

Ashenbach's Creature Codex

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"There's alot o' strange things out on the planes, bloods, and most of 'em can put a body into the dead-book quick - as quick as a slaad can change his mind. A lann'd 'walker has to know what's what and who's who or else he might find himself danglin' on the end of some piker's chiv and I can tell ya from hard-won experience, that's not a pretty place to be in, suren!"

That's why ol' Ashy (like the good tiefer that I am) has put together this little list (that's ever-growin', as sure as th' Spire) of all of the unusual and unique critters and creatures that I've stumbled across in my travels. I've been all across the planes and back, bloods, and let me tell you, there are whole worlds more of creatures out there that I've seen and just haven't found the words to describe yet... But you stick with ol' Ashy and he'll lann ya, as sure as the gatetowns slip!

Now, I don't know if it be true chant or not, but the ol' tiefer has heard that my ol' pal Viola, in Sigil, has the chant on more beasts and buggers than you can shake a mephit at. I've heard that he keeps all of the chant in his trusty **Mimir**. If yer lookin' for more chant on creatures of the planes, I've heard that his **Compendium** is the place to look, as sure as leonials are lazy!

Even more planar critters can be found over at the kip of **The Dragon Dreamer**! This blood also has a **Compendium** of all sorts of beasts, both fair and foul! Before you jaunt out for your next tarmy ride, be sure and lann this chant!

- Ashenbach,
Tiefling Planewalker & Adventurer

Slug, Abyssal

© 2000 by [Torsten Bernhardt](#). Artwork © of Torsten Bernhardt.

Climate/Terrain:	Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral (Evil)

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	6, jump 6
Hit Dice:	14
THAC0:	7
No. of Attacks:	1 rasp or jump
Damage/Attack:	2d8 or 5d6
Special Attacks:	Poison, jump
Special Defenses:	Poison, immune to blunt weapons
Magic Resistance:	15%
Size:	Gigantic (25')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	11,000

Abyssal slugs are commonly known as the small black slugs found almost anywhere in the Abyss. These juvenile slugs are commonly eaten as a delicacy by the tanar'ri, but the rare slug that manages to grow to adulthood is as likely to be the predator than the prey. As adults, they take on a brilliant glistening red color, appearing somewhat like a gigantic mass of bloated muscle.

Combat: Abyssal slugs are willing to eat most anything, dead or alive. Their slow crawling speed prevents them from chasing down most prey, so they tend to attack from ambush. They are able to jump up to 60 feet, landing on their prey and anything else in the area. Those attacked in this fashion suffer a -3 penalty on their surprise rolls, and take 5d6 damage on a hit from the slug's mass. Anyone not surprised can attack the underside of the slug with a piercing weapon; if successful, the slug takes double damage from the attack, but the attacker is automatically hit by the slug. Those under the slug are trapped and take 2d6 damage each round, unable to attack until they crawl out from under the massive weight by making a successful save vs. strength, which requires a full round per attempt.

The slug can also attack with its rasping radula, but not in the same round as it leaps. The radula does 2d8 damage and requires armor and shields to save vs. crushing blow on a natural attack roll of 20 or be ground away. In addition to its attack, the slug can rasp through a foot of wood, two feet of earth, or one inch of stone per round. Attacks against victims pinned under the weight of the slug are made at a +4 bonus.



(The massive and deadly Abyssal Slug!)

As if its other attacks weren't formidable enough, the slug also secretes a poison. This poison covers the slug and causes 2d6 damage to anyone who touches it, including those who are hit on a jump attack but not those struck by the radula. The slime trail that the slug leaves is also poisonous, and anyone touching it takes 2d6 damage, less one point for each hour since the trail was produced.

Abyssal slugs are immune to any terrain that causes piercing or slashing types of damage, such as broken glass or thorny hedges, and can crawl over such terrain with impunity. They take no damage from any bludgeoning weapons or spells.

Habitat/Society: In the wild, abyssal slugs live solitary existences and attack most any creature that doesn't seem too powerful. They are often raised from sluglings by tanar'ri and trained as beasts of burden or war mounts. The young are also a staple food in the Abyss.

Ecology: Abyssal slugs are predators and scavengers in the Abyss, and help to keep the plane clean of the innumerable corpses that are produced by its inhabitants. Several slugs can often be found on battlefields once the fighting is over, devouring the dead and wounded alike. They have yet to be found anywhere but the Abyss, much to the relief of most of the Outer Planes.

"Yeah, I eat 'em all the time..."

What's the big deal about an abyssal slugGAAAAAH!"

-Snail Outfitter guide Guerith Longarm on his first trip to the Abyss-

Abyssal Fisher

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Climate/Terrain:	Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11)
Treasure:	Nil (W)
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1 (1-4)
Armor Class:	-4/0/2
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	12
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	1 or 2
Damage/Attack:	3D8 or 2D6(x2)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	G (30+' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15)
XP Value:	9,000

Abyssal fishers are strange, enigmatic, alien creatures thought to have been created to serve the warped desires of the Abyssal Lords many thousands of cycles ago. It seems that now many of the Lords do not even recall that original purpose, as the abyssal fishers have followed their chaotic nature and broke free of whatever bonds that had been placed upon them. Now they roam free, and freely enact their evil, twisted wills on the unwary, the weak, and the less fortunate.

They maliciously tromp through the varied layers of the Abyss, with four, tree-trunk like arachnid legs which swell towards their base to give the creature added stability. Their bloated and eyeless body is formed by an roughly-spherical orb, with a great mouth below. This great maw is connected to the orb-body via an unusual trunk-like structure (roughly 9-12' in diameter) which can be expanded or contracted to the ground below by means of smaller trunk-like sections that can collapse within upon themselves, with the smallest of these trunk-sections having a diameter of about three feet

They have no known language and it is believed that this is so due to the fact that they have no need to communicate. Abyssal fishers, have on occasion, been known that emit sickening, guttural sounds.

Combat: These deadly creatures roam the endless layers of the Abyss, eternally hunting for possible creatures to attack. Their gnawing hunger drives them to a simplistic attack method - utilizing their long legs and their abilities to achieve incredible velocities, they simply run down their intended prey.

Once they are above their victims, the fisher quickly expels its trunk-like proboscis, which adheres to the poor sod. Once they are caught, the abyssal fisher



(The alien Abyssal Fisher and its prey...)

Abyssal fishers are immune to venom, non magical fire and non magical weapons, as well as all spells that affect mind (such as illusions, *sleep*, and charm spells). Lastly, if they are in danger, abyssal fishers can (although they lose an entire round doing so) fan and flatten their legs outward and lower their bodies to ground level, where they can then attack with their four large maw appendages as well.

Habitat/Society: These monstrosities inhabit several of the Abyssal layers numbering between 60 and 70, although they have been spotted on many other layers as well. Once dwelling upon a given layer, it is believed that they rarely exit, due primarily to their large size and the lack of portals that could transport them. Unless they are "enlisted" in the forces of an Abyssal lord in the Blood War (which they seem to hate with a passion) they will normally stay close to home, as it were. Abyssal fishers have been known to occasionally, for no known reason, lie in wait after craftily preparing ambushes near frequented places, such as Abyssal oasis and small "safe" Abyssal groves (as rare as they are), where they can hide as trees, thus gaining the upper hand (and a +4 surprise bonus).

The fisher's method of reproduction consists in laying broods of eggs once every 50 cycles, of which only a few will survive, due to cannibalistic predation, among many other threats to existence in the Abyss. Their life expectations are estimated at about 170 cycles, but things such as this are hard to judge in the Abyss. Abyssal fishers are not known to have permanent lairs, but they will occasionally spend several months in a single place. It is in these spots that one might stumble upon whatever might be left of the fisher's last victims.

"Wanna go

begins reeling them in, draining them of their bodily fluids, right through their skin! This is excruciatingly painful (causes 3d8 points of damage and draining 1 Strength and 1 Constitution point each each round - temporary, returns in 1d4 hours).

Further, the creature secretes a venom through its sticky saliva (saving throw vs. petrification or be paralyzed for 2d4 rounds) which sticks to anything it comes in contact with. When the poor unfortunate arrives to the terrible maw of the fisher, four large, toothy appendages descend to lacerate him, (causing 2d6 points of damage each per round, no THAC0 roll needed) - not many sods survive such a horrific attack to spill the darks of it. However, escape from the attack of an abyssal fisher is not unheard of, (the victim can attempt to liberate himself from the trunk, but must beat the trunk in a Strength check, with the trunk's Strength of 18/00) but it is unlikely.

The fishers' legs are covered with a smooth, bony, chitinious substance, which makes landing a solid blow upon them very difficult (the legs are treated as AC -4; the body has a natural AC of 0 and the trunk 2, due to its retractile, and thus less chitinious nature. Also, in combat, the trunk has an initiative of 6, just as if it were a large creature).

fishin'?"

-One Abyssal Lord to another-

Ecology: Abyssal fishers are hard to kill, but when one passes on, many take advantage of the occasion and reap some benefit form their corpses. Their chitinious, bony plates as well as shields and devices which can be fashioned from their trunks can serve as makeshift armor on the spot. Also, with some skill and time, such plates can be made into very fine suits of banded mail that could fetch a hefty price in places like Xaos, Plague-Mort, and Sigil.

There is, as well, a small tavern in the Hive Ward of Sigil known as *The Fisher's Rest*, where the tables and bars in the establishment are made totally from the feet and legs of abyssal fishers. Chant has it that the owner, a tiefling with tanar'ri ancestry, N'rrogen Rungun, offers hefty sacks of jink for new 'raw material'...

Aefanryll

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Life-force of lower planar beings
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	H (gems and magic only)
Alignment:	Neutral Good
No. Appearing:	1 (1-4)
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	12 Fl 36 (B)
Hit Dice:	12 (1d10 used to determine hit points, all ones rolled are considered 2's)
THAC0:	6
No. of Attacks:	5
Damage/Attack:	By weapon +8/2-12 (bite)
Special Attacks:	Mental Domination, <i>Feeblemind</i> , Energy Transfer
Special Defenses:	Gaseous form, +2 or better weapon to hit, <i>Plane shift</i> , Regeneration
Magic Resistance:	15%
Size:	M (5'- 6' tall)
Morale:	Champion (16)
XP Value:	22,000

The Aefanryll, known the planes over as simply "Aef" or in some circles as "Glory Hounds", are celestials that have so lost themselves to fighting the Blood War they have been reformed by the Good Powers into energy-draining creatures similiar to vampires. They retain a good alignment, but must feed on the life-force of the evil denizens of the Lower Planes to survive.

They are stunningly beautiful creatures with angelic wings and skin the color of the sky at dawn. They appear human in form, and are always beautiful to behold (they usually have a Charisma of 16 or higher, and all those gazing upon them must make a save vs. spell or suffer the effects of a *Feeblemind* spell). They commonly wear the Aef, a sign of those that have been forsaken among celestials. No one knows why they choose to bear this symbol, but it is known that it carries a powerfully negative social stigma.

Combat: In combat the ferocity of the Aefanryll becomes apparent. They attack with a longsword (which in their hands acts as a sunblade) in one hand and a horseman's mace (which in their hands acts as a mace of disruption). Each weapon can be used twice per round.

The bite of the Aefanryll is especially feared by lower planar denizens. The bite of the Aef conducts energy from the positive material plane, and infuses the being bitten with this power, effectively pumping positive energy into them (at a rate of 1d4



(The Aefanryll)

"The only good thing one can say about fiends is -there are plenty of 'em to go around!"

-One Aefanryll to another-

If faced with great damage or an overwhelming number of opponents the Aefanryll will *plane shift* to a safe location in the Outlands, or assume *gaseous form* until it is safe. *Plane shift* may be used once per 10 rounds and bands of Aefanryll will commonly shift in and out of a fight to confuse an opponent and have time to regenerate. (Aef can regenerate 2 hit points per round unless the damage was done by acid).

Habitat/Society: The society of the Aefanryll is a limited one. Due to their frenzy to destroy fiends they are outcast from the Upper Planes and normally reside in the Outlands. The fate of the Aefanryll is used as an example to celestials that allow the lust of the destruction of evil hate to take control of their existence.

Any celestial may be transformed into an Aefanryll. Those that take too much joy in the slaughter, or think more of the Blood War than the conflict between good and evil are eligible. Occasionally an older Aef will be summoned back to its home plane to train a new batch of 'initiates'. During their apprenticeship is the only time an Aefanryll will be seen with others of its own kind. The sight of their kin serves as too

+2 hp per round). This causes lower planar beings immense pain and agony and when they reach their maximum hit point total, they explode into a brilliant display of positive energy.

This, in fact, acts exactly like normal undead level drain to a lower planar creature, but heals the listed amount of damage to any creature not native to the Lower Planes. Please note that some tieflings would be considered to be "of the Lower Planes", and thus could not receive this healing power). Commonly such beings as paladins will strike alliances to attack fiends with Aefanryll.

harsh a reminder of all they have lost.

Ecology: The Aefanryll serve no purpose in the ecology as they neither eat nor sleep. Their only purpose is to destroy fiends and they plot constantly to this end.

Planetouched PC's: Aasimar versions of the Aefanryll are also known to traverse the planes.

Angel, Fire

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Climate/Terrain:	Any hot
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Constant migration to hot places
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	FL 17, C
Hit Dice:	9
THAC0:	6
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1-3 (Claws) or 1d8+2
Special Attacks:	Cast any fire-based spells 3 times a day(or see below) Turn into fire, <i>Planeshift</i> , Regeneration, Immune to fire damage 100% against fire, 10% against other
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	19,000

Although they hail from the Inner Planes of Fire and Magma where they call the fire elementals brothers, these "angels" prefer to wander in the world of men. It seems that they feel more comfortable there, although this measure of comfort is relative to say the least, for a more morose bunch of sods you'd be hard pressed to find, even at a Bleaker convention in the Gatehouse

Fire angels, as they are commonly called, appear as human males ranging in age from nineteen to thirty and for the most part, appear just as any other sod. They are drawn to the burgs of the Outer Planes and Sigil, where they are able blend in and find solitude. It is only when they use their wings of pure fire, which they usually keep hidden, that they appear as anything other than a common basher on the street. Their wings provide them with the powers of flight (maneuverability class C), but only when they are "ignited". Further, their hands sport four-inch, jet-black claws which they usually keep hidden unless confronted.

Combat: In combat, which they disdain, the claws of the fire angels move at incredible speeds, almost a blur that is said to be dizzying to any that perceive it. Fire angels seem to frown upon the use of weapons, but as a rule, they always carry a fire-forged longsword (most of them appear as katana or flachion-like) in the event that they are in dire straits. This blade is considered as a +2 weapon when figuring both to hit and damage. Once it is lost the fire angel will make a special pilgrimage back to their home plane of Fire to have another crafted.



(The lonely and destitute Fire Angel)

Habitat/Society: Fire angels are very solitary creatures, yet it seems that they actively seek out the company of other beings like them. It is only rarely that they take the time needed to develop individual friendships and relationships, but it seems that this is not their initial intent. Because of their abilities to hide their "extra-planar" natures, it is rare that they are noticed as anything other than "just another sod". They are masters at incorporating themselves into any type of civilization; they are masters at "blending in"...

**"Death is but a state of mind,
only solitude is eternal..."**

-Commonly heard from Fire Angels-

Ecology: Needing only a sufficient heat source to power their innate magic, a great deal of their time is spent in hot climates and areas, both planar and non-planar in origin. There are even tales of fire angels being spotted in the blazing hot deserts of various prime worlds such as Toril. In whatever area they visit, they do little to impact the surrounding ecology, as they, as creatures from the Inner planes, understand the sanctity and the importance of maintaining the balance.

No matter where they go, however, they always tend to stick close to the "more populated" areas. Some graybeards theorize that the reason for this is not so much from their yearning to find company, but more

If enraged or heavily wounded, they tend to use their innate magic to a frightening degree, casting massively damaging fire-based spells at the attacker, but these powers are very limited in number. However, they need only be near (at least 50 feet) a large heat source (bon-fire, forest fire, lava, etc.) to recharge them. So, for example, if a fire angel were in a cavern that contained a stream of lava, then their spell-like abilities would be almost limitless.

so from the ability to also "feed" off of the body heat of others...

Spider, Astral

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Climate/Terrain:	Astral Plane
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Hive
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	Per victims
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1d4 / 2d6*
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	4+4
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4/1d6/1d4+poison
Special Attacks:	see below
Special Defenses:	see below
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	1,500

"At first sight they appear as only a glimmer of light on the edge of ones vision. But all to quickly their silvery carapace's come into focus and the real horror begins. Beautiful are the silver and black markings, delightful are the gemlike multifaceted eyes, and terrible are the silvery webs they cast on their spellbound victims. Their armored legs enfolding their hapless foes stunned by the speed and ferocity of their attack. Too late drawing weapon or spell to defend against the onslaught."

- from *Wandering the Silver Void*, by Retired Planewalker-Poet, Val'n Steeledge...

Combat: Astral spiders hunt in packs of 1d4 females. They roam the outskirts of Githyanki citadels and feed off those who flee the dungeons or try storming the keeps themselves - Darwinian selection at its best. They will try to bedazzle victims with their lovely carapaces (-2 save vs. death magic or be stunned for 1d4 rounds) and remain passive for the first round or so to see how their food reacts.

If the individual(s) seem resistant to this approach they will encircle and toss out 'silver webs' to entrap their meal. The silvery material acts as an *improved web* spell taking a 19 strength to break in one round, an 18 to break in 2 rounds and so on. Note an exceptional 18 strength has no effect on the time to free oneself.

Another effect the webs have is that a noncoporeal creature may pass through the webbing. They are as effected as anyone else. Fire will burn the silver web in 2 full rounds of exposure. Lightning has a terrible effect of being conducted through the web and doing 150% normal damage to all those entrapped. Cold will snap the webs in 1 segment after it is applied. Acid will burn away the webs in one full round.

"Just when you thought you had



(The Astral Spider awaits!)

If a combat seems to be going against them they will use a *mirror image*-like ability to create two more versions of themselves and try to control the situation. If this fails then they will flee and return later with reinforcements to deal with the interlopers.

Habitat/Society: It is believed these abominations once dwelt solely in the deepest astral and only now have begun to migrate into more 'civilized' areas. Their origins are shrouded in speculation and mystery. Some say their is a great silver web in the center of the astral and that Lolth is extending her control from the Abyss to the astral plane. The largest colony ever seen was ten females and three males. They were observed from a distance and the males seemed to be playing housemother to the young that were seen. No more is known about the breeding cycle.

Further, there are unsubstantiated rumors of the sightings of an Astral Drider. If this is so then the hand of Lolth is truly stretching far into the Silver Void.

Ecology: There is only one known occurrence of an astral spider coming to the Prime and this account is still not substantiated. *Apparently a raiding party of twenty astral spiders attacked a drow village and made off with ten male spiders of large and promising intelligence. The drow matriarch suspected they were

**escaped the Githyanki citadel,
their soddin' watch spiders decide to
stop by for lunch..."**

-Val'n Steeledge, commenting on Astral Spiders-

Astral spiders suffer one quarter damage from electricity, half from fire and acid, but double from cold and cold iron. It takes a +1 weapon or better to strike them and if the weapon is silver or mithril it will actually 'heal' the creature. Due to the odd nature of their eye structure, they seem immune to lower level illusion spells. This remains a mystery, even despite the few astral spiders that have been studied.

taken for breeding stock. If that is true then all astral spiders may be female and need non astral males as 'husbands'. That would explain why only the females hunt, the males would be too valuable to waste in combat.

Astral Gryph

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Climate/Terrain:	Astral
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary or Pride
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Mental Energy
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	C, S
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1 or 2-12
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	120 (Astral)
Hit Dice:	9
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	1-6/1-6/2-20/1d4
Special Attacks:	<i>Faith Pyre</i>
Special	Immune to illusions and mind affecting spells, <i>Blur</i>
Defenses:	
Magic	10%
Resistance:	
Size:	Large (7'+ to 12')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	8,000

The Astral Gryph appears to be a translucent version of the prime material predator, The Griffon. Its outlines shift slightly making it extremely hard to see against the silvery Astral background. When one is clearly in view it appears to have a lion's body with the front legs, head and wings of an eagle. The tip of the tail appears to burn with a strange blue, flickering flame.

The gryphs are creations of a dead Power's dreams. Graybeards speculate that these creatures are products of the Power's rage, anger, and despair at being destroyed. They liken it to the "automatic defensive capabilities" of many other creatures, albeit on a much larger scale...

All gryphs live on the hulk of the diety that once dreamed them into life, but it is believed that not all dead Powers, upon their demise, create them. The gryph will attack any creatures that come near enough for it to perceive (the perception range varies per gryph and Power) and strive only to collect the excitement, fear, anger and other emotions associated with combat.

Once they have collected their fill of these emotions they fly back to the astral hulk and transfer it to the Power, in hopes that enough of this energy will allow the dead Power to rise again.

There have never been any successful communications with an astral gryph, it is unknown if they can communicate in any manner whatsoever.

Combat: In combat the primary goal of the Astral Gryph is to inspire emotion rather than to kill. They will desperately wound creatures but will seldom finish the act, unless that creature is threatening its existence. They will normally use their incredible speed to rush by a foe and slash him with



(The only known drawing of an Astral Gryph)

The greatest fury of the astral gryph is reserved for priests. Once any priestly magic is cast, the character casting will immediately be set upon by the nearest gryph. The blue flame-tipped tail will be used to attack that sod on the next fly by. If it hits the priest character must roll a save vs. breath weapon or be engulfed in blue writhing flame.

The flame burns the priests faith, not his body (though the pain of this does cause 1d4 points of damage per round) as 1d6 spell levels per round will be burned away in the *Faith Pyre*. Each of these levels burned generates the equivalent of 10 mental aura points. The flames may only be extinguished by a limited wish, wish or the priest becoming unconscious. Each round the priest must roll a constitution check and a save vs. spells in order to act due to the extreme pain.

The gryph will continue returning to a group within range of its Power until it has exhausted all of their mental energy (ie: killed them). The gryph is healed of all injuries upon contact with its host power.

Habitat/Society: The society of the Gryph is largely nonexistent. When several are grouped together on a Power, they are referred to as prides, but it is unknown if they are different individuals, or merely duplications of the same "mental construct".

Astral gryphs participate in the dreams of the Power until a life form (or forms) is detected. At this point they "awake", emerging from the Power and move to the attack. It is unknown how much mental energy is required to awaken a Power, but planar sages speculate that it has happened at least twice.

"Run, run now, before it comes back!"

"Whadya mean, run? Look you planar son-of-

fore claws. They only use their beak attack if a foe injures them.

Due to the translucent appearance of the gryph its blending effects with their Astral surroundings, these creatures operate as if under a *Blur* spell at all times. They are manifestations of the Power that spawned them and not truly alive, thus mental effects and illusions are totally useless.

The mental energy generated by a creature is computed by taking the average score of both Intelligence (*Int & Reason* under *Skills and Powers* rules) and Wisdom (*Wis & Willpower* for *Skills and Powers*) to gain the *mental aura* score.

The gryphs will store this energy that is released during combat until they "consume" 100 points each. **For example:** if a creature's *mental aura* score is 15 a single gryph will fight the sod for 7 rounds to get 100 points, at which point it breaks off and goes to transfer this energy to its Power. If the gryph "consumes" more than 100 points of mental energy at a time, the excess is lost.

a-sod, or whatever yer called, we defeated that blasted bird! Didn't ya see it run off?"

"See ya in th' dead-book, berk!"

-Girous'ouss, Astral Guide, to a prime that doesn't quite get it-

Ecology: The sole impact on the Astral ecology of the Astral Gryph is the large number of intelligent creatures they destroy in service to their power. They do not eat the bodies of the slain, as only take mental energy. Many astral carrion feeders will hover near the hulking form of a fallen Power, always careful to avoid the gryph, in order to eat the bodies of the fallen.

Astral Phantom

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Climate/Terrain:	Astral Plane
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	High (13-15)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	(As in life)
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	None
Special Attacks:	Possession
Special	Spell immunities, immaterial form,
Defenses:	+3 or better weapon to hit
Magic	None
Resistance:	
Size:	M (5'-6' tall)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	11,000

**"...You cannot know the pain,
cannot know the agony..."**

-A line from "I was a teenage Astral Phantom", a very popular Bleaker play in Sigil

The Astral Phantom is the remains of an astral traveler who had their silver cord severed while on a great quest. The power of the *quest* spell or geas they were under at death is so great that it compels them to continue with their mission. Their only desire is to complete their quest, all else is secondary. While they appear to be a ghostly representation of their former selves, even wearing any equipment they had at death, they are not undead.

Combat: Upon sighting a living creature the Astral Phantom will silently move towards it (or the most exposed member of a group). Due to their vaporous and ghostly appearance, they are very difficult to spot **only on a roll of 1 on d10** before attempting possession.

The Astral Phantom will attempt to touch a being and possess it **(touched being gets a Saving Throw vs. Death Magic to resist the affect)**. Armor is no impediment to a touch, only dexterity (if the phantom is spotted) and magic add to the victim's Armor Class. Once it has possessed the victim, the Astral Phantom will take total control and immediately move to complete its "former" life quest.



("Alone in the Void" - a portrait of an Astral Phantom)

In the event of a goodly aligned Astral Phantom possessing a goodly aligned being, the Astral Phantom will often attempt to persuade the being to allow it brief use of the body to complete the quest. The Astral Phantom is so focused on its quest that it will offer any knowledge it has to try and convince the intended "host" being.

Even though they are not undead, the Astral Phantom benefits from all undead spell immunities (**such as sleep, charm, etc.**) and cannot be effected by any spell that attempts to affect the physical body. The Astral Phantom can be, however, turned as a spectre unless it currently is in possession of a body when it is then turned as a special undead.

Habitat/Society: The Astral Phantom has no society. They exist only to complete their quests and "interact" with "living" beings only when they can further this end.

Ecology: The Astral Phantom has no impact on any ecology as it neither eats, sleeps, or reproduces. The body it possesses, however, continues its normal functions even while the Astral Phantom is in control of it.

Avaga (Pelion Lizard mount)

© 2000 by Gary Ray.

Climate/Terrain:	Pelion, Arborea
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1-6 (in wild)
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	22
Hit Dice:	4+1
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1-3, 1-3, 2-8
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	L (12')
Morale:	Steady (12)
XP Value:	275

On the desert planes of Pelion, Arborea, avaga are used as the mount of choice by those who know how to handle them. There is no grazing for herbivores required for using horses and camels. Instead, the layer has a delicate food chain, comprised almost entirely of carnivores. When it comes to mounts, this is no exception. The majority of Pelion locals walk, while non-Pelion explorers tend to bring in camels or other beast of burdens that require expensive food supplies. However, those who really know the dark, ride avaga.

The avaga is a "bird-hipped" dinosaur, with most characteristics of such creatures, including egg-laying, small brains, and a mix of warm-blooded and cold-blooded traits.

**"Now this, my friend...
is ridin' in style!!"**

-Moriss, who loves avaga, to Maliss-

Combat: Avaga instinctively hunt for their food, even when domesticated. An avaga rends at its prey with its talons while biting it with its sharp teeth. A successful hit with talons and mouth means that the prey has been grabbed by the avaga, automatically taking mouth damage each round unless it can break free or the avaga is killed.

When not hunting, avaga avoid combat, only fighting when cornered or their nest is threatened.

Habitat/Society: Wild avaga tend to hunt around the ruins and tombs of the region, where they can hunt rodents without the dust of their feet giving them away. This is only a preference, as a avaga is fully



(An Avaga on the move)

An avaga eats 9-12 pounds of rodent meat daily, costing the owner a gold piece for each pound, unless other sources can be found. In Mogra, for example, Coptin children earn money for their family catching rats and detrit for avaga consumption.

Avaga eggs are highly prized. The typical egg might be sold for 5000gps each, or the equivalent pounds in either fresh earth or contained water. More than a few wizards have tapped into the elemental planes for the required payment, only to find out later that training a avaga can be a full-time task. Once born, avaga require six months of full-time training before they can be employed as suitable mounts. Avaga born in the wild can hunt within hours of birth.

At the time of this report, only the Coptins of Mogra and the Athasian elves employ avaga as mounts. The Seekers, a secret Coptin religious order, use the avaga for searching the wasteland for their goddesses realm.

Ecology: The avaga evolved in the wastelands of Pelion, some say long before the land was laid waste. Nevertheless, the animals are well attuned to their environment, instinctively heading towards food sources, and some say, tombs and ruins where rodents live.

Like horses and camels, avaga are capable of carrying large amounts of weight for periods of time, as well as exceeding their regular movement rate. Note that unlike horses, avaga do not receive the -3 penalty for movement through heavy sand. Thus, in Pelion, the avaga is faster than the horse. See the chart below for avaga movement and encumbrance modifiers:

Avaga Movement

Walk	Trot	Canter	Gallop
11	22	33	44

capable of hunting in wide open spaces, normally capturing between over a dozen rodents each day. Despite their small brains, avaga are quite cunning.

Those bred as mounts from avaga eggs (wild avaga can rarely be broken) require large quantities of fresh meat each day.

Maximum Weight in pounds at:

Full Speed	Half Speed	One-third Speed
260	390	520

Avaga can move 44 miles per day. See the Monstrous Manual entry for "Horses" for rules regarding encumbrance and movement of mounts.

Bantei

© 2000 by [Torsten Bernhardt Artwork](#) © of Charlotte Geier. See more of her artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Elysium, Upper Planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary or pack
Activity Cycle:	Day
Diet:	Light
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1 (1d6+1)
Armor Class:	7, 5 or 3
Movement:	Fly 12 (B)
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	0, 1 or 2
Damage/Attack:	See below
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	Negate <i>darkness</i>
Magic Resistance:	35%
Size:	Small (4' wingspan)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	1400

The Bantei, more commonly known as the light butterfly, can be found on any of Elysium's layers, and rarely on the other upper planes. They flutter about, feeding off of the light. Each butterfly has a different pattern of colours, but each looks to be made of glass. Despite their fragile appearance, they are able to take care of themselves.

Combat: Although light butterflies actively avoid combat, they do have a variety of spell-like abilities that they can use should the need arise. These powers depend upon the light in an area, not including that of the butterfly itself or other light butterflies. Even in complete darkness, they continually create *light* as per the spell. Their AC in darkness is 7. If the spells *darkness* or *continual darkness* is used against them, it will negate the *light* for only a single round.

In dim light, such as torchlight or twilight, they have an AC of 5 and can focus the light to cause an effect similar to *colour spray*, *blindness*, or *hypnotic pattern*, one at a time, one per round. They can also focus the light once per round into a beam of light that does 1d10 damage.

In full daylight (AC of 3), in addition to the powers above they can also emit a *rainbow pattern* once per day and their focused beams of light do 2d8 damage, with two attacks per round. Once per week, they can use *prismatic spray*, create a *prismatic sphere* for four rounds, and create a *sunray*. These effects drain light from a sphere of 30 feet centered around the light butterfly for 1d4+1 rounds, during which the creature cannot move or use any other ability. The butterflies find this extremely disturbing and usually flee once one of these powers is used.



'Glass Butterfly'

©Feb. 1999 Charlotte Geier

(Voted the most beautiful bug in Elysium - the Bantei!)

"Ooh, pretty!"

-a barbazu taken in by the light butterfly's *rainbow pattern* while it readies its *prismatic spray*-

Light butterflies are always completely silent, and their only major weakness is the *shatter* spell, which kills them instantly if they fail a save vs. spell. Once killed, they stop producing light.

Habitat/Society: These unintelligent insects usually live solitary lives, flying about in the sunlight that they feed on. During overcast periods or at night, they gather in small groups to take comfort in the light of their comrades. These gatherings are said to be one of the most glorious sights on the Upper Planes...

Ecology: These insects feed on light, and are usually airborne during the entire day. Potential predators give them a wide berth. At night, they are easier prey, but their *light* effect often lets them see predators approaching.

Ba-Rykue - Barinith, Lesser

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Climate/Terrain:	Any lower planes
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	1/2H, T
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	12 FL 30 (C)
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	3 or 1 + weapon
Damage/Attack:	1d10/1d4+4/1d4+4
Special Attacks:	Backstab, swoop, <i>Chill</i> or <i>Heat Metal</i> , Acid Web
Special Defenses:	Immune to Acids, Gases, Flame and cold. Hit only by +1 or greater magical weapons. Regenerates 1 hp per round unless it is done by spells or holy items/weapons 15%
Magic Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	17,000

The Ba-Rykui are the lowest form of Barinith. They are grey skinned with bat-like wings and a heavily muscled body. The average height is 5' though they are so solid they normally weigh in excess of 220 lbs. The wings are very veined and make a warm wind due to the high body temperature of the creature.

Normally the Ba-Rykui is a solitary hunter going after any creature it discovers that it believes will make a good trophy to bring back to the elders. If it is on a declared hunt for a specific creature the hunter will do anything necessary to bring the head back to the elders. If this requires enlisting non Barinith allies it will do so. Any time the Ba-Rykui can get lesser creatures to do the bleeding and dying it considers that a victory.

Combat: The Ba-Rykui is an ambush hunter. They are well aware of the fact that they are on one of the bottom rungs of the Lower planar ladder of power and might and they use every advantage they have to tip the scales in their favor. They will use their strong claws to dig a well camouflaged hole or use a swoop attack. If ambushing from the ground and they have a piercing weapon (spears are favored) they will use a X3 backstab. With their +4 bonus to damage due to strength this is a formidable attack.

If that does not destroy the foe they will normally take to the air. Any air attack will be a swoop with the spear held foremost to make a double damage



(A Ba-Rykui, embarking upon the hunt...)

Habitat/Society: The society of the Barinith is totally based around the hunt. They are very status conscious and take any excuse to brag of their kills. If given time they will eat the flesh of a victim as they believe they can gain power and knowledge this way (10 percent chance to be able to recall any memory including spells for 1 turn per victim level, +1 hp per victim's hit dice gained for 1 day).

Once per cycle the Elders of the Barinith on a particular plane will have a conclave. During this gathering of all the plane's Barinith they will declare a hunt for each sub species. All of that type will go after the aforementioned creature (this is not a species, but a single named being they hunt) with the winner being raised to the next level of existence by the elders.

"...the hunt callsss...
...alwayssss..."
-the mind of a Ba-Rykui-

Ecology: The main impact of the Barinith is to weed out the creatures of the plane that they can hunt. They have no need to eat on their own, merely do so for the magical benefit. In many cases Barinith have kept large pieces of a powerful foe in *bags of holding* or similar containers so they may be eaten later as an emergency power boost.

attack, they may also bite on 50% of these attacks (1d10 points of damage). They will use their innate abilities of *heat* or *chill metal* three times per turn to disarm opponents and acid web once per turn to trap them and make the kill easier.

Planetouched PC's: Tiefling versions of the Barykue are also known to traverse the planes.

Barzu - Baatezu, Lesser

© 1999 by Gary Ray. Artwork © of Richard Damien. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Baator
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (9-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-12 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	30%
Size:	L (9' tall)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	5,000



(A Barzu, thinking impure thoughts...)

Barzu are hideous creatures with a tough hairless hide, scimitar horns, fangs, and a physiology that requires a steady diet of fresh meat as well as plants.

The fiend who impregnates the doe is thought to appear as a irresistibly handsome stranger who promises excitement and intrigue. It is unclear whether this is actually true, or whether it's a folk story told to keep potentially promiscuous does in line.

Combat: The Barzu attacks viciously with its scimitar horns or by weapon. Most Barzu lack the discipline to learn weapon skills, and instead rely on their horns. Barzu who attack their opponent can do triple damage, but only receive one attack that round.

Opponents impaled should roll a save versus petrification or they remain stuck on the Barzu's horns, resulting in automatic hits the following round until a successful save is made. Barzu magic resistance is similar to that of their fiendish parent.

Barzu are never surprised.

Habitat/Society: Barzu, like many fiendish creatures such as cambion and alu-fiends, are considered freaks and outcasts. A Barzu is never accepted in Bariaur society and is considered a joke in baatezu circles.

Barzu are often killed young if they make it to Baator, which has no place for such an outcast in its rigidly ordered social structure. Those that aren't killed outright either flee back to The Outlands or are recruited and secretly held by greater baatezu for unauthorized missions and assassinations.

There is a stiff penalty for even the most powerful baatezu who harbors a barzu, but the risks are offset by the success rate of the barzu, who seem to possess a high degree of stubbornness inherited from their bariaur mothers.

"Damned if you do, damned if you don't..."

-From a Speech to the troops by a blood war commander

"Humans?" Malignus telepathed across the battlefield.

A legion of lemure, lined up in a slimy line of snot, oozed at the twenty or so thousand disorganized dretches who threw themselves haphazardly into the battle. The dretches died by the thousands, but their sheer numbers threatened to overwhelm the dull-witted blobs, who looked much the same whether dead or alive.

"Of course," Bachel thought back, "by the hundreds! It's my normal afternoon. How about elves?"

In a blind rage, an elite army of cambions, wielding glowing bastard swords in the dim light of the Abyss, sliced through the remaining lemures and eyed the grotesque nupperibo with a growing blood lust.

"Yes, elves too," thought Malignus, his fangs dripping green acid as he considered the various races he had defiled. "although I find them too passive. Maybe because they live so long - no spirit. Now a bariaur, that could be entertaining."

The cambions slashed into the vastly outnumbered nupperibo. Counter-attacking the cambions, several hundred barbazu waded into combat, their glaives clearing a path in front of them, leaving many a cambion without leg or arm.

"Ahh, a bariaur would be quite a treat, but their females would never go willingly. They won't even

mate with centaur. I know I tried to force them."

Bachel thought as he cracked his whip enthusiastically at a nearby air wing of chasme, while flaming a group of lazy dretches that huddled terrified around his feet. "You could force them, of course, but that's against our rules. And besides, they hurt oh so much more when they know they weren't forced."

The chaotic miasma of chasme descended from the commanding balor upon the distracted barbazu, who where busy hacking limbs from a frantically disintegrating legion of cambion.

"Oh yes?" thought Malignus, his bat wings stiffening with excitement, "I think I'm up for the challenge."

The sky momentarily grew black as the chasme bug creatures plunged their sharp pointed noses into the barbazu, who looked back fearfully to Malignus, their pit fiend leader, for further orders. But there were no further orders, this was the Blood War. You fight until you die, and if you survive today, rest assured, you'll live to die tomorrow.

Barzu are the offspring of a greater baatezu and a female bariaur. Only a baatezu with polymorph ability could ever hope to mate with a female bariaur, and only then in bariaur form. Barzu are always male.

During the seventh month of pregnancy, the barzu rips through the mother in the middle of the night with its scimitar horns. The mother is killed and the Barzu usually steals away into the night, instinctively making its way to a portal to the lower planes. As these births are extremely rare, Bariaur flocks often believe this to be an animal attack on the mother, rather than a hellspawn birth.

Those barzu fleeing to The Outlands from Baator, or those on their way to Baator through The Outlands, may meet up with a wandering band of Barzu who live around Ribcage. This band, known to Outland bariaur as Spagon (spawn), hover around Ribcage basking in the Baatoran planar energies that emanate from the gate town. The flock is sometimes utilized by visiting fiends who wish to accomplish acts of revenge and murder in The Outlands without links back to themselves. Many of these acts are against competing fiends, or mortals who reneged on their agreements or "bargains."

Payment to Spagon is usually in the form of a promise. Sometimes this promise involves a homeland in Baator, something promised for centuries to the Spagon, but never fully delivered. The promise may also be revenge against a group that has wronged a barzu, such as the flock of the barzu's mother.

As with most bargains with fiends, the bargainer is never satisfied with the end result. For example, barzu returning to Baator are likely to find their homeland a concentration camp for hungry fiends.

Occasionally a Barzu is born that is not evil, although its environment surely drives it towards that end. Like other outcasts, they will remain doomed to a miserable existence.

Ecology: Barzu can reproduce, although the offspring will kill the mother, much like the Barzu. Most hybrid creatures would likely have little to do with a barzu.

Planetouched PC's: Tiefling versions of the Barzu are also known to traverse the planes.

Please Visit [The Tale of the Bariaur](#) for more chant on this creature!

Bhinaur

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Climate/Terrain: Any Flatlands (most common on the Outlands & the Beastlands)

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Herd

Activity Cycle: Diurnal

Diet: Herbivore

Intelligence: Animal (1)

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 2d4

Armor Class: -4

Movement: 18

Hit Dice: 10

THAC0: 10

No. of Attacks: 2

Damage/Attack: 2d8/1d10

Special Attacks: Ram

Special Defenses: Energy Transformation, Immune to all spells of the school of force

Magic Resistance: None

Size: Huge (12' + to 25')

Morale: Elite (13-14)

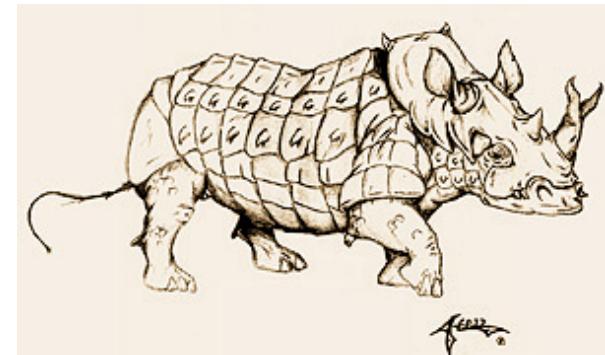
XP Value: 14,000

The Bhinaur is a huge planar version of a prime creature known as a rhinoceros. It is far larger (12' feet at the shoulder 25' long) and tougher. The skin is a light grey on the stomach fading to sandy brown on the shoulders. Large plates of bone armor protect the creature and give it an armadillo like shell. The horn is a large bone protrusion that starts off at about the thickness of a strong man's bicep and divides into a 'Y' shape roughly half way through its height. The tail is a long (5' or more) thin whip like appendage that the creature uses to keep insects away. The small eyes of the bhinaur are very weak, its primary senses are located in its turret-like ears and wide flared nostrils.

Combat: In combat primarily the male bhinaurs will try and keep intruders away from the females. Once a threat to the herd has been identified the males will snort to warn the females away. The males will aim themselves at the foe and begin to charge. After traveling roughly 10 feet they will shimmer and be transformed into a bolt of pure force. The bolt slams into its target with the THAC0 of the bhinaur. If it strikes it does 3d12 points of damage and will hurl the victim up to 200 feet away (roll a d20 and multiply the result by 10).

**"So, do ya know how to keep a
Bhinaur
from
charging?..."**

-the beginning of a *bad* joke in Sigil-



(The Bhinaur - brute force incarnate!)

Once a creature is struck by the bolt the bhinaur will reform. The creature will then begin to gore with the horn (2d8 points of damage per strike) and lash with the tail (1d10 per strike) until all opponents are destroyed.

The bhinaur is also immune to all spells of the school of force (*magic missiles*, etc). The horn absorbs them without an effect on the creature. While transformed into energy form the bhinaur is totally invulnerable to harm.

Habitat/Society: The habitat of the bhinaur is any plains or open savannah. The bhinaur is normally the largest herbivore in its area. They will roam about in a huge geographic area (3d10 x 100 square miles of territory) and consume the larger plants available. In the case of large trees they will knock them over to be able to eat the tender leaves at the top. The males are totally dedicated to protecting and expanding their herd. Single bhinars encountered are always males without herds. A male may control up to three females. There is a 25% chance of each female having young (from 1/3 to ¾ hit die of the parents).

Ecology: The bhinaur has a dramatic impact on its environment. The combats of the males for dominance (almost never fought to the death) will churn up and destroy fair sized areas of land. Also, the feeding of the herd can easily devastate small forests if there is little other fodder available capable of feeding animals of their size.

The horn of the bhinaur can be used as a component of many spells of the school of force. They may fetch a value of up to 5,000 jink in the Great Bazaar. As well, a young bhinaur may bring up to 20,000 as arena fighting animals. As adults, however, they cause far too much damage to the arenas to be practical.

BlackBird

© 1999 by Heiner de Wendt. Artwork © of Alex Aal. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Abyss
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	8
Movement:	3 fl 16 (C)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d4
Special Attacks:	<i>ESP, Know Alignment</i>
Special:	None
Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	1%
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	250

From Grendle the Great's *Tour of the Abyss*:

The blackbird is, as the name should make clear, (even to such clueless berks as you) pitch black. It's not a raven, though, it looks more like a parrot - just with a very sharp, hooked beak. They got more similarities with parrots, but they're nastier, they are. They's about one foot tall (my foot, sod, not that nub o' yours) at full growth. They's beak and feets are bright yella, stands out agin' their feathers o' pitch. They's eyes is way too big fer they heads, like an owls, and they be slitted with red centers. Gives em fine night sight (*Infravision 120'*), and they gots creepy hearing (+2 on surprise rolls).

Combat: These litt'l beasties 'ave got *ESP* and *Know alignment* abilities, at will (anyone o' you smart boys ask who's will agin, and ye'll feel the back o' me hand), and the more these chaotically-evil lil' beasts dislike your view o' life (*alignment*), the more they say loudly what you think right now. 'Course, if there're more people around, 's not sure who's having the thoughts the blackbird talks about.

But if yer' in a tavern that's otherwise full of those barmy tanar'ri, you surely get s'its attention. Took me half an hour to leave 'at tavern. But hey, it got me a funny lil' beastie for my shoulder.

In a fight they ain't all 'dat. The bleeders 'll peck at ya wit 'dat beak o' dere's (*1d4 points of damage*) and fly around, squakin' and a'talkin'. That's about all the good they are when it comes to makin' blood.

One thing they don't like yer to know, they's weak to poisons. Them tanar'ri keeps 'em around in case o' the



(Abyssal Advice: Beware the Blackbird)

Habitat/Society: Blackbirds have another advantage as well - they know instinctively the path to a hidden treasure somewhere! They love to give away such secrets to their owners, which was th' first time I found out the beast 'ad telepathic abilities, as well. Problem with these treasures is, they're always owned - and guarded - by at least a Greater, often 'nuff a True tanar'ri. Well, problem 'course only for clueless berks like you. Me, I got rich that way, damn rich...

"Ya soddin' berk!

That ain't no raven!"

-Grendle the Great, on the subject of the Blackbird-

Ecology: They's low, low on the food chain. The weakest tanar'ri loves nuttin better 'n to tear the legs off'n a blackbird and start munchin'. Course that gets the weak tanar'ri swatted by one o' them smarter types, that understand what a treasure they jus' lost. Heh, anything else? Find it out yer own self. Don't even think ye'd last long enough to worry about treasure huntin' Heh...

rare magic poison that hurts 'em gets used. The blackbird always dies first, and 'dat gives 'em fiends time to get gone.

Brabbib

© 2000 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Joseph Hocking. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Sigil, Gatetowns, Any urban
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	None
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	4d10+4
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	LP 12 (see Below)
Hit Dice:	2
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	3 (claw/claw/bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d2/1d2/2d4
Special Attacks:	Lunge, Spit, Poison Stench, Slimy Skin
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Tiny (6" to 1' long)
Morale:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP Value:	5

Well known to burgs that traverse the well-populated burgs of the planes, the Brabbib, which is named for the unusual "brab-bib" call it makes, has to be one of the foulest, most disgusting and disliked of all of the myriad creatures of the planes.

It is a tiny, frog-like creature that is bright blue in coloration, that ends on one end with long hind legs that end in sharp, yellowed claws and on the other with a mouth filled with yellowed teeth. Atop the mouth, there sits a tiny, but sharp horn that protrudes forward much like the horn of a unicorn. Flanking the horn are two large, glowing golden eyes that shine in the dark like lamps. Two strange ear-protuberances extend outward from the eyes, the purpose for which has planar graybears still puzzled.

The entire skin of the little beastie is covered in smooth blue skin that not only exudes a horrible smell, but also a slime that carries this smell to whatever touches it. The ridge of the back is usually covered in small, fine wart-like bumps, but this is usually seen only on the male of the species.

Combat: A body'd do well to steer well clear of this little pests. It's not that they are terribly deadly or powerful or anything, but moreso that they are a huge pain in the...well...ya know...

One of the first problems with the little buggers is that there is always a whole mess of 'em - there is never just one to be found. And any time a sod goes to squish one of 'em, they all react at once. That's where the second problem comes into play - the stench. It is usually not so bad if a body stands even ten paces



(A Brabbib on the attack!)

The little nasties'll jump at ya, tryin' to claw ya, bite ya, and poke ya with that lil' nose-horn of thiers, and then their spit is poison and if it gets in yer eye, most of the time, ya go blind! (Save vs. poison, or be blinded in that eye)

I tell, ya cutter, I'd advise ya just to stay away from a bunch o' Brabbibs! I would rather make mushy with a mezzoloth, suren!

Habitat/Society: Other than the fact that they seem to gather together for protection, the Brabbibs have no known societal structure. Their habitat is any urban areas wherein humanoids dwell and provide the Brabbibs primary food source, garbage...

**"Yeh smell 'at? 'At's a Brabbib, suren!
Smells like the pits o' the Infinite
Pit!"**

-"Dusty" Phorun, a Bleaker tout of the Cage-

Ecology: Brabbibs fill the ecological niche of scavengers in any area that they occupy, eating nearly anything that does not move. Given enough time, they will eat metal, leather, and even stone, but their usual fare is something softer and, if they can get it, something living. There have never been any instances of humans being consumed by Brabbibs, or at least there has never been any evidence found.

The primary problem with Brabbibs is that they have no known natural planar predators. Therefore, when they move into an area, they quickly begin to reproduce and over run the place, in the same manner as many pests, such as razorvine and cranium rats. A few fiends are known to consume them, but many consider them to great a bother, as they are very difficult to catch.

Planar druids are perplexed at the situation, and chant has it that many organizations and some sects (such as the Verdant Guild) are offering hefty sums of jink for investigation both into the problem and into the origins of the Brabbibs.

away from one of the lil' critters, but as soon as ya get into "squishin' range", the stench hits ya like a succubus' kiss. WHAMO! And ta make matters worse, the more of 'em there are - the worse the stench!

If ya happen to get around these problems, tho, the little buggers are so slimy that it is hard to lay a mit on 'em. And then they start that jumpin' and a spittin' - WOO WEE! I think that I would rather lounge with th' Lady than stand around while that was happenin'!

Guardinal, Brahma

© 2000 by Raman Bath, a.k.a. Spyder. Artwork © of Boris Radujko. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Elysium
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary (Herd)
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Incidental
Alignment:	Neutral Good

No. Appearing:	1 (1-8)
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	7+4
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d6+2/1d6+2/1d8+3
Special Attacks:	Spell use
Special Defenses:	+1 or better weapon to hit, spell immunities
Magic Resistance:	40%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	9,000

A Brahma is a rare breed of Guardinal known for its passive nature and spiritual enlightenment. The Brahma are the priests and druids of the Guardinals and as such are given great respect within their culture. They also act as the caretakers and teachers of the young ensuring that the new generation grows to understand their importance in the world. Brahmals and Ursinals share a common interest in their love for philosophy. It is not unusual for groups of Brahmals and Ursinals to be found in one another's company. The Brahma are also sought out by other Guardinals who actively participate in the Blood War. As powerful priests their skills are invaluable when engaging the lower planar vermin.

A Brahma appears as a large (7 ft) sinewy humanoid with the head of a Brahma Bull. They possess the same characteristic hump common to the bovine species along their backs. Brahma are coated in fine, short hair usually, white, or brown in color. They have large benevolent eyes of the lightest brown color said to ease the pain of any being that looks upon them. Their feet are actually stout hooves and a hoof like material also backs their hands. Each of the Brahma's horns are curved forward and extend as far as 18 inches giving these pacifists an impressive arsenal for defense. Many onlookers may mistake the Brahma as a new species of Minotaur. Such mistakes are rare on Elysium where every manner of animal/human hybrid can be found. On the Prime, the mistake is more commonly made and can cause trouble for the normally peaceful creatures.

Combat: The Brahma do not enjoy fighting. They would rather parlay with an opponent and appeal to their spiritual side to see the ultimate futility in



(A Brahma schools a young Ursinal)

Only +1 or better magical weapons can hit a Brahma. They are completely immune to any form of disease, or poison. Brahma are further immune to any mental attacks including, fear, chaos, and charm person.

Habitat/Society: As noted previously the Brahma are the spiritual leaders of the Guardinal race. Their wisdom is never taken lightly even by the mighty Leonals. Brahmals are generally solitary and tend to wander from one place to another administering their faith wherever it is needed. Some Brahmals gather in herds to protect specific areas of land while others gather together and form spiritual institutions for the young.

Typically they erect permanent structures similar to towers or keeps where they gather in manner akin to monastic orders on the Prime. Here in these hallowed halls the Brahmals serve to enlighten the young while the Ursinal assist in the other aspects of their education. As noted previously the Brahma and Ursinal species enjoy a level of camaraderie that many other Guardinals do not share outside their close knit clans and families.

"A Minotaur! I'll have you know berk that those smelly, inbred, cows don't even have a respectable looking hump!"

-Goraf, a Brahma, to a clueless prime when asked if he had any Minotaur kin..-

Ecology: The Brahma is a defender of the weak and protector of nature. Even Brahma who do not possess druid abilities see the defense of nature as part of their faith. In addition to creating monastic herds that assist the young the Brahma also create similar groups that see to the needs of the environment.

violence. If combat is unavoidable the Brahma may strike with its hoof like fists and inflict $1d6+2$ points of damage (18 in strength). The Brahma can also utilize their horns that function as +3 magical weapons and inflict $1d8+3$ points of damage.

If sorely pressed in combat they have several special abilities they can use. Any evil creature meeting the gaze of a Brahma must make a saving throw versus magic or be affected by *fear* as the fourth level magic user spell. In addition to the standard Guardinal powers, they may use the following abilities at will: *true sight* (always active), *know alignment* (always active), *bless*, *draw upon holy might*, *cure light wounds*, *continual light*, *cure blindness/deafness* (once per turn), *cure disease* (once per turn), *neutralize poison* (once per turn), *heal* (thrice per day), and *holy word* (twice per day). Brahma are surrounded by *protection for evil* in a 10' radius and they can cast spells as 14th level priest. Fully one half of all Brahma function in the same manner as traditional priests while $\frac{1}{4}$ function as Mystics, and $\frac{1}{4}$ function as druids.

Bulldog

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Climate/Terrain:	Any Land
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-8
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	5+3
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	2 or 4
Damage/Attack:	3-12/1-8 or 10d8x4
Special Attacks:	Charge
Special Defenses:	Head is AC 1, +2 bonus on surprise.
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	1400

The Bulldog is the favored herd guardian of the outlands. It is a large (six feet at the shoulder) creature with the body and horns of a bull, but with the powerful jaws and instincts of a mastiff.

The head is doglike until you reach the wide forehead that is crowned by an awesome set of horns (in some cases reaching four feet across) that reach forward in razor sharp tines. The legs are more like those of the largest stags than a bull, with long slender legs ending in split cloven hoofs. These attributes make the Bulldog surprisingly graceful, it covers ground with the combination of a dog's lope and the springs of a deer. The coat colors range from dark grey to pure black and are often speckled.

The gruff baying of the Bulldog is clearly understood by the herds of cattle they travel with. They keep the herd away from danger, imposing themselves between the cattle and any threat. They also use their keen sense of smell to track down any members that stray and return them to the group.

Combat: The joyful baying of a Bulldog entering combat is the signal for its herd to quickly move elsewhere. If a foe is spotted at more than 40' distance the Bulldog will bay and charge, lowering its head and leading with those enormous horns. This attack is made with a +2 to hit and does 4d6 points of damage if successful. Also, any L class creature or smaller must make a dex check with a -1 per every two points of damage they received to see if they are knocked to the ground.

A grounded opponent will then be slashed with both horns (1d8 points of damage each) and stomped with both forelegs (1d8 points of damage



(The Bulldog - not what ya think, berk!)

Normally the Bulldogs are spread out around the herd, but when the combat bay is heard all males (half the number present) will converge at their best movement to join in. The females will lead the herd to a safer area and will only join in combat if another attack is made while the males are still absent.

Habitat/Society: The Bulldogs within a given herd of cattle will be ruled by the oldest male. He will normally have 1-3 females, there is also normally one yearling (normal sized) and half the number of calves for each female. Young males are normally forced from the herd at around five years of age, when they become old enough to reproduce. The females mature much earlier, at around three and will begin having calves almost immediately.

The Bulldogs total focus is the protection of the herd of cattle. They will not interfere with the Herdsmen that place them, but any others may not come close. Occasionally there will be conflict between the Bull and the elder Bulldog, this is normally settled after some bellowing and occasionally a clash of horns. Only very rarely does this end in bloodshed.

**"Ha! Yer gonna sick yer what on me?
OOO! I am shakin' in my b-AAAAAAA!!!!"**
-A leatherhead, pushing an Outlands hearer a bit too far...-

Ecology: The Bulldog eats the same type of food as normal cattle, usually. If they slay a creature that attempted to reach the Herd they will eat them down to cracking the bone to get marrow. Rich Herdsmen raise and train Bulldogs to stay out and protect their cattle. A young male bulldog can bring as much as 2000 gp, while a female will normally bring half of that.

each) until it regains its feet. An opponent who is up and on its feet will be bitten (3-12 points of damage) and kicked by a foreleg.

Further, if a creature is bitten it must roll a successful save vs paralysis or be held in the creatures massive jaws (which inflict 2d4 points of damage each round until the save is successful) and continue to be kicked once per round.

Bylar

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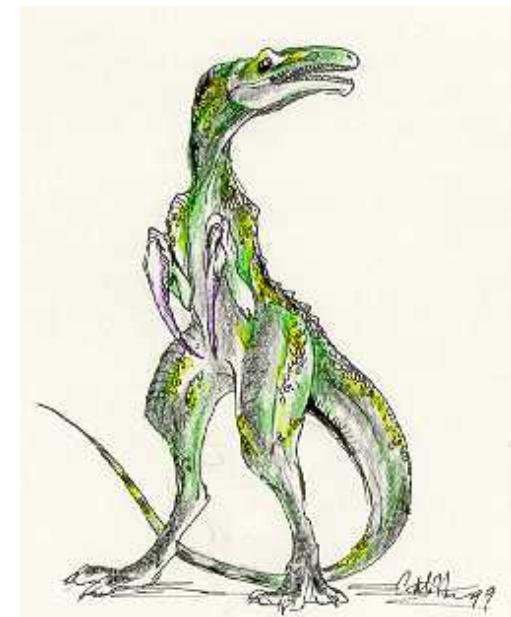
Climate/Terrain:	Tropical Swamps
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	3-18
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	2
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	1-8/1-4/1-41-6
Special Attacks:	Poison
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	175

The bylar is a small (roughly twenty inches tall) bipedal lizard. Its head is slim and long leading into a thick neck that tapers straight in to a nearly arrowhead shaped body. The upper body is slim and underdeveloped while its legs and hindquarters are thickly muscled. Its tail is nearly the length of the rest of its body and is kept straight out when the creature runs to help with balance. The hide is pebbled with small scales that are a seemingly random combination of grey, green, white and black.

The two tiny forelegs of the bylar are only six inches long and are tipped with one long claw (four inches) and are kept folded near the chest of the creature, as if it were in prayer. This gave the bylar the nickname of "Praying Beast". The claw is slightly curved with the bottom side being razor sharp. Small holes dot the sharpened edge and are used to pump a dull purplish poison into a wound, which drips constantly from the exposed gland ports.

Combat: The preferred method of attack for the bylar is to use its incredible speed to run by its prey and slash with one of its claws. The entire pack will use this same attack in the same round against one creature to guarantee the prey will be poisoned. The poison is Type O injected with the onset time of 1 to 3 hours. The victim will feel a bit queasy at first, then become nauseous after roughly a half hour. Once the onset time has elapsed they are paralyzed, falling limp and unable to move. Once a creature is paralyzed the bylar will gather around to feed on the still living animal.

The bylar will only engage in melee attack if cornered. If there is no other way out they will begin to bite (1d8 points of damage), claw twice a round (1d4 points of damage and save vs poison) and slash with one three



(Lethal Lizards - the Bylar!)

"So what if yer a Planewalker?
I'm a paladin of Tempus and no little liza-"

-A leatherhead, after encountering a pack of bylar-

Habitat/Society: The bylar are pack hunters. Both males and childless females take part in the hunt. A pack will stake out a territory consisting of roughly 1d3 miles square per pack member. Somewhere near the center of this will be a small den. In this den is the Alpha female and all other females with young.

The bylar bear 1 or 2 young live every three years or so. All females will defend the young (who can run at up to normal speed at three days age) to the death. The high pitched yips of endangered mothers are the only sounds a bylar has been known to make and will summon the pack as fast as they can return.

Ecology: In swamps without major predators the bylar will fill that role. The packs are fearless and will attack creatures very much larger than themselves, especially mammals who smell good. Also the packs will trim the tropical jungles and swamps of older, weakened or solitary herbivores.

They are reluctant to attack any grouping of creatures as large in number as they are, but will wait around to see if any creature goes off by itself. They are also deathly afraid of fire. bylar have never been successfully kept in captivity. All known examples have killed either themselves or their captors trying to escape.

toed clawed foot (for 1d6 points of damage). As soon as an opportunity presents itself the bylar will escape.

Cadaver

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Climate/Terrain:	Outer Planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Life Energy
Intelligence:	Varies (as in former life)
Treasure:	See below
Alignment:	Any (as in former life)
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	1/2 Movement rate of former life
Hit Dice:	Varies (as in former life)
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	Varies (as in former life, without strength bonus)
Special Attacks:	Spells, Lifedrain
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Varies (as in former life)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	4,000, plus 1,000 for every two levels above 10th the necromancer had in his former life

The cadaver is an extremely rare undead "race". There are five different kinds of cadavers, though all evolve from the "original" cadaver. By gaining experience and/or power, they change their very nature and become Corpus, Senex or Atros, and finally Posteritat.

There is no way to magically create a cadaver. All cadavers are beings that exist due to their own willpower and knowledge of the ways of the soul. Thus, only powerful necromancers (**single-classed necromancers of at least 10th level**) can become cadavers, and only if they have gained intimate knowledge of the netherworld (**nonweapon proficiency "Netherworld Knowledge"**) and have an exceptional wisdom. (They must have at least a Wisdom of 16. "Netherworld Knowledge" is described in the "Complete Book of Necromancers" as well as in Forgotten Realms' "Faiths and Avatars", e.g. at the entry of Myrkul).

When such a necromancer dies on the plane (and the exact layer of that plane) where his soul would go to in his afterlife anyway, he might become a cadaver. He may not have committed suicide (and asking someone else to kill you is seen as suicide for this), because a deep will to keep on living is needed for this change. Also, he may not worship any particular deity or pantheon. Otherwise he would need to be in the deity's realm to become a cadaver, and the powers usually don't like it too much when their worshiper's souls just stay in their bodies.



(A Cadaver, sensing life force near...)

"I am so...
hungry!"

-Cadaver, after giving death the laugh

The cadaver can be turned as a vampire, but due to his great willpower it is not possible to control him. All saving throws for the cadaver resemble the saving throws the necromancer had in his former life.

Habitat/Society: The cadaver still resembles the personality of his former life, and acts accordingly. But since undead creatures are rarely accepted in any society, and because they seek to drain the life energy of powerful victims, they tend to live alone. Most cadavers, though, try to get servants and guardians to protect them from foes too powerful for themselves.

Ecology: The necromancer needs to "fuel" himself with life energy so he can gain a greater state of being. He has to drain as many levels as he had himself as a mortal; this life energy has to be drained from mortals of at least half the experience level the necromancer has gained in his life, otherwise it can't "feed" him (but it still can be very painful to opponents). When a

With the power of belief on the Outer Planes, and the fact that the soul doesn't need to travel to get to its' fitting plane (and thus can even stay at the place where the necromancer's dead body lies), combined with his willpower and knowledge, the necromancer is allowed a saving throw vs. death magic (using the saving throws he retained in his life). If he succeeds, the cadaver is slowly linked with the Negative Energy plane, and the soul stays in its' body.

In a number of days according to the necromancer's experience level, the cadaver is filled with undead life again, though this is nothing more but a start for the cadaver. Until that day, though, the cadaver might still be killed, as the body lies (maybe unguarded), waiting for his comeback, somewhere on the planes (note that there are extremely few chaotic evil cadavers).

If finally, the cadaver is able to move again, he's caught up in a half-rotten body, and just slowly learns how to use it. His movement is only half of that of his former life, and he has very poor combat skills.

Combat: The cadaver is able to cast one necromantic spell per day, chosen by the necromancer from one of the spells he knew in his former life. Most cadavers know they're quite vulnerable in a melee fight, and try to lure their victims into situations where they can be drained of their life energy without risk for the cadaver.

If the cadaver has to fight, he attacks with one normal attack as he did in life, doing the normal damage without any Strength bonuses the necromancer might once have had. (For a human cadaver, this means a damage of only 1d2. Also, the touch of a cadaver drains one life energy level). Of course, the cadaver might also use a weapon, but in most cases, they prefer to be able to drain life energy (see [Ecology](#)).

cadaver has accomplished his goal of draining as much life energy levels as he gained himself, he suddenly burns up in a maelstrom of cold, unholy fire (in fact, this is pure negative energy). This effect lasts for less than a minute, and drains everyone nearby of their life force (all in a 20-foot-radius lose 2d10 hit points, which is a non-permanent drain). Afterwards, the cadaver has become a Corpus.

A cadaver retains the alignment and intelligence (in fact, the whole personality) he had in his former life, as well as his full strength (all hit points). If it has not been taken from him, he also still wears his treasures, including any magical items he might use as a cadaver. Cadavers can only use necromantic magical items, all magical melee weapons, and magical items of protection (*Armor +4 would be useable as would a Periapt of Health*). His shape, though rotten, still resembles the necromancer as he was as a living being. There are no limits here: humans, elves, giants and any other races have the same chances of becoming a cadaver. If no other sources are available, a cadaver will always have some treasure present (Treasure Types G, W; necromantic items should always be dominant).

Note that, although necromancers of any alignment can become a cadaver, good ones are especially rare, and then usually stay being a cadaver until they're slain because it would be contradictory to their alignment to drain the life energy of other beings. In some cases, chaotic or even neutral good cadavers might drain the energy of an evil being this way; lawful good cadavers would surely not use this "unholy" ability voluntarily.

A cadaver who leaves "his" layer of his home plane has to return in one day, otherwise he crumbles to dust as his soul seeks to "go home". If the cadaver even leaves the entire plane, (e.g. a Lawful Evil cadaver living in Baator goes to the Gray Waste) he dies instantly.

Variant: See Cadaver, Corpus; Cadaver, Senex/Atros; Cadaver, Posteritat

Cat Hair - Tanar'ri, Least

© 1999 by William Northern. Artwork © of Yigit Savtur. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Swarm
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Blood & Decaying Flesh
Intelligence:	Nonintelligent (0)
Treasure:	Nil (see below)
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing:	100-1000 (d10 x100)
Armor Class:	-4 (size & speed)
Movement:	3" fl 21" (D)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1 (cut)
Special Attacks:	Fear (Roar), Blood Absorption Size, Fear (Roar)
Special Defenses:	Immunity to mind control
Magic Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	975

Cat hair is by far the most harmless, in appearance, of all tanar'ri. Each Cat hair looks like an actual strand of hair. Only an enchanted item (such as a *gem of true seeing*) could reveal the many tiny razor sharp tubes that form the follicles covering the main strand. The Cat hair has a small slitted pupil on both ends and, therefore, does not have a definite top or bottom. The eyes are almost ornamental and vestigial, as the creature relies on its follicles to sense heat, movement, and stationary objects. These creatures vary in length and color, and they each weigh nearly a full pound.

Cat hair floats as if caught in a sudden gust of wind. They are quite small and cannot be distinguished for what they truly are at distances more than three feet away (even by true tanar'ri). A traveling swarm may resemble an average dust storm to the unaware Abyssal traveler. Cat hair do not have any form of visible communication, but they will always travel as a swarm and will never be encountered individually.

Combat: The initial attack of the Cat hair falls into two major categories and both are often used together. The cat hair can mimic the sounds of various types and sizes of cats. This is accomplished by vibrating its follicles (similar to how a normal cricket generates its sound). As the Cat hair increases its speed, the larger (and louder) of cat sound that can be duplicated (a curious float will generate the purring of a domestic cat, while an agitated dart will duplicate a lion's roar). A swarm will circle its intended prey and create such an aura of fear that a party will usually disperse (wisdom check -3). It's at that point that an isolated target will fall victim to the second part of the Cat hair's attack.



(Cat Hair harmless? Not likely!)

Due to the small size of Cat hair, most victims aren't aware of what's attacking until it's too late. These horrid creatures are immune to all forms of mind control due to their highly chaotic nature. Wind-based attacks will disperse the swarm for no greater than 10 rounds and fire/cold-based attacks will only do half damage (after a failed save).

"I'll just wait for this dust storm to blow over . . . OUCH!"

-a soon to be dead-booked cutter-

Habitat/Society: Cat hair favors dark, moist areas and will seldom be encountered in well lit surroundings. These creatures are extremely antisocial and will attack any living creature entering their territory. The creature has no lair to speak of but, in a specific territory, decaying bodies will contain whatever treasures they were carrying before their demise.

Ecology: Although similar to a swarm of insects in many ways, Cat hair does not have a hive or central nest. The swarm will rest in a dormant fashion on the last victim conquered, which will resemble a body completely covered with hair. The layer of the Abyss, on which they reside, called the Cat's Meow, is the

The swarm will surround the intended target and continue to generate *fear* as it closes for an attack. Each Cat hair will then attempt to locate any and all bared flesh to brush against it. This brush is the equivalent of sliding a razor blade across bare flesh. Once blood has been drawn, the Cat hair will lapse into only what can be called a feeding frenzy. The creatures will land on all bleeding areas of the victim until, by sheer weight, the victim collapses. Cat hair move like worms once they have landed on their target and when one comes in contact with the wound, it will begin to absorb the blood like a sponge. Each Cat hair can absorb roughly 6 ounces of blood if left undisturbed. Once the prey has been drained, the swarm seeks another moving target. Further, the swarm will never separate to follow different targets.

main breeding ground for this creature. However, swarms have occasionally appeared on several dark and cavernous layers as well. There is no lead role in the swarm; for all intents and purposes, all Cat hair are equal parts of the greater whole of the swarm.

Cadaver, Corpus

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Climate/Terrain:	Outer Planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Varies (as in former life)
Treasure:	See below
Alignment:	Any (as in former life)
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	Movement rate of former life
Hit Dice:	Varies (as in former life)
THAC0:	Varies (as in former life)
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	Varies (as in former life, without strength bonus)
Special Attacks:	Spells, Lifedrain
Special Defenses:	Spells, Immunities
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Varies (as in former life)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	14,000 plus 1,000 for every two levels above 10th the necromancer had in his former life



(A Corpus, seething with dark energy...)

This is the new form a cadaver takes on when he has drained enough life energy levels. He is now experienced enough to use his half-rotten body as well as possible, and his body and mind are strengthened by the energy of his victims. Thus, he gains his former movement rate again (**instead of the halved movement rate of the Cadaver**), and though he still appears horribly decayed, the body of a corpus acts with the same vitality as a living being.

Also, the necromancer's spell casting abilities come back completely. The extra spell he had chosen as a cadaver still exists as a bonus spell, which he can now use once per hour. The touch of a corpus drains a victim of two life energy levels, but the corpus doesn't need to "feed" himself this way anymore. In fact, the only "nourishment" the corpus needs is his link to the Negative Energy Plane.

Combat: The corpus gains a couple of undead immunities at this stage of his development. He is immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, normal and magical cold, insanity, death spells and poison. The fighting power of a corpus still isn't great, but they harken back to (**their THAC0 now resembles his abilities in**) his former life. Nor does he gain any benefit from the strength he had in life (any strength bonus he might have had does not apply; only the THAC0 according to his level as necromancer is used now). Despite the fact the corpus can now move as a

"Hello, little mortal... I fear I have to borrow your **spellbook** for some time."

-Corpus, eager to learn a bit more

On the other hand, a corpus might fear his willpower isn't strong enough for another change. If such a being is encountered, it is more than likely on a quest to make sure he will survive the next transformation, seeking spells and magical items to improve his wisdom.

Ecology: The corpus has regained his ability to gather experience (i.e. to get new experience levels). This influences his spell abilities, but doesn't change his hit points, THAC0 or saving throws. Of course, the corpus still has any treasures the cadaver had at the moment of transformation. If no other sources are available, a corpus has treasure types G, W, Z.

When the corpus has gained twelve new experience levels (i.e. a 10th level necromancer need to become a 22nd level necromancer), he buries himself in his home plane for one day, several feet in the ground. During this new transformation, the corpus has to succeed three Wisdom checks with a minus of 4 (i.e. a corpus

living being, they cannot quite react as they did in life (any Dexterity bonuses are lost as well and the creature's armor class remains at 10. Magical items notwithstanding).

A corpus can be turned as a lich, but still is immune to control. If a priest tries to control him, the corpus can even try to channel a negative energy strike back to the priest. If the priest doesn't manage to avoid this attack (saving throw vs. death magic), he instantly loses one life energy level.

All saving throws for the cadaver resemble the saving throws the necromancer had in his former life.

A corpus usually doesn't enter melee fight if he can avoid it. He prefers to use tactics, traps and spells to overcome his opponents. If avoiding a melee fight is not possible, the corpus will usually send servants and guardians in to fight in their stead.

Habitat/Society: In most ways the corpus fits into its habit as does its predecessor, the cadaver. The corpus, though, seeks to gain as much experience as possible, (because he has to gain twelve experience levels before he can become a senex) and because of this has to usually travel far and wide in order to gain these experiences.

with a Wisdom of 18 had to throw a 14 or less). If he succeeds all, he rises again as a Senex. If only one of these checks doesn't succeed, the corpus can't withstand the power of the plane: his will to live on is broken, and his soul will finally go on to an afterlife. His body, though, is still filled up with negative energy, and rises as an Atros. Such a creature has all the powers of a Senex, but seeks nothing short of the destruction of the whole multiverse.

A corpus can travel around his home plane freely, also leaving his "home layer". If he leaves to another plane, though, he can heal any wounds only with the help of magic. He also loses one hit point every day which cannot be healed by any means until he returns to his home plane.

Variant: See Cadaver; Cadaver, Senex/Atros; Cadaver, Posteritat

Centimere - Barinith, Greater

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Climate/Terrain:	Gehenna, The Grey Waste, Carceri
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	U, V x 2
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-6
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	13+2
THAC0:	8
No. of Attacks:	7
Damage/Attack:	3-18/1-8 x 6 or by weapon +10 x 6
Special Attacks:	Venom, Acid Cloud, Trample, Breath Weapon, Fear
Special Defenses:	Immune to Heat, Cold, Acid and Poisons. Regenerates 4 hp/round, only hit by +3 or greater magical weapons, impossible to surprise.
Magic Resistance:	65%
Size:	Huge (12' + to 25')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	27,000

The Centimere is the great enforcer for the Wise Ones. Any Barinith that is being recalcitrant or seditious will soon have a visit from this massive horror. The body of the centimere is much like that of a tremendous centipede. There are seven sections, each with four insect-like legs. The torso is manlike, though heavily chitin coated. There are three torso sections, each appearing to be a human torso, stacked one atop another. Each torso has its own set of well muscled arms.

The head is large and insect-like. It is angular with large compound eyes set to either side, and mandibles dominating the face. The whip like antennae lean slightly to the rear and are sensitive to any movement. From head to rear section they measure 25' in length and a normal specimen will weigh 4,000 lbs. The chitin armor of the creature is dark red with black whorls in a seemingly random pattern. It is slightly ridged and reflects very little light.

Combat: The Centimere in combat is a fearsome thing. Each of their six arms will normally wield a different magical weapon. They prefer giant sized weapons that their awesome size allows them to use in one hand. Their incredible strength (22) gives a +10 to all damage rolls. The great mandibles bite for 3d6 points of damage, on a roll of 18 or higher a limb is severed as per a sword of sharpness.

Like all Barinith, the Centimere's skin sweats a powerful acid. When they get excited (as in combat) this becomes an acid aura that burns all within 10' for



(The enforcer of the Barinith, the Centimere!)

"My sweet go---EERRRRKKKK!"

-A Prime, upon first seeing the mighty Centimere-

Given 50' to charge, the centimere will use its trample ability. They charge with a THAC0 of 10 and stamp upon any creature doing 5d8 points of damage to those caught under them. Each round after the first a save vs. paralysis must be attempted to escape the pummeling feet.

Each round the Centimere regenerates 4 HP. Like all Barinith they are immune to Heat, Cold, Acids and Poisons. They may only be hit by a weapon of +3 or greater enchantment. The antennae sense all movement within 50' making them impossible to surprise. Awe at the sight of a centimere makes all creatures of less than 8 levels or hit dice within 25' save vs. spells or be frozen in place by fear for 1d6 rounds.

Habitat/Society: The Centimere are the favored Barinith of the Wise Ones. They are used as enforcers for all those that disobey their will. They rarely take part in the hunt, though they will seek out those that have slain several lesser Barinith. None can be allowed to flout the Wise Ones on their home planes of Gehenna, The Grey Waste and Carceri. When any outsiders tries to establish an embassy or have dealings with the Barinith, it is normally a Centimere leading two Jehorra that does all the talking. If negotiations fail, they are quick to make a meal of the supplicants.

1d10 points of damage with a save vs. breath weapon for half damage. Once every five rounds it may use a poison and an acid spray. Each covers a cone shaped area 30' long and 12' wide at its farthest end. Those struck by the poison must save vs. poison or die in 5 rounds (lose 20% of hit points per round until dead, this continues regardless of healing for either 15 rounds or until neutralized). The acid spray does 5d10 points of damage with a save vs. breath weapon for half.

Ecology: Centimeres enjoy hunting those that they consider "lesser" creatures. They are too large to be truly skillful at anything beyond ambush tactics, though they are endlessly patient. Any large or greater class creature may see these leviathans rise up from the ground screaming exultantly. There have been precious few survivors of these awesome ambushes.

Cimmerian

© 1999 by Brannon. Artwork © 1999 by Jennie Seay. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any, Demiplane of Shadow
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Unknown
Activity Cycle:	Any, usually Nocturnal
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	G (magical items only)
Alignment:	Any

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	16
Hit Dice:	10 (base)
THAC0:	10 (base)
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d8+3 or by weapon (+3 for STR bonus)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Defenses:	Nil
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	M (6' tall)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	3,500

Beings that seem to be formed from pure shadow itself, the Cimmerian are some of the most enigmatic of all planar races. The Cimmerian, from head to toe seemed to be formed of the shadow-substance which comprises their home plane, the demiplane of Shadow. Their skin that is exposed (which is usually only their face) is smooth and nearly feature-less, it seems that they have neither eyes nor mouth and yet they can both see and drink.

Their clothing, which is always stylish yet effective, is formed of the same stuff, baring that it is usually of differing hues. Even the weapons of the Cimmerian are formed of the shadow substance and no weapon has ever been taken from one.

Cimmerian speak their own tongue, but only sparingly so in front of other races. It seems that they cannot comprehend some words in other languages (such as 'darkness') and they refer to their native tongue for these words. They also speak many trader's tongues, such as the Lower Planar Trade Tongue, Khaasta, and not surprisingly, arcane...

Also, and to the confusion of many a planewalker, the Cimmerian refer both to their race as Cimmerian, as well as their name. Thus, when a body meets a Cimmerian, it might introduce itself thusly, "I am called Cimmerian, and am a Cimmerian." To further confuse even the canniest of cutters, all Cimmerian appear to be female and yet sages argue that this is not the case.



J. SEAY 3-99

(A Cimmerian on the prowl)

Habitat/Society: The society of the Cimmerian is one shrouded in mystery and doubt, as well as surrounded by hearsay and speculation. Some planar sages argue that the race is one filled with nothing but knights of the post and cony-catchers, while others rant that they are nothing but quiet mystics, artists, and followers of ways long lost the rest of the multiverse. Little is known for sure, save that the Cimmerian have well established citadels, known as *Viir-kilth* in their tongue, scattered all throughout the Demiplane of Shadow. From these "Shadow Citadels", as they are commonly called, the Cimmerian coordinate their impressive trade routes, which is their only "claim to fame".

The Cimmerian are almost always at odds with the Takers, although the exact reasoning for this is unknown. What is known, however, that no known Cimmerian, despite their seeming natural inclination towards acquiring wealth and possessions, has ever been admitted into the faction. Whether this is because they have been

Combat: Cimmerian are quick to enter a fray if it ensues, but oddly, they are rarely around when it ends. It is almost as if they use the confusion that ensues within a battle as cover, and seem to disappear at some point during the fighting.

Upon entering battle, they seem to become enveloped in a hazy mist which acts as a *blur* spell and they can, at any point, enact the following abilities at the rate of once per round: *shadow walk*, *darkness 15' radius*, and *shadow monsters*. Also, Cimmerian enjoy the ability of being able to cast *haste* once a day, but it is not known if they suffer the aging effect from this or not.

Further, Cimmerian can, only at times of grave need, conjure *darkfire* from deep within themselves and project it towards a target. This acts as a *fireball* spell that is composed of utter blackness, cast by a 9th level wizard, and always does the maximum damage. It also has the affects of a *darkness 15' radius* spell, only the duration and radius are doubled. However, afterwards, the Cimmerian is literally on death's door for 1d10+2 days and must make consecutive system shock checks in order to survive. During this time, the Cimmerian cannot take part in any activity other than rest and their form seems to be fading or translucent, as if it is losing substance.

**"No, you leatherheaded sod!
My name is Cimmerian...
...and my sister's name is Cimmerian!
Got it?"**

-Confusion begins with the introductions whenever a Cimmerian is encountered.-

In addition to their formidable spell abilities, Cimmerian are fearsome and skilled opponents, fighting with both hands without penalty, although they can use only weapons that are short-sword sized or smaller to do this. Also, all Cimmerian operate as thieves of at least 8th level, and this improves at a rate of one level for every Hit Die above their base of 10.

denied entrance is unknown, but the Takers merely remark that none have ever replied...

Some planar graybeards (mostly those that comment that the Cimmerian are a race of thieves and brigands) speculate that the Cimmerian have dealings with the shadow fiends on a regular basis. Knowing their penchant for acquiring new things, a Cimmerian well might deal with a shadow fiend, but they would just as likely deal with a celestial as well.

Chant has it that the Cimmerian often have dealings with the Power Mask, and one of the Shadow Lord's high-up proxies that spends its time between Limbo and the Outlands is a Cimmerian...

Ecology: The Cimmerian seem to exist in accord with their native plane of shadowy substance. In truth, they even seem to be made of the stuff! Their weapons, clothing, armor and even their skin seem to be made of malleable shadow over which they have a limited control over the form, hardness, and strength. When a Cimmerian is slain or expires, they seem to simply melt into the nearest shadow. Graybeards theorize that the Cimmerian do not really die, but they merely return to their home plane where they re-form. The Cimmerian's unique method of naming themselves seems to somewhat support this theory.

Nothing is known of Cimmerian reproduction.

Ckraken

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Climate/Terrain:	Limbo
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	None
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore (literally anything)
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	Varies
Movement:	8
Hit Dice:	18
THAC0:	8
No. of Attacks:	4 or 5 (or any combination thereof)
Damage/Attack:	4d10+10 x4, 3d12
Special Attacks:	<i>Grab, Burst</i>
Special Defenses:	Can be hit by only +3 or better weapons, immune to chaos
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Huge (12' + to 25')
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	55,000

The ckraken, or chaos kraken, as they are often called, are massive creatures almost exclusively found traversing the rolling soup of Limbo. They are tall and massively built, towering at thrice the height of a normal sod and easily four times as wide.

Each ckraken appears slightly different, but all are some unusual combination of widely different creatures or animals. Strangely, all chaos kraken have four limbs, but of course these limbs may differ from individual to individual. Where one ckraken might have the giant hoofed and furred legs of a khorred or satyr and the upper body of a green-scaled, four-armed lizard with the simian



(The Ckraken, consummate creature of Chaos)

It is during this point that the creature is most vulnerable, and has an AC of 8, THACO of 20 and can be hit by weapons of +1 or better enchantment. For those few bashers that can withstand the might of its *Burst* attack, this is a short, but welcome respite and a window of opportunity.

If the ckraken is able to reform, it will do so fully restored and even more furious that it is still being disturbed. However, the chaos kraken cannot again use its *Burst* attack for one full day (or for whatever passes as a day on Limbo).

If a ckraken is encountered off of Limbo (a very rare, but not impossible happening) and it attempts to use its *Burst* attack, then the beast is immediately destroyed in the subsequent explosion (the damage is still caused to those in the nearby vicinity, however).

"Oh my G-"

-A green prime, after first laying eyes upon a Ckraken-

head of an ape, another might be an enormous slug with four protruding pinchers and wings.

It is not fully known how these creatures are able to distinguish one another as a single race and not a large group of similarly sized creatures, but somehow they do. This fact baffles Guvnors to this day.

Combat: The chaos kraken is a devastating enemy in combat and it is highly advised that if encountered, bodys should not provoke them. The ckraken are very easy to anger or spook and they are totally unpredictable. Responses ranging from eloquent poetry being recited to total annihilation of the general area and populace have been recorded.

Ckraken are able to attack four times a round with their massive appendages and are able to bring all four to bear on a single opponent or just as easily, attack four different sods, provided they are within its deadly reach. Most chaos kraken usually attempt to grab an individual and literally crush the life out of him, rather than striking as if with a weapon. (Both forms of attack do equally massive damage, the only difference being that if grabbed, the ckraken need not make a "to hit" roll the following round. However, a body can attempt a Strength check at -8 to try and break free of the terror's grasp).

