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DESIGNED FOR USE WITH OLD-SCHOOL ESSENTIALS

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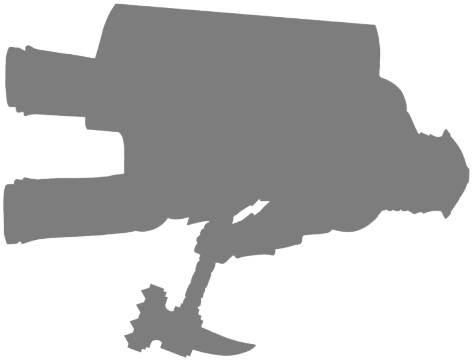
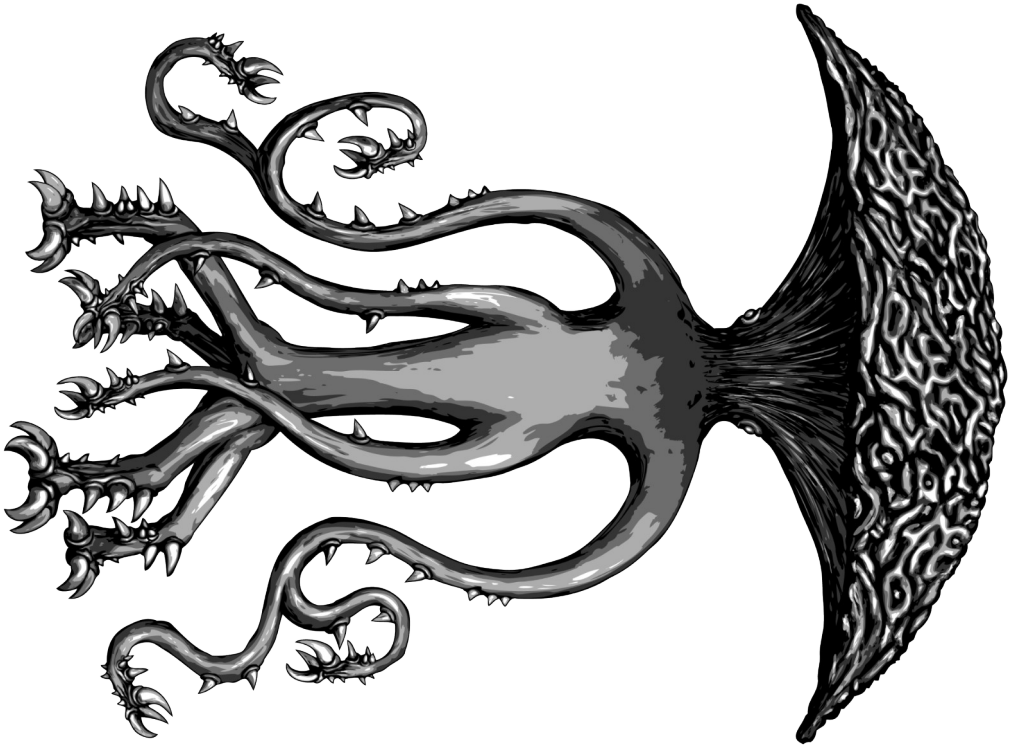
CXILLA

Enigmatic, sapient mushroom people. Their minds are telepathically networked with their kin so they have no concept of individuality. They deem those not of their weird ilk as resources to be exploited, typically as food or slaves. Their greatest weapon is their infectious spores.

AC 7 [12], **HD** 3+3*** [16hp], **Att** 3 x tentacles (1d6 + constriction) or 1 x spores, **THACO** 16 [+3], **MV** 60' (20'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 125, **NA** 1d3 (2d6), **TT** F

• **CONSTRICTION** Tentacles grab and constrict after a hit plus a 1d4 automatic damage per round and a –1 penalty to attacks. Additionally, the victim cannot move until the tentacle is severed. Severing a tentacle requires a hit with a cutting weapon inflicting 4 or more damage.
• **HIVE MIND** Has a shared awareness with other Cxilla in a 3 mile radius; if a single Cxilla is encountered there is a 50 percent chance of 3d4 others arriving within 1d6 rounds.
• **IF KILLED** Explodes for 3d6 points of damage to all within 20'; each victim may make a **save versus wands** to take half damage. Additionally those in the area of effect may also become infected with spores (see below).
• **SPORES** When approached, there is 1 in 6 chance the Cxilla releases spores in 20' x 20' x 20' cloud. Each victim must make a **save versus poison**; if failed, the spores penetrate and grow into 1d6 more Cxilla, causing death in 1d4 days unless a Cure Disease spell is applied. Additionally, victims that fail their saving throw are stunned for 1d6 rounds.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1-2 due to stealth.
• **VULNERABILITY** Cxilla are exceptionally vulnerable to silver. Silver weapons inflict an additional 1d4 damage per hit.





DESCRIPTION

You see a large, strange being slowly creeping towards you from the shadows. It looks about nine feet tall. Its flesh is a blend of soft purples and pinks that grow darker towards what must be its head. It appears mushroom-like but also possesses some animal characteristics. Beneath the cap are beady, unblinking eyes. It walks on four clawed legs and has two sets of forelimbs attached to a cylindrical body. The forelimbs are whip-like tentacles ending in hooked claws. The upper set of tentacles seem more robust than the lower set. All of its limbs are covered in thick spiky growths.

The creature makes no hostile action but it does continue to advance. If spoken to, it will not reply.

TACTICS

These creatures are naturally stealthy. They creep about slowly and silently. This often allows them to gain surprise. They will attempt to move within range of their spore cloud before they are noticed. If they are noticed, they will continue to advance in a non-threatening posture. Once within range, they will release a spore cloud and then move into melee range.

LORE

These strange beings are known as Cxilla. All that we know of them is taken from the journals of a single group of adventurers that first encountered the enigmatic fungal folk. They are fully sapient but possess no lungs or vocal chords. As such it was only by magical means that communication with them was possible.

The Cxilla are in many ways unfathomable to mundane folk. They are telepathic and share a hive mind with others of their kind within a few miles. Even If separated from this hive mind, a single Cxilla will demonstrate no sense of individuality or ego. They do not value their individual existence. Further, their wholly alien minds are incapable of such things regular folk would call empathy or morality. They view other living beings merely as resources to be exploited, likely for use as food or slaves.

The Cxilla reproduce by means of a ribosomal spore cloud that infests the flesh of other beings. The spores will eventually kill their host as they grow into new Cxilla. The Cxilla will release their spores when they are in the vicinity of any animal life. Additionally, when slain, they will explode, which releases the spores as well. This self-destructive act of procreation is a likely explanation for their fearlessness, but this is merely speculation.

The eldritch flesh of the Cxilla is exceptionally vulnerable to silver. The merest touch of silver will burn them as a flame would burn mundane folk.

ECOLOGY

Cxilla are likely extradimensional in origin. Their very nature is quite alien to our realm, especially their means of reproduction (as detailed above). They are mortal and vulnerable to mundane damage. They do not breathe or sleep but they must eat. Their preferred foodstuff is decaying animal matter and they will often root themselves atop a mass of their putrefying corpses.

SEEDS

1.) A relative of a PC has been experiencing some troubles at his inn. The inn is on the edge of a tall cliff overlooking a secluded beach far below. The site is famous due to an ancient staircase that was carved into the rock long before anyone in the community can remember. The NPC built his inn so as to block the entrance to the stairs and has since grown wealthy charging admission. He allows only a few to visit the beach at a time, so many people will book rooms as they queue. The fame and beauty of the beach has kept the inn prosperous. Unfortunately, a nobleman and his mistress encountered what they described as a mushroom man. It came at them unhurriedly from the scrubby woods circling the beach. The creature approached and made no aggressive actions, but the young lady grew fearful, so her lover drew his sword and attacked the thing. They said it exploded in a cloud of dust. Afterwards they lost consciousness. When they awoke, they scrambled back up the stairs. After hearing their tale, the innkeeper declared the beach off limits. The couple stayed a few days longer and it became obvious that some malignancy had taken root in their flesh. They grew wan and mushroom-like growths began to protrude from their flesh. The families of the infected collected their kin and all the other guests fled. Rumors of the incident have spread far and wide. No guests have visited the inn since. Not only is the innkeeper nearly broke, but he has heard something rattling the door to the stairway every night since.

2.) The party is journeying through the wilderness and they encounter a dishevelled old man running from a dense thicket. He is in a panic. Once calmed, he spins a macabre tale. He says beyond those trees is a steep descent to a deep gorge. In the gorge is an ancient, gigantic tree. The local priest convinced several of the villagers to conduct a ritual around the tree. They hoped their worship would please the spirits and bring rain. In the midst of the ritual, several large mushroom folk emerged from the surrounding woods. They approached the worshippers unhurriedly. The priest thought this a good omen. He was deadly wrong, as the creatures approached, they released spore clouds that stunned the worshippers. This old man alone managed to escape the spores. He says the mushroom folk went on to rip the worshippers limb from limb. The old man fled the slaughter as fast as his aged legs could carry him. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The old man is the priest responsible for the slaughter and believes more blood for the mushroom folk is necessary for the ritual to succeed.]

LOOT

Although Cxilla have little personal need for or interest in such things as gold and other baubles, they do make use of such items to lure in prey. [REFEREE'S NOTE: You might consider giving the Cxilla some sort of magical item that grants them magical Telepathy to facilitate communication. It might make for an interesting encounter to have a conversation with them instead of a fight. Imagine what telepathic communication with an alien hive mind might be like.]

GHUKTO

Enigmatic dog-like extradimensional creatures. They are intelligent, but in an oddly mystical way. They can only communicate via rudimentary telepathy and they often misinterpret messages. They emit an aura of bad luck and have an impish, playful personality.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 2+1** [10hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d4), 1 x bite (1d6), **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 45, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** C

• **BAD LUCK AURA** All targets within a 90' radius must make a **save versus spells** or they must roll twice for every saving throw, attack roll, damage roll, etc. taking the worst result of the two. Those that leave the area of effect or succeed in their saving throw are immune to the effect for one day.
• **KEEN SENSES** Only surprised on a 1.
• **LIMITED TELEPATHY** The Ghukto can magically transmit simple messages and images to any creature within 120 feet of it that can understand a language. It may also read the thoughts of others, but its interpretation of these thoughts is highly subjective.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Fly, Invisibility, Phantasmal Force*
3 x Day *Dispel Magic, Polymorph Others*
1 x Day *Geas*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.
• **WISHES** May grant one Wish per week. There is a 3 in 6 chance the Ghukto will misinterpret the intent of the wish.

DESCRIPTION

A six-legged, six-eyed monstrosity peers at you from a nearby patch of shadow. The thing is about the height of a large pony or perhaps a small horse. In many ways it resembles a dog as well as a frog. It seems somewhat ungainly with a barrel-shaped body and comparatively thin limbs. Its flesh appears to be reptilian with numerous ridges and spines. Its six eyes are large and bulging, almost comically so. The eyes possess a slitted, vertical pupil similar to a snake or perhaps a cat. The creature is obviously an eldritch abomination but does not make any aggressive actions. In fact, something about its freakish mien conveys a feeling of playful mischief.

TACTICS

Ghukto possess a reasonable level of intelligence, easily comparable to an adult human but it is an obtuse, "mystical" sort of thinking. They will make ample use of the environment to gain advantage in any situation. But, they are not combatants, they are tricksters. If ever confronted with danger, they will likely turn invisible at the nearest opportunity. Afterwards they will tend to lurk about the area until they can get their revenge by way of some sort of prank or trick. Keep in mind that the Ghukto may not understand how fragile its target might be. For example, they might create an illusory bridge over a chasm not realizing the butt of the joke is incapable of flight.

LORE

These weird creatures are known as Ghukto. They travel throughout the Multiverse by some unknown means. Sages familiar with the creatures believe that not even the Ghukto are aware of their origins or how they manage to traverse the planes. The Ghukto are highly magical creatures and many sages believe them to be the servants of some bizarre deity. They are capable of communication via a rudimentary form of telepathy. This allows them to convey crude messages, feelings and images, the communications they can receive are similarly limited.

One highly unusual ability of the Ghukto is something akin to a bad luck aura. Those within its strange radiation will find that fortune invariably favors the Ghukto and bad things happen to those that anger it. Fortunately, the Ghukto are generally benign if mischievous creatures. They tend to avoid open conflict if at all possible and view all of existence in a very childlike and playful manner.

The Ghukto are invariably drawn to children once they enter the mortal realm. Perhaps it is out of a shared sense of wonder and playfulness. And, this is where the true danger of a Ghukto becomes a horrifying and tragic reality. For you see, the child and the strange, magical creature will likely become fast friends. They may go on marvelous adventures together but inevitably the Ghukto will use its magic to alter the child during their play via its polymorph magic. Once this happens, the Ghukto may forget to change the child back to its true form. Or, perhaps the creature misremembers the original shape of the child and returns its friend to a mutated version of their true form.

ECOLOGY

Ghukto are not mortal creatures. They are invulnerable to harm from all but magic. Additionally they appear to suffer from none of the frailties and necessities that plague mundane folk. But, they can eat,

drink, sleep, etc. if they choose to. There are no records of young Ghukto or reproduction of their kind by any means. This underscores the belief of many sages that the Ghukto are wholly spiritual beings.

