone and surges at you. It coalesces into a new threat and the horrific, portly summoner appears to have occulted itself.

TACTICS
These weird beings are absolute cowards. They will always force their enslaved minions to fight for them. And, if things begin to go poorly they will not hesitate to flee. However, there is a strong chance they will not forgive any beings who so rudely resisted their will. It may also be plausible that one of the PCs has piqued the Ugorlut's curiosity and the slaver will trail them invisibly for a time, waiting for an opportune moment to entrap them within the stones of its magical belt.

LORE
These weird creatures are known as Ugorlut. These foul beings are cunning and malicious slavers from some farflung plane. They travel the Multiverse collecting and enslaving other beings. All Ugorlut wear the same ornate belt bedecked with gleaming, eldritch gems. And within each gem, slaves of the Ugorlut are imprisoned. The Ugorlut can summon these creatures forth on a moment's notice and compel them to do its bidding.

Any creature enslaved by the magic of the Ugorlut's belt will behave as if under a very powerful Charm Monster spell. The magic of the belt can compel the creature to endanger itself as well as commit acts contrary to its nature (unlike the spell). Enslaved creatures are entitled to a Saving Throw vs. Spell as indicated by the Charm Monster spell based on their Intelligence. The enslavement may also be broken with a Remove Curse spell.

In addition to their magical belt and stable of mystically imprisoned slaves, all Ugorlut are highly-skilled users of magic. Most of their magical skills seem to focus on enchantment and illusion but they will have one or two offensive spells up their sleeve should they be forced to defend themselves.

The alien minds of Ugorluts are entirely immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading magic.

ECOLOGY

Despite their resemblance to demons, Ugorlut are definitely mortal creatures. However, little is known of their life cycle or natural environment. They will usually have at least one or two very attractive humanoids within their stable of the same sex, in other words all male or all female. This seems to indicate the Ugorlut species is heterosexual. But no sex-based dimorphic traits or characteristics have been observed amongst the Ugorluts themselves. The Ugorlut appear to be entirely carnivorous and will trade with other evil creatures to procure sapient races for meat. They are rumored to be particularly fond of Elvish flesh, especially that of babes.

Some sages that have studied the brains of slain Ugorlut believe certain unusual structures therein allow the Ugorlut to go without sleep for great lengths of time. These sages propose the Ugorlut have two or possibly three smaller brains within their skull which can manage several tasks independent of the others. Thus one brain might sleep while the others are awake. Due to this unusual cognitive formation the Ugorlut are also thought to be perfectly ambidextrous.

SEEDS

1.) A guild of monster hunters has recruited the party to help them hunt down and exterminate a small group of Ugorlut that have been running amok in a nearby kingdom. The guild informs the PCs that usually these creatures take great pains to operate clandestinely, but this group has been quite bold as of late. They have even gone so far as to attempt the abduction of several of the nobility. Luckily the wretched beings have failed in their efforts so far. But their threat persists and rumors suggest that many of the local peasantry may have become enslaved to the weird cabal as well. None truly know how deep the conspiracy runs, but its reach seems to be broadening by the day.

2.) A depraved, old wizard has been trading kidnapped victims to an Ugorlut for magical knowledge. It's thought that he was able to go about his foul work undetected by means of magic for quite some time. There have been a rash of disappearances in the area for decades that most folk simply attributed to Goblins or Orcs lurking in the woods. But recently the twisted sorcerer attempted to raid an elven creche. Luckily the Elvish folk have keen vision and a fine sense for when something magical is amiss. They spotted the wizard almost immediately but could not stop him fleeing. By means of their own spellcraft, they have located the wizard's lair. They will offer the party a princely sum to eradicate the wizard. They are willing to pay in the magical items elves are famous for such as Elven Boots, Cloaks and maybe even the rarest of rare Elven Chainmail. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It is very likely that the Ugorlut will be there to support the wizard.]

LOOT

Ugorluts will always have a stash of loot, especially magical items and spellbooks somewhere nearby (as indicated by their statblock). On their person (in addition to their magical belt) they will also have at least one magical ring. There is also a 2-in-6 chance they will have a staff or wand (equal chance of either).