An attack form that also seems to be favored by most ckraken is that once a sod has been grabbed, it simply pops the unfortunate body (size M or smaller) into its massive maw (if it has one) and begins chewing (this attack does the above listed 3d12 points of damage per round unless the victim can somehow manage to escape).

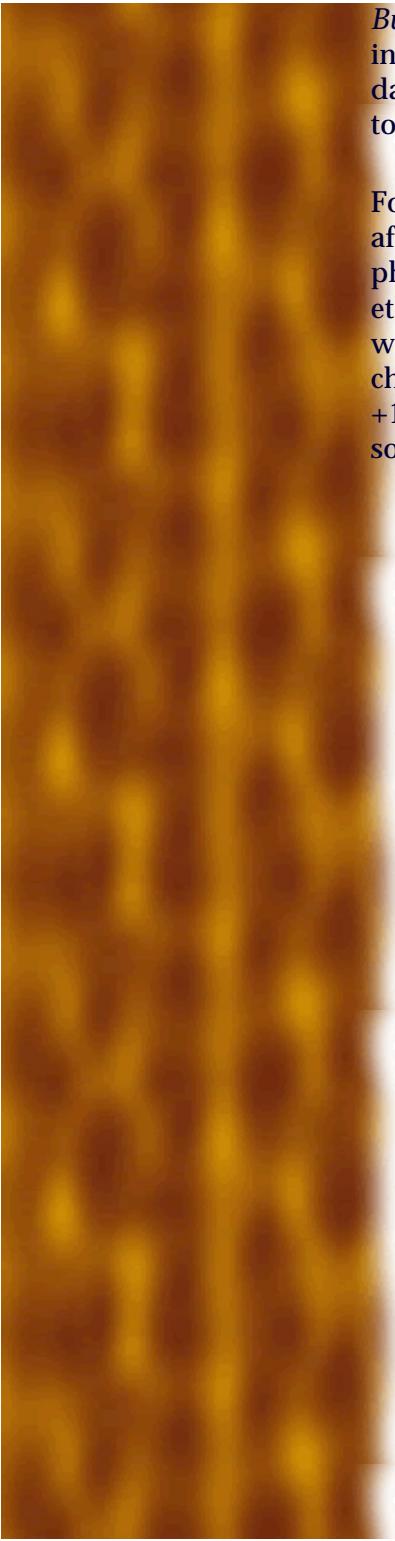
Finally, if the monster is further provoked (or sometimes for no reason at all) it will unleash its

Habitat/Society: Due to the chaotic nature of these animals, as well as their raw and unpredictable power, very little is known of these creatures. Most of what is known of their comings and goings has been gleaned from the close observations and studies of the Xaositech bladeling known only as Xobb. Xobb, a self-proclaimed "Limboian ranger" has been tracking and studying these creatures for an unknown number of cycles (he cannot even remember when he first came to Limbo). Further, since Xobb always speaks backwards and perceives that time is merely a large duck that sits on his shoulder and occasionally bites him on the ear, most of what he tells other sods about the ckraken is taken with "a grain of salt".

However, it seems that Xobb has discovered that some point in the life cycle of the ckraken, they all try and gather in a "holy-freakin-groove-zone" somewhere in Limbo to "sing songs about purple bats with gopher twos and threes" while "romping tweetily amongst the theory green gangrene bushes of juniper that don't otherly grow back and upwards".

If nothing else, they seem to be able to gather together **without** destroying one another...

Ecology: The ckraken are widely accepted as staples of the Limboian ecology. Their close ties to the chaos of the plane (as evidenced in their forms, actions, and means of defending themselves) clearly mark them as natives of the chaos of Limbo. Exactly how they fit in, and precisely what they do are wholly and utterly unknown...



Burst attack, wherein the creature literally explodes into chaotic energy, causing 10d10+10 points of damage (save vs. Breath Weapon for half damage) to all creatures within a 10 feet radius sphere.

For the actual blast and for a few moments afterward, the chaos kraken is no longer in a physical form. It is neither invisible, nor is it ethereal or projecting into the astral in any way whatsoever. It has simply become one with its ever-changing element. After a few moments pass (1d6 +1d4 rounds) the ckraken returns, slowly solidifying back into its normal self.

Corin'sey - Barinith, Least

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Climate/Terrain:	Gehenna and the Grey Waste
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	War Bands
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	V
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	5-20
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	6
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	2d6+9
Special Attacks:	<i>Acid Cloud, Berserk</i>
Special Defenses:	Immune to acids, poisons and temperature extremes. Immune to all mind affecting spells.
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Large (7' + to 12')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	5,000

The Corin'sey are the untouchables of Barinith society. They have so consistently failed in their assigned hunts that the Elders have transformed them into brutes suitable only for melee combat. The Corin'sey live only to die. Their great hope is that they will die in a valiant enough manner that the elders will use the Soul Gem to recreate them as a higher life form.

The Corin'sey are great powerful creatures (9' tall, strength 19). Their head resembles a steer skull with brilliant blue burning lights for eyes. Sheets of bone resemble armor all over their humanoid bodies, and they decorate these bone plates to appear as intimidating as possible. Great masses of muscle make them bulkier than any minotaur, though they do resemble them.

The standout feature of the Corin'sey is their war mauls. These are huge (70lbs) hammers and the greatest source of pride for the species. All of the war mauls are decorated to individual taste, and fights will break out between the beasts if they dispute who's hammer is the better designed.

Combat: The exultant screams of a Corin'sey in combat are the last sound many have heard. When faced with any foe they will charge to engage in melee combat. It is dishonorable to be slain by range weapons, so they will take sensible precautions to avoid this. All will move to attack the most powerful foe available in hope of a glorious death. If they can defeat him, so much the better.

All Corin'sey sweat a fine mist of acid in a six foot radius around the creature. This burns vulnerable



(The horrendous Corin'sey!)

This has the counterproductive effect, from the Corin'sey's point of view, of often making them victorious in many battles they otherwise would have lost. The mournful howls of a Corin who has survived a battle against a fierce opponent is said to be heart rending.

Habitat/Society: The Corin'sey are organized into war bands. These always start out with 20 members and hire themselves out as mercenaries. They never get replacements and eventually are all killed in the endless Blood War. The Elders will occasionally hire a war band themselves, and this is always looked forward to by the corin as service to the elders may allow them to advance in the next life.

When a Corin'sey is created from another Barinith their soul is drawn off (accounting for the lowered intelligence and immunity to mind affecting spells) and stored in a soul gem. These gems are used to review the actions of a dead corin when the elders elect to create a new Barinith.

"Powers and Proxies!"

What is that?!?"

-Any first encounter with a Corin'sey-

Ecology: The Corin are fairly devastating to any area they are housed in. They place no value on their own lives, and thus value no others. They will kill any

creatures for 1d8 points of damage per round. They will bash any foe with their war maul (2d6+9 points of damage) until either the Corin or the foe is destroyed.

If the Corin takes damage they become so excited by the prospect of death they go berserk. This doubles the number of attacks per round and increases the size (to 12' radius) and potency (3d4 points of damage per round) of the acid cloud.

creature they can save other Barinith, as that might reflect poorly upon them.

Cadaver, Posteritat

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Climate/Terrain:	Outer Planes (see below)
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Varies (as in former life)
Treasure:	See below
Alignment:	Any (as in former life)
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-4
Movement:	Movement rate as in former life
Hit Dice:	Varies (as Corpus)
THAC0:	Varies (as Corpus, with Strength bonus)
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	Varies (as Corpus, with Strength bonus)
Special Attacks:	Spells, Lifedrain, Fear aura
Special Defenses:	Spells, Immunities, Regeneration, Reincarnation
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	Varies (as in former life)
Morale:	Fanatic (20)
XP Value:	37,000, plus 1,000 for every two levels above 22nd the Corpus had at the moment of transformation

A posteritat looks quite much as a Senex, though his body glows with a dark energy, and his strength and power is obviously great. The dark energy where eyes should be burns like an incarnation of destructive power (in fact, it is strong negative energy).

Combat: Usually, a posteritat doesn't have to fight. He's buried in his home plane, deep in some extremely hidden, extremely well guarded lair. Only the most powerful creatures can ever hope to fight their way through to a posteritat's "grave" - and then they will find out the creature already awaits them, definitely in a bad mood.

Posteritats are mighty foes in combat and through their powers, can quickly destroy nearly any foe (They enjoy a Strength of 25 (+7 improvement of THAC0 and +14 damage adjustment and three attacks per round). Every throw of 10 or more counts as a hit, and a posteritat can hit any creature. The touch of a posteritat drains six life energy levels).

Posteritats have an extremely tough body and great agility which further aid them in combat (they have a natural armor class of -4, which is surely to be adjusted by powerful magical items). To hit a posteritat, a mighty magical weapon (At least a +5 weapon) is needed, and if he doesn't lose all his hit points in one



(The Feared Posteritat)

**"Mom, Dad, I've got to tell you something.
And I've got to do something."**

-Posteritat in his life as Prince Leroual, before killing his parents

The child is immune to any mind-affecting or mind-reading spells from birth. When the child comes into puberty (or whatever might be fitting for this in the particular race), it starts to slowly remember his origins. With every month passing, the child gains back one level of experience. When it has gained the experience level it had when transforming into a Senex, it takes another year until the child gets the power to cast one spell per round without memorizing. Another year later, he can cast two spells per round, and he can control any necromantic spell as the posteritat does.

The child has the skills (fighting abilities, hit points,

round, all wounds are healed before the new round begins. In the same round in which he attacks three times, a posteritat can cast two spells with but a thought, and even a hit doesn't interrupt him. If he casts a necromantic spell, he can choose the effectiveness of that spell as pleases him (e.g., if a victim of a *Finger of Death* spell succeeds the saving throw, the posteritat can choose how much damage the victim suffers, from the minimum 3 hit points to the maximum of 17 hit points).

In his lair, a posteritat can't be turned. Otherwise, they are turned as a Special Undead with a minus of 4 for the priest (that is, a 14th level priest would need to throw a 17 or higher when checking). Someone who tries to control a posteritat will find out this is a bad idea: The posteritat can suck up to twelve life energy levels of any priest who tries, or he can try to control the priest himself as if he was the priest (of at least 22nd level, according to what level he had achieved when becoming a Senex) and the priest was an undead with as many hit dice as he has levels.

The posteritat is very agile, tough and has great willpower, giving him a saving throw of 1 for all such checks.

Habitat/Society: The posteritat's body usually doesn't do anything else but lie buried in his lair. The soul, though, wanders off to any plane the posteritat chooses. He can seek out any mortal beings who just mate, and insert his own soul in the forming body of the soon-to-be-born child (which can have any gender the posteritat desires). When the child is then born, it doesn't yet remember his origin. The child does, though, have the posteritat's alignment, personality, wisdom, intelligence, etc. Such children usually seem to be true geniuses, but due to their willpower (and maybe their alignment differing from their parents), they are often horribly hard to be raised in the way the parents would like it.

etc.) as a normal member of his race, and can also be killed that way. A "posteritat-child" that has been killed cannot be raised again; it's not even possible to make an undead from the body. The posteritat's soul returns to the body on the Outer Planes, and probably returns suddenly to be reborn somewhere else. Some years later, it might be possible that the posteritat seeks revenge for his "murder". On the other hand, the posteritat might show up with his true body if he doesn't want to wait that long.

The posteritat remembers everything he learns during his "mortal life". He can learn new spells, seek the dark of the multiverse, or whatever else he wants. Treasures he might have gathered during this time are left behind, of course, when his soul returns to the posteritat's true body.

Ecology: The posteritat has goals all of his own. No general rules can be given to what a posteritat might try to accomplish. Maybe he seeks to conquer the multiverse, maybe he just wants to keep on living as a mortal. In any way, the reborn posteritats are fearless beings, for they know they can, at worst, lose some years when they get killed.

As a posteritat can choose his parents freely, he might make sure he's born as the child of some high-up. An evil posteritat might come to rule a kingdom this way, while a good one might become a superb advisor for good folk. There are no limits for the posteritat, as long as both parents are mortals.

When the hide-out of a posteritat is in danger, the posteritat knows it suddenly. If he thinks it is necessary, he can call his soul back to his lair, making his mortal shell fall down dead (probably shocking any who liked him, and making happy his opponents). He can always be reborn, of course.

A posteritat who leaves his lair can travel freely to wherever he wants without disadvantages. He can, though, only be reborn if he is buried in his lair, and his true body can be turned as described in the **Combat** section.

Variant: See Cadaver; Cadaver, Corpus; Cadaver, Senex/Atros;

Crusader - Tanar'ri, Risen

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Tribe
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	C, F
Alignment:	Chaotic Good

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-9
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	12
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	Spells, by magical weapon, 3
Damage/Attack:	By spell, by magical weapon, 2-12/1-10/1-10
Special Attacks:	Spells, <i>Holy Light</i>
Special Defenses:	<i>Protection from Evil</i> , +2 or better
Magic Resistance:	weapon to hit, regeneration 3hp/rd. 70%
Size:	L (7' tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	45,000

History of the Crusader

Excerpt from the Ninth Chapter

Holy History of The Order of the Weeping Rose

"...In ages past the great Paladin-Mage Jirra Lightbinder organized a great quest. He would convert a creature of darkest evil into a holy knight as he himself had once been. The many knights in his service cried him hale as they descended into the abyss.

Many weeks of fighting and much destruction did they see. The band of knights was reduced from Three Hundreds to some dozen, but still the holy warriors did persevere. At long last a great foe was reduced to inability by the sage powers of the Lightbinder. Long did the evil beast wail and strive 'gainst the power granted the blessed of the gods. At last the great devil was transported to the holy place of the brethren who had brought him low.

Many were the prayers and hosannas made over the beast. Much care was taken to show the greatest in all that is good. The blessings of many Gods were invoked and received. One cycle after the fell creature did fall into our hands did a Holy Archon grace the Holy Place with his presence. Long did the Archon and the beast make war with words.

At long last did the Archon place upon the head of the bound beast a great and holy relic - a portal to the mind of a god. The beast did writhe and mouth hateful things. Upon its exhaustion did the beast cease to struggle and commune with the God. The true and holy way was revealed unto its eyes. Great was the shame of the beast as he bethought back



(A Crusader, conjuring his *Holy Light*!)

"And on the fifth day, I destroyed ten fiends, and it was good.

And on the sixth day, I destroyed twelve fiends, and..."

-Crusader Chit-Chat

It is said that through the might of the Power the Crusader is dedicated to, a gate is created within it to the home plane of the chosen deity. This allows full access to the spell abilities and power that the Realm and the deity provides and nullifies any loss in ability level (as per other planewalker priest classes). The tentacle itself is nearly indestructible (Armor Class -9 with 50 hp and is 100% Magic Resistant) but is utterly useless as an appendage. They will always dress and act in exact accordance with the holy vestments of their faith.

Combat: A Crusader in combat is truly an awe-inspiring sight. If fighting fiends they will first activate their *Holy Light*, which burns all evilly aligned creatures within a twenty feet sphere with blazing white light (causes 1d12 points of damage per round of exposure) and can never be healed, as it is the direct application of a Power's holy aura.

Each Crusader also carries a *Holy Avenger* sword to use in the destruction of any and all fiends. (The 50% magic resistance granted by the sword should be rolled for first then apply the 70% natural resistance for any surviving spells). Most of these *Holy Avenger* blades are massive weapons (giant-sized Bastard swords) that are in themselves, very nearly awe-inspiring and all Crusaders should be considered masters in their use. (4 attacks/round, +8 to hit and to

upon his foul and fell deeds. Long was the vigil of his prayer. Many weeks later did the bindings upon the beast burst asunder. Fear struck as the knights drew their weapons, casting the priests behind them to seek safety as they may.

No war did the beast make upon the warriors of light. Fall down to his knees did he, to thank them and kiss their feet. The beast, now named Crusader to the God, drew up a great and holy sword from the air. We knew not it's origin, save the Archon labeled it a gift. Descend upon us a great lizard-steed did, possessing wise and kindly eyes, it named itself Ki-rin.

Leaping upon this Ki-rin the crusader did have off. Many were the tales of his valor, and many were his conversions to the lighted path. His sword was recovered from beneath a great multitude of slain fiends, the body of the holy warrior was nowhere to be found. Thus is the guardian and champion of good fated ever to act."

The Crusaders are a small group of tanar'ri who have, through priestly spells and sanctity of the Powers, been utterly converted to the cause of good. They have sworn themselves each to a different of the "good" Powers and have been given all the holy strength and abilities of paladins.

All Crusaders have icy white skin, with disturbing red-on-black eyes. They are completely hairless, although they often decorate themselves and their tentacle with ribbons, feathers, and symbols of their faith. It is this tentacle, located on the back of their head, which is the source of their "holy" power.

damage, double damage to evilly aligned creatures. Damage is 2d8/1d12 one-handed and 4d4/4d8 two-handed).

All Crusaders have access to the same holy powers as do the holy warriors of their faith (**cast spells as a Paladin of their Hit Die in levels**); all known crusaders use Ki-rin as mounts when waging war upon fiendish enemies.

Habitat/Society: The society of Crusaders revolves totally around expunging their previous sins by destroying fiends and their dark works. If not actually involved in physical conflict, the Crusaders attempt to forward the designs of their deity in any way possible.

Because of their origins, might and destructive capability, all fiends both fear and despise Crusaders, but none more than the tanar'ri. Any tanar'ri will attack a Crusader on sight (not to say that any other fiend would not...) and fight until one of the two is utterly destroyed. Strangely, baatezu, although they cannot stomach the beings, often try and use the single-mindedness of the Crusader as a lever in the Blood War against the tanar'ri. However, there are countless tales spun in Sigil that tell of how a Crusader (or three) saw through the subtle machinations of the baatezu and destroyed both them and the tanar'ri before all was said and done.

Ecology: The Crusader has no impact on the ecology but depending on their Power (such as a good Power dedicated to nature), they may do works to better it while not waging war upon the fiends. It is said that the tentacle of a Crusader fetches quite a high price in some Lower Planar gatetowns, and that the buyers are usually yugoloths, the reason for this, however, remains dark.

Planetouched PC's: Aasimar versions of the Crusader are also known to traverse the planes.

Cryshma

© 1999 by Martin Lambert & Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of RICHARD Damien. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Elemental Plane of Earth, Quasiplane of Mineral
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Tribe
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Select rock and mineral formations
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Q (hideout G, F)
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	5-30
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	4 (Base)
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	By weapon +4
Special Attacks:	<i>Colorspray, Hailstones</i>
Special	None
Defenses:	None
Magic	None
Resistance:	None
Size:	M (4-5' tall)
Morale:	Steady (12)
XP Value:	1,500

Cryshma, or Crystal Bandits as they are more commonly known throughout the Inner Planes, are a race of raiders and thieves inhabiting both the Elemental Plane of Earth as and the Quasiplane of Mineral. They are vaguely humanoid in shape and appear to be made of a jagged, dull gray stone that is covered with crystal growths of many varied and vibrant colors. Further, top-shelf members of a Cryshma tribe will often decorate themselves with intricate metal inlays to indicate rank and to tell of their great deeds. However, due to their habits of attacking from ambush and the dark, few sods ever see this ornate and beautiful skin.

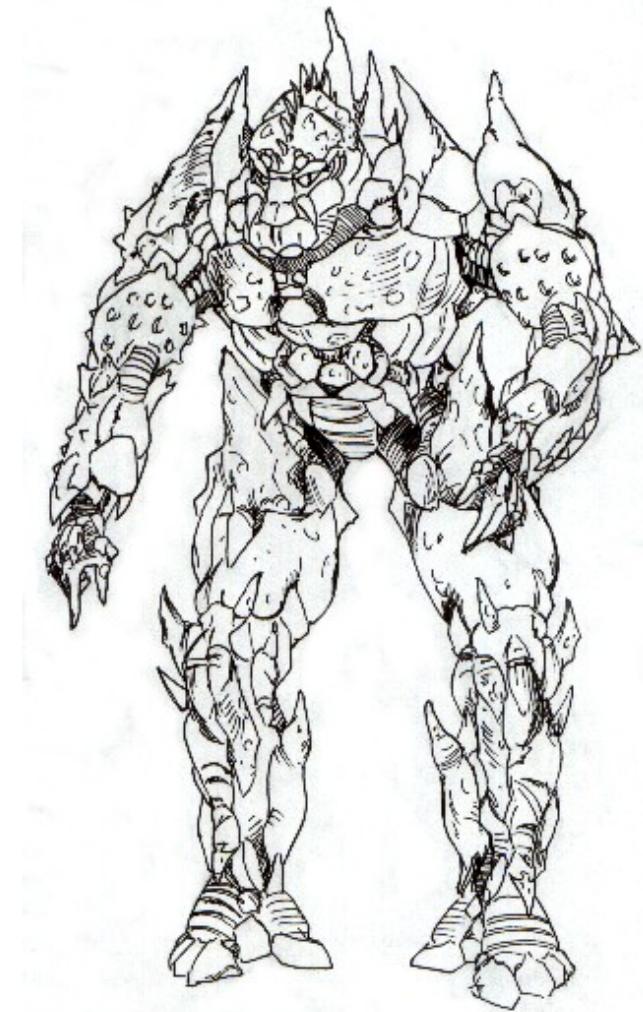
Cryshma are often mistaken for common boulders as their *stone cloaks* provide perfect camouflage in their native planes. The eyes of a Cryshma appear to be composed of a deep blue crystal that seems to glow dimly, even in the dark.

Cryshma speak a kind of "jumble tongue" that is composed primarily of the elemental tongue of earth, along with smatterings of mineral and common. It is usually very difficult to understand, but then again, the bashers don't rattle their bone-boxes a great deal anyway...

"H'nd ov'r 'z j'nk 'n no vone g'tz h'rt!"

-The first (and last) thing that most sods hear from a Cryshma-

Combat: In combat the relatively slow-moving Cryshma will normally attack from ambush with hurled weapons such as crystalline spears and javelins which they handcraft from the hardest and



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(Cryshma - the Crystal Bandits)

For every five Cryshma there will be an ambush leader, or *kt'hk* in their native tongue, who is a incredibly skilled and strong warrior (These ambush leaders are 6 Hit Dice creatures and possess an 18/00 Strength). Further, if two or more *kt'hk* are present, there will be a war chief, or *klk'thal*, of nearly unbelievable might (8 Hit Dice and possess a 19 Strength) along with a shaman advisor, or *t'konk'ka*, who is a priest of impressive ability (treated as priest of up to 6th level).

If overmatched the Cryshma will break and retreat, though they will never leave wounded or dead members of their tribe. Crystals can be broken off of their body which then explode in an effect similar to the wizard spell *Color spray* in mere moments (1d2 rounds), which is normally used to break up tightly knit enemy formations or cover a retreat.

Habitat/Society: The society of the Cryshma is a tight knit tribal organization. Young are raised communally by all females of the tribe and males serve as hunters and

most durable minerals found throughout the planes. Their surprise tactics are aided by their unique magical items, known as *stone cloaks*, which apparently not only allow the user to appear as a stone, but to also take on the physical properties of one! The ambush is almost always a well rehearsed and coordinated attack that can leave all but the tarmiest of planewalkers utterly reeling in confusion and disarray.

The Cryshma will often use their dazzling *Hailstones* ability, which creates a storm of both jagged and blunted crystals, (*acts as the fourth level wizard spell Ice Storm causing 3d10 points of damage in a 40 foot diameter sphere once per day*) to supplement their dizzying ambushes, or when they feel that they are potentially outnumbered. Also, avalanches, mud slides, and other natural hazards are used to hinder or harm opponents.

Strangely, bludgeoning weapons are favored by the Crystal Bandits, with the unusual *ckk'tangs* (*pronounced ktangs*), a massive two-handed crystalline mace being the most common melee weapon. Their combat style is wild and uncontrolled, relying primarily on surprise, shock and mass to bear down large or powerful opponents.

warriors. The young of the Crystal bandits are skillful warriors in their own right (*they are considered 1 Hit Dice monsters*) and commonly number one for every two females. Female Cryshma normally outnumber males by a ratio of two to one, but are totally subservient to the males within the tribal structure. Tribes may number up to 300 members and are nomadic, wandering throughout the planes of Earth and Mineral, as well as any adjoining plane which suits their physiology.

Ecology: The Cryshma consume minerals found in their environment and excrete a clear resin that is greatly prized as a coating for shields and armors. It is said that if applied properly, the resin will improve the protective qualities of the armor greatly (*lowers the AC of rigid armors by 3*). The Cryshma are aware of the properties of this resin, and they make it available to outsiders who have proven themselves worthy of their trust. The trade value of the resin from the tribe can fetch as much as 375 gp per vial.

It is not known what the Cryshma do with the items that are plundered from their victims, although they do seem to comprehend the worth of many objects. Common types of items that are taken in their raids include, magical items, gems, and jewelry, and strangely, anything with leather attached to it.

Cadaver, Senex/Atros

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Climate/Terrain:	Outer Planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Varies (as in former life)
Treasure:	See below
Alignment:	Any (as in former life)
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	Movement rate of former life
Hit Dice:	Varies (as Corpus)
THAC0:	Varies (as Corpus, with Strength bonus)
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	Varies (as Corpus, with Strength bonus)
Special Attacks:	Spells, Lifedrain, Fear Aura
Special Defenses:	Spells, Immunities, Regeneration
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Varies (as in former life)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	24,000 plus 1,000 for every two levels above 22nd the Corpus had at the moment of transformation

The senex and atros look quite much like liches, though their whole body is ebon black. Where their eyes should be, a dark pulsing energy can be seen. A senex or atros looks strong, vital and powerful, and his fighting prowess can be truly fearful.

Combat: The senex and atros keep all the abilities of a corpus, but are much more vital, as they are driven both by Negative Energy as well as by a deep link with the home plane. (the creature has Strength of 18/00 (improving his THAC0 by 3 and his damage by 6) and two attacks per round). A senex's or atros' skin is tough, and his agility is astonishing, (giving him an armor class of 0, which can still be improved by magical items, and usually is). Their touch drains a victim of three life energy levels, although they usually prefer to use spells instead of entering a fight directly.

The senex or atros can cast one spell instead of one attack, and can cast all spells that were known before the transformation, without any need to memorize them. He also gained a high resistance to magic (magic resistance of 25%) when he merged with his home plane, and regenerates as an astonishing rate (three hit points every round).

If he wishes to, the senex can be cloaked in an aura of utter fear (surrounded by a 20 feet Aura of Fear). Anyone entering this aura must be quick in mind and body (has to make a saving throw vs. paralyzation) or be paralyzed by fear until out of the range of this



(A Senex, bartering for knowledge)

"One millenium to prepare myself.
Then, an eternity to conquer the multiverse."

-A Senex, making plans

Ecology: The atros doesn't do anything for his surroundings, only against it. The senex, though, often makes deals with other powerful beings. The handful of good senex that might exist (if at all) are probably are servants of good that even powerful fiends might be afraid of.

Senex usually gather many treasures in their long unlife. They gain the ability to use any magical item (as long as there are no problems as alignment of intelligent weapons, etc.), and the centuries-old Senex usually have a whole hoard of them. (If no other source is available, they have treasure type A, S, T, U (all *3). For any century they live, add treasure types D, V, Z).

Senex and Atros can travel around the Outer Planes freely, but lose one hit point for every week they stay away from the Outer Planes. This can't be healed until they are on their home plane again (not necessarily on their "home layer", however). A senex or atros away

effect. An atros always uses this aura of fear, and someone who is paralyzed by this usually never comes out of their aura alive.

Atros and Senex can both be turned as "Special Undead", though trying to control one suddenly sucks two life energy levels of the offending priest.

Habitat/Society: The senex still resembles the being he once was, but he is far more powerful than ever before. Most senex get more and more power hungry (if they were not already), while others seek to find out as much about the nature of the multiverse as possible.

Since a senex has to wait another 1,000 years before he can make the next step, he uses the first centuries to do whatever pleases him. When he sees the date of the next transformation coming nearer, he starts to build up a secret lair, full of traps, guardians and whatever might be useful to make his stay safe.

The atros does not worry much about his own safety, though: He's a powerful berserker driven by Negative Energy alone, and seeks to destroy anyone and anything coming his way. Most atros don't have a very long-lasting existence, but the places seeing their destructive power usually keep their scars for a long time.

from his home plane for more than 5 days also loses his regeneration ability; this returns in about one hour after returning to the home plane.

After 1,000 years, a Senex can finally become a Posteritat, the most powerful of the Cadaver undead. He again needs to bury himself in his "home layer" for 27 days. At the end of this period, the Senex has to (succeed a Wisdom check with a minus 10) resist the powerful pulling of his home plane (remember that he has even merged with the home plane already). If he fails, his soul moves on to the afterlife, leaving the body already buried. If he succeeds, he remains beneath the soil as long as possible, because after a certain period of time, he gains the ability to move his soul to any place in the multiverse to be reborn as a mortal.

Variant: See Cadaver; Cadaver, Corpus; Cadaver, Posteritat

Danavas

© 2000 by Raman Bath, a.k.a. Spyder. Artwork © of Boris Radujko. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Elemental Plane of Water
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Clan (caste system)
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	H, Qx3
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1-4
Armor Class:	0, or -5
Movement:	15, Sw 24
Hit Dice:	15
THAC0:	5
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-10, or by weapon +10
Special Attacks:	Whirlpool, spell like abilities
Special Defenses:	+2 or better weapon to hit, immunities, see below
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	Huge (12' + to 25')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	18,000

In ages past the gods of the Vedic Pantheon were at war with a race of mighty water spirits whose name has been lost in time. It is widely believed by sages and plane walkers alike that the race known as the Danavas are in fact the descendants of those same spirits. Just as the Titans are kin to the Greek gods so too are the Danavas, related to the Vedic deities. Due to their lineage these powerful demigods are impressive to behold. Each member of the species towers nearly 18' tall and weighs in around 5,000 pounds. Their bodies are lean and sinewy from life under the constant pressure of the Elemental Plane of Water. The Danavas have skin varying from light blue, to an almost black color. Their eyes are round and warm, yet do not let their eyes fool you. More than one cutter has lost his life looking into those same round, warm eyes. The Danavas typically have long jet hair, or silvery manes that glisten like polished abalone.

In a word the Danavas are nothing short of stunning. They wear garments made from the hides of any number of aquatic creatures and wear jewels made of the most precious pearls available to the folk of the Elemental Planes. They radiate an exceptional beauty that can literally transfix lesser individuals (19 charisma, charm person at will) and more than one deity has become enamored with these exceptional beings. Despite their virtues the Danavas are more arrogant, and willful than any of the other planar races. They view all other life as beneath them and seek only to enslave the other races that reside in the Elemental Plane. It is said that the only thing more conceited and detestable than a Marid, is a Danavas. The Marid and Danavas wage war on one another with unceasing vigilance. More often than not the Marid's have greater numbers, which prevents the more powerful Danavas from obtaining victory. The



(The wicked and arrogant Danavas)

All Danavas are immune to cold based, and water based attacks of any kind including their own whirlpools. They are immune to non-magical disease, poison, and weapon attacks of less than +2 enchantment. The Danavas are also immune to standard fire based attacks. If on the other hand the fire is magical, it will then inflict +1 hp per dice of damage inflicted. Weapons made of cold wrought iron, or made of silver can also penetrate their defenses and will prevent them from regenerating until they have a chance to rest and heal the damage naturally.

Habitat/Society: Danavas have an unusual caste system that is followed rigorously by the entire species. The lowest class known as the "kala" or untouchables, include slaves and livestock that has been subjugated by the Danavas. Slaves perform all manner of menial tasks that keep the island cities of the Danavas in immaculate condition. No Danavas household is without at least a hand full of slaves to tend their coral gardens, and prepare their food (some cutters suggest that the food can just as easily be the slaves.) The next class is the "Jatt" or worker class. These include the artisans, and traders among the Danavas. Danavas have been known to frequent Sigil on occasion and deal mainly with pearls and exotic animal hides. Such businessmen are notoriously ruthless and hold utter

current chant among the high ups in Sigil is that the Marid and Danavas are actually off shoots of the original godlike beings that once warred with the gods. Of course this has not been confirmed and no cutter worth his wits is going to interrogate a Danavas about the topic.

Combat: Should they feel the need to enter melee combat the Danavas can use their powerful fists and inflict 1-10 points of damage. Most of the time however they prefer to use giant sized scimitars, spears, tridents, nets, and crossbows that are further enhanced with their base 22 strength. Occasional some individuals have been encountered with 23 or even 24 strength, but such encounters are not generally common and account for only 15% of the population that exceeds the standard 22 score. 30% of the time any given Danava (singular) encountered will have an enchanted weapon of no less than +2 value. When prepared for the rigors of warfare the Danavas don pallid scale mail armor made from whalebone, and enchanted to provide no encumbrance penalty. Should they decide to forgo hand to hand combat the Danavas can engage the following spell like powers at will: *know alignment, detect magic, detect invisibility, blur, water breathing* (bestowed upon others), *solid fog, wall of ice* (once per turn), *lower water* (once per turn), *part water* (once per turn), *call lightning* (once per turn), *control weather* (once per day), and *Abi-Dalzim's horrid wilting* (once per day). Each of these abilities is cast at 15th level proficiency.

Just like the Storm Giant is able to move freely under water, so too can the Danavas. Their exceptional rate of movement is attributed not just to their physical conditioning, but to magical means as well. The Danavas regenerate 2 hp per round as long as they are immersed in water and the lack of water does not hinder them in combat as they can survive indefinitely away from any water source. These creatures also possess a spell like ability to create whirlpools of limited size. As often as once per day they can create a whirlpool that will automatically draw in victims within 30 yards of its epicenter. Those that have been caught in its affects suffer 3d6 points of battering damage, and 4d6 points of suffocation and drowning damage. As many as 4 additional Danavas can channel their powers and make a whirlpool stronger. For each Danavas involved the whirlpool will exert its influence an additional 15 yards, and inflicts an additional 1d6 damage for battering, and suffocation. These whirlpools then become strong enough to pull in ships and many have lost their lives to such attacks.

contempt for all but the most powerful of planar races. The next class is the "Kshastriya" or warrior class. The warriors see to the defense of the cities and maintain the order for the highest caste in Danava society. The "Brahmins" make up the last and most powerful group. All Brahmins have the spell casting abilities of 15th level priests, or 15th level water element lists. Some folks believe that a few Brahmins might have both abilities at their disposal. In any case the caste system is not set in stone. A Danava can always marry into a higher station, or buy their way into a higher station. There is no real combat difference between any members of the species. Females and males are of the same height and generally fight just as well as the other. Only the Kshastriya class tends to have the strongest of the Danavas in its fold, and also tend to have the members with the most hit points.

Ecology: Danavas are terrible on the ecosystem. They openly wage war on their neighbors and hold every one in contempt. They avoid the water elementals, and thus these creatures do like wise. The wicked and arrogant Danavas also enjoy tormenting planar travelers if for no other reason than to alleviate boredom. Recently it has come to the attention of sages and commoners alike that the Danavas have the innate ability plane shift at will from the Elemental Plane of Water, to the Prime Material Plane so long as the destination is a lake sized body of water or larger.

**"Hey berk, if you know what's good for ya,
ye'll keep your bone-box clamped
and do what yer told!"**

-A Danavas telling a clueless prime that he's just become property-

Dark Horse

© 2000 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Daniel Beswick. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Any (prefers night)
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1-10
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3 or 1
Damage/Attack:	1d4+1/1d4+1/1d6 or 1d8
Special Attacks:	Fear, Disease, Charge
Special	Undead spell immunities, healing
Defenses:	bite
Magic	Nil
Resistance:	
Size:	Large (7' + to 12')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	1400

The Dark Horse is a common steed in undead armies. Few know the secret of its original creation, but it is one of the rare undead that can make its own kind. They resemble huge horses (average 20 hands tall) with a rotted skin that exposes the sinewy muscle beneath. The single horn on the forehead is a true extension of the bone in the skull, not hair like in most living animals. The hooves are cloven, leaving very distinctive tracks. A powerful rotting smell hovers about these foul beasts at all times. Often this is the first warning victims receive of an attack. In newly created specimens the hide is a necrotic black color, where older ones will be blood red (blood is in fact pumping through the veins and arteries that are left on the surface by the rotted skin).

Combat: In combat the Dark Horse functions as a heavy war horse in most ways. They are willful and violent combatants, glorying in mayhem and slaughter. If given 30 yards to a foe the dark horse will charge, doing double damage with the horn attack (making it 2d8) with a plus 2 to hit. Any rider of the evil steed may use a lance or spear along with the horn attack. Once closely engaged the Dark Horse can attack three times per round. These attacks are with the front legs kicking (1d4+1 per hoof) and a bite (1d6). The bite of a Dark Horse gives the horse healing of 1/2 of the damage inflicted. Alternatively, they can have a single attack with the horn in melee for 1d8 points of damage.

Any horse seen becomes an immediate target of the Dark Horse (land based riding proficiency check at -2 to keep control of the Dark Horse). Living horses are



(Dark Horses, feeding on their favorite meal)

The high pitched scream of a Dark Horse strikes *fear* in all creatures (save vs. spells). Those effected flee for 1d4 rounds. All living creatures that approach within 10' of a Dark Horse must roll a save vs. poison or be infected by a virulent type of fever. Within one hour the victim will be helpless with a high fever, blurred vision and muscle aches (-6 to all ability checks). The victim must roll a second save vs poison 1-6 days later. If this fails the victim dies.

"Saints and Proxies! What *is* that smell?"

-A delighted Sensate, who is about to be horribly offended-

Habitat/Society: The society of the Dark Horse is a complicated herd structure. Subtle dominance behavior is a constant, only occasionally erupting into open combat. Normally the largest specimen leads the herd. This can cause problems when the dominant Horse isn't ridden by the dominant Rider. Dark Horses can be found in any location that has normal horses and abnormal exposure to the energy of the negative material plane.

always attacked solely with the horn. Once struck a fragment of the horn will break off, doing 2 points of damage per round until it reaches the heart (1-10 rounds). Once the heart is reached the horse gains a save vs. petrification/polymorph or die. If it fails the save it will be raised within three hours as a new Dark Horse.

Ecology: The Dark Horses are vicious killers. Any normal animals or intelligent life is subject to attack. A new rider must establish dominance early or he will be in danger of being killed by his steed.

Darkat

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Climate/Terrain:	Pandemonium, most lower planes, Outlands
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Pack (pride)
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Average to very (8-12)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral (Neutral Evil)
No. Appearing:	1-20
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	30
Hit Dice:	5+5
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-10 (bite)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special	See below
Defenses:	
Magic	None
Resistance:	
Size:	L (6' long, 4' tall at shoulder, 6' tail)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	600

'Damn ye to Abyss, Maliss!

...these blasted tunnels go on forever! And this wind
is enough to make ya barmy! Maliss, if I ever-

Maliss? Maliss! Mal-AAAAHHH!"

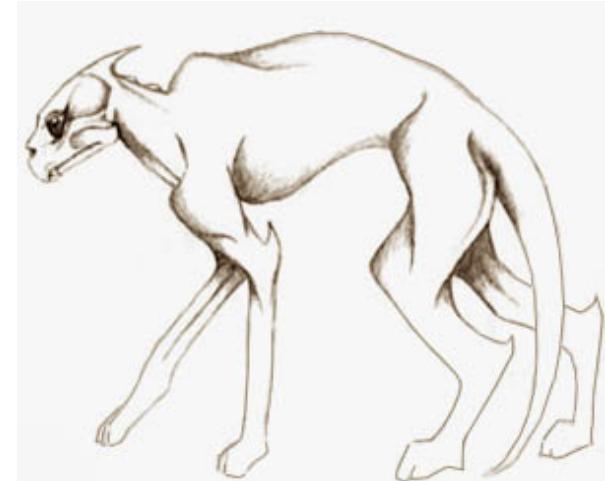
-Darkat handywork-

The Darkat is a planar feline with solid, dark coloring (brown, black, or blue) and rather lean appearance. This makes them very hard to spot in dark or shadowy conditions (**75% hide in shadows**). They are very strong and built for speed, much like a prime cat known as the cheeta. They are also very agile and are able to move in eerie silence (**Move Silently 75%**).

Odd for a great cat, the darkat is completely deaf and dumb, and have no language of their own. Instead they communicate through gentle bumps, nudges and body movements. As such, they are very easy to surprise if *invisible* and are fairly immune to spells such as *tongues* or *speak with animals*.

Combat: Darkats have a bite attack but unlike most cats, do not employ thier claws in a supplemental attack. Planar sages have lanned that the reason for this is that the darkat's claws are non-retractable and thusly hard to keep sharpened.

The bite does, however, pack quite a punch in that it is powerful and poisonous, instilling a state of catatonic seizure for plenty of time for the predator to begin leisurely devouring its prey (**4-16 rounds if the saving throw vs. poison is failed after a +3 bonus**). However, darkats will always ignore poisoned victims if in combat with other foes, choosing to eat at leisure once



(A survivor's sketch of a Darkat)

Darkats usually wait until a victim is in the worst position to defend itself and then attack ruthlessly en masse, trying to overwhelm their next meal. This, coupled with their ability to blend in well with the surroundings, can make them a very nasty surprise to travelers who well may be unaware that they are in the territory of a ferocious and coordinated pack of predators.

Habitat/Society: Darkats are almost always found in family groups called, like other hunting cats, prides. Prides of darkats are generally composed of one to three full grown males with at least an equal number of females (often double that number) along with a small pack of young of varying ages. It is rare to find a darkat out of eye-shot with the rest of its pride, as their lack of hearing makes them vulnerable. They are well aware of this fact and use the safety of many watchful pairs of eyes to compensate. If a single darkat is encountered it will generally be a nomadic male of exceptional size, and poor temperament, or a sick or weak member left behind or driven from the pride.

Darkats prefer hunting on the rocky slopes and underground passages on Pandemonium, finding most travellers there easy prey. They are also smart enough to follow groups of travellers through portals and often do in search of an easy meal. They have been spotted on the Outlands, in parts of Arborea, as well as throughout the lower planes where conditions permit the survival of felines. They will usually be found near heavily travelled crossroads or migration routes with a reliable supply of water, as it suits their hunting patterns well.

Ecology: Darkats are natural predators but are not above a meal of opportunity and thusly often play the role of scavengers. They do not seem to have any favorite prey, as they eat anything they can bring down, but need large amounts of meat and water each day to stay active. Planar graybeards theorize that these cats, because of their great daily need of water,

the immediate threat has been dealt with. Many travellers have been saved by this tendency when their companions managed to defeat or disperse the pride after they had fallen into body-wracking seizures.

In addition to the bite attack, a darkat can head-but an opponent (**with a +3 bonus to its THAC0**), if given enough room to get up to charging speed (**about 20 yards**). This inflicts heavy (**2-12 points of**) damage but also leaves the darkat stunned for one round following the butt. The darkats can and often do use this as a very effective attack on their preferred terrain of dark, rocky slopes, often attacking from multiple directions in unison.

A darkat is most fearsome in combat when it is encountered on its native turf and on its own terms. Darkats are intelligent animals, laying traps and using terrain and conditions to their utmost effect. Some favorite tactics include causing rock slides and corralling prey into dangerous situations (narrow ledges, rope bridges, and such where a party can be softened up prior to combat).

are immune to the Styx water that flows through the caverns of Pandemonium, but this fact has not been proven. A pride of darkats will usually keep a large territory that they defend fiercely against lesser predators.

Females give birth to litters of 3-5 darkittens up to three times per year. Mothers protect and attend their brood until they are full-grown. It takes a darkitten about 4 years to grow to full adulthood (**have the stats as listed above**) and will then either join their pride as an adult, or less often, move away to form a pride of their own. The young, very rarely encountered are smaller in stature, but possess similar abilities of their parents (**they will have decreased size, HD, and stealth abilities**). If a hunting party is encountered there will only be adults present.

Please visit [The Werkshop](#) for more chant on this creature!

Daub

© 1999 by Brannon. Artwork © 1999 by James Kelly. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Arborea
Frequency:	Common (Unfortunately)
Organization:	Solitary (Let's hope)
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown (powerful emotions?)
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15 - 16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Any Chaotic

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	FL 48 (A)
Hit Dice:	1+1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	Special, see below
Damage/Attack:	Special, see below
Special Attacks:	None
Special	<i>Invisible</i> at will, planeshift
Defenses:	
Magic	60%
Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (1' tall)
Morale:	Average (8 - 10)
XP Value:	100

It is held as popular belief by the inhabitants of Arborea that the Daub are the children of Arborea itself. Only the plane of passion could spawn a creature that so loves the very essence of life itself above all else.

Small and scintillating with color, the Daub (always written with a capital "D", because it is not known if the creature is unique or not) looks like a small winged humanoid creature similar to a pixie or fairy. In fact, some planar graybeards believe that the Daub may well be the forerunner of these races, but this has not been confirmed. The Daub's skin is covered, from head to toe, with constantly changing splotches of color, that seem to change with their quickly fluctuating mood.

Four, lace-like wings adorn their backs, which move with blurring speed unless the creature is at rest. Oddly, the feet of the Daub have never been known to touch the ground, for unless they are sitting somewhere (usually in the bough of an Arborean oak), they are constantly fluttering to and fro. The Daub is one of the fastest and most skilled of the fliers on the planes, there has never been a confirmed case of another sod even touching one of them.

Daub speak any known language, and it seems that they have the ability to pick up a language that is unknown to them in mere moments.

Combat: Combat with a Daub is both tricky in theory and utterly unheard of. The creatures are simply too fast to engage in combat with, further, the Daub have never been known to attack a body, although the same



(A Daub, having a good time as usual...)

Habitat/Society: Other than their constant drive to interact with society in order to sustain themselves, the Daub have no known society. As a matter of fact, it is unknown if any other of the creatures to exist for the Daub to form a society with.

Ecology: As best as planar sages can speculate, the Daub exists solely on a diet of pure emotion. They do their absolute best to make a cutter laugh, cry, or experience any emotion, as long as they do so truly and with passion. They then, somehow, manage to siphon off some of this emotion to sustain themselves.

Oddly, it seems that the Daub gains more (or perhaps more sustaining) sustenance from positive emotions (happiness, laughter, etc.) than from negative ones. Thus, this explains the Daub's constant drive to make a body sickeningly happy...

Despite the fact that the Daub has existed as long as any sod on Arborea can remember, there is almost nothing known about them. It is not even known if the creature is unique, or a race all to themselves.

The Daub take, nor do they give, anything to the environment around them.

cannot be said for the reverse. (Many sods complain about the Daub being utterly irritating with its extreme happiness and express a desire to simply throttle one on sheer principle). The Daub's powers of planeshift and *invisibility* at will would also make combat with them difficult, to say the least.

**"Powers preserve us!
it's a Daub"**

-a lanned planewalker who has been to Arborea before-

Detrit (Pelion Porcupine, Rock Hog, Rubber)

© 2000 by Gary Ray.

Climate/Terrain:	Pelion, Arborea
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any, usually Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1-2
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	9, dirt dig 2, rock dig (special)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-4
Special Attacks:	None
Special	See Below
Defenses:	
Magic	Nil
Resistance:	
Size:	S (roughly 3' long)
Morale:	Unreliable (2-5)
XP Value:	75

This large carnivorous rodent is often found on the wastelands of Pelion, Arborea. Detrit live off the ever present rats and mice that inhabit most of the layer. Detrit weigh between 10-40 pounds, with a length of 10-40 inches at full adulthood. The larger the detrit, the higher it's morale, as it has learned by its size the relative threat it poses to other creatures. Detrit generally avoid contact with intelligent races, but are often considered pests for their den building habits.

**"Yea, like I'm afraid of
a great big soddin' rat!"**

-Moriss, talkin' screed about the Detrit-

Combat: Detrit generally avoid a fight unless their den is threatened. If overwhelmed by an opponent, the Detrit will huddle on the ground, its quills pointing at the opponent. Most animal opponents give up on the detrit after receiving a mouthful of quills.

Habitat/Society: The detrit live like most small mammals on Pelion, from meal to meal with whatever is at hand. There is very little plant-life on Pelion, so most mammals that would normally be herbivorous elsewhere are instead carnivorous.

The detrit is known mostly as a pest because of their habit of building dens into rock structures. The detrit constantly shed quills and require a rough surface to rub against. As there are few mountains in Pelion with rock hard enough for such a task, the detrit often build their dens against tombs, abandoned temples, and other rock structures in the wasteland. Sometimes these structures have been hidden for thousands of



(Detrit Scratching in its Den)

Moreover, a young detrit prefers to take over an existing detrit den, rather than create a new one, so it would not be uncommon for a detrit lair to be much larger than what's possible in a single lifespan.

This can be a curse or a blessing to a cutter, depending on his perspective. Those wishing to protect and preserve tombs and the like will find the detrit to be a dangerous pest, disturbing the dead and opening entrances for grave robbers.

Those wishing to discover or explore tombs might find the detrit a great blessing. Those with the skill to identify the telltale rock debris of a detrit are sure to find a den nearby, possibly with a small tunnel leading into a tomb or mountain. The detrit push their rock debris (detritus) out of their den. The rock appears different than the ever-present dust of the layer, often consisting of long, finger-sized slices of rock.

Ecology: Detrit eat rats, mice, small rodents and flesh of the dead, provided the corpses are fresh. They are one of the largest carnivores on the layer, although their den building habits tend to put them in locations with even larger creatures.

The detrit is a relatively normal animal, with needs and desires similar to other species; food gathering, mate location, reproduction.

There are rumors that detrit young are trainable if captured early. Coptin sources from the turtle city of Mogra claim that Hamuran tomb robbers have trained detrit to dig on command. A trained detrit would likely be capable of digging through 2-5 feet of rock per day. As non-paired detrit do not get along well, it

years, yet the detrit can instinctively locate them.

An adult detrit can scratch through 1-4 inches of rock each week, or 4-16 feet per year! As a detrit lives to be 5-8 years old, their lairs have the potential of breaching man-made rock structures.

would not be possible to team them together.

So far, detrit have not reproduced in captivity, much to the disappointment of the robbers. Coptins, worshippers of Nephythys, hate the detrit and kill them on site.

Dragon, Meer

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Climate/Terrain:	Any Humid Tropical
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Special
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2 (base)
Movement:	15, FL 45(B), SW 9
Hit Dice:	7 (base)
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3 + special
Damage/Attack:	1d8/1d4/1d4
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	Variable
Magic Resistance:	Variable
Size:	Small (2' + to 4')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	Variable

Meer Dragons are the stealthy hunters of the tropics. Their mottled green and grey hide allows them to hide in almost any terrain and their long narrow mouths filled with razor teeth allow them to quickly kill their prey. The long slim body lets them slip through the thickest brush and swim quickly and their wings fold up neatly at their side to not hinder ground or water movement. They fly well as their wingspan (when unfurled) is roughly twice the length of their bodies.

Their wings are translucent and light green, retaining the mottled coloration of the reptiles body. Their eyes are catlike and give excellent infravision (120 foot range). The tail of the dragon is roughly the length of the body and is totally prehensile, the soft scales that stand up from it allow it to grip as gently or as roughly as necessary.

The dragons are noted for their stealth, and have been known to observe prey or simply creatures they find interesting for long periods of time. Once the dragon has determined a creature is a friend they will approach and offer to trade information. They are excellent conversationalists and normally know all that transpires in their demesne, though they have a notable short attention span for boring speakers. On rare occasions



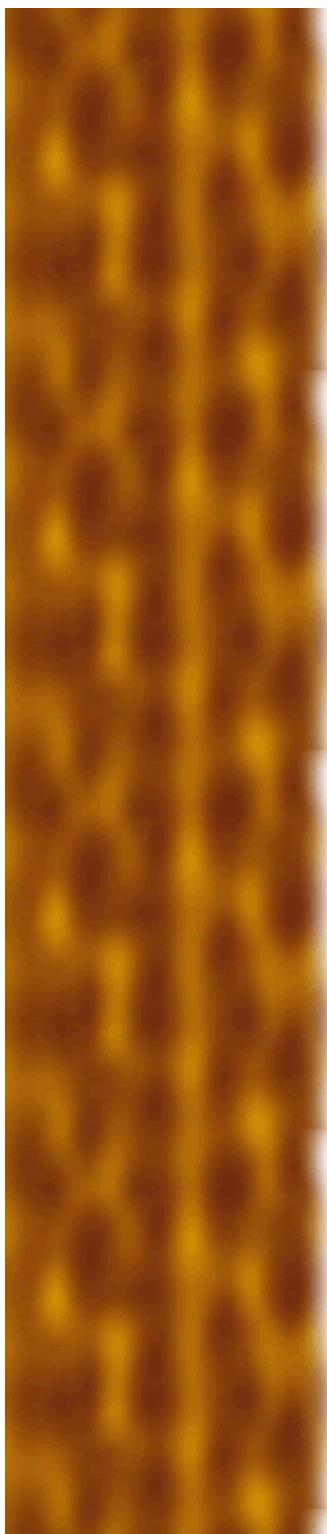
(The Swamp-Slayer, the Meer Dragon!)

Juvenile: *Blur and Mirror Image* three times each per day. **Adult:** *Summon Swarm* twice per day. **Old:** *Control Plants* three times per day in a 5' per age category radius. **Venerable:** *Summon Sylvan Creatures* three times per day. **Great Wyrm:** *Polymorph Self* at will.

Habitat/Society: Meer Dragons are found anywhere in the humid tropics, rain forests, jungles, swamps and marshes. They delight in the steamy atmosphere and clouds of insects. They are excellent swimmers and love to lie in wait with only their eyes showing above water. They are graceful in flight, though they try to avoid flight in the strength of the noon sun.

They are known to become excellent friends and will share any possessions. The only things they covet are magical items. They enjoy going on cooperative hunts, glorying more in the contest of hunter against hunted than the kill. They have been known to exaggerate their prowess to impress new comrades.

If a family of Meer dragons are encountered, the father will do anything to keep strangers away from his brood while the mother quickly and stealthily leads them away.



Meer dragons have joined with mages of goodly alignment as familiars or as traveling companions.

Combat: In combat a Meer dragon shows its true colors. They use their stealth abilities to excellent affect, often destroying or driving off foes without the enemy ever knowing they are about. All mere dragons may move silently with a base score of 60% with an additional 2% per age category, they may hide in shadows with the same percentage of success, and can *see invisible* at will.

A common first tactic is to steal all the magic items in a party and plant evidence that others in the group are the ones responsible. Once the internal discord begins it is much easier to destroy them. They will commonly try to do as much damage as possible with set traps and spells then retreat to restore themselves and then return to destroy their foes.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A Meer dragon has two breath weapons. They may either spray stomach acid on a 120' radius from their mouths extending 15 yards +5 yards/age category. All creatures caught in the acid spray must roll a save vs. breath weapon for half damage. As an alternative they may use a cloud of sleep gas 10 feet long and 5 feet wide plus 5' each way per age category of the dragon. The save vs. breath weapon allows a creature to avoid falling to sleep, though they are slowed for 1 round/age category.

From birth, Meer dragons are immune to gases and acids of all kinds and have the ability to mimic any sound. They can also cast *reduce* twice per day in order to make large prey more manageable. Further, as they age they gain several powers:

Age	Body Length	Tail Length	AC	Breath Weapon	Spells W/P	Magic Resist	Treasure Type	XP Value
1	1'6"	1'	5	1d4+1	W 1	5%	Nil	650
2	2'	1'6"	4	2d4+2	W 1/P 1	10%	Nil	975
3	2'6"	2'	3	3d4+3	W 2/P 1	15%	Nil	1400
4	3'	2'6"	2	4d4+4	W 2/P 2	20%	V	2000
5	3'6"	3'	1	5d4+5	W 2 1/P 2	25%	V, S	4000
6	4'	3'6"	0	6d4+6	W 2 2/P 2	30%	V, S, T	6000
7	4'6"	4'	-1	7d4+7	W 3 2/P 2 1	35%	Vx2, S, T	7000
8	5'	4'6"	-2	8d4+8	W 3 2 1/P 2 1	40%	Vx2, Sx2, T	9000
9	5'6"	5'	-3	9d4+9	W 3 2 1/P 2 1	45%	Vx2, Sx2, Tx2	10000
10	6'	5'6"	-4	10d4+10	W 3 3 2/P 2 1	50%	Vx3, Sx2, Tx2	11000
11	6'6"	6'	-5	11d4+11	W 3 3 2/P 2 2	55%	Vx3, Sx3, Tx2	12000

If necessary, both parents will sacrifice themselves to save their young.

Meer dragons normally lair in the bole of a tree. They will find a forest giant and slowly and carefully burn a hole in the truck where they will live and store their goods.

"Urrgh! Blasted swamps - I hate swamps!"

I'd rather be writ in the dead-book than tramp about in another accursed swamp!"

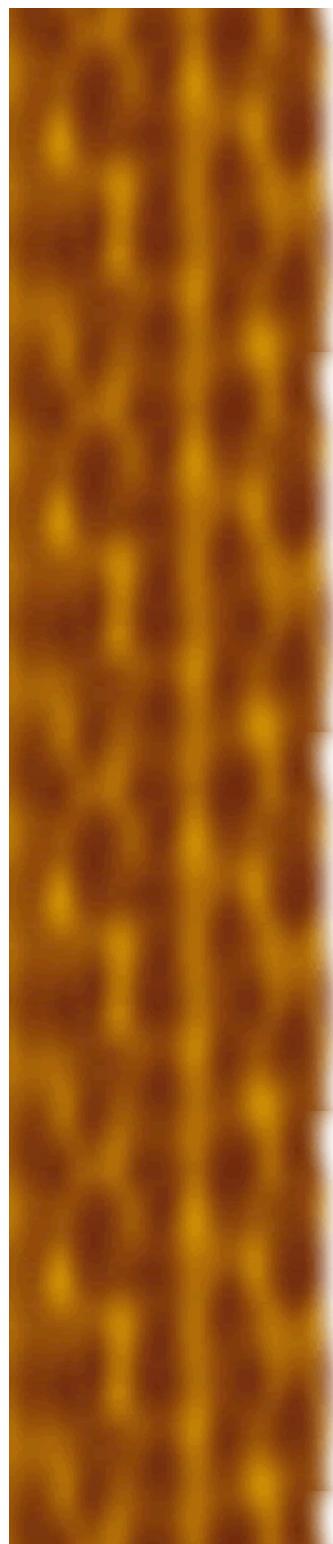
"Careful what ya wish for, berk!

A Meer just might see to it that ya get it!"

-Tolbin Twochiv, Planar Guide, to a Clueless with a big bone-box-

Ecology: Meer dragons will adopt forest areas. They hunt old weak animals to strengthen a herd or species. Any hunter that intrudes into their area will be followed stealthily until the dragon sees they are being sensible and not trophy or wantonly killing. They act much like Rangers or Druids in this respect.

12 7' 6'6" -6 12d4+12 W 3 3 3 / P 2 2 1 60% Vx3, Sx3, Tx3 13000



Dragon, Orange

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Climate/Terrain:	Outlands, any Plains
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	See Below
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1 (1-4)
Armor Class:	-1 (Base)
Movement:	12 Fl 30 (C), Br 6
Hit Dice:	14 (Base)
THAC0:	7
No. of Attacks:	3 + Special
Damage/Attack:	1-8/1-8/3-24
Special Attacks:	Special
Special Defenses:	Variable
Magic Resistance:	Variable
Size:	Gargantuan (25'+)
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	Variable

Orange Dragons are quick to anger and vicious. They consider all smaller creatures lesser life forms and will either enslave or destroy them whenever possible.

A hatchling Orange dragon has small, dull orange, almost yellow, scales that darken as they grow older. The scales remain small throughout life. By old age the scales are a deep brownish/orange. The spinal ridges are a source of great pride among the Oranges. They often have slave races adorn them with intricate gem inlay patterns, in some cases telling of great victories of the dragon in mosaic. They are thickly armored and never become as agile as most other chromatic dragons. They make up for this with running speed and strength.

Orange dragons speak their own tongue and the common language of all evil dragons. 9% of hatchlings are able to converse with any creature, the chance of this increases by 4% per age category.

Combat: Orange dragons are to be feared as they are excellent ambush hunters. They will commonly



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(Behold the mighty Orange Dragon!)

From birth all Orange dragons are immune to all heat and water based effects. As they age they gain the following powers. Juvenile: *Blur* (as the second level mage spell) three times per day. This may last up to one round per age category. Adult: *Wall of Gloom* (Players Option: Spells and Magic Book) once per day. Mature Adult: *Shadow Monsters* once per day (may only create monsters they have seen). Old: *Summon Shadow* once per week. Great Wyrm: *Weird* (as the Ninth level mage spell).

Habitat/Society: Orange dragons are found in arid plains, preferring grasslands where their yellowish orange scales can blend in to provide a basic camouflage. They lair in cave complexes they themselves will dig. The dragon will use his steam breath to create and bake mud walls that provides a hardened hide-out for the treasure trove.

"Ya want me to slay a what?"

-Sir Hallymos, A green dragonslayer trying to cope in the planes-

They are not social at all, preferring to eat something rather than talk to it. They are

stake out a common meeting place or migratory routes and dig several pit traps, while leaving a thin coating of earth or brush to disguise it. Once something has fallen into the pit they will leap out from their own hidden trench to roast the luckless victim in their steam breath.

Herd animals being hunted are normally just bitten to death, but humanoids will almost invariably be hit with the breath weapon first. If a creature prostrates itself at first sight of the dragon often they will be enslaved instead of simply being eaten. Slaves are used as herders or hunters for the dragon, and are always required to surrender all wealth at the time of capture.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: An Orange dragon's breath weapon is a cloud of burning steam that is 50' long, 40' wide and 30' high. Creatures within the cloud may save vs. Breath Weapon for half damage. They cast spells at 8th level adjusted by their combat modifier.

indifferent parents and will abandon their young if faced with a great threat. The only time more than one is found together will either be a mating pair, or the mother and young.

As they share somewhat the same habitat, Brass dragons are the greatest enemy of the Oranges. They will be driven from the area if at all possible, if not the Orange will probably relocate its hoard further away.

Ecology: Like other dragons the Oranges can and will eat nearly anything. They prefer to feed on the great herds of migrating animals that pass through their grassland territories. They also, however, appreciate the opportunity to spice up a diet with humans. The dragons recognize the inherent danger of allowing a large number of people to find where they are.

Age	Body Length	Tail Length	AC	Breath Weapon	Spells W/P	Magic Resist	Treasure Type	XP Value
1	2-7'	2-5'	2	2d8+1	Nil	Nil	Nil	5,000
2	7-16'	5-15'	1	4d8+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	7,000
3	16-35'	15-31'	0	6d8+3	Nil	Nil	Nil	8,000
4	35-44'	31-40'	-1	8d8+4	W 1/Nil	0%	½ H	11,000
5	44-53'	40-48'	-2	10d8+5	W 2/Nil	10%	H	13,000
6	53-62'	48-56'	-3	12d8+6	W 3/P 1	15%	H	14,000
7	62-71'	56-64'	-4	14d8+8	W 4/P 1	20%	H	15,000
8	71-80'	64-72'	-5	16d8+9	W 4/P 2	25%	Hx2	16,000
9	80-89'	72-80'	-6	18d8+10	W 5/P 2	30%	Hx2	18,000
10	89-98'	80-86'	-7	20d8+11	W 5/P 3	35%	Hx2	19,000
11	98-107'	86-96'	-8	22d8+12	W 6/P 3	40%	Hx3	21,000
12	107-116'	96-104'	-9	24d8+13	W 6/P 4	45%	Hx3, T	22,000

Drakon

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Climate/Terrain:	Desert
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	6 (fl 21 MC B)
Hit Dice:	6
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d10/1d8/1d8
Special Attacks:	Breath Weapon, Flame Talons
Special Defenses:	Immunity to Fire
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	675

The Drakon is a medium sized (nose to beginning of tail is roughly five feet) reptile with two large batlike wings. Its muzzle is short but sharply pointed with a mouthful of dagger like teeth. Its eyes are set high and wide on its head to allow for a good field of vision.

The Drakon hops about when not flying and is fairly awkward. Its tail is roughly three feet long and is a rigid flat shaft of bone with a wide crest of feather like scales coming off of each side. The tail is used as a rudder when in flight. The two feet are four toed (three forward one behind) and all toes have long sharp claws used for grasping or carrying prey.

The creature is a dark green on top fading to a pale white on the underside. Flame will occasionally shoot from its mouth when it exhales and it commonly drips the burning liquid from its talon claws.

Combat: The Drakon's favorite method of attack is to swoop down on unsuspecting prey and try to set it on fire. They will strike with their breath weapon (2d6 points of damage save vs Breath Weapon for half) and then try to hit with both talons. The Breath Weapon may only be used every five rounds as it is sulphur that has been extracted from the blood by special glands at the base of the jar. It takes at least those few rounds to renew the stock.



(An inquisitive Drakon...)

The breath weapon forms a cloud of flammable liquid 5' across and 8' deep. If a talon strikes the muscles inside each toe flexes and forces the highly sulfurous blood out of the hollow claws and into the prey. Each talon does 1d8 points of damage and the victim must roll a save vs Breath Weapon to avoid the injected blood which does 2d4 points of damage. If forced to fight without the breath weapon the bite does 1d10 points of damage. The Drakon is totally immune to all types of fire and heat related damage.

Habitat/Society: The Drakon is a solitary hunter that soars above its arid domain seeking out prey with its keen eyesight. Each will claim a territory of roughly 20 square miles (less if in an area with lots of game). They meet only in early summer for the males to fertilize the eggs. Couple will normally mate for life, though they never cohabit.

"And only you can prevent Drakonfires..."

-A message from Smokey, the ursinal druid--

Ecology: The Drakon is the source of many highly destructive wilderness wildfires. They can unintentionally destroy large areas of grassland or forest. The blood of the Drakon can be used in several types of scrolls involving flaming spells. They may be tamed as a falcon, and eggs bring high prices in the select areas where they are desired.

Turtle, Dream

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Climate/Terrain:	Planar rivers
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	6 sw 12
Hit Dice:	4
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d10/1d4/1d4
Special Attacks:	Attraction, Dream Bite
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Large (7'+ to 12')
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	270

The dream turtle is a large aquatic turtle found in most of the planar rivers. It swims about feeding on the creatures made helpless by its special attacks. The turtle is roughly five feet long (tip of nose to tip of tail) and three feet across when fully grown. Its skin is a deep green seamed with bright reds and blues. Its mouth is tipped with a wickedly hooked beak it uses to tear the flesh of its prey. Its four paddle like feet are tipped with wicked claws. The shell is a dull brown with whorls of green and yellow about its smooth surface.

Combat: The dream turtle broadcasts an *aura of attraction* in a 20' radius whenever it is hungry. The main purpose of this is to attract fish, but it works on larger creatures as well. All in the *aura* must roll a save vs. spells or have an uncontrollable desire to get near the turtle. Once a creature has gotten within 5' of the turtle it will attack with its *dream bite*.

This is an attack directed at the mind of the creature. The victim's mental hit points are figured by adding its intelligence and wisdom scores. The victim's armor class is half its wisdom score subtracted from 10 (no magical protections apply, save those such as *Rings of Mind Shielding* which will completely nullify this attack). The turtle's bite attack is made against these new scores, though it may only make two attack rolls against any one creature before it comes out of the "dream" state. If the victim is successfully reduced to 0 hit points or lower it is stunned for 1d8 rounds allowing the turtle to feed undisturbed.



(The Dream Turtle - Beware its bite!)

The *dream bite* and *attraction aura* are only used when the turtle is hunting. When it fights to defend itself the first instinct is always to escape. If faced with an enemy it cannot get away from the turtle will bite (1d10 points of damage) anyone near its head, and claw (1d4 points of damage) anyone near its softer underbelly.

Habitat/Society: The habitat of the dream turtle is any river that does not freeze. They are a planar creature, but several have drifted into the prime material plane. They function as hunters, thinning out prey creatures in their area. Their society is limited to twice yearly meetings at regular egg laying areas for fertilization. As soon as this is done the adults move apart. The females will lay the eggs then go about their business.

Ecology: The dream turtle functions as a predator. Due to their special attacks they can kill and eat creatures that their physical abilities shouldn't allow them to hunt. This helps keep a balance in their rivers. The shell of the turtle can be ground up and becomes a material component for several mind affecting spells. The turtle also makes an excellent soup.

"...MMMM MMMMM MMM..."

...Dream Turtle soup... my favorite!"

-Moriss, of Maliss and Moriss-

Echideneoco - Tana'ri, Greater

© 1999 by Heiner de Wendt. Artwork © of William Teo. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary or Mother with Daughters
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 3
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	9
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	9
Damage/Attack:	2d4+9 x6 (arm tentacles), 2d8+9 x2 (tails), 1d8+9 (bite)
Special Attacks:	Tail poison, venom bite
Special Defenses:	+2 or better magical weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	45%
Size:	L (10 feet tall)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	12.000

The Echideneoco are supposedly related to the Marilith tana'ri. They look quite similar (female upper body, snake-like from the waist down, six tentacle-like arms), but are larger and more fearsome fighters. They have two tails, each with a long sting at the end, and the mouth is filled with long, razor-sharp teeth. Their faces usually show expressions of pure hatred and bloodlust.

Combat: The echideneoco are tana'ri that have concentrated on melee combat. They consider magic or distance weapons such as bows "lowly" and unworthy for them. Indeed, they have lost (or maybe never had) all tana'ric magical abilities; they do retain the standard immunities, though.

Echideneoco attack with their six tentacle-like arms that bear an unimaginable strength (**Strength 21, +9 damage adjustment**). Each tentacle-arm inflicts 2d4+9 points of damage, and a character who got hit by one has to make a Strength check or be knocked several feet away.

Their two tails hit for 2d8+9 damage, and the sting at the end of each tail injects a lethal poison. If the victim does not save vs. poison, it dies instantly as the infernal liquids burn him from inside. Even if the victim succeeds the saving throw, it carries the venom inside its body now, and the next saving throw vs. the echideneoco poison gets a cumulative penalty of two points.

The horrible fangs of the echideneoco inflict 1d8+9 points of damage as the fiend rips the flesh from its victim. Also, it injects an acid-venom into the victim's



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(The Brutal Echideneoco)

"My daughters, I feel hungry."

"What about that

Balor over there? I've never killed a
Balor up to now."

-Echideneoco "family", soon before their deaths

Habitat/Society: Despite their fierce fighting prowess, the echideneoco are usually seen as lowly fiends. They're killing machines against whom only the most powerful beings could hope to win, but they are not able to do any subtle influencing, strategical planning or something similar. Very often, the echideneoco are forced into guardian service; as much as they hate this, they have realized that fighting prowess alone isn't enough to free them.

The echideneoco have no interest in treasures or magical items; they want to prove their personal might and abilities, and would never use magic to enhance their own power, nor would they trade with or bribe anyone.

Ecology: It has been suggested by various sages that the echideneoco are a kind of "ancient form" of the marilith, a metaphorical "fiend-dinosaur". If this theory is true, most of these beasts have probably evolved into mariliths, during the last millennia or so.

The echideneoco are able to impregnate themselves once each decade, and they always give life to two female echideneoco. The daughters work together with their mother surprisingly well, hunting other fiends (or

blood (immunity vs. poison doesn't help, but immunity vs. acid does). If for some reason the acid-venom only touches the skin, but doesn't enter the body, it just inflicts 1d3 points of damage for 2 rounds; as soon as it enters the body, though, the victim has to manage a system shock roll in the following three rounds. If one fails, the acid destroys the victim's veins and brutally breaks the blood circulation, thus killing the poor sod.

If the victim manages all three saving throws, the body overcomes the acid-venom, but the victim still suffers a loss of one point of constitution. This can be regained by at least 12 hours of rest, or by magic as powerful as a *Heal* spell.

whatever crosses their way) and sharing their food equally.

Echidenecho that were imprisoned in the Abyss for about a century have shown some interesting aspects: Not only have these beasts become calmer the more they were suppressed, they also were not able to give birth to children when the possibility of contacting the prime material plane was cut off from their "jail". It seems the daughters' souls are actually "stolen" from the Prime, though how exactly is yet unknown.

Planetouched PC's: Tiefling versions of the Echidenecho are also known to traverse the planes.

Sirocco - Eladrin, Lesser

© 1999 by Galen. Artwork © 1999 by Shreyas Sampat. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard, Hot Barrens, Wastelands
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Band
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	U
Alignment:	Chaotic Good

No. Appearing:	1-3 (2d6)
Armor Class:	2, -2 (element form)
Movement:	15, Fl 30A
Hit Dice:	6 +9
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	1 or 2
Damage/Attack:	by Weapon +7, or 2d6/2d6
Special Attacks:	<i>Whirlwind</i> , Magic use
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	35%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	9,000

In demihuman form, a Sirocco resembles the Bralani Eladrin, but has bright red hair. In Element form, they become a superheated *whirlwind*, also similar to that of a Bralani.

Combat: Immune to Electricity, *Magic Missiles* [Force strike spells], Aging/withering, Normal Fire, Petrification/Polymorph, and Weapons of less than +1 enchantment not forged of Cold Iron. Resistant (50%) to Cold, Magical Fire, Gas; Vulnerable to Acid, Infernal Energy, Poison.

Special: double damage from non-magical Cold Iron Weapons.

Weapons: While Sirocco are themselves resistant to the fiery heat of Muspelheim, most equipment is not; therefore, Sirocco do not normally specialize in any weapon, including bows. Sirocco can nevertheless be proficient with almost any weapon, which they wield with Celestially Enhanced Strength of 18(90).

A Sirocco is likely to assume *whirlwind* form in battle, this transformation requires 1 round in either direction and constitutes an action; clothing and equipment are not included in the transformation. The Sirocco *whirlwind* is much hotter than the usual Bralani *whirlwind*, inflicting 1d6 points of damage from heat and abrasion in a 5 ft radius, in addition to the standard knockdown and obscurement effects. The heated grit blasts of a Sirocco inflict 2d6 points of abrasion damage in a cone 20 ft long with a 5 ft end radius; two such attacks can be made per round while in *whirlwind* form.



(The hot-blooded Sirocco!)

Habitat/Society: Little is known about the second layer of Ysgard due to the fiery terrain and hostile nature of most known inhabitants. Sirocco encountered elsewhere have been vocal about the need for Pure commitment and Burning dedication to give each person's life a deeper purpose than simple subsistence.

**"It is the burning Heart
that brings the truest victory!"**

-Sirocco War Cry-

Many Sirocco wear clothing said to be made from the silk of Flame Spiders, which is immune to normal fire and resistant to magical fire (save at 3); this iridescent silk is economically quite valuable, but not available in general commercial markets. (The 'Art' in the treasure type is of this silk.)

Ecology: Sirocco are the Eladrin most likely to be encountered on the second layer of Ysgard, where they are uncommon; outside of Muspelheim, they are found only in dangerously hot terrain. As lesser Eladrin, their travel is restricted to the Planes of Arcadia, Mt. Celestia, Bytopia, Elysium, Beastlands, Arborea, Ysgard, Limbo, and the Outlands (perhaps including Sigil); they are not permitted to visit the Prime, but have been known to do so anyway.

Sirocco Eladrin have the following spell-like abilities, usable one at a time, once per round, at will: *Alter Self*, *Comprehend Languages*, *Cure Light Wounds*, *Detect Evil*, *Affect Normal Fires*, *Continual Light*, *Detect Invisibility*, *Gust of Wind*, *Spectral Force*, *Vox*, *Wall of Fire*. Further, once per day, a Sirocco can cast a *fireball* (10d6).

(*Vox* is an ability that allows the Eladrin to speak while in Element form; it is often mis-described as "Audible Glamer", but is not actually an illusion. *Vox* can be used to provide the verbal components of spells; it also functions underwater.) In addition, they have the Spell abilities of a 6th level priest. Sirocco do not possess an innate *Gate* ability.

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Horse, Eladrin War

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Climate/Terrain:	Arborea, Forest
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	4d6 (Wild)
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	24 (Trot) + special
Hit Dice:	4+4
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	3 (kick, kick, bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d8, 1d8, 1d3
Special Attacks:	Able to hit creatures that normally require a +1 magical weapon to harm. None
Special Defenses:	10%
Magic Resistance:	L (17-20 hands)
Size:	Steady-Fearless (13-20)
Morale:	420
XP Value:	



(The Noble Shierested)

**"And their hooves 'pon the earth
rang out like fury,
For these were the true-hearted steeds of the
Shiere..."**

-From the ancient Arborean Lay, "The Gilded Hour"-

Eladrin warhorses, also known as Shieresteeds are used by the Shiere Knights in their patrols of Arborea. The steeds are well known throughout the planes and are sought out as mounts due to their strength and fearlessness. (they have fearless morale and at least 5 hit points per die). They are famous for combining the size and strength of a heavy warhorse, but the speed and agility of a light warhorse. Eladrin warhorses can also "Air Walk by starlight" whenever the sun is not in the sky; this ability functions continuously.

Shieresteeds stand between 17 and 20 hands high at the withers, however most are relatively lightly built, weighing only 2000-2800 pounds. The Eladrin palomino is reported to be, of late, a particularly popular mount, with a golden coat and silvery mane and tail. Shieresteeds also appear with other colors or markings, including green coats and/or manes.

Combat: Eladrin warhorses are renown in song for their wherewithal and intelligence. They will fight independently of their rider if ever separated (on the second and succeeding rounds of melee) and have been known to stand over their fallen rider for days, protecting them. They attack by fiercely kicking with

Habitat/Society: The horse's gestation period is about 11 months, after which mares give birth to a single foal. The foal, who is closely watched and protected by both the mare and the stallion, is weaned after six months. Shieresteeds are thought to be mature after four years, and is considered adult at age seven.

It is not until this point that they are allowed into combat of any type although many Shiere Knights begin the bonding process shortly after the first year. The usual life span of an eladrin horse is 50 years, although the great eladrin warhorse Nar'sr'urn was said to be nearly twice that when he was laid to rest.

Due to their intelligence, even wild eladrin horses train in fighting techniques usually reserved to warhorses; this makes them effectively impossible to break into domestication. It can be presumed that they support the Shiere willingly, but their motives for doing so remain undiscovered.

Ecology: Eladrin horses live in forests rather than grasslands where their ability to Air Walk allows them to graze on the new leaves at the tree tops. An Eladrin steed's great strength allows it to carry large loads without pause, (can carry 280 lbs. without encumbrance, 420 lbs. at half speed, and 560 lbs. at one-third speed) but this does negatively affect their Air Walk ability (a mount encumbered above 420 lbs. is unable to gain altitude while Air Walking).

Further, due to their fierceness and steadfastness in

their front hooves and biting with massive flat teeth; there has never been a recorded instance (in fact or legend) of an eladrin warhorse retreating from battle.

combat, Shiersteeds have long found themselves the subject of a prime (or even a planar) paladin's quest. They are never sold, and it is said that whoever buys one invites the wrath of the entire race of the Eladrin.

Variant: see **Pony, Eladrin**

Pony, Eladrin

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Climate/Terrain:	Arborea, Any
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	5d6 (Wild)
Armor Class:	7
Movement:	24 (Trot) + Special
Hit Dice:	3+3
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	3 (kick, kick, bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d6, 1d6, 1d3
Special Attacks:	None
Special	None
Defenses:	
Magic	10%
Resistance:	
Size:	M (14 hands)
Morale:	Steady-Champion (11-16)
XP Value:	270

Eladrin ponies are a small wild horses found throughout Arborea, all throughout its three layers. They possess an inherent ability, while not heavily encumbered, to pass over sandy, muddy, or swampy ground without difficulty as well as to pass over water while moving at full trot or faster. They do not, however, possess the ability to walk on thin air.

**"Hey, has anybody seen Trigger?
...for that matter, has anybody seen ANY
of the horses???"**

-A prime, learning about Eladrin Ponies the hard way-

Eladrin ponies stand about 14 hands (4', 8") high at the withers. While their colors and markings vary similarly to the **Eladrin warhorse**, eladrin ponies always have green-colored socks.



(An Eladrin Pony)

Combat: Eladrin ponies attack by kicking with their front hooves and biting. They are very solid animals and are very difficult to spook (there is only a 5% chance of them panicking at loud noises or fire).

Habitat/Society: The gestation period of an eladrin pony is about 11 months, after which the mares give birth to a single foal. The foal is weaned after six months and is mature after three years, and is considered adult at age six. The usual life span of an eladrin pony is thought to be 65 years.

Ecology: Eladrin ponies live throughout Arborea in any but the most mountainous terrains, but have been found only in Arborea. An eladrin pony can carry loads that would burden most normal horses without great difficulty (220 lbs. without encumbrance, 330 lbs. at half speed, and 440 lbs. at one-third speed). A pony that is largely encumbered (above 330 lbs.) is unable to cross soft ground without sinking.

Eladrin ponies are not readily domesticated, and are likely to escape into the wilderness (often taking any other horses with them) if mistreated or if given the slightest opportunity.

Erlkonig

© 1999 by Joshua Williams. Artwork © of Tara K. Labus. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Incidental, rings and trinkets
Alignment:	Neutral Evil (Chaotic)

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	5(d8)+2
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	2 or 1
Damage/Attack:	2d4/2d4 (claws) or 1d8 (bite) or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Poison (see below) spell use +1 or better to hit, see below
Special Defenses:	+1 or better to hit, see below
Magic Resistance:	90% (<i>charm/sleep/fear</i> spells)
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	1,200

The Erlkonig are cruel elven creatures native to Ysgard and areas of the Outlands immediately surrounding portals and gates into Ysgard. In appearance (when they are rarely seen) they are hauntingly beautiful (or handsome) elf-like creatures, with long flowing hair and ears that come to a fine point.

Erlkonig never speak and communicate only through an unblockable form of telepathy, which gives the "listener" the impression that the voice in their heads is coming from somewhere else. Erlkonig prefer the taste of children to all other things, and will go to great lengths to lure them out into the night. Erlkonig hate light and avoid it at all costs. They suffer from continual light spells and sunlight as do dark elves.

Combat: Erlkonig avoid combat at all costs, using their natural power of physical invisibility (as per the spell *improved invisibility*, but it cannot be disbelieved) as well as casting *charm* and *fear* spells to escape their foes. When cornered they are fierce fighters.

The bite of an Erlkonig injects a potent poison into the victim which they must save vs poison at -4 or suffer 5 points of damage/round for three rounds and suffer from effects similar to the *fear* spell.

When pressed into combat, fighting with weapons daggers and short swords are preferred by most Erlkonig. Erlkonig cast spells from the *enchantment*, *charm*, *illusion*, *phantasm*, and *necromantic* schools, and all light spells are reversed. Erlkonig suffer no penalties when fighting in total blackness.

Defences:



(Beware the catcher of children!)

Habitat/Society: The easiest way for a planewalker to tell that an erlkonig is about an Ysgardian town will be the total absence of children outside in the evening. This indicates that one has been stalking the area and that the poor sods are taking precautions against it.

Erlkonig do not hoard treasure and thus the only treasure that one may have is that which it has found pleasing or attractive to its foul and twisted eye. This may include items such as slightly enchanted swords and daggers. However, erlkonig have been known to collect tomes and other various books of magic, as they use them for "light" reading.

Ecology: Erlkonig **never** appear in the daylight, they retreat to their forest or cave lairs in the daytime, disappearing within the deep and secret places within. Erlkonig become more active in the snowy winter nights, when they seek out companionship of others of their kind to mate and then hunt heavily for a few weeks. The exact nature of this mating, however, remains dark and most canny sods would say thankfully so...

'Oh come...'

Oh come...

Oh come my sweet one...

I would with you like to eat my son...

Come we shall have such fun...'

-an Erlkonig calling its dinner-

- Erlkonig move silently, and hide in shadows, with a success rate of 90%.
- In addition to this, when hidden or moving silently they may backstab at x3 to damage.
- In the snow, erlkonig move about without leaving foot prints (-10% to tracking checks, if the ranger has encountered them before).
- Erlkonig are immune to damage from normal weapons.

Note: Inspired by the classic poem *Erlkonig*, by Goethe.

Also, all erlkonig hate pure iron, and will not enter a room with iron in the entryways.

Moth, Ethereal

© 1999 by Scott Perry. Artwork © of Cara Mitten. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Ethereal Plane
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary, small group
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special (see below)
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	d6
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	None
Special Attacks:	Special (see below)
Special	Special (see below)
Defenses:	
Magic	30%
Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	500

Note: The following information is provided by the Council of Know. It is not known how this information was collected and thus cannot be checked or verified. Use at your own discretion.

The creature commonly called the ethereal moth is native to the Deep Ethereal. The moths are often found near chronolilies, which are ethereal plants that feed off the latent possibility of the swirling ether. The moth's body and wings are covered by shimmering, translucent patterns of oscillating light. They have white antennae tipped with dots of blue and yellow. Each of their six legs ends in a small pearl shaped claw.

Similarly to other insects, the moths have three pairs of legs and a body that is divided into three sections--head, thorax, and abdomen. On the thorax, or middle section of the body, are two pairs of wings. The pair in front is usually the larger. The scales on the wings contain a magical pigment that gives the insect its shine. Certain colors and the iridescent shimmer come from the fine ridges on the scales. The ridges break up the light into the various colors of the spectrum. The beautiful blues, for example, are due to the way in which ethereal light strikes the scales.

The Fraternity of Order has classified the ethereal moths into a suborder of winged planar insects called Heterocera. The ending -cera meaning "horn" and refers to the antennae. Heterocera, loosely translated from the strict Guvner tongue, means "otherwise-shaped antennae."

Combat: An ethereal moth's shimmering markings make it an easy target. However, any creature viewing



(The shimmering, fleeting ethereal moth!)

