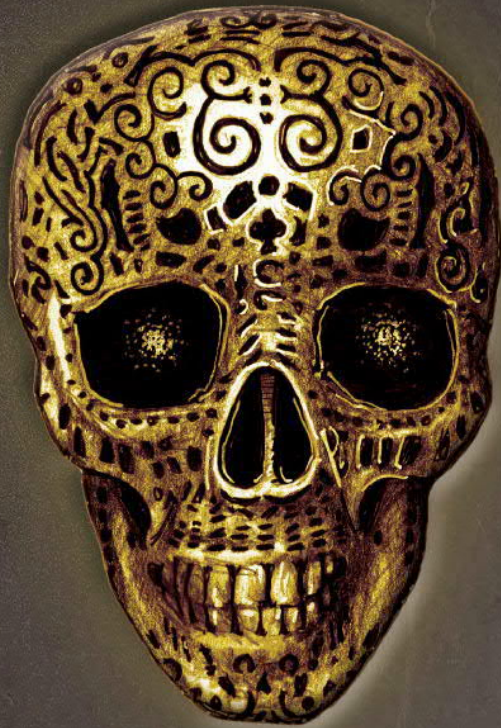


The Tome of Blighted Horrors



FROG GOD
GAMES

The Tome of Blighted Horrors

For use with *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City*

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Introduction

Let's be honest with ourselves for a moment: I think we all kind of already knew that Richard Pett is a little messed up, right? I mean, *Frog God Games* agreeing to publish *The Blight* didn't bring about the book's inception — it was something Richard had already written ... years before ... for his players at home! (God rest their sanity-blasted souls.) So when we decided that he had created a sufficient number of new monsters for the book to justify an entire *Tome of Horrors* — a *Tome of Blighted Horrors*, if you will — I don't think anyone was surprised by the disturbing segments of brain-matter-given-life that tumbled out of Richard's skull. But when we asked a handful of other writers, veteran and novice alike, to contribute to this compilation of congealed madness, the horrors that tumbled from their own mental palettes, well ... there's where the surprise — the kind of surprise that begins as a startle and then slowly transforms into numbing horror — really began.

I have only myself to blame really. When Richard and I were first spit balling this project (originally intended to be a release for Sinister Adventures) years ago, I sat down to write an additional adventure set in Rich's diabolically twisted playground. I read through Richard's material, permitted myself a cruel chuckle at its depravity, read as many forbidden, sanity-destroying tomes as I could get my hands on through Amazon (who knew they had Ludwig Prinn's *De Vermis Mysteriis* in paperback!!), and then sat down at my keyboard deciding to channel my inner Pett. I thought I'd delve a little into the body horror for which Richard has such an affinity and ... babies! ... nothing's scarier than larval humans, right? So this little descent into madness brought about the introduction of the insidious spite-waif. "Heh, heh," I thought, "that'll scare 'em." Fast forward to 2016 when I began to get turnovers in from the various other authors hired to contribute to the new *Tome of Blighted Horrors*.

Some things I learned:

1. Yes, babies are truly scary. Having spawned three of the little monsters myself, I should have already known this, but the proof came in the form of how many of the authors dipped into the same well (without prompting). And how much their creations frightened me. From Richard's own totally-unnecessary-why-did-he-do-it-for-the-love-of-God-why? caul cuckoo and caul cuckoo syre, I soon realized I was in trouble. The true shock, however, didn't come until I laid eyes on the work from freshman designer Jeff Swank, when he sent in his totally original monster design of the gravid ghou. Jeff is a doctor, I must add. I think, perhaps, I should reflect a bit on my own career choice after this ...

2. Artists aren't always quite as on board with the insanity. Terry Pavlet (bless his heart) took on the task of illustrating about 99% of this beast. I don't know Terry well, but I don't think his background is specifically in dark fantasy art because of how many times he asked me for an example of what I was trying to describe in my art orders. No, Terry, there is no example I can give you for which we can thank God, natural selection, and a merciful universe. There are no examples because these things weren't meant to exist in a universe governed by scientific laws. I can't blame him though. Trying to illustrate the interior of Richard's brain is like trying to illustrate a Lovecraft story. It's tough to come up with a concept sketch off the description, "the terrible thing is indescribable." I did my best. I can't tell you how many email replies I received from Terry that started with, "Hahahahahahaha!" Kudos to you, Terry. You're a real trooper. We are deeply indebted to your patience and creative skills. In reward for this, you shall be the last to be eaten.

3. I believe Friedrich Nietzsche said, "[I]f you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you." Yeah, that sounds about right.

Now if you'll excuse me, I can hear them thumping around in the basement again. Mustn't let anyone get free before the big ceremony.

Iä! Iä! The Beautiful fhtagn!

— Greg A. Vaughan
July 19th
(1973 – 2016)

Foreword

The first time I met Richard Pett, an exuberant Nicolas Logue—no doubt channeling a scene from the Grast Farm in his infamous *Hook Mountain Massacre*—was holding him down on a leather couch while attempting to wear him like a glove puppet. I was pretty drunk, granted, but I’m fairly certain that Nick failed in his anatomic insertion attempt, and thus Rich’s identity as the true author of *The Skinsaw Murders* was defended...much to Nick’s chagrin.

The second time I met Richard Pett, I was far less drunk and Nick was nowhere in sight, so we talked about adventure and setting design. Rich, as you’re surely aware, is a master of both. His work for Paizo may be among his best known, having written—to date, because there are no signs of him stopping—twelve parts of Pathfinder adventure paths—from the aforementioned chapter of *Rise of the Runelords* to *The Whisper Out of Time* in the imminent *Strange Aeons*—and five Pathfinder modules, including *Carrion Hill* and the popular *We Be Goblins* series.

However, I’d been a fan since his earliest publications in *Dungeon Magazine* where he, along with Nick, first established his design credentials and rose to prominence. And so we talked a little about *The Devil Box* and of his contributions to the ‘proto-paths,’ including *The Prince of Redhand* and the Midnight’s Muddle and Alhaster backdrops for *Age of Worms*, along with *The Sea-Wyvern’s Wake* and *Serpents of Scuttlecove* for *Savage Tide*. But we spent the most time discussing what are perhaps now regarded as his seminal works: *The Styes* and *The Weavers*. These were the inventive, gritty, stylish scenarios that first distinguished him and I wanted to know all about their evocative setting and any other adventures within it that I may have missed.

That’s when I learned of his long-running home campaign and its vast body of unpublished works based in those shadowed and sleazy docklands. And not only that, but that he was organizing and updating it all in preparation for future publication through Frog God Games. I immediately offered my help and, a few weeks later, the manuscript of *The Crucible* arrived in my inbox, ready for conversion, development, and editing, and my descent into what would become *The Blight* began. That was over three years ago.

What you now hold in your hands—this nexus of nightmare—is a distillation of the spiritual abuse that Mr Pett has inflicted upon Greg, Jeff, John, Dave, Pete, or I at some point over that time. For while Rich himself has personally detailed only a handful of the monstrosities herein, you’ll notice that almost all are inspired by something he’d already described in *The Blight*. Crones whose emetic, morbidly obese bodies can barely withstand the intake of each of their five heads’ prodigious appetites for flesh. Insane reincarnations of the devolved bodies of plague victims that morph through aberrant physicalities to further spread death and disease. Emaciated fey who float up from the depths of the Lyme to flood the lungs of their hypnotized victims through a kiss. Small slimy humanoids who compress their cartilaginous skeletons to live in the wall and floor spaces of other peoples’ homes and watch their intimacies.

“Based on material by Richard Pett.”

It’s not a credit, it’s a mental health warning. For herein, you’ll also find fiendish entities of flame that grow in size and power as they incinerate people; ‘machines’ of reanimated muscle and tissue which sometimes manifest an emergent consciousness that reflects the thoughts, fears, and desires of those who operate them; incarnations of arachnophobia whose young eat their way out of their victims’ stomachs; and the freakish hybrids that result from the amoral application of obscene fertility magic.

So that’s nice. As he proved to Nick, Rich is no other designer’s meat puppet. But the truth is, some of us may now be his.

— Alistair J. Rigg
September 9th, 2016
Sydney, Australia

Bileborn

This revolting creature appears to be formed of a tangle of limbs and pieces of rotting corpses that splay in all directions like some kind of demented sea urchin. The many appendages flail about spasmodically as it moves with a disturbing rolling motion. Barely discernible amid this tangle are a number of severed, rotting heads, their eyes open and watching, their lips wordlessly mouthing unheard imprecations.

Bileborn

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 4 slams (1d6 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: babbling scream, coordinated burst, incorporate body

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 11/1700

Once ever 1d4 rounds, a bileborn can scream in incoherent babbles. All creatures within 60ft must make a saving throw or be affected as the *confusion* spell for 1d4 rounds. Once every 1d4 rounds, a bileborn can synchronize its flailing motions into a coordinated movement. During this time, it moves as if affected by a *haste* spell for 1 round.

If a bileborn hits a victim with 2 slam attacks, it grabs the creature. On the next round, it attempts to plunge the creature into its body (save resists) to absorb it.

A victim pulled inside the bileborn can attempt an Open Doors check each round to escape. If the victim fails to get free, it must make a saving throw each round (with a cumulative -1 penalty for each round it is inside the bileborn) or suffer 1d4 points of damage per round as the many mouths within feed on the victim in his helpless state. Once the victim is dead, it is fully incorporated into the whole and is forever lost.

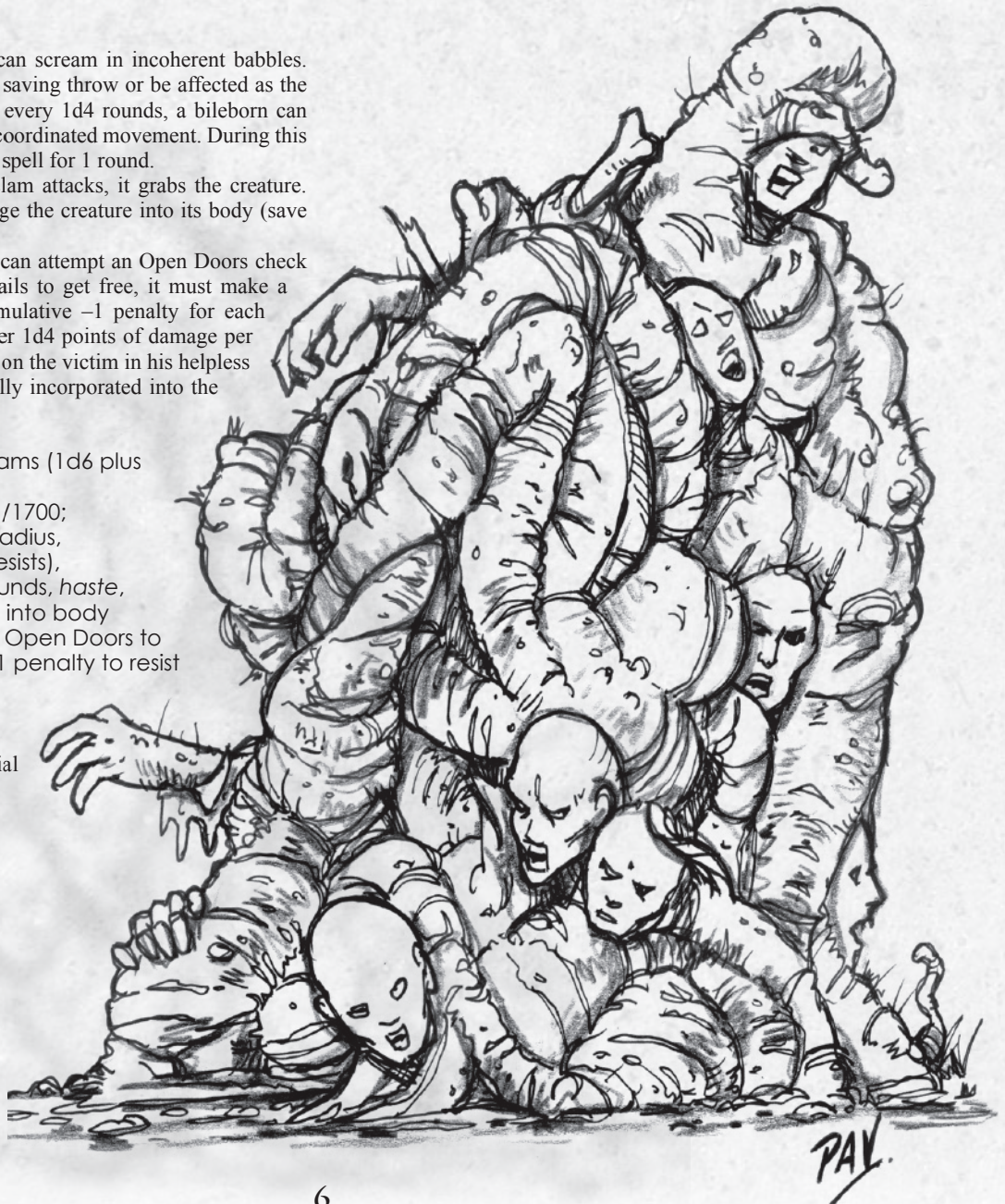
Bileborn: HD 8; AC 3[16]; Atk 4 slams (1d6 plus grab);

Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700;

Special: babbling scream (60ft radius, *confusion* for 1d4 rounds, save resists), coordinated burst (every 1d4 rounds, *haste*, 1 round), incorporate body (pull into body after grab, 1d4 damage/round, Open Doors to escape, save with cumulative -1 penalty to resist ongoing damage).