SEEDS

1.) The party happens across a curious sight in a less traveled corner of the wilderness. It appears to be a rather large and ramshackle treehouse. Although its haphazard construction looks to be on the verge of collapse in various areas, it is not abandoned by any means. The high-pitched laughter of children at play echoes from the place. Light and warmth radiate from the asymmetric doors, windows and other such portals to the interior of the weird place. The structure is set about twenty to thirty feet above the forest floor and stretches across the limbs of several ancient oak trees. If the party investigates and gains access they will find a bizarre scene of mutated children [REFEREE'S NOTE: Try to imagine a scene from Peter Pan mixed with a bit of Lord of the Flies (on several hits of acid)]. Most of the kids have wings of one form or another. Other common mutations might include antlers, fangs, fur, etc. In general, the motley community seems jovial and merry. But lurking on the edge of the throng are what might be older children. This older lot looks to be slowly going feral and will have more bestial appearances (fangs, claws, hooves). The group will welcome the party into their weird home/clubhouse where they are all involved in innumerable games. But, the party will likely draw the ire of the feral adolescents who may trick them into visiting a section of the forest which even older companions of the Ghukto now inhabit. These are adults who have gone mad and no longer remember what their life was like before meeting the Ghukto. [REFEREE'S NOTE: If asked, the children tell fanciful stories about what is probably the Ghukto who brought them here. They describe him as a funny dog with big eyes and magical powers. He takes care of them and brings them presents. They say he also grants wishes.]

2.) A lone hamlet at the edge of the kingdom has been experiencing a rash of child abductions. The abductions began about a month ago and since that time a child has disappeared roughly every other night since then. Investigations have revealed no signs of struggles. The authorities have no other explanation except sorcery most foul. They have requested help from the capitol and the crown has sponsored several lucrative contracts that offer 2000gp to each hero willing to help solve the mystery. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The children have been lured away by a Ghukto. They are all residing in the deep forest now. The children are all having an incredibly fun time. The Ghukto is able to use its abilities to make their most fantastic imaginings a reality. The children are not mutated as detailed in Seed 1 (yet). The Ghukto is not hostile towards those that discover their camp, but it will be very protective of its young friends.]

LOOT

Ghukto have no concept of wealth or even tool use for that matter. However, they are able to use their magical skills to produce objects mundane and exotic for their friends. The TT value indicated in the statblock is a rough estimate of what might be found in the lair of the Ghukto and its companions. [REFEREE'S NOTE: You might see fit to have any armor, weapons, etc. sized appropriate to children.]

IORAQI

Ioraqi are diminutive, malicious tricksters from some infernal plane. Unfortunately for those they encounter, their sense of humor is rather murderous and sadistic. They view tragedy and death as great hilarities. They have an obsession for rings that has earned them the nickname "Ring Imps".

AC 3 [16], **HD** 1** [4hp], **Att** 2 x claw (1d3), 1 x bite (1d4), **THACO** 19 [0], **MV** 90' (30') / 180' (60') flying, **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), **ML** 6, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 16, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** U + 1d4 + 1 magic rings

• **BLINDSIGHT** Can "see" in total darkness; immune to sensory attacks such as blindness or deafness.
• **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 *Invisibility, Ventriloquism*
3 x Day *Confusion, Phantasmal Force*
1 x Day *Hallucinatory Terrain*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
• **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.
• **TELEKINESIS** All Ioraqi possess a Ring of Telekinesis. They utilize it to improve the believability of their illusions as well as fly.

DESCRIPTION

In the middle distance, you see a weird humanoid creature. It looks to be about knee-high to a Human. The weird creature has no face save a wide fang festooned maw. It has green skin, claws and frills jutting from its head and neck. It stands with a decidedly confident set to its narrow shoulders. Despite its diminutive stature and lack of facial cues (other than its toothy grin) you can feel the thing is laughing at you. In fact, it's as if you can hear the frightful little thing's mocking laughter echoing in your brain. In the next instant, the weird creature has vanished.

TACTICS

It is very likely that the party does not get to see the creature initially. It can turn invisible at will and is a master of illusion and ventriloquism. It may only decide to reveal itself to them once it has a significant advantage over them. For example, they're in the bottom of a pit or one of their number is impaled in a spike trap.

LORE

These nasty little creatures are lesser demons known as Ioraqi. They are obsessed with a grim and sadistic sense of mischief. They also have a peculiar mania for collecting rings. These vicious little sadists are driven to collect and hoard rings as a crow might collect bits of shiny scrap for its nest. However, due to their tiny scale they must wear rings as bracelets, bangles and anklets. Their covetousness of rings has earned them the nickname of "Ring Imps". There are tales of these creatures bartering with mortals for the price of a ring. They are especially fond of magical rings and will always have a Ring of Telekinesis in addition to several other (possibly magical) rings.

The Ioraqi have considerable skill with illusions and other forms of magical trickery. They can become invisible at will as well. There is some debate however, as to what magical skills are native to the Ioraqi and which are gained from the magical rings they wear.

Additionally, they cannot be blinded or deafened for they have neither eyes nor ears. They are able to perceive their environment in some unknown magical fashion. And, they are able to read the thoughts of other beings as well as share their own via telepathy. They seem to be unable to speak any mortal language, although they do know how to write profanities in several. The only vocalizations they seem capable of are unnerving, mocking laughter and cat-like hissing.

ECOLOGY

Very little is known about the life cycle of the Ioraqi. If they are similar to most demonkind, we can assume they are far more durable than most mortals and likely immune to damage from mundane objects. We can also assume they require neither food nor water, but probably crave the taste of flesh as much as drunkards crave ale. It's also quite likely they do not breed. Which is a great blessing, as these sadistic creatures are horrible enough in their present numbers. To imagine a large population of these foul things sneaking about invisibly with the goal to inflict bodily injury and further calamity for the sake of their sadistic humor is considerably terrifying.

SEEDS

1.) An Ioraqi was prowling about the woodlands near a flock of sheep. One of the shepherd's dogs caught scent of the vile little thing and managed to nip its rump. Since that fateful day the shepherd, his flock and his family have been experiencing a vicious campaign of harassment. The first to die was the dog, its decapitated head was placed on a stick in front of their door. Every night for the past two weeks, one of the flock has been slain as well. Gutted. Mutilated. Its entrails strewn about their yard often spelling out profanities and foul limericks. All this was bad enough already, but the other day the shepherd's son was attempting to retrieve a lamb that had strayed from the flock. In the midst of reaching for the animal he somehow stepped into thin air over a yawning chasm. Luckily he was saved and is being tended to by a competent healer. The boy is only semi-conscious most of the time. But, when he is, he tells a story of a nasty, little green creature that mocked him as he lay broken at the bottom of the pit.

2.) In a recent haul of loot, the party has acquired a magnificent ring. It could be magical or mundane, but it is spectacularly crafted. Beyond any doubts, this ring is a masterpiece, a true work of art. Unfortunately, an Ioraqi has decided the bauble simply MUST be a part of its collection. To this end it sets about a malicious campaign to kill whomever owns the ring. [REFEREE'S NOTE: In this regard it's important to have a member of the party lay claim to the ring ASAP.] The Ioraqi will engage its powers of illusion and ventriloquism to lure the PC into dangerous situations. For example, a bridge that isn't really there, provoking a tavern brawl with fellow murderhobos, setting a trap such as a bladed device (small guillotine?) concealed within a tube the PC is enticed to reach into, etc. Remember to make it tricky and malicious with the air of a sadistic prankster or very dangerous practical joke.

LOOT

Ioraqi will always have 1d4+1 magical rings on their person. One will be a Ring of Telekinesis and the other a Ring of Invisibility. Determine the others randomly. An Ioraqi hoard will primarily be a stash of rings with only a small bit of other treasure.

OBGHRYL

These beings resemble large wolves with a writhing mass of tentacles in place of a face. They appear bestial but are highly intelligent. They spew a toxic, greasy spittle that slowly kills. The slain return as zombies to serve the alien will of their new master.

AC 6 [13], **HD** 2+1*** [9hp], **Att** 2 x claw (1d6) or spit, **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), **ML** 9, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 55, **NA** 1d4 (2d6), **TT** C

• **CLIMBING AND LEAPING** Skilled climbers, can jump up to 20'.
• **IMMUNITY** Cannot be blinded or deafened. Unaffected by effects that impair, modify, or rely on sight or hearing.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.
• **PLIABLE** Much of the creature's bone is more like cartilage, bending and flexing, but very strong. It can squeeze through narrow gaps and small openings.
• **RESISTANCE** Only takes half damage from blunt attacks.
• **SPIT** One target. **Save vs. Poison** or suffer intense migraine headaches causing a –2 penalty to saving throws and a –4 penalty to hit. Victims must save again in 1d6 rounds or reduce their movement by 50%. In another 1d6 rounds, save again or fall unconscious and die in 1d6 rounds. The dead reanimate as Zombies in the next round to serve the alien will of the creature. Only a Neutralize Poison spell will remove the affliction.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1-3, due to stealth.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.

DESCRIPTION

You hear the creak of limbs and rustle of leaves in the branches overhead. As you swing your light to reveal the source of the sound, you glimpse an angular bestial form prowling the darkness of the canopy. But myriad leaf and branch cannot occult its singularly blasphemous form. It appears somewhat like a large, hairless wolf. Its flesh an unwholesome, bloodless white. But the true horror of the thing is revealed in its virtual absence of a face. It lacks any visible sensory organs. And, in place of such sprouts a writhing mass of tentacles presumably ringing a loathsome, carnivorous maw. The alien thing moves through the branches with a hideous agility, its spine twisting and angling incredibly despite its superficially lupine construction. Upon closer observation its limbs appear to end in three long and fully opposable clawed digits. Presumably this allows it considerable manual dexterity.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature will not directly attack the party. Consider the description a teaser of sorts. Once the party sees it, it will essentially flee.]

TACTICS

Obghryl are highly intelligent, ruthless and quite tactical. At any given time they usually have a handful of Zombie thralls (assume 1d4+1) lurking about the vicinity. The Obghryl will use its minions to distract and weaken the party. If an opportunity presents, they will attack but will make pains to do so from a distance. The Obghryl will target any obvious spellcasters first and foremost (with its thralls as well as its own attacks).

LORE

These strange beings are known as Obghryl. They are alien beings from another dimension. The loremasters and sages of the realm have very little depth of knowledge concerning these loathsome creatures. Presumably they are slavers of a sort and have come to raise an army of undead thralls. But, to what end, none can truly say.

The alien fiends produce a greasy, toxic ichor they can expectorate at will. It is by this disgusting method they create their undead minions. The phlegmy sputum of the Obghryl at first dramatically sickens a victim. It causes blindingly intense migraines that impair their ability to fight and avoid danger. Not soon after it causes a heavy, prickling lethargy to creep into their limbs. And then, as the poison burns deeper into them, the unfortunate souls expire. But not so long after their bodies hit the floor, do they rise and walk again to serve the will of their alien master.

The Obghryl are reluctant combatants. But, those that have fought them remark that their weird flesh is highly resistant to mundane weapons. Additionally, blunt weapons seem to have little or no effect whatsoever. The more learned amongst those folk that have survived encounters with Obghryl remark that the beings have a bizarre skeleton that seems impossibly flexible for a vertebrate. What few know is that the cartilaginous skeleton of an Obghryl allows it to squeeze through spaces and crevasses that defy reason. This adaptation allows them to access a myriad of unlikely locations. Additionally, although they appear quadrupedal and bestial, they are capable of standing on their hind legs and using weapons, tools, etc.

ECOLOGY

Obghryl are mysterious creatures. Little is known about their origin, life cycle or diet. They seem to be mortal creatures, but cannot be slain without the aid of magic.

SEEDS

1.) Word has reached the party that a cult accidentally summoned an Obghryl a few days ago. The Obghryl has since converted 3d12 of the cultists into Zombies. The Obghryl and its rotting minions seem to have taken up residence in the sewers beneath a corner of the city. The Zombies continually abduct folk and drag them away to their master for conversion. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Eventually the party will learn that the Obghryl has been entering the homes of folk throughout the city and spewing its toxin on them as they sleep. Those that succumb to the poison and die are Zombies, but the Obghryl wills them to remain motionless and appear as corpses. Once it has built a small army, it will command them to rise and take to the streets. But for now, the people of the city are more concerned about the Zombies in the sewers and are unlikely to see the connection between the mysterious illness killing people in their beds and the Obghryl. Clever players might connect the dried residue of the toxic sputum. If they begin to ask about the illness, perhaps say that physicians believe the victims vomited out a greasy black bile upon their death.]

2.) The party happens across a small hamlet that appears deserted, at least at first. Upon closer inspection they find evidence of violence as well as noxious, reeking stains upon the floors and walls of many homes. But there are no bodies. It seems like the town has been vacant for at least a week. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The party will eventually encounter the Zombies of the townsfolk. They will attempt to restrain and imprison the PCs. If the Zombies succeed in overcoming the party, you might see fit to have them stripped of all their gear and locked in the cellar of one of the homes. And, if some of the party escapes, they may have to concoct a plan to rescue their friends. Eventually the Obghryl will appear and attempt to convert the PCs. Perhaps the creature may wait a few days until they are sufficiently weakened from hunger.

LOOT

Obghryl have little personal need for wealth or treasure. But they are fond of magical items and are capable of wielding the same items as a Magic-User. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It might be useful to roll the loot before the session. Distribute any weapons or armor amongst its strongest Zombies.]

OBODYN

Sickening eldritch horrors from another dimension. They are telepathic but appear incapable of communication with other lifeforms. They travel to our realm in search of thralls. They bring mutation and corruption wherever they appear.