Habitat/Society: Ethereal moths are extremely short-lived and for the most part solitary eaters. They use only pheromones to ward off would be attackers. However, the moths do have a common enemy. Dhours, the amoeba-like creatures of the Ethereal, are not affected by this pheromone defense and attack the moths. Dhours, when able, eat the moths and thus reduce their numbers.

At times the moths can form small groups of 8 to 12, but only when large tracts of quintessential protomatter have been located. Dhours are more likely to attack when the small groups are present. The moths do not have any recognizable social order and their only known habit is to eat protomatter, continuously.

Ecology: Ethereal moths live only 1-5 (1d4+1) weeks. During this time they search for newly formed quintessential protomatter, the second development of protomatter in the Ethereal. The moths eat the protomatter voraciously. It is believed that the moths help regulate the amount of protomatter that eventually becomes stable ether. However, a clear relationship is yet to be established.

The moths continually eat the quintessential protomatter during their very short life cycle until they become completely full and explode. The resulting explosion often results in the creation of stable protomatter, which can create demiplanes if enough stable ether is present. The relationship between the moths and the Ethereal is surely a symbiotic one, but how this relationship began is still a mystery.

Upon repeated viewing of the eating habits of the moths it cannot be determined exactly how they eat, as they do not have any visible mouth or opening. Also, it is only during the bodily explosion that any clear connection to the Ethereal can be seen. The expelled body parts and digestion of quintessential protomatter

the moth squarely from above or below must successfully save vs. spell or be *charmed*, as the mage spell, for 7-12 (1d6+6) rounds. The markings also provide excellent illumination making it difficult (50% more) to surprise the moths.

...sniff sniff sniff...

**"Hey, Maliss, do ya smell somethin--
--purty...wings..."**

-Typical encounter with an Ethereal Moth-

When attacking a moth emits a potent pheromone that can attract other moths and can cause weakness in any non-insect. The weakness effect has a 50-foot radius and exposed creatures must successfully save vs. poison or lose 1 point of Strength each round they remain in the area of effect. Creatures who are successful with their initial save need not save again if exposure continues. Multiple moths do require multiple saves as each moth emits a slightly different pheromone.

Lost Strength points are recovered at the rate of 1 per turn, beginning 1d8 hours after exposure stops. Creatures reduced to 0 Strength lose consciousness until they regain at least 1 point of Strength. There is a 10% chance each round that an additional 1d4 moths will arrive at the end of any round when one or more moths are emitting this strong scent. If they do arrive, they will join in emitting pheromones.

are absorbed by the Ethereal and at random, some of the expelled material becomes stable protomatter.

The moths reproduce through a method of non-contact fertilization. The moths do not have different sexes. Instead the moths secrete a bluish-green slime that oozes out of their bodies and floats within the Ethereal. When another moth then eats this slime they become fertile and will begin forming eggs, internally, as it continues to eat protomatter and possibly other slime.

The eggs are released when the moth explodes at the end of its life cycle. The eggs hatch in 1 to 2 days, sprouting 4-9 (1d6+3) small white worms. The worms do not evolve into moths until they begin eating quintessential protomatter. Once they begin eating their bodies openly mutated and transform into the full adult moth. This is surely a sight to be seen and has only rarely been viewed by observers.

Elf, Ether

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Climate/Terrain:	Ethereal
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Clan
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Varies from Very to Genius (11-18)
Treasure:	C
Alignment:	Lawful Good

No. Appearing:	1d6+2
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	14 (12 with missiles)
No. of Attacks:	2 or by weapon
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	<i>Mistmissle</i> <i>Phasing</i>
Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	M (4' - 6 ½' tall)
Morale:	Elite (15)
XP Value:	3,000

Natives of the Plane of Eternal Mists, the ether elves are not well known to most of the inhabitants of the Outer Planes. While they are not reclusive, they are so in tune with their home, the Ethereal, that most sods simply never know they are around.

When they are visible, ether elves appear much like their planar and prime cousins, their heights ranging from four to six and a half feet in height, large, opalescent eyes, long, pointed ears and no facial hair. Their do tend to be slightly stockier than most elves, however, and are commonly well toned and muscled. Their hair tends to be of the fairer variety, ranging from stark white to silvery gray, with blonde being the most common color. Their eye colors tend to be gray, brown, gold, and oddly, purple. Strangely, all ether elves have dark, bushy eyebrows that stand out in direct contrast to their fair skin and hair and make their eyes seem all the larger.

Ether elves speak their own tongue, which can be mostly understood by anyone who is familiar with elven. They also speak the telepathic tongue of Xill, their greatest enemy, the Nathri, and planar common.

Combat: Having gained their combat experience over the eons hunting the fierce Xill of the Ethereal plane, it is no wonder why the ether elves strike with such fierceness, determination, quickness, and skill in any fight. They operate as a tightly knit group, playing off of and adapting to one another with honed precision and tireless training. A war band of ether elves, even without their special ethereal abilities, would be a mighty foe for most any planewalking party. Luckily,



(A *phasing* Ether Elf)

Lastly, the ether elves have developed a very unique and unusual defensive capability known as *phasing*. It is believed that this ability was attained as a manner to avoid being impregnated by Xill eggs, but that is unconfirmed and the Ether elves do not speak of it. This ability allows the ether elves to effectively *phase* either their entire bodies or parts of their bodies entirely out of existence. They are neither invisible nor plane shifting, they are simply not there.

However, the ether elves somehow still manage to maintain some form of a presence on the Ethereal where they can listen, see, hear and feel (effectively function just as they were there) while in this state. They cannot however, cast spells nor come into physical contact with someone or something that is in the normal "space" of the Ethereal plane. Thus, an ether elf could *phase* out his arm if a Xill attempts to inject an egg into it and would foil the Xill's attempt. Or, one could *phase* in just his head to speak with a passing party, and it would look like a disembodied head floating in the Ethereal. This has caused many a planewalker to scratch his brain-box in confused thought...

Many a Guvner sage has gone bald trying to figure out exactly how this ability works, but so far, none have had any success.

Habitat/Society: The society of the ether elves revolve around four things - the large clannish family unit, the worship of their deities, their war with the Xill, and their love of their native home, the Ethereal (see *Ecology*).

To an ether elf, there is nothing more important than family, and their concepts of family are much more broad than most cutter's. Their entire clan, which may

ether elves are good natured and lawful in action, so they will never attack a foe without reason or provocation, and will always attempt to parlay before any combat is initiated.

However, when they do move in to do battle, there is usually little quarter asked for or given. In combat, ether elves will initially use their *mistmissle* ability, wherein they can literally form missile weapons (arrows, crossbow bolts, sling stones, ballistae, etc.) from the essence of the ethereal itself. They can then fire this at a rate double that of normal rates of fire due to their innate experience with the weapons, as long as they have a missile weapon with which to fire them. Thus, a ether elf with a longbow literally has an unlimited supply of arrows which it can rain down on its foe.

Further, these arrows are formed quickly by some innate ability, so ether elves commonly draw their empty bows and before they release, a *mistmissle* has formed, ready to fire. Ether elves can create and store these *mistmissles* when not in combat, but they dissipate immediately if they are either taken from the Ethereal or if they cease to be in physical contact with the ether elf that crafted them.

It is interesting to note that ether elves cannot create *mistmissles* from birth. It is taught as a skill during the rearing process and is a very important part of each ether elf's life. Some planar sages believe that this skill could be taught to other, non-ether elven folk, but most discount this as pure screed, saying that an innate ability cannot be taught. According to them, the ether elves are merely learning to focus this ability instead of learning a skill such as blacksmithing...

All ether elves can use two weapons without penalty, as their battles with the four-armed (and four weapon-wielding) Xill have taught them. They prefer the use of a specially crafted longsword-type weapon (which appears as a combination of a scimitar and a longsword) that is called a *ji'la* in their native tongue. The *ji'la* (pronounced - ja-LA) is a uniquely ether elven weapon and they are never given or sold and functions as a +3 weapon. Rare occasions where one has come to market in the Great Bazaar, they elegant blades have fetched prices as high as 500,000 jink.

number as high as 2,000 individuals is considered to be immediate family. Each one of these family-clans, known as *uopi* resides on an ever-evolving city-mass of solid ether in the Deep Ethereal.

The ether elves also have their own powers, all of which are said to reside in the Ethereal! While the existence of these Powers has not been confirmed, the ether elves do gain spell-like abilities from somewhere, so the question remains. The known Powers are, as best as they can be translated, **Uof**, the ClanLord, **Pi'Oai**, the ClanLady, and **MaGrth**, the WarringLord.

It is not known why the ether elves make war with the Xill, but make war they do. They will attack the Xill, either High or Low Clan, on site, and will fight to the death. Tales of massive battles between the two races that have even destroyed demiplanes pepper the legends of the Ethereal and are often mentioned amongst Etherfarers.

The ether elves are known to the Etherfarer Society, but they and their desires to be left alone are respected, which helps to account for their existence being mostly unknown amongst the folk of the Outer Planes. The ether elves, in return, aid the Society when they can and will often act as guides for them when need be.

"Uhhhh, Maliss..."

**is 'zat an elf head floatin'...
...over there?!?"**

-Maliss and Moriss, just before discovering the Ether Elves for the first time-

Ecology: Very few creatures exist in such harmony with their surroundings as the ether elves. It has been said that the forest elf's love for the wood pales in comparison to the ether elf's love for the Mists. They respect it and protect it with their lives and its enemies are theirs forever...

Faashtha

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Climate/Terrain:	Any Upper Planar
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	H,S,T
Alignment:	Neutral Good
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-3
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	14
THAC0:	3
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	2d8/by weapon x 2
Special Attacks:	Ram, <i>Holy Aura</i> , <i>Haste</i> , charm
Special Defenses:	<i>Holy Aura</i> , hit only by magical weapons of +3 or greater enchantment, regenerate 4 hp per round. <i>Planeshift</i> once per turn
Magic Resistance:	70%
Size:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	21,000

**"Any mission,
anytime, anywhere.
On my soul."**

-The Faashtha Creed-

These great beings are the bounty hunters of the upper planes. They perform missions specifically for goodly aligned powers (or their highest servants) that the power does not want his direct followers to engage in. The Faashtha, or Faa, as they are also known as, normally get the "dirty" or "dangerous" tasks the powers need doing. They revel in this, and talk down to the "bound" celestials, as they refer to them. The sense of pride in mission accomplishment is what motivates them to take incredible risks for comparatively little reward.

The Faashtha are handsome human-appearing beings, except for the large set of ram's horns that crown their head. They are roughly nine feet tall and heavily muscled. They are so handsome (**Charisma 22**) that they may charm any creature they make eye contact with. This ability is normally used to glean chant and darks about their assigned tasks or target. The symbol on the loincloth (which is the only clothing they wear) is the sign of their lodge, and holds special meaning to them.

Combat: If the Faashtha initiate combat they will activate their *holy aura* which makes them take half damage to any spell (they still gain any normal save throws) and all the powers of a protection from evil, any evilly aligned creatures within 5' are burned for 1d10 points of damage per round that may not be healed or regenerated except by magic.



(I come, A Faashtha self portrait)

Further, each Faashtha maintains the abilities it had as a mortal and this will determine the additional abilities.

Habitat/Society: The society of the Faashtha is based around the lodge. These are gatherings of the bounty hunters (one per goodly plane and one is suspected to be in the Outlands). Here they receive new assignments and warn their fellows of new foes and magics. Between assignments is a great deal of drunken revelry, contests of strength, non-lethal combat, as well as other "passions of the flesh". Due to their attitude and presence in the Outlands, some Faa have been occasionally seen with the large roaming tribes of the bariaur, who share in this "celebratory attitude".

When on a mission, however, they are always solitary. It is considered the height of rudeness to assign multiples to the same mission. The price paid for their service is unknown but is very steep. There are several recorded incidents of lesser or demi-powers being unable to pay the fee. It is suspected to often be a great magical weapon that can help with the Faa's future missions, but the truth of this remains dark.

Ecology: Faashtha are mortals who were of great service to a goodly power and were destroyed in his service. In life they must have been some type of bounty hunter. If they meet the stringent qualifications and there is a vacancy in a lodge (each lodge has 49 members) they may be elevated by the sponsoring diety.

Planetouched PC's: Aasimar versions of the Faashtha are

also known to traverse the planes.

If far enough away they will then *Ram* their foe (x2 damage at 20' with an additional multiplier for every 10 feet of head start to a max of x5) for 2d8 points of damage. Once they have closed they will activate their *haste* ability (no aging side affect) and use their melee weapons. They always fight two weapons style with DM determined special magical weapons (normally large versions of one handed, or normal two handed weapons wielded in one hand due to their size).

Fara-Rararf

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Climate/Terrain:	Skies
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Family
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	One brown stick each
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1-10
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	10 (Flight)
Hit Dice:	2
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d2
Special Attacks:	Stick transformation, Surrounding Flight
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	300

The Fara-Rararf are a strange race living in the highest regions of Prime Material Worlds, as well as in the "skies" of the Outer Planes. In the latter, they mostly stick to the Outlands, Ysgard, and stabilized and airy parts of Limbo.

These creatures look like silvery monkeys, their exceptionally large eyes nothing but creamy pearls. Their claws have eight fingers each, as well as two thumbs - one at each side of the claw. At birth, they are no larger than two or three inches, but they grow about an inch every week, until they reach their maximum size of about half a meter.

While they have a somewhat peaceful look to their face, they also seem to grin; this, actually, is just an effect of their particular skull shape, though, and has nothing to do with their attitudes.

Strangely, it has been reported that each Fara-Rararf has a unique shape of teeth; some have blunt teeth, others have pointed teeth, some have teeth that look like hooks, others like forks, etc.

Combat: Fara-Rararf rarely fight; the very reason why they live in the skies is that they prefer to keep away from others, to avoid conflicts. If hard-pressed, they still try to take the first chance to flee; they have strong ties to their family, though, and would in most cases rather die than leave their relatives behind.

Each Fara-Rararf owns a small, brown stick made from an unbreakable wood. Sages have not yet found out where the "sky-monkeys" (as they're sometimes called) get these sticks from, but for the Fara-Rararf,



(Not just some friendly silver monkeys...)

Habitat/Society: Fara-Rararf are strongly family-oriented. The members of a family love each other and would do just about anything for each other, but they don't really care for anyone or anything else. If someone invades "their" sky, they simply move on; as they have no material possessions, this doesn't really matter to them. In most cases, the sky is the same everywhere.

All this seems to change during the mating season, though. Suddenly, the members of all families forget about their relatives, and journey the sky in search for a mating partner. The problem is, their instinctive behavior tells the females to hide as well as she is able, while the male has to find a female Fara-Rararf to mate with her. Due to this, the Fara-Rararf can cause real problems for flying fortresses, skycrafts, houses in really large trees, etc. As the mating season is once every ten years, and lasts for a full six months, the sky-monkeys have made themselves quite a few enemies already.

they're an absolutely necessary part of life.

These beings have the ability to transform their personal sticks (and only that one) changing it either into any one element, quasi-element or para-element of the same size and shape, or into a gust of wind. When transforming into an element, the Fara-Rararaf can use the stick like an "elemental dagger"; for example, it could attack a foe with a "dagger of lightning", inflicting normal dagger damage, as well as 1d6 points of damage for electrical discharge. The DM should determine which elements actually do damage, and which do not. A dagger of ash would be quite useless in most cases, while one of lightning might inflict half or even double damage in some cases. The normal damage to beings vulnerable to an element is always 1d6, though.

When transforming the stick into a "gust of wind", this resembles the spell of the same name, as if cast by a wizard of 10th level. The stick disappears, and returns to the Fara-Rararaf only after one full day has passed.

A whole family that tries to flee can use a special power. If all members of a Fara-Rararaf family touch each other, they can combine their flying speed, gaining a movement rate that is as high as that of all members added up. A normal Fara-Rararaf family with six members could get a movement rate of 60 this way.

The typical strategy for a Fara-Rararaf family to attack is to surround a foe from all sides, including up and down. They're quite skilled in finding those sides that are most vulnerable, and though quite weak in combat, they have surprised many an enemy with that tactic.

Ecology: Living in the high regions of the sky, the Fara-Rararaf hunt birds and other flying beings smaller as themselves. For some weird reason, a newly arriving family of Fara-Rararaf often (90%) means that it will begin to rain soon. No matter what the usual local weather is like, a rain comes up that lasts for 1d100 hours. The intensity should be defined with a d10, with a 1 meaning no more than a few, barely noticeable drops, and a 10 meaning a full-fledged, dangerous storm.

"Watch my back? Are you barmy? It's only a bunch of sodding monkeys, right?"

-Argruth the Hunter, deceased-

The way the Fara-Rararaf fly is unknown; they do not have wings, nor have any flight-related magical powers been detected. Some sages believe that these creatures originally came from the Plane of Air, and thus somehow developed a natural flight ability there.

Some mages and merchants tried to steal the sticks from the Fara-Rararaf. While a few of them had success, it showed that a Fara-Rararaf without his stick dies within 1d4+1 days, and the stick simply vanishes after that. No particular use of the sticks has been found so far; it seems only the individual sky-monkeys know how to use them.

Faunills (Treesingers)

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Climate/Terrain:	Elysium, Arvandor, Outlands
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Copse
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Sunlight and Water
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Good
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	3-12
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	9
Hit Dice:	6
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	2-6
Damage/Attack:	1-8 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	<i>Entangle, Control Plants</i>
Special Defenses:	Half Damage from Heat, Regeneration, <i>Pass Plant</i>
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	4,000

The Faunills, or Treesingers, are the tenders of nature. They do not perform as druids, but more as gardeners than guardians. It is their mission to slowly move the stream beds to water the most plants, or bring the saplings of the mighty oaks out of its parent's shadow. They work to optimize the variety and vitality of their woodlands.

The common treesingers stand roughly six feet tall. When at rest they appear to be a silver birch tree, or rarely, a weeping willow. When they become active, crags in the trunk become a face, high branches become one of their up to 6 arms. The trunk splits and root sections become feet. At the conclusion of the transformation a bipedal creature of surpassing beauty stands where a tree once did. Their light tan skin has the whorls of woodgrain and their eyes are the deepest green of leaves. Their hair reflects the seasonal color of leaves and rustles slightly as they move. The few clothes are the silver birch bark or the deep brown willow wood, crafted into a tight fitting tunic and leggings.

Combat: In combat the faunills are a fearsome opponent. They will only attack those that wantonly destroy their woodlands. When they see a foe they begin the *treesong*. A wordless hum that sounds like a strong wind through branches. The *treesong* both summons all sylvan creatures and treesingers within the forest and allows them to shape weapons from local plant life. The *songs* is a supplication for assistance from the spirits of the trees.

**"...we are the protectors of the forest...
...listen..."**



(A Willow Treesinger)

If it comes to melee combat the treesingers will batter a foe with each of their arms for 1d8 points of damage per round. If area effect magic is used (*fireball*, etc) the treesingers will frantically attack until the offending mage is destroyed. All plants within reach of a foe will attempt to grasp and hold them as the *entangle* spell while the faunills are in combat.

All treesingers take only half damage from heat or flame spells as green wood does not burn. They can also resume tree form and regenerate 5 hp per round. To escape or press an attack they may step into any tree and step out of any other within their forest. They will fight to the death to prevent the destruction of their trees, but they do this intelligently. The faunills do not throw their lives away fruitlessly, but will attack when they are strongest.

Habitat/Society: The society of the treesingers is a happy one. They live as one with the forests. Each day is a cause for celebration at the continuation of life. Their hauntingly beautiful song has brought many elves to tears. Alliances for defence of the forests between elves, treesingers, treants and druids are not uncommon and are to be feared. Faunills reproduce very slowly, only making a sprout once every century

**to our song, and you will see the goodness
of our way...or else."**

-a Faunills' final word-

The treesingers will then grasp the branch of a nearby tree and the tree willingly surrenders it. The song then shapes the branch into a longbow and the next branches grasped become war arrows. Each pair of arms will have a longbow and attack twice per round with it. Each arrow that strikes does 1d8pts of damage and can strike any creature that may be hit by a +3 or lesser magical weapon.

Once the arrow strikes it begins to sprout into a tree. This causes 1d4 pts. of damage per round for the first three rounds as it expands in the wound. After the fourth round the new plant life begins to feed on the life energy to grow. It will absorb 1d10 hp per round, which cause it to grow as if each 4 hit points were a year of good weather and sunlight. Once the victim dies the new tree will set down roots and assume its place in the forest.

or so. Their lifespans stretch millenia though, allowing a parent to see their young through ages.

Ecology: The treesingers function in the ecology as the hand of nature. They will reshape the land and life to make it all more harmonious. They sing the dirge of fallen forest giant trees, and announce the birth of new life. Their song renews the life that hears it (allowing friendly creatures to count time spent listening to the song as bedrest). No natural creature fears the treesinger. Squirrels play through their branches and deer rub against their trunk, however unnatural creatures that mean to do the forest harm should be wary.

Fröträd

© 2000 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © of Lisa Ferreira. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Yggdrasil, Ethereal (demiplanes)
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Group
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Special
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
No. Appearing:	1-10
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d3/1d3
Special Attacks:	Spells
Special:	Spells, immune to bludgeoning weapons, +1 or better
Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	3,000

Small, female treants. That's how the Fröträd are usually described. This is not quite accurate, however, as the Fröträd are much more pleasing to the eye to begin with, with their well-formed faces supporting their lustrous green hair, and their Charisma of 18 overall (if it weren't for the bark they have for skin...), and because, where the Treants care for the trees, the Fröträd care for entire worlds, albeit small ones.

"Grow now, my world.

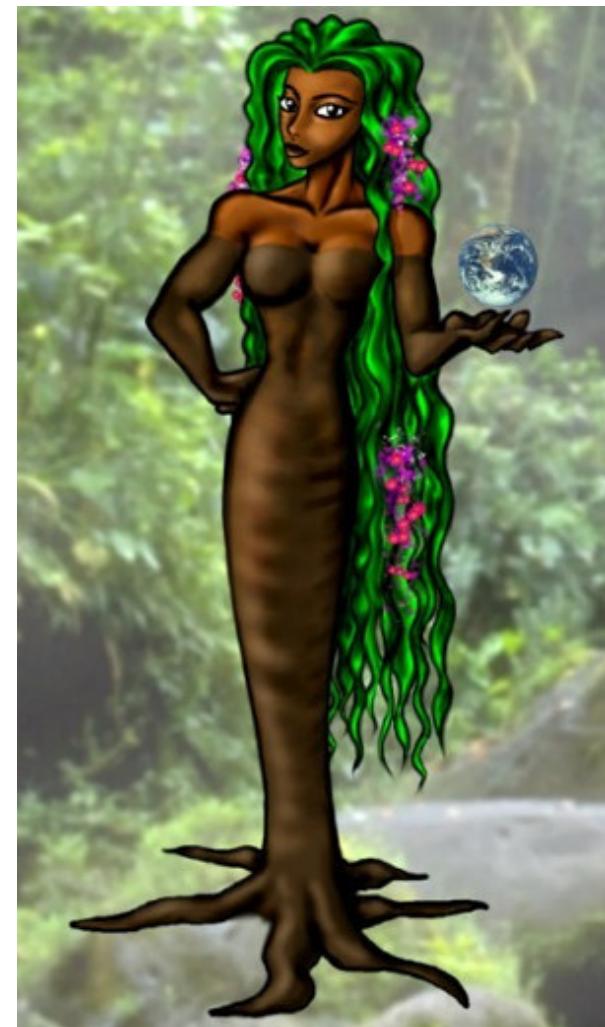
Grow.

Prosper."

-a Fröträd-

Combat: Fröträd are extremely non-combatative and, being guardians of life, will never willingly kill someone, be it fiends, celestials or adventurers. They rely heavily on the spells they can cast (Plant and Protection spheres as well as any spell from the *Druid's Handbook*) to evade combat and protect their 'children', as they call it. When seriously pressed they usually surrender, hoping to preserve the lives of anyone threatened. If they DO strike someone, they do so with their fists, for 1d3 points of damage each.

Habitat/Society: A popular theory states that Yggdrasil is a mother-tree that occasionally 'sprouts' new worlds as her fruits. These newly formed planes start as tiny demiplanes in the Ethereal with a direct connection to the Great Mother. Until they are 'old enough' to be used as a place to live in (until their ecology is harnessed and brought under control, for example), they are tended by up to 10 Fröträd, who cherish and protect their world, and make sure it does not grow into anything hostile. When two or more are



(She's got the whole world in her hands)

How exactly they tend the Great Mother's fruits is unknown. Fact is, immature worlds (no one knows when a world is immature or not, but we'll have to take their word for it) are usually far more hostile than the ones they claim to have nurtured, being devoid of water, light or life.

There are those who say that this is a natural occurrence and that the Fröträd are only impostors who claim to have greater powers over Yggdrasil's children, but they are heavily contradicted by the Fröträd themselves and their supporters.

Ecology: Although it's obvious these creatures have something to do with plants, hardly anything is known about their origins. Some claim they grow along with the worlds they care for. Others claim they are broken-off branches of Yggdrasil which have gained some form of intelligence. Yet others claim they are yugoloths striving for more power for their race, but this last theory is contradicted by the fact that the Fröträd don't need nutrition as long as they care for something. That's hardly fiendish, is it?

caring for the same world, they do so in a peaceful manner, understanding each other as if they had a group mind.

Gangren

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Tribe
Activity Cycle:	Any (prefers darkness)
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	S
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	5-25
Armor Class:	5 (base)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	3 (base)
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	by weapon +1
Special Attacks:	Pain Touch, Berserk, <i>Cause Disease</i> .
Special Defenses:	Immune to necromantic spells, unable to feel pain, immunity to diseases.
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	2,000 (4,000 for spellcasters)

The Gangren are the near undead servants of the priests of Dark Gods. They were once humans who have been subjected to torture and dark magics. Their life force has been twisted so they resemble the undead in every way, though they yet live.

The Gangren look like skeletal men, their skin is stretched tight upon their bones and they are crisscrossed with scars. Tightropy muscles give them their surprising strength. Their eyes look out from deep within their sockets, giving them a hooded appearance. All hair has fallen out from exposure to the magics that created them. The symbol of the God they serve is branded upon their foreheads. They commonly wear hooded cloaks over partial armor. To disguise their symbol they will often sew a piece of leather onto their head, giving the appearance of a helm.

"Does it hurt much?

Yesss, I see it does.

Yessss...."

-Gangren torturer to his victim, a soon to be gangren.

Combat: The Gangren in combat is a fearsome thing. They have been tortured so extensively that they no longer have the capacity to feel pain. Their only release is inflicting it upon others. Their favored weapons are shortbows and shortswords (40%), or javelins and battle axes (60%) for footmen. Horsemen carry shortbows and scimitars (40%), or lances and horsemen's flail's (60%). They will always use their



(A Gangren enshrouded)

The greatest power of the Gangren is in their glyph. They only move in groups of five. The five enjoy a unique bond. When one of their number is wounded the other four gain the lost hit points. Thus if one gangren is hit for 3 points of damage the other four gain 3 hp each. For every eight points gained the thaco of the gaining gangren is lowered by one. If a gangren is reduced beyond -5 hit points they may not receive HP and are dead.

One in five Gangren is a priest of a God of Death. They are identical in all respects to their peers, though they may cast spells at 3rd to 6th level (1d4+2 to determine spell level). **Habitat/Society:** The society of the

weapons to their best advantage. Most will carry shields, lowering their armor class by one.

Due to their extensive experience with torture they have learned how to inflict pain upon the living. With a successful barehanded hit in melee combat they force a save throw vs paralysis. If the save is failed the victim falls to the ground screaming in agony for 1d4 +1 rounds. Once they have drawn blood and heard the first victim scream each gangren must roll a save vs spells or go berserk. If they fail and go berserk, they become immune to all mind affecting spells and gain a +1 to hit and +3 to damage. They also receive 8 temporary hit points. (See the Complete Fighters Handbook for all effects of a berserk)

Their transformation into Gangren also caused several more changes. They have 30 ft infravision and a 10% immunity to all magic. Healing magic cannot effect their twisted spirits, though a harm or cause light wounds will heal them at half its normal affect. They are completely immune to diseases of all sorts, though each of them carries a virulent plague. After three rounds of contact a human or half-elf must roll a savings throw vs disease. If they fail within one week they will begin to feel weak and break out into boils. Each three days the disease remains untreated the victim loses one point each of strength, constitution and charisma. It is contagious after two weeks.

Gangren is devoted to death. Commonly, the armies they serve in have captured human women. The gangren breed as normal humans, though they do it without pleasure. They follow orders in this as in all other things. The young are immediately taken to be transformed into gangren. It is these that are raised as followers of the death god that their priest follows. They give their own lives no value, living only to inflict pain and misery on others.

Ecology: The Gangren are transformed into carnivores by the magic that creates them. They will kill for pleasure, normally leaving devastation behind their marches. Normal animals will not approach within 20' to a Gangren, as they can smell the foulness about them. The cavalry has horses that have been bred to seat them. They are the only animals that they can use.

Garggin

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Climate/Terrain: The Abyss, major Prime Material cities in peril

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Variable in The Abyss, only seen at night elsewhere

Diet: Carnivorous

Intelligence: Low (5-7)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 2

Movement: 15 (18 running on its hind legs)

Hit Dice: 12 + 10

THAC0: 8

No. of Attacks: 2 hooves, 1 bite

Damage/Attack: 4-15/4-15/1-6

Special Attacks: Death, insanity, neighing

Special Defenses: Immune to death magic, mind/

body control, disease, and poison;

+2 or better weapon to hit; flies

Magic Resistance: 45%

Size: Large (7' + to 12')

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 2,800

The garggin (also commonly called the cart horse of the Abyss) is a truly dreaded beast that is only rarely encountered "in the wild" in its natural home in the Abyss. A casual observer would likely mistake one for a nightmare in the twilight of its life--but only for as long as he managed to escape the beast's detection.

They appear as sway-backed black horses with burr and parasite-ridden manes and tails, and (non-flaming) hooves of solid jet (worth approximately 300-400 g.p. each). They are typically (90% chance) accompanied by swarms of large, biting flies, and their coats may be streaked with some blood. Their eyes are glazed and white, as if afflicted with cataracts, but glow red or green when the garggin becomes aroused.

Combat: The garggin rises up on its hind legs to attack, and can move about effortlessly in this manner. They can attack with hooves and teeth, but the most feared attack of the garggin is its gaze. Any creature (one per round) that a garggin in an excited state (eyes glowing red or green) fixes its gaze upon must save vs. breath weapons at -4 or die. If this first saving throw is successfully, the recipient of the garggin's stare must make yet another saving throw (at -2) or be stricken from that point on with insanity. Further, characters making a successful saving throw against the garggin's death gaze also lose 1-6 points of Constitution. These are regained at the rate of 1/day, or can be restored through the use of powerful curative magic such as a *heal* spell.



(The sinister Garggin - beware!)

The eerie neighing of the garggin is a sound somewhere between the neighing of a zebra and insane human laughter. Creatures of less than 6 HD/levels of experience must check morale the first time they hear it.

Habitat/Society: Unlike the nightmare, the garggin is a beast that serves only itself. Any attempt to tame or train one is sheer madness. If it is ever somehow subdued or forced into servitude, a garggin can and will without hesitation will itself to die (though if given the opportunity it will try to take as many souls with it as it can before doing so).

Though their role in the scheme of things in the multiverse is not fully understood, the garggin are often thought of as the "Hounds of Ill Omen" for major cities on the Prime Material Plane, and with good reason. Several cities have been visited by garggin shortly before falling due to wars, plagues, or other disasters.

"That?!"

That's just a half dead old night--"

*****THUD*****

-Final words of Perin of Towbarrel, a clueless Prime adventurer, seconds after seeing his first--and last--garggin-

The garggin runs through the streets on its hind legs, neighing wildly and dealing out death to those unfortunate enough to cross its path before gating back to its home in the Abyss. In fact, they are so rarely seen that some have speculated that the garggin are born from the substance of the Abyss itself shortly before their death runs (solely for that purpose), and then are reabsorbed by the plane of their origin shortly thereafter. However, there is no conclusive evidence of this.

In particular, he or she will develop a severe case of hippophobia. The character afflicted will react with fear upon seeing any horse or horse-like creature (including creatures such as hippogriffs) and attempt to move away from all such beasts at the greatest possible speed. If cornered by or forced by others to approach a beast of equine attributes, the afflicted must make a Wisdom check. If this is failed, the character collapses into a whimpering heap, unable to perform any action until some distance is put between him and the source of his distress.

If the Wisdom check succeeds, the individual goes wild in an attempt to defend himself, attacking all beings within range in his efforts to get away from or kill the offending beast. In this crazed state, the afflicted character loses all AC bonuses for dexterity and makes his attacks at -2 to hit, but with a damage bonus of +4.

No means short of a *wish* spell with resurrect a being slain by a garggin, or cure one driven mad.

Characters making successful saving throws vs. both gaze effects are not required to make additional saves vs. those effects during that particular encounter with that particular garggin.

Further, attacks made at close quarters (within 1") against a garggin are made at -2 to hit due to the swarms of biting flies that usually accompany it (if these files are present).

Ecology: Like nightmares, garggins are not natural horses and have no place in any real ecology. They do not need to eat or drink to survive, but they have been observed doing both. Their fallen foes are typically devoured with some eagerness, and according to the few surviving witnesses to such travesties, the garggins eat with hideous and entirely unnatural grins on their faces.

When a garggin dies, its corpse rots within minutes. It disintegrates into liquid filth and is eaten from inside by thousands of maggots that spontaneously hatch and grow from eggs laid under the garggin's skin by its ever-present host of flies. If they are not quickly retrieved, even the garggin's jet hooves will be consumed. Nothing in the way of plant life will ever grow from the spot where its body falls.

Gaunt

© 1999 by Brannon. Artwork © 1999 by Robert Logan. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Gray Waste
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Flock (<i>Murder</i>)
Activity Cycle:	Any, mostly nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore (also loves bones)
Intelligence:	Exceptional to Genius (15-18)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral evil
No. Appearing:	2d4 or 6d6
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	6, FL 20 (B)
Hit Dice:	3+2
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d6+4x2, 3d4
Special Attacks:	Wingslice, poison, see below
Special Defenses:	+1 or greater weapons to hit, regeneration 2 hps/round, see below
Magic Resistance:	35%
Size:	Small (3' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	850

Looking like pure embodiments of malice and evil, the gaunt are thin, merciless hunters and scavengers native to the Gray Waste, particularly its first layer of Onios. Small, but perfectly suited for their environment, the gaunt live up to their namesake - they are near skeletal creatures with elongated limbs, serrated wings, and bat-like ears. Their eyes gleam with malice and cunning intelligence, set into a face that seems born from some poor sod's nightmares. Long talon-like fingers and toes complete this picture of an utterly horrific and despicable creature.

Gaunt are thought by many sods to be the planted eyes and ears of the yugoloths, and many a superstitious cutter will not even speak with a gaunt within earshot. Also, it is said that to hear the gaunt cracking bones as they consume their victims (they are very fond of bones) is to invite death to sup with you, so most bodies, berk and basher alike, give these creatures a wide berth.

The gaunt speak a strange, squawking tongue amongst themselves that no one has yet been able to decipher, even through the avenues of magic. They have been known to learn basic commands in the language of the yugoloths, baatezu, tanar'ri, as well as the Lower Planar trade tongue. It is believed that they can understand far more than they let on, but this has yet to be confirmed.

**"Hush, ya green, clueless sod!
can't ya hear that crackin'?
Them's Gaunts fer sure!"**



(The crackers of bones - the Gaunt!)

Habitat/Society: Gaunts tend to be very organized into large social groups that are known as flocks or more commonly among natives of the Grey Waste, *murders*. This in an of itself should speak volumes about the evil creatures, but some poor leatherheaded sods never seem to learn. These flocks range in numbers from half a score to several score and will dominate a given terrain until their food sources become depleted. Then, they will simply move on to another location, and where Onios is concerned, there is always another Blood War battlefield fresh with carrion just over the horizon.

There seems to be a definite "pecking order" amongst the various flocks of gaunt, but the hierarchy is very nebulous, with the dominate individual changing from moment to moment. Undoubtedly, with creatures as evil and malicious as these, the struggle to be the dominate individual is fraught with treachery, murder, and subterfuge. Little is known for sure of this strange hierarchy, however, as it changes so often that planar sages find it very hard to study. Further, when trying to study a large group of evil creatures that would much rather make a snack of your skeleton adds a measure of difficulty as well.

It is known that the gaunt practice cannibalism without hesitation or remorse. It seems that a carcass is merely a carcass to them, no matter its origins. Nothing is known for sure about the reproductive process of the gaunt, but it is believed that they lay hard calcium eggs

-Gorun Gimpleg, Gray Waste guide and traveler

Combat: While they normally prefer to stick to their easy, scavenger way of life (preying on the near dead and dying), gaunt can be nearly fearless in combat, and will attack almost anything that moves if it enters their territory. When they attack from surprise (which is their favorite form of attack), they always automatically make their first attack, with no regards to AC. They seem to "appear out of nowhere", whether they are attacking from the ground or air, due to their near perfect camouflage.

This initial hit will always be their poisoned claw attack (if attacking from the ground) and their wingslice (if attacking from the air). A successful hit with their claws forces the victim to save vs. poison or fall into a coma-like state in 1d6+1 rounds. If, by some miracle, the poisoned sod is not harmed in any other manner while in this state, they will awaken in 1d3 hours later, no worse for the wear. Normally, the malicious gaunt uses this poison ability to quickly disable their prey so that they can be "dealt with" in a more convenient and easy manner.

The gaunt's wingslice attack occurs as the creatures fly by their target, lash out with their wing fore claws (normal THAC0, and causing 2d4+1 points of damage when they hit) at their intended target. If a fore claw hits, the victim must save vs. poison just as if they were hit with the regular claws of the creature.

Further, gaunt also love to land (or leap) upon their intended victims, where they can then employ both talon-filled hands as well as their bone-crunching bite. This bite is horribly powerful as well as painful and it seems that the sound of crunching bone only heightens the fury with which the gaunt attack.

Lastly, and possibly most dangerous, is the habit of the gaunt to gang up on a single target. This usually seems to be triggered by the sound of crunching bone, which only drives the gaunt into heightened fury and attracts more of them to the scene. While one or two of these little malicious creatures might not be that difficult to overcome, fifteen of the little buggers is another story entirely...

in the large piles of rotting corpses that they frequent. The heat from the decaying process then hatches the eggs and new gaunt emerge from the gore, fully grown and hungry...

Gaunts are hated by the natives of the waste and if not for the natural effects of the plane to suppress all emotion, they would more than likely be extinct. Occasionally, hunting parties are formed by the natives (usually headed by an adventuring party with less sense than the average sod) and go out to eradicate a flock or two. These are usually short lived, as gaunt can easily outdistance most sods, and they usually return with reinforcements, and the hunting party becomes hunted.

Blood War troops tend to be fond of these creatures, considering them "good" omens in the coming battles. Many high-ranking fiends, particularly yugoloths and baatezu, will keep them as "pets".

Ecology: The gaunt are the scavengers of the war-torn and body-strewn layer of Onios, roaming the grey skies of the layer, seeking out the weak, the dead, and the dying. History tells us that the gaunt were not always present on the Waste, but rather have appeared over the last few thousand cycles. Whether this is due to some form of natural course spawned by the environs of the plane or a subtle maneuverer to create inconspicuous spies by the yugoloths (both of which are the leading theories according to planar greybeards) is unknown, however.

Whether planted by 'loths or spawned by the sheer apathy of the plane, the gaunt are perfect for their home. They grey skin color fits in perfectly with both the land and the sky of the Waste, and they are often upon an intended victim before they are even seen. Further, their role as scavengers on Onios seems almost too perfect, for if it were not for them, there would be mounds of Blood War carcasses miles high all throughout the layer. In fact, they can often be seen roosting upon these massive piles of rotting bodies, leisurely snacking as the mood strikes them. For any but the most seasoned of planewalkers, this is a sight that is both terrible and sobering to behold.

The gaunt produce nothing of value and upon their death, these creatures simply dissolve into the grey ground of the waste, leaving only their jagged and serrated bones behind. Some sods have been known to make weapons from these bones, but it is generally accepted to be taboo to carry a weapon made of the bone of a gaunt.

Gith'ilid

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Climate/Terrain:	Sigil, Outlands
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any (usually nocturnal)
Diet:	Omnivorous
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	H (gems and magic only)
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	2 claws or 2 claws and 6 tentacles
Damage/Attack:	1d6+2/1d6+2 or 1d8+2/1d8+2 or 1d8+2/1d8+2 and 2 (x6) plus special
Special Attacks:	Psionics, see below
Special	See below
Defenses:	
Magic	90%
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	11,000

An excerpt from *The Illithiad*, also known as *The Journals of S. Wakeman...*

"Rogues exist within every culture, and mind flayer society is not immune from individuals that fly in the face of convention and act in ways that flout illithid sense and sensibility...Spurned by orthodox illithids, alhoons live singly, although the rumor of an alhoon conclave does exist. Alhoons owe allegiance to no one, and they would not hesitate to use living mind flayers as thought- or spell-controlled slaves if the opportunity presented itself."

It would often seem that words bear far more power than we could ever imagine. If the masterful S. Wakeman could have ever known that his words would give rise to such a horrific creature, one would be hard pressed to say that he would have written them. For it was the very creatures that the well-known sage speaks of, the alhoon, that created such a being that can make the stalwart githyanki, the stoic githzerai, and the mighty illithid tremble in fear and revulsion.

The Gith'ilid is this creature.

Gith'ilid appear, at first glance, to be nothing more than githzerai, or perhaps githzerai with a slight tinge of infernal blood in them. As their brethren, they are tall, lanky, and spindly and tend to favor dour and drab colors with simplistic styles and simple cuts to their clothing. Their hair is more often than not, a dark color that ranges from black to a dun metal grey color. Their skin is a sallow, sickly color and their faces are normally long and narrow and are accented with angular, sharp features.



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(A Gith'ilid, looking for prey...)

Gith'ilids typically use weapons when maintaining their disguise is paramount, even against githyanki and githzerai. Against illithids, they love the use of their tentacles and the obvious terror that they cause in the squids so much that they will only refrain from using them when absolutely necessary. A pair will work extremely well together, using their inherent telepathic connection to coordinate attacks and pass information to each other. Gith'ilids are among the few sane intelligent races that don't hesitate to take on two or three illithids single-handed, and they usually win.

Habitat/Society: As a totally created race (and a relatively new one at that), it is not thought that the gith'ilids have any known societal structure. Considering their harsh, emotionless nature, even if the race were as old as their hated enemies, there is a very likely chance that there still would be no society to speak of.

Gith'ilids do not tend to associate with each other very much, if at all, but this is extremely hard to gauge, as they mainly use telepathy to converse with one another. When they do speak verbally, it is flat and toneless, and always direct and to the point. This is not to say, however, that a group of gith'ilids do not work well together. On the contrary, gith'ilids work as a well oiled machine when together, and even seem to anticipate one another's moves and actions.

When dealing with other races, they generally take the easy road, and act as dour, tight-lipped githzerai, which usually works perfectly. They do not take well to socializing with others and this facade seems to fit that mode well. When encountering other githzerai (or githyanki), they usually attack them outright if they can do so and not be discovered for what they truly are. While these actions work well if githyanki are encountered (as that is normally what 'zerai do when confronted with 'yanki), it does not work as well when the gith'ilid has a run in with other 'zerai. These

It is only the most subtle of differences that mark a gith'ilid as one not of the legacy of Zerthimon, but it is these differences that can spell doom for any that encounter them. All gith'ilid have plain, milky white orbs that reflect neither emotion nor intent and their chins are always accented by what, at first glance, appears to be a chin beard composed of six braided strands. These two features mark the gith'ilid for what they truly are, arcane abominative amalgams of the gith and illithid races.

How was this appalling act performed? Planar graybeards and sages are currently at a loss, as the gith'ilid have only begun appearing the past few cycles. However, one popular component theorizes (based primarily upon the actions of the gith'ilids) that they are created by the alhoons in a twisted, arcane version of ceremophisis.

Combat: In combat, the gith'ilids can use standard weapons and armor if they wish to keep up their githlike appearance. These items are usually magical, easily created by their masters. When disguise isn't important they extend wicked retractable claws from the tip of each fingers. These claws swipe for 1d6 damage per hand. Against illithids, githzerai and githyanki their training, fury and knowledge of their opponents' anatomy allows them to do 1d8 points of damage per attack. Each of these attacks gets a +2 damage bonus from their 18 strength.

Illithids have even more to fear, as the gith'ilid's braided chin beard can unbraid and extend itself into six long tentacles in combat against the squids. All six tentacles can attack every round along with their claws or weapons. These tentacles have the same characteristics as an ulithard's tentacles, with the exception that they can only be used against illithids. Alhoons consider this to be an amusing way of turning the tables on the race that hates them.

Each tentacle that has attached itself to a mind flayer also makes it more difficult for the victim to use psionic abilities, conferring a cumulative -1 penalty to all psionic power scores for each tentacle attached. Just before removing the brain of their prey, they gith'ilid's tentacles secrete enzymes that trigger immediate spawning in the illithids, producing eggs that are used in *Necroceremorphosis* (see **Ecology**). To make matters even worse for the mind flayers, the gith'ilid are immune to brain removal by illithids due to their strong brain case and chemical makeup, which prevents the illithids' enzymes from working.

As if their physical abilities weren't enough, the gith'ilids also possess psionics. These are oriented towards the defensive, possibly to prevent them from using offensive abilities against their masters. The negative energy that the alhoon put into transforming tadpoles for *Necroceremorphosis* (see **Ecology**) has an added benefit for the gith'ilid: they partially share an undead immunity, namely that towards telepathic

situations rarely happen, as they go out of their way to avoid them.

Gith'ilids are one of the few creatures in the multiverse that are universally hated by githyanki, githzerai and mind flayers, for obvious reasons. Bub-swiller's screed often holds that there have been instances when two of the trio, such as a group of githyanki hunting illithids, are surprised by a group of gith'ilid hunters, that they **forego** their hated rivalries for just long enough to dispatch the interlopers. No instances of this have been substantiated.

**"Take comfort in the fact that
from the death of your race,
comes the life of mine..."**

-A Gith'ilid's words to his illithid victim-

Ecology: The "life cycle" of the gith'ilid is one filled with ironies, to say the least. Despite the horrific internal, mental, and spiritual changes that one of the gith race undergoes to become one, the instinctive drive to reproduce still exists within the gith'ilid. Even if they did not have the alhoons driving them like maddened zealots, the gith'ilids would still hunt illithids, as they offer their only hope of reproduction!

It is only through the enzymes that are injected into the illithids by the gith'ilids during combat (see **Combat**) that future generations of the gith'ilids can be formed. The spawned eggs are gathered after combat and swallowed, ending up in a special pouch in the gith'ilid's stomach which prevents them from dying, and then brought back to the gith'ilid's master alhoon. There the alhoon performs a twisted and malevolent ritual that hatches the eggs and transforms the resulting tadpoles using negative energy. This arcane procedure allows the tadpoles to survive without a brain pool and also prepares the tadpoles to one day create new gith'ilids through a ceremony similar to ceremorphosis that the alhoon call *Necroceremorphosis*.

While there are to date, no known "rogue" gith'ilids, the possibility of them does exist, and planar graybeards have only begun to ponder at the effect such a creature might have upon the multiverse. There is no doubt, however, that in such a case, the rogue gith'ilid would have not only illithids, githyanki, and githzerai hot on its heels, but also wrath of its creators, the alhoons... It is a safe bet that not many of these creatures would survive.

attacks. Because the gith'ilid aren't actually undead, this immunity isn't perfect. Instead, they automatically roll their power score for any psionic defense that they choose to use, making them nearly invulnerable in psionic combat.

Psionics summary:

#AT: 1; **MTAC0:** 15; **MAC:** 5; **Level:** 5; **PSP:** 100
+1d100; **Att/Def:** MT/All; **Disciplines:** Adrenaline Control, Ejection, Synaptic Static, Psionic Inflation, Psionic Sense.

G'nrt

© 1999 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Anders Skarsbø. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Lower Planes and areas bordering them
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Unknown, believed to be at least Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	10+8
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	Special
Special Attacks:	<i>Moan, Gripe, Growl, Mumble, Yowl</i> <i>Blink, planeshift, can be hit by +4 or better weapons only</i>
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	S (2' tall)
Morale:	Fearless (20+)
XP Value:	10,000

From *The Journals of Maliss and Moriss*

or

Getting There and Running Back Again...

I had just finished skinning the caran'ck beetle when I heard the noise. The reason I remember it so clearly was that it was enough of a racket to draw my attention away from the horrid smell that was wafting off the moldy carcass and forcing its way into my nostrils like a gorristo into a baatezu fortress. Sometimes, a Sensate finds that while all experiences are worth partaking of, not all are worth doing over again...

Without looking up, I yelled at my sodding brother, Moriss, to hush up. I thought that he should know better this close to the Abyss, but then I remembered who I was flappin' my bone-box at. I turned around, fully expecting to see my poor, leather-headed, dead-ringer-for-a-prime brother half way down the gullet of some Abyssal beast, when all I saw was a pint sized green berk with a bone-box that was too big for his brain-box, a'staring down at the form of my sleeping brother.

Sighing in relief, I tried to shoo the little bugger away. I started waving my hands like the bubbers do in the alleyways of the Cage, the ones that try to scare the scarlings away...

The little green bugger just looked up at me with dead fish eyes and made a grunting sound that sounded a bit like "Gnrt, Gnrt!" and then shifted its ragged-bottom jaw as if it was setting it for a blow of some sort.



(The G'nrt. Be afraid! BE VERY AFRAID!)

"Ffruumble, g'muu-Ummble,
Ssporf-gerrbf kllrrttbb..."

-G'nrt speak?-

The g'nrt usually begins its attack by using its *Mumble* ability, which has the effects of *mass confusion* as well as causing (1d6 points/rd. worth of) damage as if the victim was floating unprotected in the soup of Limbo. These effects are usually either not immediately noticed, or if they are, they are suspected as something other than a direct attack by the g'nrt.

Normally, while its victims are still reeling from this initial attack, the g'nrt will follow with its feared *Moan* attack, which seems to infuse those that cannot avoid it (**save vs. spell at a -1 penalty**) with the spirit so common to the petitioners of Carceri. The victims most often begin bemoaning their current condition and will usually fall into utter distrust of their fellows - thinking that "everyone is out to get them".

While this attack does no damage, most groups that suffer this attack after the initial *Mumble* of the g'nrt will begin attributing that damage to "some nefarious plot" of their comrades and companions. Also, this sort of negative and paranoid attitude often leads to incurred damage due to "friendly fire".

The *Gripe* ability of the g'nrt, which causes all those nearby (within a 50 ft. radius sphere) to begin suffering from despair as if on the Gray Waste (**pending a failed save vs. spell, with a -2 penalty**) normally follows and can, when combined with the effects of the previous two attacks, can be quite harming to an individual or a

I don't know what was more pure at that exact moment - the sensation of utter alien-ness that hit me like a Rager's punch or the raw fear that ran up and down my spine like a troop of ratatosk on the World Ash. I swallowed once, hard, my throat making a weird galloping noise sort of like the sludge fountains of Cit-Sloughian on Ooze.

I think, now, looking in hind-sight, that the noise I made caught the little bugger's attention more so than did my words. He started walking towards me, slowly, like he had all the time in the world and his bottom razor-toothed jaw began shifting side to side. It reminded me of a disjointed mimir, or like some basher who has gotten beamed on the jaw once to many.

Then came the sounds...

They were not words exactly, but they sounded like something as close to words as a sod could come without actually speaking. It was not a spell, mind you, but I felt the familiar tingle of magic on the nape of my neck. I have been in enough bad situations to notice this as yet another, and reached for my chiv-

The creature's sounds grew louder...

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in the Gatehouse, in one of those barmy-jerkins that they make 'em all wear. Moriss stood behind a steel barred door with a frown on his face. After a few days and more than a few more favors, I was able to give the Gatehouse the laugh.

But no matter how far I go, I cannot get that tumble-mumble-grumble speech outta my head; let me tell ya cutters, I rather stare down the Wyrm than see another one of those lil' grubbers again...

The g'nr't is one of the most unthreatening looking creatures on the planes, and yet it is, by and far, one of the most deadly. A small, stubby, waddling creature with tiny, un-clawed hands, trunk-like feet and an almost button-like tail, the g'nr't looks about as dangerous as someone's great grandtiefer.

Combat: The g'nr't, in its own peculiar way, always initiates combat, although it is often done in such a manner as to catch its victims at unawares. G'nr't have only to be within visual range of their targets to enact their abilities, which all take the unusual form of an incomprehensible grumbling-type of speech of varying loudness. Further, once these attacks are begun, they last for quite some time (**usually 10d6+10 rounds**). To make matters all the worse, the unique attack forms of the g'nr't seem to work together and are always cumulative...

party. The despair is so powerful that a sod finds even the simplest tasks far beyond their ability (**the despair effects other all saving throws and ability checks with a -1 penalty**).

The g'nr't's *Yowl* ability has to be one of its most devastating, as it mimics the effects of the howling winds of the endless tunnels of Pandemonium. Only the luckiest sods are able to avoid this horrid attack (**save vs. spell at a -3 penalty**), which when felt, has the same effects as if the poor sod has spent half of his life on the barmy plane (**victim immediately finds himself in Stage Four: Resignation of Madness as detailed on pg. 85 of the Book of Chaos in the Planes of Chaos Boxed Set**).

The coupe de grace of the barmy attacks of the g'nr't is its *Growl* ability, (**save vs. spell at a -4 penalty**) which seems to mimic the brutal and chaotic nature of the Abyss itself. Some sods claim that this attack is always different, and that they mirror the innumerable layers of the Abyss, but most point out that this chant has to be screed, as most berks could not escape such an attack and live to flap their bone-boxes about it. (**DM's are encouraged to make this last attack special - it should always be deadly different and should always reflect the merciless nature of the Abyss, and yet never be so tough that there is no possible way out...**)

Habitat/Society: The G'nr't has no known society nor societal structure. It is an utter mystery how these creatures exist, live, and breed, but yet they do. It is almost as if they exist merely to defy every multiversal role that exists! In certain "fringe" circles, some planar sages theorize that these creatures may, in fact, be some form of physical extension of the planes themselves, as they exhibit many powers that mirror planar phenomena. Some of these same sages explain that the g'nr't (and the planes themselves) may be rebelling against those in it.

Planar sages in the mainstream of philosophical discussion simply regard these theories as pure screed...

Ecology: Anyone spying an g'nr't for the first time would have to wonder how such a small and obviously defenseless creature is able to fit into the scheme of things alongside raging tanar'ri from the Abyss, scheming 'loths, and the subtly manipulative baatezu of Baator, but somehow, it does. However, lanned planewalkers know not to judge the g'nr't by its "cover", so to speak and can tell you that it is anthing but defensless.

Not only does it somehow manage to fit into the scheme of evil on the Lower Planes, but it also manages to hold its own. Strangely, g'nr't have been encountered most often on the Gray Waste, and then they have been seen often following the night hag's massive herds of larvae. The reason for this, if there indeed is any, remains dark.

Golem, Banner

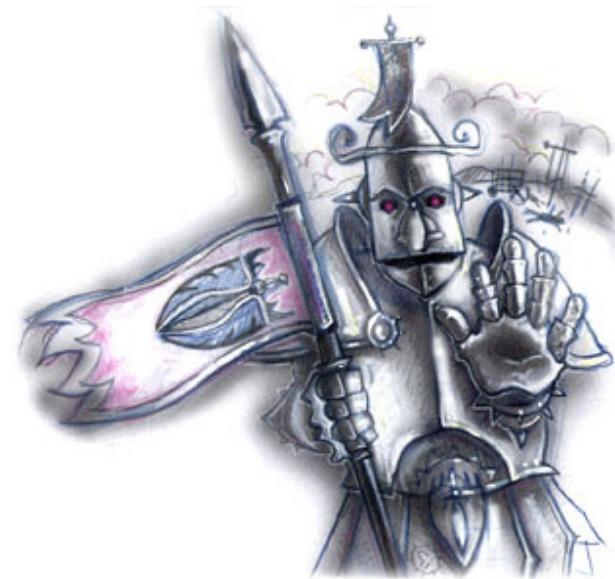
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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Nonintelligent (0)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	14 (60 hp)
THAC0:	7
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	2d6 +10
Special Attacks:	Shout, Repulsion
Special Defenses:	Protection from Normal or magical missiles, +2 or better weapon required to hit, Aura of Magic Reflection
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	2,000

The Banner Golem is normally assigned to a high factional or military commander as both a bodyguard and a symbol of power. They are usually variations of the Stone or Iron Golem. All known examples appear as a human male in armor of roughly six feet in height and 1200 lbs. In its right hand it carries a stone longspear with the banner of the Lord they are assigned to waving from the staff. This appears to be a separate weapon but is actually a part of the golem, though it may be set aside for up to four rounds. They will never move more than 10 feet away from their assigned commander.

Combat: In combat the Banner Golem serves a primarily defensive role. All creatures within 10 feet of it benefit from its sphere of protection from normal and magical missiles. This causes all normal sized missile weapons to bounce away from the protected sphere as if they had struck a solid wall. All within 10 feet also gain the protection of its sphere of magic reflection, which sends all non healing magics back at their caster 50% of the time.

Should any enemy force draw within 50 feet of the commander the golem will use its shout ability (as the fourth level mage spell), this may be used once every five rounds. If any enemy draws within 20 feet it will use repulsion (as the sixth level mage spell) to force them away, this may be used once every five rounds. If a creature draws any nearer the Golem will engage in melee. The stone longspear gives the golem great reach and does large amounts of damage (2d6 vs size M and 3d6



(A Banner Golem, Harmonium-style!)

The Banner Golem is immune to any weapon, except those of +2 or greater enchantment. A *rock to mud* spell slows it for 2d6 rounds. Its reverse, *mud to rock* acts to heal the golem, restoring all lost hit points. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the golem's structure, but does make it vulnerable to any normal attack for the following round. This does not include spells, except those that will cause direct damage. All other spells are ignored. The Golem may increase the volume of any word spoken by their commander if he so desires. They may do this as if it were an audible glamor spell at the 12th level of experience.

Habitat/Society: Golems are automatons, artificially created and under the direct control of the wearer of the necklace of command. They have no society and are not associated with any particular habitat. Unlike the lesser golems, the greater golems are always under control while their controller lives. A greater golem can obey simple instructions involving direct actions with simple conditional phrases. Any given task could take several separate commands to direct the golem to its completion.

Ecology: Golems are not natural creatures, and they play no part in the ecology of the world. They neither eat nor sleep, and they live until destroyed.

"Big of Iron Creature be problem not us to! Prank we'll able be play a to Factol on Sarin!"

-a couple of Xaositechs, who are about to be 'educated' on the aspects of Factional Banner Golems-

vs size L, both + 10 due to the golem's strength of 22).

If the golem's assigned commander is somehow slain it goes berserk, attacking all mobile creatures it can reach or catch. The berserker rage may only be controlled by someone wearing the necklace of command that is created with all of these golems. As soon as another dons the bracelet the golem submits itself to their will.

Golem, Slayer

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	11 (44 HP)
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	2d8
Special Attacks:	Backstab
Special	Spell Immunity, +2 or greater weapon to hit, <i>Indifference Aura</i> .
Defenses:	
Magic	Special
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	9,000

The slayer golem is the most feared creation of powerful assassin's guilds. They are single minded hunters whose sole mission is to slay a given target. Once set on a mission they cannot be stopped, save by their total destruction.

A slayer is a human sized clay golem. It resembles a man in all particulars, even down to having clothes placed upon it. Careful study of a deactivated slayer will reveal the carefully detailed face of an average human man of common height and build. An activated slayer's *indifference* ability means no one notices the details of it enough to give an accurate description.

They speak in a harsh sibilant whisper. Their voice causes discomfort and a chill in the living that hear it. It tends to stand out in memory so the golem seldom uses it.

Combat: In combat the slayer is a vicious opponent. Any and all who stand between them and their target are killed without a second thought. It is their stealth prowess that make them especially feared. The slayers can move silently with 65% effectiveness and hide in shadows 55% of the time. Their *indifference aura* means they are totally ignored by all creatures of intelligence 3 or higher. Those with a special reason for paying attention to the golem (such as a guard it is attempting to walk by) gets a saving throw vs. spell to ignore the effect.

In melee, the slayer golem strikes once per round with each of its fists doing 2d8 points of damage, either bludgeoning with a closed fist or stabbing with its sharpened dagger-like fingers. Any medium sized



(Remember me if you can! - A Slayer Golem)

Habitat/Society: The slayer golem has no habitat or society. It exists only for the kill. The secret of their creation is known only to the greatest and most high-up members of only a selected few assassin's guilds. Any good aligned creature will immediately destroy one known to have created a slayer golem.

**"Ah sir, I've been looking for you.
I have a... gift to present, from an
old acquaintance."**

-last words heard by a target of a slayer golem.

(Witnesses report seeing someone walking off, but can not remember what they looked like).-

Ecology: The slayer golem itself has no impact on the ecology other than killing those that are in its way. They are created from trapping the soul of an assassin in a gem, then carefully removing all organs and flesh from his body. The soul gem is then placed in the skull and all flesh is replaced by carefully carved and prepared clay. This clay is crafted from the remains of the assassin's cremated organs and flesh, which have been kneaded into the clay, and sprinkled with his blood in a special ceremony.

Further, the spell, *Enchant an item* must be cast on the creature and *aura of indifference* placed upon it. Fire of a dragon's breath must be used to fire the resultant statue. Once the clay has cooled an *animate dead* will cause the statue to become a golem. There are many particular spells and rituals must be performed during this extensive process, but they are known only to the

humanoid that is not aware of the slayer's presence, whether it be because it has succumb to its *indifference aura*, or it is caught by total surprise, it is subject to a backstab by these sharpened fingers. This attack is made with a +4 to hit and inflicts double the maximum normal damage. Only a +2 or greater magical weapon can harm the magical hide of a slayer.

A *transmute rock to mud* spell will render the golem vulnerable to normal weapons for 2d4 rounds. However, it also allows normal healing spells to heal its wounds. An *earthquake* spell will do 2d20 points of damage to the slayer. All other magic is utterly ineffective.

The slayer golem will continue to pursue its designated prey until it or the target is destroyed. It selects its moments very carefully to make certain that it will survive, while the prey does not. Once its victim is destroyed, it will return unerringly to its creator.

wizards and priests of the guilds.

Lastly, a personal item of the target must be obtained. It is to be burned and poured down the throat of the golem, which directs it upon its dark and deadly mission and helps it to locate its intended target. When not on a mission the golem is inanimate.

Gralim

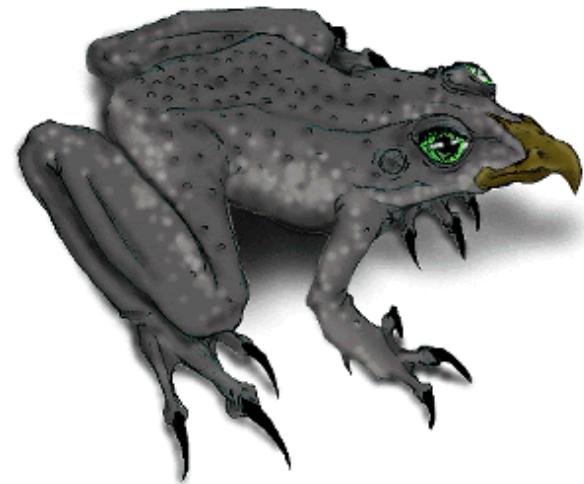
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Climate/Terrain:	Swamps
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1-4
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	4
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1-10/1-4/1-4
Special Attacks:	Crush
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Large (7' + to 12')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	875

The Gralim is a large froglike creature with a dark brown raptors beak. Its thick rubbery skin is a mottled grey color. Its wide set eyes are unusually large with two irises each a deep green color. The skin on its back is bumpy and appears pebbled. The two front legs end in wide three toed feet that have long claws. The two back legs are powerful and give the gralim its ability to jump. A common male will stand 10' at the shoulder and be roughly six feet in length. The Bull male will normally weigh 900 or more pounds.

The Gralim are the favored mounts of Lizard Men. In the wild they are major predators, but most are domesticated. Bridle and saddle must be woven of the hathayin plant, which severely irritates the beast if they bite it. It is the only known substance they will not eventually eat through. They make excellent mounts unless severely wounded. Many a Lizard Man rider has been slain by a berserk Gralim

Combat: In combat the Gralim is a fearsome opponent. It uses its great leaping ability (45' in a horizontal leap or 20' vertical jump) to confuse its foes. Its crush attack may be made against any size L or larger foe. It jumps on them from any distance within 45', attacking with a THAC0 of 13. If it hits the victim is knocked to the ground and takes 3d6 points of damage. Each round the victim must make successful dexterity and strength checks to get out from under the beast, if it fails it takes 1d4 points of damage.. The bite does 1-10 points of damage and each foreflipper may claw for 1d4 points. If the victim has not yet escaped from the crush attack each additional attack is made at a +4 to hit.



(A strange steed indeed - a Gralim!)

Habitat/Society: The Gralim is a pack creature. A Bull will control 1-3 females. Two of three Gralim are males, with only a precious few ever being able to control a herd. The battles between bulls are vicious and normally result in the death of one of the contestants. The young males are cast out from the herd at one year and only contest for a herd starting at age six. The five years of immaturity are when most Gralim are used as riding animals. They normally become too aggressive for all but the most able riders once they are mature.

Ecology: The Gralim is often one of the largest creatures in the swamps. They are normally very aggressive when with a herd, though solitary bulls are fairly calm. Their loud honking bark is a common sound in their areas. The domesticated ones are loosely trained in not eating their riders and can be directed by a set of blinders. They will always move towards the direction they can see. Control of the creature is never precise but any general goal can be reached.

"Yuuumm

yuuummm!

now them's some FROG LEGS!!"

-Moriss, of Maliss and Moriss-

Griimbling

© 1999 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Kristina Nasstrom. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain: Elysium, Any dark or subterranean

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Omnivore

Intelligence: Very (11-12)

Treasure: Nil

Alignment: Neutral Good

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 0

Movement: 4

Hit Dice: 12

THAC0: 10

No. of Attacks: 2

Damage/Attack: 3d10+4/3d10+4

Special Attacks: None

Special Defenses: Immune to charm spells, *Friendship*,

Shimmer, see below

Magic Resistance: 10%

Size: Large (7' to 12')

Morale: Steady (11-12)

XP Value: 250

Large, slow, and bulky, the Griimbling is one of the stranger looking planar inhabitants that a sod'll ever run against. At first glance, they are often mistaken for natives of the elemental plane of Earth, or perhaps a minor earth elemental, and their nature supports this misconception. While they very well might have come from the Inner Planes long ago, they have since become their own people, separate and sundered unto themselves.

Standing at an average height of 11 feet, a Griimbling has a thick, bulky body with a flattened head, no neck to speak of, long muscled arms that touch the ground and tough, but smooth and slightly shimmering grey skin. Griimblings do not have hair, but their large hands and feet end in tiny yellowed claws. They have wide flat bone-boxes that seem more accustomed to a slowly growing smile than chomping on some poor body's arm and ears that seem squashed back towards the backs of their heads. Unusually, all Griimbling have bright green eyes that practically shine with intelligence and craft.

Griimbling speak a halted form of planar cant that is almost too mixed up to understand at times.

Combat: Griimbling seem to not understand combat at all. Usually being the largest and strongest sod around tends to lend credence to the way this philosophy might have come about, but most Griimbling will simply tell you that there is no need in "clatterin' brain-cases". Griimbling seem to be more inclined towards peace and balance than most creatures, and they will flee (slow though it might be) from any combat that they can, and will actively avoid



(The placid and peaceful Griimbling)

Habitat/Society: Griimblings have a very simple society that consists of wandering wherever life might take them. When a fellow of their kind is encountered, there is much rejoicing and a special ceremony called the Griimb takes place. What exactly occurs during this, no sage has learned, for it seems to the on-looker that the gentle giants merely sit across from one another in a trance-like state, with their palms flat against the other's. They seem to awaken refreshed and renewed, however, but they do not reveal their secrets to non-Griimbling.

**"Yup, a sodder
Griimbling-berk
am I,
chantwalker..."**

-Common Griimbling Greeting-

Nothing is known about the birth of young in the Griimbling society, and in fact, no sod has ever reported seeing a young Griimbling. Many planar graybeards wigwag that if the Griimbling are so secretive about a simple meeting ceremony, then they sure as the Lady's Skirts aren't going to lann any chant about the rearing of their young! Other sages argue that it is this Griimb itself that is what produces the young of their race. For now, though, it could all just as well be utter screed.

Ecology: The Griimblings seem to find a niche wherever they live. They can eat nearly anything, but their favorite meals are those that consist of minerals and crystals. They can be hard workers, but do not make good guardians, due to their pacifist natures. They tend to get along well with most animals and

the majority of others.

Occasionally, these gentle giants are forced into a corner, as many baatezu lords like nothing more than to see a Griimbling's noble spirit slowly broken over a leisurely fiendish dinner party. It is said that a live Griimbling will fetch as high a price as 10,000 jink in Ribcage, but there are rumors of thrice that much actually being paid.

When a Griimbling is forced into a corner, it initially tries to use its natural aura of *Friendship*, as per the spell *Friends* to try and win the aggressors over to its ideas of peace and tranquility. If this does not work, it will try and use its *Shimmer* ability, which acts as a powerful illusion spell as if a mage of a level equal to its Hit Dice had cast it.

If these do not avail, the creature will raise its mighty fists, but only in despair and defense of its own life. Usually, however, even the mighty blows that it can rain down upon its enemies cannot make up for time lost...

other creatures, for if their spell-like abilities cannot defend against predators, their sheer size and bulk can intimidate most of them.

They do not destroy things in order to find their sustenance, but merely take their food from what they can harvest about them.

Grim'alkin

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Climate/Terrain:	Baator
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	Z
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	16
Hit Dice:	6+6
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	4 (claw x2/bite/tail) or 6 (claw x4/bite/tail)
Damage/Attack:	1d8+2 (claw), 2d12 (bite), 1d6 (tail)
Special Attacks:	<i>Fright, Poison</i>
Special Defenses:	+1 on greater to hit, <i>Fear aura, Vampiric Regeneration, Wraithform</i>
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Small (4')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	4500

Dark, stealthy, cat-like and utterly full of malice and hatred, the grim'alkin are creatures that are straight out of a body's nightmares. These creatures are long and lanky, covered in fur so black that it shines in moonlight, and have vaguely humanoid features accentuated by large, lamp-like glowing eyes and a mouth filled with needle-like teeth. Long, muscular arms and legs that end in supple and grasping fingers punctuated by claws able to tear skin into ribbons and a hangman's noose of a tail make up this horrible creature.

It is not known if the grim'alkin have the ability to speak, but reports of them screaming in the black of a Baatorian night and of a hissing laugh just outside of a body's firelight have been reported. While these may be no more than tales from an addle-cove, any sod that has ever seen one of these malicious and utterly evil creatures would agree that these reports sound just like something that one would try. It is widely thought by graybeards that even if grim'alkin can speak, they would probably never bother...

However, their lawful tendencies and crafty habits in a fight would indicate that these creatures sport at least human intelligence and the common word of caution of the day is that to treat a grim'alkin as if it can understand every single word you say...

Combat: The dark is that grim'alkin can actually understand many languages and use this fact to their benefit in combat. With their keen sense of hearing, they home in on the most disorganized target in their territory and then begin the hunt. They usually seek out



(A grim'alkin stalks the night)

As if the grim'alkin was not horrible enough, each time it strikes an individual, it gains a portion of their hit points into its own total (although never more than its own maximum) as if it were wearing a *vampiric ring of regeneration*. It is wholly unknown what causes this effect in the creature, but it is well documented that the grim'alkin uses it to a devastating effect.

Finally, if the grim'alkin thinks that it is in immediate peril, or if it loses over half of its hit point total in a single round, it will go *wraithform* and simply wait for the poor sods to leave the area. It will then recoup and more than likely, resume the hunt for the tortured souls.

Habitat/Society: The grim'alkin have no society to speak of. They have very little, if anything to do with one another. Only when a female is in heat or she has given birth will two or more of these vicious creatures be found within 30 yards of one another. At any other time in their lives, they seem to know when another is near and this sense (whatever it is) seems to even cross planar boundaries. They avoid one another at all costs and no recorded instance of two or more of them coming upon one another (other than the exceptions mentioned above) has ever been recorded.

Ecology: As stated above, all that is known of these elusive and dangerous creatures is that other than at times of mating or birth, they avoid one another at all costs. Female grim'alkin give birth to two live young, which are cared for approximately three to four weeks,

disorganized or weakly structure parties, or perhaps those that are just floundering in the harsh Baatorian environment in which it thrives. As it stalks its prey, a grim'alkin tries to learn as much as possible about its individual targets, their fears, concerns, and habits, which it later puts to systematic use against them. (The grim'alkin seems to have some sort of sense for these sort of things about an individual that it is tracking, even if the character never speaks about them verbally).

Once it has lanned enough chant about its targets, the creature will move in for the kill, initially attacking with its *Fright* ability, in which it uses the character's worst fears, concerns, and worries against them. The player must make a save vs. petrification or become totally caught up in visions of these fears, worries, etc. manifesting themselves before them. Further, the grim'alkin will always direct this attack at the leader of the group, to cause immediate confusion in the lower ranks.

It then moves in to attack viciously with its claws and a bite, employing all four claws if possible. Further, it will always attempt to leap onto an individual in such a way that it can get its long, strong, and supple tail around the victim's neck. A grim'alkin enjoys nothing more than the gurgling sounds of a choking man's last breath, and will always seek to finish its prey off in this manner. All the while, any sod within ten feet of the grim'alkin must make a save vs. petrification each round or flee in utter terror as per the *Fear* spell.

Also, anyone hit with a successful claw or bite attack must save vs. poison at +1 or fall into a paralytic state in 1d4 rounds. Once all of its foes have been defeated it this way, the grim'alkin loves to move them (if possible) into such a formation that the can see one another's face and then, slowly, one by one, it strangles them all to death in front of each other's eyes. Truly, a horrible beast.

and then are left to fend for themselves. It is thought that at this time, usually one of the two siblings preys upon the other as its first kill. From that point onward, they are ruthless, solitary and cold-hearted killers.

The grim'alkin are predators, and while in the inhospitable climes and environs of Baator they do not occupy the status of top predator, they do manage to hold their own. In a grim'alkin's territory (which ranges from 10 to 25 leagues, depending on the age of the creature), there will be no least or lesser baatezu. Either they have fallen to the stealthy hunting of the grim'alkin, or they have left for "greener pastures".

Grim'alkin are believed to be natives of Baator, creatures that existed long before the baatezu arrived (some graybeards believe them descendants from the Ancient Baatorian's pets) or they have been spawned by the plane itself. However, as any sages attempting to study the elusive and blood-thirsty beast have become prey of their study subject, no hard fact has been found to either support or refute these theories.

"RUN!"

-last word of a Grim'alkin victim-

Gro'Ottorg

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Climate/Terrain:	Pandemonium, any subterranean
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal, on Pandemonium - any (thought not to sleep)
Diet:	Carnivore (suspected)
Intelligence:	Unknown
Treasure:	Unknown
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral/Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	16 (CL 24)
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	4 (claw/claw/claw/horn)
Damage/Attack:	3d6+4 (per claw), 2d10+2
Special Attacks:	None known +2 or greater weapon to hit
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Medium (6-7' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	2,500

Thought by many to be natives of the plane of Pandemonium, the gro'ottorg, which means "death in the darkness" in the tongue of the fiends, is a large, insectile-like bipedal creature with a merciless nature and a relentless hunger. The gro'ottorg range in height from six to seven feet tall of corded taunt muscle, claws, and chitinous armor. Feared by all that know of them, these creatures were thought to be totally fictitious for hundreds of cycles, until recently when an intact specimen was discovered, almost by accident, by a Guvner research and salvage team that was searching for leads on how to access the mysterious and little traveled fourth layer of the plane, Agathion. What follows is an official chant release from the Fraternity of Order concerning the discovery.

...however, our mission encountered a rather unexpected and miraculous misfortune. We managed to stumble upon a live and intact specimen of the illusive gro'ottorg! I know this may sound like an old night hag's tale, but I can assure you that we all have the wounds (some far more grievous than others, I am afraid) to prove this. Looking back on the incident, I am now almost assured that encountering the fiendish creature as we did, wholly by surprise, was the single saving grace for the lot of us. Poor Standish, Y'uurf, Balick, and Mal'lina however, were not so lucky. Truthfully, I must admit that if it were not for the Soul Cage that I had with me, we may have all met similar fates to those poor bloods.

I will spare you the full and horrific details of the incident, and save those for my verbal report. I will however, detail the creature as best I can. The specimen gro'ottorg stands at seven feet in height when fully erect, however, the creature rarely does so. It seems to move about most comfortably in a half-hunched state, no doubt a derivative effect of living in



(The mysterious and deadly Gro'ottorg!)

Further, it is known that they can employ three appendages and their horns in an attack, all while suspended from a wall or ceiling with a single claw. Also, it is known that these creatures cannot be harmed by weapons unless they are enchanted to +2 or greater, and silver, cold-forged iron or similar weapons as well have no special effect upon them. It is not known if they enjoy any special immunities or not.

Habitat/Society: While it is widely thought that the gro'ottorg is a solitary hunter, it has been suggested by several planar biologists that they live in hive-like communities that can span several hundreds of leagues within and "beneath" Pandemonium's winding maze of natural rock tunnels. It would seem, according to these theories, that the gro'ottorg society revolves around the hatching chamber, where all of the eggs of the entire community are laid and protected. It is this chamber that is sacred to the gro'ottorg, all life revolves around it. Some aspects of the Guvner chant release would seem to support this, while its other aspects (such as why there was only one creature present) would not. Needless to say, this is a most perplexing dark wherein these creatures are concerned.

Planar sages and greybeards that subscribe to this theory further state that it is likely that the gro'ottorg community is ruled by some sort of uber-gro'ottorg, or

dark caverns for its entire existence. The creature seems to be a strange cross between a fiend, an insect, and a humanoid, as it is indeed bipedal, but its whole form is covered over with strange overlapping, chitinous plates. Horns adorn the fiendish-looking head that is dominated by its large, non-reflective eyes. A small, slit-like mouth can barely be seen, but it is filled with row upon row of sharp, serrated teeth. (This we learned from mainly examining wounds, not from direct oral examinations of the creature). No external ears nor nostrils were discovered, but it is believed that the creatures have a highly accurate sense of hearing as well as smell. Strong, corded limbs each end in highly flexible, powerful claws, one of which can easily support the entire weight of the creature for an extended period of time, even while hanging suspended from the ceiling of a cavern!

The gro'ottorg seems at home and at ease equally along any surface, and seems to seek out the highest and darkest places it can to "roost". It was in just such a large and dark cavern that we discovered our specimen, however, the cavern seemed filled with unusual rock formations that were oddly symmetrical and linearly spaced along the cavern.

Unfortunately, we discovered the gro'ottorg before we could examine these rock formations in depth, but we hope to return on the morrow to do so...

Sadly, the Guvner research team never returned and they have not been heard from since. Guvner rescue teams, aided by Harmonium crack troops, discovered only the head researcher's journal (a section of which formed the chant release, above, and the Soul Cage which still contained the gro'ottorg. It is currently being housed in the Magical Research and Implementation wing in the Great Library in Sigil.

Combat: The gro'ottorg are fierce opponents in combat, using all of their surroundings and native environment to the utmost of their ability. They commonly attack from ambush with sophisticated attacks that literally drip with forethought and intelligence but show no mercy whatsoever. It is believed, but unverified, that they often use complex traps and even devices in their attacks, but no proof has been found of this to date.

What is known is that they are fast, well armored and can move across (and attack from) virtually any surface and at any angle. It is said by the few that have seen them that these creatures can move faster upside down on craggy rock tunnels in complete darkness than most bariaur can in the open, day lit plains of the Outlands.

a section of the population that is considered higher in status than its fellows as well as far more powerful and intelligent. Considering the damage that a single of the supposed "lesser" gro'ottorg can inflict upon a body during an encounter, the things that a stronger, more intelligent version is the stuff of pure nightmares.

"These creatures represent that which is unknown,

there is no reason to fear the unknown..."

-A Guvner sage, speaking about the Gro'ottorg, who could not be more wrong-

It is not known, considering the recent nature of this creature, how they react with other races and society. However, it can be assumed that they are at the least, unfriendly and would more than likely consider most other sentient races as prey. Further, there are no known substances from the body of a gro'ottorg that can be used in any fashion, but that is likely to change as more of these creatures are caught or contacted.

Ecology: Little is known of the habits, either mating or feeding, of the gro'ottorg. However, since the Guvner chant release, there have been countless theories circulating about the Cage and the multiverse at large. The most common thread of thought seems to be that the gro'ottorg are wholly fiendish and are more likely than not, some offshoot of tanar'ri that have for too long been separated and isolated in the maddening tunnels of Pandemonium. It is further felt that the plane itself has changed them somehow, and altered them into an all-together different creature than what they once were.

It is said that they are solitary hunters and predators, using their keen hearing and heightened senses of smell and vibration to hunt in the dark tunnels of the plane. It is theorized that they are primarily ambush predators, but there have been no sustained reports of attack by a gro'ottorg, only random and unverifiable planewalker's reports.

It is also widely thought that the gro'ottorg reproduce by laying eggs in a central, cavern area, wherein many of the gro'ottorg then guard. This is also totally unverified, yet elements of the Guvner story could be said to support such a scenario. Currently, the Fraternity of Order is offering hefty sums of jink for adventures willing to investigate further into this matter.

GROZU - Barinith, Medial

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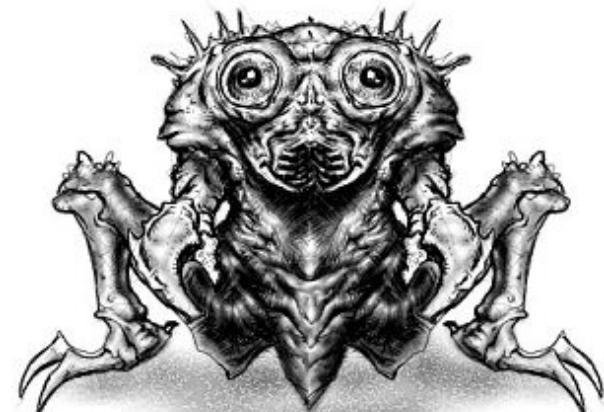
Climate/Terrain:	Gehenna, The Gray Waste, Carceri
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	S,V
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	18 Jump 36
Hit Dice:	6
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	2/1/1
Damage/Attack:	1d10/1d10 or 3d8 or 2d6
Special Attacks:	Acid Cloud, Poison, Bite, Stun Gaze
Special Defenses:	Immune to Fire, Cold and Acid based attacks, +1 or greater weapon required to hit
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	9,000

The Grozu is the most common of the Medial Barinith. They hop about their home planes constantly seeking powerful foes to test themselves against. When Hunts are declared it is the Grozu that lead the hordes of lesser and least Barinith against foes too weak to justify the attentions of a Jehorra. The Grozu are the weakest Barinith that actually have a chance of gaining the attention of the wise ones. They are constantly judged, with those who are found wanting demoted to Shilfana. Infighting is common for this rank, as they are always trying to one up each other.

The Grozu are insect-like creatures. Their two segmented legs allow them to jump great distances or gallop with an odd crablike gait. Their two huge eyes give them incredible distance vision and their antennae sense movement within 50' making them impossible to surprise. They also have two powerful arms end in a single large claw, with tiny dewclaws acting as their thumbs. The skin texture is a rough dark brown chitin.

Combat: In combat the Grozu are notable for their recklessness. They attack almost without thought, closing with a foe in great leaping bounds. They will first attempt to jump on a foe, hitting with their rear spike for 3d8 points of damage. If they miss they will swipe with both arms at a single foe. Each can do 1d10 points of damage. If both hit the Grozu will bite its foe doing an additional 2d6 points of damage and forcing a save vs poison or die in three rounds.

The two large eyes of the Grozu can stun any creature that looks at them (save vs spells to avoid) for 1d4



(The insatiable Grozu)

Like all Barinith the Grozu sweat a powerful acid. When excited (as in combat) this causes an acid cloud in a six foot area doing 1d6 points of damage per round to all inside it. The Grozu is immune to his own poison, in addition to the standard immunities of fire, ice and acid based attacks. Only +1 or greater magical weapons can hope to damage a Grozu.

Habitat/Society: The Grozu is by nature the most solitary of all Barinith, though they are occasionally forced into near proximity. On these occasions it is inevitable that fights will break out between rivals, often lasting until one is dead or it is broken up by a Greater Barinith. They are happiest when hopping about their home plane seeking out foes to count coup against. The honor brought by a successful kill will bring them ever closer to their goal of being elevated to a superior species.

Ecology: The Grozu is a fearsome predator, constantly hunting and eating all it can reach. It is unknown if they are that hungry or if they are acting out their instinctive response to any living thing.

"Yup - I saw that thrice-damned critter comin'. T'was hoppin' round the rocks, lookin' all bug-like... I yelled, 'Don't look at it!...

...but it was too late, they'd already been 'grozu-ed'."

-First hand account of an encounter with a Grozu-

rounds. This is normally used to allow the Grozu to close with a foe without being destroyed.