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Body Snatcher

A massive lump of shadow, like a gargantuan hillock, shifts in the darkness and reveals itself to be a living creature. Its body is mostly torso and is roughly barrel shaped, with four elephantine legs and two long arms ending in three-fingered hands. A massive mouth-like opening dominates the top of its frame, from which extends a long, prehensile tongue studded with spiky outgrowths at its tip. The entire beast appears to be covered in — or perhaps made of — a lumpy, lichen-like substance with tiny, leafy growths.

Body Snatcher

Hit Dice: 20

Armor Class: 0 [19]

Attacks: 2 slams (2d8), bite (4d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: absorb cadaver, regenerate, spore burst, swallow whole, vulnerabilities (fire, light)

Move: 15/12/12 (climbing, swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 25/5900

Known only as the body snatcher by the dwarves of the Underneath, this massive overgrowth of ambulatory blight lichen lurks in the deepest caverns where the boundaries between the mundane world and Between are thinnest. The creature somehow possesses sentience — likely from its long exposure to the strange influence of that other-realm — and shares some traits of Between creatures. The conglomeration of lichen growths has taken on the form of a massive quadruped, but it shares no special affinity with that form and, in truth, its body possesses no internal organs or structures other than the undifferentiated blight of which it is composed.

The body snatcher stands 25ft tall. Even though it is made only of tiny lichen growths, these conglomerate quite densely

so the creature weighs more than 30,000 lbs. It is well over a thousand years old and is probably much older, and it may well be immortal. Its body is mostly torso and is roughly barrel shaped, with four elephantine legs and two long arms ending in three-fingered hands. A massive mouth-like opening dominates the top of its frame, from which extends a long, prehensile tongue studded with spiky outgrowths at its tip. The entire beast appears to be covered in — or perhaps made of — a lumpy, lichen-like substance with tiny, leafy growths.

A body snatcher attacks with 2 leafy slams, or with its horrible bite. If it rolls a natural 20 with its bite attack, it swallows the creature whole. Any creature swallowed whole does not take damage, but immediately begins to suffocate. If a body snatcher kills a creature, it absorbs its body in the next round. The body is irrevocably destroyed unless a *wish* or *resurrection* spell is used.

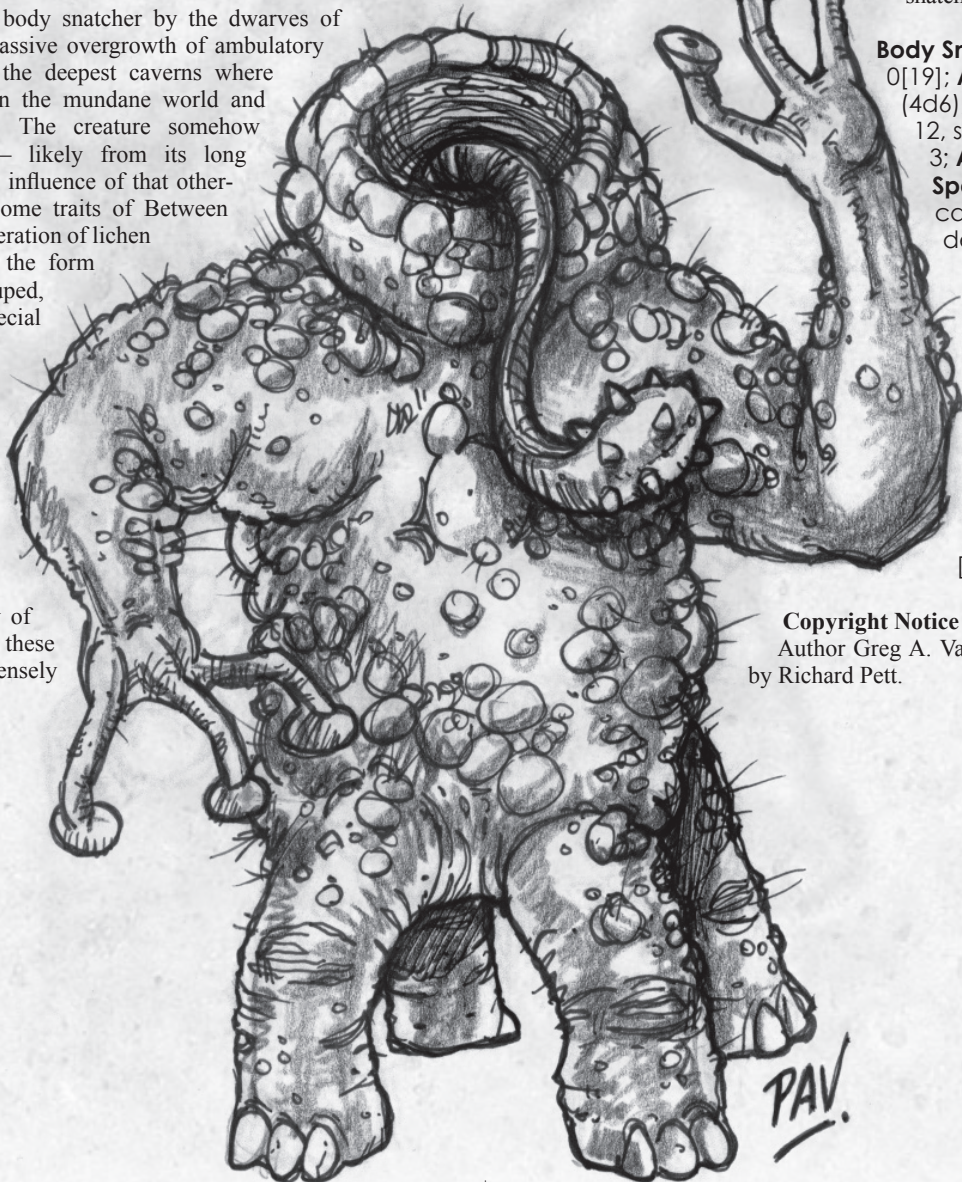
A body snatcher can also cause a pustule of spores to burst forth from its body as a concussive blast at a target within 40ft. This attack deals 3d6 points of damage (save for half). The body snatcher can use this attack every other round.

A body snatcher is vulnerable to fire (double damage). In bright light, it is affected as if by a *slow* spell. While in darkness, a body snatcher regenerates 3hp.

Body Snatcher: HD 20; AC 0[19]; **Atk** 2 slams (2d8), bite (4d6); **Move** 15 (climbing 12, swimming 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 25/5900; **Special:** absorb cadaver (irrevocably destroyed in 1 round), regenerate (3hp/round in darkness), spore burst (40ft range, 3d6 damage, save for half), swallow whole (natural 20 with bite, target begins to suffocate), vulnerabilities (fire [200%], light [slow]).

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Bog Lantern

A ball of pale yellow light bobs and floats in the distance, its flickering pattern beckoning.

Bog Lantern

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: energy tendril (1d6 plus 1 level)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: level drain, out of phase

Move: 18 (flying)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

A typical bog lantern is about 3ft in diameter. Most of the time, they opt to float 4ft–5ft off the ground, though it can move around in three-dimensional space adroitly. On closer inspection, a bog lantern resembles a glowing skull etched with hundreds of mysterious runes that appear to penetrate completely through the glowing bone into its dark, inscrutable interior. A pair of glowing points of light hover within its dark eye sockets.

A bog lantern is an “always on” ball of yellow light shedding light equal to a torch. To simulate flickering patterns, bog lanterns move in and out of brush and other foliage, or causes its eye socket lights to roam around within its dark interior to cause light to shine intermittently through the dark runes that cover its surface. In this way, it can appear to be several flickering lights — perhaps a large colony of fireflies, for example.

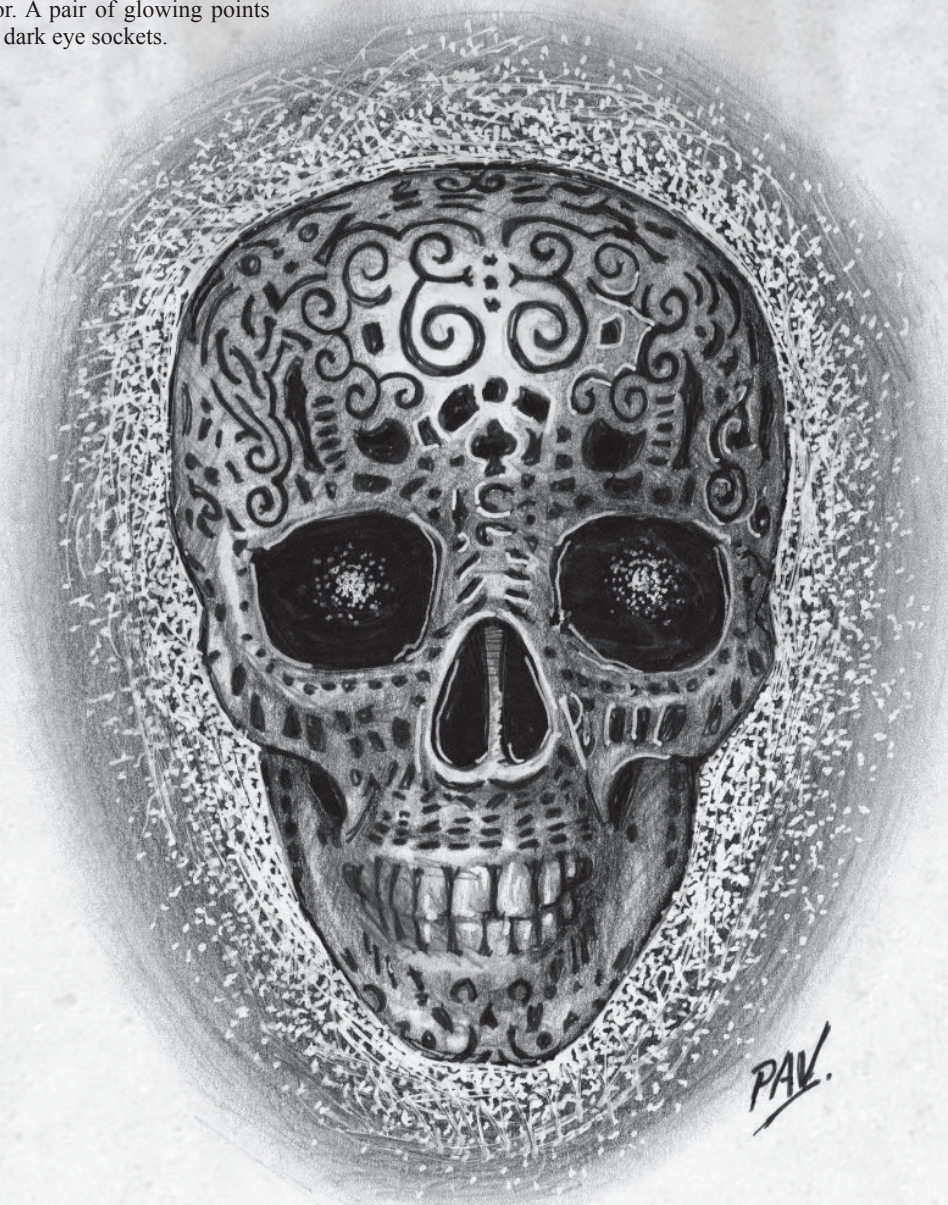
A bog lantern attacks by forming a tendril-like appendage and striking its foe. Any creature hit by this tendril must make a saving throw or lose a level.

Bog lanterns exist partially in the Ethereal Plane and partially in the Material Plane. Anyone attacking a bog lantern has a 50% chance to miss as it phases in and out of the planes.

Bog Lantern: HD 8; AC 2[17]; Atk energy tendril (1d6 plus level drain); Move 18 (flying); Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: level drain (1 level with hit, save resists), out of phase (50% miss chance).

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BookTown Panther

This black-furred panther would not seem overly noteworthy were it not for its exceptional size and six legs, one of which has a twisted and mangled paw from some past hunter's trap. The beast seems to bear a perpetual snarl as one side of its face is badly scarred, pulling its mouth up and its eye into a puckered squint.

BookTown Panther

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 3 claws (1d4), bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: pounce, rear claw rake, spell-like abilities

Move: 18/9 (climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 11/1700

This creature is a legend in BookTown. Allegedly, a panther of great size originally imported from the distant swamps of southern Akados for the private gardens of a dabbler in the arcane arts, it is said that this magic-user worked magic beyond his abilities, causing the panther to mutate, grow additional limbs, and, ultimately, develop a malign intelligence of its own. Each tale of the BookTown Panther describes tortures visited on the creature at the hands of its demented master, each more horrible than the previous. The truth of these tales remains in question, but what is not in question is that a black panther of prodigious proportions does lurk among the roofs and gables of BookTown, stalking the unwary. Eyewitnesses report that it indeed has an extra set of limbs, though one has been badly injured at some point in the past. Efforts to hunt the beast have failed, as it proves to be incredibly elusive, and it seems to have a great knowledge of where the many nests of wasps, centipedes, and other vermin can be found among the gables. The few times hunters have even gotten close to it, they have run afoul of swarms of such insects while the beast itself made its escape.

The truth of the matter is that a demented urban druid of BookTown indeed tortured and experimented upon the panther. The panther merely awaited an opportunity when the druid's guard was down and its cage left unsecured before striking and messily devouring the fool. The panther did not escape unscathed, as traps left as contingencies by the druid severely injured the beast and crippled one of its legs as it disappeared into the night.

Rather than try to flee the city where it knew that it would be hunted down, the BookTown Panther chose instead to lair among the dangers of the city's rooftops where few dared to venture. Its great size and strength provided it with some protection from the myriad dangers to be found there, allowing it to turn its newfound sentience toward its survival and revenge against all humanoid as it pursued the path of the hunter. In doing so, it learned to harness the ubiquitous vermin that continually swarmed among the spires and rooftops of the city, eventually even gaining a giant wasp as a companion.