AC 6 [13], **HD** 7+2*** [33hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d8), 1 x bite (1d10), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** 8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (7), **ML** 9, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1650, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** E

• **AURA OF CONFUSION** Constantly broadcasts a discordant telepathic fugue. Sapient creatures approaching within 120 feet of it must **save versus spell** or experience an effect identical to the Confusion spell.
• **CLIMBING** Skilled climbers.
• **EMPATHY** The Obodyn can sense the presence of any living creature within 120 feet of it. Additionally it may broadcast and receive emotions within this range essentially allowing the Obodyn to Detect Evil and Know Alignment (as the Spells) within this range.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Cure Light Wounds, Continual Light, Invisibility, Silence 15' Radius, Speak With Animals*
3 x Day *Charm Monster, Create Food, Create Water, Growth of Plants, Polymorph Others*
1 x Day *Animate Dead, Insect Plague*

• **NAUSEATING STENCH** Slimy mucus on its skin has a smell that sickens humans and demihumans: **save versus poison** or suffer -2 to hit, while in melee with Obodyn. Scavengers and vermin are attracted to the scent.
• **PLANAR TRAVEL** May travel to its home plane **1 x Day**.
• **SPELL REFLECTION** Spells cast at an Obodyn have a 2-in-6 chance of being reflected back against the caster.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.

DESCRIPTION

[REFEREE'S NOTE: If a PC fails the saving throw vs. Aura of Confusion.] A nauseating stench suddenly fills your nostrils as you choke back your last meal. Mere moments later your mind is filled with a discordant babble. It is like your thoughts are being shouted in a small cave. Each thought echoes back repeatedly in waves, producing a maddening tumult of words and imagery. As you reel from the onslaught, the faces of your companions take on a leering, demonic aspect. Do they mean you harm? Perhaps you best draw your weapon and make ready.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: If a PC passes the saving throw vs. Aura of Confusion.] You came upon a disgusting stench, or rather... did it come upon you? As you wonder at the magnitude of the reek, your companion(s) suddenly look dazed, befuddled and manic. A moment later, they/some are grasping for their weapons and shouting about demons while eyeing you intently.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: In the midst of this chaos, the children of the Obodyn will make their assault on the party. For sake of convenience, I suggest you use the Dire Wolves and Cave Bears. But, if you have the time to generate some freaky mutated animals have at it.]

[REFEREE'S NOTE: It is very unlikely the party will ever see an Obodyn. Obodyn are leaders, not warriors. And, they can become invisible at will. But, if the party does manage to see one...] You see a horrific caterpillar-like thing. Its iridescent green and black coloration and insectile visage reminds you of a maggot pretending to be a man. It has two sets of bulbous, compound eyes framing a vertically-hinged gnashing maw. The creature is about twice the height of a human. It is certainly the source of the rotten smell. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature cannot communicate verbally or telepathically, but it can transmit and receive emotions]. As you gaze at the thing in horror, you can sense its gaze on you as well. You can feel it probing at your mind, its mental presence is cold and alien.

TACTICS

These creatures will rarely show themselves to any interlopers. If they must appear, it will be when the party is already weakened. Until the PCs are vulnerable though, it will send its mutants against them in waves.

LORE

These vile, horrific creatures are known as Obodyn. They are known to occult scholars as agents of corruption. They can cross into our realm once per day via their magic. On their visits here, they work to build secluded hideaways deep in ancient forests and far from civilization. They seek out these places both for privacy and the abundance of animal life. The Obodyn will befriend the local animals. It cannot speak with them per se, but it can communicate with them empathically. The Obodyn is also able to conjure food and water to keep the animals content. And gradually, ever so gradually it will gain the trust of the animals. Eventually it will begin to experiment on its new pets, warping into abominable shapes.

Obodyn are skilled sorcerers. But, most of their powers concern supporting their pets and manipulating the environment. They do not evoke elemental blasts of energy and the like. Disturbingly, something about their alien nature allows them to reflect spells cast at them. As mentioned above, the Obodyn are

empathic, but when this ability is used on sapient creatures it usually induces a fit of rage or a dazed stupor.

ECOLOGY

Obodyn are alien creatures from some nightmare dimension but they do appear to be mortal. As mortal creatures they must breathe, eat, drink and rest. They are thought to be omnivorous but prefer the putrefied flesh of humanoids best. It is unknown how they procreate.

SEEDS

1.) The Warden Of The North is hiring adventurers to investigate a remote corner of the kingdom. The court seer has had visions of an insectile thing from the void beyond. It is building a fiefdom, corrupting the wood and warping the beasts. The blight is spreading from a forest in a distant mountainous region. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The journey will be exceptionally long and arduous. It might be advisable to offer the party a horse drawn wagon stocked with supplies as well as a few guards and rangers.] As they journey into the mutant forest, they will witness the creeping corruption. Animals that should not exist emerge to watch them, they generally flee any threats but it is clear they do not fear the party. Impossibly thick walls of briars line the path and funnel them into encounters with twisted, gigantic beasts. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Imagine a typical dungeon map, but the walls are gnarly, thorned clumps of nightmarish vegetation instead of stone.]

2.) The party finds itself battered, exhausted and low on supplies after a journey through the wilderness. They are encamped alongside a marsh at the edge of a forest. This seems like a good place to rest and forage for food. [REFEREE'S NOTE: There are 1d3 Obodyn in the vicinity. Every hour the PCs remain, there is a 3 in 6 chance they are attacked by 2d6 beasts twisted by the Obodyn. For convenience, I suggest using Bugbears but re-skin them as ape-like mutants with long claws, tentacles, etc. They should be at least 3 HD, nasty to look at and sneaky. They will attempt to subdue the PCs and take them to their master. These mutants will attack softer targets first. They will not fight to the death. If the odds do not favor them, they will flee along with any PCs they have subdued.]

LOOT

Obodyn do build hoards which they seclude in the deepest corners of their warrens. It is not understood why they do so. Some speculate the coin and baubles are useful in their own realms, but if so why leave it here on our plane?

OCTHYKLE

Fearsome and ravenous, these giant, alien insectoids resemble some horrific amalgam of mantis and demon. They are shock troops in the hellish legions of the foul Awrahim empire.

AC 3 [16], **HD** 6+3*** [30hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d10 + creeping paralysis), **THACO** 13 [+6], **MV** 240' (80'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1250, **NA** 1 (1d6), **TT** F

• **AGGRESSIVE** Attack same size or smaller creatures on sight. Pursue until the victims are out of sight.
• **CLIMBING AND LEAPING** Skilled climbers; can jump up to 90'.
• **GRAB AND STAB** If the Ockthykle scores a hit with a claw, its other melee attacks that round gain a +2 bonus to hit.
• **IMPALE** If the Ockthykle makes a claw attack and scores a hit that exceeds its target number by 4 or is a natural 20, the attack inflicts an additional 2d10 damage.
• **MAGIC RESISTANCE** Their weird physiology grants them a +2 to all saving throws vs. magic.
• **CREEPING PARALYSIS** Victims must **Save vs. Poison** or their movement is halved and they suffer a -2 penalty on all attacks, saves and ability checks. In 1d10 rounds save again or be paralyzed. Paralyzed victims can still speak in broken, pained gasps. Save again in 1d10 rounds or die. Any who fail the initial save must continue to check for further deterioration. The condition can only be cured via a Neutralize Poison spell. However, a Cure Light Wounds or Cure Serious Wounds can temporarily alleviate the paralysis.
• **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 penalty to-hit in brightly lit conditions such as sunlight or a Continual Light spell.
• **SURPRISE** On a 1-3 due to stealth.
• **VULNERABILITY TO HOLY WATER** Octhykle are not undead, but are wrought from the same dark energies.

DESCRIPTION
You spot a gigantic, hunched and vaguely humanoid figure in the middle distance. The being looks very large and angular, it is almost thrice the height of a human but lean, nearly gaunt. The being seems to be very insectile. It appears almost mantis-like. Something about its weird, chitinous flesh resembles warped bone and exudes a palpably necromantic taint.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature is quite likely to attack under cover of the darkness and from ambush. If this is the case, remember to keep the description minimal. Perhaps the party catches only a glimpse of a tall, gaunt thing silhouetted in the darkness. In the span of a heartbeat a long scything claw stabs into the thigh of a PC.]

TACTICS
Within moments of noticing the party, the beast will attack. It will charge at them, incorporating its long scything forelimbs to aid its locomotion to great effect. The space between disappearing at an alarming speed as the creature rockets forward in a frenzied, bounding sprint. The being is intelligent and will target obvious spellcasters first. If the odds do not favor the creature, it will strike soft targets quickly and then flee. It will make use of its Regeneration ability to heal and then plot a future attack.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature is highly intelligent. It should have a reasonable chance of discerning the strength of the party. If the creature has a low chance of slaying at least one PC and still making an escape, it will avoid the party but lurk about the vicinity. It will later attempt to attack from ambush or when the party is weakened or at some sort of disadvantage. It will likely engage in hit and run tactics such as this until the odds favor it. Also, consider that the creature is aware that the venom on its claws will likely cause any Clerics in the party to expend their healing magic. It may harry the party for hours, weakening them and depleting their healing resources before making a final assault.]

LORE
These macabre, alien beings are known as Octhykle. They are highly mobile assault troops from the necromantic legions of the Awrahim carrion lords. It is said by sages familiar with the foul Awrahim tongue that Octhykle translates loosely into the common tongue of our realm as something approximating "stalker" and "reaver". Although, some of these sages contend it is "reaper" and not "reaver". Regardless, the Octhykle are shockingly effective melee combatants able to decimate scores of even well equipped, competent warriors in short order.

Octhykle are astonishingly stealthy and agile for their size. Additionally their scything claws are as hard as diamond, with critical strikes impaling victims and inflicting grievous injuries. And, these bony, serrated blades are coated in a neurotoxin. The poison inflicts a progressive debilitation. Victims feel a creeping stiffness to their limbs and a painful fog within their minds. Not soon after they find themselves paralyzed, gripped with pain and gasping for breath and then an agonizing death. This paralysis can be temporarily alleviated via conventional healing magic, but it cannot be cured by such. The poison must be neutralized by specific magic. Sages familiar with the Awrahim and their legions believe this poison is designed specifically to deplete the healing resources of enemy armies.

Like many such creatures from the Awrahim legions, the Octhykle are necromantic constructs formed from the alien sorcery of their masters and the sheer malevolent hunger of their semi-sentient home plane. They are hardy beings indeed, but their innate connection to such potent entropic forces renders them vulnerable to such things as would affect many undead, namely direct sunlight and holy water. Sunlight dazzles them greatly. And holy water burns them as an acid.

ECOLOGY

Octhykle 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 as well as a calculating and violent will. Inside these vats, the noxious slurry coagulates into something resembling an insect pupae from which a fully-formed Octhykle emerges in about four days. The Octhykle 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.) The players awaken to find whoever was on watch screaming and clutching a large puncture wound in their thigh. The injury does not seem to be life-threatening but it is nasty-looking. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The victim should make a saving throw versus poison as the neurotoxin begins to take hold. Continue to check for further debilitation. It is advisable to make this initial victim a hireling or some other NPC so that a player does not feel railroaded. If you do opt for an NPC, you can also waive the saving throw to move the story forward.] As the victim begins to succumb to the neurotoxin, the Octhykle will return to harry the party with further hit and run tactics. It will continue this pattern of attacks until its chance of success in a direct assault is virtually assured.

2.) A cult has stumbled upon rituals they believe will allow them to summon and control Octhykle. They are unaware of the existence of the broader Awrahim empire. Additionally, the rituals of summoning are accurate but those for control are incorrect and will fail. The cult plans to offer the nearest village as a sacrifice and then enact a ritual to enslave the monsters.

LOOT

Octhykle have no need for any mundane trappings or wealth. As such it is unusual for them to gather large hoards of treasure. However, their masters within The Black Gulf are keenly interested in all things magical. As such, I strongly suggest you double the chances for any magic items indicated in their statblock and halve the coinage.

OPHIDIAN

An elder and degenerate race of reptilians no longer able to breed true amongst their own kind. To survive as a species they must seek out other sapient races and breed with them via force or magical trickery. They are steeped in sorcery and prone to mutation.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 2+1** [10hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d4), 1 x bite (1d6 + poison), **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 45, **NA** 1d4 (2d6+1), **TT** 0, T

• **AMBUSH** Prefer to attack by surprise.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:
3 x Day *Charm Person, Phantasmal Force*
1 x Day *Sleep*
• **MAN-EATERS** Kidnap humans and demihumans, whose flesh they regard as a delicacy. Individuals with certain physical characteristics may find themselves used as breeding stock as well.
• **MUTATION** Each can have up to 1d6 mutations (Referee's Discretion). Roll a 1d20 and consult below.
1-4 *Extra Arms (can be applied multiple times)* **+1 Att**
5-7 *Redundant Vital Organs* **+2 Hit Points per HD**
8-9 *Double Muscles* **+3 to Melee Damage**
10-12 *Two Heads* **Never Surprised**
13 *Baby Face (has an eerily beautiful humanoid face)* **Targets of Charm Person save at -2**
14-16 *Toughened Flesh (scales + leathery hide, etc.; allowed multiple times)* **+1 AC bonus**
17 *Paralytic Venom* **Bite paralyses for 2d4 rounds (save vs. paralysis)**
18 *Acidic Venom* **Bite inflicts +1d8 damage (ongoing) halved each consecutive round**
19 *Chameleon* **Surprise on a 1-4 due to camouflage**
20 *Fast* **+2 Initiative bonus, MV is 150' (50')**
• **POISON** Causes victims to become horribly sick for ten days **(save versus poison)**: no physical activity possible except half speed movement.
• **SHAPECHANGE** Able to assume a humanoid form (able to impersonate unique individuals). **1 x Day**
• **SPELL IMMUNITY** Unaffected by **charm** and **sleep** spells.