WARAWARA

Enormous eldritch horrors that prowl in dark places, especially beneath bridges. You will know them by their unmistakable screech of "WARAWARA"! Like the rasping crow of a gigantic, aged rooster. Stay far away from the creatures and mind their coiling tentacles.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 8+4**** [40hp], **Att** 6 x tentacle (1d10 + constrict), 1 x bite (1d10 + poison), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (8), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 2850, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** D + 5000gp

• **CLIMBING AND LEAPING** Skilled climbers; can jump up to 90'.
• **POISON** Causes victims to become horribly sick for 1d6 turns **(save versus poison)**: no physical activity possible except half speed movement.
• **RAVENOUS** Attack any moving creature.
• **REGENERATION** A damaged Warawara gains 3 hit points at the start of each round, as long as it is alive.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1–4, due to the ability to change colour to match their surroundings. Lurk by rock walls, along forest paths and under bridges to await victims.
• **TENTACLES** The Warawara's tentacles have a range of 30' and inflict 1d10 damage. The following rules also apply to the Warawara's tentacle attacks:

Constriction *Tentacles grab and constrict after a hit. 1d8 automatic damage per round.*
Grab and Bite *+2 bonus to bite attacks, if a tentacle hits. This effect automatically continues on targets that are constricted.*
Severing Tentacles *Requires a hit from an edged weapon that inflicts 8 or more damage.*

DESCRIPTION
You hear a loud, warbling screech of ear-splitting volume in the distance. The sound reminds you of an immense and aged rooster crowing. Not long after the screech, a hulking monstrosity approximately twenty feet tall strides into view. Its physique is packed with dense muscle and murderous intent. Each of its arms splits into three long tentacles below the elbow. It stands poised to attack upon powerful bestial legs. Despite its considerable bulk it appears to be quite agile and mobile.

It has widely spaced, reflective eyes set deep beneath a heavy, bony brow. Its predator smile is wide and decorated with stout jagged teeth clearly designed for the ripping of flesh and the crushing of bone.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: Within moments of noticing the party, the beast will attack. It will charge at them. The space between disappearing at an alarming speed as the creature rockets forward in a frenzied, rapid sprint of leaps and bounds. It makes no attempt to communicate but does not cease its screech.]

TACTICS
It prefers to attack from ambush whenever possible. It has considerable reach and natural camouflage to greatly enhance its likelihood of success. It is not intelligent enough to recognize harder, softer or more dangerous targets initially. But, it will focus its attacks on any single target that damages them considerably on its following turns.

LORE
These creatures are known as Warawara, they are so named after their bloodcurdling screeching. And although they often seem demonic at first glance, they are not. They are mortal abominations that bleed and die. However, they are able to regenerate damage at a disturbing rate. This ability to heal very quickly and their rather large stature has led some sages to speculate they are kin to Trolls. Their long tentacles are highly effective for grappling, crushing and restraining prey.

These creatures are quite athletic. They can sprint extremely fast and leap great distances. They also excel at climbing, where they make excellent use of their long tentacles and clawed feet. In heavily wooded areas they will often skulk in the shadowy canopy overhead and snatch the unwary from the ground below. If the victims of this tactic struggle overly much, the monsters simply carry them further up into the canopy and then drop them.

The bite of these fiends contains a venom which although not especially potent can significantly weaken victims for a time. Additionally, the foul things have a chameleon-like camouflage ability that aids them greatly in ambushing their prey.

ECOLOGY
These monsters are rare, apex predators that can be encountered virtually anywhere. Their natural environment and origin are not known. They prefer to hunt at night but are not strictly nocturnal. No evidence of sexual reproduction or offspring exists. Despite their predatory nature they are omnivores and can even subsist completely without meat for a time. However, the longer they are deprived of prey

the weaker they will become. Eventually they will not be able to regenerate damage and may even go into a state of hibernation if denied meat for prolonged periods.

SEEDS

1.) The party is traveling through a heavily wooded area along a fairly well-kept road. In the distance they spot a number of wounded men and their horses. Several are dead. All that are not dead, are severely wounded. If the party stops to help they will see large bite marks upon some of the men and horses as well as broken limbs and heavily dented armor. After a few minutes, the monster in the trees above will begin to snatch the PCs from the ground. It will pull them up into the trees, bite them in an attempt to weaken them and then drop them.