Grusshum

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Climate/Terrain:	Gehenna, Carceri, Sigil (rarely)
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1 (you hope!)
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	10+8
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	4 or 1
Damage/Attack:	3d10+8 x 4 (armed or unarmed) or see below
Special Attacks:	Berserker Charge
Special Defenses:	Immune to <i>charm</i> , <i>suggestion</i> , and other mind-affecting spells
Magic Resistance:	55%
Size:	Huge (12' + to 25')
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	10,000

Massive and mysterious, the Grusshum is an evil and maliciously cruel resident of the Lower planes, specifically, Gehenna and occasionally, Carceri. It is believed that these creatures are somehow descendants of the Titans, which would go a long way in explaining their massive girth, but the true dark of their origins remains shrouded in mystery.

All Grusshum appear the same, basically male humanoid, and it is unknown if there is some distinction between the sexes of their kind. Large, and muscular in that "oafish, big bully" sort of way, a common Grusshum stands at about 14 feet tall. "Runts", as they are called, have been seen as small as 11-12 feet, while exceptional members of the race tower at over twenty feet in height.

Thick torsos, tree-trunk like legs, and arms like the axle of a Baatorian War-Wagon make up the extent of the Gruushum. Their faces are never seen, (or if they are, they are not spoken of) and are covered in an executioner's style hood. They very rarely wear shirts, as their thick skin protects them from the blows of the elements as well as blades. If you are lucky, you will encounter one wearing trousers, but many are known to show a general disdain for wearing clothing altogether. Scrubby patches of matted and greasy hair dot their massive body, managing to cover nothing and yet seemingly provide emphasis to all of their worst features.

Partial to bludgeoning and chopping weapons of tremendous size, they are rarely seen without their blood-stained and well-worn weapons. They can wield these with immense skill and training and it seems



ALEX 2-99

(A Gruushum on Gehenna)

Habitat/Society: A Gruushum's concept of "society" is extremely limited, as well as limiting. It has often been said that these creatures have little to strive toward in the multiversal scheme of things, and therefore, they simply have stopped trying. It seems that they have always been and forever shall remain, members of the "dregs" of planar society.

They are always found in the seediest and most despicable of places on the planes; places where most sods fear to tread. Perhaps this is good in the long run, as it keeps many poor bodys breathing... Anywhere cheap bub and only semi-rotten food can be obtained is "high-class" to a Gruushum, and very, very few seek out anything better.

However, if there is one bright star in this dark and despicable race, it is Hurrgle Hamstringer, the Gruushum factor of the Believers of the Source, in Sigil. This blood managed to claw his way out of a cranium rat infested sewer in Carceri and work his way up to his now lofty position. He works diligently, from peak to anti, to try and help those sods whom he considers "less fortunate" to "make a better life path for themselves". He tells them if he could do it, then anysod can...

**"A grisshum, a grusshum,
he'll grab yer legs and crush'em!"**

that they can do so from birth. Many graybeards have theorized that they are a race that are simply born with this knowledge within them.

Combat: If one ever enters into combat with a Gruushum, one had best made their peace with their respective power. These slovenly creatures take delight in nothing so much as causing intense harm, pain, and bodily injury to another sentient being. It is their sole purpose for being, to hear one talk (which they rarely do).

They use their massive weapons expertly, and back them with a powerful punch. They are as equally skilled with their bare hands as with their weapons, and many a sod has found his end after underestimating an "unarmed" Gruushum. There is a lower planar joke that captures this quite nicely, '*The only unarmed Gruushum is the one with NO arms*'.

Further, spells seem to have little effect on these creatures most of the time, and many believe that their strange hoods have something to do in connection with all of this. The dark of this is unknown, it should also be noted that none have ever attempted to test this theory - for one must remove said hood before trying.

Finally, if a battle is going poorly for a Gruushum, they will fall into a fit of rage and attack using their dreaded berserker charge. Unlike other berserker charges, wherein the creature is able to attack more frequently, this attack takes the form of the Gruushum putting his entire mass into the attack against you. If the Gruushum misses, he is as good as defeated, but if he hits, he does so with earth-shattering force; **(5d20 +10 x 2 damage)** not many can withstand such a massive attack.

-Cager schoolyard taunt-

Ecology: Gruushum fill several niches in Lower planar existence, but no matter how many hats they seem to wear, they always seem to be standing knee deep in the muck and slime of the multiverse. They naturally tend towards the role of bully and thug, and their formidableness and incredible size allow them to get paid well for these roles. Most Gruushum never aspire for anything more. It seems that as long as they can bash a few brain-boxes and break a few back before retiring to their flagons for the evening, then all is bliss.

Gruushum are often found in the company of powerful tanar'ri, but usually as guards or slaves. They are also often employed by lower planar scum-lords, slavers, or crooked traders as thugs, mercenaries, gladiators, or "enforcers" and wind up doing "all of the dirty work".

Rumors abound regarding large "camps" secreted away on Gehenna where the 'loths try to breed the sodheaded oafs with other more intelligent planar (or prime) species. While this has never been known to be successful (in any instance), if it were, the resulting creature would be formidable indeed. However, the 'loths deny all connection to these camps, and those who spread such chant are usually never seen nor heard from again.

HAWB

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Climate/Terrain:	Lower Planes
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Helluvalothof
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Human flesh
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	See below
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	5-500
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	3
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d8
Special Attacks:	Vorpal Severing
Special Defenses:	Nil
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	550

Standing at about 1 foot tall, the Hawb looks like a tiny version of any real-life animal, ranging from boars to squirrels and from beavers to antelopes, but with two major differences. Firstly, they always walk on their hind legs instead of on all fours, and secondly, they are always clad in armor and armed with a viciously sharp battle axe.

It is from this axe that they got their name, the Hawb. Planar sages have long fought over a name for this critter, but none could come up with something better than the abbreviation H.A.W.B., which does indeed mean "Homicidal Axe-Wielding Beast". No one believes this screed as true anymore, though.

Combat: Hawbs attack every human they encounter with their battle axes while scouring the lower planes en masse. If an encounter goes against them, they're just as likely to flee again. And, judging from their appearance, encounters should go against them in general. This is not true, however, because their axes are magical and sever legs under the knee on a natural roll of 20 (one leg at a time). This single ability makes them feared among planewalkers. Many have already fallen to the vicious attacks by these beasts.

"Homicidal Axe Wielding Beast???
And you want me to believe THAT
screed?"

-a legless bard-

When killed, a Hawb dissolves along with its axe. One out of every 10 does not, however, and their axes are still useful to small fighters. They can also be melted into a *Sword of Sharpness*, after a long and strenuous process.



(Beware! One of the Hawb!)

Habitat/Society: Hawbs inhabit the Lower planes, especially the Grey Waste, Gehenna and Acheron, through which they roam, always in search of human flesh to devour. They do this in large groups called, ironically, "helluvalothofs". No formal structure is visible to outsiders, and up till now every researcher has died prematurely, either by the Hawbs themselves or by some mysterious other force, as if the Hawbs themselves have a protector.

Ecology: No one knows the dark about these beasts, as no researcher has as yet lived to tell of his findings. Rumor has it they were created by the yugoloths to create diversions, by tanar'ri to annoy people, or by baatezu for reasons only they can fathom. Others claim it was some evil power, or maybe even some "Great Mother Hawb" that spawned these abominations. Fact is, graybeards in Sigil are willing to pay up to 5,000 jink for an intact body of a Hawb.

Hobyah

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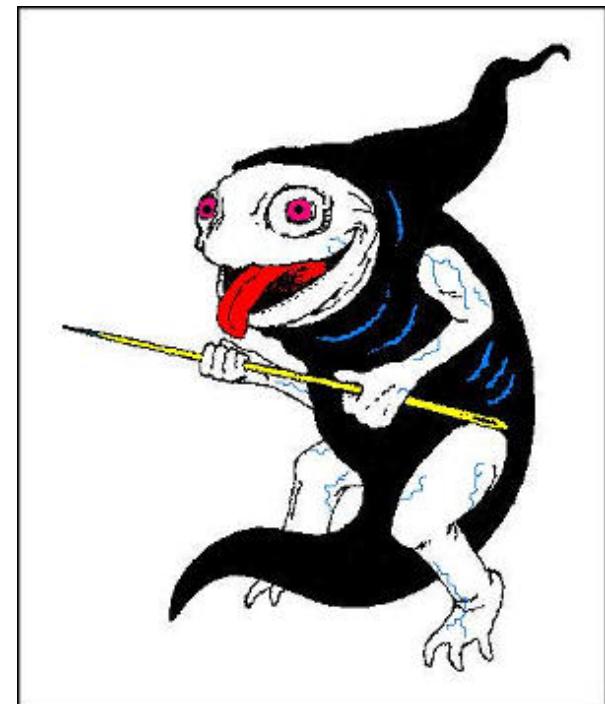
Climate/Terrain:	Large strongholds, towns and major burgs in temperate climes throughout the multiverse
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Colonies (10-40 per city block) or raiding party (see below)
Activity Cycle:	Any, but primarily nocturnal
Diet:	Omnivorous (and see below)
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	J, K, L, M, Q (per colony)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	5-20 (raiding party)
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	1/2 (1-4 hit points)
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1 bite or weapon
Damage/Attack:	0-1
Special Attacks:	Poisoning, magic use, booby traps/snares Immune to poison and disease, resistance vs. blunt force
Special Defenses:	Nil
Magic Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	375

Hobyahs are a race of insidiously evil sidhe (faeries) that have just recently begun to appear in dangerous numbers in many of the multiverse's urban centers. Aggressive and prolific, they are fast becoming some of the most hated pests to ever find their way under an angry cutter's boot.

The truth of their origin is utterly uncertain. Some believe they're deliberately engineered tools of one of the many factions of the planes. Others believe they were once a little known race of amphibians native to the Gray Wastes that were somehow imbued with intelligence through a senile old mage's ill-thought-out research into the natural history of those realms. A few barmy sods even hint that the hobyahs are a direct creation of the powers themselves. The chant? Becoming irritated with the growing numbers of alien races whose progeny are being born in greater and greater numbers on the Outer Planes (and often developing some resistances to the adverse conditions of those planes), the higher-ups—not wanting to share their real estate--created a scourge to start eliminating the problem. Unlikely, perhaps.

Still, a certain nasty habit of the hobyahs lends the rumor some unsettling credibility. What IS certain is that anyone forced to deal with a hobyah infestation has his work cut out for him.

Physically, a typical hobyah is not very imposing. They resemble 6" tall dry-skinned humanoid newts with dead white skin, and wear hooded black body



(Tiny, but deadly - the Hobyah!)

(Other spell effects are possible, and there are unconfirmed rumors of rare hobyahs able to generate even more powerful magicks.)

Hobyahs also make use of snares and deadfalls. Infested buildings are often booby-trapped with tripwires, weakened floors, weakened ceilings (invariably with great heavy piles of stolen goods and debris carefully balanced above them), or weakened supports. Hobyahs have brought down entire buildings, and on at least one occasion made use of an explosive agent stockpiled at strategic locations inside a structure's walls.

"HEY, BARKEEP!!!

This ale tastes like p---!!!!

-Balin Underwood, a Prime adventurer on his first trip to Sigil,

and having his first encounter with a hobyah and not even knowing it)-

Habitat/Society: Hobyahs are scavengers and thieves that will devour and steal anything they can. It is their evil desire for one particular form of sustenance, however, that has earned the hobyahs their wicked reputations.

Hobyahs eat the infant children of sentient beings. They steal them from their bedchambers in the dead of night and disappear into a building's walls, where they bring them to their horrific fates. Human children are at the greatest risk, but the hobyahs are not particular. Above all others, they seem to seek out the children of

suits which show only their faces and limbs.

Combat: When it's out in the open, a hobyah is never alone. They travel in raiding parties of 5-20 individuals and--if confronted--attack en masse. The weapons used depend largely on what the hobyahs can get their grubby little mitts on.

Large needles, straight razors, and knives or forks are the most frequently seen, but sharpened coins (hurled at opponents like miniature discuses) and even "tiger's claws" made from the claws of a domestic cat have been seen. No matter what their choice, due to the hobyah's small size the damage inflicted only amounts to 1 point. They make up for this whenever possible by coating their weapons with whatever poisons they can steal (possible effects are left up to the DM's imagination and discretion).

Fully 50% of all hobyahs also have spell-like abilities equal to a single 1st or 2nd level spell which they can use a number of times/day equal to their maximum (full) hit points (at the 3rd level of effect). A few possible examples are listed in the table below:

Die Roll (d20)	Spell
01	<i>audible glamer</i>
02	<i>chill touch</i>
03	<i>dancing lights</i>
04	<i>magic missile</i>
05	<i>message</i> (hobyahs love to send whispered threats into the ears of people up late working alone or in bed trying to sleep)
06	<i>shocking grasp</i>
07	<i>sleep</i>
08	<i>spider climb</i>
09	<i>spook</i>
10	<i>taunt</i> (great for getting big dumb berks to run into traps)
11	<i>fire burst</i>
12	<i>hold portal</i>
13	<i>metamorphose liquids</i> (hobyahs are especially despised; they invariably end up in the local inn or tavern and wreak all sorts of havoc)
14	<i>silence, 15' radius</i> (as the cleric spell)
15	<i>blindness</i>
16	<i>darkness, 15' radius</i>
17	<i>forget</i>
18	<i>invisibility</i>
19	<i>shatter</i>
20	<i>knock</i>

those races whose strongest ties are to the various Prime Material planes--those races that seek more and more to exploit the riches of the furthest reaches of the multiverse...

Ecology: Hobyahs are very resilient. They can jump 5' up or back or 10' forward from a standing start. They can each lift 5 pounds of weight. They are immune to disease and poison. In fact, their systems retain poison and they gorge themselves on various toxins, making themselves poisonous to eat (hobyah HATE dogs... most cats are smart enough to know better after the initial run-in). Their bodies are also exceedingly elastic. All blunt-force attacks against them that do not hit on a natural roll of 20 are totally ineffective. A successful blunt-force attack that kills a hobyah causes it to explode in a 1' cloud of toxic vapor (again, the effects are left to the DM's discretion).

Their reproduction is singularly repulsive, with the flesh of the infants the hobyahs prey upon necessary for its successful completion. All hobyahs are hermaphroditic, and can produce a clutch of 10-60 eggs up to four times per year. The small, moist eggs are laid in damp, inaccessible areas in buildings and tended off-and-on by the parent hobyah for 1-2 weeks before they hatch. The young look like tiny (1") fully-formed newts, and grow very quickly, reaching adult size in three days.

Holly Guardian

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Climate/Terrain: Elysium, Arvandor, The Beastlands, The Outlands, Temperate Forests

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Water and Soil Nutrients

Intelligence: Average (8-10)

Treasure: Q

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 1 (1-4)

Armor Class: 1

Movement: 9

Hit Dice: 8 (base)

THAC0: 12

No. of Attacks: 2 (base)

Damage/Attack: 2d8

Special Attacks: Control Plants, Summon Sylvan Creatures, Infection, Poison

Special Defenses: Half Damage from Piercing/Bludgeoning Weapons, +2 or greater weapon to hit, 10%

Magic Resistance:

Size: Large (7' + to 12')

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 7,000 (base) +1,000 per additional hit dice

The holly guardian is a creature created by a Druid's curse from a sod who was known to be an extreme violator of the woodlands. The creature is a large, sentient holly plant. The sole difference is the leaves are far larger and resemble a human hand with curved claws.

When first created the guardian is the same size as the creature it once was. Over time, however, it slowly grows, becoming more and more the plant and less the person. Every two years it adds a foot in height and one hit dice. Also, the guardian starts out with two limbs (the arms of the transgressor) and it slowly grows additional ones. The central stalk splits roughly a foot from the ground and the roots grow from either branch. These are the feet of the creature.

The eyes of the creature are its myriad berries. They each have a small man-like pupil and can focus independently. One certain way to identify this creature is the presence of berries in the winter, as the eyes never fall off.

Combat: A guardian that has identified a foe of the forest is a truly fearsome opponent. At initial creation the guardian has two limbs that may be used to attack. For each two hit dice it acquires, another limb is grown. Each limb may slash and bludgeon for 2d8 points of damage. All creatures slashed must roll a save vs. poison or begin to transform into a holly guardian. This process is extremely painful and takes 1d6 days to complete.



(A transgressor against nature - the Holly Guardian)

The guardian may also control plants as a treant without limit. The breathy sound of a guardians battle roar also summons all sylvan creatures within one mile. A holly guardian always fights fearlessly, as the only release from their punishment is death.

**"A walkin' bush
that puts berks in the dead-book?"**

Now that's a good one, Maliss!

Why don't ya tell me another slaadi-tale...

AAAIIIEEEEEE!"

-Moriss, after meeting his first Holly Guardian-

Habitat/Society: The guardians have no society of their own. They may be spoken to by any creature that casts a *speak with plants* spell. This will reveal the full intellect of the transformed creature trapped within the body of a plant. The intended purpose of the guardian is as a punishment, and the victims of it have many years to think about their crimes.

Ecology: The sole impact of a guardian on the ecology is to protect it. They take only water and nutrients from the soil. Their food is sunlight. No creatures prey on a guardian.

An alternate attack available to each limb is to launch a holly spike up to 30 yards distant for 2d4 points of damage. Any creature struck by the holly spike must save vs. poison or die instantly.

Husk

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Climate/Terrain:	Astral, any deserted or evil locale
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Special
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal, but can be any
Diet:	Carnivore, life force
Intelligence:	Nil
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful evil
No. Appearing:	1d4 or 3d12 (can be more - see below)
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	4+1
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	2 or Special
Damage/Attack:	See below
Special Attacks:	<i>Shriek</i> Regenerates 3 hps/rd.
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistances:	None
Size:	Varies
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	900

To many planar sages, the creatures known as the husk are a particularly irksome conundrum. While in all aspects and actions, they appear as non-thinking undead, no more than mere zombies, they are, in many ways, something altogether different. There is not even a single mind on whether these creatures are, in fact, undead, as they seem to exist on the Outer planes with little or no problem.

All husk appear as horribly desiccated and dried humanoid creatures. They features, which once belonged to living creatures, are now so disfigured and decayed that any resemblance that they had to their former selves has long since passed. Any soft flesh or tissue matter (such as the eyes, ears, and lips) has turned to dust long ago, and all of their skin (which takes on a sickly brownish or greyish tinge) is wrinkled and appears, for lack of a better word, drained.

Husk do not communicate in any known form, although they seem to take orders from their masters via some form of telepathy or empathy, if it can even be called that.

**"I hope ye've made peace with
whatever Pow'r ye worship, berks...
...'cause them's a bunch o' Husk!"**

-U'marib, once an Astral Guide for Snail Outfitters-

Combat: Husk are fearsome in combat, usually attacking from ambush while their foes least expect it. Tales of goodly paladins actually trying to carry husk out of a dark tower to "bury them properly and put



(The horrifying and horrendous Husk!)

Habitat/Society: Most sods that look upon these creatures have to fight to keep from emptyin' their stomachs, and all animals (and druids and rangers) sense them as a powerful perversion of the natural balance of things, and will do their utmost best to avoid them. The husk have a very powerful and intense hatred for all things living and the only thing that can hold them in check when living beings are near is the word of their master. Otherwise, their intense hunger for the sweet nectar of life will drive them to attack and pursue their victim as long as it is within range of the horrid monster's senses (which seem to be approximately a sphere 100 feet in diameter with the husk as the focal point).

Further, it seems that some form of communication exists amongst husk that are in the same area. Nightmarish accounts of all of the husk in a room turning at once to look at an individual have been told, as well as husks who have lost their prey turning to assist another husk after "hearing" that it's prey is close at hand. Guvnors are at a loss to explain this phenomenon, as no means of detecting communication, magical, psionic or otherwise, has shone any light on this dark.

Husk seem drawn towards powerful sources of evil - liches, evil sorcerers, fiends, devourers, vampires, and the like seem to most often make up the ranks of their masters. The husk guard their master's abodes by appearing as life-less, long dead bodies and then springing to life at the last moment. Usually, this is a bit to late for the unsuspecting and doomed sods that encounter them, as there can literally be hundreds of these creatures in a single tower, waiting...

Ecology: The bookshelves of the Guvnors at the Great Library hold quite a bit of chant regarding these creatures, but all of it is, at best, circumspect. The existence of the husk has been known for nearly 3,000 cycles and many attempts have been made to learn more about them, but all reports seem to conflict in at

their souls to rest" often end in horrific and gut-wrenching tragedy.

The initial attack of the husk is the sheer *fear* (as per the spell) that it generates at will. Husk always wait until its victim first sees it move and it then launches this abrasive and effective attack (all saves versus Husk *fear* are made at -3). Secondly, the husk will use its *Shriek* ability, in which it (and all others in the vicinity, if they so chose) make the one physical sound that they are capable of - a hellish sound that has been known to drop bashers dead in their tracks. All who hear must save vs. spell or become paralyzed and suffer 1d12 points of damage. Making the save indicates that no paralysis occurs, and one half the damage suffered.

Once these attacks have been launched, the husk will commonly try and enter into melee with their intended victims. Each successful hit by a husk feels like a hand reaching out of the grave and clutching a body's heart. The searing cold does 1d4+3 points of damage, and requires a normal save vs. paralyzation. The dried and desiccated bodies of the husk are tough and wiry, but any roll of an 18, 19, or 20 will shatter them completely into what is referred to by seasoned planewalkers as "husk dust" (chant laments that it takes weeks to get the taste out of a body's nose and mouth). However, husk that were not completely destroyed by the blow will begin reforming almost immediately.

Once all of the victims have been paralyzed, the husk will then begin feeding on them. This is truly the most horrific and repulsive aspect of these foul creatures, and the manner in which they feed is the subject of nightmares. They slowly begin sucking the life-force from a sod, draining of their life completely, while they are still alive! This is said to be one of the most horrible ways to die in the multiverse can take as long as a cycle to complete. No one that has even been in the feeding embrace of a husk has lived to tell of it...

least one, usually more aspects.

The commonly held theory is that all husk are created by powerful and sinfully evil mages, fiends, and other creatures of extreme evil such as devourers. While the husk are often seen in the "employ" of these such creatures, such as in "deserted" temples and towers floating in the Silver Void, they have also been documented roaming wild and "unshackled" (as best as anyone could tell) in the Hinterlands, on Baator, and in Pandemonium.

In direct opposition of this theory, however, is the one that the husk are actually a race in and of themselves. This school of thought evidences the fact that if the husk are indeed created by devourers, fiends, and mages, then why have no creation spells or rites ever been discovered? These graybeards twig to the fact that the husk are merely attracted to sources of powerful evil, where they can obtain both a constant source of food, and a measure of protection.

These sages also spout that the husk reproduce through their unique manner of attacking poor sods (see [Combat](#)). They do not merely drain a body of all of her life-force, but they also create a new husk from the desiccated remains of the poor basher. This would certainly explain why the husk come in all shapes and sizes, but the first school of thought say that so would the creation process.

Since no sod has ever become a husk and then came back to tell about it, and since the husk don't seem to be too talkative about their "family history", it is very likely that this chant will forever remain dark. Given the kind of company that the husk usually keep, they probably prefer it this way...

Iaiwi, Baron/Slayer

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Climate/Terrain:	Urban
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Constant
Diet:	Energy
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Incidental
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1 (Baron) or 1d8 (Slayer)
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	12, sw18, fl24 (A)
Hit Dice:	10+20 (as host)
THAC0:	8
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	3d10
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	Variable
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	11,000

The Iaiwi (Ee-yai-we or Yai-we) are encountered on Krangath and the colder parts of Mungoth, as well as various isolated locations. They have also been encountered on the Plane of Ice, extremely cold areas of the Waste and the more isolated regions of Cania. The true form of a Slayer or Baron is a shifting, writhing blob of alien flesh. It resembles a cross between a Lemure and a Treant, but blotched blue, green, red and black in colour. It lacks leaves, yet has numerous thin tendrils, and suckered tentacles. They also possess incredible shapechanging abilities.

It should be noted that Paladins, as well as members of certain races with keen senses (Elves, Half-Elves, Planetouched and all Paramortals of any stature above Least), will sense a chill and uneasiness while around the Iaiwi. Although it requires a great deal of concentration to pinpoint it, *True Seeing* will reveal what they are.

Combat: A Baron will use its psionic, and, if available, magical abilities, but will do so from a distance. If forced into melee combat, a Baron will use the available attacks in a host, or use its tentacles without one. A Slayer will use its awesome magical and psionic powers to move in stealthily, annihilate its target and leave. In melee, Barons and Slayers will either use their tentacles as whips or form them into weapons.

Psionics summary:

Lvl: 15

PSP: 150

Dis: 5

Sci: 8

Dev: 16



(The truly horrific - the Iaiwi Baron!)

Spell-Like Abilities:

- *Mind Blank* (always active)
- can *Feign Death* at will.
- *Speak With Monsters* (always active)
- *Chill Metal* at will
- *Detect Magic* (always active)
- *Wraithform* 3/day
- *Advanced Illusion* 1/round
- *Dimension Door* 3/day
- *Melf's Acid Arrow* at will
- *Lightning Bolt* 2/day
- *Cone of Cold* 1/day
- *Shapechange* (always active)
- *Mass Suggestion* 1/day
- *Suggestion* at will
- *Charm Person* at will
- *Domination* at will
- *True Seeing* (always active)
- *Dimension Door* 3/turn
- *Teleport Without Error and Plane Shift* 3/day total

All spells-like powers at 15th level ability unless mage or cleric level is higher.

Habitat/Society: Almost nothing is known about the social structure of Iaiwi. They tend to arrive in small, isolated settlements, which they quickly take over. From there on, they will infest groups of travellers with a spare Keeper or two and some Drones. Barons rule large settlements or coordinate a small group of Keepers over some distance. The role of the Slayers is

Atk: 5
Def: 5

Slayers have all the abilities of Barons, but are always clerics (level 2d6+6), they also have immunity to any form of detection short of *True Seeing*.

Innate Abilities:

- ability to inherently sense all other Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius.
- can telepathically link with a number of Keepers equal to twice it's intelligence, they can be located and communicated with over 10 miles, or it can communicate with a single keeper anywhere on the same plane
- can personally control five Drones as if they were a single Keeper (for purposes of intelligence and control limits)
- immunity to all damage from poison, cold, acid, and electricity
- save at -2 against fire attacks.
- immunity to all forms of mind control
- standard undead immunities (still subject to electrical damage)
- Not subject to undead vulnerabilities
- 120' infravision
- Counts as a Fiend native to Gehenna (Krangath) for purposes of what spells can harm them
- can control a number of Keepers equal to twice it's intelligence (can order all of them at once)
- immune to weapons of +2 or lower enchantment
- 50% chance of being a mage (level 2d6+8), can specialise as an Enchanter, Necromancer, Cryomancer (ice mage), Electromancer (lightning mage) or Limomancer (ooze mage)
- 1 in 10 chance of being a cleric (level 2d8), spells from Animal, Astral, Charm, Combat, Creation, Divination, Elemental (Air, Earth, Ice, Lightning, Mist, Ooze, Water), Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Thought, War and Wards
- regenerates 5 HP per round
- regrows limbs in a turn

unknown, aside from the fact that they assassinate Barons. It is presumed these Barons have overstepped their bounds. It is suspected that the Slayers serve some higher authority.

"By the eye of Odin, what hath wrought thee?

-A warrior/priest of Odin, upon seeing an Iaiwi Baron.-

Ecology: Little to nothing is known about the ecology of these horrific creatures, but it is not thought that they fit into any known (or imagined) ecological niche in any of the known planes. It is thought that they perhaps, were spawned on some vile demi-plane, or perhaps in the cold reaches space between the crystal spheres on the Prime, but this is wholly unknown and unsupported...

Variant: See Iaiwi, Drone, Iaiwi, Keeper

Iaiwi, Drone

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Climate/Terrain:	Urban
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Colony
Activity Cycle:	Varies
Diet:	Paresitic
Intelligence:	Animal (3)
Treasure:	As host
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1 or 5d4
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	f16 (A)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d4
Special Attacks:	Posession, see below
Special Defenses:	Host, see below
Magic Resistance:	nil
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	1000

The Iaiwi (Ee-yai-we or Yai-we) are encountered on Krangath and the colder parts of Mungoth, as well as various isolated locations. They have also been encountered on the Plane of Ice, extremely cold areas of the Waste and the more isolated regions of Cania. In their true forms, Drones appear as amorphous spectral blobs, much like slimes, oozes, puddings or jellies, although they are usually in hosts.

Combat: If lacking any host or keeper, Drones will attempt to possess creatures of animal or lower intelligence. Without a Keeper, a Drone cannot possess more intelligent creatures, but it can possess mindless undead. If it does have a host, it can use its limited abilities to protect itself or others of its kind.

All Iaiwi share these common powers, immunities and vulnerabilities.

- immunity to all damage from natural cold, half damage from magical cold.
- can *Feign Death* at will.
- save at -2 against fire attacks.
- save at +2 against poison, acid and electrical attacks.
- ability to inherently sense all other Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius.
- telepathic communication with all Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius, usually only one Iaiwi can be communicated with per round
- immunity to all forms of mind control
- *Mind Blank* (always active)

A Drone without a host can attempt to possess an unconscious victim, the victim must save vs death, and



(Alien and deadly, the Iaiwi Drone!)

Habitat/Society: Almost nothing is known about the social structure of Iaiwi. They tend to arrive in small, isolated settlements, which they quickly take over. From there on, they will infest groups of travellers with a spare Keeper or two and some Drones.

Ecology: A Keeper can produce one Drone per day. A Drone can go one week without a host, after which it will die. It should be noted that Paladins, as well as members of certain races with keen senses (Elves, Half-Elves, Planetouched and all Paramortals of any stature above Least), will sense a chill and uneasiness while around the Iaiwi. Although it requires a great deal of concentration to pinpoint it, *True Seeing* will reveal what they are.

Variant: See Iaiwi, Keeper, Iaiwi, Baron/Slayer

"Want dark on Fiends eh? Well you've found the right tout. What is it you're looking for darks on? 'Ri, 'Leth, 'Loth, 'Zu or ... other. Other eh? The kind that possess, you mean Mezzikim? No?

That's right, you said 'other', what's it look like? A blob of flesh and tentacles that looks like a tree? Yes ... I think I know what you're talking about, let me get that leafer ... yes, 'Born of the Fourfold Furnaces - a Catalogue of the Spawn of Gehenna' here it is, the Iaiwi, 'Creatuses from the

a successful save will wake the victim back up. While possessed, a victim cannot knowingly and willingly harm any Iaiwi. The host is also subject to a *Charm Person* spell. When the charm is broken (see the spell description), the host can do as they please (though still not harm Iaiwi) for one hour for each point of intelligence and wisdom before the charm re-asserts itself. The host will never betray their alignment or beliefs, and the more dedicated members of many factions with strong beliefs in freedom, chaos, pointlessness or the lack of emotion (Indeps, Anarchists, Bleakers, Dustmen, Fated, Xaositects) have shown a great deal of resistance to Iaiwi possession. Ciphers also show a great resistance because they act too fast to be controlled, and Signers can often force the Iaiwi out. Any race with a resistance to charms or mind control (Elves, Aasimar) can resist the possession.

A Drone can also attempt to place a *Suggestion* once per week, but the nature of these suggestions are limited by their intelligence. Drones that inhabit mindless creatures such as zombies or slimes have complete control, and will basically try to survive until they find a Keeper.

Holy Word, Dispel Evil or Symbol of Pain will sever the Drone from its host, as will extreme pain (enough to cause unconsciousness). Killing a host will throw the Drone out.

While in a host, the immunities of a Drone are passed on to its host. Drones can only use their *Feign Death* power if it and its host agree to use it. A Drone regenerates one HP per hour. In its incorporeal form (without a host), it is immune to nonmagical weapons, but can be harmed by silver.

Dead Furnace of Krangath, the lesser Iaiwi
resemble amorphous spectral blobs, while the
more powerful of their race look like trees,
sprouting tentacles and made of molten
flesh ..."

-A tout whose hende about the darks of the Lower Planes.--

Iaiwi, Keeper

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Climate/Terrain:	Urban
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Colony
Activity Cycle:	Constant
Diet:	Nil
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Incidental
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 1d4+1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	f1 6 (A)
Hit Dice:	5 (as host)
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	2d8
Special Attacks:	possession, see below
Special Defenses:	host, see below
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Incorporeal
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	5,500

The Iaiwi (Ee-yai-we or Yai-we) have been encountered on Krangath, the colder parts of Mungoth, the Plane of Ice, extremely cold areas of the Waste and the more isolated regions of Cania. In its true form a Keeper appears as an amorphous spectral blob. However it is usually found in a host.

The host of a Keeper is always undead; specifically, a variant of the Mummy, Creature Mummy or Monster Mummy. It looks very much like a Mummy, Lich or Wight, but with several dozen small tentacles sprouting from its flesh. These tentacles are blue, green, red or black in color. Its shapechanging abilities (see below) will prevent casual observers from identifying it as undead.

Combat: A Keeper will use its psionic, and (if available) magical abilities, but will do so from a distance. If forced into melee combat, a Keeper will use any available attacks in its host. If it is without a host, it will use its tentacles.

"The energies which animate this body

are alchemical in nature.

Your 'turning' has no power over me, fool."

-A Keeper to a Cleric-

If a Keeper without a host hits a victim with all four tentacles in a single combat round, the victim must save vs. death or die, after which it will be possessed by the Keeper and animate as a variant of Mummy, Creature Mummy or Monster Mummy. Keepers, as well as their undead hosts, have the following abilities.



(A Keeper, displaying its "true" colors...)

Innate Abilities:

- save at -2 against fire attacks.
- save at +2 against acid and electrical attacks.
- half damage from acid and electrical attacks.
- immunity to all damage from poison, cold.
- immunity to all forms of mind control
- immune to nonmagical weapons
- ability to inherently sense all other Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius.
- telepathic communication with all Iaiwi within a 5 mile radius, usually only one Iaiwi can be communicated with per round
- can control a number of Drones equal to ten times its intelligence (but can only give orders to one Drone per round)
- 1 in 10 chance of being a mage (level 1d6), can specialize as an Enchanter, Necromancer, Cryomancer (ice mage), Electromancer (lightning mage) or Limomancer (ooze mage)
- 1 in 100 chance of being a cleric (level 1d4), spells from Animal, Astral, Charm, Combat, Creation, Divination, Elemental (Air, Earth, Ice, Lightning, Mist, Ooze, Water), Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Thought, War and Wards
- regenerates 1 HP per turn
- regenerates limbs in a month
- standard Mummy immunities and abilities, but not subject to standard vulnerabilities (still subject to electrical damage)

Psionics summary:**Lvl: 5; PSP: 30; Dis: 3; Sci: 3; Dev: 6; Atk: 2; Def: 2****Spell-like Abilities:**

- *Feign Death* at will.
- *Mind Blank* (always active)
- *Change Self* at will (always active, can appear to be alive)
- *Speak With Monsters* (always active)
- *Suggestion* 3/day
- *Chill Metal* at will
- *Lightning Bolt* 1/day
- *Melf's Acid Arrow* 1/day
- *Detect Magic* (always active)
- *Wraithform* 3/day
- *Advanced Illusion* 1/round
- *Dimension Door* 3/day

All spells at 5th level ability unless mage or cleric level is higher

- Counts as a Fiend native to Gehenna (Krangath) for purposes of what spells can harm them
- 120' infravision

Habitat/Society: Almost nothing is known about the social structure of Iaiwi. They tend to arrive in small, isolated settlements, which they quickly take over. From there on, they will infest groups of travelers with a spare Keeper or two and some Drones.

Ecology: A Keeper can produce one Drone per day. A Keeper can go a year without a host. The method which animates the undead host of a Keeper does not make it a negative energy undead. It's more like a golem or alchemical undead than anything else.

It should be noted that Paladins, as well as members of certain races with keen senses (Elves, Half-Elves, Planetouched and all Paramortals of any stature above Least), will sense a chill and uneasiness while around the Iaiwi. Although it requires a great deal of concentration to pinpoint it, *True Seeing* will reveal what they are.

Variant: See Iaiwi, Drone, Iaiwi, Baron/Slayer

Inhuman

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Climate/Terrain:	Any prime/Deep Ethereal
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	city
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Varies
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	8-50
Armor Class:	4 (base)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	8 (base)
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	2 (see below)
Damage/Attack:	by weapon
Special Attacks:	Paralyzing or charming gaze. Psionics.
Special Defenses:	Psionics. Immune to charm.
Magic Resistance:	15%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	2500 (base)

Psionic summary:

Level Att/defense Score/MthacO PSPs
=hit dice all/all =int/by level 80 (on average)

At first, we thought they were ordinary men and women. I suppose being in the ethereal should have made us peery, but we were overconfident. We all know what happens to overconfident planewalkers.

When they cleared the mists, and we could get a good look at them, we realized our mistake. It wasn't until later that I would realize how dearly that mistake would cost me.

They had no eyes, only dark lenses that made us sick to the stomach to look at. It was like staring into infinity, except infinity was malignant and staring back. Some of them were deformed, with blemishes on their face and hands. 'Twas a horrifying sight. Yet there was one, a dark robed priest, who was not deformed, and had his eyes intact. He was the one to speak. "Take the humans alive. Kill the others." And that was it. I managed to escape, using my mind-monk training. I never saw my friends again...

-Mindmaster Gholan, about his first attempt at planewalking-

The Inhuman are humans that have been twisted into servitude by the nameless god (a prime demigod). Every man and woman above 15 years of age has his/her eyes cut out, except the priests, and fitted with lenses of negative energy, linking them to their god... literally making them see the world as he sees it. This has a lasting effect upon their personality, making them the perfect servants of the selfish god.



(A nightmare from the Ethereal - an Inhuman)

Fully grown Inhuman with lenses have a natural armor class of four and base hit die of eight. However, they can easily augment this with armor or magical items. Also, if the Inhuman are higher than eighth level (they gain levels as humans do), then they have hit dice according to that. Thus, fighter Inhuman of high levels may have more than two attacks per round.

**"Your world will die,
so that we may live."**

-Inhuman priest-

Habitat/Society: The Inhuman are slaves. Slaves to their god and slaves to their priests. Their personalities can only be described as...touched. Their curse is unique: They see the world, and interpret it, like their god would. Therefore, they cannot even begin to think of rebellion, because their god would never see the need for it.

The society (for there is only one, as far as anyone knows) is patriarchal, with the priests dominating every aspect. Children under 15 are kept indoors, where they receive training and tutoring in psionics and the history of the nameless god.

The Inhuman move from one prime world to another, despoiling and enslaving, until the very presence of

Combat: Inhuman are terrifying opponents, hardly ever speaking, and seemingly in perfect harmony with each other. The lenses give them the power to pierce any illusion (including *invisibility*) and to see in the dark.

Once per day, they can use *true seeing* at 20th level of ability. It is worth noting that none of the divination powers of the lenses work in the Ethereal plane, making the Inhuman especially vulnerable there.

Once a round, Inhuman fitted with lenses can make a gaze attack. Against humans, who seem vulnerable to this power, the gaze attack works like a powerful charm (save v.s. spell at -4), actually making the human see like the Inhuman do for a short period of time (1D6 rounds). Other races seem resistant to this power (at least the races the Inhuman have tried it on, which isn't many), and instead of having their insight twisted, it shocks their senses, making them see the world more sharply. In effect, it paralyzes them (unless they are Sensates, who are immune, or either very sure of what the world should look like).

Inhuman use psionics for reconnaissance and coordination, only rarely for direct attack. When they do attack, it is usually telepathic. They have no metapsionic powers and very few psychometabolic ones as well.

The Inhuman priests are even more dangerous. They are able to advance as priest up to 15th level, and although they have no lenses, their psionics seem even stronger. They are the only Inhuman to use metapsionics. They also seem to have affinity with ethereal undead, such as wraiths, and can command them to obey. They usually have undead bodyguards.

their god begins to drain the world of its essential elements. When that happens, the world dies, and its remains are thrown back into the Ethereal.

Usually, the Inhuman population reaches a low during the death of a prime, and they seek victims in the Ethereal to replenish their numbers. This they do by doing the same thing they do to their children over 15 years of age: they implant the lenses of their god, who seem to be made out of pure negative material matter, into the empty sockets of their captured. Prisoners converted like that have no psionic powers, but gain the base hit die of the Inhuman (8). For some reason, perhaps because of the origin of the Inhuman, this has only been successful on human victims.

Ecology: Even if they despoil entire worlds, there is nothing really unnatural about them except for their eyes. It is their god who destroys the worlds, not them. In fact, if an Inhuman were to be dissected, then it would turn out to be physically exactly like a human.

The deformities seem to be caused by the human bodies resisting the influence of the lenses. No Inhuman has survived the removal of the lenses to date.

Jackalope

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Jackalope	Moosehare
Climate/Terrain: Temperate Plains/Scrublands	Tundra/Steppe
Frequency: Uncommon	Rare
Organization: Herd	Herd
Activity Cycle: Any	Diurnal
Diet: Herbivore	Herbivore
Intelligence: Animal to Semi (1-4)	Animal to Semi (1-4)
Treasure: W	J, K, or U
Alignment: Neutral	Neutral
No. Appearing: 10-400 (10d20)	25-100 (5d16+20)
Armor Class: 6	5
Movement: 24, Bw 4	20
Hit Dice: 2+3	3+1
THAC0: 17	16
No. of Attacks: 1	1
Damage/Attack: 1-3 bite or 3-8 (1d6+2) Antlers	1-4 bite or 4-10 (2d4+2) Antlers
Special Attacks: Swarm, trample	Trample
Special Defenses: Camouflage, surprised only on 1	Camouflage, surprised only on 1
Magic Resistance: Immune to slow spells and effects	Immune to slow spells and effects
Size: Small (2'-3' long)	Small (2 1/2'-4' long)
Morale: Individual: Average (8-10), Herd: Fearless (20)	Individual: Average (8-10), Herd: Fearless (20)
XP Value: 175, Leader: 210	240, Leader: 290

"Jackalopes? Watch out for them critters, berk.

Chant is one o' them stampedes of theirs leveled a burg in the Beastlands..."

-Czelkoi Flanagrant, Interplanar Trapper Extraordinaire

Jackalopes are the result of an attempt to magically cross-breed a jack rabbit and an antelope. They resemble large jack rabbits with the antlers of a prong-horn deer. Both males and female have antlers, though males have larger racks-sometimes measuring up to a foot in length. Coloration ranges from light brown or grey to dark red-brown or black with lighter fur on the throat, nose, and belly. They often have spots or broken stripes along the back. Occasionally, a jackalope will be born with the coloration of a gazelle.

Combat: Jackalopes have remarkable camouflage and they are very difficult to detect (there is a -3 on any attempt to spot) them if they are standing still. In some instances and terrains, this becomes even more difficult (this drops to 5% if found near shrubs or bushes where their antlers will blend in with the branches). Further, they have an incredible sense of hearing and smell, (allowing them to be surprised only on a 1) and are very difficult to surprise. In any given herd there is always at least one sentry for every twenty animals. If found, they typically run from danger, using their incredible speed to their



(The jackalope and its distant cousin, the moosehare!)

Baby jackalopes are weak, but far from helpless (they have 6 hit points and no antlers) when they are born. They take 7 weeks to mature enough to run with the herd, though they cannot mate until reaching two years of age. In the wild jackalopes live to be around 18 years old.

Ecology: Jackalopes are voracious herbivores, eating almost any type of grass or shrub-sometimes even small cactus plants-found within a 4 mile radius of the burrow. Once the area has been depleted, they move to a new area, often one they have visited before several years before. A burrow contains roughly 30-40 nests interconnected by twisting tunnels. Jackalopes sometimes collect gems, coins, and shiny object d'art which they use to adorn their nests.

Once every seven years, all the herds in one area gather together into one large mass and travel to a completely new foraging ground. This mass migration takes about a month, during which time the herds cover incredible distances, stopping only to drink and munch a few greens before moving on. Entire villages have been known to be completely flattened by a rampaging herd of jackalopes.

Jackalopes are hunted for their antlers, pelts, and meat, which has a gamey taste to it. The antlers are mostly sought after as parlor room decorations, though some wizards and alchemists use ground jackalope horn in potions of speed or in the ink of a haste scroll. A good jackalope pelt is worth about 500-800 gold, and may be used to make a pair of boots of speed.

They also make decent familiars, gifting their masters with their heightened state of alertness. As they breed rapidly (like rabbits), it is advised that a wizard

advantage.

If the burrow is threatened, however, several (3d4) males will defend the herd by charging at the offending creature and striking with their antlers (for 3-8 points of damage). Their speed is such that anyone hit is often (must save versus paralysis with a -1 penalty per successful charge or be) knocked to the ground. At this point, the wise character picks himself up and beats a hasty retreat. If, however, he continues to threaten the burrow, many more (an additional 5-16) jackalopes, both male and female, arrive on the scene each round and swarm the attacker, butting and biting furiously. (Females can do 1-5 points of damage with their antlers, but prefer to rely on the males for defense).

If encountered in their burrow or in a migrating herd of 100 or more there will be a leader (with 3+4 hit dice), but otherwise has no remarkable abilities. This is usually the largest male, though female leaders are not unknown. Either way, the leader has exceptionally large antlers that do (4-10 points of) exceptional damage regardless of sex.

Any creature caught in the path of a migrating herd of jackalopes is in for a wild ride. Moving at tremendous speed, they trample any-thing and everything in their path inflicting (2-40 points of) massive damage for every twenty jackalopes in the herd to any hapless soul in their way; often knocking them to the ground in the process. Herds on the move are considered fearless when checking moral. Jackalopes are immune to *slow* spells and similar effects.

Habitat/Society: Jackalopes prefer to dwell in scrublands and velt-like regions where their natural camouflage conceals them most effectively. They dig long, winding burrows, some-times stretching 200 yards across and 6 to 8 feet deep. There the young are kept until mature enough to keep up with the herd on their frequent migrations. A pair of jackalopes will typically bear 6-12 young in one litter, only half of which generally survive till adulthood. They typically bear 3-5 litters a year depending on food conditions and predation.

keeping more than one jackalope be certain they are all of the same sex. Otherwise, they may suffer the lamentable fate (to gruesome to be mentioned here) of the famed mathematician Fibinocci.

Arctic Jackalopes: Also called the moosehare, this is a larger, heavier subspecies found in colder climes. The arctic jackalope is also a magical crossbreed; this time between a moose or caribou and an arctic hare.

Their fur is longer and heavier than common jackalopes, and it changes color with the seasons, granting them the same camouflage ability. Their antlers resemble those of a caribou or (occasionally) a moose. As with "normal" jackalopes, both males and females have antlers. Unlike their smaller cousins, however, there is no sexual dimorphism.

In addition, moosehares don't swarm their opponents, they simply trample them for (3-36 points of) incredible damage for every ten members. The herd always has a leader who is the dominant female. (She has 4 hit dice and her antlers do 1d8+4 damage).

Moosehares travel over snow with no penalty, easily outdistancing any threat. They eat mostly grains, shrubs, and lichens. They are hunted for the same reasons as jackalopes. Moosehare pelts fetch 800-1,000 gold in some cities.

Some nomads have domesticated the moosehare, and use them to pull heavy loads or sleds. (A team of six arctic jackalopes can pull up to 400 pounds of sled and cargo, with a movement rate of 15. Each additional moosehare adds 60 pound to the weight limit (to a maximum of 700 pounds) or increases the speed by 1. The maximum number of arctic jackalopes that can be hitched to a sled is 20). Further, a few barbarian tribes are known to worship them as sacred animals.

Jehorra - Barinith, Greater

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Yigit Savtur. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain: Grey Waste, Gehenna, Carceri

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)

Treasure: U, S

Alignment: Neutral Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: -3

Movement: 24

Hit Dice: 10

THAC0: 11

No. of Attacks: 5

Damage/Attack: 3-12/2-12 x 2/1-8 x 2 or by weapon

Special Attacks: Acid Cloud, Poison Spittle, Spells, Amputation, Backstab

+2 or greater weapon to hit,

regenerates 2 hp/round, immune to acid, fire, cold and poisons

45%

Special Defenses:

Magic Resistance:

Size: Large (7' + to 12')

Morale: Champion (15-16)

XP Value: 20,000

The Jehorra are the huntmasters of the Barinith. They lead the *Gurris* (Great Hunts) of the species against the most powerful of foes.

They appear to be a praying mantis version of a centaur. They have the full lower body up to the large forelegs, above this is a humanoid torso with two man's arms leading to an antlike head. The entire body is covered by a black nonreflective exoskeleton. Small streaks of purple form a tiger stripe pattern across the entire abdomen.

The large compound eyes set of the sides of the head give 320 degree vision, and the antennae sense movement within 50' making it impossible to surprise a Jehorra. The enlarged jaws have a pronounced overbite and are extremely sharp. The crushing bottom arms are mantis like and stay curled by the body except when attacking.

Combat: The Jehorra in combat is an awe-inspiring sight. Each of them has the abilities of a 9th level mage and will normally use their spells to soften up a foe from afar. Once melee is joined they will draw their weapons. One spear is always a *Lifestealer* that does 2d6 +10 points of damage and drains one level as energy drain on any hit roll of 18 or higher. The second weapon is a *Glaive of Sharpness* doing 4d4+10 points of damage and removes a limb on a roll of 19 or higher. Both are +3 weapons for both hit and damage. Each of these weapons may be used one handed by the Jehorra and does +7 points of extra damage due to their



(The Fearsome Hunter, Jehorra)

If a creature is near enough the Jehorra will bite for 3d4 points of damage. When bitten the victim must save vs. poison or die. As the Jehorra prepares for combat it will spit poison on its weapons and forearms. The first creature struck by each of these attacks must save vs. poison or go into shock from the pain for 1d6 rounds.

Like all Barinith, the Jehorra sweats a potent acid. When they get excited (like in combat) they begin to sweat profusely causing all within 10 feet to suffer 1d10 points of damage per round with a save vs. breath weapon for half. They are immune to damage from fire, cold and poisons. Each round, 2 hp are regenerated.

Habitat/Society: The Jehorra train the lesser Barinith. They are harsh teachers, often severely damaging their students. When a great hunt is declared, it is the Jehorra who lead it. They will ensure no Barinith shirks their duty and see to the awarding of honor to the killer. The Jehorra will normally see that the body of the victim is carried back to the lair for the feasts of power. This is where an honorable foe is consumed by the whole group of Barinith in the belief that its strength will be granted to them.

"Why did it have to be a bug?
I HATE bugs!"

-Moriss, upon his initial encounter with a Jehorra-

strength of 19.

The midnight black exoskeleton gives the jehorra a 98% chance to hide in shadows, and their great skill allows a 95% move silently. They backstab as a 9th level thief, gaining x3 damage with their *Spear of lifestealing*.

The large, praying mantis-like second arms (located near the joint of the torso and the abdomen) get first attack in any round due to the speed with which they strike. Each may attack a separate opponent doing 2-12 points of bludgeoning and slashing damage, or both may be directed against the same foe. If that is the case a single attack roll is made. If the attack is successful it does 4d6 points of damage and on a roll of 18 or higher will sever a limb as a *sword of sharpness*.

Ecology: The Jehorra serves as the master of its food chain. They fear no creature and will slay their appointed foe or die in the attempt. The greatest of foes are assigned as single targets of the Jehorra. Great honor is bestowed upon any foe that slays one single handedly (though they will then be declared the target of a great hunt).

Planetouched PC's: Tiefling versions of the Jehorra are also known to traverse the planes.

Falcon, Jovian

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Cara Mitten. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any Mountains
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carrion
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	3, FL 32, MC C
Hit Dice:	2
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d6/1d4/1d4
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	35

The Jovian Falcon is a large sky blue member of the vulture family. The Falcon has a long pointed beak of a yellowish white color leading up to black wide set eyes. The lower feathers are a light blue speckled with white and the upper feathers are a light brown speckled with black. The tail is unusually wide to allow for extended gliding. The wingspan on a typical adult Jovian Falcon is 7'. They are clumsy when not in flight, and hop around looking quite silly.

"Mountains? There aren't any mountains on Acheron!"

Durn cony-catcher of a portal-key seller!

...Hey! Maliss, do you hear that? It sounds like cawing..."

-Moriss, during his first encounter with a Jovian Falcon-

Combat: The Jovian Falcon seldom engages in combat. What it does is spot a large amount of meat and fly above it screaming its call every couple of rounds. This doubles the chance of the prey creature being attacked by a wandering monster, as creatures in the area have learned to follow the screaming of the falcon.

Once a creature is obviously wounded and weakened the falcon may take matters into its own hands (er... talons). It can make a diving attack striking with both clawed feet for 1d4 points of damage each. If these hit the bird will attempt to make off with any prey that weighs less than 50 lbs. Once a creature is grappled the beak will be used to strike at the eyes of a creature for 1d6 points of damage. The falcon will release its prey and resume circling if it takes more than a quarter of



(A Drummerhaven sketch of the Jovian Falcon)

Habitat/Society: The habitat of the Jovian Falcon is any mountain range. They feed their young and themselves on carrion and are enterprising enough to create their own meals when no large creatures have been considerate enough to die near them.

The female raises one to three young by herself for one season, after which the young are able to fend for themselves and must find their own territory. The males and females only meet at the edges of their respective domains for the brief time needed to fertilize the mother, then they separate. Normally a couple will mate together consistently for years.

Ecology: The Jovian Falcon quickly becomes an integral part of the ecology of its area as predators learn to listen for its distinctive cawing when it identifies potential prey. Most of the larger creatures in the falcon's territory will respond when it calls.

The beak of the Jovian Falcon, once it has been ground up, can be used as a component for *monster summoning* spells. A beak may fetch up to 500gp.

its total hit points in damage.

Karaycai - Tanar'ri, Lesser

© 1999 by Heiner de Wendt. Artwork © of Craig Koehler.

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	None (20%) or A, X
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d3
Special Attacks:	<i>Spellslinger</i>
Special Defenses:	Tanar'ri immunities, +2 or better weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	40%
Size:	S (3 feet tall)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	10,000

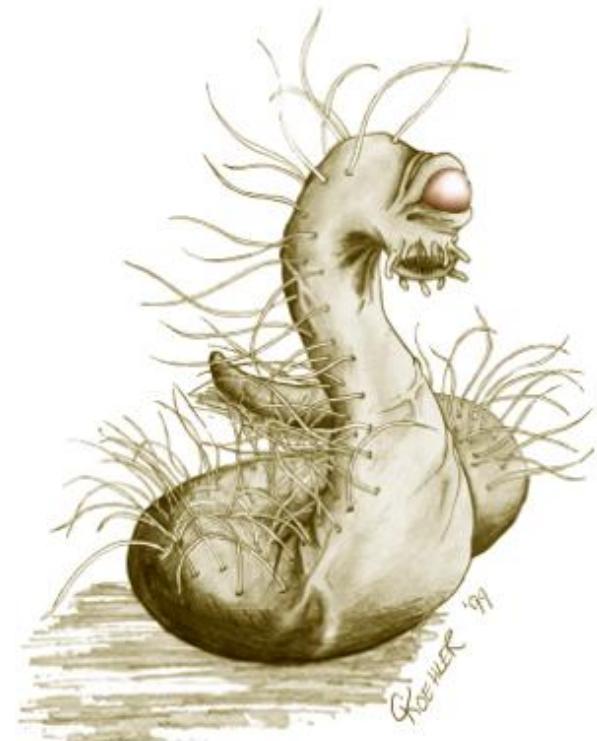
Karaycai, or "Spellslingers", are worm-like creatures with countless feelers spread all over their body. They move just as a normal worm would except, of course, if they use their innate magical abilities.

The "skin" colour of karaycai varies, but they tend to be either ash gray or dark brown - no matter what color they are, however, they always look somehow foul and slushy. They communicate via telepathy but they can not control this telepathy, however, and everyone within ten feet of the creature "hears" what they "say".

Combat: The karaycai are cruel beasts that love to torture a victim a long, long time before actually killing it. Indeed, it may often happen that a karaycai forgets about a battle surrounding it while torturing one defeated enemy.

The karaycai have a bite attack, but despite their large mouth, their teeth are quite stumpy and weak. Thus, their bite only inflicts 1d3 points of damage each round. The karaycai love to endlessly chew on a hapless victim, watching it die very slowly and enjoying every moment of it.

The real danger of a karaycai lies in its *spell slinging*. Whenever they observe a spell completely failing due to the nature of the Abyss (e.g. in case of prohibited spells, as *Summon elemental*, or if a spell does not work but instead results in a wild magic surge), it can "suck up" the power of this spell, so that nothing at all happens. During the next 24 hours, the karaycai has to unleash the spell (if it waits longer, the spell will unleash automatically), but now it is controlled by the spellslinger. A *Summon elemental* would, of course, still



(Abyssal mage's bane, the Karaycai!)

I like chaos

thus, my mortal Chaosmage

I allow you ONE spell

before I attack

-Karaycai, not knowing about the Hassardeur's *spell key*

Habitat/Society: The karaycai are beings that combine the wildness of the Abyss with the cunning of powerful magicians. They often attack like berserkers, but they also know how to use their abilities with good effect. And as they aren't exactly silly, they also know when it isn't a good idea to fight, or when it is time to flee.

Thus, they often lay traps to victims they consider "worthy" enough (i.e. that might have treasures they want; note that they surely use such items if they consider it necessary), but at the same time don't seem to be hard to defeat. A rutterkin might become the victim of a karaycai (even a rutterkin the spellslinger has gated in itself), but a succubus (which has the power to gate in balors) usually can consider herself safe from this beasts.

Ecology: Mortals and other visitors of the Abyss that prove they are too weak and too stupid to survive often become victims of the karaycai. This, of course, is especially true for mages that have not yet learned how to cast spells in the Abyss. In a plane like this, the only place for the weak and the dumb is that at the

not work if the karaycai doesn't have a spell key, but a wild magic surge would take effect normally, only that the karaycai would know the exact effect and could control where the magic is directed.

wrong end of the food chain.

The karaycai can "store" no more than five such effects at any one time. In addition to this and the abilities available to all tanar'ri, the spellslingers have the following spell-like powers: *clairvoyance*, *ESP*, *fly*, *shield*, *suggestion*, and *telekinesis* (3 times per day).

They can also attempt to gate in 1d3 karaycai (30% chance) or 1d4 rutterkin (40% chance) once per day.

Dog, Kayi

© 1999 by Gary Ray.

Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary or small pack
Activity Cycle:	See below
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Good

No. Appearing: 1 or 2-8

Armor Class: 5

Movement: 18

Hit Dice: 4+1

THAC0: 17

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 2-8 or special

Special Attacks: See below

Special Defenses: Nil

Defenses:

Magic Resistance: 10%

Size: S (3' Long)

Morale: Steady (11-12)

XP Value: 200

"Ahh, How sweet, Watch little Thumper trip that Cambion ..."

-Bariaur Doe, admiring A Kayi

Native to Ysgard, the Kayi Dog lives for chaos and mischief. Scorned by the men and elves of Ysgard, the Kayi have been adopted by the bariaur, who enjoy their spirited behavior and wild antics. The Kayi are often used for herding sheep and other livestock, although they tend to be unreliable at this task unless the job is somehow made into a game.

Kayi are especially adept at navigating around larger, hooved creatures, and often play by running between these larger creatures legs. In combat, the Kayi Dog can use this skill to its advantage. While it may be clever to dance between the legs of a baku, bariaur or hollyphant, in combat the Kayi Dog has the ability to trip its opponent, regardless of size, with remarkable skill.

Unfortunately, in the heat of battle, the Kayi Dog gets a little rambunctious, and isn't very particular about who it trips. Many a proud bariaur warrior has found himself picking the mud from his horns after a Kayi Dog darted between his legs at the wrong moment. But the bariaur love these creatures who live to play and romp.

Kayi make excellent watchdogs, although they tend to bark at anything out of the ordinary. This may include a flock members new clothes, the wind, or an unfamiliar scent. For this reason, bariaur tend to let the Kayi Dogs roam their camps, rather than tying them down to a particular tent or area. And it's a good thing



(A Kayi Dog, thinking, "did you have a nice fall?")

Combat: Kayi Dogs love nothing more than a good battle. Battle is play to the Kayi, and the moment one starts, the Kayi are sure to rush into the fray with fangs glistening and deep throated growls and howls emanating from their skinny bodies.

As the saying goes, this is all bark and no bite, as the real combat tactic of the Kayi is to distract its enemy with its fierce continence while it runs between its opponents legs. The Kayi will trip the creature upon a successful combat attack, unless the creature successfully saves versus death. Creatures knocked to the ground suffer 1d3 points of damage and forfeit unused attacks (or ruin spells in progress) for that round.

Downed opponents also must spend a full round standing up when they wish to do so. Creatures armed with crossbows or firearms must save versus paralyzation or accidentally discharge their weapon.

Occasionally a Kayi Dog will fight alongside its mate. Through their innate telepathy, the two dogs are able to coordinate their attack on the same opponent in the same round. This is one of the few examples of Kayi Dogs working together.

Although bariaur never strike opponents when they are down, the effect of a dozen Kayi Dogs on an attacking force can be quite devastating. It often provides the needed time to grab an extra weapon or roust a sleeping mate from the tent.

Occasionally, the flock shaman will work to train Kayi Dogs to attack creatures who possess the scent of common spell components, usually herbs and animal specimens. Although this is intended to be a boon in combat since the Kayi Dog favors attacking spellslingers, it can also have a chilling effect on more conservative flocks that ban does from practicing magic. For a doe mage practicing magic in secret, what was once a friendly furry flock member is now a menacing enforcer of conservative bariaur culture.

Kayi Dogs have the innate ability to travel from layer

too, since attempting to tie up, muzzle or otherwise impede a Kayi Dog's freedom will set it into a wild rage!

Kayi Dogs do not bind themselves to a particular person or family, they tend to adopt the entire herd, an instinct that redeems them somewhat when dealing with livestock and young kids. Despite their sub par performance as watch dogs, the Kayi Dog has an almost sixth sense for finding trouble, either within its camp or that which lurks nearby.

Kayi Dogs are skinny, medium sized dogs of about 35 pounds, with a light brown, short hair coat. During the winter months, the Kayi's coat grows several inches long and tends to darken in color. During those frigid Ysgard months, the Kayi is perfectly happy to lie about in the snow, without the need for shelter. However, a Kayi taken from Ysgard to a more temperate climate may find itself at risk of overheating during their long hair season.

Over the rest of the year, the Kayi shed tremendously, much to the dismay of the fashion conscious bariaur who often find themselves covered in hair with the slightest contact with the dogs.

Kayi Dogs speak telepathically with their own race up to a distance of a quarter mile, but otherwise understand only the most basic of bariaur (or common) commands. A Kayi Dog will follow commands it understands only 25% of the time, unless the command suits its current interests. Despite their telepathic link with their own race, the Kayi Dog, because of its chaotic nature and low intelligence, is unlikely to work concerted with other of its kind towards a goal.

to layer in Ysgard.

Kayi Dogs have infravision to 120' and an unusually keen sense of smell and hearing. Bariaur does, while still young, are trained alongside Kayi Dogs to heighten their senses. Kayi Dogs are never surprised and cause opponents to subtract 3 from their surprise rolls.

Habitat/Society: Kayi Dogs are native to the plane of Ysgard. They live to play and frolic, and most of all to cause mischief and havoc in battle. They tend to bind themselves to a particular flock or lone individual.

Ecology: Kayi Dogs are despised by men and elves but appreciated by the bariaur for their keen senses, playfulness and high level of energy. It's thought that the only creature with enough energy to keep up with a young bariaur buck is a Kayi Dog. If treated well, the Kayi Dogs will extend their "pack" to include the bariaur flock. This is a mixed blessing for all but the most tolerant of bariaur, but the Kayi almost always shows its worth over time.

Kayi Dogs occasionally befriend individual bariaur if met outside the flock. They will likely follow this individual wherever it goes, even to another plane.

Kayi Dogs are carnivores, which sometimes poses a dilemma for the bariaur. The shaman teachers that "each must canter according to his hooves," and many take this as an acceptable justification for the Kayi Dog's horrific habit of meat eating.

Please Visit [The Tale of the Bariaur](#) for more chant on this creature!

Kebdedogh - Elemental, Earth-kin

© 1999 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © of Kaaz. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Stony or Sandy, subterranean, Earth
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Earth, stone
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Special
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	2d6/2d6
Special Attacks:	Breath Weapon +1 or better to hit
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistances:	Nil
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	3,000

A mysterious being, the Kebdedogh is rumored to be the offspring of a human or elf and an earth elemental. Usually, bloods who claim this have never looked at one up close. Their relatively great number and their special powers can not have anything to do with either alleged parent. Only their appearance could account for this screed, since they look a lot like a humanoid made entirely out of loose earth and stone.

Here's the real chant: no one knows where they came from, or how they ever came into existence. But then again, we don't know much about more critters roaming the multiverse, do we? Just accept the Kebdedogh as you accept bugs, though Kebdedoghs are much less irritating. But beware if you ever encounter one in a hostile situation (for example, if a wizard uses one to guard his tower)! They can put the mightiest of cutters in the dead-book with a mere breath.

Combat: In combat situations, Kebdedoghs strike with their massive stony fists, twice a round, for 2d6 points of damage each. Frightening as it might sound, this is not even their most dangerous mode of attack. Once every 5 rounds, a Kebdedogh can use a breath weapon of solid earth and stone, burying all opponents in a cone of 30' long and 20' wide at the end. Victims caught in this cone must save vs. Breath Weapon or be buried. It will take them 2d6 strength checks (theirs or someone else's) to dig themselves out, or else they suffocate.

If they're not out in 5 rounds, a Kebdedogh might opt to add another 2d6 checks to this number by breathing another pile of earth (talk about bad breath) over the



(A frowning Kebdedogh *can ya tell?*)

Habitat/Society: Kebdedogh roam the Elemental Plane of Earth and any sandy or rocky piece of multiverse they can find, seeming to be constantly in search of something. No-one knows what. No-one knows how they reproduce, either. And no-one seems to understand how they got here anyway. Put short, they're a real stony thorn in the side of any Guvner specializing in the Elementals.

"I just can't dig Kebdedoghs!"

-Yrus, failed Sigilian comedian-

Ecology: Of this, too, not much is known. That's why any researcher would be more than happy to pay up to 1,500 gp. for a dead, intact Kebdedogh body. For live ones, up to 3,500 gp. is paid by some. That, other than their fearsome attacks, is about the only interesting thing about them for the average adventurer.

existing one (remember, after those checks, a victim is halfway free and able to use weapons, not to walk). Those making their saving throw have dodged out of the way of the cone and are merely knocked to the ground. A kebdedogh can move through earth as if it were air.

Lycanthrope, Kitsune

© 1999 by Galen. Artwork © of Cara Mitten. See more of her artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Any (Pastoral semi-wilderness preferred)
Frequency:	Very rare (Rare on abandoned farms)
Organization:	Solitary or Family
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	13 (1 Tail) to 17 (9 Tail)
Treasure:	U x (number of Tails)
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
No. Appearing:	1 or 2d6
Armor Class:	2, 4, or 6
Movement:	24, 18, or 12
Hit Dice:	3 (1 Tail) to 12 (9 Tail)
THAC0:	by HD
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d2, 2d4, or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Spells, Thief Skills, Veil +1 weapons to hit, 90% vs. Charms
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	8 (1 tail) to 16 (9 tail)
XP Value:	3,000 per tail

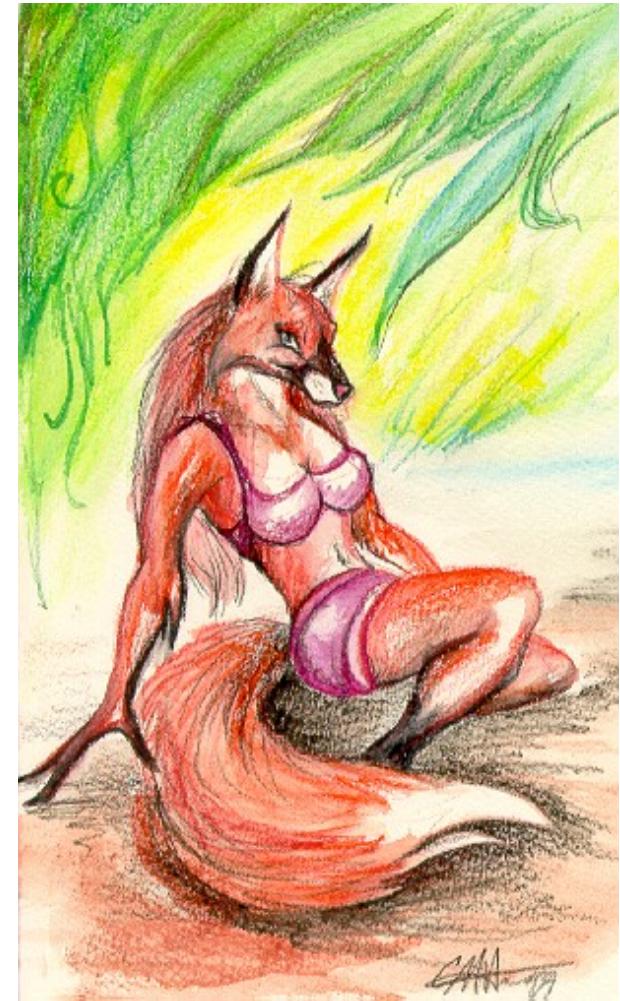
A Kitsune is a Fox who has learned to 'morph' into demielven form. (*Kitsune are derived from Japanese Mythology; Elves in Japanese Mythology are called "the children of the moon". Presumably, the Elven appearance of Kitsune is related to the mysterious connection between Lycanthropes and the moon.*)

Kitsune have a base Charisma/Appearance of 18. They are extremely graceful, with base Dexterity/Balance of 18 (which accounts for their low AC). The base Intelligence & Wisdom of a typical Kitsune is 12 + half the number of its Tails. Kitsune have excellent Health, and are immune to non-magical Poisons and Diseases.

Young (1-3 Tail) Kitsune tend to have ruddy colored hair, reddish-brown in fox form or red-gold in elven form. Older (6-9 Tail) Kitsune usually have Silver hair. Because their clothes and other possessions are not affected by the transformation, Kitsune tend to dress in loose garments. A pouch holds valuables and spell components.

The fox form of a Kitsune appears to be a normal, large fox; it moves extremely fast (24), can pass without trace, and is 90% undetectable in undergrowth if it passes out of view for a moment.

Kitsunes of up to 3 Tails are unable to fully control their elven form; often, this means a fox's tail or several tails remain and protrude. Sometimes a Kitsune will settle for an intermediate form which is a hybrid of elven and fox-like features; the body and limbs are those of the demi-elven form but covered with dense fur, the ears, teeth, and tail are fox-like. This form has AC 4 and MV 18. Any Kitsune can assume hybrid form if it desires to do so.



(A Kitsune Two-Tail Hybrid, relaxing...)

**"Ya, you could say
that I've always been treated like a red-headed step-child,**

but then again, we all were..."

-A Kitsune, on her childhood.-

Combat: The fox's bite inflicts 1-2 points of damage, the hybrid form's more savage bite causes 2d4 points of damage. Human or elven women who are bitten by a Kitsune for 50% or more of their hit points become foxwives (see the Monster Manual - Lycanthrope) within three days unless both a *cure disease* and a *remove curse* spell are cast upon the victim by a priest of at least 12th level.

In demi-elven form, Kitsune rely on weapons. They have weapon proficiencies according to their class (Mage, Bard, Thief) and suffer "to hit" penalties by class for non-proficiency. They do not gain the Elven +1 to hit with Bows/Swords.

They attack as Monsters (THAC0) according to their Hit Dice.

Kitsune also have a powerful *Veil* ability:

Fox-Veil (Illusion/Charm)

Range: 0

Components: none

Duration: Minimal Concentration + 1 Round per Tail

Casting Time: 1

Area of Effect: 20 ft cube + 10 ft cube per Tail

Saving Throw: None

The *veil* spell enables the Kitsune to instantly change the appearance of its surroundings and person so as to fool even the most clever creatures (unless they have the *true seeing spell*, a *gem of seeing*, or a similar magical aid). The *veil* can make a half-collapsed ruin seem like a sumptuous room; even tactile impressions conform to the visual illusion. This spell will not alter the appearance of other persons.

The caster cannot duplicate a specific individual. This spell can be used to duplicate the effects of *Change Self*, however, the spell does not provide the abilities or mannerisms of the chosen form.

This spell does not affect beings who pass a Magic Resistance or Charm Resistance check; it is also considered a 'woodland charm', and therefore does not affect druids.

A *Fox-Veil* has a weakness with regard to mirrors and still pools. Reflected images show the underlying reality rather than the illusion. A person who has seen through the illusion in this manner gains saving throw against it at the usual chance for success.

Kitsune gain additional Tails with Experience, each Tail adds one Hit Die and other advantages. A female Kitsune has abilities as a Bard or Mage (not both) of the level equal to the number of Tails she has acquired; a male Kitsune has abilities as a Thief or Bard (not both) of level equal to the number of tails he has acquired. No Kitsune with more than 9 Tails has ever been identified.

All kitsune are 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

Kitsune will often use their *Veil* ability to evade and escape.

Habitat/Society: Kitsune dwell in woodlands or on abandoned farms. Their homes may be hidden cottages or comfortably furnished cave complexes; in either case their homes are filled with typical human comforts. Kitsune are more playful than malicious, but can be deadly dangerous in defense of their friends, or when avenging their families.

"9 Tail" kitsune act as guardians to other kitsune. Often, this means punishing those kitsune who have acted in a manner which could generally provoke retaliation against kitsune. Occasionally, however, these "9 Tail" help those under their care to band together in the face of adversity or danger.

Ecology: As foxes, kitsune consume rodents that would otherwise trouble farmers. Many peasants befriend foxes because of this, in spite of the foxes' normal tendency to prey on poultry.

Nobles who select concubines from the peasantry will sometimes acquire a kitsune instead. Many kitsune seem to enjoy such a life, but can be highly vengeful (as will their fellows) if mistreated.

(Most kitsune can adapt to Ecologies that are rated 4 or higher, but require a Magic Rating of at least 10 in order to prosper).

Krieg

© 1999 by Brannon. Artwork © 1999 by James Kelly. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Acheron
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Squadron
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	G (gems and magical items only)
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	12 (always)
Armor Class:	2 (base)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	10+2
THAC0:	8
No. of Attacks:	2 (base)
Damage/Attack:	1d10+3 or by weapon (+3 for STR bonus)
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	Never surprised, <i>Intimidation</i>
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Large (12' - always)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	3000

Masses of lean, toned muscle, fearsome horns, and horrible claws, the Krieg are nothing if not awe-inspiring. A race that claims to be the original beings upon the war-torn plane of Acheron, the Krieg could very well be just that.

At first glance, the race appears to be carbon copies of one another, all standing a uniform twelve feet in height and differing little in mannerism or makeup. All Krieg have a long, lanky body that is made up of toned and battle hardened muscle covered with a thick, hairless gray hide that seems more like tight-fitting armor than mere skin.

They all have long, almost serpentine necks that are very flexible, topped by perhaps one of the most intimidating heads in all the multiverse. A face that seems to be a cross of both human and draconian features is framed by long pointed ears and a prominent and awe-inspiring array of horns, all intertwined and interlaced and yet fully functional. It is these horns that are the pride and joy of the race, so to speak - all of their honor is held within these impressive displays of personal wealth and status. It would be a dishonor punishable by death for a Krieg to mar or mark his horns, and it would mean death for another to do so.

One of the few inconsistencies amongst the races is whether they use displays of hair or not. It seems that their twin, woolly locks of hair (and the length of each) is some sign of their status in society. The longer the locks of hair, which are worn gathered at either side of the head, the higher the status of the Krieg.



(A Commander Krieg)

If a Krieg is encountered unarmored and unarmed, they still make for formidable opponents. Their thick gray hide, which makes them very hard to see on the cubes of Avalas, as well as Acheron's other layers, provides them with ample protection (**AC 2**) and their wicked claws make for horribly wounding weapons on their own.

Further, the Krieg seem to have developed some form of heightened "battle sense" and thus can never be surprised. Also, any sod laying eyes on them must make a save vs. paralyzation (**initially at a -8**) or become *intimidated*, totally unable to do anything but grovel before them and beg for their lives. Fortunately for those planewalkers that both value their pride and have to deal with the Krieg quite a bit, this save becomes easier to make the more often one deals with them. (**dropping by one on each encounter, until after 8 separate initial encounters, when it then becomes a normal save**).

Habitat/Society: The society of the Krieg revolves totally around war and combat. There is no aspect of their lives that do not become a part of or involve these things. There are no parades in the Krieg world, only formations. There are no days off, only approved leave. There is no life but the life of the Krieg, of the blood, the blade, and the battle. Any member of the race that does not prescribe to this train of thought is considered to be simply AWOL and dealt with accordingly.

The Krieg have a language of their own, but it is spoken only in private, never in front of outsiders. They have also developed a complex combat language that consists of hand signs, whistles, grunts, and what are believed to be fragments of their own race-language. This is the language that they speak to one another with while in the presence of "non-Krieg". They communicate with "non-Krieg" usually by speaking Lower planar common.

Combat: Being a militaristic race, all krieg are expertly trained and skilled in all arts of warfare. From birth, they are taught, skilled and drilled daily in the arts of combat, tactics, and warfare. Their skill at all out war is unsurpassed in the known multiverse and they are the most sought-after mercenaries, although it is said that their prices are often far too expensive even for the most wealthy of tanar'ri or baatezu nobles... It is unknown how the Krieg manage to amass and digest such massive and focused knowledge in a single lifetime (as the oldest known Krieg was only 178 cycles at his death), but it is commonly accepted (though unconfirmed) that the Krieg share some form of racial knowledge that is available at birth.

All Krieg wear magical armor and use powerful magical weapons, although they never manufacture any of these items themselves. (However, they intently study any weapon that they discover, and many a canny planewalker has talked his way out a sticky situation with a Krieg by giving the history of an obscure prime weapon or somesuch)... (DM's should consider any adult Krieg to be a master of any known regular weapon and any younger than adult Krieg a "mere" specialist in the same).

"**War is all there is,**

War is all there ever was

War is all there ever need be."

-The only proverb known to the Krieg-

Krieg feel that they are the supreme race upon the entire plane of Acheron, and do not hesitate to let anysod know that they feel this way. They consider the goblins and hobgoblins of Avalas to be mere rats fighting over a scrap of bread from their tables, far beneath their concern. Of all of the inhabitants of Acheron, only the bladelings of Ocanthus are seen as a "sentient" race, and that is only because of the highly organized and (to a Krieg mindset) military social structure.

Ecology: Natives of the plane of Infinite Strife, the Krieg are in perfect concordance with Acheron. They fit in seamlessly with the daily death, toils, and battles that flow endlessly from cube to cube and layer to layer. This is actually one the primary reasons that those sages that support the Krieg's claim that they are in fact the original race of Acheron.

Very little is known about the life-cycle of the Krieg, however. Their lives seem as fierce as the battles of Avalas and as quickly severed as the hamstring of a hobgoblin warrior. It is known that the Krieg reproduce sexually, as well as the fact that all Krieg are born knowing to wield a dagger. Any other chant, however, is pure circumspect...

Laasch

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Climate/Terrain:	Border Ethereal
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Colors
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Special
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1d20
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	7+4
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d12/1d12
Special Attacks:	Absorb Colors
Special	Become ethereal and <i>levitate</i> at will,
Defenses:	half damage from slashing and piercing weapons.
Magic	35%
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	2,000

"Now here's a crab

I DON'T want in my cocktails!"

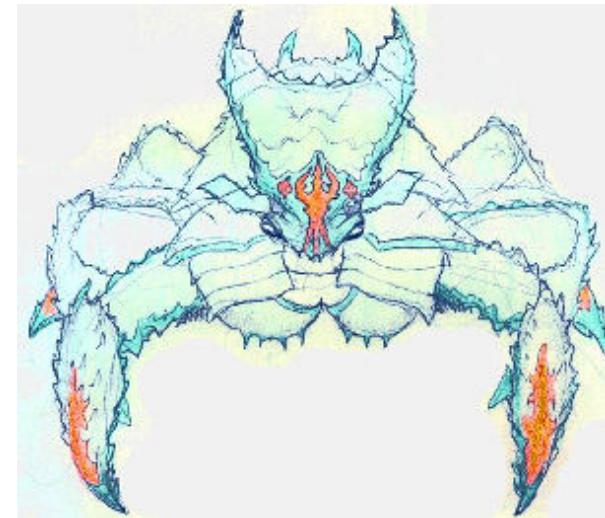
-an unnamed Sensate-

Bright and colorful, yet slightly translucent, the laasch are a race of crustaceans that roam the Border Ethereal in small packs. They actually resemble large crabs with huge pincers and a semi-intelligent look in their eyes. To many, a laasch is said to be one of the most beautiful creatures in the multiverse, while to others it is merely a large pest. To most bashers that run across it, however, it is only something to practice their skills with a club on.

It is not known if these creatures can communicate with other races, but there does seem to be some form of racial communication that may border on telepathy. The darks of this, however, are unknown.

Combat: Everything a laasch touches immediately turns to a depressing shade of gray, thus nourishing the creature. This, of course, also goes for its pincers. Any clothing struck by one of them must roll an item saving throw vs. crushing blow or be turned gray. If the strike pierces armor, the victim himself must roll a save vs. Death Magic or become as gray as the Wastes of Oinos. This discoloration affects anyone as a *Symbol of Hopelessness*, as long as it continues. A *remove curse*, *limited wish*, *wish* or *restoration* must be used to cure this ailment.

On top of their color-absorbing talents, a laasch can go ethereal or *levitate* at will, and because of their surprisingly hard shells, they only take half damage



(An etherfarer's sketch of a Laasch)

Habitat/Society: Laasch live in the Border Ethereal, occasionally popping up on some Prime World to feed. No precautions can be taken against these raids since only potent mages can determine their actual position. If, during the feeding, they are attacked, they defend themselves in a highly structured manner, as if they had some 'group mind'. None of this has been confirmed up 'till now, although many researchers are trying to discover more about their social structure.

Etherfarer reports of large groups of laasch being used as mounts for ether elves have occasionally surfaced, but it is not known if the elves are able to domesticate them or not. Most canny cutters spout that the two races are more than likely working together against the ever-threatening Xill, and for good reason.

Ecology: No one knows anything about *why* the laasch exist and how they got to the Ethereal in the first place, but most graybeards say it's a "dead giveaway" that their roots lie somewhere on the Gray Waste. When pressed to explain further, however, they mostly just slap their bone-boxes shut... It would seem that it was not too much of a dead ringer, after all.

The laasch mate in much the same manners as do "normal" crabs and usually leave their nearly transparent eggs floating somewhere high in the air on a Prime World. When the eggs hatch, only the ones with sufficiently hardened shells survive the fall down. In this way, only the strongest laasch make it to the "sea" of the Ethereal Plane.

from piercing and slashing weapons.

Eladrin - Laene (Greater)

© 1999 by Galen. Artwork © of Tony Diterlizzi. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard, Subterranean
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Guild
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore + Ores
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	R (lair:lx5)
Alignment:	Chaotic Good

No. Appearing:	1 (1d6)
Armor Class:	1, -4(element form)
Movement:	9, Br 9
Hit Dice:	9 +14
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	by Weapon +7, or special
Special Attacks:	Corrosion, Magic Use
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	40%
Size:	Small (2' + to 4')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	18,000

In demihuman form, a Laene Eladrin resembles a heavy-set Gnome or slender Dwarf with silver eyes; their Element Form is an Amorphous mass of silvery metal. The transformation takes one round in either direction; clothing and equipment are not transformed.

Combat: Immune to Acid, Electricity, Fire (including Magical), Magic Missiles [Force strike spells], Petrification/Polymorph, and Weapons of less than +2 enchantment not forged of Cold Iron. Resistant (50%) to Gas or Poison; Vulnerable to Cold, Infernal Energy, and Cold Iron Weapons.

In demihuman form, Laene favor a Sharpness Battle Axe +3 (strikes creatures harmed only by +5 weapons, made of Crystal and Glassteel, immune to Acid), which they wield at 19 Strength.

Their low inherent AC in this form is due to the Armoring effect of Celestial energy, and is not cumulative with physical armor; if physical armor is worn, perhaps for a disguise, then the AC of the armor is used, even if it is worse.

A Laene may transform into Element form while wearing armor, but doing so destroys the armor (magical metallic armor will require several rounds to dissolve completely, and will hamper the Laene until 'removed').

An Evil creature of fewer than 5 HD that meets the Stony gaze of an angry Laene must save vs. Petrification or be transformed into Stone with all his gear for 4d8 rounds; a system shock check is required to survive the initial transformation, but not for the reversion to normal form.



(A Laene, in his demihuman form)

As Greater Eladrin, Laene are surrounded by *Protection from Evil* in a 10 foot radius at all times. A Laene can also use any of the following Spell-like powers once per round at will: *Alter Self*, *Comprehend Languages*, *Cure Light Wounds*, *Detect Evil*, *Advanced Illusion*, *Detect Invisible*, *ESP*, *Improved Invisibility*, *Fabricate*, *Glassteel*, *Stone to Flesh/Petrify*, *Superior Magnetism*, *Tenser's Destructive Resonance*, or *Wall of Stone*. Once per day, a Laene can cast *Enchant an Item*; once per year, a Laene can cast *Permanency*.

Laene have a special *Passwall* ability that functions only on Stone and converts it into a fluid gel rather than an open passage; the gel reverts to stone after 1 turn, or when the Laene dispels it if sooner. A Laene can move through this gel at the normal movement rate; others are slowed by 50%. Laene are able to breathe stone; the gel is not breathable to those who lack such an ability. Transitioning into a lithic environment requires 3 segments, and normally constitutes the action for a round; however, the Laene can also transform simultaneously into Element form, if desired.