DESCRIPTION

A four-armed serpentine abomination menaces you with a spear from the shadows. It is about twice the height of a large man, but this is misleading as it lacks humanoid legs. The creature is warped and twisted. Its flesh is a patchwork of knobby leathery hide, scales, ridges and spines.

TACTICS

Ophidians possess a keen if mad intelligence. They will make ample use of the environment to gain advantage in any situation. They are masters at misdirection and deception. If one of them engages in melee it is usually because one of its companions is maneuvering to gain advantage from behind.

LORE

These warped creatures are an elder reptilian race. The name they once knew themselves by is long since lost to time. Now they are known simply as Ophidians. In the unfathomably distant past they were the masters of the world. But that era is long past and the current remnants of that once great empire are now accursed and degenerate mutants. Genetic problems are rife within their population and mutation is common, as is insanity. They can no longer safely reproduce amongst their own kind. Any offspring that might result from a union of Ophidians is truly horrific and not likely to survive long due to severe genetic mutations. They are a deeply broken people. Broken mentally, physically and spiritually.

All Ophidians are highly intelligent and competent sorcerers, especially with enchantments and illusions. Additionally they can magically transform themselves into a humanoid form, they are even capable of impersonating unique individuals. Bards tell tales of the accursed snake people infiltrating the noble courts of kingdoms and living in disguise there, undiscovered for decades.

Not all of the Ophidians are rational enough to maintain a facade of normalcy in the wider world. But, those that do move throughout the mortal realms often act as a hidden hand of sorts. Operating in secret with others of their abominable ilk, they form cabals and orchestrate innumerable conspiracies. They have shaped politics and religion for generations. They have no empathy for other beings and view other peoples solely as resources to be exploited.

It is said the Ophidians have a greater chance of intermingling with humanoids possessing certain (possibly occult) qualities/characteristics. Sages and bards say the Ophidians favor red hair, left-handedness and green eyes in their paramours.

ECOLOGY

Ophidians are a mortal race. They are vulnerable to the usual mortal frailties and possess the usual mortal necessities. However, the continuation of their wretched kind is dependent upon interbreeding with other sapient races. They achieve the mingling of blood and essence by force and illusion. Ophidians are wholly carnivorous and have a strong preference for the flesh of humanoids.

SEEDS

1.) Beneath a ruined monastery hidden in the black forest there is a secret doorway carved deep into the basalt and granite bedrock. Beyond the doorway is a spiraling staircase descending deep into the bowels of the earth. The stairs end in a massive and ancient underground city. It seems deserted, at least at first. But the longer the party lingers in the necropolis the greater the chance they will attract the degenerate, misbegotten inhabitants. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Every minute the party is in the ruin or its vicinity there is 10% cumulative chance 1d4 Ophidians are drawn to them. How will they appear when they approach the party? Consider perhaps one (or more) plays the role of a monster in its true form, and the other is disguised as a normal humanoid. The undisguised Ophidian(s) will put up a meager fight and flee quickly. The disguised Ophidian will try to win the trust of the party and convince them to go deeper into the ruins. But to what purpose?]

2.) A lone kingdom at the edge of the continent has been experiencing waves of civil strife. The core of the dissent seems to stem from a fanatical underground religion. Rumors of a fractious cult growing amongst the underclass were long discounted by the nobility. And now, their neglect has born a poisonous fruit. Several wards of the capital city have already fallen to cult control. A call has gone out across the continent for mercenaries to bolster the waning defenses of the nobility as they make a last ditch effort to reclaim power. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The cult was inspired by Ophidians. And it is still led by Ophidians in human form. But, within the ranks of the loyalists there are also disguised Ophidians. The Ophidians are attempting to weaken the kingdom and install themselves after the fighting subsides. Whomever comes out of the battle victorious will be quietly dispatched and replaced by an Ophidian wearing their form.]

LOOT

Ophidians will always have a few scrolls on their person as well as several platinum coins stamped with marks of their ancient, fallen empire. The coins are of particular interest to collectors and would likely be worth a considerable amount more than their typical value to antiquarians, collectors and the like.

RAGIB

Ragib are demons invoked to torment entire bloodlines. They delight in torture and murder. However, they are no simple brutes. They use obfuscation and illusion to deceive and isolate their targets.

AC 3 [16], **HD** 9*** [40hp], **Att** 2 x hammer (2d8), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9), **ML** 8, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 3000, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** H

• **DISPLACEMENT** Three times per day; can appear 3' from actual location: attackers suffer –2 to-hit.
• **GASEOUS FORM** At will; takes 1 round. MV 180' (60') flying. Immune to all weapons. Cannot attack.
• **GATE** Once per day; it can open a planar gateway to its home dimension.
• **RESILIENCE** Ragib only take half damage from acid, cold, and fire. Additionally, they are immune to poison.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Darkness, Knock, Phantasmal Force, Wizard Lock*
3 x Day *Charm Monster, Hold Monster*
1 x Day *Animate Dead*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.
• **TELEPATHY** May communicate mentally within 60'. Those contacted are not compelled to communicate, but the Ragib will have an empathic sense of their thoughts regardless.

DESCRIPTION

You glimpse a hulking, horned figure lumbering towards you out of a cloud of billowing smoke. It is humanoid in structure but monstrous in proportions. It stands just over twice the height of a large man and many more times the width. Its stooped posture is writ with ill intent. It grips a very large warhammer with a long crow's bill in one of its massive fists. As it approaches on heavy, semi-hooved feet your mind's eye is only able to parse a silhouette and a sort of flickering, infernal wrongness about the thing. The blackened smoke continues to rise from the spectacle obscuring the vicinity and the acrid scent of brimstone begins to permeate the area. It does not speak and yet you hear or rather feel the malice of the thing like a creeping frost in your hindbrain.

TACTICS

The creature will always use its Displacement ability if it must make a frontal assault. Another tactic it prefers is to access a room via its Gaseous Form and then fix the door shut more or less permanently via a Wizard Lock spell. In this manner it might conduct a more intimate meeting with its victim. Other tactics often involve Darkness and Phantasmal Force to confuse and isolate their targets. Despite the creature's formidable melee capabilities, it will ALWAYS avoid a fair fight.

LORE

These are demons known as Ragib. It is said their name originates from the sun-blasted deserts of the southern continent where the ritual for summoning the demons was discovered. They are invoked to fulfill brutal contracts of atrocity that encompass not just individuals, but entire bloodlines. Essentially a Ragib becomes a familial curse. A curse that will return over and over again throughout the generations of the line to fulfill its abominable task.

The ritual to invoke a Ragib is no easy feat. It involves the creation of a new demiplane. Afterwards a chunk of elemental earth is shifted to this new realm which the Ragib will then rule over. This mote of elemental earth will respond to the will of the Ragib and be used to construct some sort of fortress or tower. As a Ragib grows in status and power so does its realm. Each contract that it takes on means more raw material to expand its realm. And so the nightmarish place becomes larger and more horrific as the centuries pass. The Ragib's domain will be staffed by innumerable undead, many of them are prior victims of the Ragib. The demons will also populate the area surrounding their dwellings with vicious animals and may perhaps breed other more abominable creatures as well.

Ragib are often tasked to kidnap, harass or mutilate the family it is set upon. They also poison wells, spread contagion and in general terrorize their victims in as brutal a manner as possible. But, unless they are told to do so, they will never extinguish the bloodline they have been set to terrorize. There are even stories of a Ragib saving the life of the last son of its assigned line from death upon the battlefield. And, of course the invoker of the demon can end the contract at any time.

All Ragib possess some magical abilities. Their occult skills are mostly focused on charms, illusions and other forms of manipulation. They are also able to open a planar gateway to their private dimension once a day. Additionally, they can assume a gaseous form at will. They are immune to mundane attacks and highly resistant to any form of magical elemental attack as well.

ECOLOGY

Ragib are demons and as such have no mortal requirements. They do not require food, drink or rest. Nor do they breathe. Additionally their weird flesh is impervious to non-magical forces allowing them to lair in virtually any environment. They cannot reproduce and therefore do not seek out mates. They seem to prefer a solitary existence (other than their undead servants) and shun contact with other demonkind. Ragib prefer to return to their pocket dimension whenever they can, but if they must lair in the mortal realm they will use their Gaseous Form ability to hide themselves away in a nigh impenetrable location. Sometimes the location will be hidden in plain sight. Sometimes it will be in a remote location only accessible with great difficulty.

SEEDS

1.) The party has been contracted by a noble family to investigate a series of grisly and mysterious murders. In the past fortnight alone, easily half a dozen lesser nobility have been slain. Oddly enough, all of them were slain within their locked bedchambers. They were found with their limbs pulped as if by a massive crushing force which had splintered their bones and mangled their flesh. The family sage believes the perpetrator to be a Ragib. The sage is correct (so you can reveal a bit of the Lore section if you wish). But what none realize yet is that the Ragib was set upon the family by a bastard heir living in exile. The bastard has spent most of his life learning magic and recently acquired the ritual to summon a Ragib. The Ragib is under contract to harass, torture and decimate the family until the bastard can reveal himself again as the last and rightful heir to the throne.

2.) In a recent haul of loot, the party has discovered a portion of the ritual for summoning and controlling a Ragib. The summoning part is intact, but the controlling part is incomplete.

3.) During their travels the party spots an ominous black cloud exiting a window from a nearby keep. It moves with a speed and purpose that cannot be natural. It descends to the forest floor and weaves its way through the woods until it reaches a rocky formation at the foot of a hill. The foul stuff then seeps into the rocks and does not re-emerge. Later that day while the party is in a nearby village resting, re-stocking, etc. they hear gossip stating that the lord of the keep's wife was murdered the night before. And brutally so. Every inch of her (save her head and face) had been pulped and mangled as if by a massive hammer.

LOOT

Ragib are quite fond of treasure but rarely carry much with them. Virtually all of their wealth will be locked away in their fastness within their private demiplane. Without access to the Ragib's realm a victorious party would have to settle for the demon's gigantic hammer, helmet and girdle. As a Referee you might be advised to make these items magical (and therefore they re-size to fit the wearer). For example, the girdle could be a Girdle of Giant Strength and the helmet a Helm of Telepathy (both could already be easily explained in the current statblock). You might also say the hammer re-sizes as well, it has a +2 enchantment and can be used to cast Knock and Wizard Lock at will (also easily explained by the statblock).

SHADRAYAEYL

Predatory and cunning demons. They enter the mortal realm and disguise themselves as men and women. Claiming to possess secret knowledge they soon attract myriad ruthless and ambitious souls. They use their influence to build assassination cults devoted to dark secrets and blood magic.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 9***** [40hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d10), 1 x bite (1d12) or 1 × breath (9d6), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 4400, **NA** 1 (1), **TT** G

• **FIRE BREATH** 2-in-6 chance per round of breathing fire. One target. **Save versus breath** for half damage.
• **GRAB AND BITE** If the Shadrayaeyl scores a hit with a claw, its other melee attacks that round gain a +2 bonus to hit.
• **IMMUNITIES** Unaffected by charm, hold, and sleep spells. Unaffected by poison.
• **LEAPING** Can jump up to 45'.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Darkness, Invisibility, Phantasmal Force, Polymorph Self*
3 x Day *Dispel Magic, Polymorph Others*
1 x Day *Animate Dead*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.
• **TELEPORT** May teleport 300'.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.

DESCRIPTION

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature will rarely show its true face. Here is a description of it disguised as the leader of an assassination cult, or perhaps just some creepy NPC.] A nondescript fellow sits before you in a high backed narrow chair. His hands are steepled before his face and he gazes at you with palpable menace from behind them. Nothing about his expression holds any particular malice and yet you can sense a singularly homicidal will emanating from him.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: Here is a description if it is seen in its true form.] You see a tall, gaunt humanoid thing. It looks to be nearly nine feet tall. Its head is crowned with a single horn. Its face is leering and ape-like. The eyes of the thing are like red embers within deep shadows beneath its heavy brow. Its wide fanged mouth gapes at you. Its flesh is a bloodless ashen grey. The thing looks nominally male in musculoskeletal construction, is entirely nude and lacks any generative organs. Its musculature is taught and wiry. It stands upon bestial legs and its taloned hands nearly brush the floor as it walks.

TACTICS

Shadrayaeyl are capable fighters but will rarely engage in direct assaults. If at all possible, they will attack from hiding. Or, all the better, they will utilize their followers to soften up any opposition. If a Shadrayaeyl must do the work itself, it will attack the softest targets (especially any obvious spellcasters) on the edge of a formation with its Fire Breath. If the party has healing resources, it will harass them for an extended period to deplete those resources. For example, invisibly teleport within range, attack, turn invisible again, teleport away.

LORE

These foul beings are demons known as Shadrayaeyl. They enter the mortal realm and disguise themselves as charismatic and ambitious folk from all walks of life. In their mortal guise they work tricks of petty magic, claiming to possess secret knowledge that will lead to wealth and power. They soon attract myriad ruthless and ambitious souls from all rungs of society. They use their influence to build zealous cults devoted to assassination and blood magic. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Shadrayaeyl love the shedding of blood, but prefer it to be shed covertly and not through outright warfare.]

As with most such demonic creatures the Shadrayaeyl are loathsome horrors spawned from chaos and violence, they are wholly anathema to the natural world. This specific breed of demon has a strong affinity for betrayal and clandestine murder (assassination). The spiritual corruption of such depravities have a unique resonance that aligns strongly with the malevolent and murderous singularity at the core of all Shadrayaeyl and nourishes them like a mother's milk.