The panther has shed the name given to it by its former master as a mark of its past shame and captivity, and instead prefers to remain nameless. It has heard the moniker of BookTown Panther given to it, and doesn't care one way or the other. It simply sees the soft, fleshy humanoids as further prey to sate its hunger for revenge. It likewise doesn't name its wasp companion, seeing it as nothing more than an expendable resource to be used for assistance and protection, and indeed is already on its seventh giant wasp companion, the prior six all having fallen in the panther's wake as it abandoned them to effect its own escape.

The BookTown is a remorseless killer, but it is careful and cunning. It has lived many years atop the tenements of BookTown and has no intention of meeting its end any time soon. It is patient and cautious in its hunts, willing to stalk a chosen victim for days, maybe even harassing him with swarms of vermin before moving in to make its kill.

The city of Castorhage has offered a 15,000gp reward if this creature is captured or killed.

BookTown Panther: HD 8; AC 4[15]; Atk 3 claws (1d4), bite (2d6); Move 18 (climbing 9); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** pounce (30ft leap), rear claw rake (additional 2d4 damage after leap), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—create water, detect magic, pyrotechnics; 5/day—dimension door, protection from fire, protection from normal missiles; 1/day—insect plague, protection from lightning.

Giant Wasp: HD 4; AC 4[15]; Atk sting (1d4 plus poison), bite (1d8); Move 1 (fly 20); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** larvae (cure disease kills), paralyzing poison (1d4+1 days, save resists). (**Monstrosities** 505)

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Crathog

This creature draws its leech-like body along by great barbed spindly tentacles that glisten with fluid. Somewhere inside its cluster of spines and sharp bones lurks a great maw that distends itself outward.

Crathog

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (2d6 plus 1d6 acid)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: acid, camouflage, distended bite, immune to acid

Move: 12/12 (swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

Crathogs are octopod horrors that had their origins in the exits of large cities' sewers emptying into the sea. The mixture of alchemical fluids, waste products, and other toxins caused mutations within the sea life that grew in the area until a new species spawned and bred true. The crathog began to gain an incessant drive to reproduce, a deeper understanding of their surroundings, and a greater intelligence.

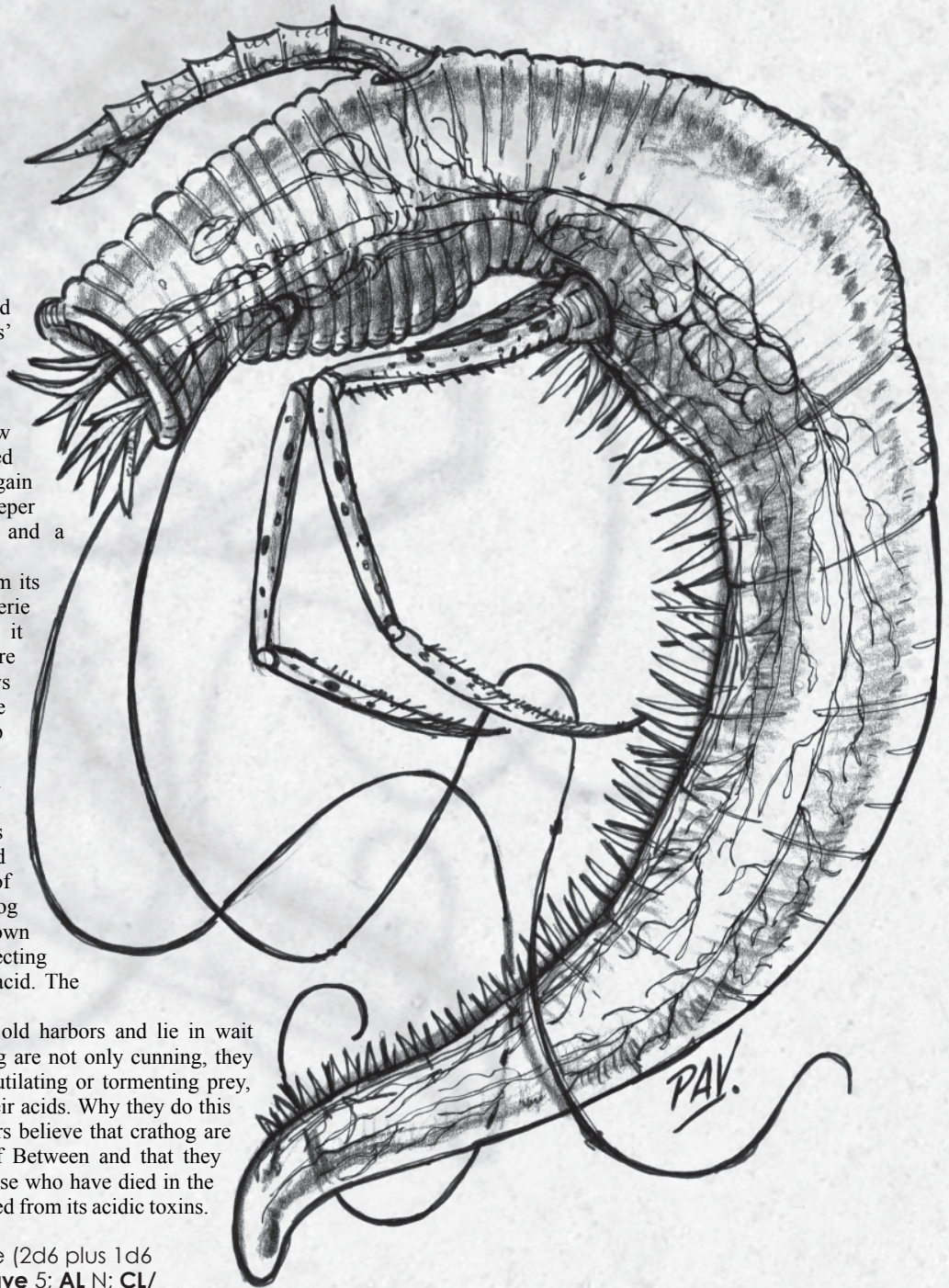
A crathog seeps a corrosive acid from its porous flesh. Its tentacles move with eerie quickness to grasp its prey and pull it toward its distended jaw. These jaws are hinged on a flexible tendon that allows the crathog to contract a coiled muscle and launch this set of jaws outward up to 25ft to attack prey. The creature is able to blend into its surroundings like a chameleon (10% chance to notice when motionless). It moves silently, but leaves a slimy trail which in itself is acidic and dangerous. This acid deals 1d6 points of damage to anyone it touches. A crathog is incredibly strong and stealthy, known to climb onto ships to feed on unsuspecting sailors, dissolving their flesh with its acid. The crathog is immune to acid.

Crathogs tend to hide in crooks of old harbors and lie in wait until a fisherman ventures past. Crathog are not only cunning, they are incredibly cruel; they delight in mutilating or tormenting prey, and disfiguring their opponents with their acids. Why they do this is open to conjecture, but many scholars believe that crathog are somehow spawned by the influence of Between and that they seethe with the inherent injustice of those who have died in the river, particularly those who have suffered from its acidic toxins.

Crathog: HD 10; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d6 plus 1d6 acid); Move 12 (swimming 12); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: acid (touch, 1d6 damage), camouflage (10% chance to notice while motionless), distended bite (25ft radius), immune to acid.

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Elemental, Ragefire

The rage and hatred that emanate with the white-hot heat from this demonic fire are palpable.

Elemental, Ragefire

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: strike (3d8)

Saving Throw: 8, 3, or 3

Special: feed, immune to fire, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d6+2 (inferno)

Challenge Level: 8 HD (10/1400), 12 HD (14/2600), or 16 HD (18/3800)

Ragefire elementals embody the chaos and evil of their Abyssal heritage, manifesting in demonic forms of living flame, smoke, ash, and cinders. They exist to incinerate life and, in so doing, grow stronger and more destructive.

A ragefire elemental can incinerate any creature it kills to increase its mass. Every time a ragefire elemental incinerates a victim, it has a 5% cumulative chance of growing into a more powerful elemental (an 8HD elemental becomes a 12HD monster, while a 12HD turns into a 16HD monstrosity). A 16HD ragefire elemental does not advance in this way, but instead regenerates 1d8 hp per creature it incinerates.

A ragefire elemental cannot enter water or any other nonflammable liquid. A body of water is an impassible barrier unless the ragefire elemental can step or jump over it, or if the water is covered with a flammable material (such as a layer of oil). Water and cold attacks deal double damage to ragefire elementals. They are immune to fire and can only be hit by +1 or better magical weapons.

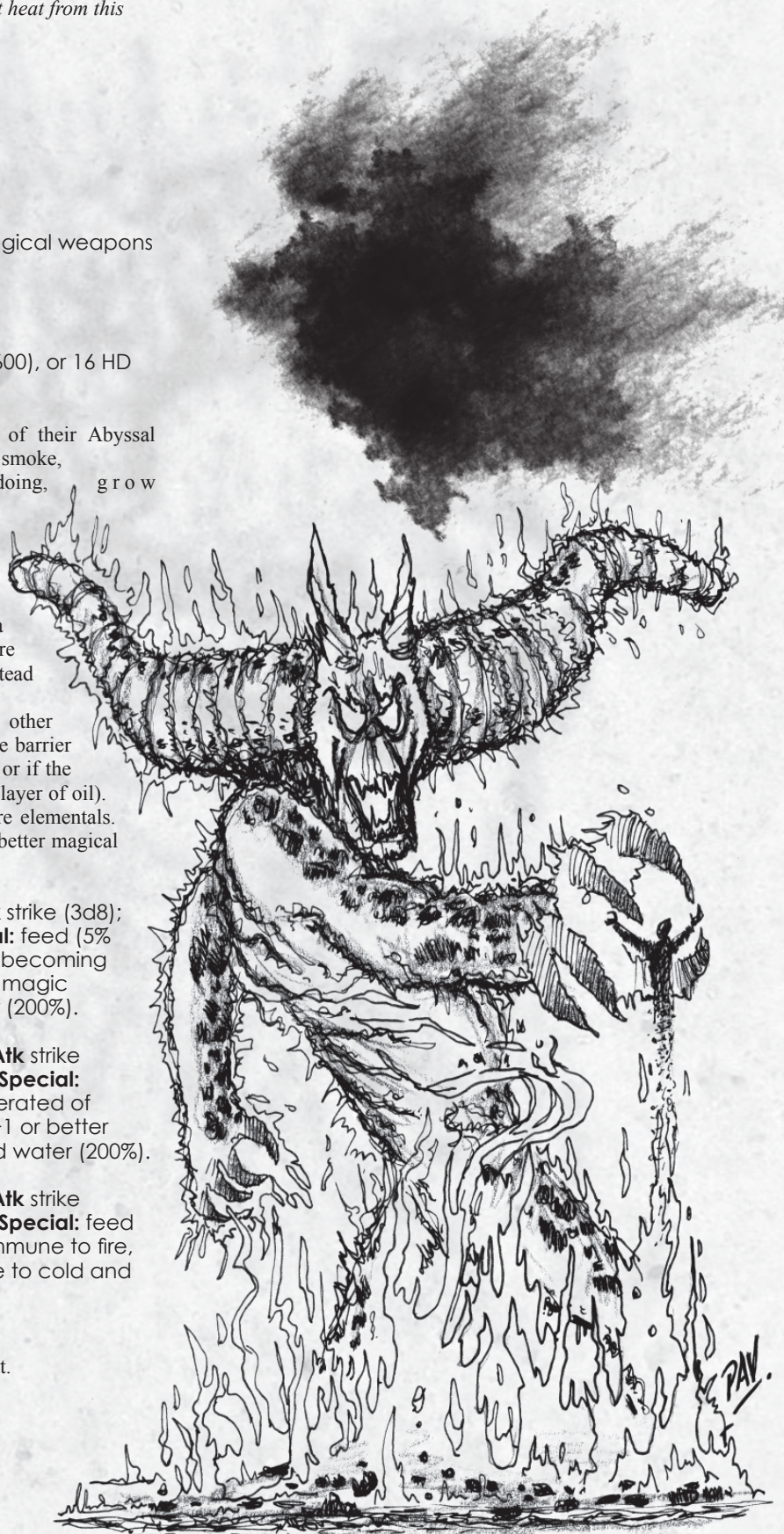
Elemental, Ragefire (8HD): HD 8; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** feed (5% cumulative chance per victim incinerated of becoming 12HD elemental), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

Elemental, Ragefire (12HD): HD 12; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** feed (5% cumulative chance per victim incinerated of becoming 16HD elemental), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

Elemental, Ragefire (16HD): HD 16; AC 2[17]; Atk strike (3d8); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 18/3800; **Special:** feed (regenerate 1d8hp per victim incinerated), immune to fire, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, vulnerable to cold and water (200%).

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Fleshgine

Fleshgine

Fleshgines are constructs of flesh combined with other materials designed for a specific purpose. They might pump water from a city's reservoirs into rooftop cisterns to supply the inhabitants with running water, or they may lift or pull — anything a humanoid body can do. But fleshgines are built to improve upon a humanoid's ability through modification and vast strength. While they are not uncommon in Castorhage, they often operate out of sight; their disturbing appearance being something the civilized locals choose not to acknowledge. They can be heard though — their steady stormy breathing, the asthmatic wheeze behind a grate, the slithering of flaccid limbs between floors. They also have a strong odor — a sort of organic sweatiness that can smell of many other things as often they absorb and amplify the smells of the things they work in and around.

Fleshgines come in all shapes and sizes, and while no two are ever alike, they often fall into a set pattern. Each is very strong, and many — an uncannily large amount — are sentient creatures in their own right. Different fleshgines tend to have different abilities; some are simple brutes that occasionally go mad, some are more cunning, lurking and growing behind plaster and wainscoting and brooding their dark, strange dreams and wants.