Laene in Element Form have a sense based on sonar which allows them to perceive their environment in a 360 yard range; this sense works in air or stone, but not both simultaneously (a Laene cannot see through walls, or across an air gap, but could enter a stone block (using the special *Passwall* ability) and perceive the location of any cavities or other discontinuities within it). Smaller items may be scanned if the Laene engulfs them.

Laene possess the spell-casting abilities of a 12th level priest.

Habitat/Society: The Laene are smiths and crafters of great talent and skill. They provide the Tulani Lords with the magical items that are bestowed on the

In Element Form, Laene attack by Grappling/ Engulfing an opponent; this attack does not need to penetrate the target's armor, so only Magical and Dexterity defensive adjustments apply. If the Laene scores a hit, it establishes a *Hold*. Any metal in sustained contact with the Laene will dissolve and be absorbed into the Eladrin's body (1 round for chain mail, 2 rounds for Plate, plus 1 round per plus for magical items); after the armor has dissolved, or if the armor is non-metallic, the Laene automatically inflicts up to 3d8 points of Acid damage per subsequent round to a Held opponent (saving throw vs. breath weapon for half damage; non-metallic armor that provides extensive coverage grants a bonus to the saving throw, but requires a saving throw vs. Acid every round or the armor dissolves and becomes useless).

On any round after establishing a *Hold*, the Laene may attempt to apply constrictive pressure by attacking against the remaining Armor Class (Dexterity adjustments no longer apply when held, and the target's armor is physically dissolving). If successful, the Laene imposes an additional +8 points of constriction damage; even if it fails, the acid damage continues each round until the *Hold* is escaped (contested Strength check against 19 Str).

Note that weapons striking a Laene while it is in Element Form must attempt an item saving throw versus acid or be destroyed; the Laene still takes damage from any successful hit by a weapon that it wasn't immune to.

A Laene may only *Hold* one opponent at a time; if additional opponents attempt to grapple with a Laene, then each sustains 1d8 points of Acid damage per round of contact. However, each grappler adds +1 to the contested strength check of the person held (the Amorphous nature of the Laene makes it difficult to apply such assistance effectively).

Underwater, a Laene's Acid attack is ineffective; however, the Laene is not harmed by aqueous environments, and can still grapple/engulf and constrict opponents. (Laene are able to breathe water in any form.) A Laene can also choose not to employ its Acid attack against engulfed opponents while in other environments.

Knights, and occasionally (rarely) others. Typically, only one will be at any particular court (performing repairs); while most are out and about, or down in the forges fashioning new items. Laene are able to travel freely throughout the Planes; but on the Prime, must observe the Code of the Veil, which they typically do as Gnomes or Dwarves.

Laene are natives of Ysgard's 3rd layer, and are Very Rare encounters elsewhere; but they will sometimes approach adventurers with an offer to purchase unusual magical items for study.

**"Sure, I can make it,
but can you pay for it?"**
-A Laene, haggling-

Ecology: Laene are omnivorous, but must also consume metallic ores or even processed metals; a variety of metals are required, but the Laene can usually acquire all of them by absorption from its Passage gel. Laene excrete Mithril as a waste product (substitute Mithril for platinum in the treasure table), and collect high quality jewelry and gems for use in crafting magical items.

Variants: Laene who mate with Dwarves produce offspring of the Durin subrace; Laene-Gnome hybrids are Modsgognor.

Law Eater - Tanar'ri, Greater

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Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss, occasionally on lawful planes
Frequency:	Uncommon in the Abyss, very rare on lawful planes
Organization:	Organization?
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore (see below)
Intelligence:	Average to Genius (8-18)
Treasure:	D, Q
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1-80 (1d4*1d20)
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	20
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	2 plus special
Damage/Attack:	1d4+6/1d4+6 or by weapon+6
Special Attacks:	<i>Law Eating</i>
Special Defenses:	Tanar'ri immunities, +2 weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	60%
Size:	M (6 feet tall)
Morale:	Varies (12-20)
XP Value:	15,000

Law Eaters seem to be a sub-species of Babau. They're, among tanar'ri, also often called "True Chaotics", "Real Babau", "Idiots" or "Freedom fighters". The one thing that fits to every Law Eater is that he (she/it) is unique - even more so than the tanar'ri in general. No one law eater looks like any other; most have many similarities to babau (shape, size, etc.), but even law eaters the size of a whale or with the shape of a pit fiend have been seen. Chant has it there even was a law eater who had the size of a whale AND the shape of a pit fiend.

As unique as their appearance is, so are their abilities. (The above statistics are only the "most common" law eaters, but the DM should feel free to change the statistics of any particular law eater). There might also be some who are Lesser, Least or even True Tanar'ri.

Law Eaters usually share two other things with others of their race: Their mind is even more chaotic than that of a normal tanar'ri, and contacting their mind results in an additional permanent feeble mind. That is, if the contact with the mind of a tanar'ri would result in a 6-week-feeble mind anyway, curing the victim would need to cure the victim TWO times. (The DM can feel free, of course, to also change this particular effect as he wants). Further, all law eaters have one special attack, which gives them their name: *Law Eating* (see below).

Combat: The common law eater attacks with his two powerful claws, often trying to disarm a mighty opponent by breaking/tearing off/whatever the



(A horde of law eaters attacking...)

"I WILL kill yoU!
Look! A six-headed ape!
GARRGGALAA.....
Lalalaalla laaa!"

-A relatively sane Law Eater

As soon as the law eater gets some time to rest after devouring the lawful essence, he turns into a slimy-liquid form again. Slowly, though, they take on their true form again, only leaving behind a dark brown, crystalline slime. This slime contracts itself into some geometric form then. In effect, it becomes an ioun stone that changes its' wearer's alignment to lawful. Usually, the law eaters suddenly destroy that ioun stones after their creation.

In addition to the above and the general tanar'ri abilities, the law eaters have one randomly chosen spell ability from each spell level up to and including the sixth. Often, though, they use these abilities like wild when it doesn't help them at all, and then again forget to use them when it could save their life. Of course, no cutter should count on these mistakes of the law eaters. Just be prepared for anything.

Habitat/Society: How each law eater fits into any society really depends on the individual. In tanar'ri society, though, they're usually seen as extremists, with some considering them even too extreme, others thinking their ideas are good, but their ways are just barmy, and still others viewing them as "freedom

opponent's arm/tentacle/whatever. Then, they use the weapon themselves. One legend tells of a law eater who killed five paladins, each with his own holy sword, before he died himself due to the effects of some of those swords against the law eater.

Their truly fearsome attack, though, is the *Law Eating*. They bite an opponent (**normal THAC0**), and then turn into a fluid, slimy-liquid form and enter the victim's body through the wounds their bite created (strangely, though, the bite itself doesn't really harm the victim). Effectively, they possess the victim's body then, but instead of "misusing" it, their aim is to rip all lawfulness from the being.

(**Each round the victim is possessed, a saving throw vs. death magic is needed**). As soon as one saving throw fails, the law eater manages to pierce his teeth into the victim's very mind, and tearing out any pieces of lawfulness. The tanar'ri devours this lawful essence, turning the victim into a being of chaotic alignment and obvious insanity. Then, the law eater leaves the victim's body again, usually by forcing the victim to vomit the tanar'ri in its' slimy-liquid form (a horrible moment for the victim - but then, he's insane now, anyway). If the victim manages to succeed in five saving throws, the law eater can't keep himself in the body anymore and suddenly flees from the victim (of course, also only after the vomiting).

"fighters". Some, though, absolutely hate the law eaters, because they're responsible for the ioun stones of lawfulness. They think it would be better to just slay lawful beings, instead of risking the creation of such a damned piece of magic.

Ecology: In the Abyss, law eaters often appear when some place turns slowly towards lawfulness. In fact, they're most often seen in Graz'zt's layers, eager to spread some chaos where the laws of trade try to settle down. Graz'zt, on the other hand, has officially stated that he pays a good price for any dead law eater brought to his palace (it's not known, though, if entertaining bounty hunters will really be happy with that "good price").

Outside of the Abyss, law eaters only visit planes of law. This is one of the only REAL rules that the law eaters follow: they're either in the Abyss, or on some lawful plane. There, they spread chaos and destruction until they're either destroyed or return to the Abyss. Especially on the good and neutral lawful planes, their "visits" leave horrible scars for decades or longer, in the plane as well as in its' inhabitants.

One occasion is known where a group of a few hundred law eaters have started out a real siege on an Acheronian cube. After a long, long time, they've turned all its' inhabitants into insane chaotics, and finally the whole cube shifted into the Abyss. It's unknown, though, what happened with the cube afterwards.

Loather

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Any
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	Varies (see below)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10 (see below)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d2
Special Attacks:	Disease, <i>ESP</i> , <i>Know Alignment</i>
Special Defenses:	Protection from Harm, Immunity to Mind-Affecting and Mind-Reading Spells
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	4,000

"He looked like one of us. Nothing about him was unusual. Nothing - or so it seemed. When he came into town, he was just a stranger. But it didn't take long before everyone seemed to know - and like - him. He was charming, and talkative. He was friendly to everyone. It took less than a day before his schemes worked out."

This introduction to the *Tome of the Loather* was the first sign ever the Fraternity of Order found about the beings called Loathers. It took decades until the countless fragments of the Tome were unburied by faction members. It seems someone was interested in making sure the Tome would never be read by anyone; it was nothing but chance and extreme devotion of the members of our Fraternity that crossed these plans. With even more research, we also found out why that someone did not simply destroy the Tome. It turned out the book was magically protected, and even high-level magic could not permanently harm it. It always repaired itself after some time; the only way to "destroy" it was to scatter its pieces all over the multiverse. We have, unfortunately, not yet found out how this magic works. The Tome, as well as our own research, has provided us with about all the darks there are about The Loathers - and in the long run, this might be far more important than the secrets of the Tome's magic.

Origin: Loathers are of human origin, seemingly without exception. They once were normal mortals, but some events, or maybe simply the individual's own nature, turned it to embracing pure evil. Living the lives of criminals and perverts, they somehow got into contact with yugoloths. The exact details of what happened then are dark. Our best sages suggest that



(A Loather, twisted by his own inner evil)

Habitat/Society: Loathers fit in perfectly into any society. They know how to make friends with everyone, and subtly pull their strings to bring ultimate doom. Sometimes, their schemes work out over cycles or decades, other times, it's just a matter of a few moments. They use intrigue and lies as well as presents and compliments to achieve their goal. Each Loather seems to have its own "style", but where ever they come, in the end there are usually no survivors.

The inhabitants of a region nearly always fall to the plans of the Loather, wiping themselves out. Some Loathers concentrate on small regions, little villages and such, others prefer kingdoms or even whole Prime Material worlds. Most though seem to love the change, and bring destruction to single individuals or small settlements one day, just to doom a whole world in the following decade or century. In any way, they love

they met an Ultroloth, or maybe even higher beings in the ranks of yugoloths, and struck a deal. The mortals, with all their devotion to evil, would serve the fiend in a way that would bring pleasure to himself. For that, the planeborn Evil would imbue the mortal with powers that, used intelligently, would make it near-invincible. Not enough, becoming a Loather means becoming immortal - at least if you are successful. After the deal is struck, the Loather takes on a nomadic lifestyle. He settles in towns and other inhabited places for a short time, spreads confusion, destruction and doom - and moves on. Until the cycle repeats and his settles again.

Combat: Loathers usually do not fight. It seems only the most intelligent humans are chosen to become Loathers (although Yuddar the Ranting, an intelligent but sometimes confused member of our Fraternity, is sure this intelligence is GIVEN to them - a cold, evil intelligence which is what turns the mortals into evil beings in the first place). They scheme and use everyone as puppets, but they avoid direct action whenever possible.

If they are forced into combat, they are horrible fighters (and it seems Loathers never have any class). Their defenses, though, are quite good. They have always active powers of ESP and Know Alignment, giving them both hints at who wants to harm them, and time enough to avoid that the being ever gets the chance to harm them. But even if their plans do not work out as they intended, it is not that easy to kill a Loather. Throw a fireball at him, and he will just laugh about it; not even his clothes will get burned. Shot with an arrow at him, and he will laugh again; bury him alive, and he will unbury himself when he thinks it's safe again.

Loathers have a near-perfect protection from harm; there is only one exception. If a brave character, with the intention to destroy the evil that the Loather embodies, takes a direct and successful action to kill the wicked creature, it is as easy to kill as any human. The brave soul may not do it for finishing a mercenary contract; it may also not be done to rob the Loather, or for any other selfish reason. It seems that only thoughts of purity, defying evil and absolute braveness (which can be seen in the direct battling, instead of using long-range weapons or similar things) breach the powerful defenses that protect a Loather.

Still, even the bravest of heroes often fail when they fight a Loather. His schemes, as said, usually overcome their opponents before those even know they are his opponents. Using his mind-reading powers, he easily finds out how to handle a character, and has the genius to work out a near-perfect plan.

Also, loathers of great age have often accumulated fantastic treasures, some of them providing them with powerful magical armor and weapons that give them the ability to stand a fight. Also, Loathers are completely immune to any mind-affecting spells, as

what they do, delighting in their evil plans. If they fail, they shrug it off; the next victims are already waiting. Even if they just scared a few people, they are satisfied. And if not - they can come back a few decades or centuries later, when people have forgotten about them.

"...they're just yugoloth wannabe's..."

-Bubhouse screed on the subject of Loathers-

Note that Loathers can show up everywhere, from Prime Material worlds to the Inner and Outer Planes. A member of the Fraternity of Order was also sent to the Astral Plane to research if a Loather was responsible for the recent wiping out of a complete Githyanki fortress.

Ecology: It seems even most yugoloths don't know about the Loathers. These beings work independently from the fiends (although definitely in their service, or at least in the service of one or a few fiendish individuals). They don't "produce" anything, although they may gather great treasures during the centuries. They either collect what once belonged to their victims, or even gather items that are personally important to someone, so they can use it cycles later when the victim has already forgotten about the item - and is deeply moved when encountering the item again (a fact the Loather then uses to pull the strings of that person). Young Loathers, though, have nothing but their clothes. And even a few old ones don't have personal belongings - for example, if they love to take on the role of a beggar (interestingly, each single Loather seems to have one cover story that he uses over and over again, just adapting it to a particular situation). Of course, over the centuries, they become perfect in that one disguise.

It is not perfectly known how they become "immortal". They do still age, but it seems their evil deeds let them overcome the effects of passing time. The sage Murianna Winterblossom suggests that for each life they destroy, they have one more cycle to live, while smaller evil deeds bring them less time. Still, a successful Loather could add up so many evil deeds that he would keep on living for millennia even if he didn't do any further evil. Yuddar the Ranting stated this theory is nothing but "the barmy mutterin' of a soddin' elven leatherhead", and is sure Loathers age normally, and are simply replaced by a new Loather when they die, to keep up the illusion of immortality.

well as similar psionics. It is as impossible to read the mind of a Loather, as well - even finding out its alignment isn't possible via any supernatural means.

Finally, they often use their power to cause a disease (as per the reverse of the spell *Cure Disease*) to bring down known or probable foes - often using deadly diseases, and (if really pressed) suggesting the opponent to tell him of a way to heal the disease, if the victim stops to oppose the Loather. Of course, the ways to overcome the disease usually either include the victim's death, or a way to absolutely bind it to the Loather's service (or any other way to get rid of it).

Lummox

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Climate/Terrain:	Outlands, Any
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral (Neutral Good)
No. Appearing:	2d12+2 (Wild)
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	18 (at Max)
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1 (bite or trample)
Damage/Attack:	3d12+8, 5d20x100
Special Attacks:	None
Special:	None
Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	15%
Size:	H (15' tall at shoulder)
Morale:	Steady-Fearless (13-20)
XP Value:	1,000

Next to horses, the lummox is quite possibly one of the most well-known and often used beasts of burden in the planes. While not as fast nor as intelligent as most horses, the lummox's strong, low-strung, and sure footing allows it to traverse where horses cannot (or usually will not) go. Also, the lummox seems to have some sort of migration sense that allows it to flawlessly recall where it has been in the past. Many merchants and traders, particularly in the ever-changing landscape of the Outer planes, consider this an benefit that simply cannot be matched.

Large and strong, the lummox resembles nothing so much as a large lizard with a thick, short, and stubby body, seemingly inward-turned legs, large, splayed, flat feet, a pointed nose, and highly developed and unique interconnecting plate-like scales beginning on its nose and ending just before the stubby tail.

Lummox also possess a keen sense of smell and very wide, flat teeth housed in a massive maw.

**"Laugh if'n ye want, berk,
you'll be wishin' ye were on one as well,
when ya reach the Dr'Ungian Wastes!"**

-A veteran merchant of the 'Land, to a 'young whippersnapper'-

Combat: Gentle creatures by nature, the lummox rarely engage in combat. Usually, a lummox will attempt to turn and run, but if cornered, will simply try and trample the threat as it leaves. The herds of wild lummox have been known to fight in their own defense, or in the defense of the herd, and there are a few tales circling about the 'Land about how lummox, after forming a *rider's bond* (see **Ecology**) with their



(The Lummox - Lumbering hulk of the 'Land)

Needless to say, their apparent willingness to serve and their gentle and easy-going dispositions seem to have been a good match for most sods that need a large, powerful beast to haul heavy loads across vast distances. It is sad to say, however, that many berks and leatherheaded bashers take advantage of these gentle giants and often drive or beat them to death, after having first beat their noble and placid spirits into submission. Whether it is for this reason or not is unknown, but many lummox are known to have a hatred for slavers and those that beat other creatures.

Strangely, the lummox seem to have some form of connection to the tk'aKt, the race of freedom-fighting lizardmen of the Outlands. It is not known what this relationship is, but the two races seem to fight against the khaasta with a fierce determination and coordination that is uncanny.

Ecology: The lummox occupy a special niche in planar ecology, feeding on many harsh plants in the Outlands (as well as the Lower planes) that many herbivores cannot consume. They are opportunists, never passing up a meal when it presents itself - they are equally at home eating both plant and animal matter. However, they seem to prefer and seek out plant material and will often wander far off the track, much to the dismay of their riders.

Lummox that spend a vast majority of their lives with a single rider seem to develop a certain *bond* with them. Once this *bond* is formed, the rider and beast operate as a single unit, riding, eating, sleeping, and fighting together always. They can no more communicate with one another than can a man and his dog, but some form of limited empathy does seem to exist.

rider, will fight in their defense.

If forced into a fight, as stated above, the lummox will initially try to trample its antagonists, but if penned in or if trapped by a foe too large to trample, it will try and chomp down with its massive jaw and wide, flat teeth. The bite strikes with a surprisingly powerful force, some say feeling equivalent to being punched by a Titan, but most just laugh at such screed.

Habitat/Society: Like many herd-oriented animals, lummox tend to feel most comfortable when in a group with large numbers of "things" that are similar in size. This, combined with the fact that they are natively a nomadic species, they seem to fit right into a merchant or trader's caravan full of large wagons and such. However, they do seem to occasionally grow distressed when those same wagons do know return their ground-shaking trumpeting, which is the lummox's primary form of communication.

The Lummox seems to understand complex directions such as "turn right after the third tree", or "back up until the cart tips", and the rider seems to understand when his mount is tiring, despondent, or in mild pain. Also, rider and lummox are able to attack together seamlessly (no minuses to attack, even if the rider does not have a landbased riding non-weapon proficiency) and they can both attack at the same time (on the same initiative in the same round).

Female lummoxi (the plural of lummox) give birth to a litter of one to four young in the spring. They are cared for throughout their childhood, which lasts for approximately ten cycles. Both parents take equal parts in the care of the young, and they guard them fiercely. Baby lummoxi are able to walk and pull relatively heavy loads within moments of their birth (although this practice is considered taboo amongst many merchants and traders).

Skeleton, Master

© 1999 by Travis Gulish. Artwork © of Daniel Williamson. See more of his artwork here.

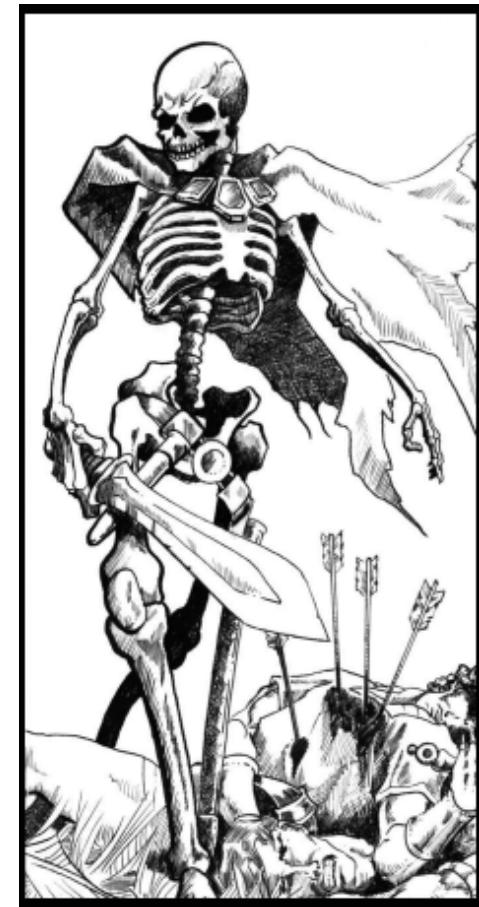
Climate/Terrain:	Elemental Plane of Fire
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Grouped into clans of 100
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	God like (21+)
Treasure:	H,G,F
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	100
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	32
Hit Dice:	3d10
THAC0:	5
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d10,1d10
Special Attacks:	See below
Special	See below
Defenses:	
Magic	5%
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	3,000

This creature resembles a normal skeleton, but once in combat its attributes become apparent. They are generally between 5' to 5'5" with pure white bones. Their eyes are red and can be seen up to 1,500' away. They wear gold or silver armor encrusted with gems. The bones have a permanent *wall of force* applied to them.

Combat: They generally use there large numbers to attack their enemies. They swarm around the enemy then wait for the right moment to attack. However, they like the honorable combat of one-on-one. It is during single combat that their skills are best applied. They generally end up winning any individual contests.

They have two main special attacks. First special attack is to use the surrounding heat to generate a massive fire attack (if on Fire, then the inflicted damage triples. The second special attack is to absorb the heat from the surrounding area to freeze its enemy (cannot be used on the planes of Fire or Ice).

They have three special defensive abilities. The first is to divide their numbers in half to confuse its enemy (they only use this if there hit points are below 12 and the replicate has only double the hit points which the first had, i.e. if the first had 4 hp the the second would have 8 hp). The second is to self-destruct, causing the enemy to suffer 2d10 points of damage. The third one provides the most powerful attack called *Hellfire* (this attack uses all the heat within 20 foot of the creature to fuel this attack. When released it causes 10d20 points of damage. (Only used if below 5 hit points).



(The mighty Master Skeleton!)

Habitat/Society: They have been known to build cities where they train. Their society is based on who is the most powerful among them. Those creatures that are the strongest will become the unquestioned leaders of the clan. They have been seen using powerful magic only rarely, and perhaps this is to show the power that they have or to make contact with their gods. There have been reports that they have a small pantheon of powers that consists of possibly five to eight powers, but no one really knows. In some ways these skeletons are similar to humans and demi-humans in their basic structure and form.

Ecology: While their origins are on the elemental plane of Fire, they often build their cities on the Prime Material plane where very little survives their chaotic wrath.

"We come. We conquer."

"We rule over all living things."

-Credo of the Master Skeleton-

Mathilane

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Brains
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	9, Jump 3
Hit Dice:	2+4
THAC0:	19
No. of Attacks:	4
Damage/Attack:	1 each and see below
Special Attacks:	Brain consumption, Psionics
Special	Psionics
Defenses:	
Magic	60%
Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	1400

Mathilanes are tiny imp-like creatures created by the mind flayer god Ilsensine and sent to evil psionicists as a form of familiar. They resemble scrawny illithids with disproportionately long tentacles surrounding their mouths, dead white eyes that lack pupils, and a skull that seems barely able to contain the large brain. Mathilanes have infravision to 120', but cannot see in daylight.

At will, mathilanes can *polymorph* themselves into the shape of a cranium rat. In this form, they can communicate with cranium rats and often lead packs, unless the collective intelligence of the pack is greater than that of the mathilane.

Mathilanes cannot speak, and use telepathy to communicate with any creature of at least low intelligence.

Combat: Physical combat is not the forte of the mathilane, but when pressed they jump upon their attackers and attack with their tentacles. Each tentacle does a single point of damage and gives all subsequent tentacle attacks a +1 bonus to hit. Victims can remove one tentacle per round with a successful strength check. If all four tentacles attach, the mathilane uses enzymes to dissolve the skull and attack the brain directly. Unlike illithids, the mathilane is too small to remove the brain outright, but they do tear into it with their mouths, automatically causing 2d10 damage and permanently removing one point of intelligence per round.

When possible, these creatures will stay with their master (see below) and use psionic attacks instead. In addition to the psionic abilities given above, they can



(A mathilane, having a little snack!)

"Can I have one too?"

-an evil psionicist's apprentice after seeing her master's mathilane-

Habitat/Society: Powerful psionicists are often given mathilanes as gifts from Ilsensine, but only if the god-brain is certain that the psionicist will accept the gift. Possessing a mathilane has several advantages. As long as the master and servant are within a mile of each other, the master can receive all of his familiar's sensory impressions and the two are in constant telepathic contact. If in physical contact, the psionicist gains a magic resistance of 30%, can use any psionic ability possessed by the mathilane as if he knew it, and acts as if he is one level higher for all psionic abilities, including PSPS, number of sciences and devotions, and other psionic characteristics. In addition, as long as the mathilane has at least 50 PSPs, the psionicist can draw upon his "familiar's" PSP pool instead of his own.

Should his mathilane be killed, the psionicist immediately loses 25% of his hit points (to a minimum of one hit point) and 50% of his PSPs from the shock and also suffers a -4 penalty to all psionic rolls. Hit points return through natural healing and this cannot be magically accelerated. PSPs return at one-twelfth the normal rate, and the penalty to psionic rolls is reduced by 1 per week.

The mathilane relays all that it and the psionicist sense to Ilsensine. Long-term contact with the mathilane allows the creature to sway its master to the illithid mindframe. Treat this as a psionic attack once a week by the mathilane, which the master defends against using a random psionic defense that he possesses.

also use an illithid-style *mind blast* that affects everyone in a cone 30' long and 10' wide at the far end. All nonpsionic minds in the cone must save vs. wands or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

Psionics summary:

Level:2; Dis:2/Sci:1/Dev:5; Attack:EW, II/Defense: All; Score:-Int; PSPs:150;
Telepathy - **Science:** Mindlink. **Devotions:** Awe, Contact, ESP, Post-hypnotic suggestion.
Psychoportation - **Devotion:** Astral projection.

After four successful attacks, the familiar has managed to completely convert its master into an unquestioning agent for Ilsensine. These "attacks" are not detected by the psionicist, nor are any PSPs expended by either party.

Ecology: Mathilanes are not living creatures, and do not fulfill any ecological role. They consume any brains they can, usually from small animals and vermin, but do not need the brains to survive.

Mechalin

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Climate/Terrain:	Mechanus
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Orders
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Varies
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral

No. Appearing:	3, 27, or thousands
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	15 (24 for the Order of the Blink Scouts)
Hit Dice:	3+40
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	2 or 4
Damage/Attack:	1d8 (x2 or x4)
Special Attacks:	Mechanical Body
Special Defenses:	Mechanical Body, Regeneration
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	Medium (6' 9")
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	6000

The mechalin are children of Mechanus, just as the modrons are. Indeed, one may think these to be a long-lost caste of the modron hierarchy, though such a thing would not be possible. At least as old as the modrons, if not older, the mechalin are as much of the plane as are the modrons. Appearing as generic looking humanoids of exactly eighty-one inches in height, the mechalin are distinguished by the clockwork parts that replaces half of their body.

At least one eye, one arm, one ear, and one leg of each mechalin is mechanical, as opposed to living flesh. Along with the bond they share with Mechanus itself, these "bionic" forms make the mechalin very powerful individuals, though they would never think of themselves as such – an individual. They are the mechalin, and they are children of law.

Combat: When forced into combat, mechalin have many means to defend themselves. First, all mechalin have at least one mechanical eye that gives them the ability of an always active and impenetrable *true sight* spell. Their gearwork arms are able to move as if affected by a permanent *haste* spell, delivering two attacks per round, per arm. Further, the augmented ear(s) of all mechalin make surprise impossible, unless a spell such as *silence 15' radius* is used. All mechalin also have a magic resistance of 50%, unchangeable by anything but artifacts, and also regenerate 2 hit points/round.

While all mechalin have the above abilities, there are five orders, or types, of mechalin, each of which works together to form a part of a cohesive and effective whole.



(A Blink Scout Mechalin)

Habitat/Society: Mechalin do not exist as individuals – they exist as a society – as a race. The mechalin are children of Mechanus, and share many bonds with her. While the modrons are the true planeborn of Mechanus, and carry out Law's will throughout the multiverse, it is the mechalin who guard one of Law's greatest artifacts.

Living in a remote gear of Mechanus, the mechalin live in nine circular settlements, arranged in a somewhat circular pattern. The outermost of the two settlements each contains 10,000 mechalin, and are on opposite sides of the circle. Also opposite each other on the circle, the line between the next two mechalin settlements is perpendicular to the line between the first two settlements. Both of these towns contain exactly 50,000 mechalin.

Inside of this circle is another circle, tilted at an angle so that each settlement would fit exactly in-between two of the outer settlements if both circles were to have the same diameter. Each of these four settlements is home to 200,000 mechalin.

Those of the Order of Observers automatically know all of the strengths and weaknesses of their opponents, and they'll use everything they know to their advantage. This also gives the mechalin a THAC0 of 5, as they will try to use attacks that their opponent has never seen before, and will throw him, her, or it, off.

All mechalin of the Order of Defenders are able to create a shield 9x9 feet in dimensions which can absorb up to one hundred points of damage before dissipating. The shield can be used once per turn.

The Order of Slayers consists of mechalin with incredible strength, giving them +4 to hit and +9 damage on their attacks. These mechalin are also able to lift up to five hundred pounds with ease, holding it for as long as necessary.

Mechalin who belong to the Order of the Blink Scouts are rarer than those of the Observers, Defenders, and Slayers. It is with the amazing ability to move at speeds so fast that no mortal being can perceive their form, and the talents of a master thief, that these mechalin perform their duties as scouts for all of mechalin society.

Blink Scouts are able to move up to five miles, almost instantaneously, once per three hours. This amazing feat, appearing as *teleportation* to mortals and many paramortals, is accomplished through pure speed, by running. All mechalin of this order have an 80% chance to succeed in any performed by the thief class. The AC of these mechalin is reduced to -4 due to their fantastic speed agility and speed.

The last of the five Orders, and perhaps the rarest of them all, is the Order of the Creators. Numbering the least among their race, mechalin from this Order are able to use the laws of the multiverse to their own will, creating life where there was none before. Once per turn, a member of the Order of Creators can create five more of its kind, replacing those who have fallen in battle. The mechalin created may be of any Order, as chosen by the mechalin who breathes life into them.

At the center of the second circle is the ninth settlement, a vast growth from the surface of the gear where exactly 3,000,000 mechalin work to advance the state of law in the multiverse.

Ecology: The mechalin never leave their gear as they are constantly performing studies on the nature of the multiverse's many planes. Trying to understand the laws of other planes, the mechalin aid in giving Mechanus itself an edge over all other Outer Planes. Aside from their scholarly studies, the mechalin are the honored protectors of the *Nine Cubes of Law*.

Little is known about these artifacts, except that they may be the very objects that control the laws that govern the multiverse, or, at least Mechanus. One cube resides in each of the nine mechalin settlements, with the more powerful cubes being kept in the larger settlements.

"We
ARE
Law."

-A Mechalin Patrol Captain-

Eight of the cubes are said to be made of pure silver with diamonds on their surface in patterns comprehensible only to children of Mechanus. The ninth cube is said to be made of pure gold and also encrusted with diamonds. It is this cube, the ninth, which is supposedly the most powerful, and resides in the center settlement of the mechalin.

A legend even less-known than the mechalin, who are little known indeed, tells of a long-hidden tenth cube, of chaos. This legend tells an epic story of a struggle between nine ancient beings of chaos and the plane of Mechanus herself, and how the combining of the Ninth and Tenth cubes could bring about the collapse of every single law in all of reality. Luckily, no one's even heard of a description of the Tenth cube, so it is rumored lost if, in fact, it ever existed.

Medullath (Ceremorph)

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Climate/Terrain: Subterranean

Frequency: Vary Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: S, T, X

Alignment: Lawful Evil

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 5

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 10

THAC0: 11

No. of Attacks: 8

Damage/Attack: 1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4

Special Attacks: Pseudo-petrification

Special Defenses: Psionics

Magic Resistances:

Magic: 45%

Resistance:

Size: Medium (4' + to 7')

Morale: Champion (15-16)

XP Value: 10,000

The illithid Susk, in his radical tome, *The Journal of Susk*, had the following to say about the creation process of the creatures known as Medullath: "The process of ceremorphosis, the implantation of illithid tadpoles in the brains of creatures, has had many valuable and fascinating variations. In my city, we found that by capturing the primitive medusa creatures and subjecting them to this process, that a new subspecies could be created: the Medullath."

Psionics summary:

Level Dis Sci Dev Attack Defense Score PSPs

9	3	5	14	EW, II	All	= Int	1d100 + 100
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- Psychokinesis - Sciences: telekinesis.
- Psychokinesis - Devotions: control body, levitation.
- Psychoporation - Sciences: probability travel, teleport.
- Psychoporation - Devotions: astral projection.
- Telepathy - Sciences: domination, mindlink.
- Telepathy - Devotions: awe, contact, ESP, ego whip, id insinuation.

The medullath resemble conventional illithids in most respects, although it is in matters of the face that they depart from the conventional outline. Their faces consist of a pair of eyes, configured in the normal illithid fashion and as such capable of infravision, although below the eyes, the face is completely featureless, possessing no mouth or cluster of tentacles. Their tentacles are instead located on the cranium, and they possess at least eight of these. Each tentacle flares out at the end, terminating with a



(Horror of horrors - a Medullath!)

In close quarters, the medullath relies upon its tentacles, attacking up to eight times with them. Each tentacle can be removed with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll. Once six tentacles have latched onto a victim, the medullath succeeds in devouring the victim's brain in 1d4 rounds, killing him.

"The Medullath inspires more fear in his/her thralls than other illithids..."

he/she petrifies them with terror!"

-Susk, from *The Journal of Susk: an illithid belonging to the Creative Creed*

Habitat/Society: An illithid creation (see **Ecology**:), medullath possess powers not unlike those of the illithids. However, their pseudo-petrification power means that they tend not to take part in the more social aspects of illithid society, and tend to exist either in a solitary state, or with other medullath (of which there are very few). They are, however, as valued as other illithids, and are usually employed as combat leaders due to their ability to immobilize large quantities of enemies at a time, and are known to keep thralls, although these tend to be blind creatures, most often grimlocks.

They are somewhat rare -- no more than 1 medullath exists for every 100 illithids -- although they are still more common than the ulitharid, and as such rank between ulitharids and conventional illithids in terms of the illithid species hierarchy.

It is of course possible that an ulitharid tadpole could be implanted in a medusa body... but fortunately no such ceremorphs have been encountered...

toothed, sphincter-like mouth which can be used to latch onto a victim's head and from there extract the brain contained therein. The creature is especially horrible for illithids to look at, and like the medusae, they are capable of petrifying with their gazes.

Combat: The medullath possesses several attacks which make it a very dangerous opponent. The first is its rudimentary petrification ability. Eye contact with a medullath forces the target to make a saving throw versus petrification. If the victim fails his saving throw, he is not in fact petrified, but is subject to a psychosomatic petrification, mentally calcified, convinced that he has been turned to stone until the psionic power psychic surgery or, oddly enough, a stone to flesh or a heal spell has been cast upon him.

The medullath can then take this opportunity to feed from the pseudo-petrified being. However, there is a drawback to this power: when it sees its own reflection in a mirror, it becomes subject to its own attack, and if it fails ends up believing that it has been petrified. Fortunately other illithids are often skilled enough to deal with this problem should it arise. The medullath is unaffected by the pseudo-petrification attacks of other medullath, however.

Ecology: Medullath are the result of tadpole implantation in medusae, thus creating a highly specialized flayer-kin with access to a modified form of petrification. They are capable of breeding in the normal illithid fashion, and like all mind flayers, are hermaphroditic. Medullath tadpoles are identical in every respect to illithid tadpoles.

Minotaurim

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Tribes
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	P (Z in lair)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	2-8
Armor Class:	-1
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	9
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	4 or 2 plus weapons
Damage/Attack:	2-16/9-12/9-12/9-18
Special Attacks:	Charge, Fear, Berserk
Special Defenses:	Immune to Fear, Immune to the <i>Maze</i> spell, +2 bonus to surprise
Magic Resistance:	20%
Size:	Large (7' + to 12')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	6,000 9,000 (for spellcasters)

The minotaurim are the direct result of the *Curse of the Minotaur*. They have the head and top of the shoulders (even the hump as if they were a Brahma Bull) and legs of a bull, with the torso and arms of a man. They normally dwell in underground labyrinths where they were placed by whomever cursed them with their current form. They are huge, nearly ten feet tall and weighing almost 900 lbs.

The human part of their bodies ripples with muscle that can scarcely be seen beneath their hair (as if they were a very hairy man, not like a bull). Their fur is brown to black while their body coloring varies as would a normal human's. Clothing is minimal or nonexistent, at most a loincloth.

Combat: Minotaurim are very strong (Strength of 20). Against size M opponents they may head butt for 2-16 points of damage. They cannot reach smaller opponents with this attack. If more than 30 feet away they can lower their head and charge. If successful, the charge causes double head butt damage. Many times the minotaurim will be armed with piercing weapons such as spears (40%), if this is the case they will use it in their charge also for double damage for the spear as well. Only 20% will be unarmed. The remainder are armed with great axes (30%), Longspear (30%) or two handed swords (20%). All of these weapons are double sized; 40% will also have normal spears they use to soften creatures up from distance (+8 damage due to strength).

**"Do NOT cross a Minotaurim, sod...
If ya want to see th' light o' th' next
day!"**



(The Massive Minotaurim!)

Habitat/Society: Minotaurim live in tribes of up to 8 members. Only first generation will be actual minotaurim, the remainder will be standard minotaurs (40%). The Minotaurim will always rule. If the being the minotaur once was could cast magical spells (30%) they will retain that ability. Some few (10%) convert to worship of The lord of Minotaurs and gain spells as a priest of up to 7th level.

Their society is ruled purely by the strongest. A particularly powerful adventurer may be able to temporarily take command of a tribe by besting its ruler in a contest of strength. All speak a debased form of the language they spoke when cursed. They have lost most of their culture along with most memories, but may recall enough to use a primitive version of the mores and norms of the society which they sprang from.

Ecology: The minotaurim are the product of the spell *Curse of the Minotaur*. They are always male and do not breed true. The offspring of a human female and a minotaurim is always a Minotaur. They have a lifespan of up to 300 years and can go years between meals. They always hunger though, becoming very dangerous if not fed regularly. At death a minotaurim is transformed back to its original body.

-Sound Planewalking advice-

Minotaurim are not particularly intelligent but are very wily. They use their keen senses to their best advantage, gaining a +2 on surprise rolls. They use their infravision and tracking ability (50% chance of success) to hunt foes in darkness. They are very aggressive and will attack any unknown in their territory.

Molluscid

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Climate/Terrain:	Beastlands, Elysium, River Oceanus
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	Dynasty
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	U (lair only)
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	9
Movement:	SW 36
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	9 (2 arms, 6 tentacles, bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d6(x2) or by weapon type, 1d12(x6), 2d6
Special Attacks:	<i>Entangle</i> , suffocation
Special Defenses:	Ink, Camouflage, can only be hit by +1 or greater weapons
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (5' - 6 1/2' long)
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	1250

Said to be one of the most beautiful creatures to behold in the Upper planes, merely seeing the molluscid gives rise to all sorts of sailor's tales such as mermaids as well as creatures of the deep. The molluscid resemble nothing so much as the melding of a human and an octopus in much the same manner as in a mermaid or merman. The torso and head and basically human, with coloration and features that hint to their otherworldly nature, while their lower half is made up of a flowing and graceful collection of six octopus-like tentacles.

Molluscid come in all variety of colors and shapes, much like humans, except for the fact that all molluscid can, with a thought, alter their body coloration and pattern. Most have long flowing hair that they often braid and adorn with treasures of the ocean, and even when a molluscid is out of the water, the hair seems to flow and sway with a gentle, wave-like motion. Molluscid have webbed fingers that end in a retractable, horn-like nail. Their eyes are dark and watery and their teeth are made up of two plates that come together in a beak-like formation.

Molluscid have no need for clothing and do not comprehend a typical human's views of nakedness. It is a concept that is as foreign to them as is walking. Molluscid will never be encountered alive on dry land. Once they are taken out of their watery homes, they quickly perish. These beautiful creatures speak the languages of mere-folk and water elementals, as well as a hybrid form of the Upper planar celestial tongue, which can be understood (with time and patience) by those that do not speak their language. They also know the sahuagin tongue, but are very hesitant to



(Behold the beautiful Molluscid!)

A new ruling house is appointed every 1,000 years by a popular vote by all members of the race, but with the average life span of a molluscid being about 200 years, many of the mistakes made by a current house have been long forgotten by the time for the next dynasty successor to be appointed. Thus, the House of Nautilusia, who are in charge of all historical records, become very popular (or hated) every millennium or so. The current ruling house is the House of the Emerald Wave, now enjoying its third term as ruling house of the molluscid dynasty.

Molluscid get along very well with the guardinals of Elysium and in fact, there are ever growing settlements of molluscid on all layers of the Peaceful Plane. They aid in traders and merchants traveling down the great River Oceanus, and hire themselves out as guides. The molluscid are on good terms with the Yurtle of Bytopia as well, although the two races only rarely come into contact with one another and this is usually on the open waters of the Oceanus.

Molluscid are also usually on good terms with other races that are native to planar waterways, such as the Serrous Steeds and the Shrana, with whom they have occasional dealings. For some reason, molluscid do not like the dream turtles at all, but they do consider them a delicacy.

Ecology: Being natives of the Beastlands, the

ever speak it, or have dealings with any who do.

Combat: If placed into a combat situation, molluscid will always attempt to flee, wherein they simply use their superior speed, maneuverability, and incredible camouflage abilities to escape. If it seems that this is not quite enough to escape their antagonists, they will jet a large could of ink into the water to cover their escape (*Acts as a darkness 10' radius spell, except the duration is half as long, and the area of effect is 30'*).

If they cannot escape, they will fight furiously, but just long enough to make an escape route available. There is nothing more that a molluscid fears than to be entrapped or imprisoned. They will attack with both arms (if armed, they will normally fight with tridents, weighted nets, spears, or specially designed *I'thok'a*, which are underwater throwing disks created by the molluscid. These disks do damage equal to a bastard sword, as they are serrated like a shark's skin, and yet they speed through the water (if thrown by a trained hand) almost unerringly. (*When thrown by a molluscid, treat as a +3 weapon with regards to THAC0, damage, and to hit purposes*).

They will do all they can to avoid actual melee range with an individual, but if pressed, they can attack with the beak-like claws on each hand, as well as all six tentacles each round and will attempt to bite with their hard, beak-like teeth (which has been known to pierce field plate) all in one round. If more than two tentacles hit in a single round, the victim must save vs. petrification or become *entangled* as per the spell. Any opponent who is caught in such a way is hit with a +2 on the molluscid's following rolls (rolls in the same round that the saving throw is failed). If the opponent is hit by four or more tentacles, the opponent must make a save vs. death magic or suffocate.

Habitat/Society: The society of the molluscid is built entirely around a dynasty structure. There are seven ruling houses of the molluscid nation: The House of the Emerald Wave, The House of the Pearl, The House of Tritonis, The House of Nautilus, The House of the Shadowy Shoals, The House of the Hunt and The House of Mother-of-Pearl. Each of these houses, while it serves a purpose in the sum of the society (for example, the House of Tritonis has historically been the center of training for the warriors of the race, while the House of the Pearl has been the center of learning), they each strive to position themselves into such a position so that they would become the next ruling house.

molluscid fit perfectly into the complex web of life that makes up the plane. They are both predator and prey, consuming creatures ranging from the tiniest shrimp to all manner of fish and crustacean life. One of their favorite foods are the predatory razorfish, which the House of the Hunt considers both a challenge and a rite of passage into adulthood, to hunt.

**"I always like visiting the
molluscids,
but I never know which hand...er...
tentacle to shake in greeting!"**

-Moriss, to Maliss-

In turn, molluscids often fall prey to such creatures as sharks, giant squid, devilrays, and sahuagin, who they despise and will flee from whenever they encounter them. Often, molluscid will join forces with mere-folk to fight off an encroachment of these "sea-devils", but only when direct confrontation is otherwise inevitable.

The mating and birthing process are considered sacred to the molluscid, and nothing is known about them. Young are cared for all of their lives, often even after they have completed their coming of age ritual. The young then, in turn, care for the elderly members of what is essentially an extended family but is actually a community of socially connected groups.

Finally, a lock of molluscid hair is considered a very potent good luck charm, and many planewalkers are seen wearing them. They can be found in many shops around the multiverse where prices range from 25 - 50 jink, but buyers must beware - if the lock of hair does not have a certain wave-like flow in and of itself, you can be assured that it is not the real item. Molluscids have no care about selling locks of their hair, but they think it a silly thing to do so.

Mordicant

© 2000 by Ryland Yoder. Artwork © of Giorgio Baldessin. See more of his artwork here!

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	None
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Nothing
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	1-2
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	30
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2, claw, bite
Damage/Attack:	1d6 (claw), 1d10 (bite)
Special Attacks:	Nil, See below
Special Defenses:	Defenses as undead, is not affected by fire
Magic Resistance:	Same as undead
Size:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	2,000

The Mordicant is a creature used by evil necromancers to correct a wrong done to them by some other group or person. These are a form of undead assassin.

Undead and loyal to its master's every wish, the Mordicant is a creature of evil and servant of dark forces. Made from grave dirt, a burned corpse, and their master's blood, these creatures are one with the dissolution of all life and seek to complete any task that was set before them. Spewing fire from their mouths and reeking of death and decay, Mordicants are the favorite pet of a vengeful dark sorcerer.

The Mordicant is very difficult to make, but ferocious and deadly. They only understand simple and often violent commands and are immune to mind probing and fire. Mordicants fiercely hate other beings besides their masters or their master's servants. The monsters will always attack good-aligned characters if it can smell or sense their presence. *Charm, sleep, or poison* do no good, as the Mordicant is immune to such affects. They can only be affected by healing Necromantic spells and magic weapons, usually enchanted with special effects to harm the undead. Mordicants have infravision at 120'. A vile creature of the undead, but a useful tool, they are surely things that should not be.

Mordicants tend to not live long, as heavy rains, or extremely dry weather breaks apart what makes them whole. The Mordicant will fight to the very end, attempting to fulfill the task which was set forth unto them during their creation. Black as coal and fiery as hell, the Mordicant is definitely horrific.

Combat: Mordicants fight with claws and a bite. Rarely do they employ swords or axes yet they can use



(Fresh from the grave - the Mordicant!)

Mordicants are unique in that they may transform into the creature that they last killed. Mordicants have animal instincts and will rush their appointed target and kill anything in its way. They move at incredible speeds on land, but Mordicants cannot cross running water unless soil from freshly uncovered graves is used to dam up the water and stop the flow (or at least making a clear, uninhabited trail across the river or stream). If the sorcerer is powerful enough, they will probably have other undead servants to help the Mordicant cross rivers and streams. Lastly, for combat purposes, Mordicants count as undead with immunities to fire.

Habitat/Society: The Mordicants live only to serve their masters and do not interact with one another in any fashion.

**"It's jaw,
gaping wide,
vommiting fire,
shrouded by the scent of death."**
 -Sabriel, Garth Nix

Ecology: Mordicants, being mindless servants, typically have no ecology to speak of.

them with surprising precision. Their claws and teeth are vicious weapons and cause a life draining effect. They are typically found alone or, at times, in pairs, as most sorcerers simply don't have the power to make such creatures more than one at a time.

Mustyr

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Climate/Terrain:	Mechanus, Harmonious Trill
Frequency:	Very Rare, Common in Harmonious Trill
Organization:	Band
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	U
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	2-12
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	18, 12 climbing
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	2-8 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Sing, Use of birds
Special Defenses:	Immunities
Magic Resistance:	65%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	2000

Mustyrs are the inhabitants of the realm known as Harmonious Trill. They are relatives to satyrs. They have the torso, head and arms of a man and the legs of a bird; however, they're a bit taller than satyrs. Reaching an average a height of 6 feet, they have feathers of one color (although many mustyr practice the ritualistic dyeing of their feathers depending on some complex social standing) from the waist down to the knees. From the knees to the feet, they have the hard orange legs of an avian, with sharp and long claws on the feet that allow them to climb and run very quickly. The upper human body is of a very pale color.

Mustyrs that leave Mechanus are known to speak a tongue slightly related to the satyr's. As in Mechanus communication is rarely needed (as most berks just get their orders and don't chat about 'em), they rarely speak other languages.

Combat: Mustyrs are usually hidden in their trees, this fact grant their enemies a -4 on their surprise rolls if they decide to jump and have their enemies surprised. A mustyr attacks with his sharp claws or with a weapon (35% of being magical), but this attack is not their most deadly weapon.

They can trill with their clear voices, which can cause different effects depending on the alignment. Lawful listeners are charmed, neutral are held and chaotic ones are affected as by a fear spell. If they are encountered in Harmonious Trill, they can use the birds to cast any spell of a level equal to the number of mustyr casting it (they must be joined physically in order for this to work). If any of the mustyr is hit



Illus. by William Teo

(The Mighty Mustyr!)

Habitat/Society: As anyone would expect of a race of Mechanus, mustyrs have a very organized and structured society. The wisest of their numbers and the leaders of the race are the proxies of Nightingale, all the rest, structure themselves in bands with a wise mustyr as the leader.

Their ranks are filled with the children of female priests of Nightingales or lawful and intelligent women charmed to this effect (they don't use this power solely for lust, rather, to survive as a race). Their whole society is centered in protecting their mistress' Realm and preserving her birds and the knowledge stored within them.

"Feathered satyrs?"

"What bub have you been trying this time?"

-Regina Cole, Guvner in charge of registration of new Mechanus cogs, upon hearing an explorer's report.-

Ecology: They are the protectors of Harmonious Trill and they try to protect and preserve all the living beings in their realm. They feed on the fruits and vegetables of the land but take a lot of care with their numbers. If the wise ones think that they are spoiling the land, a group will be sent out of the realm to learn outer-knowledge and mating will be forbidden until a time when the wise ones deem it again viable.

while trying to cast, the spell is aborted.

Any mustyr found in its realm will be immune to all attacks that have a sonic component (music, cries, etc.). Any of these creatures encountered outside of Mechanus won't have the high magical resistance.

Nadir

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Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Exceptional to Genius (15-18)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral/Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-4
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	5
Damage/Attack:	See below
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	See Below
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (6' - 6 ½ tall)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	2,000

The nadir, who are also known as the Dark Valkyries, are well known to the inhabitants of Ysgard, but are almost unheard of elsewhere on the outer planes. These dark and foreboding creatures are spoken of only in fearful whispers amongst the Ysgardians. They are feared shades that inhabit the shrouding mists and the pitch of night.

Nadir appear as tall, lanky bipedal creatures that are fully and elaborately armored from head to foot. While the armor appears to be heavily battle-scarred and well-used, it is also obviously well tended and highly prized and decorated. Each nadir seems to take a measure of pride, if you will, in decorating their dark, misty armor with emblems of their battles, trophies, as well as items that can only be assumed to be talismanic. All nadir wear unusual, bird-like helms of like design and form. The exact reason for this remains dark, but the legends of the Ysgardians shed a special sort of light on the subject.

*"Over the sea-road came the dark birds,
On their sky-sails of darkest mist.
They alighted in mighty Valhalla,
the blessed mead-hall of the valiantly-slain.
Before our eyes they shifted into man-form,
their arms barbed with wicked axes
their heads adored with dark feathers
and their faces hidden beneath hooked beaks.*

*The Nadir they were, the dark-roamers,
the enemies of the Valkyrie,
the honorable death-maidens.
To steal the honored-dead they came,
and their dark bird-faces protect them,
from the shining blades of the Valkyrie."*



(The Dark Valkyrie, the Nadir)

If a nadir is ever threatened, it simply becomes one with the mists (as a wraithform spell) and will reform either at a later time, usually behind its opponent. It is not known if the nadir have a limit on this ability thus it is assumed that they can perform it at will.

If a nadir is ever vanquished (a feat that has only been accomplished in the sagas, stories, and lays of the Ysgardians), the nadir, and all of its possessions, simply melt into the mists from which they came.

Habitat/Society: The nadir seem to have some sort of structure amongst their kind, but there is so little that is actually known about these misty warriors that nothing is for certain. Further, it seems that the nadir like keeping their darks dark, for many a snooping culler or investigative Guvner blood has been found with one-less brain-box for his shoulder to worry about when delving into the secrets of the nadir.

There is actually a standing offer of 10,000 jink in Sigil for chant concerning the nadir, their inner-workings, or their origins. Of course, the basher collecting the bauble will more than likely have more trouble filling out the Guvner forms to collect than lanning the darks to begin with.

Ecology: No one truly knows exactly how the nadir fit into the structure of Ysgard, if they do at all. According to legends, the nadir exist solely to steal the

-an excerpt from the Saga of the Nadir, an ancient Ysgardian spoken lay-

Combat: Combat with a nadir is horrible, quick, and brutal, to say the least. Any sod that is unlucky enough to enter into combat with one, there is a place in the dead-book a'waitin' ya. Nadir wade into combat with two special *vorpal* axes that will behead an opponent on a roll of 18, 19, or 20. These are the only weapons that they use and it seems that they are somehow tied to the nadir, as one has never been seen without them. For purposes of hitting creatures, they are considered as +3 weapons, and each normally do a 2d12+3 points of damage per strike.

There seems to be some power in the possession of the brain-boxes of their enemies, and the nadir seem to always strike in such a fashion as to remove the head from a basher's body. It is unknown what they do with these skulls, but a dark rumor says that they are in some manner tied to the Pillar of Skulls on the Abyss. Others say that this is pure screed, while even others lann that the brain-boxes are tied to the shadow fiends.

souls of the dead from the very arms of the Valkyries upon the very steps of Valhalla. They do not seem to neither add to, nor take away from other life on the plane, but the true darks of this are still unknown.

What is known, however, is that many Upper planar creatures such as aasimon and pers have no love of these creatures, and it has been reported that they will attack the nadir on sight.

**"By Odin's beard and raven's claw,
there through the mists, the Nadir
call!"**

-Gisli, Ysgardian skald-

Nep

© 1999 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © 2000 by Shreyas Sampat. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Outlands
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Day
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	K (C)
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	20-200
Armor Class:	8
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	1+4
THAC0:	19
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d8/1d6
Special Attacks:	Two Weapon fighting, see below See below
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	855

"Now here's some ... beings you'd rather encounter in a large group than singly! At least then you know some of 'em make sense! But beware of the True Ones in their midst! From what I heard, they have the power to drive a cutter barmy...and they...they wrahgstl! Flap! Teck! Wheeeeeee! Me be bee!..."

These words were a mimir recording of the last words of Markt the Stubborn, Guvner Paladin, a cutter known for his stubbornness and straight-mindedness. Not someone you'd expect to go to the Madhouse, no? Well, he did, eventually. Right after he'd come back from an expedition to discover more about the mysterious beings inhabiting the surroundings of the gateburgs to the chaotic planes, the Neps.

Neps aren't all that special to look at. They actually look a lot like Githzerai, and sages speculate that they are actually an evolved or mutated form thereof. No-one knows the dark of this, though, and if the Neps know, they ain't telling anyone!

Combat: All Neps fight with a long and a short sword, enabling them to attack twice each round for 1d8 and 1d6 points of damage. When one of them is attacked, the others of the tribe usually come out in force to defend him or her, but they are usually scared easily by well ordered attacks or stronger foes. This only goes for normal Neps, however, as a true Nep has far vaster powers. Luckily only one exists per village.

If a cutter encounters a True Nep and enters a radius of about 30' around the creature, he must make a save vs. spell at -4 each round or suffer from a permanent delusional madness, as normal



(Nep - descendants of Githzerai?)

Habitat/Society: Neps live in small communities (no larger than 200 individuals) near portals to the chaotic planes on the Outlands. They never mingle with other races, because they are an inherently friendly race, and they know of the danger they pose to others by means of their one True Nep.

"dAIDaldAL dalDALdidey!"

-a true Nep-

Ecology: No one knows the true dark about these cutters. Word has it that they were once *true* githzerai, who were mysteriously infused with a bit of the essence of law. Since then, they could not cope with the randomness of Limbo and moved out. This, however, is only speculation. Fact is that they are hunted down and slaughtered by Githzerai whenever the two encounter.

The bit of lawfulness in every Nep enables them to cope with the overruling chaos in their minds. In order to cope with this chaos and to build peaceful civilizations regardless of it, they have devised a way to channel their randomness into one of their kind. He is then to be the True Nep for one philosophical month, after which the status of True Nep is transferred to a random other Nep. The True Nep contains all the chaos of the entire society, and is locked up for the next month. If one escapes, all hell usually breaks loose.

bloods cannot deal with the massive chaos inherent to a True Nep. This madness makes it impossible for a basher to speak, act or even think coherently for more than one minute at a time, after which he suffers from delusions again for a number of rounds equal to 30 - his Int. score. Normal Neps are immune to this effect.

Nest Zombie

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	P
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	6
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	2-8/2-8
Special Attacks:	<i>SafeGuard Aura, Screech</i>
Special Defenses:	+1 or better magic weapon to hit, Undead spell immunities, regenerates 2 hp/round
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	750

These undead terror's have been used to infiltrate and destroy many towns of good people. They appear to be an attractive (charisma 13-16) female. They can be any size M bipedal female. They always appear to be hugely pregnant, the human equivalent of in the ninth month. This is used to trigger the protective instincts in anyone who sees them. They will normally be clothed in an expensive outfit that looks recently torn.

The voice of a nest zombie is always very clear and pretty. The rare cases when one has been known to sing, they are reported to have beautiful singing voices.

Combat: Normally when first encountered the nest zombie is being "attacked" by some lesser undead. When the brave rescuers try to save her they will fall prey to her *SafeGuard Aura*. This is an extremely subtle form of charm. Any male seeing the nest zombie must make a save vs. spells at -4 or be willing to do anything, make any sacrifice to protect her.

**"Suren, lass, come on in and warm up,
Tis a cold night an--
AAAAAHHHHHHHH!"**

-Meeting a Nest Zombie, the hard way-

The nest zombie will use this ability to infiltrate caravans and towns. Once she has the trust of the "rescuers" she will betray them. Each nest zombie is a form of Trojan Horse. They each carry 2-8 Shadow Serpents in their stomach. When the time is right, normally at night, the stomach will split open releasing the serpents to wreak havoc.



(The beautiful and deadly Nest Zombie)

When the zombie herself is forced into combat she will first use her *Screech* power. This is a yell that is so inhuman that it stuns all who fail a save vs. paralysis for 1d4 rounds. When the zombie engages in melee combat, she will bludgeon foes once per round with each fist, 2d4 points of damage per strike

The nest zombie regenerates 2 hit points per round and can only be hit by magical weapons of +1 or better enchantment. They also share all undead special immunities.

Habitat/Society: Due to a nest zombie's appearance and special powers they have no problem integrating into normal society. This is why they are so feared. They will often attack from the inside while great hosts attack the walls. They are remorseless killers that will use their high intelligence to good effect. Whenever possible, a nest zombie will play men off against each other to weaken a group before she even reveals her Shadow Serpents.

Ecology: As an undead creature the nest zombie has no interaction with the ecology. They will eat and drink, but the Shadow Serpents in their abdominal cavity crush up whatever the intake is to allow her to expel a paste. There is no digestion. Any non-evil creature will react with disgust and destroy a nest zombie as soon as

they are revealed.

Night Serpent

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Climate/Terrain: Demiplane of Shadow

Frequency: Uncommon

Organization: Clutch

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: Semi (2-4)

Treasure: U

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 2-5

Armor Class: 3

Movement: 9 fl 32 (B)

Hit Dice: 6

THAC0: 15

No. of Attacks: 2

Damage/Attack: 3-12 or 2d8/1-8

Special Attacks: *Chill Touch*, Poison, Crush

Special Defenses: Half damage from cold and necromantic effects.

Magic Resistance: None

Size: Huge (12'+ to 25')

Morale: Elite (13-14)

XP Value: 2,000

The Night Drakes are the preferred steed of the Nightauril. They are raised from birth to be loyal and dedicated to their riders.

The full grown drake is roughly 20' long from the tip of its snout to the end of its tail. Their hide is tiny scaled and very flexible, allowing them unprecedented mobility for a creature their size.

Dull red eyes burn in the deep sockets on either side of the head and a sharply ridged series of scales line the spine. The wings are slim and are as wide as the body and tail together. The creature's long neck allows it to reach its back from the wing-root down.

When grounded the serpents slither like most snakes, with its wings rolled up tightly along its back. The horns along the back of the head are sharp along the front end allowing them to be used for slashing or piercing.

Combat: The Night Serpent prefers to use its flying speed to keep it away from harm until its foes are weakened. It will follow a potential opponent until it is sized up using its 100% Hide in Shadows ability and its 80% Move Silently ability (when flying that percentage is reduced to 40%). It will race by at its best speed and try to bite and stab with its tail. The bite does 3d4 points of damage and the tail does 1-8. Any creature struck by the tail must roll a save vs. poison or be injected by the serpent's rare venom.

The affected creature loses 1d4 points of damage per round until they are slain. The area around the wound will immediately blacken, with the stain spreading until the whole body is a dark as a shadow. Once



(The Shadow Hunters, the Night Serpents)

Once a foe is obviously weakened the Serpent makes a special tail attack with a thac0 of 10. This is an attempt to wrap the victim up in its crushing coils. If the roll is successful any size H or smaller creature will be crushed for 3d6 points of damage each round until dead. At this point the serpent will eat the victim within two rounds, making resurrection impossible.

Habitat/Society: In ages past the Nightaurils discovered Night Serpents could be trained as excellent and loyal mounts. Since that moment, the combination of the two races has been the stuff of nightmares. Bands of Nightaurils will descend on travelers, slaying and robbing, then be off before there is any chance of reprisal. The weakness of the combination is the serpent's driving desire to stop and devour any size L or H creature they slay.

Ecology: In the wild, the Night Serpent is one of the most feared predators of the plane of shadow. They are very territorial. A full clutch of serpents will attempt to drive anything up to and including a shadow dragon away from their area. The serpents will hunt anything from the size of a gnome up to the size of an elephant for food. They only need eat once a month or so, and thus can not effectively "hunt out" a well populated area.

death occurs the creature becomes a shadow (as per *Monstrous Compendium* page 312).

After a couple of fly-by attacks the serpent will settle to the ground to destroy its foe. Once grounded it can use its horns instead of its bite, they do 2d8 points of damage to any creature struck. In addition anything size L or smaller struck by the horns must roll a dexterity check or be thrown through the air, suffering 3d6 additional points of damage when they land. Each physical contact with the Night Serpent gives the effect of a *Chill Touch* (1st level mage spell).

"Twig ta this, ya sod-headed rube!"

If ya ever skeg a Night Serpent -

RUN, just *RUN*."

'Slippery' Salmonious, also known as Slippery Sal, Etherfarer and Self-Proclaimed Expert on the Demiplane of Shadow, on the subject of

Night Serpents-

Nightaurils

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of [Brian Williams](#). See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Demiplane of Shadow
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Tribe
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	U
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	2-5
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	3
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-4 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Spells
Special Defenses:	Half damage from cold or necromantic effects
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	Raiders - 375; Talons - 900; Kings - 1400

**"Wary be of the shadows!
wary be of those within,
for if yer not, then suren be, th'
shadows'll be yer end!"**

-'Slippery' Salmonious, also known as Slippery Sal, Etherfarer and Self-Proclaimed Expert on
the Demiplane of Shadow, on the subject of the
Nightaurils-

The Nightaurils are the dominant life form on the Demiplane of Shadow. They are normally seen as hooded figures in dark robes. Standing roughly six feet in height and bipedal, one is reminded of humans until you see them move. They are unnaturally smooth, like a reptile. In fact, that is just what they are.

Their blunt snouts conceal a bright red forked tongue and razor sharp teeth. Their eyes glow a dim red and their tiny black scales seem to drink in all light. Their voice is low and sibilant. Their normal conversation is held in tones that are far too deep for mammals to hear, which accounts for planewalker's tales of the race being telepathic. Also, it allows them to strike in coordinated deadly "silence", their four fingered hands weaving spells without a sound.

Combat: The Nightaurils are raiders by preference. A scout will spot a likely target and from 2-5 Night Serpent mounted bandits will arrive within ten rounds. Each of the Nightaurils (roughly translated as "Fist of the Night") is a spellcaster ranging in ability from 5th to 9th level. In their citadels will be a king of



(The Fist of the Night - a Nightauril)

Nightaurils avoid melee at all costs. Each carries a *Vampiric Spear* that does $1d6+2$ points of damage. The spear attacks independently with the base Thac0 of its user any creature within 50'. It drains these hit points and uses them to heal its user should that become necessary.

The spell selection of the Nightaurils is more geared towards confusing and frightening their foes than slaying them. *Fireball* spells are rare, while *phantasmal killers* are relatively common. *Shadow monsters* is memorized by ever raider capable of learning it.

If it comes to melee they will dismount and have their Night Serpents do the "dirty work" for them, as their steeds are far more adept at combat than are they.

Habitat/Society: The society of the Nightaurils is a close-knit one. Older generations practice and improve their command of magic, while the hot blooded youths go raiding to increase their prowess. The two passions of their life are magic and their Night Serpent steeds. The tribe will normally own a cave complex or an abandoned citadel they have renovated to meet their needs. As a general rule, it will be impossible to distinguish from the natural terrain of the Plane of Shadow.

Ecology: The Nightaurils try to have a minimal impact on the ecology. They raise most of their own food (herd animals) and drink very little. Their greatest

up to 16th level of ability. In the rare cases they actually go to war for every two raiding bands (known as "Claws") there will be an 11th level caster, for every two "Claws" will be a 13 or 14th level caster. Two or more "Claws" are known as a "Talon", any gathering of "Talons" are led by the King himself.

impact is from gathering spell components. These items are always a primary target of the raids, so spellslingers beware.

Nimbus

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Climate/Terrain:	Mt. Celestia, Some Upper Planes
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Good, usually, but can be Any Good

No. Appearing:	1 or (rarely) 1d3
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	12, FL 18 (B)
Hit Dice:	7+5
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	2 or 3
Damage/Attack:	See below
Special Attacks:	<i>Halofire</i>
Special Defenses:	Can be hit only by +1 or greater weapons
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	M (6 1/2' tall)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	2,700

"Utter beauty and radiance. Combine this with a skill so deadly and a thirst for destroying evil so unquenchable that it burns visibly through them. These are the qualities of the Nimbus."

These were the words penned over 3000 cycles ago by the planar historian Grunui'hail'lib Ammoneumen in one of the oldest surviving treatises of the Upper planes, The Orah. It was thought that the race, which was believed to be native to the plane of Mt. Celestia, disappeared long, long ago never to be seen again.

This was, however, until recently when a group of planewalkers stumbled upon a deserted temple in a little known section of the Glorious Mount. Upon breaking the seal which sealed the doors of the inner sanctuary of the temple, a Nimbus strode forth, as seething in power and glory as were the Nimbi (plural of Nimbus) of old. Following are the words of the single survivor of that fateful party.

"The creature was beautiful beyond words, I shall never forget its face as long as I draw breath. It looked in some ways like a human or elven woman of incredible, indescribable beauty and in other ways it looked like a living fire of bright light. Its head was wreathed in this burning, light fire, and yet it was in no way consumed. It is hard to describe, but the thing did not look like an elemental."

"I know what you are thinking sod, and yes, I have seen elementals before and this was unlike any of them. Its head and shoulders appeared to be blazing or burning with a bright fire, its eyes somehow shining white and still noticeable within the glare. I tell ya, it was like nothing that



(A Nimbus on high!)

Combat: The nimbus is eerily devastating in combat, but only against those that are evil, or harbor the strains of evil in their hearts. The nimbus can detect alignment at will, and it is thought that even items such as amulets of non-detection cannot hinder them in their quest to vanquish and destroy evil. A nimbus will never attack a creature of non-evil alignment, but those that attack it will be met with the same force.

The nimbus will usually attack initially with its *halofire*, which ignites on a single evil creature within 100 feet of the nimbus and burns for 4d4+4 points of damage every round. The *halofire* continues for every round that the victim is in range, so that the only way to cease the attack is either by fleeing, or slaying the nimbus that cast it.

Luckily, the nimbus only uses its *halofire* against evil opponents and the attack, in fact, has no affect on those of neutral or good alignments. However, the long, double-bladed *hath'Rra*, or "vengeance blade" works equally well on any opponent. A nimbus can attack twice per round with the *hath'Rra*, which does 3d10 points of damage, is usually a +2 weapon, and more often than not has some innate magical power. Their weapons dissolve upon the death of the nimbus and they can maintain their *halofire* if they so wish while attacking without penalty.

I have ever seen before.

"It walked slowly, but it seemed that each step it took there was no going back for it, like it would never retreat, no matter what. It wore strange garb the likes of which I have never seen, but it somehow was perfect for it and it was female, of that I am sure... Erm, well, as least it **seemed** to be female.

"In its dainty hands, it held what appeared to be, at first glance, a broken pole arm, but I soon learned that it was a perfectly working and utterly deadly weapon. The weapon was a sectioned but connected staff with three sections, the two outer sections bearing gleaming silver blades.

"It seemed to stand there for hours, but I know now that it was only moments, when it looked to Darkcinder, our tiefer thief, and before I knew that anything had happened, Darkcinder was burning. I thought I saw the thing look at him, but I was not sure, but I know that Darkcinder was dead in moments, burned to an utter crisp by the creature's fire.

"The rest of the party, unknowingly, moved in to attack this thing at that point. It seemed to hesitate at first and they landed several good attacks on it. I knew then what was happening, but I was unable to say anything. I was frozen in abject fear and awe, as they should have been...

"It did not burn any of the others, but it defended itself with ease once it seemed to realize the party was not going to stop attacking it. It flew around the room and a few swings of that barmy-looking weapon and it was all over.

"You don't know how badly I wanted to try and warn them. To tell them that at this point, this thing was only defending itself. I doubt now, looking back, that any of those letterheads would have listened to me at any rate.

"The thing with Darkcinder could not have been helped, I see that now. He was, after all, evil in some ways. Granted, we had all learned to live with his bad habits, though. I guess this thing did not have the patience. Alas my friends, if I had only knew sooner!

"Me? Why was I spared? I think that is fairly easy now, looking back at everything. You see, I am a priest of Brishaspati, who dwells on the Mount. Undoubtedly, his holy wisdom protected me..."

The nimbus are some of the most efficient weapons against evil that have ever existed. Their are tireless in their search of evil in all of its various forms, and are merciless in its destruction. They speak no known languages, but it is believed that they are telepathic.

Habitat/Society: All that is known of the nimbuan society (both past and present) is that there was a tremendous focus on combating evil in all of its forms, no matter where it began. It is thought that the nimbus either gave rise to the celestials or that they were created and then thought less about as time passed, so they then faded into near non-existence. It was only through their rediscover that they again gained the fresh belief needed to continue on their quest to utterly vanquish all evil.

Some sods believe that the nimbus were too good at their job and the celestials decided that they would rather the fiends keep themselves occupied in the Lower Planes with a war over the true definition of evil. Therefore, the celestials had them imprisoned them until a time when they might again need them.

**"...and the evil of heart
must be wary of the Nimbus, or they shall
soon**

**join the ranks of their fellow
petitioners..."**

-Grunui'hail'lib Ammoneumen, as quoted from
The Orah-

Ecology: There is nothing known that a nimbus gives to nor takes away from an environment, other than perhaps the ashes of the evil creatures that it incinerates. Often, though, there are not even ashes left behind. They will never knowingly hurt and good or neutral creature, but have been known to defend themselves from attack.

There is nothing known about the nimbus' reproductive cycle, but it is thought, as all nimbi are female in appearance, that they are all hermaphroditic. However, this is purely supposition.

N'morian

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Climate/Terrain:	Paraelemental Plane of Magma, Elemental Plane of Fire, Sigil (rarely), Volcanoes and other really hot regions
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Trios
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Average to Genius (8-18)
Treasure:	B (Armor and weapon only)
Alignment:	Any (Lawful Neutral-Neutral Evil)
No. Appearing:	3 (unless in Nevermore - see below)
Armor Class:	4 (-4)
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	5+5
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	1 or 2 (by weapon or See below)
Damage/Attack:	By weapon
Special Attacks:	<i>Magma Spurt, Singe</i>
Special Defenses:	Immune to all toxins and poisons, Save at +4 vs. all heat-based attacks
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	S (2-4' tall)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	2,050

The rare and unusual race known as N'morians are the residents of the Inner Planar city known as Nevermore, a city that lies in a little known and secluded area of the Paraelemental Plane of Magma (for more chant on Nevermore, please see the TSR release **The Inner Planes [2634]**). Now ya ask, how can anysod who's not a mephit or genasi live in a infinite plane full of magma? Well, here's the chant.

Apparently, some cycles ago, a blood by the name of Vhans of Lostcrag (any only a true blood can tell ya where Lostcrag is, suren) journeyed to Magma and like most heroes who have nothing better to do than announce what they've done, who they've conquered, what they've claimed and the like, he "claimed" a section of magma for his very own. How'd he do it, ya ask? Well, seems that he drove a powerful magical item known as the *chillsword* into the magma's crust and the heat of the magma and the mighty spells of frost and cold woven about the blade canceled one another out. What this created was a zone of bearable temperature (for those of us that are less "magmally-inclined") and an ice cap (for those cutters native to the plane). At any rate, a city grew up in this "safe-haven" area of the plane, and that city was called Nevermore.

Now, even though the temperature might be bearable in Nevermore, the toxic fumes and poisonous gases that make Magma such a wonderful vacation spot are still present, so the adventurous sods calling the place their kip had to come up with a way around them. Devices, both mundane and magical were devised for



(A N'morian, resident of Nevermore...)

"So, what do you bodys do down here..."

...in, ah, Nevermore?"

-a green planewalker's attempt at Inner Planar small talk-

"..."

-a typical N'morian reply-

And so, that is how they remain, as they have been for many countless cycles now, silent yet cordial, ultimately private, and yet welcoming to newcomers into their strange elemental city. They speak very little, and never show their true faces to Outsiders. When they travel abroad, which they rarely do, it is always in groups of threes, yet no one really knows why.

It seems that they will forever remain a mystery...

Combat: N'morians show a great displeasure for combat, but they are powerful enemies when provoked. They most often employ their *Magma Spurt* ability, which can be used three times a day, to cause a great fount of super-heated magma to originate from their hands or the ground beneath an opponent's feet, causing massive heat and fire damage ($1d6+3/HD$ or level).

If this is not enough to deter an individual from entering combat with a N'morian, they seem to begin to warm (pardon the pun) to the idea, and attack with a zeal and a flair for combat, coupled with an almost inhuman speed. They wade in with armor and a weapon, both almost always magical and forged on Magma or Fire, with obvious fire, smoke, ash, or poison enchantments.

Further, when in melee combat, they can elect to

protection and breathing and folks took to them like kuo-toans to water, and before a Guvner could count a cart of Arborean apples, folks were never taking them off!

However, the folks that made up the constant populace of Nevermore - the everyday sods that called the place kip no matter what - began to slowly change. Now, planar graybeards the planes over will argue peak to anti about how a plane can or can not change a basher, but these bodys in Nevermore are proof as sure as the Spire.

After hundreds of cycles had passed, some of the more hardy of the citizens of Nevermore discovered, quite by chance, that they no longer had need for these devices - the heat of the plane no longer held much fear for them, and now, neither did the fumes! But once they took the breathing apparatuses off, they discovered, much to their horror, that they were no longer quite the men and women that they were. While they had grown accustomed to the plane, the plane, in some unexplainable manner, had altered them in other ways...

No sod, other than the N'morians themselves (which they started calling themselves, after the burg that had changed them so greatly) really knows just how much they had changed. Suren, it was easy to tell that they had grown much shorter, but that could be attributed to the sheer harshness of the plane. They had also grown much harder and were far more resistant to heat than a normal basher. The N'morians vowed from that day forward to seclude themselves, and to never show their true selves to anyone who was not one of them.

employ an extra attack each round, *Singe*, but they must touch their opponent to do so. The N'morian *Singe* ability causes searing heat to race trough their opponents body, causing damage and totally disrupting thought processes for a few precious moments (**1d4** points of damage, save vs. petrification or lose one attack the next round).

Further, it is well known and documented that N'morians **never** travel alone.

Habitat/Society: The Society of the N'morians is an unusual one, to say the least. They are a society with two faces - the one that they keep hidden and the one that they show to the Outsiders. The one that is shown to us is perfectly polite, if not bordering on the cold shoulder and they welcome Outsiders and their plane-spanning chant, but offer little in reciprocation. They are silent, but beckoning and the rare occasions that they do speak it is in the native tongue of the speaker - spoken perfectly with correct grammar, pronunciation and context.

Planar sages and explorers have also noticed this dualism in their combat readiness - they are either "on", if you will, or "off"...

Ecology: It is currently not known how the N'morians fit, if they do at all, into the scheme of things on Magma. It seems that they are a people displaced, for surely they could not survive in another locale. Some even say that the strange relationship betwixt this people and their plane of choice has grown such that the latter could not survive without the former...

Olio (Souppers)

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Climate/Terrain:	Limbo
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Bundle-knot
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Very to Exceptional (11-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Good
No. Appearing:	In any number other than 1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6 or 48 SW (only in Limbo)
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2 or 4 (fistx2, or fistx2, tailx2)
Damage/Attack:	2d10+2, 1d8+2
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	Unharmed by the effects of Limbo's soup, regenerate up to 3 hps/round
Magic Resistance:	20%
Size:	Small (2' + to 4')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	1,900

From the journal of Casmeris Chaosseeker,
Famed explorer and planewalker of the Chaos side
of the Great Ring:

"I must admit, verily, that while I have seen some very barmy things in my cycles of traversing the planes, never before today have I seen something that I could not, in any sense of the word, relate to. Today, however, this has happened. I will endeavor to the best of my ability to relay that which I have seen and still struggle to understand.

I had just hipped a portal in Glorium that was supposed to have led me to Windglum, in Pandemonium, but I found, much to my surprise, to be dumped out into the swirling maelstrom that is Limbo. Luckily, I had recently bought an air charm from a blood from Snail Outfitters in Sylvania, and it worked like a charm, oddly enough, and encased my form in a thin sheet of breathable air.

Being more familiar than most with the plane of infinite chaos than most, as I have traveled it many times before, I immediately began forming my own meager terrain about me, complete with breathable air. Knowing that there are many portals and conduits off the plane of Limbo, but the problem being finding them, I set off, searching for someone or something that would possibly give me a bearing in the swirling soup.

It was not long before I found something. Or rather, something found me.

Canny planewalkers often tell of a sense of the things around one that forms after many cycles of trodding the infinite expanses, it is almost as if a cutter has an extra set of eyes in the back of his head, and sometimes a body



(The odd and exceptional Olio)

"I was given the definite impression that I was to say something, and so I did, still speaking in the language of the slaadi, but with words from my brain-box. I am sure that much was lost in the translation, but now, as I look back in hindsight, perhaps that is exactly what drew them out.

As I began speaking with them, they seemed to lose a bit of their fear of both me and the environment around me and began to approach. Their language they used seemed, as best as I can describe it, as slurred slaadi scramble-speak. It was not, however, their native tongue, for they would often communicate amongst themselves with a tongue that included much waving of their chin tentacles. Needless to say, it was sometime before I determined that these creatures were natives of Limbo, and called themselves the Olio, this, in translation (as best as I can manage), is Souppers.

Combat: "Olio prefer to remain hidden in the Under-Soup when a combative situation arises, and this may be tied to the fact that their numbers may indeed be small when compared to the other native Limboian races. (Please note that this was not said, but something I merely inferred from many other 'hints' throughout my discussions with the gentle, but chaotic race.)

However, I do not doubt that they could defend themselves in times of need, striking with their massive clawed hands and feet if need be, as well as their spiked tails. I have little doubt that they are masters in the soup of Limbo (which obviously does not harm them in any way), and can thusly outmaneuver any foe that might come against them. However, they seemed slightly

just knows if knights of the post are near, or if you are about to be peeled by some rube-headed sodder. It was this sense that warned me of their initial presence - after sometime of wandering throughout the swirling sea of ever-changing matter - that I began to sense forms somehow beneath the surface of Limbo...

For those that read these penned words, hear me now. I am, in no sense of the word, a barmy leatherhead. I am as canny as they come when the chaos planes are involved and I know the rules which determine the physical laws that somehow govern Limbo. I also know that the statement that I just made totally ignores these laws. But, that is the only explanation for what I saw. While slaadi swim through the morass of Limbo, these things swam under it.

For the Guvners out there, I am verily sorry that I cannot offer explanations, I can only, at this point, record the facts of the matter.

Before long, I began seeing them, in a sense of the word. That is to say, that I did not actually see them, but rather I saw the shadows of them on the surface of the soup, like one sees the shadows of the styx fish on the surface of the Styx. They began to move about my self-formed terrain, and each time it seemed that my precious bubble of familiar territory lessened. Knowing that I still wore my air charm, this worried me less than it might have otherwise, so I began trying to communicate with these obviously intelligent things.

Being a traveler of Limbo many times, I have picked up a smattering of slaadi, while I must admit that it is one of the languages that I am least fluent in (my mouth just does not seem structured for making some of those guttural sounds), I tried it in earnest. I began greeting them in the forms of the slaadi, both formal (used only with death slaadi) and informal (used by all other slaadi), and there was no redeemable response. I then tried, using the slaadi language, but my own words, to simply get them to show themselves to me. I tried to convey that I meant them no harm, and beseeched them to come forth from their hiding. Something that I said seemed to work, for the shadowy forms slowed (I still to this day think that it was the beseeching part, but I cannot be sure), and began to congregate in a single spot.

It was then that the most amazing part occurred. Slowly, as if out of the soup of Limbo itself, these things emerged. I know no other word for it, in any language, but it was as if the curtain that makes up the very fabric of Limbo was pulled back, and they stepped through. At first, only one, but then in a mere matter of moments, there were scores of them, stepping, no, crawling out of the soup of Limbo all around me. They seemed wary of my self-created environment, but merely floated there in the soup, looking at me with their glittering, dark eyes.

They were small and were built like thickly muscled dwarves, with broad, naked chests and arms and legs. In fact, they wore no clothing at all, but seemed unmoved by this fact. They were, however, covered with a thick and

awkward and slow while in my self-created environment."

Habitat/Society: "Olio travel and live in tightly banded groups called (in the nearest translation of the word) bundle-knots. These groups seem to be determined at random, and there just as often may be family amongst the group as not. They travel the plane of Limbo in these bundle-knots, acting almost as nomads, feeding and living where the opportunities present themselves.

I could learn little about their relations with the other natives of the plane, yet the fact that they spoke some halting versions of slaadi and Xaositech scramble-speak, speaks to the fact that they have had, at least, rudimentary contact with other natives of the plane. I could not imagine these creatures doing harm to any other living being, however, as they seem as genuinely good as any thing or body that I have ever encountered."

**"to strange you are we,
the but same are you us to..."**

-An Olio's opinion on race relations-

Ecology: "The life cycle of the Olio is even more complex than their existence, and I could make little out regarding it. It seems that the reproduction of the olio occurs hermaphrodically, somewhere in the Under-Soup, (as they call it) and the young hatch from eggs almost immediately. While they are young, they appear as very tiny, fry-like creatures with many legs and appendages, that float about, filtering the Under-Soup for food. They are carefully cared for and watched out by the entire bundle-knot.

I did learn that the olio consume bits of actual matter that seem to drift into the Under-Soup. This commonly occurs around or near to areas where planewalkers and other chaos shapers create matter upon entering the soup of Limbo. They skirt around these areas, as well as being drawn to other large sources of created matter (such as large Limboian cities, remaining relics from planes outside Limbo, and areas of massive spontaneous matter creation), where they feed, swimming just under the surface of the soup."

seemingly glossy mass of body hair, which everywhere but their heads, seemed to be only a darker shade than their reddish-tinted skin. Their broad, thick hands and feet were clawed and their noble and majestic visages were accentuated by two writhing tentacle-like extensions sprouting forth from either side of their chin. They had no ears to speak of, but two strange structures sprouted forth from either side of the tops of their brain-boxes. They seemed to be more a combination of gills and horns, but I could not tell either their purpose or function. Their heads were all adorned with a tall and swept-back shock of green hair and a long tail, ending in what appeared to be a spiky ball completed the picture of their physical makeup."