Shadrayaeyl are loathe to reveal their true appearance but their disguise is often ruined when normal folk witness their resistance to mundane injury. In addition to their supernatural vigor, they possess an array of magical powers as well. They can summon darkness, conjure illusions, cloak themselves with invisibility and transmogrify the flesh of mortals. Additionally, Shadrayaeyl can cause dead flesh to stir once again with an unholy vigor, such shambling mockeries must serve the will of the demon until destroyed.

ECOLOGY

Shadrayaeyl 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 their fleshly sleeve. Their blighted spirit 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.) An overanxious princeling is searching for individuals of low morality and high ambition to dispatch a rival. The princeling in question is due to inherit his own throne soon enough, but in the meantime he has his eyes set upon acquiring a nearby kingdom as well. To achieve this he needs to eliminate his younger brother who is betrothed to the princess of that nearby kingdom. [REFEREE'S NOTE: This scheme to consolidate power in such a ruthless fashion did not originate within the twisted mind of the princeling, but rather was planted there and nurtured by the telepathic whispers of a Shadrayaeyl. How did the princeling fall under the influence of the demon? Perhaps the foul thing is masquerading as his chamberlain or coachman? Perhaps the princeling is a member of some illicit fellowship of libertines funded by the Shadrayaeyl?]

2.) The party has been offered a contract from a pious religious order. The order is well known throughout the continent for their good works. The order is concerned about a growing taint amongst their flock in a frontier city on the edge of the continent. The party has been instructed to masquerade as devotees of the faith to gain the trust of the wayward clergy. Once they are in the good graces of that distant fellowship they are to slowly and quietly kill the priests. The party has been instructed that the taint within the heretics runs too deep and they cannot be saved. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The party will likely discover there is no taint within the clergy they are sent to cull. How will they recognize this lie? How will they respond to it? What they might discover should they investigate deeper is a Shadrayaeyl masquerading as the supreme pontiff of the order. The demon is quietly sowing discord within the religion and employing well-meaning souls to kill innocent priests.]

LOOT

Shadrayaeyl 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 a trove of coin, gems and assorted finery. They will usually spend their wealth buying influence from petty nobles, funding various cults, fostering seditious political movements, and so on. Any magical resources will be distributed to their most powerful and trusted acolytes.

TAMDI

Tamdi are gigantic eldritch hybrids of elephants, boars and lions. They are aggressive and ferocious behemoths. Their roar will strike mortal dread into the hearts of even the bravest souls.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 18** [81hp], **Att** 2 x tusks (3d6), 2 x claws (2d6) or 1 x pounce (8d6), or tail, **THACO** 7 [+12], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D2 W3 P4 B3 S6 (18), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 4300, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** G (no coins besides GP)

• **CHARGE** Requires a clear run of at least 20 yards. Tusks inflict double damage.
• **MENTAL RESISTANCE** Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep)**.
• **POUNCE** 2-in-4 chance of pouncing each round. +4 to-hit human-sized or smaller creatures.
• **REGENERATION** A damaged Tamdi gains 1 hit point at the start of each round, as long as it is alive.
• **ROAR** Only at the start of combat before entering melee. Range 240'. **Save versus breath** to avoid. All within range who hear the roar and fail must flee for 1d4 turns.
• **TAIL** May forego all attacks and sweep with its tail attempting to knock targets prone. The area of effect is a half-circle with a 30' radius. *Causes no damage, but knocks all targets in the area of effect down. The targets cannot attack that round.* **Save versus breath** to avoid.
• **TRUESIGHT** Vision is unimpeded by darkness of any kind. Can detect magic, illusion, invisibility and polymorph on sight.

DESCRIPTION

In the middle distance, you see an enormous gray-skinned beast. It is easily the size of an elephant but with the angular form of an apex predator. Its titanic bulk is packed with dense, rippling muscle. A ridge of bony growths starts between its brows and runs the length of its spine. The face of the thing further indicates some eldritch manipulation or hybridization. It has a piggy snout as well as a multiplicity of eyes and tusks. Its limbs end in the powerful slashing talons one might expect on a jungle feline. And lastly, it possesses a very long almost rat-like tail. The tail appears to be extremely mobile and may even be prehensile.

The creature will loose a titanic thunderous challenge somewhere between an elephant's trumpet, a boar's squeal and a lion's roar. Generally speaking the blood of most mortal folks runs cold at this point (Fear effect). Then it will charge at the party and attack indiscriminately.

TACTICS

These creatures are fairly straightforward brutes. They will rush to attack any creature larger than a child that enters their territory. They will usually open their attack routine with their fear-inducing roar. Those that flee will be chased, and the fastest of them will be targeted first. If facing a massed defense, they will attempt a tail sweep to knock down as many targets as possible. It will then pounce upon a randomly determined prone target. Once engaged, the creature is utterly fearless and will not back down. Lastly, remember that the creature will ignore targets around the size of a human child or smaller (such as a Halfling). This is not out of any benevolence, merely that they are considered too small to be a threat.

LORE

These weird creatures are known as Tamdi. They are territorial and highly aggressive. The origin of the Tamdi is shrouded in mystery but the dominant line of speculation contends they are sorcerous hybrids leftover from a collapsed and ancient empire in the southern lands. Some contend they were created as massive living siege weapons while others suggest they were bred for gladiatorial combat.

Physically they are very powerful and prone to frenzy once injured. They are also quite adept at using their tail to knock opponents prone. Reports of them knocking three human-sized targets down in one sweep are quite common. The same tail sweep can be used to send a mount and rider sprawling as well. Usually this attack is followed by a goring charge or slashing pounce.

ECOLOGY

Tamdi are wholly carnivorous creatures. They seem to prefer fresh meat but will eat carrion if necessary. Despite their likely eldritch birthing, the Tamdi are mortal and possess no special resistances or vulnerabilities. However, it is believed they do have some regenerative ability, although it is not nearly as potent as that of Trolls. They prefer to hunt at night and sleep through the day. They are heterosexual, with females birthing and rearing small litters of young (1d4+1). Their social structure is somewhat reminiscent of wolves but their numbers are much smaller (1d6+4). If a lone Tamdi is encountered, it is likely an upstart alpha seeking to establish territory and attract mates. Presumably, they breed slowly due to a defect in their unnatural genetics.

SEEDS

1.) The party is on an ocean voyage. One night after a major disagreement over the division of shares from a recent salvage mission the crew decides to mutiny. You might allow the party to fight it out a bit, but this is merely a prelude to the main event. Ultimately the party and a handful of crew are overpowered and set adrift in the vicinity of an island. They reach the island with relative ease and find it quite habitable. There are numerous fresh water springs, abundant fruit and easy game. Things seem to be looking up, but they soon discover the island is home to several packs of Tamdi as well as other more common megafauna such as giant centipedes, scorpions and spiders. The party is likely to encounter the giant centipedes and spiders in the caverns they will probably try to shelter in.

2.) On an overland trek to or from an important destination the party finds themselves on a wide open grassy plain. A few large trees dot the horizon in the distance. Around dusk when the weird illumination of dusk muddies vision the party hears the distant roar of a Tamdi. It will be on them in 1d4+2 rounds so they have several brief moments to flee for cover or mount a defense. Remember, it will ignore any targets of child-size or smaller so Halflings are very lucky today indeed.

LOOT

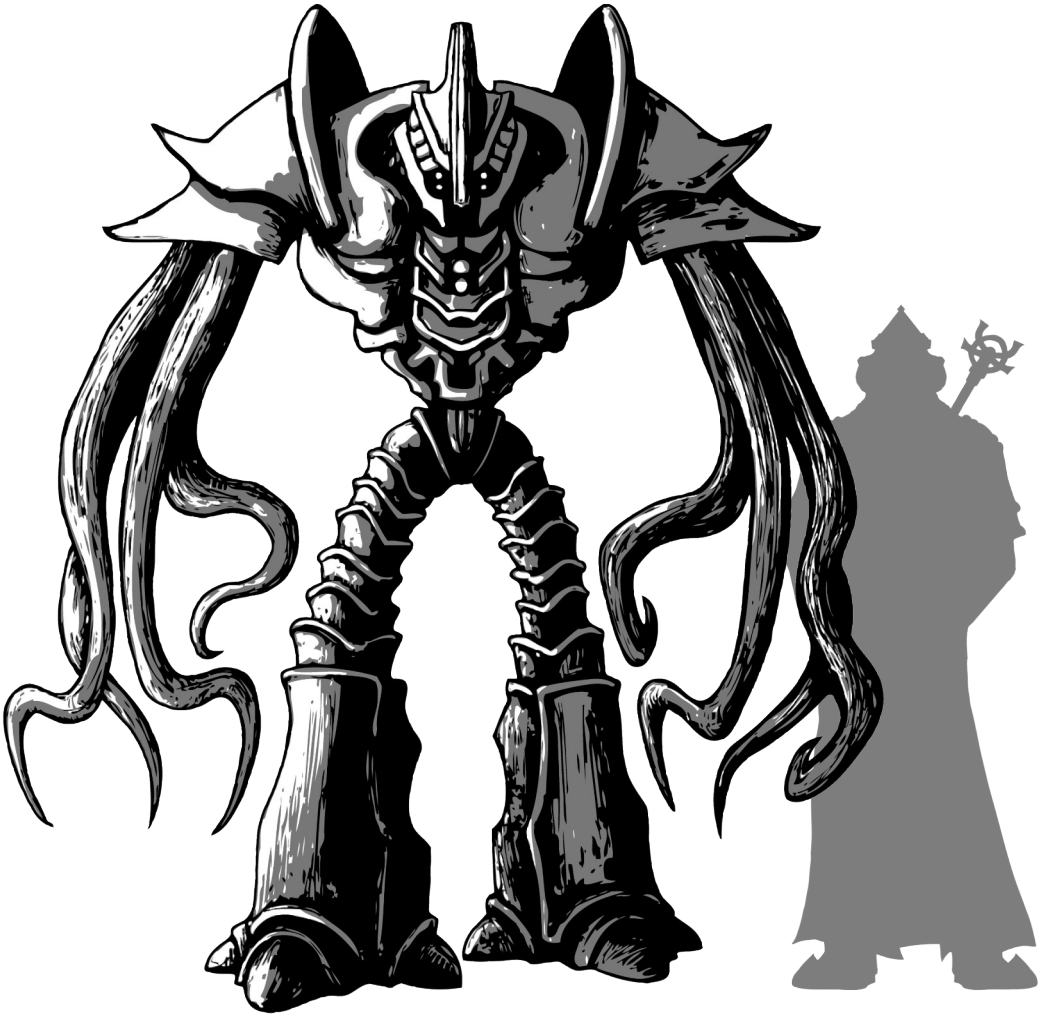
Tamdi have an animal-level intelligence but despite that have an unusual proclivity to amass a sizeable hoard of treasure. This seems to further underscore their unnatural origin. They are especially fond of gold and will tend to eschew lesser metals. Additionally, they will gather magic items as well (almost as if their peculiar porcine snout could smell enchantment).

UATHAU

Uathau are bizarre entities from another plane. They carry a strange disease that converts organic matter into an eldritch metal they can shape with their will alone.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 12** [54hp], **Att** 2 x tentacle (1d6 + life drain) or 1 x eyebeams (1d6 + heat metal), **THACO** 10 [+9], **MV** 120' (40') / 90' (30') flying, **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (12), **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 2700, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** G (but no coins) + O

• **EYE BEAMS** When an Uathau hits with this attack **(up to 200')**, it can continue to do damage with it on subsequent rounds without an additional to-hit roll. Additionally, if the character is carrying any metal it becomes blazing hot. The first round it merely heats up, giving the PC a chance to discard it without harm [REFEREE'S NOTE: Although metal armor might be more difficult to remove at your discretion.]. On the second round, it causes 1d6 damage, the third it causes 1d8, and on the fourth round it causes 1d10.
• **LIFE DRAIN** A successfully hit target permanently loses one experience level (or Hit Die). This incurs a loss of one Hit Die of hit points, as well as all other benefits due to the drained level (e.g. spells, saving throws, etc.). A character's XP is reduced to halfway between the former and new levels. If the target is not slain outright their MV is halved as their body becomes partly transformed into some bizarre metal. An organism slain by this attack essentially becomes an artificial life form. **(Treat them as Wights with no vulnerability to silver and a melee attack of 1d6.)** These transformed beings are under the control of the Uathau. They also must feed on the life energy of another creature in a similar manner within 1d4 +1 days or collapse into a pile of nanodust. Those they feed upon will also be similarly transformed. All will obey the will of the Uathau that started the chain. Additionally, the Uathau can discorporate the creatures it has sired and reform the eldritch metal of their bodies into all manner of structures, devices or even larger servants. An Uathau may only control up to 3x its HD in creatures at a time. If the Uathau opts to pool its minions into larger servants, simply add the HDs together and improve the AC and melee attack by one step per minion added **(don't forget to improve the THACO and SV to reflect the larger HD)**. If the Uathau opts to use its minions to make a wall or similar structure, estimate that 1HD equals 5 feet.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magic.



DESCRIPTION
In the distance, you see a large, armored creature. It stands about nine feet tall and looks to be some sort of humanoid. It is quite hunched, its helmeted head squats above a heavy breastplate. Within the shadowy depths of the helmet four eyes burn like embers. The armor of the creature possesses large pauldrons and from them dangle bunches of thin writhing tentacles instead of arms. The entity stands upon similarly armored legs. The armor here lacks knee joints as well as the usual point of articulation for a hip. Instead the whole length appears to be composed of several segmented joints, possibly a half dozen or more. Perhaps its legs are similarly tentacular beneath the armor?