While most fleshgines are simple, mindless servitors made of flesh stitched and grown to inorganic parts and contraptions, some grow into something altogether different. Sentient fleshgines take on aspects of their humanoid neighbors that seep in from their close proximity on a daily basis. These aspects include tics, habits, language, and even some of their vices. These creatures are often bloated by the desires and madness of Between and become enraptured by it, seeking new directions and becoming fixated in disturbing ways. These constructs often form complex alliances with those who dwell behind the veneer of the Blight, particularly with the ghouls of the Fetch (who have enough inert humanity to understand and fear the construct). Some say the thoughts of the Crooked Promethean violate their dreams and awaken them; others say that it is a simple accident of nature. These sentient constructs lurk in plain sight and are driven by whatever twisted needs or goals that have grown within their warped consciousness.

As more complex fleshgines are grafted from darker sources of flesh and bone, so too the risk of disaster becomes greater. Philosophers within the city-state already worry what fleshgines might do if they rebelled *en masse*. They point to the curious whale-song that occasionally haunts certain nights, and which seems to come from the fleshgines calling to each other across the city. What are they saying or planning, they wonder? The golem-stitchers and homuncule wives laugh at such suggestions; their creations are simple flesh-and-blood machines after all. What maliciousness could possibly lurk within this humble framework?

Sentient fleshgines that have gone berserk at least once in the past have fundamentally broken some aspect of their creation and gain the take ability. Occasionally the fleshgine's habits and needs manifest themselves in a destructive way, and the construct pulls a victim into itself. The fleshgine is always cunning in this action and manipulates its manifold parts and surroundings to camouflage its attack. A fleshgine rarely uses this ability, as it is aware that discovery ultimately is likely to lead to destruction. It therefore carefully watches its chosen victim, often for weeks or months before striking, but if sufficiently roused can use this ability immediately.

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Three sample types of fleshgines are included below.

Dungier's Buggy

The rumble of a coach's wheels upon the cobbles comes out of the misty night, but it is not accompanied by the clip-clop of hooves. Rather, there is a soft slapping of skin upon the hard stones. Emerging from the fog is a hansom cab drawn not by a team of horses but rather by the upper torso of some ogre melded to the front of the conveyance. It walks upon its massive hands and its head looks forward, the eyes alert but somehow vacant.

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: slam (2d8), bite (1d4)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: berserk, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, resists cold, trample

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

A Dungier's buggy is a hansom cab drawn by the upper torso of some ogre melded to the front of the conveyance. It walks upon its massive hands, and its head looks forward, its eyes alert but somehow vacant.

Dungier's buggy attacks with a meaty fist and a bite. The buggy can also trample creatures by rolling over them. If the creature fails a save to get out of the buggy's way, it takes 4d6 points of damage. While the buggy cannot attack creatures behind it with its bite or slam, it can trample them by moving backward. When moving backward, the fleshgine moves at half speed.

If a fleshgine is injured in combat, there is a cumulative 1% chance per point of damage that its elemental spirit breaks free and the fleshgine goes berserk. The uncontrolled fleshgine goes on a rampage, attacking the nearest living creature or smashing some object smaller than itself if no creature is within reach, then moving on to spread more destruction. The fleshgine's creator or designated operator, if within 60ft, can try to regain control each round by speaking firmly and authoritatively to the construct (1-in-6 chance). It takes 1 minute of inactivity by the fleshgine to reset the creature's berserk chance to 0%.

Perhaps the most successful of Castorhage's many fleshgines are the hired coaches of the golem-stitcher Dunaven Dungier. His method of crafting a hansom cab with the animated upper torso of a giant (usually an ogre or a hill giant) fused to its front in place of a team of horses proved both practical and popular in a city as vast and populous as the Blight. Soon Dungier's buggies were traveling throughout the city providing swift, reliable transportation for the noble and common alike and for only a modest fare. Dungier's popularity with the other cab drivers and owners of hacks proved to be less than stellar, though, and only three years after the introduction of his ingenious cab, portions of his body were found floating in the Great Canal. It is assumed that sough-eels or some other denizen devoured the rest. Fortunately for his legacy, Dungier's methods were fairly easy to reproduce, and now hundreds of these coaches — still known colloquially as Dungier's buggies — travel the streets of the city.

Fleshgine, Dungier's Buggy: HD 8; AC 5[14]; Atk slam (1d8), bite (1d4); Move 15; Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: berserk (1% cumulative chance per point of damage), +1 or better magical weapons to hit, resists cold (50%), trample (4d6 damage, save for half).



Hobbreth's Mighty Pump No. 87

The stench of sweat and the distant sounds of heavy breathing engulf you — whatever it is, you are catching the merest glimpse of the whole. In the oily dark you can see sickly appendages gulping, a horrible sense of brooding vastness, and a glowering cluster of eyes filled with misery just below a vast, idiot, crooked mouth.

Hit Dice: 14
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: 9 tentacles (1d8), bite (4d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: berserk, constrict, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, take
Move: 9/9 (climbing)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 15/2900

Hobbreth's Mighty Pump No. 87 is a massive fleshgine anchored in Castorhage's dark spaces. It smells of sweat, and its heavy breathing can be heard in the walls. It attacks with 9 massive tentacles that grab and constrict prey. It has a glowering cluster of eyes filled with misery just below a vast, idiot, crooked mouth.

The fleshgine is quiet and stealthy, attacking straggling victims when they are alone in the city's dark alleys. It grabs prey with its massive tentacles. If it hits a victim, it has a 50% chance to grab them and constrict. The prey can break free with an Open Doors check to escape the grasp; otherwise, they suffer 2d8 points of damage each round they remain in the fleshgine's embrace. Each round it holds a victim, the fleshgine has a 2-in-

6 chance of moving the creature to its mouth to automatically bite (4d6 damage). Instead of biting, the fleshgine can also take the creature into its body, absorbing it for 3d6 points of damage each round.

If a fleshgine is injured in combat, there is a cumulative 1% chance per point of damage that its elemental spirit breaks free and the fleshgine goes berserk. The uncontrolled fleshgine goes on a rampage, attacking the nearest living creature or smashing some object smaller than itself if no creature is within reach, then moving on to spread more destruction. The fleshgine's creator or designated operator, if within 60ft, can try to regain control each round by speaking firmly and authoritatively to the construct (1-in-6 chance). It takes 1 minute of inactivity by the fleshgine to reset the creature's berserk chance to 0%.

"You can't see her all, of course, even I never did when I was stitching her and moulding her, making her flesh and breathing life into my baby. I recall her formation though, her crisp newness — the endless flesh, and the stench of pigs — for it was pig-flesh I grew and nurtured, and spread across her carcass like a great sail on a vast living sailing vessel.

In her base she is all purpose — her many sucking mouths, which in truth I suppose you'd call tentacles (if such a crude word could be used for such grace), with so many eyes clustered together so she can see from her sweaty groin below that pointless mouth — she must have a mouth, of course. Her flesh engorges above, like some vast flaccid organ that could fill a great hall, bloated, booming, pumping. Veins cross her every inch — you can see the swelling blood pumping as she draws her harvest upward through her cathedral mass far, far above.

She rises then, reaching high into the city, her pumping limbs extending endlessly upward with surprising — some have said alarming — strength to the digits that grasp her farthest reach. Some have likened the digits to fleshy spiders, but I think that's simple scare-mongering

THE BLIGHT: RICHARD PETT'S CROOKED CITY

to frighten children; they simply grip the vessel they spend her harvest into. And here her harvest is drawn, the life-giving water that sustains those in the streets high above pumped from sphincter mouths between each cluster of thin many-jointed hands.

It may taste a little of her sweat — her feral porcine nature — but it is water, saving the lower city from drowning and keeping the upper city drinking.

How many have I made? Oh, hundreds, no two quite alike. The stories about them going berserk? Rubbish put about by those with a grievance — anarchists would say anything to cause discontent amongst the ignorant.

I do sometimes wonder if they have a soul, though, my fleshy babies lurking between walls and dreaming. What do they dream of, I wonder?"

— Emilia Hobbreth, Homuncule Wife

Fleshgine, Hobbreth's Might Pump No. 87: HD 14; AC 3[16]; Atk 9 tentacles (1d8), bite (4d6); Move 9 (climbing 9); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 15/2900; **Special:** berserk (1% cumulative chance per point of damage), constrict (50% chance after tentacle hit, Open Doors check to escape grip, 2d8 damage/round), +1 or better magical weapons to hit, take (3d6 damage/round), take (absorb into body, 3d6 damage/round).

Macabre Lift

The dark shaft of the vertical tunnel appears to be empty until its wooden floor suddenly lurches and rises from where it rested. Beneath the planking of the floor, you can see that a great fleshy organism has grown upon it like a distended bladder that covers the entirety of its underside. From this sweaty, rugose sac extend four muscular limbs that grasp the walls of the shaft with their multi-fingered appendages and begin to climb, carrying the cargo of its wooden flooring smoothly up the shaft.

Hit Dice: 8
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: 4 slams (1d8)
Saving Throw: 8
Special: berserk, crush, +1 or better magical weapons to hit
Move: 6/12 (climbing)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 10/1400

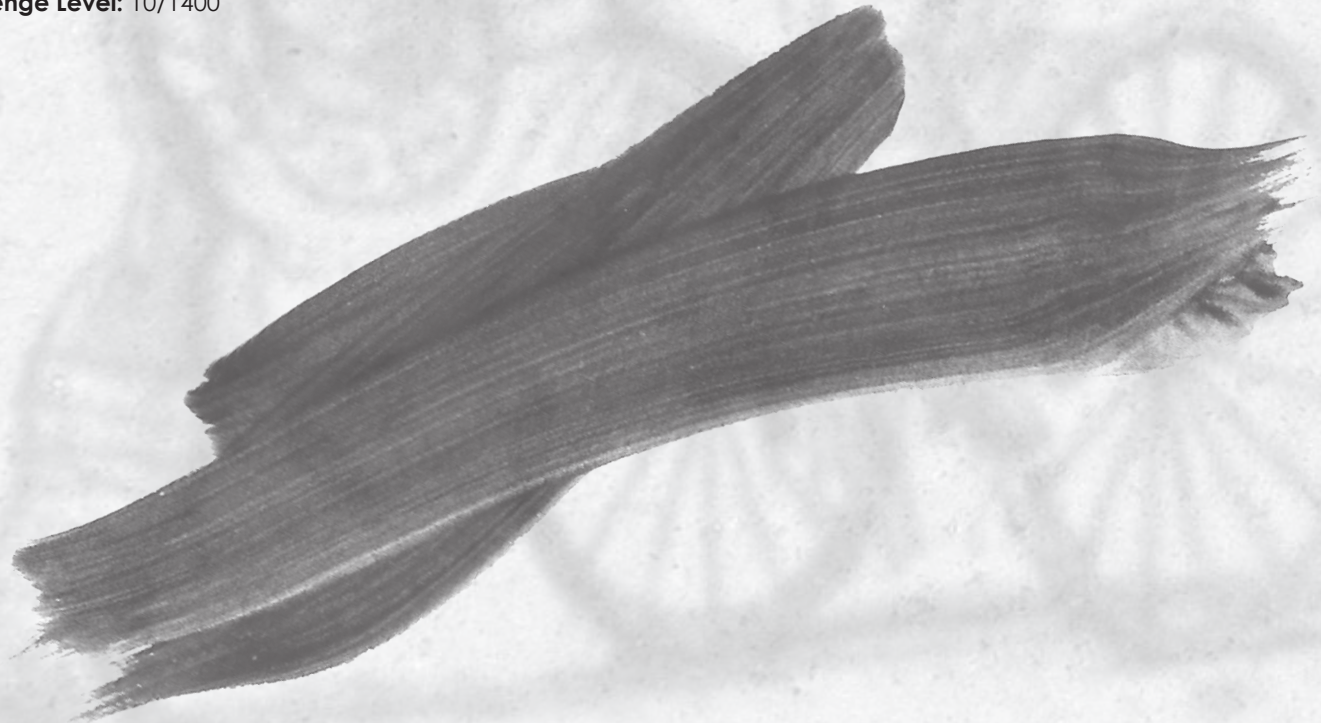
One of the first fleshgines envisioned by the golem-stitchers of Castorhage, the macabre lift has found widespread usage among government buildings and other large, multilevel structures with the budget to install such amenities. These constructs are rather simple in design, with a fleshy, leathery hide grown on the underside of a 10ft-by-10ft deck of heavy wooden planks. Four stocky limbs extend from the underside of the creature at its four corners and end with club-like pseudopods surrounded by a fringe of grasping fingers with thick, coarse nails. The entire fleshgine is no more than 2ft thick but weighs 1500 lbs. or more (3500 lbs. if constructed with an iron deck).

Macabre lifts are designed to be placed in vertical shafts whose dimensions match those of the fleshgine. The fleshgine then lies flat at the base of the shaft and allows passengers to step upon its decking. Upon a signal — usually the ringing of a small bell set into the side of the shaft — the macabre lift begins to climb the shaft while keeping its deck level and stable. Handholds are often built into the walls of the shaft to make the climb easier for the fleshgine, but its climbing pseudopods are so adept that it rarely needs any sort of assistance. The number of times that the bell is rung indicates to what floor the lift is supposed to carry its passengers. Likewise, bells set into the shaft at floors above summon it from below to pick up passengers. The rise and fall of the climbing fleshgine is so smooth that most passengers easily forget that they are riding upon the back of an animated construct.

If a macabre lift goes berserk, its usual tactic is to tip itself over to try to dump any passengers to the floor of the shaft below. Anyone riding the lift when it does this must make a saving throw to try to remain on the fleshgine's deck without falling. If a macabre lift manages to clear its deck, it then rushes down the shaft to crush those below for 2d8 points of damage per round until the lift rises again (save for half). If unable to clear its deck of passengers, the lift may instead try to rise against the top of the shaft to crush the riders.