Orc, Ooze

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Climate/Terrain:	Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, occasionally Sigil
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Clan
Activity Cycle:	Any (on Ooze), Nocturnal
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	1 or 1d8
Armor Class:	9
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	2+2
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1 or 2
Damage/Attack:	1d4 or See below
Special Attacks:	<i>Oozy, Wormwhoop</i>
Special:	<i>Oozewalk, Wall of Ooze</i> , can be hit by only +1 or greater weapons
Defenses:	None
Magic	
Resistance:	
Size:	S (3-4' tall)
Morale:	Unsteady (5 to 7)
XP Value:	1750

"If one ever stops long enough to listen to an ooze orc, one would know right off that they are one of the most misunderstood and misrepresented of all planar races. While not really related to orcs at all, the creature known as the ooze orc does bear a striking resemblance to the humanoid race well known to bashers everywhere. However, being that they are small in stature and similarly composed, the peaceable ooze orc is often mistaken for the blubbering and disgusting ooze mephit, but it is no more a member of that race than it is the former..."

Ooze orcs, or as they are known by their other, less descriptive but no less colorful, names - the muck orcs, oozeies, muckies, and rarely, (usually by Clueless primes) slime goblins, are residents of Ooze, although they are often seen on the other Inner planes, as well as rarely in the City of Doors. They are short, vaguely humanoid looking creatures, with elongated ears, slightly upturned snouts, small, dark, beady eyes, arms that are slightly too long for their torso and legs that are slightly too short.

Their skin appears to be made entirely of a uniform dark gray ooze, and it seems that they have some form of limited ability at shaping this ooze-skin, as often times they will form clothing, armor, and other such personal effects. It is not believed that these items provide any more actual protection to their external selves, so exactly why they do this is a mystery. It should be noted that often times, tiny ooze-dwelling insects, crustaceans, and worms can be seen "swimming" through their skin, but these so not seem to bother the ooze orcs, but they can be quite disconcerting to others.

There are no records of ooze orcs having any type of hair whatsoever, but it has been noted that if they did have hair -



(An Ooze Orc)

Meanwhile, the shaking and bawling of the muck orc has continued building in both ferocity and in volume until it reaches a fevered pitch. At this point, the oozeie makes a loud and ringing "whooping" noise, and at that exact moment, hundreds upon hundreds (**Roll percentile dice for results: 01-10=100 worms, 11-20=200 worms, 21-30=300 worms, 31-40=400 worms, 41-50=500 worms, 51-60=600 worms, 61-70=700 worms, 71-80=800 worms, 81-90=900 harmless worms, 91-00=no worms**) of tiny wriggling worms erupt from the ooze droplets.

The worms immediately begin trying to bury themselves into living flesh, each causing on minimal (**1/10 of a hit point of damage each - No THAC0 needed**) damage to the individual. However, an attack of this utter barmyness and ferocity is usually enough to make any leatherhead pause long enough for the ooze orc (who now has ooze available for an *Oozewalk*) to make its escape.

Habitat/Society: Very little is known of ooze orc society, as they are extremely private creatures, and most sods are loathe to traverse their homeland to learn more. What is known has been gleaned mostly from observation, and planewalker sightings of these creatures make up a bulk of this chant. The Guvners, in their ever-obsessive quest to catalogue and record all rules and knowledge of the planes, have long been compiling a treatise on all known types of sentient life of the planes, both Inner and Outer; however, it seems that the oozeies lie far down on the bottom of their list...

It is known that ooze orcs love to sing, despite their gurgling, bubbling voices and there are a few that have become accomplished bards. It should be noted, however, that these bards are considered noteworthy

it would undoubtedly be slick and greasy. Finally, all ooze orcs have a long, slightly sticky tongue that is a lighter gray in color than the rest of their bodies - it makes for quite a shocking display when they stick it out, which many are fond of doing.

Lastly, there are no recorded instances of female ooze orcs. It is believed that the creatures are hermaphroditic.

-from *The Ooze Traveler*,
a section of a leafer on the Inner Planes,
Often available at *Snail Outfitters*.

Combat: Muck orcs will almost always flee from battle, as they are weak fighters with little desire to fight in the first place. If they are nearby a puddle of ooze or otherwise contaminated water (mudhole, sewer, drain, puddle, etc - DM's discretion), they will usually attempt to flee by using their *Oozewalk* ability, wherein they can pass through the ooze to their home plane (and possibly back again). They can use this ability three times per day.

Their ooze skin does not provide great protection and while it is not known, it is believed that ooze orcs are not able to wear any type of heavy armor whatsoever. (It is thought that the weight of even studded leather would simply pass through them). However, they do enjoy the protection that they cannot be harmed by anything less than a magical (+1) weapon. Further, they can opt to use their *Wall of Ooze* ability, which conjures a wall of writhing and slurping ooze in whatever form the ooze orc desires (up to 20' sq./hit dice or level).

If forced into melee, the muck orc can then opt for one of two attacks, a feeble rake with its ooze coated hands, or two very unique and intertwined attacks. These attacks are the *Oozy* and the *Wormwhoop*, and no ooze orc has ever been known to use one without the other.

The *Oozy* attack begins with the ooze orc shaking its head and body violently to and fro while beginning to make high pitched gurgling and bawling noises. As the creature shakes, it throws sticky droplets of ooze upon all within the general vicinity (save vs. Breath Weapon or become coated as if with oil). These droplets of ooze stick and cannot be removed, and they begin itching and burning instantly upon contact. The itching and burning sensations are so intense that those covered must (make an Intelligence check at -4, or) spend all of their time trying desperately to get the blasted stuff off.

only by the standards of the ooze orcs, and many would rather listen to a Bleaker reciting poetry than an muck orc's song.

In their dealings with creatures that are "not of the ooze", these creatures tend to speak only when spoken to, but are friendly enough, if not a bit shy. Many have a fascination bordering nearly on obsession with fire, as this element does not exist on their home plane. Also, (and oddly) ooze orcs seem to have an affinity with most types of insects, particularly roaches - this fact alone seems to put most bodys on edge when talking to an ooze orc.

"No
blody
cares
ablout
me..."

-Excerpt of the Ooze orc anthem-

Ecology: Being natives of Ooze, muck orcs have a definite place in the seemingly single-minded ecology of the plane, but sadly no one knows exactly what it is. This seems attributed mostly to the fact that not many have taken enough of an interest to find out.

The only residents of their homeland that they do not readily agree with are the ooze mephits, but this is a relationship more akin to indifference than hatred. They get along well with most other natives of Ooze, but their exact relationship with them is totally unknown. Sages can only theorize wildly about their origins, their life and reproductive cycles, as well as their day-to-day existence.

Chant around Sigil has it that a certain Guvner mage by the name of Tris'toffa the Round is offering hefty jink for any and all chant about the mysterious (and misunderstood) ooze orcs.

Pandemonian Yeti

© 1999 by Doc Shan Artwork © of Cara Mitten. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Pandemonium
Frequency:	Unique
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Unknown
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Unknown
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	10+5 (use d10)
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	3/1 or 1
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4/2d6 or projection
Special Attacks:	Projection +1 magical weapon or better to hit; 1 hp/round regeneration (including body parts)
Special Defenses:	90% to extreme alignments (LG, CG, LE, CE) and 50% to all others (NE, NG, LN, CN, TN)
Magic Resistance:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	1,500

The Pandemonian yeti is supposedly the lord of mystery and belief, but many others claim that it is merely the servant of those forces. Chant is that some barmy once claimed to have seen a large basher with green eyes and fur as purple as the tunnel walls themselves. Since then, the belief spread and the Pandemonian Yeti was born.

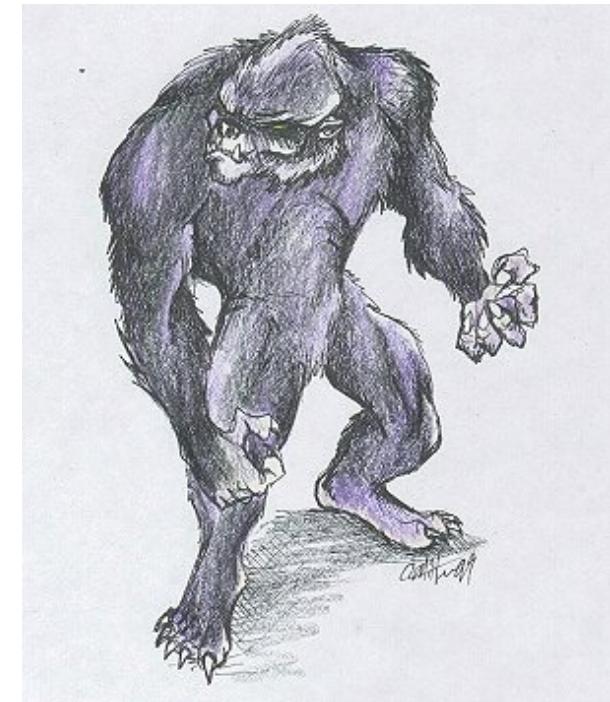
The dark of it is that their is only one Yeti, as that is all the people ever though there was. It is, in fact, the same color as the tunnels and is about 8 feet tall. It's face is ape-like, though it is completely covered with fur.

**"You'd best beware, for barmies scare wee
children with the yeti,
but over years all of their fears has
made him real and ready.**

-The *Yeti-Rhyme*-

Combat: Combat with the Yeti, in theory, is difficult. A general theory is that since the creature is made of belief itself, that the only way to kill it would be to have everyone stop believing in it. That simply is not true. One poor sod claimed to have killed the magnificent belief-beast for reasons unknown. If he did in fact kill it, then another one sprung up to take its place. Chant says that there can and will be only one Yeti at a time, since that is what is commonly believed.

Still, the Yeti is difficult to fight. It is impervious to most magic and can only be hit by a +1 or better weapon. The Yeti has very powerful claws and teeth that it **will** use in combat when most needed. Reader beware, even worse than it's biting and clawing is it's *projection*.



(A rare glimpse of the even rarer Yeti of Pandemonium!)

Habitat/Society: There is only a single Yeti at a time. It will be that way until either sods stop believing, or begin to believe otherwise. It has been speculated by some leatherheads that the Yeti has been permanently embedded into the fabric of the multiverse and even if barmies and bashers like yourselves stopped believing, it would continue to live on. The only evidence to back this theory up is that the creature hasn't seemed to have gotten any weaker as the generations go on and less and less people have heard the *Yeti-Rhyme*, let alone believe in the Yeti.

Which brings me to my next point... The Yeti has only been seen by a few. The number of sightings seem to fluctuate from time to time, though most who claim to have seen the Yeti are hailed as "one that flew over the dragon's nest", so to speak. The mysterious creature is most often seen by those with strong beliefs such as high-up faction members and clerics, though rare exceptions have been noted.

Ecology: The story of the Yeti varies, as does it's ecology. Some say it eats meat, some say stone, some say small children who go a'wandering. The supposed intelligence varies from time to time, as do the activity cycles of the creature. Some Fated believe it holds the secret to the *Isle of the Black Trees* and some 'loths say that they, in fact, created the Yeti as part of their master plan.

One interesting version of the story, told by a rogue modron living in the Hive, says that the Yeti is a Power in disguise. He roams the first layer of Pandemonium looking for the ultimate lawful being to pass his power onto. He can't leave because the high-ups in his pantheon forced him to spend his days in the plane of howling chaos because of his attempt to make some prime world more lawful. Doomed to spend his

When the Yeti forgoes all attacks for one round, he can send out an audible (though hearing is not required) force from its body to all within 20 feet. To all creatures with the gift of hearing, this force sounds like the wails of souls yearning for freedom. If a save vs. spell is failed, then the player or creature goes into a catatonic state, continually chanting the *Yeti-Rhyme* (see above). Roll on the table below to determine the duration:

Die Roll (on a d100)	Duration
01-40	1d3*3 hours
41-60	1d3*3 days
61-90	1d3*3 months
91-00	1d3*3 years

It is said in ol' tiefer's tales that the effects of the *Yeti-Rhyme* can only be cured by feeding a fragment of the Yeti's tongue to the affected. It is further said that one full tongue may be used on up to 3 people.

infinite days in Pandemonium, he waits for the perfect lawful being to free him.

Obviously this box doesn't take into account many of the hard facts on the Yeti, though this Modron in particular is known to have seizures every time he finds out that not everything in the multiverse revolves around law.

Peganthrope - Lycanthrope

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Climate/Terrain:	Plains and open forests
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Day
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	L
Alignment:	Neutral Good
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	15 or 24, Fl 48 (C)
Hit Dice:	5+5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3 or 1
Damage/Attack:	1d8/1d8/1d3 or by weapon +1
Special Attacks:	<i>Charm person, rear kick</i> +1 or silver weapons to hit
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	2,000

These beings are afflicted with one of the most mysterious forms of lycanthropy in the multiverse; they are half human (mostly males), half pegasus. No one knows how such an alliance has been wrought, but some suspect that it was either a curse to the pegasus or a blessing to the human race by some power.

In human form, pegantropes look like beautiful human males with long hair matching that of their horse form (usually black, brown or pure white), worn in a ponytail, and big brown eyes. In this form they have a Charisma score of 18-20, and any female looking them straight in the eyes are *charmed* unless they save versus spell.

In hybrid form they look like humanoids with huge wings on their backs and horse's heads. Their hind legs are those of a horse, and they now have hair all over them. Their charming power in this form works the same as in human form.

In horse form they look like beautiful pegasi. By now, anyone watching them must save versus spell or be charmed, which usually results in folks wanting to pet and feed the horse.

Combat: In human or hybrid form, a peganthrope usually fights with an ornately crafted bludgeoning weapon. Despite their great strengths (17, giving them a +1 to both attack and damage rolls) they tend to shun combat. Further, while in horse form they attack as if they were regular pegasi.



(The impressive and mighty Peganthrope)

Habitat/Society: Peganthropes are solitary creatures. They roam the Upper Planar forests, living off the charity of others (but never abusing it). Some of them delight in seducing mortal women and living with them for a couple of years, but in the end they love their freedom more, and leave for the plains again, leaving their wives in despair, lonely and sad. This is about the only moral flaw one has ever found in a peganthrope.

Ecology: No one knows how and if peganthropes reproduce, or how they came to exist in the first place. Some consider them a proxy of the good powers, others say they're a degeneration of the noble Pegasus race. Some evil researchers are willing to pay up to 5,000 gp. for an intact peganthrope body, but hardly anyone dares killing the creatures. They just might be proxies indeed...

"Good horsie.

Nice horsie..."

-a human female to her Peganthrope lover...-

pif'Chiang

© 1999 by Scott Perry, Edited by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Picasso. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Any lower plane
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary or herd
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral evil

No. Appearing:	1 or 2d4
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	5 (hoof/hoof/bite/horns) or 1 (back kick)
Damage/Attack:	1d8/1d8/1d4/ 3d8/1d8
Special Attacks:	See below:
Special Defenses:	See below:
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	L (7' at the shoulder)
Morale:	Champion (15)
XP Value:	4,000

Pif'Chiang, also known as four-balled bulls, are among a few creatures with the ability to move between any of the lower planes at will. Chant has it that the bastard male offspring of the nic'Epona, the magical horses of the Outlands. Normally when the nic'Epona mate with a horse, pegasus, or unicorn the male offspring is non-magical. However, it seems that a while back a herd of nic'Epona mysteriously mated with a couple of baatorian Midnight bulls and produced magical male offspring. Once the dark was lanned, the finger was pointed at the ruthless thief god, Sung Chiang. It's believed that he purposely forced the nic'Epona to mate with the Midnight bulls on Elysium and then stole the subsequent baby steers, taking them to Gehenna. Sung Chiang fiercely protected and ferociously raised the newborn steers to protect his realm.

The pif'Chiang are evil, solitary creatures that roam throughout the layers of Gehenna. They speak the languages of baatezu, Lower Planar trade, and common, at the very least. However, they usually do not speak unless spoken to, thus allowing potential enemies to assume that they are nothing more than 'dumb bulls'. They have extraordinary tempers and will attack anything that disturbs them. The pif'Chiang closely resemble ordinary bulls, except that they have one very distinguishing physical difference, each pif'Chiang has four testicles. Because of this, the pif'Chiang are often referred to as four-balled bulls. The uniqueness of the bulls makes them a favored delicacy in the dining halls of Sigil. A fillet of four-balled bull can cost upwards of 50-cager gold



(An early artistic representation of the pif'Chiang)

The pif'Chiang also boast a notable defense. They can be hit only by weapons of +3 or greater power, or by those whose innate abilities allow them to strike as a +3 weapon, like themselves. They are also completely immune to charm or fear-related spells, and they're aware when someone attempts to use magic on them. Even magical items that charm animals or cause fear have no effect on the pif'Chiang, for they are not normal bulls. However, since this immunity is not widely known, the pif'Chiang delight in pretending to fall under the sway of such magic, then attack the caster at the best opportunity.

The most prominent trait of the pif'Chiang defense is their ability to *plane shift* at will, requiring but a few steps in which to work the magic. They can travel to any point in the Lower Planes, although realms of the tanar'ri are closed to them unless they're specifically required by Sung Chiang. If losing in combat, a pif'Chiang may take a few steps back, charge at his foe, and *plane shift* just before contact, leaving a dark-as-midnight silhouette that fades after a few moments. Their hooves glow with a faint dark blue fire when this power is activated.

"You want me to eat what?"

- A new Sensate initiate, after being told about tonight's fare...

Habitat/Society: Pif'Chiang are often found alone, grazing on the acidic snow found across the multiple layers of Gehenna or looking for petitioners who are easy prey and whose flesh is among their favored foods. Though they have free rein of the Lower Planes, they call the area surrounding the Teardrop Palace home because it is the domicile of their originator, Sung Chiang. When they are at home, they have little to do with the minions that travel to and from the Teardrop Palace of Sung Chiang. Sometimes they are required to carry or retrieve items for Sung Chiang. The pif'Chiang will always complete these tasks unless slain while carrying out the order.

Ecology: Subsequently sired pif'Chiang are all males and

in the City of Doors.

Combat: The pif'Chiang, as the defenders of Sung Chiang's realm, are fierce foes in combat. Each uses his hooves, powerful teeth, and sharp horns to deadly effect. They will gore those foolish enough to come close to them and their sharp forehooves can strike as powerfully as a battle-axe. If there is an opponent behind him, a pif'Chiang may deliver a powerful kick with his hind legs. A pif'Chiang attacks as though his entire body were a +3 weapon, allowing him to hit those beings that take damage only from magic or silver. Note that the pif'Chiang do not actually gain the +3 bonus to hit or damage, but merely have the ability to hit creatures immune to lesser weapons.

When in a herd of 4 or greater, the pif'Chiang can also create a stampede to sweep over their enemies. The stampede is 30 yards wide and moves as one solid wave of pif'Chiang. An additional group of 4 pif'Chiang allows the stampede to form a second wave. The bulls charge without fear and never need to check Morale while in a stampede. They require 100 yards to build up good speed, at which point anyone in their path suffers $10d8$ points of damage per round for a number of rounds equal to the number of waves of pif'Chiang. Victims are allowed a save vs. spell for half damage.

are produced by the union of a nic'Epona with another pif'Chiang. The offspring of such a union are pif'Chiang if male, while the female offspring normally do not survive the birth process and die. While the original batch of pif'Chiang were descendants of baatorian Midnight bulls, it is believed that this process was the will of Sung Chiang and has, so far, not occurred again. The pif'Chiang are extremely protective of their young and will turn en masse on anyone who attempts the theft of one, harrying the thief all across the Lower Planes if necessary.

Sung Chiang's bulls are antagonistic and will often attack without provocation. Sometimes they will engage in conversation with those that they are attacking in an attempt to badger or insult them. If victorious, the pif'Chiang will eat the flesh of the fallen opponent, unless an immediate threat is present. Those who would foolishness attempt to ride one of these evil bulls should prepare for the ride of their lives. The pif'Chiang will make every attempt to throw the rider. Once thrown the four-balled bull will attack the fallen rider without haste and will not cease until the former rider is slain and eaten. If the rider manages to hold on and not be thrown by the raging bull, the pif'Chiang can easily deposit the rider on some inhospitable plane.

Tick, Planar

© 1999 by Scott Perry. Artwork © of D.E. Walter & C.Meacham.

Climate/Terrain:	Any, Outlands
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Unknown
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Mental energy
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	1 (or that of host)
Hit Dice:	1 hp
THAC0:	Nil
No. of Attacks:	Nil
Damage/Attack:	Nil
Special Attacks:	Psionic
Special Defenses:	Psionic
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	S (1" long)
Morale:	Champion (16)
XP Value:	15,000

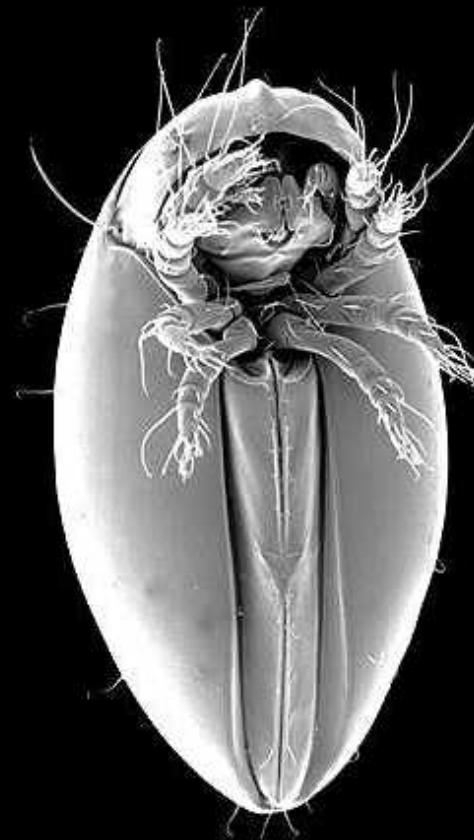
The planar tick is similar in shape and size to normal ticks and fleas. However, what makes the planar tick unique and decidedly planar is that it is an immensely powerful psionic creature. The tick is born with a psionic strength of 10. During its lifetime, a planar tick may acquire an unlimited amount of psionic strength and ability. This acquisition occurs through a mental energy drain from a host. In actuality, planar ticks do not impose any threat whatsoever to their hosts. Many cases have resulted in which the tick has added to the ability of the host. This occurs when the tick shares its mental strength with that of the host. The unfortunate downside of this process leaves the host without any psionic ability once the tick has left the host.

It is currently unknown where the ticks originate from and very little of the small creatures' history is known. All available information was collected from observation and the occasional interview. These interviews were conducted by graybeards at the *Citadel of Chiseled Enlightenment*. It seems that a few of the ticks were able to communicate through their hosts. The host then relayed the information to the sages. The information from these interviews can not be confirmed and could be purely screed, propagated by the unusual insect. Here is an excerpt from one of these interviews:

Graybeard: What is your species or classification?

Host: You would place us in the suborder Metastigmata in the order Acari, class Arachnida, phylum Arthropoda.

Graybeard: Saints and proxies, they know our animal categorization. From where did you originate?



(A close examination of a planar tick through a planar specoscope)

Once a planar tick locates a host it will attempt to attach to somewhere on the host's head or upper neck. It is believed that the ticks do not interfere with their host's activity or personality, although there has been at least one instance in which a unwise sage attempt to use a planar tick's ability to his will. The tick, once attached, changed the sage's personality to that of an uneducated horse trainer. It is not known why some ticks decide to communicate through their hosts. It may be that they are some kind of leaders of the tick community, but this is purely speculation.

It appears that a planar tick can only perform psionic abilities while attached to their hosts. It is believed that unattached planar ticks lie dormant until they detect a nearby host and can attach. No tests have been conducted to confirm this point and the ticks have not disclosed if they are indeed dormant while unattached.

"You wanna buy a what?

**And then put the bloody thing on your
brain-box?"**

**Blek, I thought primes were barmy, but
this takes the prize."**

-Observation by a cutter upon hearing that his associate seeks to purchase a planar tick.-

Host: The mind is the stream of pure thought. We are travelers of the sacred stream.

Graybeard: May we examine you?

Host: Body only shell, we live as consciousness.

The attending sages then removed a portion of the host's hair and viewed the tick as it lain attached to the eleven host. By all accounts, the tick looked like any other normal tick or flea.

Graybeard: Does your species evolve or mutate?

Host: Thought is unlimited.

Graybeard: Do you seek a certain plane or home?

Host: Planes are only rooms in the greatness of consciousness.

Graybeard: How old is your species?

Host: Old is decay, we are ever growing.

Graybeard: Do you seek allies and enemies?

Host: Host is ally. Mindless are enemies.

Graybeard: Do you require sustenance or food?

Host: We require only hosts, we seek only mental energy. Host grows weary; this must end.

This is but an excerpt as the interview was continued the following day and continued on for an additional 12 days. The superior intellect and knowledge of the ticks has astounded graybeards and left many scratching their beards. How a creature so small could gain so much mental energy and strength is beyond comprehension.

Planar ticks have an innate psionic sense and can automatically detect any psionic activity within 1000 yards. However, they can only sense psionic activity if they are attached to a host. Thus leaving a detached tick unable to determine if the next host will have any mental strength. Because of this detached mental blindness, it is believed that planar ticks choose their hosts at random and are not able to choose hosts that already possess psionic ability or power.

Combat: A psionic tick has no normal method of attack and by visual inspection appears to be harmless. However, the tick has the mental ability to use nearly all known psionic attacks and defenses. These abilities include, but are not limited to: psionic blast, mind thrust, ego whip and psychic crush. Additional, the tick can provide mental defenses for itself and its host. These abilities would include mind blank, thought shield, mental barrier and intellect fortress.

Habitat/Society: Planar ticks live alone in solitude with only their hosts as companions. The psionic insect is able to reproduce only once in its lifetime. This reproduction must occur somewhere on the Outlands during the thirty-third cycle of life and is only rarely achieved. Two hosts must be within 100 feet of each other for the two ticks to detect each other. Normally the ticks can detect psionic ability 1000 yards away, but they can only detect another planar tick by 100 feet.

Once detected the two ticks release from their hosts and attach to each other. The two ticks then mate and produce 50 eggs, which are invisible. The eggs hatch and wait for a host to pass close by. If a host does not pass by within 1 cycle, the egg decays and the infant tick dies. It is not known how many eggs are laid each year and based on the randomness of planar ticks it is believed that many eggs never find hosts making the ticks even more rare. Some members of the Mathematicians sect have calculated that as few as two ticks per planar layer may be currently present.

Ecology: Though planar ticks can be dangerous when their hosts are attacked, some feel that the ticks are a higher lifeform and should be protected. When they communicate the ticks are rather friendly and often provide information regarding far away planes and places.

They are favored by graybeards, who enjoy the special enhancement that only planar ticks can provide. Some sages claim that a dead planar tick can offer protection from psionic attacks, provided the decaying shell is worn about one's neck in a vial made from Arcadian colored glass.

Sometimes, nobles who seek greater mental strength will send heroes out on quests to find or obtain one of the mysterious insects. Often however, the ticks are simply not found when they don't want to be.

Planegoat

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Climate/Terrain:	Gray Waste
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Semi (4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	9
Hit Dice:	4+1
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	2 (plus one special) or 1
Damage/Attack:	1d4 (horns) / 1d4+2 (crushing bite) or 4d4+4 (hoof attack)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special	Unaffected by illusions and mental attacks, infravision
Defenses:	
Magic	15%
Resistance:	
Size:	M
Morale:	Unsteady (7)
XP Value:	2,000

Planegoats are a very young race of the Gray Waste. Actually, the first planegoat was a hordling that had the luck of using its particularly effective attacks while a yugoloth was watching. A bunch of hordlings slaughtered themselves even more horribly than they usually do, while only one of the creatures stood aside watching, with none of the other hordlings attacking him. When his fellow hordlings were dead, the surviving one began to feast on their dead bodies.

The yugoloth, fascinated by this creature, caught it and examined it deeply. As he found out about the special powers of this beast, the yugoloth decided to manipulate the hordling so to become a fertile creature with a very stable nature. He then forced the hordling to mate with some normal goats, and was very pleased to see that the results of this mating were male and female creatures of the same nature as the original hordling. There was even one advantage: The newly born race was mortal, not counting as fiends anymore, and as such not being vulnerable to clerical turning and such. The yugoloth had actually created a new planar animal.

Combat: The planegoat usually doesn't need to fight, and does so only if it is attacked itself. Then, it fights with its sharp, hard horns protruding from its forehead, doing a damage of 1d4. It always tries to bite an enemy it attacked with its horns. If the first attack was successful, then the second attack is directed against the newly made wound, with the planegoat's crushing teeth tearing out large pieces of the victim's flesh, internal organs, or whatever lies bare after the first attack. The crushing bite usually



(The Planegoat, Goats of the Gray Waste)

Habitat/Society: These beings are about the worst "natural" creatures of the Gray Waste besides real fiends. They are insidious, purely evil and merciless. They delight in pain and suffering of others, and even worse, they seem to obey the commands of all Greater Yugoloths (they usually simply ignore all other yugoloths). Under the command of a yugoloth, one might even see more than one of these creatures, giving a truly strange sight: A fiend traveling the Gray Waste with a bunch of large, grotesque goats, the 'loath nearly making the impression of a shepherd.

"This is all your fault, Cardigan! You're so.. so.. evil!"

"Pah! You're completely barmy, Parcival!

You clueless berk!"

-Two paladins in the Gray Waste-

The planegoats mate with each other only once in life, and they can live for as long as forty cycles. It happens again and again, though, that these beasts hunt normal goats and force them to mate with them - something the goats obviously consider a horrible thing. Such an event always produces a young planegoat, which delights in spreading hatred in its flock, though it never goes so far that one of the goats die. The planegoat leaves the flock after about two cycles, when it is fully grown.

Ecology: Planegoats can devour any meat, no matter how fresh or old. They prefer fresh meat, though, especially since they're not completely immune to diseases that might come up from eating rotten meat.

does 1d4+2 damage, though this damage is doubled if the first attack was successful. If the planegoat attacks in this way, it can still try its special attack at the end of each round.

It can also decide to attack with its back hooves only, putting all its strength and concentration in a battering kick against enemies behind it. This attack does 4d4+4 points of damage, but the planegoat cannot attack with its special attack afterwards.

Despite these fierce physical attacks, the real danger lies in the planegoat's special attack. If attacking normally, it can try to use it against one victim at the end of every round; if it does not attack at all, it can concentrate on all beings in sight to influence them with the special attack. During this attack, the planegoat tries to enter the victim's mind. The victim must make a saving throw vs. spell with a penalty of four points due to the particular strength of the attack. If this throw fails, the victim sees a randomly chosen being in sight (but never a planegoat) as being responsible for all pain and suffering the victim has ever experienced. The exact reaction to this "knowledge" may vary from being to being, though the normal reaction usually is to attack that evil being that has done so much bad to the victim.

The effect of this influence stays as long as the planegoat concentrates on it. If it decides to make a hoof attack during that time, all influence is broken suddenly. The victims also get another saving throw with a penalty of four points at the end of every turn. All planegoats are immune to this influence, and they rarely use it against normal goats. For some unknown reason, they never use it against Yugoloths or beings accompanying a Yugoloth. They seem to delight in using their power against any other being, though, even if they don't need new "prey" for nourishment.

Planegoats have an infravision of 120 feet.

Young planegoats which are born from other planegoats are left alone after birth, and many of them die young. Those born in a flock of normal goats have a much easier time; this, though, can not be said for the unfortunate flock.

Greater Yugoloths sometimes use the rare planegoats for their own twisted ends; it's even said that a 'loth brought one of these creatures to Sigil and uses it secretly against particularly good adventurers.

Rough estimations tell that there are only one or two thousand of these creatures in the whole Gray Waste up to now, showing how young this race still is.

The Planetouched

OR

Planetouched Exotica,

A Short Essay Offered by Skyfire K'siri

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Overview

Within this essay lies a collection of some of the more unusual variants of aasimar and tieflings, each based upon the chant that is to be found in Ashenbach's Creature Codex. Each entry contains possible physical traits, preferred professions (class tendencies), and a list of alternate powers which can be available to individuals of such a bloodline.

In some cases, little chant has been supplied. This may be attributed to a number of factors, but the two most common are that the bloodline in question creates little variation, or that it is rare enough that little information could be acquired.

(Author's note: A few of these variants offered little by way of unique traits; where possible, I tried to elaborate on possible physical traits when there were few abilities to choose from, and vice versa.)

A note about Abilities:

No single plantouched is known to possess a great range of powers which have been inherited from their immortal ancestor, parent or otherwise. Rather, rare or unique benefits of the blood seem to override those powers which are more common to the race in question, be it aasimar or tiefling. The more exotic traits a given individual may possess, the less likely they are to resemble a more 'generic' member of their race.

(DM NOTE: Each ability given here is a suggestion only. Additionally, each ability selected from the list provided replaces one of the standard racial abilities; no freebies here!)

Planetouched PC's - Aasimar

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Aefanryll

These aasimar tend towards rosy, dawn-tinted skin and/or hair, which can vary from a deep rose to shell-pink tinged with gold. They may possess graceful, white-feathered wings (vestigial or otherwise), and frequently their eyes gleam with an almost predatory shine.

Aef-blooded aasimar are well-known for their physical prowess (most frequently possess the +1 bonus for Strength, rather than Charisma). They make formidable warriors (class selection is most frequently from the warrior group), though many capable war-mages possess aef ancestors.

These aasimar may possess any or all of the following abilities, instead of those powers common to aasimar:

- can transfer, by bite or touch, 1d4+1 points of positive energy (damage to infernals and undead, healing to others), twice a day
- may assume a dusky-pink or pale gold gaseous form (as per wraithform), three times a week
- are hardier than other aasimar (character begins play with an additional Hit Die, according to class)

Aefanryll-blooded aasimar almost always looked at askance by others of their kind (they possess a -2 reaction penalty when dealing with other Upper Planar natives), as the stigma of their aef parent carries over to themselves.

Crusader

Surprisingly enough, the mortal offspring of these risen fiends (rare though they may be) are aasimar, not tieflings.

A crusader's child usually possesses an extremely pale complexion, varying from ivory through bone, right to the stark white of marble. A ruddy eye color is also common, and some individuals possess bright ruby eyes. Crusader-blooded aasimar usually do have body hair, but even those who do possess two slender tendrils or tentacles sprouting from the poll of their skull, rather like writhing topknots.

These aasimar are most commonly drawn towards the life of the priesthood, though exceptions do occur. They are also surprisingly striking in appearance and demeanor, having cast off the last remnants of infernal taint (they more likely to possess a +1 bonus to Charisma, rather than to Strength).

Crusader-bloods may possess any or all of the following abilities:

- double-strength *protection from evil*, once a day
- generate a weaker version of the crusader's *holy light* three times a day (1d6 points of non-permanent damage to all fiends in a 5' sphere)
- an innate affinity with the larger bladed weapons (+1 to attack and damage [nonmagical] when wielding any sword)

Crusader-blooded aasimar who come in contact with tanar'ri are taking their life in their hands; they are loathed only barely less than their Risen

parent. (All reaction checks begin at Hostile.)

Faashtha

Those aasimar who possess a faa for an ancestor can be readily identified. Most possess a slightly ruddy tint to their complexion, and are tall and stocky of build (rather like those aasimar of monadic deva descent). Additionally, most possess a pair of heavy, corrugated ram-like horns.

These aasimar favor no one class over any other, but seldom is a faashtha-blooded individual found amongst the priesthood. They generally prefer other means of serving their chosen power, if any.

Faa-children frequently exhibit some or all of the following abilities:

- the ability to *charm* at a glance (*charm person*, as per the spell, three times a week)
- *protection from evil* 10' rad., twice a day
- a charge attack with their horns; 2d4 points of damage as long as the aasimar has at least 15' of running space
- a swiftness which makes them formidable in battle (a +2 bonus to initiative rolls)

Rammas

Much like their celestial ancestor, a rammas-blooded aasimar is often mistaken for one who possesses guardinal blood. However, the differences can be readily seen when one makes the effort. Those of rammas descent often possess thick, soft, storm grey hair, or even a velvet-short pelt of silvery-gray fur; others have a slightly ovine cast to their face, as if possessing an almost-undetectable muzzle. All rammas-aasimar, however, bear a pair of smooth, graceful coiled horns.

Aasimar descended from rammas do not favor any one class; multiclassing is popular, however -- the better to take the fight to those of evil. Almost all such aasimar are husky and well-built (possessing a +1 bonus to Strength).

Rammas-blooded aasimar may possess any or all of the following abilities:

- *detect lie*, as per the spell, three times a day
- the ability to cast *strength* twice a week, on the aasimar only
- use a head-butt attack (1d10 damage), if the aasimar has at least 10' to charge

a strong intolerance for injustice of any kind (a +1 to attack and damage when outraged, which is considered a **very rare ability**)

Planetouched PC's - Tieflings

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Ba-Rykue

Those tieflings of ba-rykue descent most commonly possess grey skin (varying in shade from nearly-white to greyish-black), slightly glowing eyes, a stocky physique, and a rather short stature. Many possess batlike wings, lightly dusted with scales (which may or may not be functional), jagged fangs, and a body temperature which is higher than normal.

Most ba-rykue-blooded tieflings favor the ways of the warrior (the Warrior group of classes), and rarely -- if ever! -- will you see a bardic individual of this bloodline.

These tieflings may possess any or all of the following special abilities:

- the ability to *heat/chill metal* (as per the spell), twice a day
- an innate prowess (+1 bonus to hit and damage, nonmagical) when fighting with spears
- an immunity to nonmagical acid

Barzu

The spawn of a barzu is always hooved, be it four-legged or two. (Granted, most are the offspring of a barzu/bariaur pairing, but stranger things have happened...). These tieflings have a rough, dusky hide, a grin filled with snaggletoothed fangs, coarse patchy hair and coats -- when they have them -- and malignant red eyes. Strangely enough, they almost never possess horns, and when they do they are little better than nubbins on the forehead.

Barzu-blooded tieflings favor no one lifestyle over another -- or, more accurately, they favor whatever it will take to keep them alive. (They have no one favored class.)

A tiefling with barzu heritage may possess the following ability:

- triple-damage attack (usually by weapon, never by spell) once a day

Echidenecho

Tieflings with echidenecho blood are exceedingly rare. Most exhibit at least a few snakelike traits; the most common include a snakelike tail -- or, more rarely, two -- a strangely boneless flexibility to their skeleton, multiple tentacles sprouting from the back or shoulders, or multiple arms. On occasion, tentacles may be tipped with curved, bone hooks.

It is almost unknown for an echidenecho-blooded tiefling to become any kind of spellcaster. Those few who do master the arts of magic, however, are obsessive in their dedication. The warrior classes are by far the most common.

Echidenecho-blooded tieflings may possess any or all of the following abilities:

- poison touch: 1d3 damage (save vs poison for 1/2 damage) three times a day
- acid touch: as above, but acidic rather than venomous

- hooked tentacles suitable for fighting (1d2+1 per hook; proficiency needed to attack with more than one tentacle at a time)
- constriction attack for 2d3 points of damage/round, if possessing a serpentine lower body or a heavy enough tail

Jehorra

All jehorra-blooded tieflings share one trait in common -- their coloration is uniformly dead black. Beyond this, they may inherit any number of odd trait from their fiendish parent; these features include a chitinous skin, compound eyes, extra limbs (usually thin and insectile), an insectile face, or heavy arms which fold into wide blades like those of a mantis. Many jehorra tieflings also possess deep purple eyes.

These individuals make brutal fighters, and tend to lean towards such a way of life. However, this warrior's instinct is often combined with that of a mage, following in the footsteps of the fiendish ancestor.

These tieflings may choose from any or all of the following abilities:

- an uncanny sense of alertness (+2 bonus to surprise checks)
- bladed mantis-like appendages, which cause 1d4+1 damage per strike
- the ability to secrete acid (1d3 damage on contact) for 1d6 rounds, once per day
- hide in shadows (as a thief) with 40% chance of success

Tanarriaur

The tiefling offspring of the tanarriaur, as like its baatorian-blooded counterpart (the barzu tiefling), most commonly resembled a hooved individual with ruddy flesh -- in this case, a deep brick-red -- patchy hair and pelt, if any at all, and no horns (or branching antlers instead of horns). However, the tanarriaur-blooded tiefling often possesses heavy, sloth-like claws in the place of, or supplementing, hooves. Some few individuals have similar claws on their hands.

Tanarriaur tieflings prefer the ways of the warrior; it appeals to the violent natures which they often inherit from their fiendish parent.

Those tieflings with tanarriaur blood may select the following ability:

- *generate fear* (as per the spell) once a day

Beholder, Psionic

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Climate/Terrain:	Outlands
Frequency:	Very Rare (unique?)
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius(17)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0/2/7
Movement:	F1 3 (B)
Hit Dice:	90 hp
THAC0:	3
No. of Attacks:	0
Damage/Attack:	0
Special Attacks:	Psionics
Special	<i>Anti-magic</i> and <i>anti-psionic ray</i> ,
Defenses:	psionics
Magic	40%
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (6' diameter)
Morale:	Fanatic (18)
XP Value:	26,000

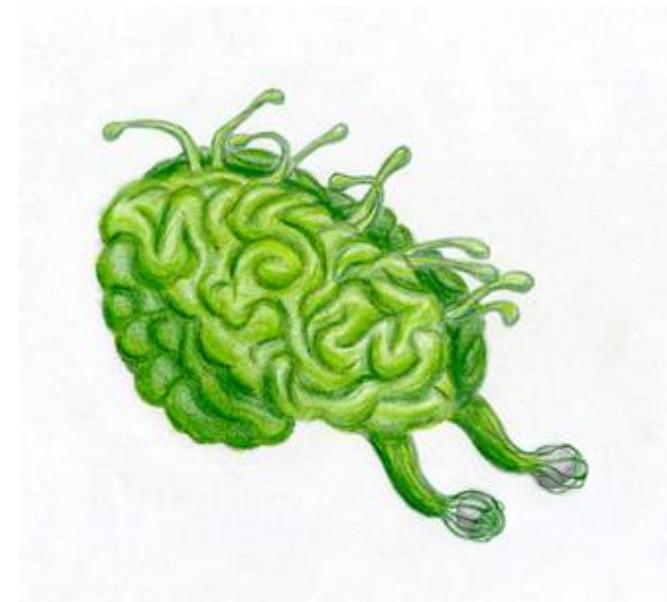
Psionics Summary:

Level	Attack/Defense	Score	PSPs
18	All/All	=Int	550

Exactly how this horrible creature came to be is unknown. Perhaps it's a result of the realms of Ilsensine and Gzemnid being so close together. It could also be an experiment performed by either or both of the monstrous powers to make something combining the strengths of the beholder and illithid races. In any case, the first sighting of the psionic beholder was made over two decades ago by the tiefling adventurer Guerith Longarm, who was widely regarded as a barmy after claiming that this as-yet unknown creature had killed the rest of his party in the mountains near Ironridge. Additional sightings since then have led sages to recognize its existence. No one knows if it is the unique result of an experiment (or, more horrifying, a mating) or if there are many psionic beholders in the mountains.

In appearance, it bears a resemblance both to Gzemnid and Ilsensine. A large brain-like mass floats above the ground, a pale shade of almost-glowing green. It lacks the toothy maw and characteristic central eye of beholders, but instead bears two eyes on thick eyestalks. Each of these eyestalks holds an eye in a mass of nerves. Ten tendrils rise from the cleft between the two halves of the main brainlike body with glistening lumpy ganglia at their ends. The psionic beholder can communicate telepathically with any intelligent being.

Combat: As with most beholders, the psionic



(The hideous psionic beholder!)

1. *Dominate* (30y, 13, 0, 2x contact)
2. *Inflict pain* (40y, 13, 0, 2/r)
3. *Superior invisibility* (100y, 12, 0, 5/r/creature)
4. *Telekinesis* (30y, 14, 3+, 1/r)
5. *Molecular agitation* (15y, 14, 6, 5/r)
6. *Disintegrate* (20y, 13, 40, n/a)
7. *Invincible foes* (Unlimited, 14, 0, 5/r)
8. *Inertial barrier* (3-y diameter, 14, 7, 5/r)
9. *Life draining* (10y, 14, 11, 5/r, also adds 1d6 PSPs to beholder's total)
10. *Mindwipe* (40y, 11, 0, 8/r)

Psionic beholders follow the same rules as their more mundane relatives in terms of the number of eyes that can be used in a given direction, hit point distribution to different parts of the body, and rate of recovery of wounds. Each of the main eyes has one-sixth of the total hit points.

In addition to its battery of eyes, the beholder also has all psionic attack modes and can use these attacks normally beyond its eye attacks. This attack requires achieving contact. The beholder usually begins combat by producing an *inertial barrier*. It then uses its anti-magic ray against obvious magic while using its minor eyes to its best advantage. The *anti-psionic* eye usually points downward in combat unless the beholder is under psionic attack. Extremely expensive attacks, such as *disintegration* and *domination*, are rarely used. Preferred is to use *life draining* and *molecular agitation* against melee opponents while using *mindwipe* and *inflict pain* against spellcasters. Note that abilities with a maintenance cost can be maintained as long as the beholder chooses to pay the cost in PSPs; the eye can continue to make additional attacks.

version has different Armour Classes for different parts of its body. Use the table below to see what body part is struck in combat:

d% Roll	Location	AC
01-75	Body	0
76-80	Left main eye or eyestalk	7
81-85	Right main eye or eyestalk	7
86-95	Minor stalk	2
96-00	One minor "eye"	7

The two main eyes each serve to protect the beholder; the left produces an *anti-magic* ray with a 140-yard range that covers a 45° angle, while the right eye produces an *anti-psionic* ray with a similar range and arc. Each eye can swing on its stalk to point anywhere in a 180° arc in front of the creature, including straight up.

Each of the ten smaller "eyes" or ganglia has a psionic power and draws PSPs from the main pool. The ganglia have psionic powers that in many cases are modified from the standard psionic abilities, and the powers in the Telepathy discipline do not need to make contact first, even if the target is a psionicist. The ganglia's abilities are as follows (statistics given are range, score, initial PSPs, and maintenance PSPs):

"...uh, Maliss, I don't think that runnin'll do any good..."

"Don't think ya leatherheaded sod,
RUN!"

-Maliss & Moriss, seeing a Psionic Beholder from afar-

Habitat/Society: It is unknown if there are many psionic beholders or just one, and so their society, if any, is a mystery. Both illithids and beholders have been reported accompanying psionic beholders, which gives some weight to the idea that it is a cooperative effort between the two monstrous powers. What purpose it serves is as yet unknown.

Ecology: So little is known about this creature that even such information as whether it needs to eat is a mystery. No young have been seen, but if it reproduces in the same fashion as normal (if any beholder can be so described) beholders then more may well exist. Accounts of the psionic abilities manifested very. This may be due to a general inexperience with psionics, but it also gives rise to the possibility that each of these sightings may have been of different variants.

Q'uiir

© 1999 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © 1999 by David Nasstrom. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Arcadia
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Core
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Vegetarian
Intelligence:	Supra-genius (19-20)
Treasure:	C (Lair only)
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	1 or 4d6+4
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	2d10+2
Special Attacks:	See Below
Special Defenses:	See Below
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Medium (6' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	1000

The q'uiir are odd looking, oddly shaped and oddly acting creatures that appear to be made of a clear, crystalline substance that is, for lack of a better word, utterly disjointed and fragmented.

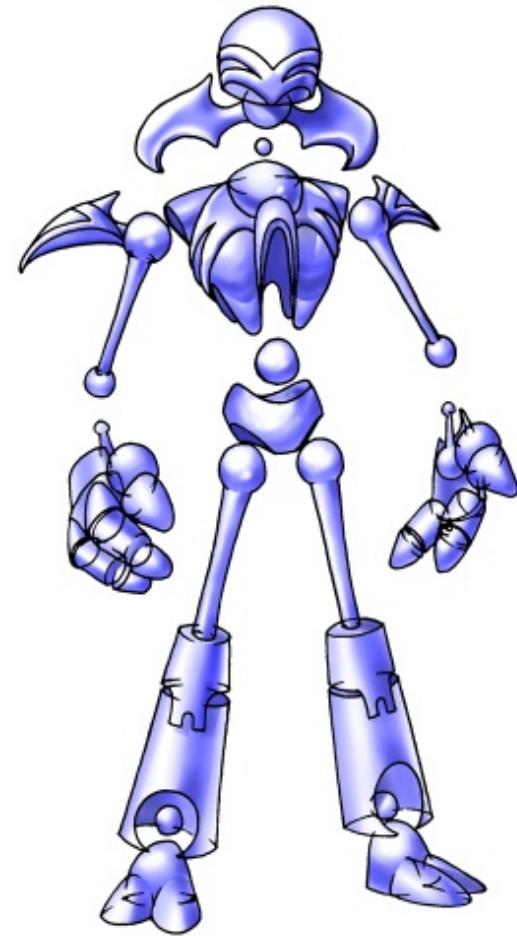
These extremely lawful creatures, who are thought to be natives of Arcadia, appear to be made up of several separate and distinct parts (such as a pair of arms, a pair of legs, a pair of hands, a torso, and a head) which seem to work together, as would a "normal" body. Yet what many sods cannot get past is the fact that a q'uiir's hands, for example do not in any manner connect to its arms! The same goes for its other body parts, as its legs do not connect to its body and nor does its head!

"Good sir, I *am* fluent in over six million forms of communic-"

-a boasting Q'uiir,
if such a thing exists-

This fact does not seem to bother the q'uiir, however, as they seem to function just as efficiently (actually more efficiently in many cases) as any other creature on the planes. The crystalline creatures have no apparent eyes, ears, nose, or mouth, but they are still able to perform all of the tasks that are normally associated with these organs.

When the q'uiir speak, who have a strange, grating, and metallic-sounding voice, their various head sections will glow randomly with an inner light. It is thought that this is a manner of "body language" that the q'uiir use to communicate amongst themselves that is merely lost upon other bashers. Q'uiir speak the languages of the formians, modrons, celestials, and planar common. They seem to have a knack for picking up languages easily and have been known to



(Bizarre and brutally strict, the Q'uiir)

The pieces of the puzzle begin simply, and they progress in difficulty as the growth of the crystalline creature progresses. What is so amazing is the fact that all of the puzzles, if tracked over the entire length of a q'uiir lifetime, can be then used as an allegory for the life-structure of the entire race!

Guvners are still trying to fathom the intricate and subtle pieces of q'uiir puzzles, but so far, no known non-q'uiir has been able to decipher the complicated and nearly alien codes that in q'uiir eyes, mark the "adolescent" stage of growth.

Laws in the q'uiir society are the norm. Q'uiir cannot even conceive of acting outside of or breaking these laws. For another to mention this is taboo, and such individuals are normally not to be associated with. Further, if they cannot be eventually converted to the q'uiir's manner of thinking, they are considered a threat and reported to the *CoreCommand* at first availability.

Thus, interactions with q'uiir and races such as slaadi and tanar'ri and factions such as the Xaositechs normally do not progress at all and usually wind up in

become fluent in a new tongue in days.

It should be noted, however, that the q'uiir do not have to breathe, as far as planar sages can ascertain.

Combat: "Combat with a single q'uiir is disturbing, to say the least. Combat with more than one q'uiir starts out as lunacy and quickly escalates into suicide". These are the words that were first spoken by Thurm Stoneshield, a dwarven cleric of Clangeddin after his first encounter with the q'uiir.

In melee, the q'uiir use their "built in" weapons, using their hands to grasp their upper arm sections and wield them as axes; they also wield their lower leg sections as clubs. The flare-like projections on the q'uiir's shoulders act as axe blades and are treated as +2 weapons and the lower leg sections are said to act as a *mace of disruption*.

Also, the q'uiir can control their hands at a distance of 30 feet away from their torso, so that a q'uiir can effectively attack multiple opponents in different locations at the same time, while still being quite a distance away!

It seems that the q'uiir's control over their appendages is limited to a line of sight, but it is also well-known that most masking or illusionary spells, including *improved invisibility* do not affect the q'uiir. Also, if a q'uiir is separated from its appendages by either distance or line of sight, the appendage immediately (no matter what it is doing) returns to the side of the q'uiir.

Trying to hit one of these crystalline creatures is nearly as difficult as avoiding being hit by one of them, as they can, by mere thought, separate their body into fragments, thus lowering their AC by 2 (this does not disrupt their attacks). Further, they can be hit by only +1 or greater weapons and take half damage from slashing or cutting edge weapons. Crushing weapons, however, deliver double damage to the crystalline creatures.

Finally, if a single q'uiir falls under attack, it emits a silent call to its brethren for help. Oddly, some planewalkers report smelling a scent somewhat like oranges which fills the air just before these "reinforcements" (4d6+4 additional q'uiir) arrive. When this happens, all q'uiir involved will fight until either dead or a sod talks them down using cold, hard logic...

Habitat/Society: The society of the q'uiir is extremely structured and detailed, almost rivaling the volumes of laws, rules, and regulations penned by the Guvnors. However, with the q'uiir, their societal structures are not written, but rather, passed from each generation to the next by means of complex puzzles that must be decoded. As the young q'uiir slowly learns the steps to decode the complex puzzle, it also learns the rules that are used in day-to-day life.

bloodshed. Reactions with modrons are by far the best, and in truth, many modrons (rogue and otherwise) have been quoted as saying that no sods on the planes understand them as do the q'uiir.

Q'uiir society is controlled by a central hive-mind type of intelligence, which is referred to as the *CoreCommand*. No sod knows exactly what this *CoreCommand* is, whether it be a ruling body or a single being, but it rules the society of the q'uiir with a nearly ruthless authority that would make even the Hardheads proud.

Ecology: The q'uiir, being crystalline in nature and composition, are very closely tied to the earth and all of its bounty. Due to their close ties to the elements and the earth, many graybeards wigwag that they are actually transplants from the Inner planes, who took up residence on Arcadia aeons ago. However, whatever be the case (as most sages agree that the q'uiir are undoubtedly natives of the lawful plane), the q'uiir have found a home wherein they fit without a hitch.

The hive-like lifestyle of the q'uiir, even down to their fastidious tending and farming of their unusual crystal-fungus gardens, fits the hedge-trimmed and ordered nature of the plane. While the q'uiir do grow surplus food for storage, they also make certain that the subtle and tenuous balance of the plane's life is maintained. They seem to be gravely and sternly aware of this balance and work to maintain it at all times. In fact, the q'uiir are becoming known the planes over as a race of herbalists, healers, and even in some circles, druids!

The reproductive cycle, like the rest of the q'uiir's existence, is very complex and follows sets of rules that only the crystalline race can fully comprehend. However, it is known that q'uiir are grown from special crystals that are found in the *CoreHives* of the q'uiir settlements. While it has not been verified, it is believed that these *CoreCrystals*, as they are called, are actually the life force of q'uiir that have passed on, that are recycled into the next generation of Arcadian natives.

The exact rate of reproduction is unknown, but it could be assumed that due to the q'uiir's careful consideration of the balance of life around them that they would never "plant" more young than their ecology could support.

Slaad, Rainbow

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Climate/Terrain:	Limbo
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	R
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1, rarely 2
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	6+2
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4/2d6
Special Attacks:	Wild surges, spells, poison, hypnotizing look
Special Defenses:	Immune to wild surges, enchanted weapon to hit, <i>polymorph self</i> 3/day
Magic Resistance:	65%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	1800

Rainbow slaadi are quite slender, much smaller than your average slaad. They have large heads with bulging eyes, high forehead and huge mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. They roam Limbo searching for humanoid settlements, where they try to spread as much chaos and confusion as possible. They can *polymorph self* thrice a day (or whatever passes for a day in Limbo) to appear as a humanoid and infiltrate githzerai or the few other settlements on the chaotic plane.

A close look at their skin reveals beautiful, ever-changing patterns of colors moving randomly through their bodies. It creates so wonderful a sight that every creature of intelligence above 3 which looks at rainbow slaad must save vs. spell or stand hypnotized until something blocks the sight of the creature, the hypnotized person is struck, or 5d4 rounds had passed.

Rainbow slaadi can be found almost exclusively on Limbo, as they tend to find other planes too boring and orderly for their liking.

"Just look at his...
...so beautiful... colors...
urgh!"

-last words of F'nya the Bard-

Combat: Rainbow slaadi don't like to fight. They are physically much weaker than other slaadi, so they try to stay as far from harm as possible. They



(Behold the beautiful rainbow slaad!)

Habitat/Society: These slaadi are outcasts, other slaadi tend to bully them and drive them off, however, rarely do they physically harm rainbow slaadi. So, they are almost always found solitarily, but on rare instances a body can actually encounter a couple of these beings. This is the most dangerous situation, as the two compete with each other as if they wanted to show that they can spread more chaos than the other. They eagerly include anyone they can see in their competition (sometimes fatal for the victims, sometimes not, or even beneficial - the outcome is unpredictable).

Rainbow slaadi love to sneak into githzerai or other humanoid settlements using its *polymorph self* ability. While it wanders about the settlement it behaves surprisingly orderly, as it understands the need to remain disguised. Only when it finds a certain spot, where it can wreak most havoc with its wild surges, it changes to its true form. Of course the slaad does it in hiding, and happily observes the chaos created, while remaining hidden and safe. As such, they are treated as dangerous invaders and infiltrators and hunted mercilessly. When rainbow slaadi attacks become more than a nuisance, githzerai dispatch whole hunting groups intent solely on locating and destroying these rare beings.

Ecology: There is no known way a rainbow slaad can reproduce on its own. Rainbow slaadi are born in a very special circumstances. Whenever red or blue slaadi inject egg-pellets into a body of wild mage, there is a slim chance that a rainbow slaad will be created. They cannot be born in any other circumstances, thus, of all the slaadi only the death slaadi are less frequently encountered.

When the egg gestates in a body of a wild mage, it is somewhat changed by the magical energies, and the

prefer to attack from surprise and never attack obviously stronger opponents. While engaged in combat slaad casts spells as 6th level mage. Spells are picked at random, as the slaad get new randomly chosen spells each day without the need of memorization of any kind.

When forced to fight physically slaadi strike with their claws for 1d4 dmg and their powerful bite inflicts 2d6 dmg + poisonous saliva [save vs. poison or 3d10 dmg and nausea (-2 to all rolls for 2d6 hours) if successful, only nausea takes effect for 1d4 hours]. The poisonous effects can be felt after 3d4 rounds.

The main weapon of a rainbow slaad is its ability to create wild surges 1/round at targets up to 100 yards away. The slaad itself is completely immune to the effects of wild surges, so it just loves to throw them at random whenever they can. It is unknown if it has ability to control the effects of a wild surge, as even if it could control these effects, no one would see a difference between controlled and random one. Opponents fighting a rainbow slaad should take notice (quickly) that only enchanted weapons can harm the creature.

rainbow slaadi retain some of the characteristics of the mage (spells, wild surges, physical weakness, intelligence etc.). They seem to exist only to spread chaos and general mayhem among less chaotic inhabitants of Limbo.

They are a scourge especially for the berks who try to stabilize the rolling chaos of Limbo, as any attempt to organize or structure chaos draws the rainbow slaadi like a moth to flame. Chaos engineers and anarchists seem to be most prone to their attacks.

Rammas

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Climate/Terrain:	Any Upper, Lower Plane or Outlands
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Good deeds
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Any good
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	10+8
THAC0:	8
No. of Attacks:	3 (fist(x2), head butt) or by weapon
Damage/Attack:	1d12(x2)/1d10+2 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Added Bonuses (See below)
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	45%
Size:	M (5' to 6' tall)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	14,000

"May you fight as a wronged Rammas..."

-Ancient Upper Planar Saying-

It is said that the often used prime term, 'Defenders of the Faith', derived from these staunch, solitary, and noble hearted warriors. The Rammas are known throughout the Upper Planes as nearly unmatchable warriors with hearts of purest goodness. It is said that they were birthed from the sheer want in the multiverse for someone to come to the aid of those in need. Whether or not this is true, the Rammas more than fit the bill.

The Rammas resemble the guardinals of Elysium in their animalistic looks and mannerisms, but they are not, however, members of that fair and wellborn race. Roughly human-sized beings, they favor humans in most aspects, but all have the striking visages of rams, lending a noble and quiet air about them. Although most bloods would be quick to think so, their countenance neither favors cervidales of Elysium nor the bariaur common to the Outlands and Ysgard. They are, without a doubt, a race all their own.

All are known to be deep voiced and ultimately kind to those of good hearts, although they can innately detect evil up to a range of 30 yards and never hesitate to bring this fact to the fore. They are most often seen in their adventuring gear which usually consists of only their well tended and battle-worn armor, their weapon of choice (most often a



(A Rammas, preparing for battle)

Setting Category	Strength Modifier	AC Modifier	THAC0 Modifier
Calm, Placid	None	None	None
Slight Injustices - (petty theft of jink, etc.)	+1	-1	-1
Minor Injustices - (abuse of pack animals, etc.)	+2	-2	-2
Major Injustices - (murder, neglect of children, etc.)	+3	-3	-3

Habitat/Society: Very little, if anything is known of the society of the Rammas. This is mostly due to the fact that they are rarely seen together. Fiercely solitary creatures, the Rammas have only been known to band together and fight as a single force only once in the long recorded history of the planes. They were said to have been present at the Battle of Goth, (the Battle of Goth is thought to be, amongst most graybeards, to be the first Blood War Battle wherein innocents were used as literal fiend-shields - the victory of the Rammas was said to have been staggering) and even then, they spoke and interacted only enough to coordinate their attacks as a single, cohesive unit.

Planar graybeards have struggled for centuries to solve the enigma of the Rammas, as they seem to elude most of the laws that govern the rest of the multiverse. Their wandering nature makes them very difficult to study, as most planewalker bloods even find it difficult to match

longsword, battleaxe, or maul), and possibly standard adventuring gear.

Strangely, they are never seen eating or drinking and some graybeards even theorize that it is the very deeds of goodness that they perpetrate which becomes their metaphorical bread and butter. This might well account for their zeal in performing acts of charity and goodness, but the darks have remained hidden for as long as these solitary do-gooders have existed.

Combat: Rammas are, as one would expect, highly formidable foes in mortal combat. They are far stronger than most mortals (19 Strength) and when combating evil and the injustices thereof, are fearless and will fight to the death. However, they fight only when there is a need or an injustice to be set right, but once they enter combat, they war with a zeal unlike any known. There is an old Upper Planar saying amongst warrior initiates, "he fights like a Rammas who has been wronged".

There seems to be some substance behind this aged saying, as it seems that the Rammas are able to channel the fury, hurt, and despair of those around them who have been wronged into pure fury and combat prowess. Legends tell of Rammas, who in combat, have been known to take on several greater zugoloths and destroy them single handedly.

For the Rammas, it is almost as if their intense anger at the injustices that are forced upon others fuel the fire of the battle in their noble hearts. In game terms, the Rammas are a bit more difficult to "pin down", however.

The DM must decide on the strength of this creature depending on the encounter situation. If a Rammas is encountered in a fairly calm and placid setting, use the stats as given. However, if one is encountered in a setting filled with harsh injustices, alter the creature accordingly (feel free to edit this list as you see fit):

steps with them. It is said that the Rammas, much like the githzerai and the githyanki, are able to "step through the cracks", or *planeshift*, at will.

The very existence of these creatures are said to make most Guvnors irate with frustration. When encountered, Rammas speak little of themselves and their kind, they subtly steer the conversation into what they deem familiar territory - the injustices of the multiverse and how they should be righted. Some sages have theorized that perhaps the Rammas are not a planar race at all, but rather a stage of Upper Planar petitioner development that has been previously unknown. After all, the bashers seem to exhibit all of the best of what the Upper Planes are said to embody, right? If this be true, though, how could the Rammas' *planeshifting* ability be accounted for? Some sages think that perhaps they are an unusual race of Prime paladins that were stranded on the planes long, long ago? One thing about the Rammas is certain, however, until they come clean with the darks, these questions may go unanswered for countless cycles to come.

Ecology: The Rammas, contrary to what one might expect, spend quite a lot of their 'free time' (or whatever passes for such), contributing to the common good around them. Whether it is bringing food stores to a starving section of a Lower Planar Gatetown, breaking the chains of khaasta-captured slaves, or utterly destroying a seething hive of kyton-spawned iniquity in Baator, they strive for the greater good in all of their efforts. Rammas have even on occasion been seen working in the Bleaker soup kitchens in Sigil, not because they necessarily agree with the faction's outlook on the multiverse, but rather because they believe in helping those who are in need.

The Rammas take an active role in trying to make their surroundings just a tiny bit better before they again take to the Great Road. For this reason, they are said to return things to the world around them, whether it be as menial as blankets for freezing children in Carceri or as fantastic as an ever-flowing magical spring in Pelion. A Rammas' horn is also said to be the main ingredient in the creation of any of the various dweomered *horns*, such as a *Horn of Valhalla*, that are known to adventurers everywhere.

Planetouched PC's: Aasimar versions of the Rammas are also known to traverse the planes.

RazorFish

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Climate/Terrain: Oceanus, also salty or brackish water

Frequency: Very Rare
Organization: School
Activity Cycle: Diurnal
Diet: Blood
Intelligence: Animal (1)
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 5-20

Armor Class: 7

Movement: Sw 18

Hit Dice: 1

THAC0: 18

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 1d4

Special Attacks: Blood Drain

Special: None

Defenses:

Magic: None

Resistance:

Size: Tiny (2' tall or less)

Morale: Unreliable (2-4)

XP Value: 35

The Razorfish is a small (less than six inches) silvery-black fish with elongated fins along both sides and a wide, leech-like mouth. It moves quickly and erratically. Its body is slim (less than one inch across) with a wide head (roughly an inch and a half wide) and bulbous black eyes. Its dorsal and ventral fins are small and sweep back sharply after the root. The tail is relatively large with an obvious V shape.

Combat: A swarm of razorfish cruise about as if they were a single creature. Once they sight a creature they believe may be prey the entire swarm moves to surround them. They will swim at maximum speed by the victim and slash with their elongated side fins (1d4 points of damage).

Once a slash is successful the fish will attach its large circular mouth to the wound. The small hard tongue will continuously rasp the wound to keep it bleeding while the fish sucks the blood of its prey (1d6 points per round).

Once a creature has been bled dry the swarm will leave the drained husk. If a razorfish takes half its total in damage it will detach and flee. It is very common to find sharks and other major predators in the same area as a swarm of razorfish. They feed on the wounded or dead creatures once swarm leaves.

"Arrrghh! man the nets, mateys!

there be Razorfish about!"

-Darguuus Saltybeard, Fisherman on the Oceanus-



(The Razorfish, Predator of planar waters!)

Habitat/Society: As the razorfish seem to exhibit only animal like intelligence, no known social structure above that level of organization is known. However, Guvner sages that specialize in the behaviors of animals have noted that the uncanny precision that a school of razorfish display hints at some sort of "greater intelligence". There are a few known Guvner-funded studies on this subject currently underway...

Ecology: The razorfish, as natural predators, act to keep slow or weak fish (or other creatures) out of their area. It is very common for them to pirate fishing nets as those caught in them cannot fight back. Thus, fishermen wage war against them in all areas where the two collide.

Ressha

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Climate/Terrain:	Planes of Conflict, Sigil
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Clan
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	W
Alignment:	Neutral Good or Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-2 (base)
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	7 (base)
THAC0:	11 (base)
No. of Attacks:	6 (4 attacks/rd, 1 bite, 1 tail snap)
Damage/Attack:	(1d8+4)x4 or by weapon, 3d4, 1d10
Special Attacks:	Venom, <i>DeepGaze</i>
Special Defenses:	+2 or better weapons to hit, <i>Blur</i> , <i>Teleport w/o error</i>
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	L (12' tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	50,000

Ressha are the only known planar creatures that are thought to have evolved simultaneously across planar boundaries. While it at first sounds utterly amazing, the more graybeards learn of this oft silent and highly secretive race, the more accurate this portrayal seems.

The Ressha are very tall and thin snake-headed humanoids that appear to be a fluid hybrid of snake, lizard, and human. They have extremely elongated limbs (they never wear shoes of any kind) and digits and all Ressha boast a long, sinuous and prehensile tail that seems to be a source of pride for the race. All Ressha sport flared hoods, similar to the prime cobra, but this hood seems to be far more pronounced in the female of the race.

Fully 90% of all encountered Ressha will be female, or at least their anatomy makes them appear so. Males are seen, although rarely so, but no male Ressha has ever been known to speak. Further, it would seem that the male Ressha seem to fill some sort of servitory role within the society, but this has been in no way confirmed.

Ressha always wear clothing and seem to favor bright, warm colors of flowing, diaphanous cloth. They love loose fitting, multiple-layered clothing that they seem to simply "wrap themselves up in and go". All Ressha speak planar common, as well as their own language, which is never spoken around other beings. However, evidence of this language exists, as fragments of Resshan texts have been discovered. A common misconception is that the Ressha speak with a sibilant hiss, much as one would expect a snake-being to speak. This could not be further from the truth, however, as Ressha have perfect pronunciation...



(A White-Clan Ressha)

"I am Ressha.

That is all you need know."

-Silk, a Ressha, to a leatherhead in the Cage-

Habitat/Society: With the Ressha being as intensely secretive as they are, there is preciously little known about their society or their societal structure. It is believed that the Ressha enjoy the fruits of a very strong matriarchal society, with the males in a servitory or supportive role. This is initially supported by the way that males are treated when in public, but many planar sages are quick to point out that it well may be taboo for males to speak only in public. They may, in fact, be the leaders of the race. Most canny cutters, however, tag this as screed...

What is known is that the Ressha make up a part of an extremely complex (and quite unique) societal structure that spans several planes and has a definite structure and purpose, with seemingly **no** central coordination. This structure is organized into Clans, or in the Resshan tongue, *Liiss'Kai* of varying level and and focus.

The *Liiss'Kai* are loosely organized by Guvner graybeards as the following: the White Clans, which commonly hail from Bytopia, Elysium, and the Beastlands and the Dark Clans, from Gehenna, the

Combat: Ressha are terrifyingly deadly foes in combat, who can easily stand toe-to-toe with either fiends or celestials. With their inhuman speed and agility, they are incredibly hard to hit and are able to attack six times per round, or may forgo one of those attacks and use their *DeepGaze* ability instead. Further, Ressha may only be hit by weapons of +2 or greater enchantment and able to use *Blur* and *Teleport without error* at will.

Normally, however, they keep this attack in reserve, and use their blazingly fast four attacks with their long, slender, sharply scaled fingers (**1d8+4 damage**) or with their long, slender, rapier-like weapons known as *Ry'Liss't* (**2d12+4 damage**). If not able to use the *Ry'Liss't*, all Ressha should be considered as masters of any long or slender bladed weapon (rapier, fencing foil, scimitar, longsword) and specialized with any other type of bladed weapon.

Further, Ressha are able to deliver a stinging blow with their tail during combat and many will employ it to trip an opponent (if applicable) or merely distract by waving it erratically in their field of vision. Under no circumstances will any Ressha (that is of sound mind and body) put its tail into direct harm, and if any damage comes to the tail, a Ressha is forced to make an immediate morale check or flee from battle.

Ressha can also deliver a potentially fatal bite once per round (**save vs. poison or die**). However, the venom glands of the Ressha are not overly large and only the first few (**1d10+4**) successful bites are able to inject poison. If a bite attack misses, the poison is not injected and after the venom glands are exhausted, the Ressha will continue to bite, although it only does the listed damage - it is otherwise considered a "dry bite".

If pressed, the Ressha can forgo one attack in a round and attempt its *DeepGaze* attack. If successful (**save vs. petrification at -4**) the target is affected with the effects of a *slow* spell, coupled with the effects of a *confusion* spell. The effects of the latter will always be to stand in confusion for the duration of the spell (**one round per Hit Die of the Ressha**).

Lastly, DM's should consider the stats given above as the base stats for the monster. For every additional Hit Dice added, THAC0 should be dropped on a one to one ratio. For instance, if a party encounters two Ressha, one "normal" and one "leader", the normal will have the stats as listed, while the "leader" well might be an 11 Hit Dice monster with a mere THAC0 of 8! AC is adjusted as per DM desires, but the base unarmored AC for these mighty creatures is -2!

Gray Waste, and Carceri. The clans seem to have some form of sub-division that is based upon plane, but the divisions are undetectable by non-Resshans. All clans continually strive to further the goals of their plane of origin and their belief set (**alignment**), but they have never been known to war with their opposing Clans.

The White Clans (known for their stylistic white "snake eye" symbol - similar to a prime cobra's hood markings - on a purple field) are bastions of neutrality and goodness and actively try to spread those beliefs throughout the planes, either by word or war. For instance, Ressha have been known to openly make war with the native fiends of Carceri, the gehreleths, and are said to have mounted several raids against Apomps himself. Further, the White Clans actively seek to foil the intricate plans of the yugoloths at their every turn.

The Darks Clans (who sport a stylistic symbol identical to the White Clan, except that it has black markings on a golden field) are emblems of neutrality and evil and strive at every turn to further those causes throughout the multiverse. The Dark Clans are hated foes of the guardinals and seek to oppose them and their deeds at every turn.

Ecology: Despite their best attempts, planar sages have not been able to deny the Resshas' claims that they are natives of the planes. While no chant can be found to refute this, only the existence of the Ressha themselves support it. For now, however, that is more than sufficient proof, however, for they are truly a force to be reckoned with.

Luckily, the Ressha continue on as they say they always have - tending to their own affairs and supporting their causes - the cause of neutrality in its extremes. While the Ressha seem to show no love when asked their feelings for the Rilmani, neither do they show any animosity. It almost seems that they would rather pretend that the guardians of true neutrality simply do not exist.

While carnivores, the Ressha will not feed on sentient beings. They eat only creatures which they deem "worthy of consumption" and even then, are very picky and fastidious about such things. If they ate regularly, they would without question occupy the rank of top predator of their area, but chant has it that these creatures need only eat once to thrice a cycle in order to sustain themselves.

Nothing is known of their reproductive cycles and they are not forthcoming regarding these, as well as many other, subject.

Rijen

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Climate/Terrain:	Gray Waste
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Flock
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Nil
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	2-40
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	6, fl 18 (D)
Hit Dice:	1+2
THAC0:	19
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d6
Special Attacks:	Nil
Special Defenses:	Nil
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Small (2' + to 4')
Morale:	N/A
XP Value:	65

Gray as the land they live in, and usually horribly deformed, a Rijen most resembles a bird with claws instead of wings. However, birds don't look as depressed and depressing as these creatures. They look like embodiments of the hopelessness of the Wastes, and their blind eyes always have a morose expression as they perhaps sit on the branches of a gray, long dead tree.

Roughly forty percent of these creatures speak some form of a planar language, which should be determined by the DM. It could be any language, and a surprising number of them speak planar common as well as some of the upper planar tongues.

"Aargh!"

-a Rijen when encountered-

Combat: When attacked, there is only a 20% chance that a Rijen will even defend itself. They NEVER attack on their own. When it enters combat, it fights with its two claws and its beak, but it does it in such a slow manner that it still has only one attack per round. In fact, all their movements seem sluggish and unmotivated. Because they are utterly blind, a Rijen fights with a -4 penalty to attack rolls, raising their THAC0 to 23. Although unmotivated, it needs never check morale; it has no morale, and it'd just as rather die.

Habitat/Society: Rijens live in flocks of up to 40 individuals. These flocks stick together because, as they themselves say, 'It's always been like that. Why change?'. These flocks roam the Wastes, appearing to search for something, but when asked they claim they know it does not exist. They usually add bitterly: 'What's the use? If we find something, we can't see it.'



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(Grey and lonely - a Rijen on its perch)

Researchers who did not ask found out they aren't really searching anything. They sometimes just migrate for the sake of migrating. These creatures have absolutely no desires, hopes or motivations. They can only die by force (and hardly anyone bothers to help these creatures), need never reproduce (because their number increases through other means) and don't need to eat.

What life could that be? None at all. Go figure.

Ecology: When a (large) group of adventurers and really good friends loses themselves to the Wastes simultaneously, they usually retain a glint of hope for their friends. This is why they don't reach the lowest status on the Wastes (larva), but keep a bit of their dignity and become Rijens. This is deemed a slightly better fate by most others.

Still, no-one envies them, and most informed and merciful adventurers try to put them out of their misery. Any attempts to revive a Rijen, to have it return to its former self, have failed up till now.

Dwarf, Rockbiter

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Climate/Terrain: Elemental Plane of Earth, Quasiplane of Mineral, Some subterranean

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: City

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Minerals or rocks

Intelligence: Average (8-10)

Treasure: q (lair Hx2 per 5 members)

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

No. Appearing: 2-40

Armor Class: 2

Movement: 9

Hit Dice: 4 (base)

THAC0: 14 (base)

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: by weapon +7

Special Attacks: None

Special: *stoneskin*

Defenses:

Magic: 25%

Resistance:

Size: M (3'-5' tall)

Morale: 13 (Elite)

XP Value: 4 HD: 500

5 HD: 2,000

6 HD: 4,000

9 HD: 9,000

The Rockbiter dwarves are a small and rarely seen subrace of dwarves that are encountered almost solely on the Inner Planes, specifically the Elemental Plane of Earth and the Quasiplane of Mineral. Common theories held by most graybeards point to one of three possible origins of these unusual bloods, none of which can be proven beyond a reasonable doubt. And so, the Guvnors prattle on...

The first of the three theories twigs to the chant that the rockbiters were modified long ago by a wizard (more than likely a prime spellslinger) to be the greatest miners of the planes and plunder the infinite reaches of Earth and Mineral to add to the coffers. The second of the three holds to that the rockbiters were normal dwarves that stumbled into a conduit or portal long, long ago and have slowly adapted not only their way of life but also their physical forms to survive in the harsh conditions presented by the Inner Planes. the third of the three spills the screed that they are native to either the plane of Earth or Mineral and have simply always been and have only recently been discovered by planar explorers and sages.

The body composition of the rockbiters is totally different from that of most creatures - it is entirely made up of silicates and metals. In fact, rockbiters look exactly like dwarves until you get very close, and then a canny cutter will notice the differences. Their namesake comes from their wide, flat and solid teeth with which they consume rocks and minerals with little difficulty. The "hair" of the beard and scalp is



(Rockbiter Champion)

Habitat/Society: The society of the rockbiters is a very closed and rigidly organized monarchy. Most of the adult males are miners, while a select few of the most skilled are chosen as artisans, weaponsmiths, and crafers. All of these are felt to be very highly prized positions within rockbiter society and highly respected. Most females are priests (priests of what or who is not exactly known) and they act heads of the few rockbiter temples as well as the keepers of the rockbiter lore. There is usually one female for every three males within a rockbiter city and there is normally one child for every two females.

Rockbiters do not really get along well with any other races, but they tend to warm more to those creatures native to the planes of Earth and Mineral than any other. They nearly worshipp the Dharum Suhn and many graybeards theorize that it is, in fact, one of these earth spirits that the rockbiters so clandestinely worshipp. They deal well with races like the galeb duhr and earth elementals but they tend to see other "earth-native" races such as the shad, earth genasi, earth mephits, rukova, pech, and chagrin grue as "lesser races" and deal with them only when they must.

"Softies,

what gud are dey? Can't chomp a crystal,
can't eat an onyx..."

-Common Rockbiter complaint about "Us"-

Strangely, the rockbiters hate the dao and while they

made entirely of fine metal filaments and the eyes appear to be glittering, but fully-functional, deep-set gemstones. The skin is always an earth tone color (because it is, in fact, made of some form of earth or substrate) normally ranging from dark brown to black, although cases of light, sandy colors are not unheard of. There is also an unusual, but very slight grinding noise as they move and it is said that the rockbiters bleed mithril or other ores.

Combat: While much slower to anger than their distant cousins, in combat rockbiters act much as dwarves normally will. They fight in highly organized and balanced groups, using tried and true military tactics. They use their *stoneskin* (3 times/day) power to the maximum affect, often coupling it with other protective spells and foregoing armor. They will also commonly work together using their *stapeshape* abilities (once per week) to create complex traps around their fortresses and homes. They also use *Maximilam's earthen grasp* (2/day) and *stony grasp* (1/day) to inhibit and confuse their enemies.

(The Rockbiters are normally very well organized and they will have at least one 5th level warrior-leader for every 10 4 HD rockbiters. For every 4 5th level warrior-leaders, there will be at least one 4th level priest as support as well as one 6th level battlelord. Each battlelord falls under the command of the king who is normally treated as at least a 9 HD creature)

do not wage all out war against the slaver lords of the Inner Planes, they will attack them on site, giving no quarter and fighting to the death. Also noteworthy, the rockbiters have been known to deal openly and agreeably with the Tsng (from the Quasiplane of Mineral) on multiple occasions and it is thought that they are trading partners with them.

Ecology: The ecology of the rockbiters is seemingly based on the consumption of earth and other minerals. They have an almost religious reverence for this and never take more than is needed. Whether they be native or not, they have very close ties to their plane of choice (for lack of a better term) and treat it with the utmost respect and defend it like they would one of their own children. They have no need to interact with what they term as "meat life", or "softies" and do so as little as possible and then only to trade for something that they desperately need and cannot obtain for themselves (such as simple clothing and wood products).

Senex

© 2000 by [Khevin the bard Artwork](#) © of William Teo. See more of his artwork here. .

Climate/Terrain:	Any urban
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Mainly nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Supra-genius (19-20)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-8 (see below)
Movement:	12/6
Hit Dice:	12
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	1/Special
Damage/Attack:	2d6+1/1d8+2
Special Attacks:	tentacle strikes, wrapping, engulfing, and absorption. liquid polymorphic, mass increase
Special Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	70%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	60,000

The Senex is a being of immense power, known as a warrior, a collector of arcane lore, and a flesh-eating monster. Its actual origins are unknown although it does brag about its longevity and its body count over the past 800 years (saying that it only started counting from there; before then it "was a bloodbath to the likes not seen since...").

The Senex appears in humanoid forms as an alabaster white man with smooth, flawless skin (treat as an effective Chr: 14 for social situations) and large sharpened projections on the shoulders or the spine (these are usually bone fragments and daggers that are held in the thick rubbery body to intimidate). Its face is either the perfect aesthetic of the culture in which the Senex is currently living among or a deformed man with a bald head, elongated nose, and thousands of small bone shards used as teeth in a gaping maw of a mouth.

The Senex has vast shapeshifting abilities allowing it to mimic others for numbers of days and use that as an opportunity to feed on sentient victims. It believes wholeheartedly in the idea of "Survival of the Fittest", and lives by the belief he must be the highest on the foodchain in a given area. It has been known to attack huge creatures for food.

Combat: A relentless attacker, the Senex usually begins combat by creating tentacle-like whipping projections out of the thick sentient proto-pudding. The Senex is also capable of shifting into other forms local to the area. All forms will have distinct alabaster-white coloring. From millenia of study, it can use the attacks of most other creatures, except most magical



(An artist's rendition of a Senex)

I think you are fine, prime examples of the fighting peck of your kind. I welcome you to my den. Oh and please try to resist; your blood and flesh is so much finer with fear mixed in it..."

-A Senex, to a doomed Planewalker-

Habitat/Society: A calm and polite creature, the Senex will always test the skill of his prey before he eats them. Ironically, it is usually the weakest adventurer in a party that will live to tell tales of the encounter. The Senex will eat only the finest warriors, and anything else is not considered.

The Senex is also a scholar. It has even been known to let promising young mages and priests go with some of the Senex's old materials and scrolls. Many seek the Senex for its wisdom. Almost all, however, die a horrible death.

The Senex may, if so inclined, join a party for a time to feed and collect a certain artifact. If so, please use the following ability scores for the NPC: Str 15, Dex 16, Con 21, Int 19, Wis 25, Chr 14

creatures.

The Senex is prone to talking to the adventurers while fighting, offering jabs of wit and threats of the ways he will eat them. When the Senex believes he is a real danger from the players (and he rarely does), he can shift into his natural form and become almost invulnerable (AC:-5). Further, if the Senex is split into pieces or blown apart each piece will find the rest of the collective being.

The Senex cannot be truly destroyed. Every time a party "destroys" or "kills" the Senex, it will reform in 3d10 days and be VERY hungry. If this state, the Senex has been reported to attack and kill dragons of young to adult age.

"I am as old as ages. I am the maker of epochs, the breaker of civilizations, the taker of souls. And you seek the wisdom of the great wise old man? I am he. The Senex. And you are all such fine warriors to have come so far to seek me.

Ecology: The Senex typically lives underground in caverns, dungeons, or catacombs. These places provide the protection he likes and the environments he enjoys. In almost any dungeon the Senex lives in, most of the treasures inside that dungeon will be in his den.

Serrous Steed

© 1999 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Tara K Labus. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Upper planes, Special aquatic
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Pod-Herd
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral (Neutral Good)
No. Appearing:	1 or 10-60+
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	18, Sw 36
Hit Dice:	6+6
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	3 or 5
Damage/Attack:	4-12/4-12/5-20 or 4-12(x4)/5-20
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	Ink cloud, camouflage
Magic Resistances:	Nil
Size:	L (12'-15' long, 9' tall at the shoulder)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	2,000

Serrous steeds are inhabitants of the Upper planes, where they inhabit many of its waterways and natural bodies of water. They are well known amongst the Guardinals of Elysium, who often have dealings with them and on occasion (when it suits the Steeds) use them for mounts, beasts of burden, guides, and allies against the evil denizens of the planes. They are invaluable due to their ability to function in these roles equally well whether they are upon land or in their native element, the water.

Serrous steeds, at first glance, appear to be a fearsome denizen of the Lower planes, while they are indeed fierce, they are natives of the Upper planes and are believed to have originated in the mighty river Oceanus. They are very large semi-terrestrial beasts that are equally at home on terra-firma as well as the water and seem to be a strange cross between a shark, a horse, a buffalo, and possibly an octopus.