TACTICS
The creature will avoid direct combat as long as possible. But, if it sees an opportunity to drain and convert a target it will do so. As such, it will tend to focus on softer targets first such as Magic-Users and Thieves. [REFEREE'S NOTE: At your discretion the creature may already have an entourage of minions in tow. If this is the case, it will fly above its servants and allow them to do the melee work while it disables heavily armed and armored enemy combatants with its eye beams.]

LORE
These creatures are known as Uathau. They are predatory wanderers that walk across the planes. When the stars and multiversal angles are right, they can open portals to other worlds. They prowl the multiverse vampirically feeding on the life energy of other beings and to obtain raw material for their own plane. This stuff that they so desire is created by the transmission of a peculiar eldritch virus that transforms living matter into an incredibly fine metallic dust (nanodust) which the Uathau can shape at will. The life energy of the victim is also transferred to the Uathau as nourishment. Sentient creatures transformed by the disease become artifical life forms. As the disease takes hold, their flesh is converted into metal, cogs, wires, etc. The transformed are compelled to serve the Uathau that sired them. They in turn must feed in a similar manner within a few days or collapse into a pile of nanodust. The Uathau can manipulate any of its servants or the dust at will. They can be remade into all manner of things. Those that have been transformed by the disease can transmit it as well, but they will never be masters of those they infect. All are subject to the will of the Uathau that started the chain of infection. But, an Uathau may only have direct influence over three times its HD in minions at one time.

The Uathau home plane is a cold and sterile place of great beauty and artifice. But travelers to the place will know immediately that something certainly is not right about the place. The silence of the tomb pervades the whole space. All is bleak. All is gray. All is orderly. The Uathau have essentially drained all life from the environment by means of their strange disease. No birds sing and no insects chirp. The only thing they do not have absolute control over is the weather. Everything else within the environment can be shaped by their will to suit them. The Uathau are the absolute rulers of this peculiar place.

ECOLOGY
Uathau are malignant, alien beings that must drain the life of other beings to survive. Sages familiar with the creatures believe they are wholly mortal but will live throughout the centuries, perhaps even millennia if able to drain the energy of others. They are thought to be asexual and reproduce through budding, although an immature Uathau has never been recorded.

If the party manages to defeat an Uathau and crack open its armor. They will see the creature is essentially a multi-tentacled brain thing with four eyes. It has no mouth or other sensory organs. For the bold ones that attempt a vivisection, they'll discover no other organs.

SEEDS

1.) A cult of extremely dogmatic priests obsessed with time, hierarchy and order have discovered rites that will allow them to summon an Uathau to the mortal realm. They have an acolyte cadre ready to sacrifice themselves to the creature. If the summoning is successful, the Uathau easily gains its maximum controllable HD of nanodust/servants (36HD or 12 separate 3HD minions, remember to treat them as Wights as described above) and the remaining converts are sent into the wild to spread the weird virus further. Once most of the kingdom or say, 1d4+1 hexes have been rendered into the eldritch nanodust, the Uathau consolidates and begins to move all the converted into a single area to make it easier to transport to its home plane. [REFEREE'S NOTES: How will the party learn of the event? Are there rumors spreading throughout the land of metallic "undead" ravaging the countryside? Will a cult of nature priests receive a warning from their own deity prior to the event and ask the party to stop this eldritch blight from infecting the land? Perhaps the party is relaxing in a tavern when one of the infected bursts in and attacks the patrons?]

2.) An Uatha gained entrance to our realm almost a decade ago and has established a fortress of sorts on an islet not far from the coast of small harbor city. On clear days it can be seen from the rocky outcroppings above the city's shore. A few have travelled to the place and returned safely. They describe it as a place much like the home plane of the Uathau (as described above in the Lore section). A vacant, highly ordered environment of bizarre metal structures. A few of these explorers actually witnessed the Uathau but the creature avoided contact with them. Now, the PCs have been contracted by a wizard of some repute to serve as muscle in his attempt investigate the island and if possible, interrogate the Uathau that lives there.

LOOT

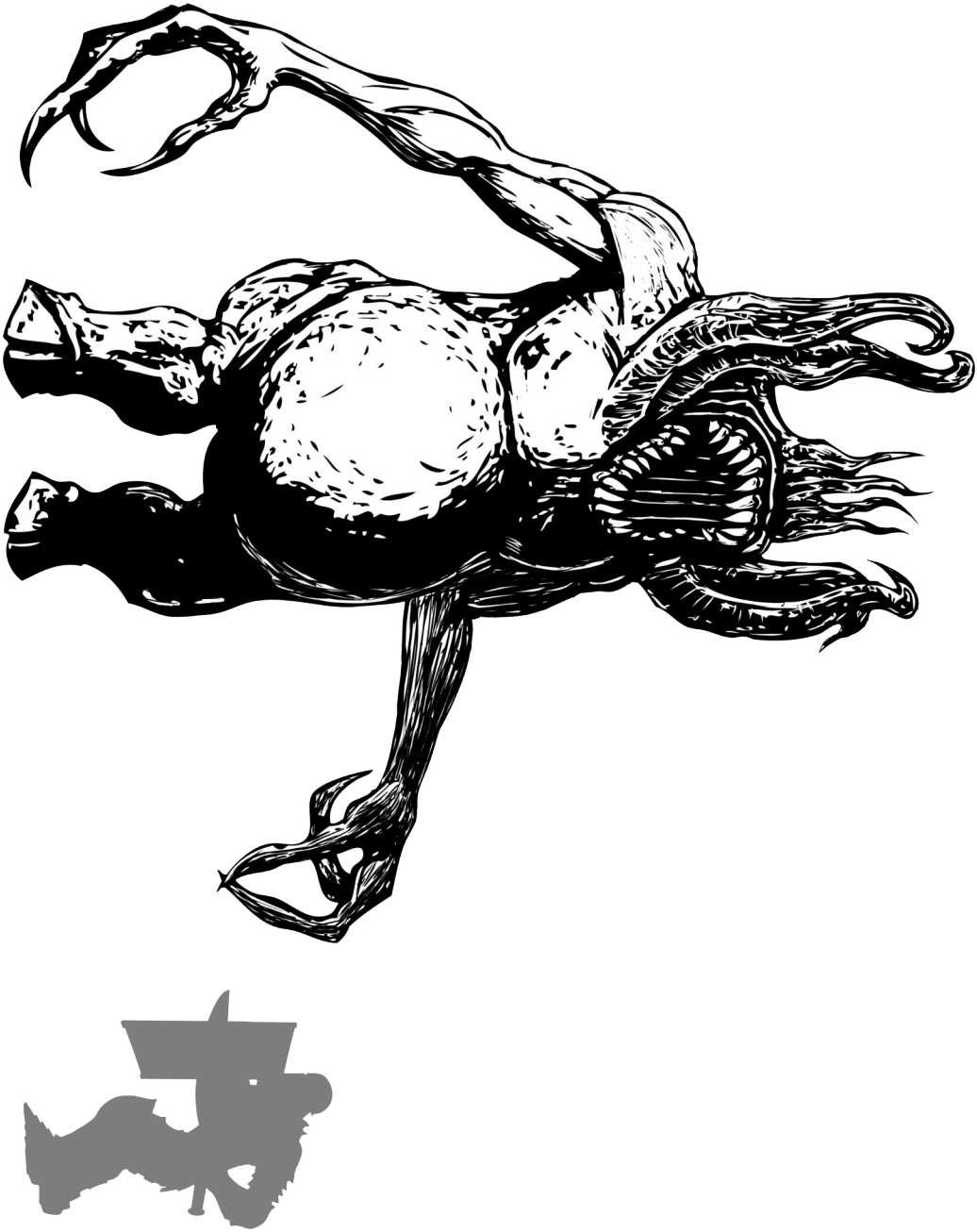
Uathau tend to be highly nomadic. They literally stride across the multiverse spreading their eldritch disease and harvesting souls. As such, they do not express much interest in what most adventurers would consider treasure. However, they do have a keen interest in magic and will keep any scrolls, spellbooks, wands, staves and rods the happen across. Perhaps other miscellaneous magic items as well. At the Referee's discretion the Uathau's minions might be reasonably well-equipped as well, possibly with magic weapons and armor. And the Uathau themselves would be capable of wielding any magic items allowed to a Cleric or Magic-User.

USHEGNNI

Large and ponderous demons. They lack eyes or ears but are highly perceptive and navigate their environment through a variety of preternatural senses. They are able to teleport short distances and cannot be misled by illusion or invisibility. Although these beings possess simplistic minds they make excellent guards.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 9***** [40hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d10), 1 x bite (1d12 + paralysis) or 1 x quake or 1 x wail, **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 4400, **NA** 1d3 (1d6), **TT** E

• **BLINDSIGHT** Can "see" in total darkness; immune to sensory attacks such as blindness or deafness.
• **CANNOT BE SURPRISED** It is impossible to surprise the demon.
• **GRAB AND BITE** If the Ushegnni scores a hit with a claw, its other melee attacks that round gain a +2 bonus to hit.
• **IMMUNITIES** Unaffected by charm, hold, and sleep spells. Unaffected by poison.
• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.
• **PARALYSIS** For 1d6 turns **(save versus paralysis)**.
• **QUAKE** The Ushegnni stomps its hooved feet creating a localized earthquake that knocks those within a 30' radius prone. **Save versus petrify** or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.
• **TELEPORT** May teleport 300'.
• **TREMORSENSE** Can pinpoint the source of any vibrations within 300'.
• **WAIL** The Ushegnni wails in an eldritch cacophony that assaults the nervous system. **Save versus breath** or be blinded and deafened for 1d4 rounds. 90' cone.



DESCRIPTION
In the distance, you spot a huge demonic creature roughly the size of an Ogre. The head is a gaping, fang-filled maw surrounded by a nest of twisting tentacles. It lacks anything resembling eyes, ears or a nose. The resemblance to an Ogre is furthered by the gut of the corpulent being. It stands upon short and thickly muscled legs that end in cloven hooves. It has long and wiry arms that easily brush the floor, ending in vicious-looking talons.

Upon closer observation the weird mass of tentacles seem to function as sense organs. It has paused to press its face to the floor with its tentacles writhing frenetically. Soon after the beast bolts upright and bellows in your direction. It drops into a crouch and simply disappears. A heartbeat later, you are attacked from behind.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The creature has several area attacks that you may wish to incorporate in the initial encounter, especially if it manages to surprise the party.]

TACTICS
These beings are of low intelligence. Generally, they will simply attack the nearest target. However, they have two debilitating short range area effects as well as the ability to paralyze. It is likely they will try to stun or disable several targets and then attempt to paralyze them before they recover. Additionally, they can teleport short distances if they decide to flank a target.

LORE
These foul beings are lesser demons known as Ushegnni. They are often used as guards and jailers by more powerful beings. Although they lack eyes and ears, they have some other unusual senses to compensate. First of all, they have an extremely acute Tremorsense which allows them to pinpoint the source of movement and vibration within 300 feet. Secondly they have a sort of psionic Blindsight that allows them to navigate the stationary objects within their environments. The combination of these two eldritch senses makes it virtually impossible to surprise an Ushegnni.

These beasts are certainly not to be trifled with. Despite their somewhat insensate and clumsy mien, they are very aware and highly mobile. They can charge fast enough to run down any adventurer and may teleport within 300 feet. And, those long arms with their filthy talons are every bit as deadly as a pike or halberd. Also, be doubly wary of getting entangled within those tentacles around its mouth. The touch of the wretched things will paralzye whilst the demon gnaws out your guts. The hellwrought flesh of the Ushegnni is invulnerable to mundane weapons, only magic can damage them and they are immune to enchantments such as charm and sleep magic.

The Ushegnni also have two other unusual abilities. Firstly, they can stomp one of their massive hooves causing a localized tremor that knocks targets to the floor. And secondly, they can loose a weird cacophonous wail that runs a discordant scale from infrasonic to hypersonic. This sonic assault scrambles the nervous system of targets, blinding and deafening them.

ECOLOGY

Ushegnni are demons with no mortal requirements. They do not need to eat, drink, sleep or breathe. But they relish the consumption of living flesh for the entertainment value more than any sort of nourishment. Their strange biology is completely immune to any and all toxins. Ushegnni are often encountered as guards, their senses combined with their teleportation skills make them well-suited to this task.

SEEDS

1.) Deep in the bowels of a dungeon, the party is fleeing some extremely dire threat. They have discovered a secret passageway which leads down a long corridor. In the distance they can see at least one Ushegnni. To get through the room beyond the passageway they will have to fight the Ushegnni within. But, what are they fleeing from?

2.) The party finds themselves imprisoned in a dungeon. They have been stripped of their gear. They are not alone, several others are imprisoned with them. The current number now is about a dozen. They think there were more at one time. It's hard to remember. The prison is tended by red-skinned humanoids with small horns and haughty faces. They feed the prisoners just enough to keep them from starving. But, they also drug the food. One of the other prisoners has managed to pick the lock and is planning to make an escape. Outside the cell is a long and narrow hallway to the left. It appears to lead to a much larger chamber. In that chamber are some Ushegnni. They will not be able to enter the hallway or the cell, but once the prisoners enter the larger chamber things will get very messy.