Anyone trying to attack the lift from above must first deal with the platform that covers the fleshgine. Until the platform is removed (or destroyed), the fleshgine takes no damage from those attacks.

Fleshgine, Macabre Lift: HD 8; AC 6[13]; Atk 4 slams (1d8); Move 6 (climbing 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** berserk (1% cumulative chance per point of damage), crush (save or take 2d8 damage/round), +1 or better magical weapons to hit.



Gable Hate-Owl

This sinister-looking owl has pitch-black plumage and a pallid face with yellow eyes. The V-shaped pattern of feathers on its brow gives the appearance of a perpetual scowl of utter scorn.

Gable Hate-Owl

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6 plus flense)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: flense, spiteful glare
Move: 3/20 (flying)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1 or 2
Challenge Level: 6/400

The gable hate-owl is a shadow among the homes and buildings in the Blight. Viewed as a thing of ill omen, the presence of the owl roosting is feared by the common man. Spiteful, petty birds, the gable hate-owl got its name from the hateful scowl its natural plumage creates. They have been known to kill or torture for sport, attacking dogs and other small animals as they flense off flesh and fur and then leave the poor victims to limp away.

These great owls are large, although most of their bulk comes from fluffy feathers and large heads, with plumage that gives that appearance of wearing high-collared cloak. Gable hate-owls have wingspans of up to 5ft and weigh up to 4 lbs. Gable hate-owls primarily hunt at night, locating prey through their excellent hearing and sight. Their diet consists of rodents supplemented by smaller birds and rabbits.

Their gaze particularly unsettles the folk of the Blight, as the piercing black eyes that seem dead peer out from under the sharp contrasting pale facial feathers. This sinister-looking visage creates ill fate to any that the owl wishes, typically casting its hateful look upon those that startle or interrupt the bird. A gable hate-owl can unleash this gaze of misfortune attack at a target. The target must succeed on a saving throw or suffer misfortune until the start of his turn. Any time the creature makes a to-hit roll or saving throw (or class skill check such as thieving skills), he must roll twice and take the worst result. A gaze attack during a new round triggers a new saving throw. In addition, the target has a 50% chance of dropping a hand-held object, or if nothing is being held, a similar chance to trip and fall prone.

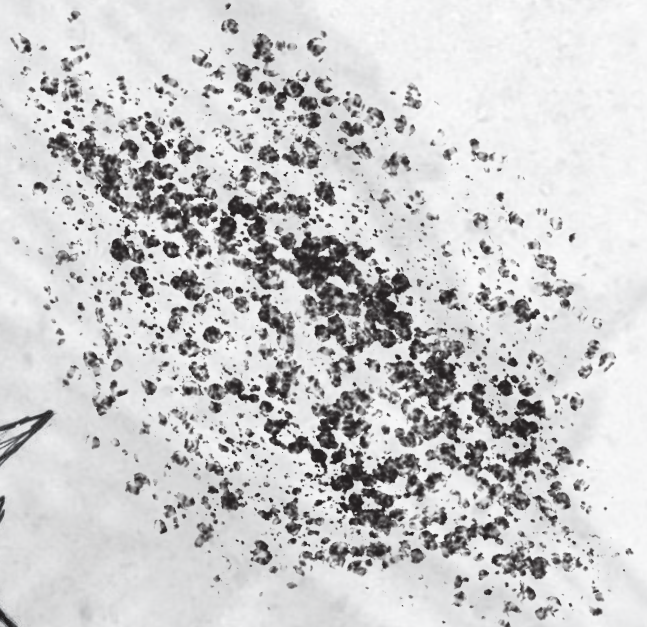
A gable hate-owl's wickedly sharp beak lets it easily rip open hard shells or strip the flesh from its meals.

A creature that takes bite damage from a gable hate-owl must make a saving throw or take an additional 1d4 points of damage as its skin is ripped off. The pain of the injury is excruciating, causing the victim to be sickened until healed (-1 to hit and saves).

Gable Hate-Owl: HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d6 plus flense); Move 3 (flying 20); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** flense (save or additional 1d4 damage, -1 to hit and saves until healed), spiteful glare (save or roll twice for attacks, saves, skills and take worst result; 50% chance to drop held objects or trip and fall).

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Bargoyle, Scrimshaw

The eerie humanoid-shaped creature is perched precariously on the edge of the building. The light from the full moon glints off its alabaster-colored body, revealing intricate etchings along its surface. As it surveys the land, the creature throws back its head and emits a piercing howl into the night.

Bargoyle, Scrimshaw

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: shrieking howl

Move: 9/15 (flying)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 3d4 (wing)

Challenge Level: 8/800

A scrimshaw gargoye is an

The origin of these strangely carved sculptures in the city of Castorhage is shrouded in the mystery of the past, but their existence is now well known through its entirety. Originally created as mere constructs lacking the status of truly living creatures, their exposure to eddies and currents of malevolent energy among the city's high places over the years somehow granted the missing spark of life.

A scrimshaw gargoye is meticulously crafted from painstakingly carved whale bones joined together at the joint articulations. However, these craftings were all completed centuries ago, and no new ones have been constructed in the long years since. The existing scrimshaw gargoyes are, therefore, all old, their whale bones weathered and discolored by time and climate. Though it is thought that thousands of these creatures existed upon the city's rooftops in the distant past, it has been estimated that fewer than 50 of them are now in existence, each of them recognizably distinct with their individual unique markings. However, the thinking on this is beginning to change as in recent months several new specimens have been spotted upon the rooftops. These new gargoyes are clearly composed of parts cannibalized from previously destroyed gargoyes. Most believe the scrimshaw gargoyes, taken as a whole, are too dimwitted to produce new members of the species. Some contemplate a secret cabal of magical practitioners as responsible for this change; others theorize that certain scrimshaw gargoyes have advanced much farther in their power and understanding of magic and are somehow responsible. Whatever the cause, it appears that the scrimshaw gargoye population is on the rise for the first time in living memory.

It is thought that the scrimshaw gargoyes' original progenitors built the creatures to serve as guardians. To this end, the horrific shriek the gargoye emits probably originally served as an alarm. The gargoye generates the sound through careful fluting of the bones around its mouth, and a supernatural means of passing air — even on still nights — through the narrow structure. As the gargoye evolved from a simple guardian to a menace, however, its shriek also evolved. No longer a loud noise to alert those nearby, now the shrieking howl is capable of striking fear into the heart of the bravest man.

By tilting its head up and allowing the wind to blow through its weathered bones, a scrimshaw gargoye has the ability to emit a high-pitched shriek. The scrimshaw gargoye can use this ability even on windless days. Those within 150ft who hear the shriek must make a saving throw or be shaken (-1 to hit and saves) for 1d4+2 rounds. Creatures who are already shaken instead become frightened, as per a *fear* spell. Any



creature within 30ft who can also see the scrimshaw gargoye suffers a -2 penalty on its save. There is a 30% chance another scrimshaw gargoye hears a howl and decides to investigate. Any character who successfully saves is immune to that specific gargoye's howl for 24 hours.

A scrimshaw gargoye stands just over 5ft tall and weighs a mere 80 lbs.

Gargoyle, Scrimshaw: HD 7; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); Move 9 (flying 15); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** shrieking howl (150ft radius, save or be shaken [-1 to hit and saves] for 1d4+2 rounds; if shaken, become frightened as *fear* spell. If within 30ft of gargoye, victim suffers -2 penalty on save).

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Ghoul, Gravid

This horrid creature walks upon the hands and legs of a female humanoid body bent over backward, its spine painfully creased at an acute angle. Protruding from its flaccid, torn abdomen sits an infant-sized creature with a two-foot-long, bright-red tongue that constantly bathes its gaunt, pallid flesh in sanguine fluids scooped from the cavity in which it sits.

Gravid Ghoul

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: bite (1d4 plus disease and paralysis), bite (1d6 plus disease and paralysis), tongue (1d2 plus disease and paralysis)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: desiccating flesh, disease, paralysis

Move: 12/9 (climbing)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, or 1d3+1 (gang)

Challenge Level: 6/400

A gravid ghoule is a horrid creature that walks upon the hands and legs of a female humanoid body bent over backward, its spine painfully creased at an acute angle. Protruding from its flaccid, torn abdomen sits an infant-sized creature with a 2ft-long, bright-red tongue that constantly bathes its gaunt, pallid flesh in sanguine fluids scooped from the cavity in which it sits.

The gravid ghoule is an undead creature of the foulest nature. In the darkest alleys of inner cities, there are humanoids who pay for the touch and bed of an undead creature. Whether out of fascination, fetish, or illness of the mind, these couplings on occasion have been known to develop into a gravid ghoule. The ghoule harlot typically is unaware of its pregnancy, until it is far too late. The fetal ghoule that grows inside the undead mother awakens with blood lust and the hunger of a newborn. The only warning the ghoule mother receives is an increase in its own feeding instinct and a slight swelling of the midsection before the small ghoule-thing bursts from the mother's abdomen. The newborn creature sits within the gaping cavity of the mother's broken body, which is folded in half in a backbend to serve as a perch and means of mobility for the offspring. Despite its appearance as vehicle and driver of a sort, the offspring and mother are a single creature and cannot be separated without destroying both.

The new gravid ghoule awakens not only with a terrible hunger, but with a terrible intelligence as well. Through the umbilical attachment, it can access its mother's husk and what's left of her mind, devouring her memories and controlling her body's movements. It perches atop the ruined remains of the body and makes use of her arms and legs in spider-like movements to walk and climb. The rigors of its indelicate control often fracture the bones of the mother's limbs, creating

joint articulations that were never meant to be, but the controlling offspring cares little and finds its movements unimpeded by these injuries. The controlling offspring and the lolling, idiot head of the mother sport the same terrible grin of razor-sharp teeth. The gravid ghoule's fetal skin tissue is dry and cracked. It uses its tremendously long, bright-red tongue to bathe itself in its mother's bloody, rotting fluids.

A gravid ghoule stalks the night looking for prey. They tend to venture into sewer networks, better to keep out of sight and in the shadows. The wet nature of sewer systems helps the gravid ghoule to keep its fetal-self moist.

The flesh of the fetal portion of a gravid ghoule is fragile and requires constant bathing in the moisture of its womb-perch to avoid drying out. However, in a dry environment, this is insufficient to maintain the tissue's requirements, causing it to begin to desiccate and crack. If a gravid ghoule does not have access to a moist environment for more than 1 hour (a place

that is foggy or has open puddles of water is sufficient to meet its needs), it begins to dry and takes 1d12 points of damage every 10 minutes thereafter. Once it gains access sufficient moisture, it regains these hit points at the rate of 1d12 per minute.

The touch, bite and tongue of a gravid ghoule carries disease. Any creature hit must make a saving throw each day or take 1d6 points of damage. Any humanoid that dies of this ghoule fever rises as a ghoule at the next midnight. A humanoid with more than 4HD rises as a ghoule. Any attack against a gravid ghoule likewise causes the disease-ridden fluids of its pores to spatter its attacker, who must make the save to avoid the disease.

Gravid Ghoul: HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d4 plus disease and paralysis), bite (1d6 plus disease and paralysis), tongue (1d2 plus disease and paralysis); Move 12 (climbing 9); Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; Special: desiccating flesh (1d12 damage/10 minutes as skin dries), disease (save or 1d6 damage/day, rise as ghoule upon death [above 4HD as ghoule]), paralysis (save or paralyzed 3d6 turns).

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Golem, Lesser Flesh

A creature staggers into view, a construct that is pieces of flesh carved and assembled into a vaguely humanoid whole.

Golem, Lesser Flesh

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d6+2)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: berserk, healed by lightning, immune to most spells, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, slowed by fire and cold

Move: 8

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, or 1d3+1 (gang)

Challenge Level: 8/800

A lesser flesh golem is constructed from a whole cadaver or a number of humanoid body parts stitched together into a single composite form. It moves with a stiff-jointed gait as if not in complete control of its body. A lesser flesh golem typically stands 6ft tall and weighs 300 lbs.

While most lesser flesh golems are mindless, many reanimate with a sliver of sentience, and with that spark comes memories of a previous life. The head and brain of such a lesser flesh golem must be just the right combination of fresh enough and (in its previous life) strong-willed, and even then luck and chance during the lesser flesh golem's creation seem just as important in retaining the creature's mind.

Lesser flesh golems cannot normally speak, but sentient lesser flesh golems retain the knowledge of one language they knew in life (usually common). Their minimal intellects make it difficult to express themselves in anything more than simple terms, but, in most cases, a sense of horror at their newfound state is easy to discern.

When a lesser flesh golem enters combat, there is a cumulative 1% chance per point of damage it takes each round that it goes berserk. A berserk lesser flesh golem attacks the nearest living creature or smashes some object smaller than itself if no creature is within reach, then moves on to spread more destruction.

The lesser flesh golem's creator, if within 60ft, can try to regain control each round by speaking firmly and authoritatively to the construct (1-in-6 chance). It takes 1 minute of inactivity by the lesser flesh golem to reset the creature's berserk chance to 0%.

Golem, Lesser Flesh: HD 4; AC 9[10]; Atk 2 slams (1d6+2); Move 8; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** berserk (1% chance per point of damage each round), healed by lightning, immune to most spells, +1 or better weapons to hit, slowed by fire and cold.

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Great Canal Python

A serpentine behemoth glides silently through the still waters. Several large fishing hooks protrude from its hide where they have snagged in past attempts to capture the creature, and the jagged blade of a broken harpoon is embedded in one side of its jaw.