2.) A beautiful woman of conspicuous wealth and considerable magical skill has hired the party to help her track down and capture a Warawara for her menagerie. She wishes to transport the creature to her private island. Her purse is not bottomless but she is a person of considerable means and she means to acquire a Warawara. She agrees to pay the party a large sum and equip them with magic items. A retinue of support staff may also accompany your expedition if necessary. She claims to have detailed maps that lead to the lair of a Warawara about three weeks travel to the south, deep in a primeval jungle.

3.) The party is traveling at night across a wide plain. The moon is full and bright, and visibility is quite good. In the middle distance a large tower can be seen silhouetted by the moon. The austere construction and lack of outbuildings suggests it is probably the tower of some wizard. In the next moment, numerous explosions blast the entire length of the tower from within. Baleful plumes of weird, green eldritch light spill out into the night. There are more explosions and the weird light abruptly ceases, leaving your eyes somewhat dazzled. Now you begin to hear a loud, cracked, warbling vocalization. It sounds like a gigantic, ancient rooster. It screams into the night, WARAWARA WARAWARA. As your vision clears you now see a huge, possibly simian-like creature with long tentacular arms emerge from a hole in the side of the tower. It climbs to the peak of the tower and illuminated by the bright moon continues its terrifying screeching. Not soon after another and then another emerges from the tower. [REFEREE'S NOTE: At your discretion, the party may still be unnoticed by the creatures. Consider, were they carrying illumination and if so did they douse it yet? They are on a wide plain and the moon is quite bright, perhaps they could discreetly seek cover? Perhaps they make a break for it and try to outrun the Warawara?]

LOOT

A Warawara will not keep any wealth on it, but it will hoard shiny objects in its lair. If the party manages to find the lair of the beast, its hoard should contain at least 5000gp worth of shiny valuables. This would also likely include weapons and armor, but not scrolls or potions.

ZOGZOTH

Zogzoth are powerful demons which are infused with elemental forces that grant them an unparalleled affinity with storms, and especially lightning. They are so suffused with electrical mayhem they can summon storms and throw lightning bolts. They may also teleport through lightning and storms.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 12** [54hp], **Att** 2 x claw (2d6 + 1d6 lightning), 1 x bite (1d10 + 1d6 lightning), **THACO** 10 [+9], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (12), **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 2700, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** None

• **BLINDSIGHT** Can "see" in total darkness; immune to sensory attacks such as blindness or deafness.
• **DEMONIC RESILIENCE** Zogzoth take half damage from acid, cold, and fire. Additionally, they are immune to poison.
• **LIGHTNING BOLTS** On a roll of 1 - 3 on 1d6, may throw a lightning bolt. 60' long, 5' wide; inflicts damage equal to the Zogzoth's current hit point total **(save versus spells for half damage)**; will bounce off of hard surfaces in its path.
• **LIGHTNING IMMUNITY** Unharmed by lightning. Enjoy basking in storms.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
• **SUMMON STORM** Takes 1 turn.
• **TELEPATHY** May communicate mentally within 60'. Those contacted are not compelled to communicate, but the monster will have an empathic sense of their thoughts regardless.
• **TELEPORTATION** May teleport through lightning, storms, etc. Including their own Lightning Bolts.

DESCRIPTION

In the distance, you see a large, muscular creature. It appears to be humanoid, but aberrant, unnatural and very likely wholly predatory. It stands about three times the height of a man. It is somewhat ape-like and also somewhat frog-like in its posture. Its long, powerful arms easily reach the ground and end in talons of dirty ivory about the length of a human forearm. On its hindlegs it appears somewhat slow and clumsy but seems quite capable of fast and agile movement on all fours.

It has an ornate crest of warped bone sprouting from its head. The thing's face is essentially all maw with no visible sensory organs. It has extremely long, sharp teeth which form a jagged, predatory grin beneath the shadowy crag of its crest. It seems able to navigate and perceive its surroundings without any eyes or ears.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: It will sense the party if they approach any closer. Should they flee or remain stationary, there is a 2-in-6 chance per round it will see them and charge at them. If it cannot reach melee range in one round, test to see if it is able to throw a lightning bolt, it may be able to close the last bit of distance and teleport into melee with a very dramatic entrance.]