LOOT

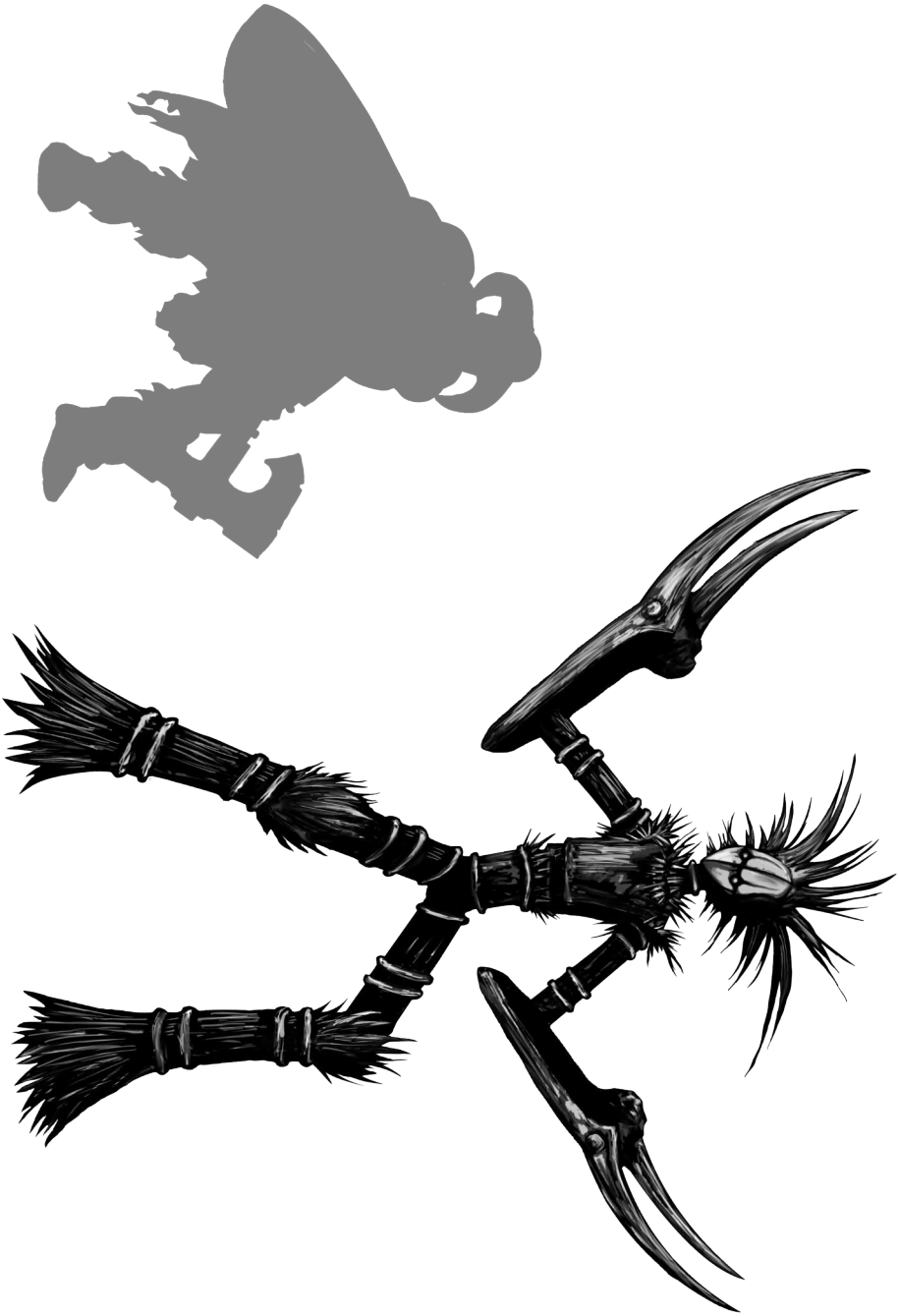
Although Ushegnni have little need for (or interest in) large hoards of treasure, the average Ushegnni would typically be encountered serving as a guard or a jailer. As such it is likely there would be some treasure in its vicinity. [REFEREE'S NOTE: You might consider rolling the contents of the treasure beforehand to give you ideas about who or what the Usheggni might be guarding.]

WOE REAPER

The undead spirits of insane farmers that killed their families out of a sense of misplaced mercy during famine. They are bound to crudely wrought golem bodies that resemble scarecrows.

AC 6 [13], **HD** 3** [13hp], **Att** 2 x claws (1d10), **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (3), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 100, **NA** 1d6 (2d8), **TT** C

- **CAUSE FEAR** Will cause a target within 120' to flee for 3d6 rounds unless it **saves versus spells**.
- **DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by fire or magic. All damage reduced by half.
- **TELEPORT** Range 360'. Destination must be known or within sight.
- **FEAR OF FIRE** Morale 8 when attacked with fire.
- **FLAMMABLE** -2 to saves against fire attacks.
- **SURPRISE** On a 1-3 due to stealth.
- **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)**.



DESCRIPTION

You spot a tall humanoid figure in the middle distance. It is very tall and very lean with long curving blades strapped to its forearms. It was near perfectly cloaked in a pool of shadows and you might not have seen it, were it not for the infernal glow of its eyes. Even at this range, the unblinking orange glare bores into you, setting your nerves on edge. Clearly, whatever the thing is, it is not a natural creature. So eerily silent. So unnerving its baleful gaze. So expressionless its mask-like face. A feeling of dread begins to dance up your spine and the hairs on your neck start to rise. In the next moment, the wretched apparition is gone, as if never there.

TACTICS

These creatures will usually try to encircle their prey at first. Once they are within range they will begin to use their fear-inducing gaze to separate the party. Soon afterwards they will relentlessly harry any that flee. If there are more than one target and several of the monsters, they will coordinate to harass just one at a time. Remember to use their teleportation to keep them moving around the terrain. They will continually appear and reappear often leading their quarry to believe their numbers are greater than they are. Once they have run their prey to exhaustion they will triangulate on it and slaughter it.

LORE

These beings are known as Woe Reapers. They are the undead spirits of farmers bound to crudely wrought golem bodies that resemble scarecrows. The damned ghosts which animate these terrifying effigies all have the same macabre provenance. They are the doomed souls of those that killed their own kin during periods of famine. One of their defining characteristics is a baleful gaze attack that instills an unreasoning panic in the victim. Whilst under the influence of the dread glare, victims will be assaulted with visions of brutality, violence, starvation, rot, cannibalism and fire. They will feel blades that are not there piercing their flesh. They will hear the wailing and screaming of victims long dead.

Very little remains of the personalities that drive these murderous tatterdemalion marionettes. They know only a hatred of life and a dread for what awaits them should their damned essences be cast out of these dry husks of straw and sticks. Woe Reapers are relentless and fearless until confronted with fire, presumably this is due to the rather flammable nature of their present corporeal state. Aside from fire, Woe Reapers are immune to damage from mundane sources. And even when magic and fire are employed against them, the Woe Reapers are disturbingly challenging to end.

ECOLOGY

Woe Reapers are undead spirits that inhabit and animate an artificial form. They have no biological functions. They do not eat or drink, nor do they rest or breathe. They cannot reproduce themselves and are only wrought through very specific necromantic rituals. These rituals require the damned souls of farmers that murdered their own kin during a famine. This specific requirement has potent, occult

significance and is absolutely necessary for the ritual to be effective. Some sages familiar with the lore of the Woe Reapers suggest the material used to construct the golem body of the things must also be taken from the land of the murderous farmer.

SEEDS

1.) The party finds itself emerging from a dense forest near a dilapidated farmstead. The crops are untended and wheat has grown wild. The buildings are nought but burnt out skeletons now. A lone owl hoots from the remnants of the barn. [REFEREE'S NOTE: This area is haunted by 1d3+1 Woe Reapers. They are the murderous revenants of the farmer and his son(s). And, the owl in the barn is the familiar of the necromancer that resurrected them to their present accursed state. These are the first Woe Reapers the necromancer has created and she is immensely interested in seeing how they perform. If the party begins to overcome the Woe Reapers there is a 2 in 6 chance she arrives on the scene mounted on a gigantic bat. She is a 12th level Magic-User and will have several useful magic items (at minimum some scrolls and healing potions).]

2.) The party has acquired a treasure map from an NPC in some seedy tavern. The NPC claims the map leads to a forgotten hamlet at the edge of the kingdom on the northern edge of the continent. The area is windswept and chilly, nestled in a dense pinewood forest. According to the NPC, the area was raided by seaborn savages that enslaved most of the population and slaughtered the rest. However, they never managed to find the treasury buried in a vault deep beneath the manse on the hill. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The NPC has been employed by a cabal of necromancers and witches. They have seeded the area that the map leads to with all manner of undead. The party will discover how they were wronged once they reach the vault beneath the manse. The vault is empty save for a corpse and a note. The note explains briefly they've been tricked and there is no treasure (perhaps this poor soul was similarly tricked). As the party leaves the manse in disgust they will find the forests filled with innumerable undead. If they manage to survive long enough to reach the edge of the forest, Woe Reapers will appear and attempt to drive them back into the forest via their horror inducing stare.]

LOOT

Woe Reapers have no personal need of any mundane trappings or wealth. But they will accumulate some treasure which more often than not they utilize as bait to lure the greedy and foolhardy into their clutches. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It might be useful to have some of the hoard reflect the tortured existence of the Woe Reaper. Perhaps a collection of wedding rings, toys, etc.]

YGIGGI

Horrific airborne pack-hunters from some hellish dimension of jungles and swamps. These disgusting alien predators share a hive mind that allows them to coordinate swarm attacks. Beware their poisonous embrace.

AC 4 [15], **HD** 2+1**** [10hp], **Att** 1 x tail (1d8 + constriction + poison), 1 x bite (1d10), **THACO** 17 [+2], **MV** 120' (40') / 180' (60') flying, **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (2), **ML** 11, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 65, **NA** 1d4 (3d4), **TT** C

• **CONSTRICTION** Grabs and constricts after a hit. 1d4 automatic damage per round.
• **FACEHUGGER** If the Ygiggi scores a hit with its bite attack, its tail attack gains a +2 bonus to hit.
• **HIVE MIND** Has a shared awareness with other Ygiggi in a 3 mile radius; if a single Ygiggi is encountered there is a 50 percent chance of 3d4 others arriving within 1d6 rounds.
• **IMMUNITY** Unaffected by charm, hold, and sleep spells. Cannot be blinded or deafened.
• **IMPALE** If the Ygiggi makes a tail attack and scores a hit that exceeds its target number by 4 or is a natural 20, the attack inflicts an additional 2d8 damage.
• **KEEN SENSES** Only surprised on a 1.
• **POISON** Causes victims to become horribly sick for 1d6+3 rounds **(save versus poison)**: no physical activity possible except half speed movement.
• **REGENERATION** Regains 1 Hit Point at the start of each round that it is alive.

DESCRIPTION

A writhing serpentine thing with bat-like wings. Its head is a grotesque toothy maw lacking any visible sensory organs. This lack of eyes or anything like them does not seem to hinder it. The jaws of the horror appear to hinge in a clamshell-like manner. The knobby, jointed wings of the thing are robust and clawed, they look like they might be useful for restraining prey. Its snakelike form seems to lack scales and is perhaps more akin to that of an insect. Innumerable segments of iridescent green chitin encase nearly the whole of the thing from its neck to tail. The terminal chitinous segments of its tail appear to be fused and taper into a sort of bladed stinger. The creature moves with a disquieting grace. The furtive, twitching movements of Its stinger possess an especially predatory alacrity.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The being is incapable of speech. Its intellect is only slightly greater than that of a beast.]

TACTICS

Ygiggi prefer to attack smaller prey. Targets on the scale of children, dogs, rabbits and so on will be prioritized. They will attack larger targets only in number. They are not intelligent enough to distinguish between armored or unarmored targets. The Ygiggi will swarm prey, especially prey that has been poisoned. If their chances of survival are not favorable, they will retreat. They will use this respite to take advantage of their Regeneration and return once healed.

LORE

These strange beings are known as Ygiggi. They are predatory aliens from some stygian, hellish dimension of bizarre, sunless jungles and swamps. The name of the creatures comes into the Common tongue from the Elven language. According to tales transmitted from isolated Elven tribes on the southern continent there was an ill-omened alignment in the starry firmament. A conclave of Elven astrologers had gathered at the most likely location of mundane correspondence. What they witnessed was a localized planar overlap that allowed hundreds of Ygiggi to swarm into our realm.

Ygiggi are telepathically linked with all of their loathsome kind within a range of three miles or so. They are immune to enchantment and illusion magics. Although they lack conventional sensory organs they are able to perceive and navigate their environments without any difficulty.

These alien horrors are ravenous, pack hunters that prefer to ambush prey. They usually swarm from hiding and sting their prey into submission before they tear it apart.

ECOLOGY

The Ygiggi are alien to our plane but seem to have adapted fairly well and even thrive in some areas. They are drawn to biomes such as forests, swamps and caves. Additionally, the Ygiggi are unusually

robust and can tolerate all ranges of temperatures, so one should not be surprised to find them in polar or desert areas. Sages familiar with the foul species have categorized them as hermaphroditic egg-layers. Observations seem to indicate they are wholly carnivorous and are able to swallow prey significantly wider than their own circumference in a manner similar to mundane serpents. However this renders them unable to fly until they have digested their meal. As a result they favor smaller prey or will tear at larger carcasses to reduce them down to smaller bits and pieces

SEEDS

1.) The party has gotten word of a druid driven mad after the murder of his entire order. A zealous and pious religious army swept into their sanctuary and annihilated all of his folk. In pursuit of vengeance the druid managed to summon a flock of Ygiggi. In short order, the flock descended upon the invading army and finished them. Unfortunately, the druid has lost control of the abominable things and they have been ravaging the surrounding villages. Scores of innocent people are being massacred.