Great Canal Python

Hit Dice: 10
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus grab)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: constrict, disease, gouge
Move: 9
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 12/2000

This amazing specimen of serpentkind was brought at considerable risk and expense all the way from the Razor Coast for a Castorhage menagerie, only to promptly break free from its inadequate containment and escape into the murky waters of the Great Canal. Already a beast of incredible strength and endurance, its years spent among the deadly denizens of the city's waters has honed it into a truly apex predator. It spends most of its time sleeping in the shallows of the canal during the day, looking like nothing more than the normal detritus that lines its bottom. At night it swims silently just beneath the surface in search of prey — whether it be some creature of the canal itself or some boatman or dockworker unlucky enough to have caught its attention. The massive serpent feeds nightly, so there are always disappearances near the water that can likely be attributed to it, and the occasional finding of a massive molted skin beneath a dock or in a canal-side alley keeps the presence of the creature fresh on everyone's mind. Many fishermen, hunters, and guardsmen have died in attempts to destroy the creature when it has been spotted, and its thickly gnarled hide bears many scars and marks of these hunts. So far, however, it has always proven to be the superior hunter in these contests.

The bite of the Great Canal Python carries a disease that slows movement by half if the victim fails a saving throw. Each day, there is also a cumulative 10% chance that the victim's diaphragm becomes paralyzed and he dies of suffocation.

The Great Canal Python constricts prey after a successful bite, dealing 1d8 points of damage per round. A constricted creature can make an Open Doors check to escape the python's clutches.

The rusty tip of an old harpoon penetrates the bottom of the Great Canal Python's jaw where it stabbed the beast and broke off long ago, becoming



wedged in place. The python has long since become accustomed to its presence, but any creature that it constricts is also subject to being gouged against this shard of jagged metal. Each round that the python constricts deals an additional 1d6 points of damage to the victim and exposes him to disease from the edge of the filthy blade. The city of Castorhage has offered a 10,000gp reward if this beast is captured or killed.

Great Canal Python: HD 10; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d6 plus grab); Move 9; Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** constrict (automatic 1d8 damage, Open Doors to escape), disease (save or movement slowed by half; cumulative 10% chance per day of suffocating); gouge (additional 1d6 damage with constrict).

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Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile

A large crocodile floats in a pool of swampy water, completely still. Its eyes have been replaced by large multifaceted green jewels.

Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (3d6), tail slap (1d8)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: calming aura, cannot be surprised, death roll, displacement, +1 or better magical weapons to hit, *suggestion*

Move: 9/12 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 13/2300

The crocodile's body shifts as it moves from its long time spent in Between.

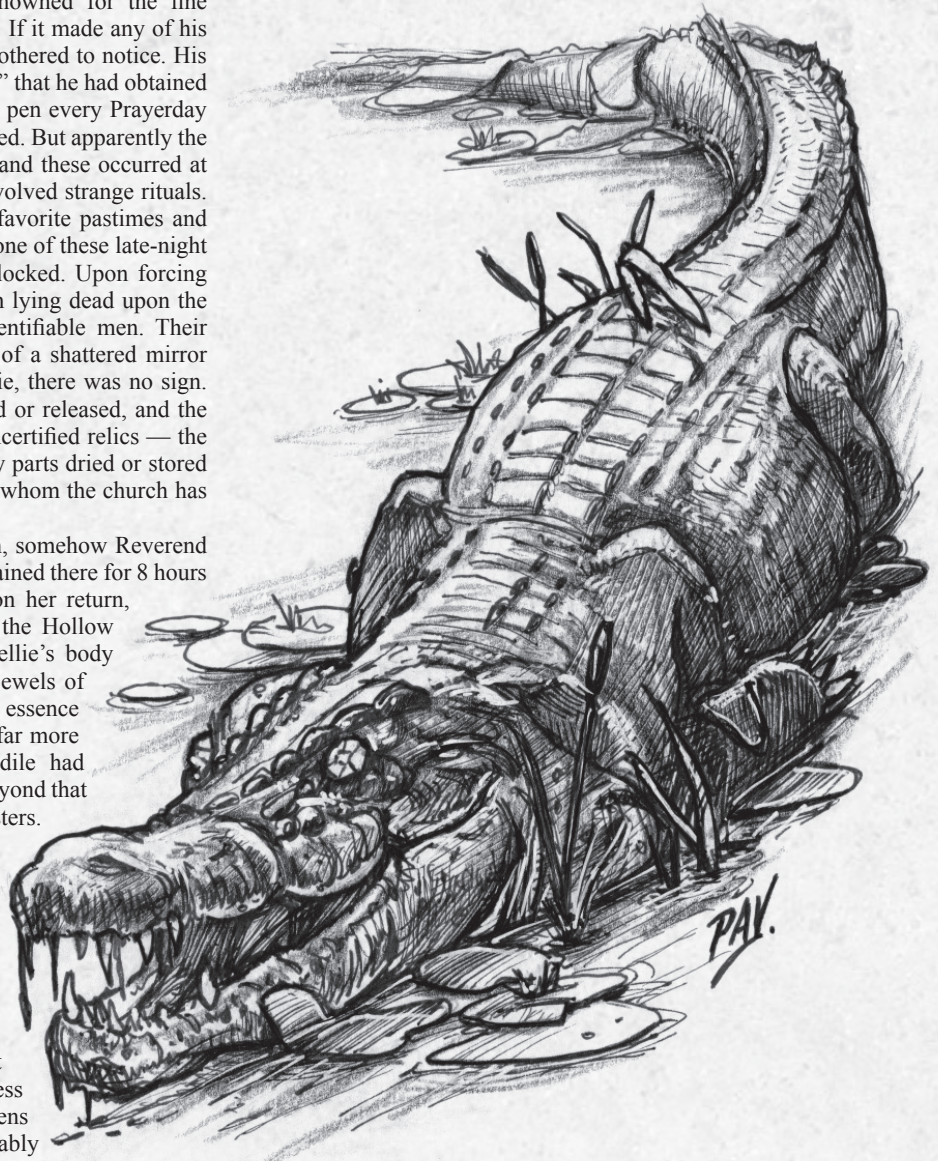
The aged clergyman Neberiah Scrum was renowned for the fine herpetarium that he kept behind his modest church. If it made any of his parishioners nervous with its proximity, he never bothered to notice. His prized specimen was his saltwater crocodile "Nellie" that he had obtained at considerable expense. Feeding it live gulls in its pen every Prayerday after services was a hobby that he particularly relished. But apparently the Good Reverend Scrum had other hobbies as well, and these occurred at night behind the closed doors of the church and involved strange rituals. On one occasion, he decided to combine his two favorite pastimes and brought Nellie into the church on a chain leash for one of these late-night ceremonies. The next day, the church was found locked. Upon forcing the door, the constables found the Reverend Scrum lying dead upon the floor, along with the corpses of four other, unidentifiable men. Their bodies lay roughly in a circle with the fragments of a shattered mirror lying between them next to a chain leash. Of Nellie, there was no sign. The herpetarium was torn down, its occupants sold or released, and the church was repurposed as a storage building for uncertified relics — the bones, grave shrouds, and assorted organs and body parts dried or stored in jars of brine and ascribed to belong to saints for whom the church has been unable to confirm provenance.

In that last fateful ritual performed in the church, somehow Reverend Scrum's beloved pet slipped into Between. She remained there for 8 hours before finding her way back to the city, and, upon her return, she was no longer the same. Nellie had become the Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile. The effects upon Nellie's body were remarkable: her eyes replaced by two large jewels of unidentifiable stone, her body infused with the very essence of that realm. But the effects upon her mind were far more profound. The Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile had gained a new awareness, an awareness above and beyond that of the mundane world and its hairless monkey masters. The Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile was given the ability to "see" in a way that normal minds cannot comprehend.

The crocodile now haunts the waterways and brackish pools that make up the lower reaches of the Broken and Hollow Hills, occasionally glimpsed by some passer-by. It is not a hunter like other creatures that stalk the city, or at least not in the same way. The crocodile lurks in the dark, wet places of the district, remaining almost motionless for days on end. When it feels hunger, it merely opens its great maw and some river trout or gull inevitably

ventures inward of its own volition, disappearing into the maw as it slowly closes — never a squawk or a splash to disturb the silence. At times, every few weeks or months the crocodile springs into motion, suddenly needing to be somewhere or do some task that only its mind comprehends. But there are no warning signs of when it's about to make these sudden violent movements, so more than one fisherman has been crippled or killed when what he thought was a log floating nearby suddenly became a flurry of motion with its 2000-lb. frame bull rushing on its way, heedless of its surroundings. Also, after reports of the crocodile's sudden thrashing appearances and subsequent disappearances, inevitably a citizen or two of the district will go missing. No one knows for sure if these disappearances are connected to the activities of the crocodile, but the missing are never found and speculation tends to run in that vein.

What the Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile sees with its gemstone eyes remains a mystery to all, but those who study things esoteric speculate as to the nature of the secrets that they might reveal. That the creature has been to Between and back, beginning as an ordinary animal and returning as something else entirely further fuels interest among those who practice strange, arcane arts. Because the Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile does not seem to actively prey upon the folk of Castorhage, the city has taken a more ambivalent approach toward its existence. There is only a 1000gp



THE TOME OF BLIGHTED HORRORS

reward for its capture or death, but the Illuminati have discreetly offered 10,000gp to anyone who can bring it to them alive and intact.

The Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile attacks with a vicious bite and tail slap. If it hits with its bite, it locks its jaws around the prey and rolls, dealing 2d6 points of damage each round its maintains its hold. A creature can pull himself out of the deadly jaws with an Open Doors check, but suffers 1d8 points of damage from the effort whether it's successful or not.

The green gemstone eyes of the Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile were somehow obtained while it resided in Between. The gemstones are of no known mineral and are an organic part of the creature's body, rather than just being inset like jewelry. The jewels allow the crocodile to see in every direction around it, making it impossible to surprise the beast. It can also see invisible creatures and illusions. The gemstones also give off a calming area in a 60ft radius that functions as *charm monster* and *charm person*. In addition, the gemstones let the crocodile use *suggestion* twice per day. The gemstone eyes no longer function if removed from the crocodile, though they may still be of value to some scholars.

Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile: HD 8; AC 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6 plus death roll), tail slap (1d8); **Move** 9 (swimming 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** calming aura (*charm person*, *charm animals* within 60ft), cannot be surprised, death roll (2d6 damage/round; Open Doors check to escape, 1d8 damage whether successful or not), displacement (+2 armor class bonus, +2 saves), +1 or better magical weapons to hit, *suggestion* (2/day, as spell, save resists).

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Hooded Raven

This ash-gray raven is as large as an eagle, and has glossy black plumage over its head as well on the backs of its wings and tail, which give it an appearance of wearing an executioner's hood and robes. Its eyes are unusually large for a raven, and seem to be almost mesmerizing in their depths.

Hooded Raven

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 5 [14] or -5 [24] (prognostication)

Attacks: bite (1d4), 2 talons (1d3)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: prognostication

Move: 3/18 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2, 1d4+3 (flock), or 2d6+4 (unkindness)

Challenge Level: 3/60

A hooded raven is an ash-gray raven as large as an eagle, with a glossy black plumage over its head as well as on the backs of its wings and tail that gives it an appearance of wearing an executioner's hood and robes. Its eyes are unusually large for a raven, and seem to be almost mesmerizing in their depths. lbs.

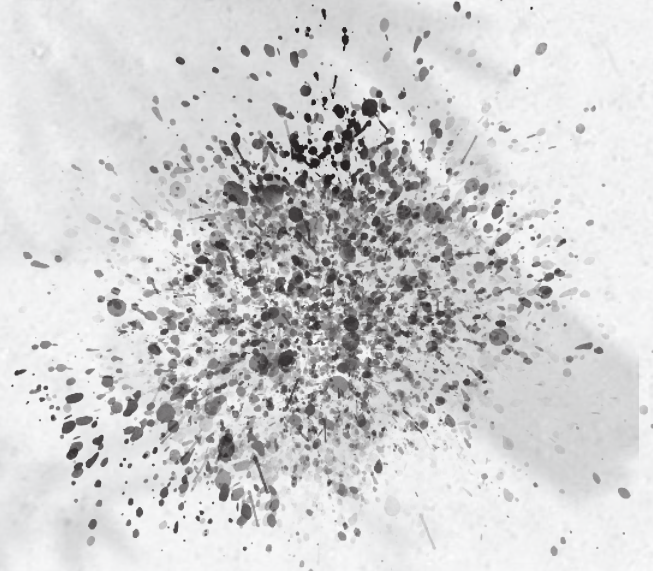
The sight of the hooded raven flying overhead is seen as an ill omen and that someone soon will perish. These creatures, like all carrion birds, have clawed talons and sharp beaks perfect for tearing flesh. Their enhanced eyesight allows them to spot a meal from great distances, and they typically swoop down the wide lanes of city streets high above the ground in search of a ripening carcass or a live mouse.

The hooded raven is omnivorous, with a diet similar to that of the carrion crow, and is a constant scavenger. It drops mollusks and crabs to break them after the manner of the crow, and the common name for empty sea urchin shells is "crow's cups." It also feeds on small mammals, scraps, smaller birds, and carrion. The raven has the habit of hiding food, especially meat or nuts, in places such as rain gutters, flowerpots, or in the earth under bushes to feed on later, and sometimes on the insects that have meanwhile been attracted to it.

Hooded Raven: HD 2; AC 5[14] or -5 [24] (prognostication); Atk bite (1d4), 2 talons (1d3); Move 3 (flying 18); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** prognostication (1/day, +10 bonus to attack, damage, armor class or saving throw).

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Horde, Larva

This hideous mass is composed of bloated, human-size maggots that curl and twist in a tangle of disgusting bodies. Worse is the fact that each of these worm-things has a human face — that of a man or a woman, mouth agape, and distorted into an expression of utmost horror and suffering.