Serrous steeds normally speak the Upper Planar trade tongue, although they do so with a gurgling, low voice that is often accentuated by large gasps for air. They can also communicate with most forms of aquatic life such as balenas, merfolk, and water elementals. They speak their own language, but when translated to common, it seems to be limited to very broad and almost abstract values of the language.

Serrous steeds hate shaughin and will hunt them relentlessly if encountered or if the "sea demons"



(A Male Serrous Steed)

**"And ya thought all
Upper Planar critters were cute an'
cuddly, eh?"**

-Thor'vas, Upper Planar Guide-

The structure seems to be based on a combination of honor, past deeds, and physical prowess and appearance, but the relationships therein are either too subtle for most sods to notice, or they are beyond our range of perception. (Due to this, there has arisen a certain Sensate saying attributed to this, "He is as subtle as a serrous", meaning, of course, that there appears to be nothing new or inventive about the individual in question).

Serrous steeds commonly travel in pods ranging in number from ten individuals to over fifty. If a single individual is encountered, it will most often be a bull serrous, looking to form a pod-herd of his own. Although, there have been a few recorded instances of a single young serrous being spotted alone, this is currently believed to be a mere fluke and not a "normal" accepted behavior.

These pod-herds are usually ruled by one and

enter their territory.

Combat: Serrous steeds are quite formidable in combat, and will use all of their natural weapons and defensive capabilities to their utmost when in a fight. Normally, it takes quite a bit to provoke a serrous steed into combat, but if their pod-herd, territory, or their person is in danger, they will react viciously, as they true predator that they are.

On land, serrous steeds are limited to only a standard hoof, hoof, bite routine, but while in the water, they can bring all four of their hard, claw-like hooves to bear, as well as their piercing bite (which, on a natural roll of 20, can shatter even the most powerful of armors, both magical and non).

Serrous steeds attack as a group with uncanny accuracy and precision, and when one is being attacked by 30+ large creatures, this is usually disconcerting, to say the least. Further, Serrous steeds, due to their coloration, are very hard to see underwater, and if encountered in their normal habitat (shallow coral reefs) they only only detectable 30% of the time (**treat as if they are hiding in shadows at a 70% success**). Finally, if cornered, a serrous steed will retreat to the safety of the open water (where they can out distance most anything) by jetting a 30' radius cloud of ink (**no save allowed**).

Habitat/Society: The Serrous Steeds, who call themselves *Quir'thaa*, meaning, "strong honor" live in close knit groups commonly called herds, but more accurately described as pod-herds. They have a complex and highly convoluted social structure that is unique amongst the planes, and is still under intense study by several groups of Guvnors who believe that some secret of the Oceanus itself lies entangled within.

occasionally two dominant male serrous steeds, called bulls, but for some reason when the pod-herd grows larger than sixty individuals, they separate into their own distinct groups and part ways.

Male serrous steeds are normally more colorful, larger and aggressive than females, the single exception being during the *li-lythe*, or the "birth time", when the females are nearly ready to give birth to their one to three young. During this time, the pregnant females of the pod-herd are grow intensely more colorful, larger, and become highly aggressive against any form of approach. Normally, they stay to the far fringes of the pod-herd and will attack anything that approaches them, even their own family members. After the *li-lythe*, they tend to settle down a bit, (where they can at least rejoin the pod-herd) but they remain highly defensive of the young for the next three cycles.

Ecology: While they appear wholly unnatural, the serrous steeds are a natural part of the Planar circle of life. In most of the coral reef type areas where they are found, they will occupy the position of top predator, and not much is left alone when it nears feeding time. Normally, they will not hunt sentient prey, but if they are defending their family, territory, or if one is accompanied by shaughin, they will quickly become hostile.

Of further interest, the serrous steeds have been documented chipping off the coral with their massive teeth and devouring it. It is unknown at this time why these predators do this, but there are several Guvner research grants awaiting takers for just such research...

Serrous steeds seem to help those that they do not so much out of a feeling of need for **those** individuals, but more so out of a need to protect their family, or to secure their territory against invasion or intrusion. While it is hard for most leatherheaded primes to think of them as any more than "a big fishy with bigger teeth", they are in fact, intelligent creatures that will work (together with others if need be) to secure a place for themselves and their future generations in the days to come.

Shade Walker

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Climate/Terrain:	Any (Prefers Dark And Cold)
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Varies
Diet:	Souls
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	10 (15 in darkness)
Hit Dice:	10
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d8+4
Special Attacks:	Soul Destroyer.
Special Defenses:	Insubstantial.
Magic Resistance:	none
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	4,000

Shade Walkers are creatures of the night, those who have seen them and lived describe them as a "liquid shadow". Shade walkers are what remains of a lost culture of the abyss. This group consisted of shamans who believed they could attain immortality by transferring themselves into creatures that consist only of pure darkness and evil.

They succeeded, and the price of their immortality is paid by human souls who confront them to gain prestige among their fellows, and by some sods who just happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Combat: Shade Walkers are relentless in combat driven by their lust for immortality and sharpened by their hunger. Shade Walkers attack normally but when their opponents HP reaches 9 or less they may attempt to drain the victim's soul using their Soul Destroyer attack.

If the Shade Walker can hit then instead of inflicting damage, it will latch on to its opponent and will remain there unless the victim or his friends can remove it with a successful strength check with a +4 modifier to the roll. If the Shade Walker is still attached at the end of the round the victim is killed outright and may not be resurrected as his soul is now property of the Shade Walker.

The shade walker may become insubstantial once per day and may not be harmed by anything for one turn.



(Always look behind you - the Shadewalker!)

Habitat/Society: Shade Walkers rarely associate with any beings even other shade walkers. This is because they know (from an eternity of experience) that everyone dies eventually and relationships nearly always end in someone's soul being consumed.

**"And jusssst where do you think...
...you are going, berk?"**

-last words heard by many a traveler who has encountered a Shadewalker-

Ecology: Shade Walkers live in dark shady places usually in cellars of destroyed houses or caves near populated areas. They do not like to stray far from their feeding grounds.

Shadow Serpent

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © 1999 by Yigit Savtur. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Swarm
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	2-8
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	9
Hit Dice:	3
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-6/1-4
Special Attacks:	<i>Spittle, Cause Disease</i>
Special Defenses:	Undead immunities, +1 or better weapon to hit
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	175

"And may an entire hoard of Shadow Serpents infest your codpiece!"

-A rather unique Sigilian insult-

The shadow serpent is a four to six foot long, semi-solid reptile. Its eyes glow a dull red. It appears to be a black non reflective snake. Its head is wide and hooded like a cobra, though its body is much more slim (5 inches in circumference). Its tail has a small stinger that is waved back and forth quickly when not in use. If an observer looks very closely they can see bands and whorls of grey seem to move quickly on the snake's skin.

The shadow serpent has never been seen when not in the company of a nest zombie. They are stored in the zombie's abdomen, where their semi solid bodies allow them to be packed much smaller than should be allowed. They are released by the zombie and will answer her call to return. This is the only control they recognize.

Combat: In combat the viciousness of the shadow serpent becomes apparent. They strike at all living things, regardless of how threatening they are. When no opponent is within biting range they will spit with a THAC0 of 15 at any target within 30'. If the spit strikes it burns the target for 1d4 points of damage and inflicts the shadow sickness.

Any opponent that closes to melee range will be attacked once per round by the serpents bite and tail sting. The bite does 1d6 points of damage and the tail



A pair of deadly shadow serpents

A +1 or greater magical weapon must be used to hit the shadow serpent. It shares all standard undead spell immunities.

Shadow sickness is the result of a living creature being injected with shadow substance. They must roll a save vs poison after any attack that could inflict it or suffer its effects. If the disease is contracted the victim will lose 1d4 points per round until he dies. The entire time he will suffer from wracking pain, and must roll a successful will check to do any action. Spellcasting is impossible due to the pain. This process may only be reversed by a limited wish, wish or Heal spell. Once the subject has died they will arise in two rounds as a shadow (see the monstrous compendium pg. 312).

Habitat/Society: Shadow serpents have no society. They exist only to slay the living, and inflict the pain of their existence on others.

Ecology: The shadow serpent has no impact on the ecology beyond the creatures they kill. Even this impact is minimized as most they slay become shadows, denying the living even carrion to feed on. The spittle has been used to make spells from the School of Shadow more effective. No reliable documentation exists on how they become more effective, just that

sting does 1d4. Both will inject the poison that inflicts the shadow sickness.

they do.

Shadow Knight

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Andrew S. Drummond. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any (prefers darkness)
Diet:	Life Energy
Intelligence:	Very (13-15)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	8 (10 sided die)
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	2d8+3
Special Attacks:	Hit Point Drain, <i>Death Gaze</i>
Special Defenses:	<i>Protection from good, Fear Aura</i>
Magic Resistance:	50%
Size:	M (6' tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17)
XP Value:	10,000

The Shadow Knight is the result of a knight of the blackest heart being destroyed by a *disintegrate* or any other affect that completely and instantly destroys his body. When the body is destroyed so suddenly the soul is confused. These knights, then, often do not realize they are dead.

The Shadow Knight resembles its previous form. They appear to be a large armored knight fully armed and accoutered. Its face is a reflection of the nightmares of those who look upon it. All who behold it and survive see something different, each to his own greatest fear. The armor is darkest black and reflects no light. All living creatures feel a tearing fear in the knight's presence.

The knight's voice is a mere whisper. It sounds like the wind rustling through dying trees, or the claws of a beast scratching upon the door. It may speak any language it hears.

**"it t'was th'
herald
o' death, plain an' simple..."**

-A Shadow Knight survivor's description of the encounter-

Combat: The shadow knight retains much of the combat skills it had in life. Since it has little regard with its own safety and an intense hatred of living creatures, it is an extremely dangerous opponent. They have no regard for the living and will often destroy an individual for no reason whatsoever. The sound of screams brings them pleasure. They never surrender



(The Shadow Knight cometh!)

Any creature that looks into the face of a shadow knight sees its greatest fear reflected there (they must immediately save vs. death magic or die). Often opponents who survive this will appear to have aged up to 10 years after the experience (this applies to appearance only).

The Knight may summon up to eight shadows per day, who remain for one turn each. The knight may use the senses of these shadows spy on his enemies. These shadows are totally held beneath the whim of the knight, as they will obey any order regardless of their own safety.

The knight may hide in shadows with a 99% chance of success and may also move silently 99% of the time. They may cast darkness (as the second level mage spell) once per turn.

A Shadow Knight is turned as a Special Undead.

and only parley if they desperately need something an opponent has.

All are armed with a *shadow sword*. This insubstantial weapon disregards any nonmagical armor as it strikes at a foe's life force and not its physical form (**the attack of the weapon does 2d8 points of damage**). The victim's lose of life force goes directly to feed the appetite of the knight and thus may never be healed by any means short of a *wish* or direct divine action. All creatures slain by a shadow knight are irrevocably destroyed.

The knight has an aura that strikes fear into all living creatures near it. (**All** must roll a save vs. paralysis or retreat for 1d8 rounds at the best speed. If a creature of less than 5 hit dice draws within five feet of the knight they must roll a save vs. paralysis or freeze in terror for as long as they are within the aura plus 1d4 rounds).

Habitat/Society: The society of the shadow knight is very limited. They are often "employed" by dark powers and as well as large armies as scouts and assassins. They are often found in the employ of the baatezu and were first discovered through their subtle and deadly acts in the Blood War. It is unknown what they gain in return for these favors, but it is surmised that the perverted joy they receive from the destruction of the living may very well be payment enough. They have no desire for interaction with the living, as this reminds them of their fallen state, and they disdain it whenever possible; only the most powerful of spellslingers may ever hope to control one.

Ecology: As an non-living being, the Knights greatest impact on the ecology is the creatures they destroy.

Shamtor - Gehreleth, False

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Climate/Terrain:	Carceri
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Clutch
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Genius (17)
Treasure:	N
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	15, Fl 30
Hit Dice:	3
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	3 (claw x 2, bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d6+1/1d6+1/3d4
Special Attacks:	None
Special Defenses:	Disguise, shapeshifting, immune to acid and nonmagical weapons
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	M (3'-12' tall)
Morale:	Average (8)
XP Value:	650

A new sort of gehreleth has appeared in the orbs lately, stunning sages and graybeards who thought that such a thing was literally impossible. The strange-looking creature vaguely resembles a farastu, only it's even taller and thinner and sports long, donkey-like ears, an equally long, prehensile tail, a ragged mop of feather-like hair and two almost fairy-like wings upon its bony back. Others suggest that it could only be something in the gehreleth hierarchy that lies midway between a farastu and kelubar, or was that a kelubar and shator?

Has the mysterious and alien Apomps rewritten his base symbols, or are these fiends less (or perhaps more) than they appear to be?

False Gehreleth have been known to speak the tongue of the True Gehreleths, as well as that of Hags, Yugoloths, and the Lower Planar Trade Tongue. It is widely suspected, due to their natures, that they can learn the tongues of other creatures with little or no difficulty. Also, based on the relationships between the *clutch scouts* and the *clutches*, it is thought that some form of racial telepathy exists.

"Look at 'dis! Does 'dis look like'a soddin' square to ya?"

-HUH?-

Does it?!?"

A kelubar, brandishing its triangle at a False Gehreleth

Combat: False Gehreleths, or Shamtor, as they refer



(A False Gehreleth, preparing to shift)

Habitat/Society: False gehreleths, like their god, are not all they appear to be. In fact, it is believed that they use their formidable shapeshifting powers to help continue and protect their race. While it is true that a body rarely encounters more than one of these fiends at a time, that is merely a device of their design. When they are not infiltrating another race the Shamtor often travel in large family groups known as *clutches*. However, they always have a form of early warning system wherein they have a group of *clutch scouts* that move ahead of the *clutch* in all directions. It is these *clutch scouts*, then, that are always encountered by outsiders. What happens to the rest of the *clutch* during this time is wholly unknown but they are rarely seen.

However, it is believed that the primary reason the Shamtor try to infiltrate other races is to deposit their young. Much like the actions of a prime bird known as the cuckoo, the False Gehreleth have an overwhelming tendency to hide their young amongst the young of other races like cuckoo hides its hatchlings among other birds.

This way, the non-native race spends quite a bit of time and effort raising what they believe to be an orphaned child that for no apparent reason merely disappears one day. There have also been tales of the Shamtor young

to themselves, can turn into liquid tar, just like "genuine" farastu. Unlike farastu, however, these false versions cannot be conveniently bottled up, and they can not throw their tar around: the substance, although amorphous, is continuous and uncompressible, almost like a bag of water. They can sling the equivalent of a kelubar-like slime, though the Shamtor slime has no odor and does no damage, but is said to be equally (if not more) disgusting.

Finally, the Shamtor have the unusual ability to transform into a few substances no true gehreleth can, such as mud, blood, ooze, and urine.

The dark of the matter is, the False Gehreleth are true shapeshifters, able to pose as the member of nearly any species, though they seldom bother to get the details completely right. It is theorized amongst some graybeard circles, that the False Gehreleth may actually be some form of either far-advanced or embryonic doppelganger, but currently there is no proof whatsoever to support this chant.

shape shifting into their natural form and slaying their "adoptive" parents and siblings before disappearing into the mists... It is highly believed that the Shamtor are responsible for many of the tales that are heard that involve a child being left with only a note on a kind-hearted woodsman's door in the middle of the night, as well as many stories involving shape-shifting and "fey" children.

Ecology: False Gehreleths are thought to be a creation of Mockery, a god who imitates other gods. A child of the elder power Changer, Mockery has spent periods of time imitating such luminaries as Odin, Kali, Avoreen, St. Cuthbert, Thoth, and Aphrodite before being forced out by the unimpressed rival. It is believed that for the last several decades Mockery has been pretending to be Apomps, the triple god of the gehreleths, which might account for the recent and multiple sightings of these strange creatures.

Much like the yugoloths, the False Gehreleths are fiercely hated by the True Gehreleths and are given no quarter or mercy when encountered, but then again, who isn't? Also, it is widely rumored that the Eldarin hold a special hatred for the creatures, although the reason is not readily apparent.

Shator'Gor

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Climate/Terrain:	Baator
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary (except when ridden)
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carnivorous
Intelligence:	Semi (4)
Treasure:	Zx2
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	14+14
THAC0:	7
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	4d10 / 5d4
Special Attacks:	Charge
Special	See below
Defenses:	
Magic	
Resistance:	
Size:	G (38' long, 45' at the shoulder)
Morale:	Elite (13)
XP Value:	16,000

"What do you mean, don't lean on this rock, Maliss???"

Do ya think I'm some kinda leatherheaaAAHH!!!!"

Shaton'gor are incredible creatures of colossal size and usually foul temperament. They move with four short but strong legs, which do not impede the hunting of their prey. Their bodies are covered with large, chitinous and scaly plates which offer them superior armor and protection from nearly any form of attack. Their huge tail, with bony horns and ridges on its extreme, is a deadly and wisely feared weapon.

Combat: These creatures normally lie in ambush patiently waiting for their prey, wherein they take full advantage of the characteristic terrain-like camouflage of their scaly hides. Although a creature of this size and obvious strength is often times far superior to its victims, the shaton'gor seem to take an almost perverse form of pleasure in waiting for its prey in ambush and then charging suddenly and furiously.

Their capability to wait patiently in ambush vanishes, however, when they engage in combat. They are ferocious and bloody creatures which like suffering, and destroy their victims as garishly as possible in seconds, normally bellowing loudly all the while. They usually enter into melee with a brutal charge that has been known to even knock balors from their feet (the charge causes 3d20 points of damage to every creature in their path, half damage if they make a successful save vs.



(A Shaton'Gor infant, learning the ropes with its rider)

In cold regions or if there is an extreme lack of prey, the shaton'gor usually retreat to large caves or bury themselves in massive dens which they dig with their steel-like claws. Any treasure that is had by the shaton'gor will be found spilled amongst the cast-off bones of their victims in these lairs.

When the time for mating arrives, the males fight each other (not to the death) with the superior male then moving on to the goal of the females. However, the winner must then fight with the female of his choice in order to possess her. Usually, (and fortunately) only one or two young are born, and they initially have no protective scales, which grow in as they mature. The young are cared for extremely well by their mother until they are near adulthood and can hunt for themselves, when she leaves them to fend for themselves.

Strangely, baatezu respect these creatures and they normally do not bother them unless first attacked by the beasts. Planar sages theorize that there is some form of ancient racial memory that exists within the fiends that causes them to fear

paralyzation). The shaton'gor's bite is deadly and has been known to separate a body cleanly into two parts, and their tail is the perfect weapon for keeping other enemies away while they take their time and lacerate their hunt. Despite the presence of massive, steel-hard claws, the shaton'gor does not employ them in combat, rather using them for traction and digging large dens.

Shaton'gor are immune to poison and non-magical fire. Cold-based attacks act as a *slow* spell for them, because it tends to confuse and tire them out greatly. They regenerate at a surprising rate (**1 hp per hour**) despite their large bulk.

Habitat/Society: Shaton'gor are lonely creatures, and generally occupy the position of the greatest predator of their region. When two members of this race meet they will eventually fight (after hours of what seems like a loud braying and hooting match) in an spectacular death clash to determine which one is the strongest.

or respect these creatures; a memory that may in fact date back to the baatezu's first hours upon the plane. This however, is unsupported and still undergoing research. Sometimes, the baatezu capture baby shaton'gors and train them for combat, which they later use as mounts and warbeasts in the Blood War. These captured beasts are quite frankly, massively fierce killing machines.

Ecology: Shaton'gor are strictly carnivorous, needing a great amount of meat in order to survive; for that reason, they are constantly hunting and frequently deplete entire regions of a planar layer of prey. The spiked and ridged plates of their backs are highly sought after amongst armorsmiths and are said to have been the original inspiration for the "spiky look" favored by so many Cagers and planars alike. The plates, when carefully crafted and treated correctly, can be fashioned into impressive full plate suits of armor that are very light and flexible and, of course, covered with spikes.

Shrana

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Climate/Terrain:	Planar Rivers
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Tribal
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	W (Traders only)
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	5-30
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	9 SW 15
Hit Dice:	4-8
THAC0:	16-12
No. of Attacks:	3 or by weapon
Damage/Attack:	1-6/2-5(x2) or by weapon (+3 for Warriors)
Special Attacks:	Spells or Venom
Special Defenses:	Immune to native river's effects
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	S (3-4')
Morale:	Steady (12)
XP Value:	4 HD=650; 5 HD=975; 6 HD=1,400; 7 HD=2,000; 8 HD=3,000

The Shrana are an active trading race found throughout the planes living in the great planar rivers (Oceanus, Styx, etc). They are small (3-4' in height) with the Traders being slim and the Warriors bulky with muscle. The small scales that cover them are a light green fading to white on the belly and palms of the hands. The eyes are a washed out white on white tinting to yellow with great age. The crests above the eyes are naturally a dark green, but most Traders dye theirs exotic colors such as blue or red. Some Traders dye the crests of their Warriors to match. An opened mouth reveals dozens of small pointed teeth in black gums with a large black tongue. The webbing between fingers and toes is stark white.

The Shrana speak their own tongue, as well as that of water elementals, mermen, or other aquatic languages. However, when dealing with "Landers", they speak exclusively in the Planar Trade Tongue (either Upper or Lower).

**"We like you littles...
...we like you jink lots!"**

-Typical Shranaian Farewell-

Combat: The Shrana fight with a well disciplined style using their racial telepathy to great advantage. The four Warriors controlled by each trader act as a single being, normally attacking the same creature with the same weapon type, and using the same fighting style.



(Shrana, Traders from the Deep)

It is the trader's duty is to support with spells. (60% of Traders are mages of level equivalent to their HD, and the remainder are clerics). If a trader is knocked out or killed his Warriors go berserk, biting and tearing at any non-Shrana within reach until either they or all foes are dead. (While berserk they gain a +1 to hit and +3 to damage).

All Shrana can inject venom via their body spines, although this seems to cause them great pain or distress and they are normally loathe to do so. However, they would not hesitate to attack with these venom spines as an effort to escape or as a last line of defence. (Any being struck by these spines must make a save vs. poison or suffer 1-4 hp additional damage and fall into a deep sleep that has an onset time of 2 rounds and lasts for 4d4 rounds).

Habitat/Society: Little is known of Shrana society as they are extremely secretive. No females have ever been seen, neither has anyone survived seeing their villages. The Traders commonly deal with outsiders, but at pre-established meeting places at the edge of the tribe's territory. The trader loves nothing more than a profitable deal.

The Warriors are completely non-intelligent are are telepathically controlled by the Trader to which they are assigned. A warrior not being actively commanded will sit still until it starves if no trader orders it to eat. The telepathy is two way within the species only and reached to an undetermined range. What one Shrana knows all may be assumed to know, though the Traders are in no way controlled by any type of group mind.

Ecology: The Shrana extract resources (fish, hides,

Shras (the Shranaian word for 'fours of Warriors') will always be armed with the same weapon type (60% of these are armed with a spear and net, the remaining 40% use twin short swords and light crossbows). If several *Shras* are present they will divide themselves according to weapon type. The spear and net bearers will advance under cover of the crossbowmen. At a range of approximately 20-30' every second warrior will fling his net while the others charge the entangled foes. In the initial stages of combat the Warriors who retain their nets will attempt to entangle the legs of the foe while the others use their spears two handed for greater damage. Once the spearmen have closed the crossbowmen will typically charge in.

minerals, etc) from beneath the waters of the planar rivers. They are highly efficient hunters and are very careful not to take more than the local ecology can support.

Shraug Beetle

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Climate/Terrain:	Deserts
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Thrum
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	C, S, T
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	2-5
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	15 fl 18 (D) burrow 6
Hit Dice:	12
THAC0:	9
No. of Attacks:	3 or 7
Damage/Attack:	3-30/2-12 x2 or 3-60/2-12 x6
Special Attacks:	Buzz, Crush
Special Defenses:	Surprised only on a 1
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Gargantuan (25'+)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	10,000

The Shraug Beetle is a dominant predator on planar deserts. It is a huge, (35' from mouth to the base of its abdomen) sandy colored beetle with six legs. Its head is fronted by an enormous (8-10 feet in length, 5-7 feet across) set of mandibles that is ridged on the inside to force a trapped creature towards its mouth. Its large multi-faceted eyes are the size of a large human's torso and roughly oval in shape. They are a dull reddish brown and vibrate constantly with the beetles natural muscle reaction that keeps them sand free.

Its body is low slung (7 feet at the shoulder) and massive with a thick armor-like exoskeleton covering the entire body and head. Its six legs are thick and powerful, bowing out from the body to support the massive weight of the creature. The neck of the creature is longer than normal for a beetle (roughly three feet) and allows it to rest with its head above the level of its body, giving 320 degree vision.

Combat: The Shraug Beetle is an ambush hunter by preference. They dig pits in loose sand (or turn rock to sand if given enough time) to hide themselves. When a creature enters the zone where they can feel his footsteps (this varies as to weight and soil consistency, a stone giant on loose sand can be felt at 200 yards, this same creature on stone would be felt at 20 yards) they will slowly elevate their massive head (noticed on a roll of 1 on 1d6 due to the slow speed of this action) to be able to see the prey. If it is judged large enough (size M or larger) they will prepare to attack.

The large muscles in the stomach will begin to contract and expand warning the other beetles in the area of potential prey. If the creature is going to pass within attack distance they await them, if not they move to the attack. If the victim is near they will attempt to destroy its legs with a mandible attack (3d10 points of damage, called shot to the legs) while



(A Shraug Beetle, out of the sand...)

If the crush is successful they attack the pinned foe with all 6 leg attacks (+2 to hit). The beetle will move off of any pinned foe at the end of the first round as they will attempt to eat him. Once a creature is down and not moving the beetle begins to feed. This takes two rounds to eat a size M opponent and one round per size category above that. Once in the stomach for three rounds no opponent may be raised or resurrected by any means short of a wish due to the beetle's powerful stomach acids.

If a beetle is reduced to half hit points it will begin its *Buzz* attack. This means the wings rasp together quickly which causes all opponents to roll a save vs paralysis or be stunned for 1d4 rounds due to the loud horrible noise. All members of a beetle's *thrum* will move towards a *Buzzing* beetle as they assume some large creature they all may feed on is present.

Due to their planar nature a shraug beetles may strike any creature able to be hit by a +3 or lesser magical weapon.

Habitat/Society: The habitat of the shraug beetle is any planar desert (and occasionally a prime material one). They use the sand as their sensory medium and its absence severely limits their ability to hunt. Their societal groups, known as *thrums* are solely for mutual protection as no creature may long survive for long in the unforgiving climates they call home.

**"Great and mighty are the Shraug!
Be wary of them, and live long..."**

-Ancient planar saying-

Ecology: The shraug beetles' impact on the ecology is as the major predator. They prevent any of the more numerous creatures from being able to dominate an area. Anything of size M or larger is considered food and thus subject to attack.

The eggs are carried by the mother until hatched and can bring up to 1,000 jink as rarities. The young are unsupported and move off together forming a new *thrum*. They reach maturity in two cycles and function as smaller level predators until then.

getting out of the sand.

Once out of the sand they will continue to attack with their mandibles but will add two leg attacks by kicking with the sharp exoskeletal spurs (2d6 points of damage per attack, if only one opponent is present all three attacks will be directed towards it, if not they attempt to wound as many as possible). Any of their legs may be used to attack If the opponent is not within range they will take to the air (they may fly for up to two rounds, no more) and attempt to Crush the foe (land upon doing 3d20 points of damage).

The mandible horns of the shraug are useful in making magical arrows shafts and clubs in place of wood, and have been known to fetch as much as 200 jink each in the Great Bazaar of Sigil.

Simulacrum

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Climate/Terrain: Any, but usually Sigil, Mechanus, and certain Power's Realms

Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	None
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing: 1 (1d4)

Armor Class: 0

Movement: 9

Hit Dice: 6+2

THAC0: 12

No. of Attacks: 2

Damage/Attack: 5-10

Special Attacks: Petrification

Special
+1 or greater weapon to hit

Defenses:

Magic
None

Resistance:

Size: M (6' tall)

Morale: Fearless (20)

XP Value: 2,000

The simulacrum is, in comparison with golems, the least of them. However, it is argued by a few planar sages and graybeards that specialize in the classification of such creatures that the simulacrum is very nearly something altogether different from a golem. They argue that while a simulacrum is indeed a creature that can be initially created by spells wrought by another's hand, the simulacrum has, through its attacks, a form of procreation. This, they say, sets it apart as something as near to, but not quite, a separate life form.

The simulacrum appears as a human statue of extremely realistic proportion. Normally the statue takes on the form of a young, nearly naked (or naked) human male, but exceptions do exist. A special grey stone, found only in special pockets throughout the Inner Planes, is required for their creation, as is an individual (usually a petitioner) that will have its spirit bound forever into unyielding stone flesh.

The simulacrum will normally assume a pose and hold it until its activation condition is met. Once this condition exists the creature will animate and act according to its instructions. The life force of the simulacrum is a fragment of the soul of the individual who volunteered for the initial creation or an individual who has become petrified by a simulacrum's attack. The simulacrum cannot go berserk or out of control, but they have been known (they have a 1% cumulative chance per round of combat) to escape their magical bondage. If the spirit escapes the statue becomes inert and nonmagical.

Combat: The simulacrum in combat is a fearsome, yet



(A Simulacrum, awaiting its assigned task...)

Simulacrum are often found and implemented in Sigil, Mechanus, and in the Realms of certain Powers. In the Cage, they are most often seen as personal servants, gardeners, and grounds keepers; on the plane of Ultimate Law, they are used as gear tenders and in simple, but time-consuming tasks.

Since the initial sacrifice must be made willingly, petitioners within the realm of a Power will usually line up to give their spirit up for an eternal stint in serving their god.

"Live to serve. Live to serve.

Live

to

serve..."

-A Simulacrum's extent
of conversation-

Simulacrum are rare on the Lower planes, but when they are found there, they are normally not of such wholesome stock. The initial spirit is usually not asked whether he or she wants to spend eternity locked in a stone prison. It is usually these type of simulacrum that go about creating others of their kind. Inversely, simulacrum on the Upper planes are kept on a short leash and are never allowed to run amok.

Further, most sods on the chaotic side of the Great

unimaginative opponent. Unless instructed to do otherwise, it will attempt to bludgeon an attacker with its fists until they are dead (or it can be convinced of their death). Each fist may strike once per round and is like the falling of a boulder (**each strike does 1d6+4 points of damage**). Further, each time a creature is struck by the simulacrum they must avoid its deadly petrification ability (**roll a save vs. petrification at +2**) or be turned to stone.

Of the victims that are turned to stone, there is a slight chance (**7% chance per strike, non-cumulative**) that they, too, become a simulacrum. If a simulacrum is created in this way, there is only the fragment of a possibility (**1% chance**) that they remain as a free-willed individual, otherwise many of these "spawned" simulacrum either fall under the control of the master of the previous simulacrum (**80%**), or they become insane (**19%**).

The simulacrum, due to its special creation process, is only affected by magical weapons (**of +1 or greater enchantment**) in combat. Mind affecting or elemental affect spells are worthless. The spell *rock to mud* is rumored to make simulacrum vulnerable to nonmagical weapons, but this has not been verified.

Habitat/Society: The simulacrum has no society as they are completely unintelligent. They exist solely to guard an area, or engage in a repeated mechanical function. However, due to their useful nature, the simulacrum have infiltrated our society on a myriad of levels.

Ring view the creation of the simulacrum as a crime and a travesty and would never willingly give up their independence to become one, nor would they subject it upon another. Sladdi attack the things on sight (but then again what **don't** they attack on sight), and githzerai harbor ill will towards anysod that employs or creates them.

Ecology: The simulacrum has no impact on the ecology beyond destroying large numbers of pigeons and other roosting birds. They often assume a bird landing or defecating upon them to be some form of attack and react accordingly. Further, other creatures may be turned to stone by the simulacrum; these are then subject to themselves possibly becoming simulacrum.

Simulacrum may be created only by a powerful (**10th level or higher**) mage. In order to do this, the spellslinger in question requires many things: a *flesh to stone* spell, a statue created from the special gray elemental stone, an individual willing to have its spirit bound into the statue, and the eyes of a basilisk.

During the tedious and time-consuming creation process, the basilisk's eyes are affixed to the palms of the simulacrum. Later, when the creature strikes an opponent, the eyes open, giving the simulacrum its power of petrification over those it pummels. A simulacrum has never been successfully created without the addition of this component.

Skeletal Devourer

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Daniel Williamson. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Life Force
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	R,V
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	4
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	By Weapon
Special Attacks:	<i>Chill Aura, Slow</i>
Special Defenses:	Half damage from piercing slashing weapons. Immune to mind affecting spells.
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	2,000

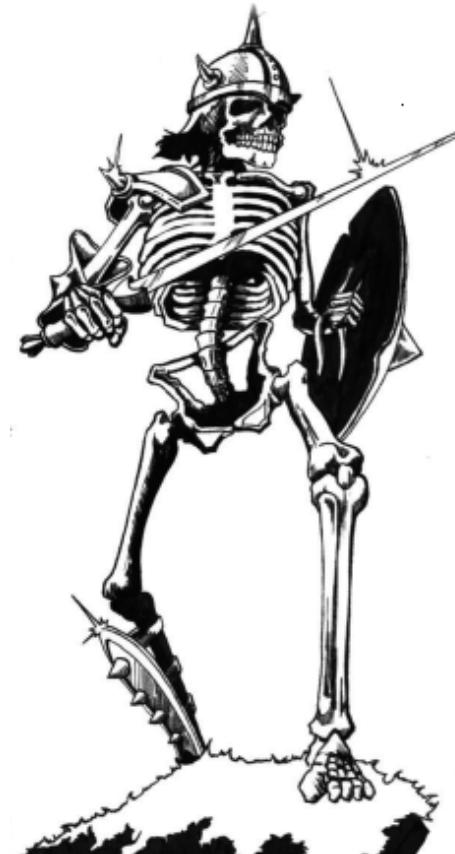
The skeletal devourer was a strong willed planewalker or adventurer in life. He died through some type of life draining affect, but was too stubborn to accept death. He is normally unable to move but the presence of life reanimates him and awakens his appetite.

Depending on his state of decomposition he may be a group of bones or appear to be a zombie. When any living creature comes within 10' of his body he begins to drain off life to reanimate himself. All creatures lose 1 hit point in that first round and this is enough to bring the Devourer to life.

Combat: Once the Devourer has reanimated it will move to attack the nearest creature. All living beings within 10' take 1d10 points of damage per round as the devourer feeds off their life force. It gains these hit points. When it closes with a foe the skeletal creature will either attack with an available weapon or slash for 2d4 points of damage each with its hands. It also gains this damage as hit points restored.

All creatures within 10' are affected as if by a *slow* spell due to having their life slowly leached from them. It takes half damage from piercing or slashing weapons and is totally immune to mind control affects. As it slowly regains its hit point total from life it regains its abilities (**the DM is strongly advised to have a character sheet ready if these monsters are to be used**) as well as its memories. Once it has regained full hit points it will stop attacking, engaging in combat only to defend itself or further the goals it had in life.

The Devourer can only be destroyed by holy items or weapons.



(A Skeletal Devourer, hungry...)

Habitat/Society: The sole driving force in the Skeletal Devourer's unlife is to regain life. Once it has regained all its previous hit points it will attempt to regain its former life in all its particulars. In many cases the devourer will not realize that much time, even millenia have passed.

"...smell...
...life...
...hungry..."

-Devourer thoughts-

If the devourer ever takes damage it reverts to its hunger starved self until it can steal that life force from another. Also it is unable to hold only life energy, losing 5 hit points per turn. This means it always must kill, even if it appears to be a normal person.

Ecology: The Devourer destroys all life that comes near it until it is sated. A devourer that was mighty in life will lay waste to a large area in its quest to live again.

Skeletal Valkyrie

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of William Teo. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Any, commonly the Lower planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	3
Movement:	12 fl 48 A
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	2d6
Special Attacks:	<i>Strength Drain, Cause Fear</i>
Special Defenses:	Undead Immunities, +1 or better magical weapon to hit, half damage from piercing & slashing weapons
Magic Resistance:	10%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	8,000

The Skeletal Valkyrie (also known throughout the Lower Planes as the '*Seeker of Souls*'), appears to be a winged human skeleton. Normally the wings appear to the skeletal wings of a huge raven, but this is somewhat variable. Regardless of light conditions the area between the bones is absolute black. *Shadow-substance* fills these voids and gives the valkyrie life. They carry a *Silver Longspear* in both hands at all times. Very seldom will the valkyrie be seen walking, when it does it is very fluid in its movements most unlike a normal skeleton.

The only sound a skeletal valkyrie has ever been heard to make is a dull moaning when engaged in melee. Once, long ago a mage cast a *tongues* spell upon the valkyrie to determine what it was singing. To his horror the mage heard his own funereal dirge.

**"it is the valkyrie that floats on wings so dim,
that ye should fear more than the reaper grim..."**

-Ancient Lower Planar saying-

Combat: The skeletal valkyrie is totally silent in flight (although it makes a slight clicking sound when it walks on hard surfaces). This forces all opponents to roll for surprise. The Valkyrie uses its *Silver Longspear* (2d6 pts. of damage vs size M opponents, 3d6 vs. L) with surprising skill.



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(The Seeker of Souls)

Rarely, they elect to slash with their clawed hands for 2-5 points of damage, with two attacks per round, but it should be noted that they can never be disarmed.

While they attack with their hands, the *Silver Longspear* simply vanishes, but it can return, in the creature's bony grip, at a moment's notice.

If any attack by the valkyrie strikes it drains one point of strength (this returns in 2d8 turns). They are a single minded combatant and will totally ignore any creature save their intended target, until they are attacked. At this point the valkyrie defends itself until it can again safely attack its primary victim.

The valkyrie shares the standard undead immunities, in addition it receives half damage from all piercing or slashing weapons. Cold based attacks do no damage at all.

Habitat/Society: Being undead creatures the skeletal valkyrie has no true habitat. They are most often seen in the skirmishes of the Blood War. The lich that devised the spell to create these creatures, Hrasna the Shatterer, serves in a mercenary unit known as *The Bone Legion*. The valkyrie are used to gather new subjects for undeath in addition to occasional assassinations.

Ecology: The valkyrie's sole impact on the ecology lies in the creatures it slays. Once it has been destroyed the valkyrie will crumble to dust, spear and all. This dust has successfully been used to augment *Animate Dead* spells, granting all created undead one extra hit point per hit die.

All valkyrie are created by a particular spell, known (originally enough) as *Valkyrie*.

Skin Changer

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Varies (as per current victim)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0 (in natural form)
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d6/1d6
Special Attacks:	<i>Memory spike, Backstab, Paralysis Gaze</i>
Special Defenses:	Undead spell immunities, <i>Wraithform</i> , +2 or better weapon required to hit, half damage from piercing/slashing weapons
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP Value:	9,000

The skin changer is the infiltrator and assassin of undead armies. In their natural form they are a skeleton that appears to move with unnatural fluidity, but they seldom appear in their natural form.

The skin changer most often appears wearing the flesh of a victim. It may assume the identity of any size M biped. Using its special *memory spike* ability the memories and skills of a victim are absorbed (this includes spell ability and weapon and nonweapon proficiencies). If any mind reading affect is used against the changer, the mind of its victim is sensed and scanned leaving no clue that he has become undead.

Each day after a victim is *memory spiked* the changer must roll a save vs. spells or lose 1d6 of the stored memories (randomly determined). The changer assumes the identity of his victim in all respects, but he cannot stop the body from decomposing. Only with special spells or items is this possible and most changers go out of their way to acquire these.

Once a victim is paralyzed and *memory spiked* (leaving them a mindless husk) the changer will assume *wraithform*. They will then enter the subject creature through the mouth and nose and slowly begin to solidify. This crushes and powders all internal structure of the victim and forces the resultant paste out of his mouth. This process takes 1d4 rounds and is vile to watch, as the skin of the victim bulges and moves about strangely.



(A Skin Changer, absorbing a new victim)

If the victim is not *memory spiked* and combat ensues the changer will use his *paralytic gaze* to freeze the foe in place (save vs. paralysis each round precautions are not taken to avoid a *gaze*). Once an opponent is paralyzed their memories can be freely absorbed. The changer can use the flesh of a dead creature, though they may take no memories from one.

**"...So sweet
fresh meat..."**

-If a Skin Changer could talk-

A skin changer that has assumed an identity will fight like his victim would. In all respects he is that victim, spell use, weapons styles, thaco etc. The DM should be prepared for extremely variable fighting styles as a changer goes from victim to victim to achieve his objective.

Habitat/Society: The skin changers have no society. They exist solely to obey their creator's will. When they have assumed an identity they perform all actions as the victim would, though they will always use the victim's talents to forward their mission.

Ecology: The skin changers impact the ecology by leaving an easily digestable, meaty paste at the site where all of their victims were assumed. This is easily digested by most creatures and a very busy changer can feed all the dogs (or other scavenger-type creatures) in an infiltrated palace in this manner.

Natural animals will never go nearer than 10 feet to a changer, and will bark, whine, etc. when near one. They can sense the slight smell of corruption about them.

Combat: The skin changer in his natural form will seldom involve himself in melee combat. He much prefers to destroy foes without them ever seeing him. This is because he has to absorb their memories and the fear can often be mindread later, possibly endangering the mission.

If forced to fight the changer will slash with his sharpened finger bones for 1d6 points of damage, each hand getting one attack per round, however, they much prefer to attack through ambush. The changer will sneak up on a victim (72% move silently) and try to use his backstab (x3 damage). The backstab is made with the hollow fore finger. If it strikes the victim must make a save vs. paralysis to see if the backstab was successfull in a strike to the back of his head. If the save is failed, the changer can use his *memory spike* to absorb the mind of the victim.

Leech, Spinal

© 1999 by Dave King (Heregul). Artwork © of Pontus Stensveden. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Baator
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Electrical Impulses
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral (Lawful Evil)

No. Appearing:	1 (4d20 in baatezu holding tanks)
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	1, Sw 1
Hit Dice:	1 hp
THAC0:	Nil
No. of Attacks:	Nil
Damage/Attack:	Nil
Special Attacks:	Thought monitor, alteration
Special:	Nil
Defenses:	Nil
Magic:	Nil
Resistance:	Nil
Size:	T (1" long)
Morale:	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	1

It had been four years since she had gone to Baator, conned by a shadowy human that promised riches and power. She was better for it, staying in Sigil; they couldn't harm her there, not with their long noses and plated skulls that still looked down on her, restrained on a cold operating table, in her nightmares. She had tried to forget what she had seen, what she had felt, the eternal pains that she had suffered there. Eventually, she consciously blocked out all memory of the events from her poor, tired mind... the past was a black blur to her, occasionally brought back to her in her nightmares, where she could not stop the images from coming. Words came to her mind unbidden in her dreams: "You will fulfill your agreement." Other thoughts lept unbidden to her mind throughout the day, though she tried to suppress them: even psychic surgery to remove her memories was useless, for the images and thoughts still appeared in her mind. She even, once, willing drank from the Styx to forget it all - but even the Styx could not stop the thoughts and words from forming in her head, where memories of her past lept unbidden. After she lept into the Styx, there was nothing in her past but memories of pain, pain and suffering and torture eternal. Though she knew not what they meant, she'd be damned if she was to return to Baator to find out.

- From the Accounts of Shiel, Former Planar Thief and spinal leech implant

Psychic parasites, used by baatezu in order to assist in their evil schemes, spinal leeches are living creatures originally created by Prince Levistus and the amnizu. Since their creation millennia ago, the genetic secrets for creating the spinal leech has since been stolen, restolen, and discovered by most any pit fiend that wants to keep a tight reign on his minions or



(Study of a Spinal Leech)

Spinal leeches are found by a *detect evil* spell, though removal is a little more complicated than that. *Dispel evil* is the (relatively) easiest way to do so, although few have access to such a spell. Psionicists, if they learn of a spinal leech, may be able to dampen its psychic communication with its master. The nonmagical removal of a spinal leech can only be done by actual surgery: something not suggested with the level of medical technology in Sigil and beyond (although this writer has heard that Ridner Tetch of the *Weary Spirit Infirmary* is more than happy to remove such parasites).

**"You are completely
barmy, Melius!
I don't have anythin' in my
brain-bo-**

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

-Last words of a victim of the a Spinal Leech-

Combat: The spinal leech does not engage in combat; if found, it is easily slain. The being does, however, maintain some semblance of independent control over its host and will attempt to direct it away from thoughts that would reveal its presence. The spinal leech wishes to continue to feed on its host, and it knows that when discovered, its time is numbered.

Habitat/Society: The spinal leech of itself has no society to speak of, and its "natural" habitat is completely artificial. However, it plays a very important part in baatezu society: Prince Levistus is said to have been very fond of placing these "leeches" within spinagons, where they would remain as the

unwitting mortal servants.

Spinal leeches are never found in the wild, due to their strange dietary needs that have been bred into them by baatezu genetic engineers. Spinal leeches instead consist on electrical impulses that are either administered by the baatezu into the tanks where they breed the creatures - or that can be found within the nervous system of a standard humanoid (or near-humanoid, in the case of many lesser baatezu).

In short, spinal leeches are implanted into the bodies of those creatures that the baatezu wish to retain some sort of psychic domination over after they are outside of their creator's sight. This implanting can be gentle - Prince Levistus was especially fond of placing them inside the bodies of those he wanted to monitor without knowledge that they had anything inside them. Of course, baatezu without absolute power on their layers usually entrust the kocrachons to implant these into their victims. They are usually found on the base of the spine, right below the brain, where they can easily feed and monitor all brain activity. Their creators maintain psychic contact with their creations at all times: the electrical impulses that the spinal leeches feed on are psionically transmitted (through the miracle of years of baatezu engineering) to whomever last created a specialized psychic imprint on the leeches.

The most powerful of the pit fiends (or those willing to expend much of their energy on directing what would appear to be trivial servants) find themselves able to channel their own thoughts through the spinal leeches, which in turn affect the thoughts and images that the host of the leech receives. This is a difficult process for any pit fiend, but the truly dedicated practice it so often that it becomes second nature for them. Any being lesser than pit fiend (or amnizu, since it was they who originally engineered them) find themselves unable to modify a host's thoughts. However, those that can delight in creating false memories and experiences in which the host either did something horrible, suffered unspeakable horrors, or (most commonly) made a deal with the baatezu that he's bound to complete.

fiends progressed through the ranks. This allowed Prince Levistus to watch their progress and numerous treacheries from within his iceberg, gaining more information than he could ever have hoped to gain otherwise. However, when Lord Dispater of the Second discovered a strange leech-like being at the base of the skull of one of his lieutenants, the secret began to spread. Dispater also began to engineer these beings after intensive study of the psychic nature of the leech. Eventually, the secret of the creation of the spinal leech was discovered: Levistus had mutated lawful evil larva, siphoning off their evil energy, causing them to grow smaller and smaller. These "dry larva" were immersed in the waters of the Styx and gradually conditioned with electrical shocks. What began as a simple experiment by Levistus was changed when Levistus found that the larva reacted differently to slight variations in the electrical charge. In time, the larva evolved into the spinal leech which is still bred today, albeit now it is cloned through baatezu magic rather than having to recondition these beings time and again.

In Baatezu society, those who know of spinal leeches are extremely careful of them appearing among their minions. However, very few are aware of such a being, and those that invariably learn of them are not eager to blab the truth (instead preferring to engineer their own specimens of these creatures). Some pit fiends implant them in mortals, loving the fear and terror that they can easily inflict on them with but a thought. Some implant them in their own ranks, keeping their servants on a tight leash. Some (the most bold - or the most foolish) implant them in the ranks of the "enemy," be them baatezu or tanar'ri. Such close contact with the chaos of a tanar'ri mind is known to drive many pit fiends crazy.

Ecology: Spinal leeches live on the electrical impulses of their hosts. In baatezu breeding areas, they live off electrical charges that are sent into the water of their tanks once every ten seconds or so. It's said that *some* spinal leeches have evolved past their current state and into something greater, though what that *something* might be is unknown. Perhaps some spinal leeches out there become so used to being manipulated by their pit fiend masters that they learn to do it themselves...

Slink

© 1999 by Brannon. Artwork © 1999 by David Nasstrom. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Carceri
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	Tribal (loosely organized)
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Average (12)
Treasure:	Q (lair only)
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	2d6+1
Armor Class:	7
Movement:	16, LP 48 (or see below)
Hit Dice:	3+4
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	3 (claw, claw, bite)
Damage/Attack:	1d4+1, 1d4+1, 3d4+4
Special Attacks:	Poison
Special	Camouflage, Leap
Defenses:	
Magic	10%
Resistance:	
Size:	Small (2' - 4')
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	650

Natives of the cruel plane of Carceri, the slink are a small, reptilian like race. They range in size from two to four feet in height and are relatively small in stature, but have slightly disproportionate heads and legs, and a small stubby tail. Their arms are tiny compared to the rest of their body, but are equipped with wicked, retracting claws and they have wide, splayed, frog-like feet. They always walk on their toes, and their heel never touches the ground. Powerfully muscled legs act as spring loaded pistons, with which they can jump amazing distances. It is a wide-spread rumor that the slink are even capable of leaping from one layer (or orb) of Carceri to another, although this screed has yet to be verified.

The slink have a shockingly human-like face, with an enlarged brow, wide staring eyes and some evenly-spaced horns at the temples and in a ridge formation starting at the apex of their brain-box. They have a small, pudgy nose with flared nostrils and a jaw that is wide and lined with flat teeth that are perfect for mashing and crushing material to pulp. Their jaws constantly drip a disgusting, foul-smelling saliva that is highly poisonous. Some sods say that the slink look shockingly similar to a human brain-box, and even joke that the slink are in fact, the forerunners of the human race.

Slink speak a bastardized version of Lower planar common, interspersed with fragments of clucks, hisses and lots of spitting. Due to the deadly properties of their salvia, talking to a slink can often be a hazardous experience.

Combat: The slink, much like their name infers, are experts at sneaking about and attacking from the



(The murderous Slink!)

Slinks are considered pests by all other residents of Carceri, despite their native status. Most sods simply kill them on principle, saying that if they don't kill the litter buggers, then they will surely take over. The slink, in return, try to strike back at the bigger folk by becoming complete and utter annoyances, and thus begin the cycle again.

"...EEWWWWWWWW..."

-some poor sod that has fallen into a Slink breeding pool-

Ecology: The life cycle of the slink revolves totally around the *nu'muuk-guulkk*, or breeding pool - other than the sheer perverse pleasure that they receive from killing another creature, it is the sole source of inspiration and drive in their miserable lives.

The breeding pools are usually wide, shallow expanses of lukewarm, fetid water that would be classified as absolutely filthy in any other part of the multiverse. All slink gather daily in the breeding pools for wild orgies where they attempt to mate with literally, anything that moves. Once they are finished, the slink drag themselves out of the pools and return to their shallow and focused lives.

The reproductive cycle of the slink is mind boggling, as they can reproduce at such an alarming rate that if they did not kill one another off so quickly, they would in just a short time, overrun the entire plane by their sheer numbers. The females can have as many as one

shadows. They enjoy a natural ability to alter their skin coloration into varying (and often dizzying) patterns and color combinations. They use this ability to its fullest potential and when sitting still, can only be detected 5% of the time.

Due to their small size and fragile body structure, however, slinks do not stand up well when faced with head-on confrontation. Therefore, if their initial attacks do not fare well, they often use their massive hind legs and jumping ability to leap away amazing distances, and then quickly disappear using their camouflage ability.

In combat, they employ a claw/claw/bite routine, slashing initially with their razor sharp claws. It is their bite, however, that is deadly and most feared. Any sod bitten by one of these creatures must save vs. poison or die within 1d4 rounds. *Slow Poison* does nothing to help the poor sod, only a *Remove Poison*, *Heal*, or *Restore* will provide any hope to the often doomed body.

Habitat/Society: The Slink have a few loosely organized tribal society that is always changing. Like the ever-shifting winds of Minethys, the slink society, too, can be altered with a single blow (usually a bite, however). Outright murder is considered the blunt tool of the unskilled, and will bring the wrath of the entire tribe upon one's head. However, skilled assassination is the common road to advancement. Only the crafty and wily can survive in a slink culture, so that any weaklings (by slink standards) who display the emotions of compassion and care are immediately weeded out of the breeding pool.

The benefits of the *thuk'ku-tuckk*, or leader of a slink tribe is, while he holds the office, the supreme leader of the entire tribe. His word is law, and his displeasure, death for those concerned. He has full access to the hoard that the slink have collected and he has his choice over any of the females and may take them to his own private *nu'muuk-guulkk*, or breeding pool, whenever he pleases. This, however, is not always considered to be a particular honor by the female slink in question, but to displease the current *thuk'ku-tuckk* is death. Many females have taken the mantle of leader of the slinks for themselves for no other reason than to satisfy their hatred of their predecessor by murdering him.

clutch a week and they return to the breeding pool to lay their eggs. As many as 1,000 eggs can be laid per clutch and those that survive the rigors of the frenzied mating in the pools will hatch two weeks later as miniature slinks. After four additional weeks (if they are not eaten by the adults) they mature into full fledged, conniving slinks. Females are at this point, ready to reproduce.

Slink serve to complete the roles of scavengers in the grand scheme of Carcerian life, as they can and do eat absolutely anything - from metal to waste materials from other creatures. They are preyed upon by gehreleths, which are about the only creatures themselves disgusting enough to eat the miserable slinks. All other creatures of Carceri consider the slinks pests and deal with them accordingly.

Oddly, on some planes, fried slink legs are found to be a delicacy and so a fair number of these creatures meet their final day in a cook pot instead of a breeding pool.

Spider, Copper

© 1999 by Galen. Artwork © of Yigit Savtur. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain: Mountains/Mines

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: Pack

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivore

Intelligence: Low (5-7)

Treasure: B

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 2d10

Armor Class: 6

Movement: 18, Jp 3

Hit Dice: 2 +2

THAC0: 19

No. of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 1d6

Special Attacks: Paralysis Venom; Leap

Special Defenses: Immune to Poison; half-damage from Acid.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (4' + to 7')

Morale: Average (8-10)

XP Value: 270

Copper Spiders are a variant of the Huge Spider that make their home in copper mines (except where domesticated); they are hunting spiders.

They are always bright green in color, and have a body length of perhaps two feet long, but a leg-span of at least six feet.

Combat: Copper Spiders can leap up to 30 ft. from ambush, imposing a -6 penalty on surprise rolls; their bite conveys a paralyzing venom (save vs. poison or be unable to move voluntary muscles for 2d4 turns), and the paralyzed victims are then promptly trussed up in a personalized silken straight jacket.

Copper Spiders have the "Rope Use" proficiency with their webbing at an expert level of skill.

See also: [Ecology](#):

**"Why are the animals
hereabouts so fat?"**

-Old Jules, a prospector in Dothion.-

Habitat/Society: Copper spiders appear to have originated on a Prime Material world. It's fabled that they were brought to the planes by tana'ri who employ the spider's venom as a food tenderizer. An infestation of coppers, as they are often referred to, was recently reported to have been cleaned out of a depleted copper mine in Dothion, Bytopia.



(A Copper, also known as the Copper Spider!)

Ecology: Copper spiders severely dislike iron, taking double damage from iron or principally iron alloy weapons; they even dislike the iron in blood or red meat. However, copper spiders very much enjoy the fat from red-blooded creatures, and their venom supports this:

The venom from the bite of a copper spider inflicts permanent damage to the victim's metabolism (save vs. death magic to negate) which causes the body to start converting all of its resources to fat.

The victim thus becomes ravenously hungry, and will starve to death within hours (each hour of not eating for the affected person is equivalent to 1 day of not eating for an unaffected person). Anything the victim eats will immediately become fat once it is ingested, resulting in the victim becoming crushed under their own weight within a few weeks time.

Neutralize poison will neutralize the venom, but a *Heal* spell or equivalent is required to repair the injury that the poison causes.

Notes: Copper spiders have copper-based blood, and are ingestively poisonous (type G) to normal creatures.

Sprite, Irata

© 1999 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © of Todd Schumacher. See more of his artwork [here](#).

Climate/Terrain:	Wooded Abyssal Layers, Any Sylvan
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Group
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	10-1000
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	6, Fl 36 (A)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d4
Special Attacks:	Scarring, Acidic Swarm
Special Defenses:	Hit only by silver or magical weapons, immune to acid
Magic Resistance:	55%
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	125

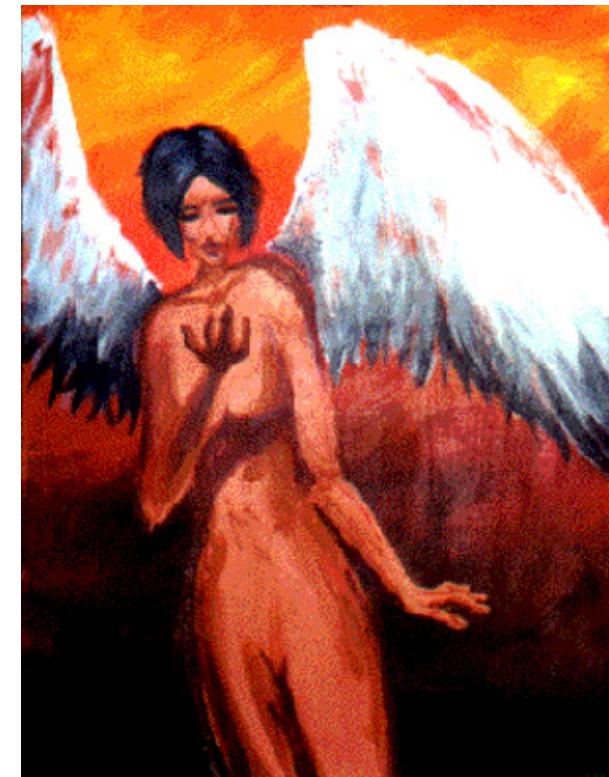
"Don't let the faerie-like appearance of the Irata fool you, berk! They might be related to them, but they are nothing like the cute little buggers that dwell the forests on your Prime worlds, and they can put you in the dead-book as easily as a Chasme!"

This usually is the first that those who have met a tribe of Irata and lived to tell the tale will share with you. Then most of them whimper and cower back to the corner they sat in. Meeting these critters generally leaves a lasting impression.

Irata look like faeries, that's true. They generally stand at about 1 foot tall, though their size could vary from about 2 inches to two feet. They have pitch-black eyes and black hairs, which some of them use for clothing. Most don't even bother with clothes, however, and wear their hair short so that it doesn't hinder them in combat.

Irata speak a language only they understand. No one has ever been in their presence long enough to study this language. It seems, however, like a mixture of the Abyssal and Seelie languages.

Combat: Irata are combative creatures. They never back away from a fight, although they aren't much of a challenge when encountered singly. Lucky for them, they are NEVER, EVER encountered singly. Their only physical attack is their bite, which inflicts 1d4 points of damage and leaves a bright red scar once it is healed. When such a scar is visible, Charisma lowers by one point (per scar).



(The malicious and dangerous Irata Sprite)

"What are those? Faeries in The Abyss?

How cute..."

-Artras, a Signer, who is about to find out that there are *NO* cute things in The Abyss....

Habitat/Society: Irata hate all beings, including their own kind. They can only stand each other's presence because they are only able to survive when in large groups. These groups are usually very large, and when not fighting a bigger foe, Irata tend to fight among each other for leadership of the group. No group of Irata with a leader is known to exist, however. They usually attack every sentient being they encounter on sight, and do not need a leader to coordinate this.

Dead Irata dissolve on contact with the ground.

Ecology: When all foes are dead or beyond their reach, the Irata eat the bodies in a very messy way, leaving only the bones and some spilled blood. Then they fly on to their next victim. Not much is known about Irata ecology since most investigators wind up in the dead-book within a few days. Even their notebooks were eaten.

This is not, however, their primary form of attack.
That is their ability to excrete acid from their pores.
When more than 100 Iratas are encountered, they start
swarming their victims, inflicting 1 point of damage
per 5 Iratas. This damage is suffered each round and is
divided evenly among the members of the party.
During their swarming, they cannot attack physically,
but usually there is no need to do this.

Sweeper (Winter's Shade)

© 1999 by Daniel Reddy. Artwork © of Brannon Hall.

Climate/Terrain:	Any / Elemental Plane of Ash
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary / Pack
Activity Cycle:	Night / Any on the Plane of Ash
Diet:	Special
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	12 (18 on the Plane of Ash)
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-6 Claw/1-8 Bite
Special Attacks:	Strength Drain
Special Defenses:	Cloud of Ash
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP Value:	2,000

A Sweeper, or more correctly - a Winter's Shade, is a creature native to the Elemental Plane of Ash. They are most common in the area called the Empty Winter, which is nearest to the Negative Elemental Plane. These foul beasts are typically between four and six feet long from nose to tail, though there have been reports of Sweepers that were as large as twelve and fifteen feet long. A smoky colored humanoid torso with large claws on each hand sits on top of a reptilian backside that ends in a large diamond shaped tail. The creature's legs are shaped like a cat's, ending in large three toed feet. The most distinct feature is the creature's glowing red eyes and flared nostrils.

Planar sages speculate that the large tail allows for the Sweeper to swim rapidly through the plane of ash, though field studies are inconclusive (primarily because all but one known field study have not returned from the study). There is also speculation that they work in packs while in the Plane of Ash, though they have always been solitary on any other plane.

Combat: On the Plane of Ash the Sweeper uses its speed to its best tactical advantage, often times moving to the underside or rear of its opponent before delivering its attack. If on a plane with gravity, the Sweeper will attempt to knock its opponent to the ground and then bite through its neck (1d8 per hit). If struck by a claw or bite attack, the defender must make a saving throw versus spells or suffer 1d6 points of damage plus a point of strength (a successful Saving Throw negates the strength drain). This Energy Drain is speculated to be a byproduct of the creature's preference of living near the Negative Energy Plane. (Each point of strength that a Sweeper drains from a



(The Ashen Death - a Sweeper!)

Habitat/Society: There is not much known about the Sweepers on the Plane of Ash. It is assumed that they have a pack mentality with the strongest leading the rest of the pack, though this is unconfirmed due to the lack of reliable information.

They appear on other Planes infrequently, always appearing in a place that has a lot of ash residue or buildup. On the Prime Material Plane they have been reported in areas where there were recent forest fires. More commonly, they appear in the hearths and chimneys of places that have not had the flue cleaned out after a period of time. Survivors tell of the broken remains of the chimney where the Sweeper broke out (this is also where they received the nickname of Sweeper, a bad joke told after such an incident).

What causes them to be transported to such places is unknown.

"Worse than the Grim Reap-er is the Sigil Sweep-er!"

-Part of a Sigil Children's Rhyme, origin unknown-

Ecology: When on a Plane other than the Plane of Ash, the sweeper sets out on a path of guile and destruction. It uses its natural color and stealth to sneak around at night to find more victims. During the daylight hours it hides in the darkest place it can find. It does not seem to be particularly affected by light, but it does prefer darkness. Further attempts to study these creatures have produced no results. As far as current knowledge goes, none of these creatures has ever been taken alive, so further study is unavailable.

victim increases its power. This is a long and subtle process, with an estimated 150 points needed to grow larger.)

If facing multiple opponents while on a Plane other than the Plane of Ash, the Sweeper will blow a large cloud of Ash into the air, effectively causing zero visibility for 1d4 rounds (If a saving throw versus Breath Weapon is successful then visibility is three to five feet). The sweeper is not effected by the cloud and will either attempt to kill its most dangerous opponent or will attempt to leave.

Tanar'riaur - Tanar'ri, Lesser

© 1999 by Gary L. Ray.

Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	R
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	2-12, 1-6, 1-6
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See Below
Magic Resistance:	30%
Size:	L (9' Tall)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	3,000



However, what they cannot forgive is the violent nature of the Tanar'riaur, which evolves quickly as soon as the young buck is capable of any form of action.

The young Tanar'riaur will harm, kill or defile everything within its power. As it grows older, so does its strength and likewise its destructive power.

The Payira master, torn between his love for the buck and his duty to the order, often gives the creature away to a loving tiefling family in hopes they might better be able to control and cultivate the youngster.

Unfortunately, the Tanar'riaur is beyond anyone's control, as it only understands pain and suffering and thrives when inflicting these attributes on others. Only the strongest of creatures, both physical and mental, could possibly hope to control one.

Once the Tanar'riaur reaches its teenage years, it often attempts to find an outlet for its violence, usually by working as a mercenary or cutthroat.

It's in the teenage years that the Tanar'riaur's sex drive begins to play a role in its violent behavior, driving it to attempt to mate with any creature it can. These tendencies towards sex and violence continue throughout its lifetime, causing great fear and hatred from those who know of it. Luckily for most creatures, the actions of the Tanar'riaur are extreme enough to keep it away from populated areas which have a reasonable level of law and order.

Without order, such as in warring regions, the Tanar'riaur has free reign to spread its type of

"The only good Tanar'riaur is a dead tanar'riaur"

-Mayor of Tradegate after recent tanar'riaur attack

Bachel the Balor, or "Render" as his friends called him, screeched in pain. He turned and saw a large creature with scimitar horns, kind of like a bariaur but more sinister and crafty. The creature had just impaled one of its horns in his left side. It would have been a mortal blow to any other creature, but was a mere scratch to Bachel.

Bachel waved his hand and a bolt of blue-green lightning shot from fingers and into the hideous creature, vaporizing it from the inside out.

"What in hell was that?!!" Bachel telepathed across the battlefield to his pit fiend rival Malignus.

"Bwa ha ha , " Malignus laughed. "I see you've met my son."

The battle continued beneath them in the Outland valley. Lemures oozed and overwhelmed a legion of beleaguered cambions. A dozen beholders, brought here from some unholy alliance with the beholder god, zapped lemures into sticky paste with rays from their eyestalks.

"How can that thing be yours?" thought back Bachel, trying to comprehend the losing battle, the

assassination attempt and his rival's intentions all at once.

"Yes, you didn't smell him did you?" Malignus chided, with no sense of regret or distress over the death of his son. "That's because he's an Outlander -- never even stepped foot in Baator."

"But when did YOU sire a son in The Outlands?" Bachel asked naively, playing on Malignus' ego to gain more information.

The cambions threw their last bit of strength against the lemures, pushing them back nearly twenty yards before the beholders flew in for the slaughter, their eyestalks shooting a rainbow of colors at the nearly spent cambions.

"It was that little bet of ours, about the bariaur, remember?" Malignus telepathed.

The battle was nearly over and the Baatoran forces had clearly claimed victory on the field. An army of dwarves waited to the north, ready to contain the battle if it spilled over into their territory. They started to advance on the defeated forces, looking to express their frustration and anger with their sharp axes and swords.

Bachel looked to the advancing dwarves and the beholders who were now focusing their deadly eyestalks on the Tanar'ri leadership.

"Next time maybe I'll have a little horned surprise of my own!" Bachel telepathed to Malignus, right before teleporting back to The Abyss.

His commanders and few surviving troops were left behind to be slaughtered by the beholders, and waiting dwarves. Such was the price of failure.

Tanar'riaur are the male offspring of a Tanar'ri and a female bariaur. It is believed that the pure chaos and evil of the Tanar'riaur, combined with its incessant desire to defile and desecrate all that is alive, cannot possibly be contained in a female form. Others believe that the female Tanar'riaur are easier to spot at birth and may simply be drowned, as some flocks do with horned does.

At birth the Tanar'riaur appears to be a normal male bariaur, although without horns. A member of the Payira Order appears shortly after the birth to induct the newborn into the order. Most bariaur flocks are never aware of the true nature of the Tanar'riaur because of the short time they spend with the newborn.

terror. More than one peasant in a war torn region has opened his door to find a Tanar'riaur.

Although it's a little known fact, many tieflings are born from Tanar'riaur rapes in regions of war.

Combat: The Tanar'riaur attacks with its two front claws and its vicious bite. They eschew weapons and any type of armor, as they think it interferes with their lust -- both for battle and sex.

Opponents of the Tanar'riaur must save versus fear or flee in panic of the horrible beast.

Tanar'riaur magic resistance is similar to that of their fiendish parent.

Tanar'riaur have the spell-like powers of other tanar'ri, including darkness 15' radius, infravision, and teleport without error. They rarely use these abilities in their "carnal" pursuits, as they greatly enjoy the fear and pain they cause by breaking down doors and using force.

Tanar'riaur receive the immunities of their fathers:

Full Damage: acid, iron weapon, magic missile, silver weapon.

Half Damage: cold, fire (magical), gas.

No Damage: electricity, fire (non-magical), poison.

Tanar'riaur have no ability to gate in other creatures.

Habitat/Society: Tanar'riaur are welcome in all places where violence and defilement rule the day. A Tanar'riaur would never wish to live within bariaur society, although it may occasionally prey on its does.

Although Tanar'riaur are welcome in The Abyss, they would rather live elsewhere, where there are more opportunities to satisfy their lust.

Tanar'riaur are not very intelligent but they understand the need to work within organized groups to satisfy their destructive urges. They are the literal embodiment of the monster terrorizing the countryside, and without a group of soldiers or cutthroats to back up its heinous actions, a Tanar'riaur would live a short, brutish life.

Tanar'riaur care little for money or payment of any type, beyond the opportunity to wreak havoc on civilian populations. Often they will patiently fight

The payira master who raises the Tanar'riaur soon discovers the true nature of this creature. Within a few weeks from birth, the Tanar'riaur's skin changes color from brown to red. Its hair never grows, leaving it to look like a large rodent. The normal molars of the vegetarian bariaur grow into sharp fangs, designed for ripping flesh. The cloven hooves grow claws at the ends. Even the social activist payira could forgive these "deformities."

battles against organized armies, knowing that success will result in the town or city being sacked and pillaged.

Tanar'riaur would never fight in The Blood War, as there are not enough rewards or opportunities.

Ecology: Tanar'riaur live to satisfy their lusts for violence and sex. They are fully capable of reproduction and are thought to be extremely potent, as witnessed by the many Tanar'riaur offspring in occupied war zones.

Tanar'riaur have no allegiance to their Tanar'ri fathers or respect for their bariaur mothers. They also have no desire to visit or live in the Abyss, or associate with other Tanar'ri, unless it somehow fulfills their short term goal of destruction and defilement.

Planetouched PC's: Tiefling versions of the Tanar'riaur are also known to traverse the planes.

Please Visit [The Tale of the Bariaur](#) for more chant on this creature!

Petty Fairy, Tarshin

© 1999 by Leonidas. Artwork © of Maria Sandell. See more of her artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Forests
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Band
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Nectar
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	U
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	3-12
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	6 fl 24 (A)
Hit Dice:	1
THAC0:	19
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1-3
Special Attacks:	Spells, poison
Special Defenses:	<i>Free Action</i>
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	650

They are taller than most fairy's, nearly two feet for most and painfully thin. All are red heads with sharp elfin features and dark red butterfly wings. Upon reaching maturity each tattoos themselves in an individual pattern. They are very likely to approach those intruding into their woodlands.

Pranks are the great sport of this race. When anyone comes into their area they will have a contest to see which can come up with the most original prank.

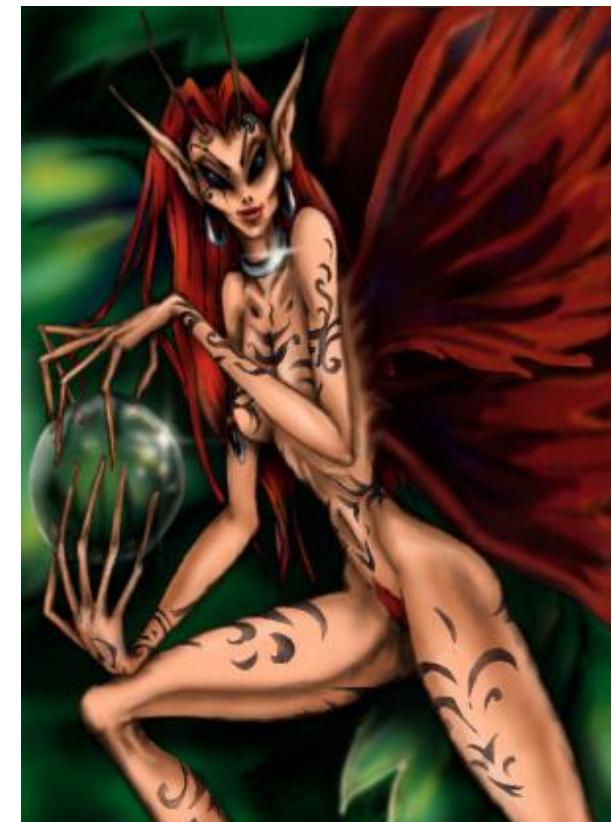
Combat: The tarshin are reluctant to engage in combat. They use their spells to befuddle and distract a foe long enough to let them escape. Each may cast as a fifth level illusionist. Most of these spells will be used in their pranks, but enough are always kept to ensure a quick escape if necessary.

**"He looks nice.
I bet this'll
make him laugh"**

-Last words of a Tarshin before discovering that Lich's have no sense of humor-

If forced into melee each tarshin will slash with their claws for 1d3 points of damage each. The victim must save vs poison or fall unconscious for 1-4 turns due to the venom that is secreted by the claws. Anything that goes out due to poison will have the cruellest practical jokes the tarshin can think of done to them.

The tarshin are commonly found in the company of giant spiders. They have a natural *free action* (as the fourth level wizard spell) ability and can summon 1-3 giant spiders per day that will arrive within 4 rounds.



(The deadly petty fairy)

Habitat/Society: A band of tarshin will roam about the forest hunting for something interesting to do. Once they have found a suitable subject the pranks will begin. Each day the most original prankster gets to wear a crown of flowers for the following day.

They only pick on intelligent creatures. A skilled user of illusions can keep a band entertained and harmless until the spells run out. They will then pump him to do it again. Many times they will even trade their spells at two or even three for one to get a new illusion that no other tarshin can lay claim to.

Ecology: The tarshin eat nectar and drink dew. They have a very minimal amount of impact on the ecology. The problem comes in when a victim of their practical jokes tries to exact vengeance. The fairies have no judgement as to who to pick on and who to leave alone. Mages with no sense of humor have laid waste to large sections of the forests trying to get the elusive mischief makers.

Troll, Primeval

© 2000 by Scott Orr. Artwork © of Scott Orr.

Climate/Terrain:	Desolate wilderness regions of Ysgard and the Abyss (with a preference for forested areas)
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Omnivorous (with very strong carnivorous tendencies)
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2 / -3
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	15 (d10)
THAC0:	3
No. of Attacks:	2 claws (or special - see below)
Damage/Attack:	5-20 (+14) / 5-20 (+14) (or see below)
Special Attacks:	Swallow whole; crushing; hurl boulders; reflex feeding Regeneration; immune to cold, poison, paralysis, petrification, and mind/body control
Special Defenses:	30%
Magic Resistance:	Gargantuan (25'+)
Size:	Fearless (19-20)
Morale:	5,000
XP Value:	

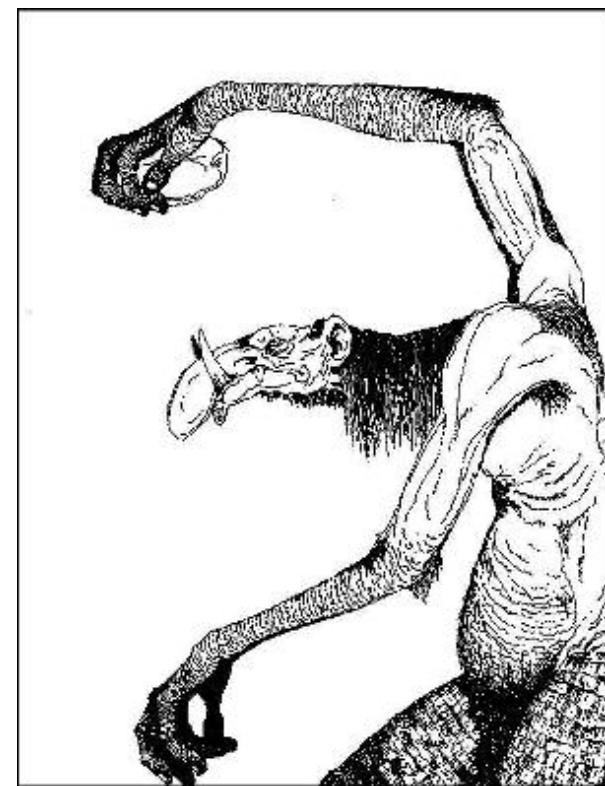
"Did that hill just move?"

-Sved Trepparnie of Sigil
(and first time adventurer in the Abyss),
about to find out why he and his companions
haven't seen any tanar'ri near their camp-

Primeval trolls are a dying breed of enormous troll-kin found in Ysgard and the Abyss on the Outer Planes. Being very rare and inhabiting only the most wild of regions, they are little known to most beings of mortal persuasion. Those that do become aware of them often do so only preceding their untimely deaths.

Primeval trolls shuffle about at night in search of food--40' tall and apelike in aspect--but turn into hills of stony earth during the day. They have large tusks and drooping noses, and long necks with horse-like manes. Their forearms and lower bodies are covered in calluses and dingy, tough scales (AC -3). Their feet are rather like an elephant's, but with short, gnarled, projecting horny toes. Their skin colors are naturally dull earth tones, while their relatively small eyes are menacing points of yellow light.

Combat: Primeval trolls can be veritable engines of destruction when they put their small minds to it. Each is easily as strong as a storm giant and may strike with its two claws every round for 5-20 (+14) points of damage each. Each claw may attack a separate



(The mighty and deadly Primeval Troll)

Damage caused by those implements is regenerated at the rate of 5 points per round. Damage inflicted by magically generated fire or acid (or magical weapons producing either of these), however, is thankfully not regenerated.

If one of their limbs is somehow severed, it falls to the ground dead and does not move about or attack on its own. It will turn to stone as soon as it is hit by sunlight (or at the time when the troll would normally revert back to hill form). Lost limbs reappear after only one night of rest. The fallen limbs break down into dust after a day has passed.

Dangerous even as it slumbers during daylight hours, one of the primeval troll's deadliest attacks is its reflex feeding. Even when in hill form, the troll hungers. Its body is connected to the ground it sits upon, and tendrils of its substance spread out--rootlike--for a radius of approximately 50 feet (it has been rumored that the trolls get some type of sustenance from the planes themselves in this manner, but the particulars are unknown). Characters passing through this "danger zone" have a 1% cumulative chance per round of attracting a reflex feeding attack. Other factors may increase the odds as follows (these are only a few of the many possible):

- engaging in combat in the zone: +10%
- each large animal or character over 300 lbs. in the zone: +1%
- setting up camp in the zone: +10%

opponent. Alternately, a troll may make one normal claw attack and one "called shot" grasping attack (at -4 "to hit" against targets in a size class below L) every round.

These "non-lethal" grasping attacks still inflict 14 points of damage (the trolls don't know their own strength), and subject the seized opponent to a biting attack (at +4 to hit) at the beginning of the next round for 8-48 points of damage. Bitten creatures of Medium size or smaller must save vs. breath weapons or subsequently be swallowed whole. Swallowed opponents cannot attack unless they had a weapon of short sword size or smaller in their hand when they were swallowed, and strike at -4 to hit, suffering 3-30 points of damage from digestion every round. Non-bladed weapons will be completely ineffective in the troll's gut (which has an effective AC of 7).

Further, and possibly more horrific, creatures **not** swallowed must stay in the troll's mouth to be chewed, taking additional biting damage and saving vs. breath weapons every round until they **are** swallowed, rendered into bits, or make a successful Strength check to escape the troll's maw (at which point they may or may not be subject to about 30' worth of falling damage, depending on the circumstances).

In addition, if they forfeit their other attacks, they can concentrate on one opponent of size L or smaller well enough to deliberately step on him, causing 10-80 points of damage (other opponents are occasionally stepped on inadvertently). Creatures suffering damage equal to half or more of their current total hit points from such an attack must make a successful system shock roll or die. Also, all equipment carried by those chewed or stepped on must save vs. crushing blows or be destroyed.

They can pick up reasonably sized boulders and hurl them up to 20 feet for 6-60 points of damage, and can catch similar missiles 20% of the time. Primeval trolls are also immune to cold, poison, petrification, and paralysis, and are completely unaffected by spells that would control their minds or bodies. As if all of this was not bad enough, they also regenerate all damage inflicted on them by means other than fire, acid, magic, or magical weapons at the rate of 20 points per round.

- each campfire lit in the zone: +5%
- loud music or dancing in the zone: +5%

The attack itself comes in the form of a large stony hand that erupts from the ground immediately beneath a target's feet. The attack is at +4 to hit and comes without any warning. It is so fast that no attacks on the hands are possible. The target must save vs. breath weapons or be pulled beneath the ground. The effects are somewhat like an *imprisonment* spell, with the exception that the victim is subject to damage from digestion just as if he had been swallowed by the troll in its active state.

However, in this instance, the doomed is encased in a stony chamber where no weapons will avail him. Only a *wish* will bring back characters killed in such a manner. The sleeping troll is only capable of such an attack every 10 rounds, but the psychological impact of such an event is not lost on most adventurers. Characters who avoid being pulled under may still be subject to damage as from a normal claw attack (if the troll hits).

Habitat/Society: Primeval trolls are slowly headed toward extinction. During their impressive lifespans (it is believed that none of the remaining specimens is younger than 3000 years in age), individuals of the species tend to live in isolation from one another. If two of them ever happen to cross paths, a non-lethal territorial scuffle is usually the result. Whatever the outcome of such an encounter, it will always result in a parting of the ways.

Their associations with members of other races are equally to the point. Anything other than another primeval troll is either an edible or an enemy. Even their smaller kin are regarded as food items.

Ecology: In spite of their tremendous bulk and large appetites, primeval trolls have a negligible destructive impact on the wilds they inhabit.

UberGeist

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	2
Movement:	12
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-8
Special Attacks:	<i>Death Touch, Magic Jar</i>
Special Defenses:	<i>Wraithform, Undead Spell immunities, hit only by silver or magical weapons</i>
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	2,000

The UberGeist is the spirit of the very evil souls who were slain by treachery. In darkness they look as they did at the time of death, save they rot as their body rots. In daylight they appear to be the faintest shadow and no details of them can be made out.

The UberGeist, in life, was an evil creature with a minimum willpower of 16. They were normally very charismatic and attracted followers. One of these followers slew them, or caused them to be slain. It has become the UberGeist's mission in un-life to hunt down and slay all those it can blame for its death. Only when the last of them are dead can it rest.

In its natural form the UberGeist is totally unable to manipulate physical objects. To do so it must possess the living. While it possesses a living creature it merely dominates the body, the soul is still present. Each day of possession the host must roll a save vs. death magic or go insane, due to having to listen to the thoughts of the undead.

Combat: In combat the UberGeist will normally abandon anyone it is currently possessing. None of its special attacks may be used while it is coated with flesh of another being.

The UberGeist attacks a subjects life force. If it rolls a successful hit it does 1d8 points of damage that can only be healed by magic and forces its target to roll a save vs. death magic or die. The *death touch* only has one chance for success. If the victim successfully saves they are forever immune to the death touch of that particular spirit, though they can still receive damage.



(Behold - the UberGeist!)

The UberGeist has the ability to summon toads and use them as spies. 1-10 of them will gather within an hour of being summoned. The spirit may see through their eyes, and will occasionally use them to deliver some small item to an intended victim. It does this to inspire fear.

As an undead creature the UberGeist shares all standard undead immunities. It may only be struck by silver or magical weapons. It also may assume a *wraithform* at any time, and maintain this form for up to 12 rounds. It uses this ability to escape when sorely damaged.

"Hey, Maliss. Where are all these toads commin' from?"
-Maliss and Moriss, about to have a BAD night....

Habitat/Society: The UberGeist does not take part in society. Any creature it possesses will soon become weak and pale, as the spirit never eats or drinks. The body will normally die in 3 to 5 days from lack of water if constantly occupied. The friends and relations of a possessed creature notice a change immediately, as their friend becomes distant and driven.

Ecology: The UberGeist does not take part in the ecology. The main impact it has is in removing toads that would otherwise take part. Most of the toads used by the spirit die from the contamination of un-life energy within 7 days after being released from control.

With eye contact the UberGeist can *magic jar* into any intelligent creature (intelligence above 4). This allows it to take complete control over its victim's body. It may not access any memories or skills of the body. It has all proficiencies and abilities it had in life.

Vampire, Lesser

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Climate/Terrain:	Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Blood
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing:	1-6
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	8+3
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	8-12/8-12/1-4
Special Attacks:	Energy Drain, Blood Drain
Special	+1 or better magic item to hit,
Defenses:	Undead spell immunities
Magic	None
Resistance:	
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	6, 000

The lesser vampire is the beast like follower of a master vampire. Where a master is intelligent and cunning the lesser is just hungry. It makes up in savagery for what it lacks in brains, in some cases destroying whole families or small towns in a single rampage. They were once human, but 90% of all creatures brought to vampirism suffer this fate, instead of becoming the polished killer of most vampire myths.

Their faces are drawn and feral, with sharply pointed features. They walk bent over, almost like a gorilla, and are normally filthy. Their hair and nails lengthened in death. They retain whatever clothing they wore at their deaths, but it is normally ragged and dirty.

Combat: The lesser vampires are truly savage in combat against the living. Their thirst overwhelms what little reason they retain, forcing them to attack until they have downed a foe. Then they will stop to feed, unless stuck by another. They are stronger than master vampires, having a score of 19. They may attack once per round with each claw doing 1d4 points of damage plus 7. Once an opponent has fallen, or cannot retreat they will make their bite attack. This attack inflicts 1d4 points of damage save vs paralysis or go rigid due to shock. Any living creature struck in melee is subject to a 1 level drain.