TACTICS

These creatures are highly intelligent and will make use of any terrain or environmental features they encounter. They tend to use their Teleportation (via their Lightning Bolt ability) to jump around the battlefield and usually target spellcasters first. If ever forced to flee, there is a strong likelihood the creature will use its Summon Storm ability to harass the party from afar.

LORE

These creatures are known as Zogzoth. They are a peculiar form of demonic entity aligned with the chaotic energies that suffuse storms and especially lightning. All Zogzoth can throw lightning bolts and summon storms. Additionally, they can teleport through storms and lightning. They can utilize this ability to travel great distances.

Like most demons, Zogzoth are extremely durable things. They are totally immune to mundane attacks. And they are also highly resistant to many elemental abjurations. Additionally they are not affected by poisons of any kind. Further, as one might expect, they are totally immune to electricity and lightning. In fact, they enjoy basking in it.

They are often drawn to the mortal plane to wreak havoc on the behalf of powerful sorcerers and priests who have formed an accord with their own maleficent overlords. By and large a Zogzoth's primary motivation mirrors that of its fiendish brethren, the sowing of chaos and carnage on as grand a scale possible. Once they gain access to the mortal realm, they are very reluctant to leave. And if the odds of a fight do not favor them, they will attempt to teleport to safety via storms and lightning.

ECOLOGY

Zogzoth are demons from some malignant, festering, disordered corner of the Multiverse. They cannot be truly slain, if their corporeal manifestation in the mortal realm is ever destroyed they will simply return to the blighted, entropic hellscape that spawned them. As noted above, all Zogzoth will flee anything that truly endangers them to prevent this exile. Zogzoth are not mortal creatures and as such do not suffer most of the frailties we must endure. They do not require air to breathe, nor do they require rest. They also do not require any sort of nourishment but can and do consume the flesh of mortal beings as often as they can.

SEEDS

1.) A cult of anarchic nature priests have discovered rites that will allow them to summon numerous Zogzoths to the mortal realm. Their ultimate goal is the destruction of a burgeoning port city near their sacred forest or some other similar site of natural beauty that has religious significance for them. Since the foundation of the city it has been a thorn in the side of the nature priests. Ships full of strange folk from strange lands that worship stranger deities from "civilized" pantheons have been persecuting those of the elder faith. And now, the nature priests have been pressed far enough that they have resorted to seeking demonic aid. The priests have summoned 1d6+2 Zogzoths that will ravage the city with fierce storms for weeks. This will deplete the food stores of the city and demoralize the folk. [REFEREE'S NOTE: When will the party come upon the scene? Have they been in the city seeking passage onward when the storms broke out? Perhaps they were forced inland from another voyage that had no intention to lay anchor in this dreary, flea-bitten hamlet. Or perhaps were they sent here by the deity of the party's Cleric to defend the faithful in this backward frontier city?] After a week and a day of the horrendous storms, Zogzoths appear on the street and begin to slaughter anything that moves.

2.) A single Zogzoth has been terrorizing a remote mountain village for almost a solid fortnight. It has made travel in and out of the settlement all but impossible. By keeping a near constant thunderstorm raging, it has turned most of the passes into muddy slurries choked with fallen boulders. What crops they once had have all but washed away and they've been surviving on slaughtered livestock for about a week. In a few days time, the Zogzoth will appear before them and command the storm to abate. But will menace them with claps of thunder and lightning that shake the very stones they stand upon. It will instruct them to ready a sacrifice for it and that it will return in two weeks. If they fail to do as it instructs, it promises to bring back the unending rain and slaughter two villagers of its choosing. [REFEREE'S NOTE: This is revealed to the party in the nearest city by a lone villager who braved the ruined way to seek help.]

LOOT

Zogzoths tend to be highly nomadic. They literally ride storms across the realm. As such, they do not accumulate a hoard and any treasure found on them is coincidental.

APPENDIX:

MONSTERS BY HIT DICE

HD1	MADCAP
HD2	AWRAHIM RAPTOR
HD5	BARAQI
	KROKOWORG
	PUKER
HD6	ADKA
	SUBO
	TORMENTOR
	UGORLUT
HD8	HODRAK
	MAGMA THRALL
	WARAWARA
HD10	GRAJOTUN
	OLILDAN
HD12	IBESEAN
	ZOGZOTH

NOTES

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