Horde, Larva

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: engulf (3d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: resistance (cold, electricity, fire), suffocation
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1, or 1d3+1 (horde)
Challenge Level: 16/3200

A larva horde is a hideous mass composed of bloated, human-size maggots that curl and twist in a tangle of disgusting bodies. Worse is the fact that each of these worm-things has a human face — that of a man or a woman, mouth agape, and distorted into an expression of utmost horror and suffering. A larva horde attacks by swarming over foes, drowning them in the wriggling mass of maggots. If a larva horde rolls a natural 20 to hit, it pulls a creature into its body where it begins to suffocate inside the dense mass.

Horde, Larva: HD 12; AC 7[12]; Atk engulf (3d6); Move 12; Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; **Special:** resistance (cold, electricity, fire) (50%), suffocation (natural 20 to hit, target engulfed and suffocates).

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Hydra-Hag

She could be one of the many destitute poor found in the many alleys and doorways of the city except for the five snakelike necks protruding from her shoulders, each of which ends in the head of a ghastly crone.

Hydra-Hag

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d6), bite (1d6 plus 1d6 fire)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: hag heads, horrific appearance, searing bite

Move: 9/12 (swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 13/2300

A hydra-hag could be one of the many destitute poor found in the many alleys and doorways of the city except for the five snakelike necks protruding from her shoulders, each of which ends in the head of a ghastly crone. Hydra-hags stand about 6ft high at the shoulder with another 3ft of neck and head. They typically weigh close to 350 lbs.

Hydra-hags are universally corpulently obese, which has much to do with having five different mouths that all crave to be fed but only one body between them to process what is eaten. And without the massive body or metabolism of a true hydra, they are simply not able to handle their intake. The sight of the hydra-hag is so revolting that anyone within 60ft who sets eyes upon one must make a saving throw or instantly be weakened (-2 to hit and damage).

The hydra-hag has five heads, one of which is dominant at any given moment. The creature can use only one head's special attack each round. Two hydra-hags can bite during an attack, however, with one mouth delivering a searing fire in addition to sharpened teeth. Each head's ability is detailed below:

• **Breath Weapon:**

This hag's head can emit a 30ft cone of frost as a breath weapon that deals 3d6 points of cold damage. The target is blinded for 1d6 rounds (save for half, resist blindness). This head's breath weapon is usable once every 1d4 rounds.

• **Burst of Soot:** Twice per day, the hag's head can belch forth a gout of

blinding and choking soot. Any creature within a 20ft radius must make a saving throw or be blinded for 2 rounds.

- **Evil Eye:** Three times per day, the hag head can cast her dire gaze upon any single creature within 30ft. The target must make a saving throw or feel a strange nebulous distress and a gnawing sense of impending doom (-1 to hit and saves). If the hag head uses her evil eye on someone already afflicted by this curse, the victim must make another save or be overwhelmed with fright and collapse into a comatose state for 3 days. Each day that passes, the comatose victim must make a save or perish. **Mimicry:** At will, this hag's head can imitate almost any sound it has heard whether it is caused by a living creature or some other source (such as wind blowing, footfalls, etc.). The hag head can also throw the mimicked sound to make it seem as if it is originating from somewhere else. **Shaping Touch:** The head can use the hydra-hag's touch to twist flesh like clay to change the appearance of a held or helpless victim. The effect is

permanent unless the victim makes a successful saving throw.

A hydra-hag can be killed by severing all of its heads or by slaying its body. Each head has 1 HD.

Hydra-Hag: HD 8; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d6), searing bite (1d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 9 (swimming 12); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** hag heads (1 ability at a time; head 1: frost breath weapon, 30ft, 3d6 damage plus blinded for 1d6 rounds, save for half and resist blindness; head 2: burst of soot, 20ft, save or blinded for 2 rounds; head 3: evil eye, save or shaken, -1 to hit and saves, second curse causes coma if save failed, and must save each day for 3 days or perish; head 4: mimic any sound; head 5: twist flesh, save or permanent), horrific appearance (60ft, save or weakened, -2 to hit and damage), searing bite (1d6 fire).

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Living Disease, Bloody Flux

A dark mist roils and retracts, probing its environment with ephemeral tendrils.

Living Disease, Bloody Flux

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: swarm (save vs. disease)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: disease, immune to weapon damage, regenerate, vulnerable to *cure disease*

Move: 0/6 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 9/1100

Living diseases are swarms of microscopic organisms, harmful bacteria or viruses that have supernaturally gained limited sentience as a cohesive swarm under certain exceedingly foul or magical conditions. They seek out hosts through which to propagate their contagion. Though they are considered swarms, their individual components are so small as to be invisible to unaided sight. They are only visible at all due to the sheer number of individual organisms that make up the swarm; literally billions of them make up a single living disease.

Living diseases offer no resistance to items or creatures entering their midst and cannot be physically felt. They make no sound whatsoever. A living disease in the dark is terrible indeed, as there is no indication it is present until its effects are first felt.

Though extremely rare, there are many different kinds of living diseases — potentially as many kinds as there are diseases. Only one is described here: bloody flux.

Any creature caught in the bloody flux swarm must make a saving throw each round or take 2d6 points of damage per round as he suffers from inflammation in his intestinal tract, high fever, painful cramping and bloody diarrhea.

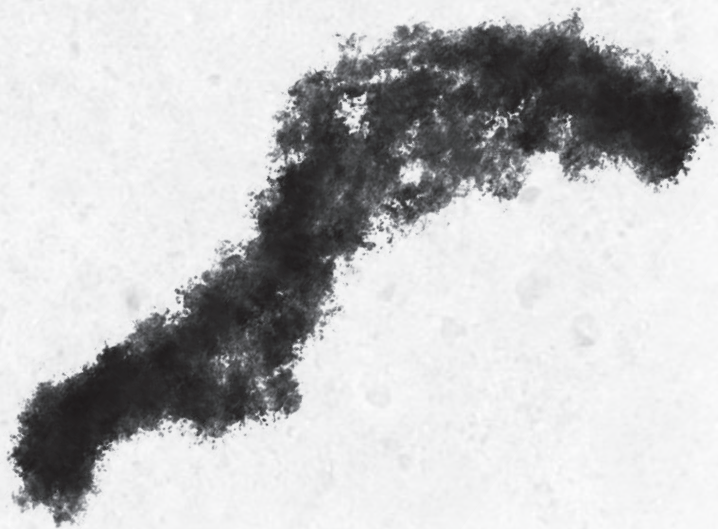
Bloody flux is endemic to the Sinks district of Castorhage, with a major outbreak occurring every few years though largely remaining contained to that portion of the city. On occasion, it spreads to other poor, overcrowded areas of the city where clean water is in short supply. Bloody flux is generally contracted through exposure to contaminated water either through the presence of fecal matter from someone who is already suffering from the disease or, as is the case in the Sinks, the presence of one or more bloody flux living diseases that travel through various water sources there.

A bloody flux swarm is vulnerable to *cure disease*. If the spell is cast upon the disease swarm, it must make a saving throw or suffer 5d6 points of damage.

Living Disease, Bloody Flux: HD 5; AC 4[15]; Atk swarm (save vs. disease); Move 0 (flying 6); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** disease (bloody flux, save or take 2d6 damage per round), immune to weapon damage, regenerate (1d8hp per round while alive), vulnerable to *cure disease* (save or 5d6 damage).

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Lyme Walrus

Thick folds of fleshy blubber encase this massive sea creature. Yet despite its bestial appearance, its eyes reveal calculating intelligence, and it holds itself upright with unusual dignity. The illusion of a man would almost be complete were it not for the long tusks that protrude from its whiskered mouth.

Lyme Walrus

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (2d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: fascinating story, polymorph self (human and walrus), spell-like abilities

Move: 9/15 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or team (1 Lyme walrus with 1d3 Thf4-8)

Challenge Level: 10/1400

A Lyme walrus has thick folds of fleshy blubber that encase this massive sea creature. Yet despite its bestial appearance, its eyes reveal calculating intelligence, and it holds itself upright with unusual dignity. The illusion of a man would almost be complete were it not for the long tusks that protrude from its whiskered mouth. A typical Lyme walrus weighs 1 to 2 tons and measures 10ft in length with tusks up to 3ft long. A Lyme walrus can polymorph at will between its human and walrus forms.

Named for Sister Lyme where these creatures were first encountered by the humanoid races of the mundane world, Lyme walruses can be found in other locales though they prefer to remain near a body of water to which they can retreat and move with the most freedom if necessary. The Lyme walrus often seeks out the company of people to learn tales and stories from them and to indulge in their appetites — particularly those of feasting.

A Lyme walrus can manipulate its guttural voice to weave an oral story that can charm one or more creatures within 60ft. The listener does not, however, have to be able to understand the language that the Lyme walrus speaks, as the magic lies in the creature's voice modulation rather than the actual substance of the story. The Lyme walrus must have at least 1 minute in which to tell its story uninterrupted. Distraction caused by nearby combat or other dangers prevents the ability from working. The listener must make a saving throw or sit quietly and

listen to the tale for as long as the Lyme walrus continues to speak. Any obvious threat, such as someone drawing a weapon, casting a spell, or aiming a weapon at the target, automatically breaks the effect.

Once per day, a Lyme walrus can cast *phantasmal force* and *hallucinatory terrain*.

Lyme Walrus: HD 7; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (2d6); Move 9 (swimming 15); Save 9; AL N; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** fascinating story (60ft radius, save or sit quietly and listen), polymorph self (at will, human and walrus), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*hallucinatory terrain*, *phantasmal force*.

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Moon Angel

This thin, stretched creature has gangly, long limbs that bend in unusual ways. Its skin is pale and sickly with its face shrunken in its drooping, hairless head. Pointed ears rise high above the crown of its head, and its eyes are sunk deep beneath its brow like two bottomless pits. Its toothless mouth hangs open, jaw slack, as it incessantly licks its withered lips.

Moon Angel

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d6 plus 1d4 cold and paralysis)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: drowning kiss, hypnotic song, immunities (cold, disease, poison), paralysis, vulnerabilities (fire, sunlight)

Move: 12/12 (swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

A moon angel is a thin, stretched creature with gangly, long limbs that bend in unusual ways. Its skin is pale and sickly with its face shrunken in its drooping, hairless head. Pointed ears rise high above the crown of its head, and its eyes are sunk deep beneath its brow like two bottomless pits. Its toothless mouth hangs open, jaw slack, as it incessantly licks its withered lips. Extremely tall and awkwardly gangly, the moon angel stands 8ft in height but weighs barely 250 lbs.

The moon angel is a rare creature that lurks in the deepest, coldest waters of the Lym, fond of rising to the surface and quietly watching the goings-on ashore, waiting for the unfortunate soul who loses his footing or is more drunk than careful and falls into the dark waters of the river. When it locates such a victim, it quickly moves to hypnotize him with its song and draw him deeper into the waters where it can feed at its leisure. All creatures within 300ft who hear a moon angel's song must make a saving throw or become hypnotized and unable to move. This effect continues for as long as the moon angel sings and for 1 round thereafter. Also, the touch of the moon angel paralyzes its victims for 1d4+1 rounds unless the creature makes a saving throw.

A creature of the coldest fathoms of the river where depth and pollution block the sun, a moon angel cannot stay long near the warm surface while it waits for prey. It becomes uncomfortable from the heat and light, and can even develop severe sunburns on its pale skin when remaining too close to the surface for long. They take double damage from fire, and 2d6 points of damage per round while in sunlight.

Occasionally on moonless nights, a moon angel may leave the river under the cover of darkness to hunt additional victims on land. At these times, such a creature tends to clamber along the rooftops to find open windows to take meat from within, with any household survivors the next morning describing only dreams of a strange crooning song echoing through their sleep. As with those who disappear into the river when a moon angel pays a visit, the unfortunate soul that has garnered its attention is never seen again. It for these incidences that the twisted fey known as moon angels gain their name, though few if any folk have made a connection between these nighttime disappearances and those that occur more frequently in the river.