2.) A once flourishing but now ruined coastal trading community has been abandoned. About a fortnight ago a teeming swarm of Ygiggi descended upon them from the mountains encircling their normally idyllic anchorage. Not only have many of the locals been butchered by the alien horrors, but trade across the continent has been disrupted. The local nobility has pooled resources to hire adventurers to sort out the problem. [REFEREE'S NOTE: The PCs will eventually discover a more or less stable rupture in the boundary between our realm and that of the Ygiggi. A weird, shimmering, purple luminescence pours from the planar gateway. It is like a bruise in reality. Ygiggi can be seen streaming from it. It might be fun to include similarly creepy monsters such as Carcass Crawlers and various oozes that attack the party from hiding. The whole environment should be riddled with predatory alien fauna. The party might soon realize that Ygiggi being flyers simply had a deeper initial penetration into the mundane environment. How will they seal the break in the veil?]

LOOT

Ygiggi are a slightly more intelligent than mundane beasts. They possess a reasoning on par with most mundane apes. As such, they do not tend to build hoards but will leave the indigestible bits of prey, such as armor, weapons and coins in scattered heaps near their nests.

YODZHOT

These inscrutable beings look like giant, alien knights in heavy, crystalline armor. Their devastating attacks drain life from their victims, and those who are slain return as Wights to serve them. The Yodzhot speaks through this bloodless, undead entourage.

AC 1 [19], **HD** 6+3** [30hp], **Att** 1 x weapon (2d8 + energy drain), **THACO** 13 [+6], **MV** 150′ (50′), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 950, **NA** 1 (1d6), **TT** A

• **ALIEN MIND** Immune to mind-affecting magics **(e.g. charm, hold, sleep and ESP)**.
• **ENERGY DRAIN** A successfully hit target permanently loses two experience levels (or Hit Dice). This incurs a loss of two Hit Dice of hit points, as well as all other benefits due to the drained levels (e.g. spells, saving throws, etc.). A character's XP is reduced to the lowest amount for the new level. A person drained of all levels becomes a Wight, under the control of the Yodzhot that killed them.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Magic Missile*
3 x Day *Dimension Door*
1 x Day *Mirror Image*

• **MUNDANE DAMAGE IMMUNITY** Only harmed by magical attacks.

DESCRIPTION

You spot a tall humanoid figure in the middle distance. The being looks very large and powerful, it is nearly twice the size of a human. It is clad head to toe in ornate, heavy armor. The armor looks to be made of a rather odd substance. It is scintillating and iridescent. Perhaps it is crystalline in origin. The being is armed with a massive sword made from the same eldritch substance.

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The figure will not speak, but if it has Wights in its entourage, it may speak through them.]

TACTICS

Yodzhots are intelligent and tactical. Additionally, they often have several Wights hanging about. They will usually open their attack with a volley of Magic Missiles directed at any obvious spellcasters. At the same time, they will order their Wights to charge into melee. In the next round, the Yodzhot will use Dimension Door to move into melee, preferably behind a soft target. The Yodzhot will try to finish off any spellcasters and will likely pursue them if they attempt to flee. If there are no spellcasters within reach it will use its Mirror Image ability and then move against whichever targets are putting up the most resistance.

LORE

These strange beings are known as Yodzhot. They are thought to be something akin to a doomed knightly order from another dimension. They are incapable of communication with normal folk. The baroque armor they wear appears to be some form of iridescent crystal that has merged with their flesh. The weird armor they wear affords them tremendous protection and renders them immune to mundane damage. They wield large weapons wrought from the same eldritch substance. Yodzhot can deliver terrifyingly powerful blows in melee that rend flesh, crush bone and drain life. Any that fall to such attacks will reanimate as Wights to serve the will of the Yodzhot. Oddly enough it is through the words of these undead thralls that most learn of their lord and his goals.

Yodzhot are immune to all mind-affecting magics and do not communicate. The alien mind of a Yodzhot works at angles mundane folk cannot comprehend and may not process thought as we do. Yodzhot possess a few magical powers as well. They can throw arcane bolts of energy, teleport and conjure illusory copies of themselves. Sages believe these magical abilities likely stem from the weird armor the Yodzhot wear.

ECOLOGY

Yodzhot are mysterious but those familiar with the lore surrounding them believe them mortal. However, their armor grants them protection from mundane damage. Nothing is known of their diet or life cycle.

SEEDS

1.) The PCs encounter a seaman. He has a map to a hidden island full of treasure. He even claims to know the way, as he has already been there. But, he believes the island is cursed. Their first exploration party encountered a gaunt old woman. She was more bone than flesh and did nought but gnash her teeth and moan. She bit out the throat of one of them in short order. The rest fled to the ship. It was a shock, but greed won out and their exploration continued. On the third night the crew began to disappear. As their first week in the lagoon ended, many claimed to have seen their lost friends prowling in the treeline, beckoning to them. These stories were scoffed at, the prize was far greater than any superstitious fears. Crewmembers continued to disappear. By the middle of the second week, easily a third of them were gone. The matter was put to a vote and the decision was to leave. But as if to mock them, the wind would not rise enough to move them from their anchorage. Being hard-bitten men of the sea, they laughed it off at first. But the doldrum persisted. The days stretched into another week. There was a rising panic in the ranks as every night they stayed more crew would mysteriously disappear. They began to make plans for an escape via boat on the high seas. They jury-rigged sails and stocked their little vessels as best they could. Of the original crew, only 18 escaped in three separate boats.

2.) The PCs encounter a charming grifter in the tavern. The fellow is merry and generous with his coin, he has purchased several rounds for the house already. He is overflowing with tales of his recent exploits as are the flagons of the patrons. To the party he details his recent scam. He infiltrated a cult of debauched nobles. They were attempting to summon a demonic conqueror that would grant them immortality and carve out a new kingdom. The grifter did not take them seriously. But when they employed thugs to abduct sorcerers, he began to grow wary. He describes the last ritual he witnessed at an ancient fort on the border (not so far away). They had recently acquired the fort as a base of operations for their mythical conqueror. Anyway, the ritual achieved a fair bit of success. They had managed to conjure a stable portal into another dimension and were using it to scry upon the weird world. He saw an utterly alien vista. It was a bizarrely hued jungle and a sky illuminated by three setting suns. And, as the suns sunk below the horizon they illuminated a cyclopean castle of vitrified basalt with soaring baroque spires. The grifter decided then that this was getting far too real for him and he exited the scene soon after.

LOOT

Yodzhot have no personal need for any mundane trappings or wealth. But they will accumulate some treasure, especially magical weapons and armor to supply their Wight thralls. [REFEREE'S NOTE: It might be useful to roll the loot before the session. Any magic items should be probably be weapons or armor. Distribute these items amongst the strongest of the Wight thralls (if any).]

ZAHASHUR

Highly intelligent, alien sorcerers from a distant plane. They disguise themselves as normal folk via magical artifice and walk amongst us unnoticed. They must drink the souls of other sapient creatures to sustain themselves.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 6** [27hp], **Att** 4 x tentacles (1d4 + paralyze + energy drain), **THACO** 14 [+5], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 825, **NA** 1 (1d3), **TT** H

• **ENCHANTMENT IMMUNITY** Immune to mind-affecting spells and illusions (e.g. charm, hold, sleep).
• **ENERGY DRAIN** Those struck by the Zahashur's tentacles also suffer an Energy Drain, permanently losing one experience level (or Hit Die). This incurs a loss of one Hit Die of hit points, as well as all other benefits due to the drained level (e.g. spells, saving throws, etc.). A character's XP is reduced to halfway between the former and new levels. A person drained of all levels immediately becomes a Zombie, under the control of the Zahashur that killed them.
• **MAGICAL POWERS** Each can be used as indicated below:

At Will *Levitate, Polymorph Self, Ventriloquism*

3 x Day *Light, Mirror Image, Sleep*

1 x Day *Disintegrate*

[REFEREE'S NOTE: The Zahashur is a 6th Level Magic-User, so feel free to swap out anything except the At Wills.]

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

DESCRIPTION

You see a large, otherworldly creature. It appears to have an odd arrangement of limbs. It stands upon four segmented, arthropoidal legs. Most of its body appears to follow a similar crustacean-like physiognomy, including its torso, neck and head. These portions of the creature's anatomy seem to be plated with hard, angular chitinous structures. However, from its plated torso four long whip-like tentacles sprout. Each of these long tentacles looks to be quite agile and fully prehensile. Additionally its tentacles appear to end in two smaller hooked digits, presumably for fine manipulation. They possess six eyes in sets of three on each side of their armored skull.

TACTICS

It will be extremely rare for the PCs to see this creature's true form. It can polymorph at will and will take great precautions to disguise itself. If ever exposed, it will likely take the first opportunity it gets to adopt a new appearance and flee.

LORE

These creatures are known as Zahashur. It is speculated that they are from some distant plane or dimension. They are able to disguise themselves near perfectly to blend with the society of normal folk. They come to our plane to feed upon the souls of the unsuspecting. All Zahashur possess an array of magical abilities natively in addition to being scholars of the mystic as well. Chiefly their native skills revolve around escape and deception. But, they diligently study magic whenever able and will be able to cast spells as a 6th Level Magic-User. In addition to their magical attacks, their long whip-like tentacles are capable of tearing flesh from bone, paralysing and draining the souls of their victims bit by bit.

These foul creatures drain the souls of their victims in a manner similar to that of most undead. But they are not undead, they are simply an alien and malignant form of life from a very different world. However, any slain by their soul draining hunger will return as animated corpses under the Zahashur's control. In most cases this is actually an impediment to the Zahashur as they try to conceal their true identity at all costs and mobs of zombies might alert the populace to their malignant presence.

Due to the nature of their dark hunger and inherent need for secrecy, they will often seek out isolated communities that are ignorant of planar cosmology and magic in general. Places such as lumbercamps or mining villages are often targeted by the Zahashur. They find a greater sense of security in such remote places, far from the hustle and bustle of the cities. They will also infiltrate locations and organizations with large populations of migrants. Populations like those that frequent trading hubs or communities of beggars are also generally regarded as quality hunting grounds by the foul Zahashur.

ECOLOGY

Zahashur are malignant, alien parasites that feed on the souls of other beings. Although Zahashur are far more hardy than most regular folk, they are mortal. They can bleed and die just like those they feed upon. They also must breathe and rest, although how much of these the creatures actually require to survive, none can truly say. They seem to draw the largest part of their nourishment from draining the souls of other beings. It is speculated that they must drain at least one victim every three days before they begin to weaken and their powers are impeded.

SEEDS

1.) The party comes across a Halfling settlement in a secluded swamp. They build their charming little round homes on stilts or pontoons. [REFEREE'S NOTE: There is an active and ongoing debate amongst the locals over which is best]. They are as friendly as any settlement of the little folk would be expected to be. Despite the mosquitoes and swamp gas, it's generally a very cozy village. Indeed, they are thriving here. They brew earthy beers and potent mushroom teas. They eat alligator, crawdad, prawn, catfish and even have a special dish prepared from Carcass Crawler (think Fugu fish). [REFEREE'S NOTE: Reference the Cajun culture for ideas?][There also tends to be an inexplicable amount of gingers amongst the little folk.][There is a local compliment that so and so has webbed toes, but this is not a statement of fact... no Deep One lineage here.] Not long after the party has arrived and grown accustomed to the spicy, food and quaint ways of the locals they learn of an upcoming festival. It is one of their most important celebrations. One of four in fact. They happen roughly once every three months. During the celebration, their toughest fighters all draw lots and one of them is sent in to the swamp to do battle with some mythical "ghost gator". [REFEREE'S NOTE: At this point, it is likely that a few in the party will have made a friend or two in the community. The younger folk encourage the party to stay for the festival. They might even suggest that they join the lottery. However, the older folks will joke disparagingly about backwards, silly customs and peculiar superstitions and encourage the party to be on their way before the celebration. They will describe it as a nuisance that outsiders probably wouldn't enjoy. If pressed, their mask of merry complacency might slip and they'll mention that those that do manage to return (not all do return) are described as "never the same" and seem to have aged decades. These survivors often tell tales not of gators, but of six-eyed swamp demons pulling them down into the muck and draining their souls.]

2.) A Thieves' Guild is discreetly soliciting adventurers to investigate "a rash of disappearances among the beggars and urchins of their organization". If pressed for details they may reluctantly admit that a handful of the "lost" were actually found. But, they appeared to be reanimated husks, drained of all life. The guild duly dismembered and burned these doomed souls. They prefer not to alert the local constabulary for fear of exposing the depth and breadth of their operations within the city. Luckily for the party, they are willing to pay good coin for their discretion. [REFEREE'S NOTE: Several weeks ago a Zahashur infiltrated the ranks of the Thieves' Guild and has been feasting on the lowest rungs of the organization. The monster tends to assume a new identity at least every few days, so tracking it will be very difficult.]

LOOT

Although Zahashur have no real need for material wealth, they will usually accumulate large amounts of it from their victims. They will often use their ill-gotten loot to purchase further magical spells or ritual components. Additionally, when a Zahashur is slain, the softer bits of their body will quickly evaporate into a mist (1d4 rounds). The mist has a peculiar oily quality to and smells (not unpleasantly) of cloves and cinnamon. Afterwards, the harder, chitinous components may be repurposed. The head of a Zahashur especially is an all but ready-made helmet. The other parts may require some manipulation and tailoring. Armor and weapons crafted from a Zahashur's remains will be lighter than steel and possess a +2 enchantment bonus.

APPENDIX:

MONSTERS BY HIT DICE

HD1	IORAQUI
HD2	GHUKTO
	OBGHRYL
	YGIGGI
HD3	CXILLA
	WOE REAPER
HD6	OCTHYKLE
	YODZHOT
	ZAHASHUR
HD7	OBODYN
HD9	RAGIB
	SHADRAYAEYL
	USHEGNNI
HD10	OPHIDIAN
HD12	UATHAU
HD18	TAMDI

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