"blood....blood....I smells it....the-BLOOD!!!!"

-Lesser Vampire thought process-



(Beware the Lesser Vampire!)

Holy water burns them for 2-7 points of damage and they cannot regenerate from holy weapons. Each round they are exposed to sunlight causes 2-20 points of damage that can only be healed by 24 full hours of rest in a dark place. If it is ever immersed in running water it loses one third of its hp each round until destroyed. A stake through the heart paralyzes the creature until it is removed. They must have their heads cut off, have holy wafers or water fill their mouths and the body and head must be burned separately to ensure they do not return.

The lessers normally savage a body so seriously it is not a candidate for being raised as a vampire. Any creature that is so raised will become a lesser if their willpower is less than 16.

Habitat/Society: Lesser vampires live in abandoned areas, normally in the center of devastation they have caused. They kill and kill until there are no more men in the area. At this point they are reduced to feeding from the blood of animals until more intelligent life enters the area. They must drain 1d20 points of blood per round, this is tripled if they are draining unintelligent creatures. Lesser's are always solitary unless under the control of a master. If they ever encounter others of their kind they will fight until one is slain.

Ecology: The lesser vampire is a scourge to the world. They kill everything they may reach. Eventually trees and plants will even die due to the evil emanating

Weapons of less than +1 enchantment are unable to harm the lesser vampire. Even if successfully attacked they regenerate 3 points per round. If reduced to zero points (and only then as they have no control over this power) the lesser will assume gaseous form and retreat to a nearby hole or cellar. If it is unable to reach such a shelter in 12 rounds its essence breaks up and it is truly destroyed.

Sleep, charm and *hold* spells do not affect the vampire. Similarly, they are unharmed by poisons and are immune to paralysis. They are completely immune to non-magical heat and flame. Magical cold and electricity do only half damage.

The lesser may *spiderclimb* at will. This is normally used to scale sheer surfaces to reach bird eggs they've smelled or get inside a home or tower. They follow the scent of food to decide where they invade.

from them, leaving only thorns and thistles. The skin of a lesser vampire makes very powerful scrolls of vampiric touch. Their fangs are useful in many wizard spells.

Squirrel, Vampire

© 1999 by Richard Hollingsworth. Artwork © of Yigit Savtur. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Temperate Forest or Scrub Plain
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Solitary(male) or pack
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Blood
Intelligence:	Animal (1)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1-16
Armor Class:	8, or 0 (see below)
Movement:	20, Gl 12(C)
Hit Dice:	2
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d2(paw)/1d2(paw)/3d4(bite)
Special Attacks:	Nerve numbing poison in bite
Special Defenses:	Extremely hard to hit while it's biting (AC 0)
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Tiny (6' long or less)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	200

Although cute and furry, a cutter won't find this furball munching idly on nuts. The vampire squirrel, a close relative of the vampire bat, thirsts for a meal of pure blood. Unlike its other mammalian cousin, it is not a nocturnal hunter.

Rogue squirrels will use stealth to their advantage, and attack weaker "unarmed" prey. Packs of vampire squirrels will usually gather to feed on any living thing that approaches their territory. They attack with the ferocity and speed of aquatic piranha.

Combat: These nasties only attack when they need to feed. They can somehow sense where critical arteries lie in their prey, and on a critical hit, they can kill in 1d3 rounds. They have fangs, but they are rarely used. Instead this little biter starts his attack by clawing in a good grip. If both claw attacks are successful it is then secured to its prey (AC 0). It cannot bite without both claws in its victim. It then begins to gnaw furiously like a piranha on its meal. Its fangs secrete a poison that not only numbs its victim's limbs and body, but it also keeps the blood from clotting. In a pack feeding frenzy, many squirrels may attack a single wound at the same time consuming 3d4 HP per squirrel per round!

Different varieties of the squirrel will attack in nearly the exact same method. Tree squirrels glide down and land on their prey. Burrowing squirrels lie in wait and pounce up on the abdomens of quadrupeds.

"Hey Palin!

d'ya see somethin' on my neck?"

-Last words of a vampire squirrel's victim-



(They're killers! The Vampire Squirrels!)

Habitat/Society: Vampire squirrels live in packs, but occasional rogue males will be encountered. The forest gliding squirrels hang upside down in the trees just like bats.

Variants, known as vampiric chipmunks and/or gophers are unsubstantiated, and most believe they are mistaken for the "blood" squirrels. Other carcasses have not appeared in Sigil for study, but large rewards exist for proof of these variants.

Ecology: Utilizing their stealth attacks and covert feeding methods, famished packs of vampire squirrels have been known to suck dry whole herds of cattle in a single encounter. They are quick hunters, and even quicker feeders. A complete and good feeding will typically last a single squirrel a week or more.

In the forests, they utilize gliding to "sneak attack" unsuspecting victims. In the plains, they hide in their burrows until their prey passes overhead. On the prime world Mor, these creatures are used by the tribal wemics in "coming of age" tests for young warriors. A warrior initiate, armed only with a spear, is placed into a cave full of hungry squirrels. This test proves both the speed and agility of the youth and very few survive unscathed.

The vampire squirrel has no known predators. Even owls and badgers respect the ferocious little beasts and



stay clear of them. At times, they are apt to turn on themselves, but especially the males at mating time.

Voodracoor - Tanar'ri, True

© 1999 by [Heiner de Wendt](#).

Climate/Terrain:	The Abyss
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Solitary or Cult
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore, Minds
Intelligence:	Genius to Godlike (17-21)
Treasure:	C, F, H
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1 or 2-5 (1d4+1)
Armor Class:	-7
Movement:	10
Hit Dice:	10
THAC0:	10
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	1d4+7/1d4+7/1d6+7
Special Attacks:	Voodoo, Mind Eating, Fear aura, Magical weapon
Special Defenses:	Tanar'ri immunities, +3 weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	70%
Size:	L (9 feet tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	22,000

The Voodracoor belong to the least known tanar'ri, as they are extremely rare. In fact, it is very, very bad luck if one ever meets one (and especially a group) of these horrible fiends.

Voodracoor appear as large humanoids completely covered in wide, flowing hooded robes of darkest colors. Trying to get a glance at their faces under those hoods only reveals dark, red-glowing eyes in pure darkness. Whenever a voodracoor is slain or otherwise defeated, he simply vanishes, no matter what precautions are taken. Thus, no one knows what these beasts truly look like.

Combat: Voodracoor attack with powerful fists hidden under their long, wide sleeves. They have a strength of 19 (+7 damage adjustment) and each hit with a fist inflicts 1d4+7 points of damage. All Voodracoor possess one Abyssal-forged magical weapon, which is additional to any other treasure the fiend has. Roll randomly on the special weapons tables in the DMG, or choose one freely. A full 10% of these special weapons also have intelligence; in fact, the soul of a dretch has been imprisoned in the weapon then, to serve the Voodracoor. Such weapons always have the special ability to cast *stinking cloud* once per day, but all other abilities of the dretch are lost. The normal rules for intelligent weapons with alignments apply, though.

Depending on the kind of weapon, the voodracoor loses one or both fist attacks when using the weapon (do not forget the size of the Voodracoor - a normal two-handed sword could be used one-handed by the



(The mysterious Voodracoor...)

"Die."

Rumored to have been said by a Voodracoor

When a voodracoor controls a being in this way, it can also use another power it has - the *Mind Eating*. It touches the doll's head with its hand (or whatever appendage the creature might have; observers only see that the doll is under the sleeve) and suddenly the victim gets a headache that is worse than all the pain the howling winds of Pandemonium could cause.

It is, in any case, paralyzed for the whole round and the round thereafter. If the victim fails a saving throw vs. death magic, the being's mind is completely sucked out of him, leaving just a mindless, though still living, shell. It seems the voodracoor gain something from this, though what exactly is unknown. Curiously, they use this power very rarely.

Note that this power works on all mortals and on all undead up to, but not including, "Special" status. It works on all Least and Lesser tanar'ri and baatezu, but only on those yugoloths with a magic resistance of less than 50%. It does not work on any other 'paramortals',

creature). The Voodracoor also attack with a head butt if possible, inflicting 1d6+7 points of damage; these moments are the most probable of an opponent seeing the glowing eyes of the beast.

In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, the voodracoor can cast once per round at the 10th level of spell use: *chill touch*, *command*, *ESP* (always active), *polymorph other*, *sleep*, *true seeing* (always active). Furthermore, they're always surrounded by a powerful fear aura in a radius of 20 feet. A being inside the fear aura has to save vs. paralyzation at a -2 penalty every round or flee in terror for 2d4 rounds.

The most beloved power (by themselves, of course) of the voodracoor is the *Voodoo Ritual*. The voodracoor has to concentrate one round in order to create a small doll out of the fabric of space surrounding the fiend. This doll looks very similar to one being in sight of the voodracoor. After creation of the doll (which is, for any rules purposes, just an non-magical, wooden doll), the voodracoor has to bring the doll to body contact with the appropriate victim (thus, a character completely clad in armor is quite safe from this power of the fiend).

After this contact, the voodracoor (and only the voodracoor) can use the doll to control the victim absolutely. Just breaking the doll would instantly kill the victim (and create quite a gory mess), moving it around could make the victim fly through the air or even attack his friends, and so on. This control lasts as long as the voodracoor sees the victim. If the fiend is somehow separated from his victim, though, and meets the character again later (as improbable as that is), the doll still has the power of control over the character.

strangely.

Habitat/Society: Voodracoor are mysterious creatures who have never been observed to speak, eat or interact with anyone, except by fighting or controlling them. They always seem to be on a kind of mission, and it has been observed that the various rulers of a layer ignore them. It is thus very probable that the voodracoor are direct servants of the Abyssal lords, maybe even their creations.

A truly fearsome sight are the voodracoor cults. In such a cult, two to five of these beings apparently try to accomplish some very definite goal (as gaining a magical item, killing a particular person, or something similar), and nothing, absolutely nothing can stop them, then. They never give up when in a Cult, fight until slain or successful, and do not care for anything but reaching their goal.

When the voodracoor appear in a Cult and their goal has to do with a particular being, one of them nearly always uses the *Voodoo* power in order to reach that goal. The other voodracoor then work perfectly together to make sure the *Voodoo*-casting voodracoor will be successful.

Such cults can also appear outside the Abyss, though this happens rarely. Only one occasion is known where the Voodoo Lords appeared in the Blood War, and they "only" killed the baatezu army's commander before disappearing again (this, though, was the key event, ensuring the success of the tanar'ri army during that battle).

Ecology: The voodracoor, or Voodoo Lords, do not seem to fit into any ecology, except (and even this is only a guess) in some obscure and convoluted Abyssal system, wherein they possibly serve the layers' rulers. Then again, so few is known about these fiends that about anything could be possible.

V'yrn

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Climate/Terrain:	Astral
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Genius (17-18)
Treasure:	Special
Alignment:	Neutral (Neutral Evil)
No. Appearing:	1 (1d4+1 - See below)
Armor Class:	-6
Movement:	15, Fl 48(B)
Hit Dice:	40
THAC0:	5
No. of Attacks:	5 (claw(x4)/bite)
Damage/Attack:	2d20 (x4)/3d20+10
Special Attacks:	Breath Weapon (See below)
Special:	<i>Roar</i>
Defenses:	
Magic Resistance:	75%
Size:	G (45' to 65' long)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	38,000

It has been said that the mysterious Wyrm of the Silver Void is, if anything, the ultimate antithesis and antagonist of the Astral Dragon. Whereas the Astral Dragons (also known as 'Astrals') are for the most part, content to remain sequestered in their shimmering citadels of dark gemstone, the V'yrn, (believed to be a contraction for 'Void Wyrm') do nothing but eternally roam and hunt the Silver Void, looking for plunder, spoils, and their most hated enemies, the Astral Dragons.

There is an ancient tale that has been passed down for eons amongst those that hold the Astral dear, as to exactly why the V'yrn have such an apparently unfounded hatred for the Astrals. This tale has entered into present day theory through *The Collected Notes of Dorbin Bombbast*, famed Astral explorer and Guvner sage:

Now every conduit rider worth his salt knows that the Astral Dragons were more than likely not originally of the Astral Plane, right? Well, like most graybeards spout, the forerunners of the Astrals came from somewhere on the Prime, more than likely the Prime world known as Krynn, right? Right. Well, that was all fine and dandy because there were no dragons in the Astral, right? Well, some planar sages think that this is wrong. Seems that recently, some very shaky chant about a race of dragons native to the Astral has been unearthed and that got some graybeards to rattling their bone-boxes and scratchin' their brain-boxes. They came up with a slaadi-story the likes of which you've never heard.

Seems that this race of dragons (which had no name as far as anyone can tell - the earliest references of them were found in githyanki territory, and not many sods are going to go askin' them) inhabited the Astral in relative peace but what



(The V'yrn in its flotsam nest!)

"Astral Dragons?"

Pah!

Any sod with a half-full brain-box knows...

...that the V'yrn are the *true* masters of the Astral!" -Dorbin Bombbast-

Lastly, the V'yrn breath weapon is truly a devastating form of attack, although it is believed that they can only use it once per day (or whatever passes for a day in the Astral). Their breath weapon is a cone that is 120' long, 5' at the dragon's mouth and 35' at the base of pure, silvery energy. To an onlooker, it appears as if the beast spouts forth pure Astral energy itself, although this has never been verified. (The breath weapon does 20d12+10 points of damage, with a save for half damage. Any non-living item caught within the range of the massive weapon is forced to make a save vs. crushing blow or be utterly destroyed as per a *disintegrate* spell). Luckily, most V'yrn use this weapon only as a last ditch effort before fleeing battle.

Habitat/Society: All that is known of the V'yrn way of existence has been painstakingly garnered through the meticulous compilation of lanned planewalker's tales, legends, and translated githyanki texts, all performed by the Guvner sage Dorbin Bombbast. Dorbin, a brownie shaman-sage from Arborea, has spent the past

exactly they did no sod really knows. This is the way the ride went until the prime upstart dragons stared moving in, all full of fire and fury, and givin' the previously mentioned dragons a rough time of it. The prime dragons discovered a massive city of these peaceful dragons floating in the Void like a black gem and wanted it more than any dragon has ever wanted a horde before. They gathered and attacked the burg en mass and started a war the likes of which most bashers have never seen.

Now, most sods would stop and wonder - with two forces of dragons clashing and clattering in the Astral, why is it that no one saw anything? Well, the folks that tell the tale only shake their head and say that the Astral is a mighty big place, sod, and at this time, it was even more empty than it is today.

So, the dragons fought and thousands were killed on either side until finally the peaceful dragons saw only one way to save themselves as a race - give up their cherished city and flee into the Void. Before they did, however, they wove a mighty spell that would forever splinter not only these new upstart dragons but also the city that they loved so dearly. The magic was so powerful that it shattered their gemstone city into more fragments than a modron could count, and those very same fragments are the dark crystalline towers that the Astral Dragons never stray far from to this day.

Further, the mighty spell cursed the prime dragons so that they would always be hampered throughout their entire lifespan. When they were young, they would always remain small, to remind them of their true place in the cosmos (small lizards in a big void, a sod could say)... And when they finally mature enough to find a mate, the curse allows them to grow to full size, but they are forever bound by an unbreakable chain to one another, to remind them that they will never be truly free; they will always be bound together by their own treacherous race.

Now, most sods might just scoff at screed like this, calling them dreamer's tales, but some graybeards bet their bottom stingers that this is why the V'yrn hate the Astrals so dearly. They hunt them relentlessly, attacking and destroying the young when they are small and using cunning tactics to make one chained mate more of a burden than an asset in a fight. Finally, for all of the still non-believers out there, there is one question that begs an answer, "Why do the scales of the V'yrn look almost identical to the strange, crystalline towers of the Astral Dragons?"

Combat: While both the V'yrn and the Astrals seem about evenly matched in a claw-to-claw battle, the larger and more ferocious V'yrn do not have the luxury of instantaneously healing any wound, however, they have developed a few tricks that have allowed them to survive (many graybeards say even prosper) in their genocidal war with the Astral Dragons.

Two of these advantages, among others, include their massive strength and their diamond-hard scales. Their might allows them to easily rend even the strongest

several decades of his life researching the mysteries of the Astral, with a focus on the unusual V'yrn.

Very little fact has been uncovered about the social structure of the V'yrn and for the most part, the mighty creatures still remain dark to planar sages. There is a Spire's worth of speculation and eye witness reports, but unfortunately, there is little to go on.

One of the only things known as fact are that the V'yrn are usually very solitary (except when it comes to their unusual method of combat) and it is believed, when mating. However, no known instances of a recorded mating between two of the Void Wyrms has been recorded, so this again, is pure speculation.

Another known fact is that the V'yrn inhabit large nests of gathered debris and Astral flotsam, although whether the V'yrn create these nests or not is still dark. Further, no young of the V'yrn have been observed, but it is believed that young do exist and are kept in these flotsam nests, which are fiercely guarded.

Ecology: Other than self defense and the hoarding of gathered 'treasures', the V'yrn hatred of the Astral dragons seem to be their only reason for survival. No sod knows what they eat, if anything, and it is certainly not their prey, the Astral Dragons, whose flesh they seem to loathe. It seems that they only gain pleasure from rending it, for they do not devour it, leaving the massive carcasses to drift, never rotting, in the Silver Void.

Some graybeards believe that the V'yrn once served a purpose in the Astral but that purpose will remain forever dark. Perhaps they were a part of the intricate, but little known system of life that seems to exist in the Astral, or perhaps they were ancient guardians of magic itself.

If one believes the story of their beginnings, this might explain the mighty curse they placed upon the now-Astral Dragons. However, some graybeards argue that if the V'yrn were masters of such magic, why could they not defend themselves better from such an attack (if it indeed happened at all).

A few planar sages further theorize that the V'yrn were somehow linked to the conduits, or perhaps the ancient city they were said to dwell within was a focus point for conduits in the Astral. While he has no conclusive chant, Dorbin Bombbast's studies have shown a high concentration of frequently traveled conduits in the near vicinities of a few of the black crystal towers inhabited by Astral Dragons.

Whatever their original purpose was within the grand scheme of the Astral Plane, it seems that the V'yrn no longer serve it. However, they do not seem to harm the Void either. Perhaps the Astrals have taken over the position once held by the V'yrn, and they now rule from a broken court, scattered across the Silver Void. If

metals known as well as pound stone to dust (+10 to attack and damage rolls). Further, their intimate knowledge with the Astral affords them the ability to attack with all four claws at once. While they are not impervious to physical attacks, it is bloody well hard to land a decent blow onto one of their onyx-colored scaly backs, even for the mighty Astral Dragon.

Another highly developed form of survival amongst the Vyrm is their uncanny ability to detect when another is locked in combat with an Astral. While normally solitary, Vyrm have a tendency to "gang up" on their hated enemy and work together with uncanny accuracy to defeat them. Some sages speculate that the Vyrm emit some form of *Roar* that is undetectable by other creatures that call out to others of their kind. In support of this, sages have recorded a behavior that mimics roaring during combat, although no sound is heard. (During combat, a Vyrm can *Roar*, calling 1d4 other Vyrm that arrive within three rounds).

so, this may be yet another clue in the Vyrm hatred of the Astral Dragons, and why they strive so fiercely to eliminate them.

The only possible benefit resulting from the dragon's presence is the fact that seem to horde **everything** they find, building massive nests of floating debris and items. They seem to almost be obsessive about this gathering, although it is apparently not done out of greed or want of possessions. A body is just as likely to find an ancient rusted kettle heaped beside a shining *vorpal sword* within a Vyrm flotsam nest (The DM should feel free to define this treasure horde as he/she sees fit). However, very few of such nests have been located and those that were found are fiercely and ferociously guarded. Some sages believe that these nests house the young of the Vyrm, and thus the violent reaction to intruders.

Wad

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Climate/Terrain:	Limbo
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Riddles
Intelligence:	Supra-genius (19-20)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	4-16 (4d4)
Armor Class:	10
Movement:	N/A
Hit Dice:	1 hp
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1
Special Attacks:	None
Special	None
Defenses:	None
Magic	None
Resistance:	
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP Value:	5

Wads are strange creatures that only appear in the plane of Limbo. They resemble sheets of white paper, but with one large eye in the center. The large eye can move in all directions, thus being able to watch at both its "front" and "back" (however, wads themselves do not really make a distinction between their two "sides").

**"What do you mean, you give up?
It's just the four-hundred-and-
twenty-seventh riddle I've asked..."**

-a Wad to a Xaositect-

They can communicate telepathically with all beings, though as far as planeborn are involved, they avoid almost all except the slaadi. Wads can't move; they just dive and swim in the chaos soup of Limbo, until they get to some stabilized piece of land by chance. There, they still don't do anything but float about and talk to each other and of course, any who might pass by.

Combat: For the wads, there is not really any such thing as combat. If they have to fight for their lives, they can do so but only by barely... They attempt to cut an enemy with a sharp side of their paper-bodies. In most cases, though, the need for fight means certain death for them.



(As odd as it seems, a Wad!)

Habitat/Society: The wads are completely driven by their love for riddles. They pose riddles to each other all the time, and there well may be no other race in the planes who know the questions and answers to so many (and so complicated) riddles as the wads do.

The wads are very emotional beings, though, and if someone doesn't solve their riddles, they first try to motivate him more, than start giving hints, etc., until they finally get half-mad if someone still doesn't find out. To these near-perfect riddle-masters, not solving a riddle is like not breathing anymore to a human.

Ecology: No one knows where the wads originally came from, although there are rumors the slaadi are somehow related to them. At any rate, the wads have only one form of nourishment, and that is nothing but riddles. A single lonesome wad eventually withers and dies, while a group of ever-talking wads is as healthy as the race can be. It is important to note that wads only gain nourishment from solving riddles themselves, or from having others solve their riddles, however. The more complicated the riddle, the more a wad gains from it.

It seems the wads cannot leave Limbo. They would never do so willingly, but if forced to do, they crumble into a heap of dust in a second. It is unknown if the wads age or die due to natural circumstances. The oldest known wad remembered the building of the githzerai capital Shra'kt'lor, so they definitely can become very, very old. In their strange lives, they gather much knowledge, and are often willing to share this knowledge, but of course it is only in the form of riddles.

Lycanthrope, Werebunny

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Climate/Terrain:	Temperate/Urban (Residential)
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Bevy
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	Special: Intellect low (5-7), Wisdom high (13-14)
Treasure:	O or U
Alignment:	Neutral Good
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	1 (3d6)
Armor Class:	10, 8, 6
Movement:	12, 15, 18
Hit Dice:	3+6
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1 (bite)
Special Attacks:	Inflict Lycanthropy
Special Defenses:	Silver or +1 or better Magical weapons to hit; Regeneration, 1 hp/hour
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	M, M, T
Morale:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP Value:	None (deliberately harming a Bunny is an inherently Evil act)

Werebunnies are women who have an innate magical ability to alter their usual human form into that of a rabbit or into a hybrid form incorporating human and rabbit features. Where three entries appear in the above table, the first is for the human form, the second is for the hybrid form, and the third is for the rabbit form.

In human form, Bunnies appear as attractive and healthy young women with highly developed bodies. As rabbits, Bunnies stand about 2 ft tall. In hybrid form, Bunnies retain a generally human appearance, but add a furry, ball shaped tail, a dense pelt, and large rabbit ears protruding over the top of the head.

"A BUNNY?

...yes, Yes, YES, YES!"

-Maliss, after hearing who his blind date for the evening will be-

Combat: Bunnies are non-violent, and will flee aggressors when possible, seeking protection from others. If cornered, a Bunny may bite; this bite can infect the victim with Were-Bunny Lycanthropy (see Variants below). Like all lycanthropes, Bunnies are immune to polymorph attacks. They can only be harmed by Silver or Magical weapons of at least +1 enchantment.



(The lovely Werebunny)

Ecology: Bunnies have no males of their own race, and mate with Humans (usually) to reproduce; children are born in pairs as male-female twins, with females being Bunnies, while males are of their father's race.

Young Bunnies have only the hybrid form until age 7, when they gain the ability to shift to any of their three forms. Bunnies reach adulthood by age 14; young Bunnies often work as serving girls, as this serves their need to feed things. Older Bunnies work as wet nurses, a role for which they are amply provided. Young children (< 6 years for humans) are always very fond of Bunnies.

Werebunnies are always vigorous and healthy (**Constitution 20, Immune to non-magical disease**).

Variants: An infected werebunny (male or female) assumes the hybrid form of a human female with a cottontail, full pelt, and rabbit ears on the 3 nights of the Full Moon, and is compelled to mate; Charisma, rather than Strength, is enhanced to 19. This desire typically manifests toward one man, often someone

Habitat/Society: It is thought that werebunnies exist for motherhood, they live to bear and raise children; their character is totally structured around family and being nurturing and supportive. The only communities known to include significant numbers of Bunnies are on the first layer of Elysium; elsewhere, they are very rare at best.

toward whom the subject already has feelings; it does not matter if the feeling is friendship or hatred, only the strength of the emotion is considered. When the character returns to normal form, 10% to 60% (1d6*10) of any wounds suffered while in hybrid form heal instantly. The character also has hazy, haunting memories of performing carnal acts.

General information on lycanthropy and lycanthropic infections is found in the **Monstrous Compendium**.

Lycanthrope, Werestag

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Climate/Terrain:	Temperate Forests
Frequency:	Vary Rare
Organization:	Herd
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Herbivore
Intelligence:	High (13-14)
Treasure:	W
Alignment:	Neutral Good

No. Appearing:	1-6
Armor Class:	5
Movement:	24
Hit Dice:	5
THAC0:	16
No. of Attacks:	3
Damage/Attack:	3-12/1-6/1-6
Special Attacks:	Spells, Charm
Special Defenses:	Only hit by silver or magical weapons.
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' to 7')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	2,000

The WereStag is a self appointed defender of the wilderness. They travel about their self-appointed territory making sure all is right.

In its animal form it appears to be a large stag of almost mystical beauty, with huge spreading antlers crowning its head. These creatures are extremely graceful, with large muscles playing beneath their coat. The fur is light brown with a darker ruff along the upper spine. They are large enough that an elf or small human can ride without encumbering them.

Its human form looks to be a human ranger clad in leathers with a full deep beard of the same color as the stag's fur. This form is unnaturally graceful, more like an elf than a man. It is also beautiful, with deep brown eyes you can drown in. They very rarely carry weapons, but do favor items of protection which maintain their power in stag form. They are heavily muscled and speak with a soft deep voice.

It also has a hybrid form that combines the bipedal ability of the human with the horns of the stag, its face is pressed forward into the beginnings of a muzzle and it is furred like a deer. Its hands are hard like hooves but maintain the ability to grasp, though it only has two large fingers and a thumb. The hind legs are the legs of a deer, allowing this form to run nearly as well as Stag form (movement rate of 18).

Rarely, a white-furred and blue-eyed variant of the WereStag will appear. These beautiful creatures are known as *Ro'we* amongst their kind and are always more powerful (usually with a +1 to Hit Die and



(A rare sight indeed! A Ro'we Werestag Adventurer!)

Any intelligent creature (Int 4 or higher) that meets the gaze of the WereStag must save vs. spells or be *charmed*. This charm ability gives no control over its victim, but it does make them want to protect the forests with their life. The charmed creatures will never willingly attack the Stag.

The WereStag may only be hit by silver or magical weapons, all other wounds close too quickly to be hurtful.

"I tell ya I seen it, Maliss!"

A great big, ol' white stag! As big as a soddin' lummox!"

-Moriss, trying to convince Maliss that he saw a werestag!-

Habitat/Society: The WereStag roams about the wild forests of the planes. They are especially common in the Outlands, the Beastlands and Elysium. Each stag will have a herd of females that never willingly face a foe. These females are three hit dice monsters that have no horns or *charm* ability. Their normal function is to heal their male when he is wounded. They use their spells judiciously to improve the lot of all native forest

abilities). It is said that they have been blessed by nature itself, and they are natural leaders and often become adventurers.

Combat: The Stag in combat uses the wilds to its best advantage. It may move silently with a 60% chance of success and hide in shadows 40% of the time. It also may summon 1d6 giant stags to its aid, they will arrive in 1-4 rounds.

Each WereStag has the spell abilities of a 7th level priest, with access to the spheres of plant, animal, weather, elemental, divination and healing. These spells will be used to weaken a foe before melee is joined. Once a foe has closed, the wereStag prefers hybrid form. Its large antlers can do 3d4 point of damage while each hard hoof-like hand does 1d6. They continue to use their spells intelligently, falling back and healing themselves when necessary.

creatures.

Ecology: The WereStag is a total vegetarian. He prefers the low vegetation of bushes and flowers, but anything will do. They guard and protect the natural order, commonly in concert with druids and rangers.

The horns of the WereStag may be ground into a powder that is an excellent component of transformation spells. Naturally, the Stags frown on this use.

Wkurzajacy

© 1999 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © 1999 by David Nasstrom. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Limbo
Frequency:	Common
Organization:	Bunch
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	None
Intelligence:	Semi (2-4)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	1-100
Armor Class:	Nil
Movement:	F1 48 (A)
Hit Dice:	Nil
THAC0:	20
No. of Attacks:	Nil
Damage/Attack:	Nil
Special Attacks:	Annoying Presence
Special Defenses:	Immune to weapons, spells and psionics
Magic Resistance:	100%
Size:	Tiny (2' tall or less)
Morale:	Unreliable (2-4)
XP Value:	7

No one description truly fits these critters, apart from the fact that they are usually no bigger than a brownie.

Gargantuan species have been spotted, as have Wkurzajacy that can fit into your ear or nostril. They have all colors at once, are sometimes dressed, look like rabbits, humans, frogs, cubes...anything a blood can think of. Some speak common, some speak Baatorian, some are mute. The Wkurzajacy can look like almost anything; transparent ones have been spotted, as have purple ones and ones made of solid gold.

Oh, and... they all fly.

Combat: Usually encountered in bunches, Wkurzajacy are considered the pests of Limbo, hated by many even more than the dreaded slaadi. Despite of this hatred, they never attack a cutter physically. They can't. They just swarm anything sentient, imposing a -1 cumulative penalty to attack rolls and most checks involving physical skills per round on friend and foe alike. The only way to get rid of 'em is to try and run faster than they can fly, or to simply imagine them out of existence.

This is a process similar to the *Chaos Shaping* that is used often on Limbo. A wisdom check is rolled, and the margin by which it is made determines the number of Wkurzajacy that are "destroyed". Failing the check calls into existence a number of these critters equal to the number by which the roll was failed, so it is risky business at best.

Habitat/Society: Wkurzajacy pop into being when someone fails at shaping the Chaos of Limbo, or (unintentionally) thinks them into existence. They



(An utterly annoying Wkurzajacy)

Strangely, these subconsciously created creatures seem to reflect their creators. For example, Guvner-created ones are usually shaped like geometric forms, giants think up giant Wkurzajacy and so forth.

They can not, however, be called into existence on purpose. They always come when they're NOT welcome, and where they are concerned, that's about the only thing a blood can count upon.

**"Now, beat it!
Just GO AWAY!
Aaargh, I hate Limbo!!!"**

-an unnamed paladin encountering a bunch of Wkurzajacy-

Ecology: These annoying pests don't eat, sleep, or contribute anything to the ecology of their home plane (as far as Limbo HAS an ecology). They just fly around, attracted by intelligence (or so it seems), and love to utterly annoy anything. They are the physical manifestations of Limbo.

There is an old saying in Sigil that those of lesser spirit occasionally end up in the Madhouse after an encounter with a bunch of Wkurzajacy.

Notes: The name 'Wkurzajacy' is credited to Will Redeye.

have the nasty habit of being "dreamt up", for that matter. Because of that, they are shaped in the way their creator imagined them subconsciously.

Vying Wolf

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Climate/Terrain:	Abyss
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal (or whatever fits most to that on the according layer)
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Average (8-10)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
<hr/>	
No. Appearing:	2-12
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	12, Jp 18
Hit Dice:	4+2
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1d4+3
Special Attacks:	See below (Jump, Personal)
Special Defenses:	Cold iron or magical weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	Nil or 5% (see below)
Size:	M (5 to 6 feet tall)
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	1.500

These ferocious wolves are an awesome sight, even for the Abyss. They have dark brown fur with slight patterns, horrible fangs and a growl that makes even some fiends stay away from them.

They can be encountered as a pack roaming the plane, or in servitude to Abyssal Vampires. In any way, these wicked predators are a serious threat to any traveler of the Abyss.

Combat: The Vying Wolves attack as a pack. This means that they work together, but in a different way one might think. Each of the wolves wants to proof his worth to the pack (or to his master), and thus every single member tries to find the best way to kill enemies. The effect of this behaviour is that each of the wolves attacks with a different hunting technique in mind. As this is a disadvantage for the wolves at first, it also usually confuses the victims. When the rest of the pack sees that one of the techniques has gained the greatest advantages, they all adapt to this tactic, suddenly attacking as a perfectly trained 'army'.

Each Vying Wolf attacks with a fierce bite, inflicting 1d4+3 points of damage. The wolves often use their jumping attack as the starting attack, though. With their strong legs, they can make jumps of up to 50 feet in length, and as they are very fast with this, initiative is thrown only with a d10 for this, without any modifier.

When jumping on a victim this way, they attack the victim with their horrible fangs, and the victim has to succeed a Strength check with a -3 penalty or fall on the ground. With the wolf above him, the victim's



(Another Terror of the Abyss - A Vying Wolf)

"Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr

rrrrrrrrrrrrrr

rrrrrrrr

rrrrrrrrrrrr..."

-Vying Wolf, before attacking

Habitat/Society: Vying Wolves evolve from normal prime material wolves. It seems that many Abyssal Vampires know the ways for infusing these wolves with infernal energies, changing them into beasts of chaos and evil. When they are transformed, they serve their master absolutely, but retain most of their social structure.

Exactly this, though, is what gives the Vying Wolves their name. Every single wolf in a pack constantly tries to become leader of the pack, but only rarely does one wolf manage to keep this position for too long. By accomplishing tasks that let the pack win over foes or otherwise serve the pack, a wolf rises in the ranks of the pack; but any such deed is forgotten soon, so the wolves have to fight for their rank (and, especially, for even rising higher) without a break.

The pack's leading wolf has the right to breed with the female wolves. Young Vying Wolves usually stay with the pack, and are even a bit protected. If the pack gets too large though, the younglings are cast away to form a new pack. Though different packs often attack each other mercilessly, no Vying Wolf would ever attack its own parents.

In servitude of an Abyssal Vampire, the Vying Wolves develop a deep mental link to their undead master. This link gives them an inner strength and resistance against influences from outside. Thus, they gain their small magic resistance and manage to overcome any changes the Abyss normally does to spells and spell-like abilities (this also includes those changes that actually improve a spell, though).

Ecology: Vying wolves that serve no master take the

armor class then gets a penalty of six points until he can get rid of the wolf somehow (just trying to push him away by brute force requires an Attack role (inflicting half damage) and a Strength check with a penalty of four points).

Every Vying Wolf also has a "Personal Attack", an innate magical ability which it can use one per round. Abilities that require touching the victim can be delivered along with the already fearsome bite. Most common are the following abilities (decide freely or use a d8):

1. Fire breath (magical ability with the effects of "*Burning Hands*")
2. Chilling Bite (similar to "*Chilling Touch*")
3. *Detect Magic* (often used to decide whom to attack - and whom to avoid)
4. Shocking Bite (similar to "*Shocking Grasp*")
5. *Cantrip*
6. *Fear* (as 1st level priest spell)
7. Wound bite (As "*Cause light wounds*")
8. *Blindness*

A Vying Wolf Pack that serves an Abyssal vampire follows their masters very commands, instead of searching for tactics of their own. Still, the wolves are eager to find ways how to fulfill their tasks as perfectly as possible, always trying to outdo their fellow wolves.

Vying Wolves are only affected by magical weapons or those forged of cold iron. When serving an Abyssal vampire, each Vying Wolf also has a magic resistance of 5%, and their personal attacks work without being twisted by the nature of the Abyss.

same place as predators in the Abyss which they take on prime material worlds, as well. They are always on the search for an Abyssal Vampire they can serve, though. It seems they feel uneasy in the Abyss, always sensing the plane's corrupting nature, and seek the mental link to Abyssal Vampires that gives them enough strength to overcome the power of the Abyss.

Many sages are highly interested in finding out how this link is created, as this might provide a way to create powerful spell keys. Some of those sages actually believe the ultimate spell key overcoming any influences of the planes could be developed by studying the Vying Wolves.

Curiously, the Abyssal Vampires aren't protected by the mental link, and it's known that Abyssal Vampires actually do research on this field themselves. It is thus very probable that these infernal undead do not even know themselves how exactly they provide this inner strength to the wolves.

Wolver

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Climate/Terrain:	Any plains or light forest
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Pack
Activity Cycle:	Nocturnal
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	None (lair Qx2)
Alignment:	Neutral
No. Appearing:	3-12
Armor Class:	4
Movement:	18
Hit Dice:	4+2 (alpha male 7+2)
THAC0:	16 (alpha male 13)
No. of Attacks:	1 or 3
Damage/Attack:	2-16 or 2-16/2-7/2-7
Special Attacks:	Elemental Aura, Fear
Special Defenses:	Resistance to Elemental Effects, Hit magical weapons of +2 or greater enchantment
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	L (7 feet long, 4 feet at the shoulder)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	2,000 (alpha male 5,000)

The wolver is a magical form of the common wolf. They were created centuries ago, by a planar spellslinger who wanted a beast to destroy other mages. His creation was devastatingly successful. Eventually a pack either escaped or the wizard died, releasing the wolvers across the planes. The horse-sized beasts roam across the outlands hunting for large prey animals, such as fhorges, horses or cattle.

They claim a large territory (**2d10 miles per pack member**) to hunt and will keep it completely cleared of other large predators. Wolvers will not hunt humans, though they do not fear them. Humans most commonly encounter wolvers when they are riding horses that the pack decides to eat, or when they encroach on a den containing cubs.

Wolvers are a deep black color with silver flecks along their back fading to a light grey on their bellies. Alpha males most commonly have a silver stripe across their backs from eyes to tail. The eyes of a wolver will glow in dim light the color of the last element they absorbed.

"Hey!

Look at these CUTE little wolf cubs!"

"GRRRRRRRRR..."

"...ulp..."

-Last words of a Planar Druidess, who got a bit to close to a Wolver den-



(A Wolverine, tracking its prey...)

Once the attack is made wolvers will always try to take down one or at most two opponents at a time, preferring those that are separated from the main body. They will attack from two or more directions to ensure one gets a rear attack. The one attacking from the front will either pull up short and growl or run by and bite at the leg of its prey. The one attacking from the rear will attempt to bite the legs of an opponent and if this hits will claw the legs with a +4 to hit with both forepaws. Once a creature is down and cannot move the pack will move on to the next until they have as much food as they need.

Wolvers are immune to all type of elemental affects. If magical elemental affects (up to and including Dragon Breath) hits a wolver, it absorbs the magical energy and gains an *Elemental Aura* of the appropriate type. This will last one round per die of damage the affects would have caused and adds that damage to any contact with the wolver. (Ex: A 5th level mage cast *Fireball* at a wolver pack. The spell is absorbed by the wolvers, who gain an *Elemental Aura* for 5 rounds that adds 1d6 points of damage per contact with them).

Habitat/Society: The Wolvers have a very tight nit pack mentality. They are under the absolute control of the Alpha male who decides what to hunt and what are threats. Once a male has reached 5 years of age he is expelled from the pack to go find one of his own. This is the only occasion a wolver will be found alone. If challenged the Alpha male will fight to the death only losing his pack with his life.

The den will be roughly centered on the pack's territory. 1 cub for every mature female will normally be found here. Juveniles, 1 per 2 cubs normally, (**2 HD monsters**) will stay to guard the cubs along with the Alpha female. If the den is ever threatened the Alpha female will summon the hunting pack by her *Howl* which can be heard throughout the territory. The Alpha female's *Howl* is a stronger version of *Cause Fear* (**Save vs. spell or flee for 2-5 rounds**). In defense of the cubs all

Combat: Wolvers track prey for several days before attacking. They attempt to wear down prey by using their *Howl*. The *Howl* is a weaker version of *Cause Fear*, it is not incapacitating but prevents sleep for 1d6 hours if a save vs. spell is failed. After days of little sleep few creatures can resist a pack.

juvenile and adult wolver will fight to the death without morale checks.

Ecology: Wolvers are some of the more efficient hunters found in the planes. They keep large predators out of their territory (up to and including small dragons). A wolver cub can be sold for as much as 10,000 gp as they can be trained to be superior guard animals. Wolverine hide and fur can be used as components in items and spells dealing with elemental resistance.

Wraith, Smoke

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Climate/Terrain:	Planes of Fire, Magma, and Smoke
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Life Energy
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-2
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	7
THAC0:	14
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	1d6/1d6
Special Attacks:	Spells, <i>Wall of Smoke</i> , Flames of Unlife
Special Defenses:	+2 or better weapon to hit, Undead Spell Immunities, Healing Heat
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	7000

The Smoke Wraith was an evil mage in life. They perished when spells failed on the elemental planes of fire or magma. The will to live and rage at magics failure caused the spirit of the mage to take on its new and horrible form.

The Smoke Wraith appears to be an insubstantial image of the mage it was in life. They are dark with the scent of burned flesh emanating from them. A palpable heat warns all of what approaches.

Combat: The Smoke Wraiths are all mages ranging from Ninth to Sixteenth level. They will normally attack with their spells. Once every five rounds they may cast *Wall of Smoke* at their current location. This does not effect the smoke wraith as they do not need to breathe.

Twice per round each Smoke Wraith may attack with their clawed hands. They do 1d6 points of slashing damage on a successful strike and the victim must make a save vs spells or be burned by Flames of Unlife. This magical black flame burns the life force of its victim. It is excruciatingly painful (con check every round, failure means loss of all action for the round) It lasts for 3 rounds and can only be put out by a dispel magic (or similar effect) or a remove curse. The Flames burn away 1d4 hit points per round. Any creature killed by the flames of Unlife is raised as a Wraith under the control of the Smoke Wraith. All Smoke Wraiths will have 1d4 of these under their total domination, though they do not travel together.

Heat and flame effects heal a Smoke Wraith 1 hp for each 5 points of damage they would have taken. It is



(Feel the horrid heat of a Smoke Wraith!)

Habitat/Society: The normal habitats of the Smoke Wraith are the Elemental Planes of Fire and Magma and the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke, however it is not unknown for one to use its magical abilities to go to another plane. They have no interaction with society, as the living only serve to remind them of what they have lost. Their command of normal Wraiths is their sole interaction with others.

Ecology: As an undead creature the Smoke Wraith has no impact on their environment. They neither eat nor sleep. Unlike most undead they are not wanton killers, only those that cross them have to fear the wrath of a Wraith.

"Come clossser, cuttersss...
Come clossser and ssseee me for what I
truly am..."

-a Smoke Wraith, playing on the ignorance of some clueless primes-

not uncommon to have a Smoke Wraith drop a fireball at its own feet to take advantage of this effect. They share all standard undead spell immunities, but cold effects do double damage to them.

Wrall

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Climate/Terrain:	Carceri
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Larvae
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1 (1-6)
Armor Class:	0 or better
Movement:	15
Hit Dice:	8 (base)
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	2 or 5/2
Damage/Attack:	1d4+6/1d4+6 or by weapon +6
Special Attacks:	See Below
Special Defenses:	+1 or better weapons to hit
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	Medium (4' + to 7')
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	7000 (base)

The wrall were creatures that long ago were natives (or at least most graybeards believe so) of the Astral plane. It was from the Silvery Void that they would prey on unsuspecting prime worlds without fear of retribution or pursuit. These evil bashers would drain an entire crystal sphere of all sentient life and then leave it an empty husk and move on to target another.

One of few good turns that the githyanki ever paid the multiverse was performed after they arrived to their new home in the Astral. The turn was to eventually cast the race known as wrall into Carceri, where they have remained ever since and may only leave if summoned by powerful magic.

The wrall look like strange, wrinkled scarecrows, with a large mouth without teeth and small eyes. They're much taller and stronger than the average basher and walk about with a haughty air as if all other sods exist merely for their amusement. The wrall can speak intuitively any intelligent humanoid language and are very sophisticated in its use.

Combat: The wretched beings are terrible to meet in combat and fight with their opponents as if their sole goal is to merely toy with them until killed. They fight as warriors mostly, preferring large slashing weapons, especially sickles, scythes and swords. They may also attack with their strong (18/00) twisted, claw-like hands.

Those that have weapons (20%) always carry those that are magical. The wrall do not use non-magical weapons and look upon those that do as inferior simpletons. Amongst these magical weapons, a



(The Wrall - Imprisoned Tyrants)

"...We are the hollow men,
We are the stuffed men,
Leaning together,
Headpiece filled with straw..."

-an excerpt from a famous planar poem about the Wrall-

Habitat/Society: The wrall, as a race, hates all other planeborn beings and sees them as nothing more than useless, but occasionally dangerous, scum. They prefer to prey on the creatures of the Prime, although getting there from Carceri can be quite a problem. They delight in being summoned and try to take as many of their race along with them as possible, although exactly how this is performed seems to break some fundamental rules of the multiverse.

Further, it is believed that the wrall can somehow manage to alter the summoning call of a spell slinger's spell so that it will call one of them instead of the intended lower planar creature. It is thought that their larvae-related powers have some play in this highly unusual ability, but this, too, is dark. Once they arrive on the Prime, the wrall will try to trick the summoner into releasing them, where they are free to wreak havoc upon the land.

Leadership amongst the wrall is decided purely by experience. Those who have more knowledge, have been summoned more often, and are stronger become the members of a mysterious conclave that lead the wrall in every aspect of their hidden and alien culture.

Ecology: Once cast to Carceri, the wrall noticed that they could no longer consume the minds of their prey

quarter (25%) of them are special and normally house some foul, soul-consuming or weakening power.

Their armor, which is strangely shaped and made of an unusual material that seems to be part of their outer layer of skin, appears in the same frequency and often have mighty magical abilities, as well. It is thought by planar sages that the wrall can actually absorb this armor-like covering into their bodies, although this has never been confirmed.

All other items carried by the wrall are larger than man-sized and generally unusable due to their totally alien usages, strange shape, and unusual properties.

Wrall have the following spell-like powers usable once per round: *detect invisibility* (always active), *detect magic* (always active), *fly*, *improved phantasmal force*, *shrink* (permanent until dispelled), *animate dead* (once per day), *read magic* and *produce flame*. Creatures from this race also have some inherent immunities to some attacks: no damage from fire (magical or otherwise), cold and poison; half from acid, gas and magic missile and full damage from lightning.

Their most dreaded and unexplainable power however is the ability of turning defeated opponents into larvae. When the wrall have beaten and disarmed a creature in one-on-one combat, they can elect to transform it into a larvae in 1d3 rounds, unless the victim can save vs. petrification at a -3 penalty. After this horrifying and agonizingly painful process, the wrall further shrink the poor sod and store in one of their pouches. It is unknown how the wrall obtained this power, but when the dark is finally lanned, it will undoubtedly shake the very foundations of the Outer Planes.

as when in the Astral and began to prey on larvae instead. This has forced much contact with fiends and night hags as well as a great deal of negotiation (as they, as a race, cannot replenish their number from petitioners). It is thought that while in the Astral they reproduced by using mind energy that they consumed, but all wrall are now spawned from a great artifact called the *Orb of Sand*.

It is not known from whence this massive artifact came, but it is powered by larvae captured or bought from the other denizens of the plane. When a wrall is destroyed its energy goes back to the *Orb* and reforms in six cycles.

It is thought that through some mighty spell weaving of the githyanki that the wrall cannot travel through conduits, which makes travel from places like the Prime, Ethereal or Inner Planes quite difficult. It is further suspected amongst many planar sages as well, that this may be a piece to the puzzle of the wrall-larvae connection. The wrall might well use the larvae as life-force storage containers to get around this problem. Or perhaps, they can somehow "pre-define" the destination of an evil prime sod, so that when he enters the dead-book, he arrives at the *Orb of Sand* instead of at his original destination of the Abyss or Baator...

Note: Poem excerpt is from *The Hollow Men*, by T.S. Eliot

Xir'xixa

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Climate/Terrain:	Ethereal, Any
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	<i>Clutch</i>
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown, believed omnivore
Intelligence:	Supra-genius (19-20)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Lawful Neutral
No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	6
Hit Dice:	4
THAC0:	18
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	$1d4+1, 1d4+1$
Special Attacks:	Spell use, gaze (only in natural form)
Special Defenses:	<i>Polymorph self</i> , regeneration 2 hps/round
Magic Resistance:	None
Size:	Small (3' tall)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)
XP Value:	1,000

The enigmatic and alien xir'xixa (pronounced "Zer'Zaza"), whose name is a direct translation of the nathri words "many" and "ones" are some of the most unusual and puzzling creatures of the planes, and are a mystery even to those native to the Ethereal.

Xir'xixa, which in their true form can only barely be called humanoid, appear as small, three foot tall creatures with stubby, root-like arms and legs that end in rounded digits that at best are barely dexterous. Their body, which seems to be at its base very worm-like and tiny, seems to be encased inside a winding and organic growth of chitin and bone, which forms strange plates and barbs over the length and breadth of their body. Much in the same way that a turtle's shell covers and protects their inner (and softer) body, so do these growths seem to wind around and protect the soft inside of the xir'xixa.

Their heads, which are perched at the end of a long, plate covered and sinuous neck, are flattened, oval, and slightly convex with large luminous eyes on either side. The snout of the creature seems to flow forward into a blunted point, upon which dangle several small tentacle-like sensory organs. No nose nor ears are evident, but it is believed that these tentacles serve similar functions as those common organs. While the xir'xixa do indeed possess a mouth, it is hidden from apparent view, inset beneath the head of the creature. Thus, it is only seen when the creature opens its long, narrow, snake-like maw, which it does very rarely in its native form.

Luckily, these creatures are almost never encountered in their natural form, as they almost always use their *polymorph self* power to assume a different form when



(A Xir'xixa, examining a tiefer's skull)

Habitat/Society: The habitat and society of the xir'xixa is quite unlike that of any other known creature in all of the planes, both past and present. It seems that the xir'xixa are able to exist at the same time in both an individual and in a collective state. According to those few etherfarers that claim to have seen it, the *Clutch* xir'xixa, which is a reportedly a massive living structure (said to be larger than Sigil itself) hidden within the folds of the Deep Ethereal, is the true form in which the xir'xixa exists as a collective. That is to say that it is made up of all of the collective consciousness of all of the individual, or *mien* xir'xixa that have existed or currently do exist. Yea, I know, it bends the brain-box, bashers, but that is just the way it seems to work.

The individual, or *mien* xir'xixa exist as "projections" of the creature, much in the same way that regular bashers and sods appear as astral projections while under the influence of certain spells while traveling the Silver Void. To make matters even more confusing, both the *Clutch* and the *mien* exist at the same time, but they only share a limited part of each others consciousness.

If that were not bad enough, xir'xixa are also somehow able to project these *mien* xir'xixa to any known plane or demiplane, planar mechanics notwithstanding. It is said that these creatures alone pose one of the strongest philosophical arguments for the existence of the Ordial, as they seem to be masters at transporting sods directly from the Ethereal to places such as the Astral and the Outer planes - places that a sod should not normally be able to access directly from the Plane

traipsing about the planes, Outer, Inner, and Prime included. Surely, if they did not, they would have been wiped out by now out of sheer horrified fear at their unusual and utterly mind-boggling appearance!

Due to their high intelligence, xir'xixa can pick up on new languages very quickly and do so very often while not in their native form. Further, all xir'xixa can employ *telepathy* at will, although they often seem unwilling, almost hesitant, to do so.

**"We come seeking knowledge,
nothing more.
We mean you no harm
please take us to your leaders..."**

-A Xir'xixa Introduction-

Combat: Xir'xixa disdain combat and avoid it at all costs - they see violence as necessary only when they have to defend either their person or the *Clutch*, but even then they see it as heavy handed and brutish. If threatened with physical harm, they will flee by any means at their disposal and will throw spells to no end, resulting in hand-to-hand combat only as an absolute last resort.

Even then, their tiny claws and unskilled forms (as no matter what shape a Xir'xixa has taken via *polymorph self*, it still retains its own stats, etc) have little hope of destroying anything. They inflict only 1d4+1 point of damage per attack, and that is on the rare occasions that they actually connect with a blow. However, if in their natural form, they can employ a powerful gaze attack wherein the victim must save vs. Death Magic or be rooted to the ground in sheer shock and surprise. This stunning effect lasts for 1d6+2 rounds, during which the xir'xixa will immediately try and flee the area.

They only exception (other than mentioned above) to this automatic flight is when a xir'xixa is hot on the trail of new and previously undiscovered knowledge. It is often said, amongst planar graybeards, that chant and darks are the bread and butter of these outlandish creatures. A xir'xixa would gladly risk death by any means if they know that it will deliver them new and virgin knowledge, for they know that only within that knowledge lies hope for the *Clutch*. (See [Habitat/Society](#) and [Ecology](#) for more information on this).

of Protomatter... Now, I betcha stingers to sods that **that** lil' bit has made many a Guvner pull his brain-box bald, suren!

Xir'xixa that are encountered are almost always in the guise of sages, mages, or other chant-seeking sods and all are characterized by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Occasionally, they will even join with a party for a short time if it suits them, or if they feel that this group can assist (or protect) them in their search for the darks of the multiverse. Strangely, parties that have encountered (or adventured with) a xir'xixa have reported that the sods seem to disappear for hours at the time, leaving no trace at all behind them. Later on, they will simply "reappear", seemingly with no knowledge as to where they were or what happened to them in the meantime. Planar sages are still at a loss as how to explain this strange phenomenon.

Ecology: The ecology of the xir'xixa is nearly as alien and confusing as are the race themselves. For what little planar sages can garner, apparently the entire race of xir'xixa is actually only a single massive being! Despite the fact that it seems to co-exist on several different planes and span the limits of planar mechanics, the *Clutch* of xir'xixa on the Ethereal plane and all of the *miens*, or aspects are one single organism! Further, it seems that the secret for its reproduction lies somewhere within its incessant pursuit of knowledge and information!

Exactly **what** information the xir'xixa seek is of course, utterly dark and more than likely has been so for countless millennia. However, one would think that with all of this amassed knowledge, a single *mien* would hold the keys to nearly infinite knowledge (at least on a typical mortal's scale) as it has access to the *Clutch*'s store of knowledge, much in the manner that illithids can use the elder brain of their communities as a vast store house of information spanning the ages of their community. However, this is not the case.

Oddly, a single *mien* xir'xixa is thought of as an individual - a part of the collective whole, and each *mien* xir'xixa is different from each of its "brethren". These twisted conundrums of logic have baffled planar graybeards since the discovery of these creatures, and yet they somehow seem to allow the xir'xixa to function. In truth, this seems to be the only manner in which they **can** function, as they cannot conceive of existence any other way and they often joke about the short-sightedness and the loneliness that other beings must have to constantly endure.

Vulture, Ysgardian

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Climate/Terrain:	Ysgard
Frequency:	Rare
Organization:	Flock
Activity Cycle:	Diurnal
Diet:	Carrion
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing:	3-18
Armor Class:	6
Movement:	Fl 18©
Hit Dice:	3+3
THAC0:	17
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	1-12
Special Attacks:	Fire Strike, <i>Gust of Wind</i>
Special Defenses:	Non-magical fire immunity
Magic Resistance:	5%
Size:	Large (7' to 12')
Morale:	Fanatic (17-18)
XP Value:	650

"Hey, Maliss.. What's 'at reddish glow up there..."

"RUN, Moriss, RUN!"

-Maliss and Moriss, recounting their first encounter with the Vultures of Ysgard...-

The Ysgardian vulture or fire-urubu is a being that existed on the plane for long, though he is commonly associated with the M'be power Urubu, or the Asgardian realms. They look like an oversized vulture with streaks of orange, red and yellow below their wings and above their heads. Their flight over a battlefield creates a beautiful effect that the ysgardian petitioners call The Cleansing, as if the sky was on fire. Their beaks are crooked like a scythe and capable of completely destroying the armor of the local warriors.

Combat: The creature is known to be ferocious and protective of its food, always fighting to death. They attack with the sharp beak (1d12 damage) while circling their enemies. They are masters of flight, commanding the winds the same way their master Urubu does, being capable of creating a *gust of wind* as a 9th level caster three times a day. With this ability, they can enhance their speed or discourage enemies. Their preferred use of the ability is to fool pursuing beings to fall or hit rocks and mountains.

Their most famous ability, though, is the fire strike. Like a phoenix, the vulture will go very high, accelerate and come down with fire completely engulfing their bodies. This attack causes triple damage and may be used once a day.



(Noble, proud Vultures of Ysgard!)

Habitat/Society: These creatures have a rudimentary concept of society and co-exist somewhat peacefully, as long as there is enough food. Younger vultures are expected to survive on their own from the moment of birth, which in turn, leads to a low number of adult vultures.

The petitioners regard the creature as sacred and killing one is taboo. One that does so is usually expected to join the first battle and die with utmost honor and glory as a sign of repenting for this cultural crime. There is a reason to this: the vultures are a portent of greater glory to those that are eaten by them. It is said that they only eat from the brave and mightiest warriors. To the ysgardian bariaur, the vultures are a sign of fertility and flocks occasionally follow them to fertile lands or to sites of great battles.

They are steeds to the M'be followers of Urubu, that ride them without weapons and for some strange reason, are not burned by the vulture's fiery strike.

Ecology: The ysgardian vultures are the embodiment of the cycle of death and rebirth in Ysgard. While vultures exist in other Upper Planes, the fire-feathered variety of the plane are unique. In fact, they are not capable of living elsewhere, dying in a few weeks of being away from the plane.

One of their feathers may be used as a spell key to wind-based spells as well as fire-based magic on some chaotic planes at times and enhance their power if combined with the respective rune in Ysgard.

Yurtle

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Climate/Terrain:	Bytopia
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Clan
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Vegetarian
Intelligence:	Normal (11 - 12)
Treasure:	W
Alignment:	Neutral Good

No. Appearing:	1d6
Armor Class:	1
Movement:	8
Hit Dice:	4+8
THAC0:	15
No. of Attacks:	2
Damage/Attack:	by weapon type
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	Can be hit by +2 or greater weapons only; See below
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Size:	Medium (5' - 5 1/2')
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	550

Tranquil, peace-loving, and hard-working are by far the most accurate descriptions of the turtle-like natives of Bytopia, the yurtles. The slow-moving, but good natured turtle people can be found on both layers of Bytopia and inhabit many of the larger freshwater streams, lakes, and ponds throughout the layers.

Standing at an average height of 5 1/2', the yrtle appears to be a human-turtle hybrid of some sort, with the hard shell and plastron of a turtle (which conveniently forms clothing for them), webbed fingers and toes, a human-like face and hair, and skin coloration that ranges from light yellow to dark greens and browns. Yrtles are often covered in spots, stripes, and other skin patterns that are often seen on turtles as well.

Yrtles speak many languages, as well as the Upper planar trade tongue, some guardinal languages, as well as a slow and thick-tongued language of their own known as Yurtlian.

Combat: Being the peace-loving race that they are, the yrtle try to avoid conflict and combat at nearly any price. They will not go so far as to sacrifice their principals or compromise their families, but they will go to what others deem as extremes.

If they are finally forced into combat, for the yrtle are very slow to anger, they will attack and fight to the death unless a peacable solution can be achieved otherwise. The yrtle use the same philosophy in battle that they do in their everyday lives - "do not do something harder, do that thing smarter". Thus, many yrtle employ such weapons as clockwork crossbows



(A Female Yrtle)

Habitat/Society: The yrtle are very clannish and to them, the importance of family falls second only to the importance of an honest day's work. Granted, the yrtlian idea of an honest day's work will not be the same as a gnome, as they are a great deal slower, but the end result is pretty much the same.

All yrtle are born into a clan, each has its own name and distinctive shell and skin markings. Each clan has a name that is well known by the entire race, and can be identified on sight (i.e. the GreenBack Clan, the SpadeShell Clan, etc.). The clans long ago learned to coexist and work peacefully together and continue to do so to this day. Trade and realtions between the clans are moderated by a council of elders (known as the Council of Whither) made up of members from all clans of yrtle.

The yrtle, for the most part, get along famously with the gnomes of Bytopia. The gnomes, while they respect the careful craftsmanship of the yrtles, think them a bit too slow (if not industrious). The yrtle, in turn, think the gnomes able bodied creators in their own rights (if not a bit too hasty in their work).

The yrtle also have some close ties to the guardinals of Elysium, but they stand firm upon the fact that despite many accusations that they are in fact descendants of the guardinals, that their race are

from Mechanus, miniature hand catapults, hand crossbows, as well as some very unusual weapons of their own creation.

One of these items is known as the *chainsword* and consists of a belt-driven, sharpened chain like device that is set into a groove on a sword in the place of the edge. While this may seem like an awkward fighting device, once the mechanical cog device is started and the belt begins to whirl at high speeds, the *chainsword* becomes a very fearsome weapon.

The yurtle will also be seen fighting (when this rare event occurs) with magical devices commonly seen in the employ of the priests and faithful of Gond the Wonderbringer. Some screed common in Sigil even states that the yrtle have been seen with a strange alchemical substance that acts as a tenfold *fireball* when used properly.

**"We Yrtle are simple folk...
...but never make us angry. You
would not like us when we're angry..."**

-A Yrtle, being honest-

native to their beloved twin plane of Bytopia.

Ecology: The yrtle are vegetarians, and feed mostly on soft, leafy plants and crunchy vegetables such as carrots and radishes. These they raise, and try to always keep a balance between what they harvest from the plane for their inventions and their daily lives and what they can give back to the plane in return. They would never willingly harm another sentient being and feel great remorse and sadness when they do so.

Many of the unusual and unique creations of the yrtle are traded as exports from Bytopia, many fetching high prices. One of the best sellers of the yrtle is used by troops battling the fiends in the Blood War. This invention is a enlarged water bladder that can be worn strapped upon a sod's back. A series of pulleys and pressurized pistons drive the water out of the bladder and out of a small tube topped with a funnel. The bladder is filled with holy water and the effects are needless to say, devastating on a fiend-filled battlefield. The device is known as a *hydrant*.

Zephyyr

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Climate/Terrain:	Elemental Air, but can be found anywhere
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Caste
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Unknown
Intelligence:	Exceptional to Genius (15-18)
Treasure:	None
Alignment:	Any Lawful
No. Appearing:	1 or 2d4
Armor Class:	-9 or 9 (See below)
Movement:	FL 48 (A)
Hit Dice:	8
THAC0:	13
No. of Attacks:	4 or by spell
Damage/Attack:	1d10+5 or by weapon or spell
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	55%
Size:	Any from Small to Large (3'-7' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15-16)
XP Value:	2,800

Thought to be some of the most stunningly beautiful creatures in the known multiverse, the zephyyr are beings native to the Plane of Air, that seemed to be formed of nothing more than rushing, swirling wind and bright, scintillating light. Zephyyr, due to their very physical make up, can take on almost any guise, but they most often appear as a swirling wind from the waist down, and a nude humanoid male or female above. Their faces are nearly featureless, or as some planewalkers have lanned, their faces are hard to see because of the shining radiance behind them.

Strong, swirling wing-like winds surround them constantly and their skin (if it can even be said that they have skin) color ranges from a bright, sky blue to the dark iron grey of summer storm clouds. It is an old saying amongst the Sensates that a zephyyr's true feelings can be read in the color of its skin, but most canny cutters dismiss this as sheer hag's brew.

**"Oh, no! Did you just sneeze three times?
that is a foul omen in deed!
Now we must quickly bathe our skin
in the searing winds of
S'darronich!"**

-Why you should watch what you do around a Zephyyr *very* carefully-

Combat: Combat with a zephyyr is not only a very confusing event, but also one that can be quite deadly. Zephyyr have an unusual ability in which they can disperse their body into wind and reform it at will, but



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(Behold the beautiful Zephyyr!)

Zephyyr society is ruled by a rigid caste system wherein superstition and omen play a very substantial and powerful role. At the apex of this caste system is the *ff-fith't'ah*, which, roughly translated, means "Omen-Reader". Below this individual come the equivalents of (the translations of which are totally unpronounceable by any solid being) "sultan-kings" and "sultan-queens" (although the zephyyr make no distinction for sex, as none exists amongst them), followed by an amazingly complex and labyrinthine structure of castes, ascendances, and decendances. The sheer number of inter-connections of this system of life progressions would be enough to keep a whole citadel of Guvnors counting well into the next 1,000 cycles and the detail contained therein is simply staggering.

More baffling than that, however, is the fact that all of this complex caste system is founded on the mutable and fickle concepts of omen and superstition. Zephyrys are highly superstitious creatures and the effects of a single event can, in a moment, alter the entire caste-structure of their society. While utterly baffling to any that is not a zephyyr, they seem to thrive in their ever-shifting and malleable world that is somehow fenced in by rigid parameters.

Zephyyr, for the most part, get along well with most inhabitants of Air, expect for the Djinn, who they can only tolerate. Strangely, they are on very good terms with lightening mephits, with whom them seem to be endeared. On the opposite end of the spectrum, the zephyyr hold a deep and festering hatred for the

the change is total and does not occur in parts. For example, a zephyrr in combat might decide to maintain its solidity, in which case it has the benefits of being able to manipulate physical objects and tools, but it also suffers a worsened armor class (AC 9). At will, however, zephyrr can cause their body to become as insubstantial as the wind, wherein they cannot manually use tools or items but they become as difficult to strike and damage as the wind (AC -9).

Normally in combat, the zephyrr simply take upon this wind form, for many foul omens often come from combat. It is believed that the zephyrr, even in their wind form, can still cast their formidable array of spells, however, (any spell from the spheres of Sun and Weather, and wind-based spells from the Elemental Sphere up to the level of their hit dice at will), but this has yet to be confirmed.

If forced into physical combat, the zephyrr strike with the fierceness of the wind, buffeting opponents with their fists with blinding speed (up to four times a round). They must take on their worsened armor class in order to do this, but they can usually outdistance and outmaneuver any opponent, being masters of moving about in their native Plane of Air.

Habitat/Society: Zephyyrs live in vast, free-floating colonies of swirling wind and cloud throughout the Plane of Air, and many Inner planar graybeards spout that the largest concentrations of them congregate near where Air meets Lightening. They exist in these pockets as long as the eddies of air and misty fog last, and when one disperses, they simply move on to another, or many even take this as an omen that the time has come for them to move on to "blue-er pastures". When this happens, zephyrr often find themselves leaving Air for good, and wind up on the Upper planes, or even the Prime.

Zestos, who dwell in the searing world on the border between Water and Steam. No one knows why, as most sods would think that the two races would never meet, but hate them they do and the feelings seem to be mutual.

Ecology: Zephyrr exist in complete accord with their surroundings and are, at all times, in tune with their native plane. They seem to neither take from nor give to it, however, and this is a conundrum that has baffled planar sages for cycles. No one knows what the zephyrr consume, no one knows how they reproduce, and when asked, the zephyrr do not seem to understand the concepts at all.

Many graybeards believe that zephyyrs are actually born on the Prime, and are blown into the Plane of Air through vortices and conduits, but this too, has yet to be confirmed. Whatever the facts, it would seem that their remaining dark will not only remain so for some time, but also not bother the zephyrr in the least.

Zerth Freebooter

© 2000 by [Phil Smith](#). Artwork © of Giorgio Baldessin. See more of his artwork here!

Climate/Terrain: Wildspace / Limbo

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Crew

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Omnivore

Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)

Treasure: H (P)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing: Varies according to ship

Armor Class: 10 or as per armour

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: Per class and level

THAC0: Per class and level

No. of Attacks: Per class and level

Damage/Attack: By weapon

Special Attacks: See below

Special: See below

Defenses:

Magic 50%

Resistance:

Size: Medium (4' + to 7')

Morale: Champion (15-16)

XP Value: 650 (base)

**"Ahoy, there Githvessel!
Strike your colours, shut down your
helm
and prepare to be slaughtered!"**

-a Zerth Freebooter 'hello'

When the Gith races freed themselves from illithid slavery, there were small groups who fled not to the planes, but to wildspace. This schism followed the main pattern of the githyanki/githzerai split; when bands of Githyanki fled to arcane space, certain of the Githzerai volunteered to take to the stars too -- to keep an eye on the actions of the Pirates of Gith, and to check the illithid's own spacefarers...

Zerth Freebooters are slightly similar in appearance to the Pirates of Gith, although their skin tones are caucasian, and they generally appear less emaciated and inhuman. Their ears are slightly pointed, while their eyes have a variety of shades. They have a vaguely noble and dignified cast to their features, and wear expressions of intense self-discipline. Their dress is less gaudy than that of their gith counterparts, although it does tend to follow the fashions of most spacefarers... their garb is hence nautical, but drab, not unlike the uniforms worn by marines.

Combat: Zerth Freebooters can operate as fighters, fighter/mages, mages or thieves, with limits of 9 in each class. The highest-level fighter acts as captain, allowing the spellcasters to attend to combat or spelljamming. Thieves are often encountered, serving as tacticians and assassins. It is this group, along with the Zerth Freebooters' high magic resistance that gives them a much-needed edge against the Pirates of Gith.



(Prepare to be keel-hauled by a Zerth Freebooter!)

Like the githzerai, Zerth Freebooters have the ability to *plane shift* three times per day. In addition, if a crew of Zerth Freebooters is in possession of a major or minor spelljamming helm and an elven craft, they are capable of combining their *plane shift* abilities to shunt the craft into another plane. However, this may only be used on an elven vessel of 60 tons or less. Naturally, this is a useful aid to pursuing Gith pirates. This ability can only be used in wildspace, however; it will not work in the phlogiston.

When in Limbo, Zerth Freebooters are able to pilot their ships flawlessly, traveling twice as fast as any other vessel. This is due to a variety of causes. Exchange of ideas with the githzerai has led to them developing a minor anarchist's talent, which enables them to configure and reconfigure their ships with abandon. Secondly, as crews, Zerth Freebooters are remarkably efficient, each co-operating voluntarily and to the best of their ability. Thirdly, their chaotic alignments enable them to comprehend their surroundings and traverse them far more efficiently than any other Xaos-jammers.

Habitat/Society: The Zerth freebooter culture is primarily one of privateering against the Pirates of Gith. They will pursue Gith pirates to the exclusion of other enemies, with the possible exception of the illithids. The hatred of the mind flayers remains after millenia of freedom, and Zerth Freebooters have been known to set aside other goals to join their githzerai cousins in prime plane-based rrakkma bands.

Their weapons and armour are largely unremarkable; they brought few artifacts with them, and rarely have time to create their own. Therefore, they rely on trade with humans, elves, dwarfs and other spacefaring races as a source of equipment. They favour piratical weapons for their practicality (cutlasses, etc) and tend to wear light armour. There will always be at least five 'shock troops' on a Zerth Freebooter vessel who are specialized in the use of the ancestral weapon: the two-handed sword. Few if any zerth freebooters have been known to use Silver Swords, however.

Zerth Freebooters realize the value of cooperating with other spacefaring races, although they rarely fraternize with them. Their mission against the Pirates of Gith is akin to a holy war, and as such this takes priority over developing anything more than a military alliance. Detachments of Zerth Freebooters are occasionally found on elven ships, in elf/githzerai operations, given that elven armadas frequently post bounties on the heads of Gith pirates. A Zerth Freebooter company prefers human and elven ships over those of other races.

Zerth Freebooters owe no loyalty except to their crewmates, their ship and the legend of Zerthimon. They make difficult allies, but deadly enemies. They are not part of conventional githzerai culture, and owe no allegiance to the githzerai wizard-king. As such, they rarely travel to the githzerai cities on Limbo, for fear of being encouraged to accept his rule. They are regarded as minor heroes by common githzerai, and as respected equals by zerths. Zaerith-Menyar-Ag-Gith tolerates them. He has yet to prune their numbers when certain individuals become too powerful because their line of work -- a nearly perpetual state of war -- does that job admirably.

Ecology: To date, Zerth Freebooters have not been the subject of intense study, and likely never will be. It is assumed that physiologically speaking, they are not unlike githzerai, although they are just as unknown.

Zon'de - Aasimon, Undead

© 1999 by Rutger Kramer. Artwork © 1999 by Emil O. Carlstrom. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Lower Planes
Frequency:	Very Rare
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Night
Diet:	Carnivorous
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	-5
Movement:	15, Fl 36 (B)
Hit Dice:	10
THAC0:	11
No. of Attacks:	8
Damage/Attack:	1d4/1d4/ 2d6/2d6+2/ 1d4+1/1d4+1/ 1d8/1d8
Special Attacks:	Aggressive Aura, Alignment Drain
Special	Regeneration, +2 to hit,
Defenses:	immunities
Magic	60%
Resistance:	
Size:	Large (7' + to 12')
Morale:	Fearless (19-20)
XP Value:	10000

If you're ever on the Lower Planes, and you stumble upon a pure white, yet monstrously hideous creature, you can be pretty sure it's a Zon'de, a cursed Aasimon. Everything about this abomination is white - skin, teeth, fangs, even blood. That's about as far as any resemblance between them and their former self goes.

Zon'de (*pronounced Zon-Dhay*) are beings of almost pure evil. It is said that if someone lives long enough to look the creature straight in the eye, he might be able to see the terrible despair the beast is suffering from. Somewhere within, a spark of good that even the foulest fiends cannot eradicate, remains.

Combat: Such is the evil that the Zon'de radiates that everyone within 20 feet of it must make a successful saving throw versus Spell. Those of neutral or evil alignment that fail this save immediately attack any good creatures around. Those of good alignment merely become very aggressive - they receive a +1 to damage rolls, but a -1 to hit because of the blind hate they're experiencing. A Zon'de further has all the immunities of a normal Aasimon. They regenerate 2 hit points per round and can be hit only by +2 or better weapons.

When attacking, a Zon'de rakes with its claws, bites, uses its horns, and four of the claws it has on its huge wings. The pure fury of their attacks makes them foes to be reckoned with. What's more, their bite also drains a being of its goodness. After every successful bite, the victim must make a save vs. Death Magic or lose some goodness. After two (three for elves and



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(A Zon'de, seeking goodness to consume!)

Habitat/Society: Zon'de are vengful creatures that dwell on the Lower Plane they were created upon and attack everything good they encounter. They can't stand direct sunlight, so they usually only come out at night. When two Zon'de meet, they fight till death, so as to try to relieve the other of its suffering.

Ecology: On the rare occasion that a winged Aasimon (thus excluding Lights and Agathinon) travels to a Lower Plane and is defeated by a fiend that has the knowledge to turn the body into one, a Zon'de is created. Usually Baatezu and Yugoloths are responsible, as Tanar'ri cannot remember the intricate magical patterns and rituals required for this horrible act. Fortunately, there are also few other fiends who can.

When other Aasimon encounter a Zon'de or learn of its creation, they normally send out adventurers to free the poor sod from his current state, as well as avenge the wrong that has been done him. Zon'de live in constant agony because of their sudden evilness. It is only by absorbing the goodness of others can they abate this pain.

**"I don't believe that...
Nothing can curse
an Aasimon!"**

-young slave, upon hearing about this creature-

Seeing one usually leaves a big impression on even the most hardened of cutters. The sheer desperation of a Zon'de is said to be enough to drive even a halfling Sensate into the arms of the Bleak Cabal.

aasimar) bites, good becomes neutral. After two more bites, neutral becomes evil. Since this draining is the only way a Zon'de can relieve its own suffering, it usually starts by attacking good creatures and leaves when everybody is evil. Lastly, Zon'de can be turned as 10 HD undead.

Zoömycota

© 1999 by Torsten Bernhardt. Artwork © 1999 of Torsten Bernhardt.

Climate/Terrain: Outer Planes, especially the Abyss and Pandemonium

Frequency: Very Rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Carnivorous

Intelligence: Animal (0)

Treasure: As victim

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: As victim

Movement: As victim (spore: 0)

Hit Dice: As victim

THAC0: As victim

No. of Attacks: As victim

Damage/Attack: As victim

Special Attacks: Domination

Special: None

Defenses:

Magic: None

Resistance:

Size: T (microscopic)

Morale: N/A

XP Value: N/A



(The end result of a zoömycota infection)

The zoömycota is a frightening fungus that is rumoured to have originated in the 222nd level of the Abyss, in Shedaklah. It has come a long way since then, and can now be found anywhere in the Outer Planes. It is insidious and so small as to evade notice until it infects a victim; only a *detect invisible* spell can spot it in its spore form.

Combat: The zoömycota does not engage in combat, but lets its host defend itself by any means necessary.

Habitat/Society: None.

Ecology: Spores infect victims through contact. They do not need to be inhaled or injected, but simply need to contact the skin. The infected sod may make a save vs poison at -6; if successful, the body has managed to fight off the spore and the victim is unaffected. Once someone has been infected, the fungus begins to grow long hyphae through the body. By the end of the first day the structures have grown into the victim's brain and begin to warp his mind. He is allowed a save against poison with applicable Wisdom bonuses at the end of the first day of infection and on every subsequent day until he fails. This infection is not magical, but does detect as a disease. *Cure disease* spells cast on the victim before he fails a save will destroy the fungus, but if any other diseases are present they will be cured before the fungal infection.

"What are you talking about? I've always loved mountain climbing!"
-zoömycota victim

Once there, the victim sits quietly while the zoömycota rapidly grows through and consumes his body, necessitating a save vs. paralysis every turn to stay alive. When the save is failed, the victim dies and the fungus begins to grow a fruiting body, which takes 1d6 +6 turns. Once grown, the fruiting body sends spores into the atmosphere, which disperse to find new victims.

Spores cannot move on their own, and must be blown about by wind. As already mentioned, they are impossible to see without the ability to detect invisibility. They do not need food, water or air, but are vulnerable (though resistant) to fire or acid. Any victim who fails a saving throw against a fire-based spell that completely surrounds his body (e.g. *fireball* or *wall of fire* but not *burning hands*) has a one in four chance of killing the growth at any stage.

Zoömycota are most commonly found in the Abyss, though lately the windy tunnels of Pandemonium has given the species an opportunity for explosive growth.

Victims who fail their saves are under the control of the fungus. The infection now no longer detects as a disease, but does detect as a curse and can be removed with a *remove curse* spell. This control is subtle, and the victim's friends will not notice any great change in his behaviour. He will, however, do what he can to get to the highest point he knows of on the layer he is currently on. Early on, he will be peaceful about his request, but as time wears on he will become more and more insistant and eventually leave on his own, becoming violent if restrained. If at all possible, however, victims will use whatever abilities they have (spells, magical items, thieving abilities) to get to the highest elevation. Spells such as *fly* can be used to get to the high point, but victims will not use the spell to, for instance, simply fly up until the spell runs out. The goal is always a solid location.

It can very rarely be found elsewhere in the Outer Planes. Those who find and go through the equipment left behind by victims at the site of their consumption are almost always (95%) infected by residual spores.

There are stories of a victim of great power, perhaps a fiend or celestial, slowly making its way up Yggdrasil. What will happen when it reaches the top varies so much from account to account as to make this story impossible to take seriously. What is known is that many cases of Spire Climbing have been conclusively attributed to zoömycota spores.

Zyssk

© 1999 by Brannon Hollingsworth. Artwork © 1999 by Henri Joela. See more of his artwork here.

Climate/Terrain:	Gehenna
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Brotherhood
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Carnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral Evil

No. Appearing:	1 or 4
Armor Class:	3 (base)
Movement:	12 (short bursts of 24)
Hit Dice:	8+4
THAC0:	12
No. of Attacks:	2 or 3
Damage/Attack:	4d4 (x2) or by weapon type, 4d12
Special Attacks:	Kick, <i>Soul Snare</i>
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	20%
Size:	Large (7' - 9 1/2')
Morale:	Average (8-10)
XP Value:	2,000

Natives of the infernal plane of Gehenna, the zyssk are horrid creatures whose sole purpose in life seems to be the torment of other folk. They wander the plane, seeking out the weak, helpless, lost, or wounded, and then fall upon them like vultures.

Zyssk are very large, humanoid creatures that appear to be a twisted fusion of a lizard-like creature and a human. A thick, very well muscled body is topped by an almost too-large reptilian head that ends in a massive, tooth-filled maw. Tiny, baleful eyes that glow with sheer malice (and can see things that are *invisible* or otherwise obscured from plain sight) are nestled into either side of the massive, scaled skull. The placement of the eyes, however, keeps the zyssk from seeing straight ahead of the beast, so it usually walks with a slow gait, swinging its massive head slowly from side to side.

The entire body of the creature begins with a pale creamy white coloration that slowly darkens as it moves towards the extremities of the body to a bloody maroon color. Some sods have said that it looks like the skin of the zyssk leeches the blood right out of its own body... Zyssk have two hands with three fingers each, ending in claws that are completely capable of handling and manipulating tools and weapons with ease. Ridges of spikes line the heavily muscled forearms of the creature and are a deep maroon red coloration. The legs of the creature are massively muscled and would seem to inhibit walking, but in fact, the zyssk can be very quick in short bursts of directed, focused speed. Wide, splayed feet that have two clawed toes



(The Zyssk!)

Lastly, the most feared attack of the zyssk is their dreaded *Soul Snare*, wherein they are able to essentially, sap a basher's being just by looking at him! When a zyssk decides to use this ability (which is useable once/week), they simply stare at a basher. The being who meets this stare must save vs. paralyzation at +3 or be sapped of a level of experience! It is thought that these awful creatures feed on this life energy, but that has yet to be verified.

Habitat/Society: All zyssk belong to a shadowy and secretive society that is only known as the Brotherhood of the Scarlet Circle. The symbol of this Brotherhood, which is always displayed upon their pristine breechcloths, strikes fear and revulsion into any who see it, and for good reason. The Brotherhood rules the zysskian society with a iron fist, and none are outside of its sphere of terror, brutalization, and influence. If a zyssk falls out of favor with the Brotherhood, he is as good as in the dead-book.

The zyssk deem all other structured societies inferior to their own, and will brutally enslave or subdue an inferior race in a moment's notice. The Grusshum are often targets of this enslavement, and seem to often be willing compatriots in the zyssk's foul plots and plans. Strangely, zyssk seem to enjoy enslaving creatures, but never seem to **use** them for anything. Graybeards theorize that the zyssk view slaves as a measure of wealth and social status. However, as the zyssk are not fond of wigwagging about their culture (they'd rather rip a body's arms off and

capable of delivering a fatal kick complete the horrid picture of the zyssk.

Zyssk wear no clothing other than a simple breechcloth that is always pristine white in color. No one knows how, in the inhospitable climes of Gehenna, how these creatures manage to keep this breechcloth clean, but many believe that the garment has some magical properties. Each of these breechcloths is adorned with a single maroon circle, which is the symbol of the Brotherhood to which all zyssk belong (see [Habitat/Society](#)).

Zyssk speak their own language, as well as the language of yugoloths, tanar'ri, and baatezu. Their own language seems to be comprised primarily of hissing, teeth barring, and unusually, scents which they exude from glands near the base of their neck.

Combat: Zyssk seem to relish combat, or rather rending helpless victims limb from limb, which is their version of combat. Anything that is much more intense than that usually sees the evil brutes fleeing into the smoky sulphurous distances of the planes.

They are experts at ambush tactics and will use their intimate knowledge of the plane, the terrain, and its hazards to their benefit, often setting deadly traps for their intended victims. Once engaged in melee with an opponent, zyssk will normally try to rake with their claws, their arm spines, or whatever weapon they have handy **or** bite with their powerful and massive maws. They seem to lack the concentration in combat to do both in the same round, however. It is interesting to note that the zyssk seem to favor very flashy and exotic types of weaponry, most of which is usually not as effective in combat.

If badly wounded or as part of an ambush, the zyssk often employ a kick attack, wherein they burst into motion (and their full movement rate, see above) in an explosive move, and strike out at their opponent with their heavily muscled legs and clawed feet. Planewalker tales of zyssk flying nearly twenty yards through the air with this sort of attack have in fact been substantiated. An attack of this nature is easily powerful enough to shatter bone and cripple or maim all but the toughest of bashers (4d20+10 points of damage). Thankfully, a portion of this damage is usually also attributed to the attacking zyssk as well (DM's discretion, but recommended to be at least 10-15% of total damage delivered).

beat him with the bloody stumps), no sod really knows the true darks.

**"...the truth about strength is,
we have it, and you don't, berk!"**
-Zyssk Philosophy-

The only races or creatures that the zyssk respect (and this is purely out of fear alone) are those which are stronger than they, and thus they are often seen in the employ of both yugoloths and tanar'ri, who seem to find their harsh and brutal nature much to their liking. Interestingly, they seem to despise modrons, and will often attack them on sight.

Lastly, the zyssk have an intense and deep-rooted hatred for gehreleth of all kinds, and will **always** attack them without warning or provocation. Some planar sages spout that it has something to do with the conflict of the Brotherhood's veneration of the circle and the 'leth's symbol of the triangle, but only a sod-headed sensate hipped up on jarra spice would spill such utter screed. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the zyssk are bitter enemies of the native fiends of Carceri.

Ecology: While the zyssk are natives of Gehenna, they seem to thrive on the destruction of their surroundings. While they are well adapted to their native plane, it is almost as if they now seek to dominate or destroy it. They go through their lives from day to day, paying little or no heed to the plane around them, seeking only to cause pain and suffering to others.