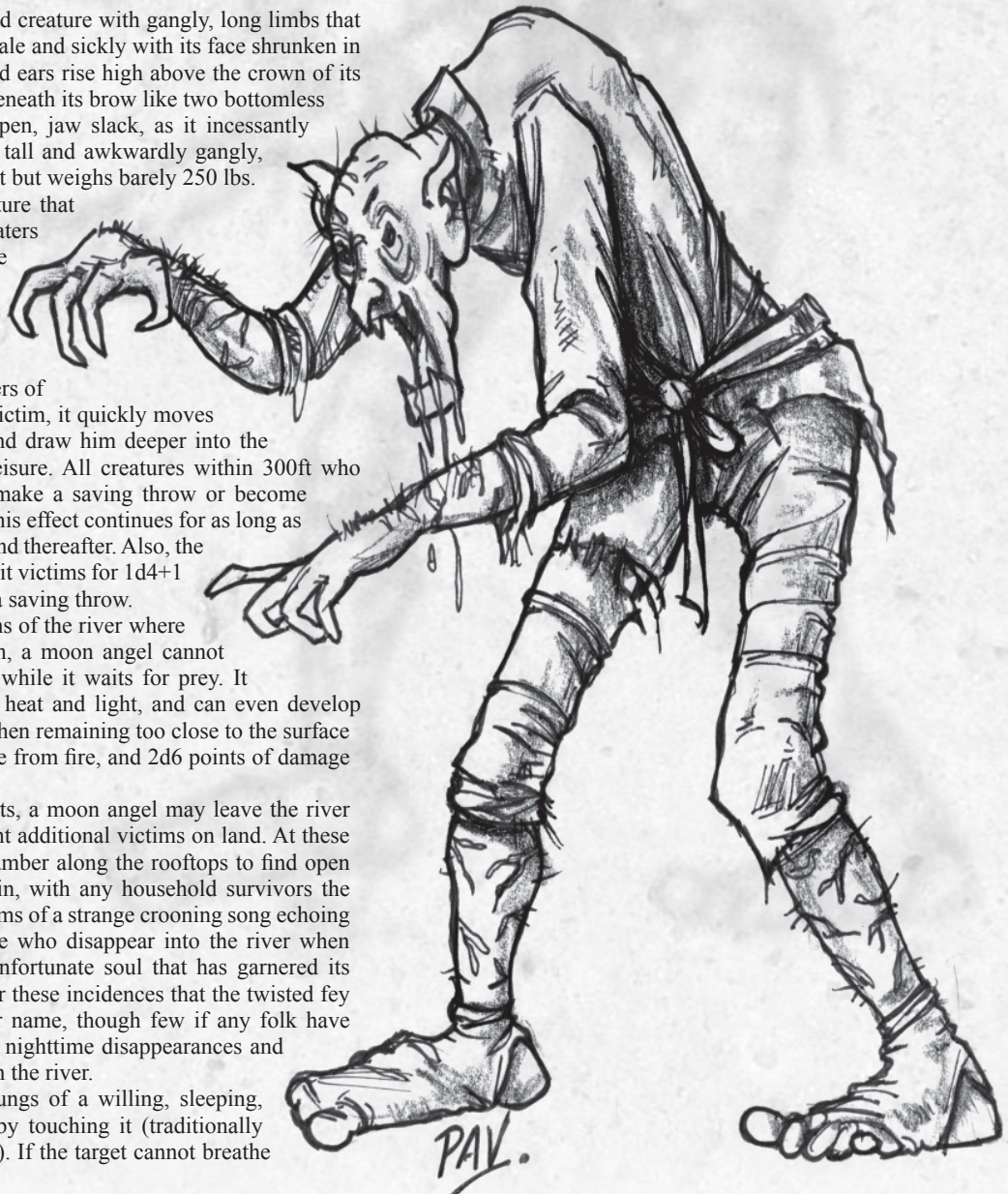
A moon angel can flood the lungs of a willing, sleeping, helpless, or hypnotized creature by touching it (traditionally by kissing the creature on the lips). If the target cannot breathe

water, it immediately begins to drown. On its turn, the target must make a saving throw to cough up this water, which snaps the victim out of a hypnotic trance; otherwise, it falls unconscious. On the next round, the target dies.

Moon Angel: HD 8; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 slams (1d6 plus 1d4 cold and paralysis); Move 12 (swimming 12); Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** drowning kiss (save to cough up water or die), hypnotic song (save or stand immobile), immunities (cold, disease, poison) (50%), paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, save resists), vulnerabilities (fire, 200%; sunlight, 2d6 damage/round).

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Naga, Blight

An exotically featured woman's head tops this snake-like creature. Its scales range in color from deep purple to black, with the creature's underside colored a lighter shade of violet. Ten arms protrude from the snake body's flanks, though they are spindly and frail in their musculature.

Naga, Blight

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: disease, polymorph self, spell-like abilities

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or family (1d3+1 adults and 1d3 young)

Challenge Level: 14/2600

A blight naga's bite delivers a wasting poison that deals 1d6 points of damage per hour until healed (save avoids). A blight naga also has a number of spell-like abilities it can draw upon. At will, it can cast *detect magic* and *read magic*. Three times per day, it can cast *dispel magic*. Once per day, it can cast *fear*. The *polymorph self* spell lasts only for 10 minutes each day.

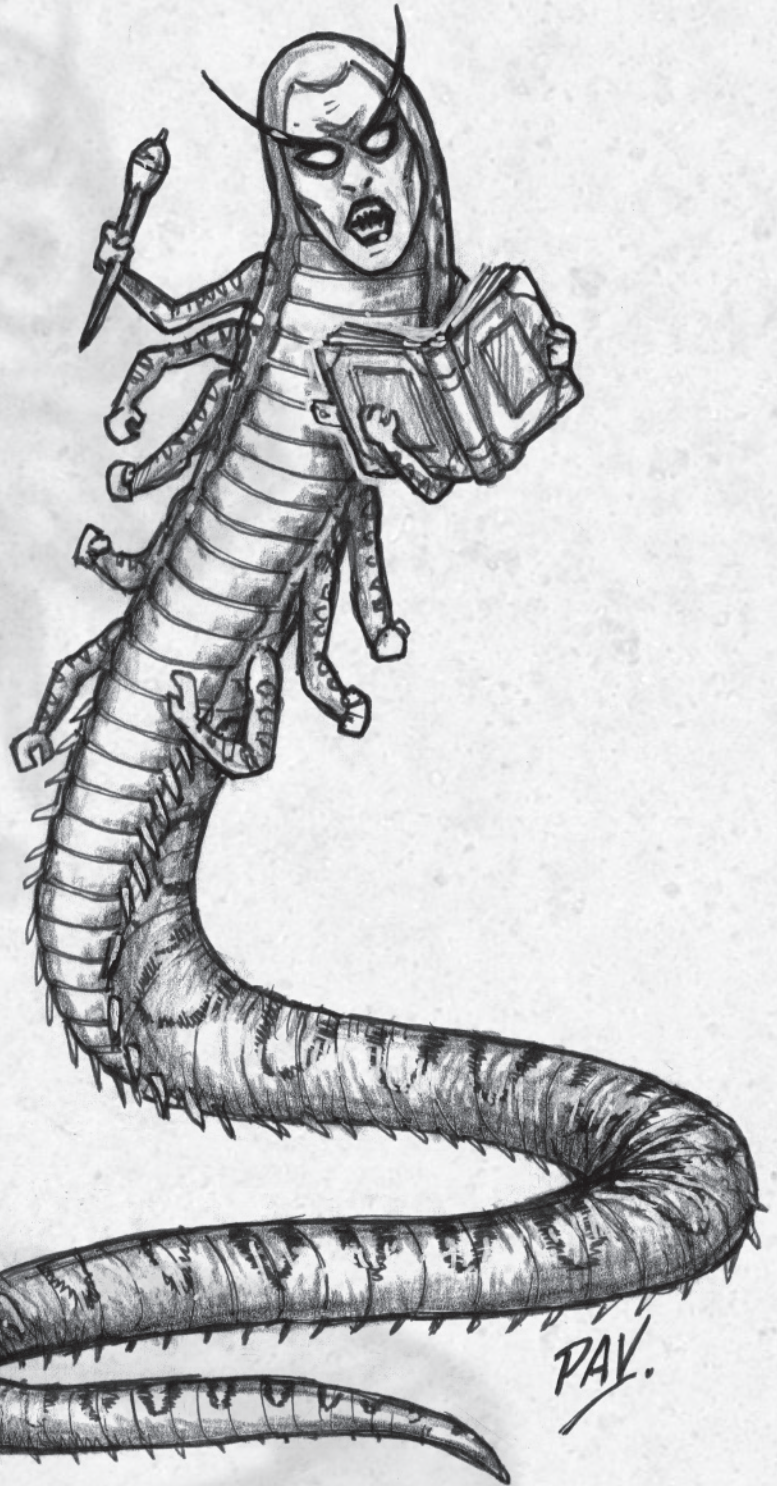
Naga, Blight: HD 8; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d8 plus disease);

Move 12; Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** poison, polymorph self (10 minutes/day), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*detect magic*, *read magic*; 3/day—*dispel magic*; 1/day—*fear*.

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Night-Slug

The creature is roughly the size of a halfling. Its skin is a blotchy gray color with a few sporadic tufts of muddy-brown hair. The scraps of ragged clothes it wears are covered in filth, clearly not having been washed in weeks — if ever. Its arms are thin and elongated, hanging almost limp.

Night-Slug

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: dagger (1d4) or thrown dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: slime coat, thieving skills

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d4+2 (gang)

Challenge Level: 2/30

A typical night-slug stands around 3-1/2ft tall and weighs 40 lbs.

A night-slug also secretes a thin fluid resembling a slimy version of perspiration that leaves an off-color stain on most fabrics and has a musty odor. This slime allows the creature to squeeze through seemingly impossible spaces.

Night-slugs often reside in small crawlspaces or even the hollows between the outer masonry and inner plaster and lathe of a house. Those who are not lucky enough to acquire such grand accommodations typically live in places that allow them to avoid notice — the city dump, a gable hanging over a small alleyway, and so forth.

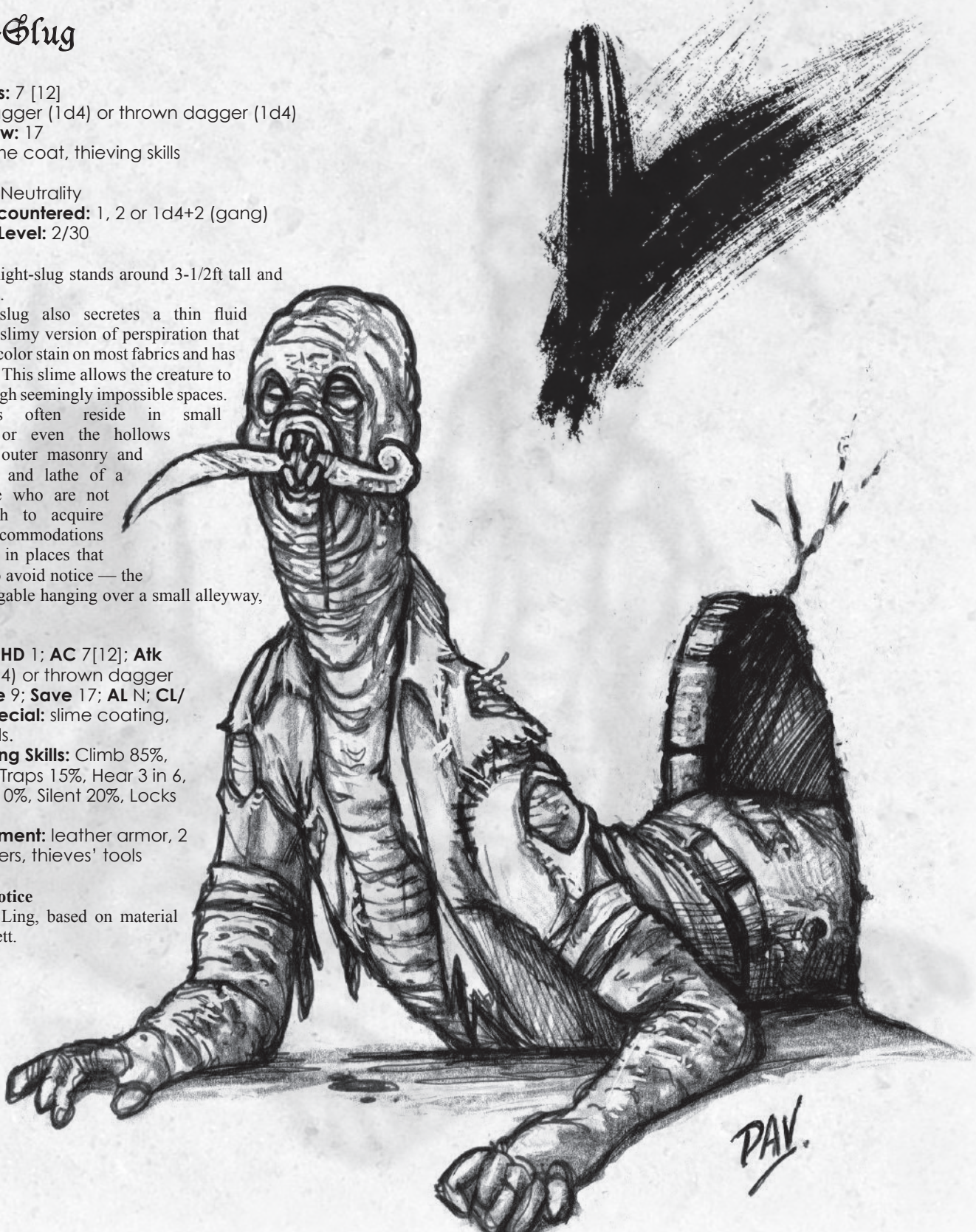
Night-Slug: HD 1; AC 7[12]; Atk dagger (1d4) or thrown dagger (1d4); Move 9; Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** slime coating, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 85%, Tasks/Traps 15%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 10%, Silent 20%, Locks 10%;

Equipment: leather armor, 2 daggers, thieves' tools

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Primate, Blight

Two different species of primate call the streets and rooftops of the city of Castrohage home. Whether they were once truly wild animals or not is unknown, but what is known is that, whether through the corruption or the sophistication of the city, each has developed very differently into something else.

Blight Ape

Hit Dice: 2
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: 2 slams (1d3)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: vulnerability (blight monkey mangle)
Move: 9/9 (climbing)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 3/60

Blight apes are especially susceptible to the mangle carried by Blight monkeys.

If a Blight ape becomes infected with Blight monkey mangle, it loses great patches of its fur as the disease's characteristic rash spreads across its body, even infiltrating the ape's respiratory system.

Blight Ape: HD 2; AC 7[12]; Atk 2 slams (1d3); Move 9 (climbing 9); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; Special: vulnerable to Blight monkey mangle.

Blight Monkey

Hit Dice: 1
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d3 plus disease) or excrement (disease)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: disease, enraged screech
Move: 12/12 (climbing)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1, 2, 2d4+1 (band), 1d4x10 (troop)
Challenge Level: 2/30

The monkey's bite and excrement carries Blight monkey mangle. The mangle causes a red, scaly rash in the crooks of elbows and knees and in the armpits. The rash is itchy and raw, causing pain and limiting movement until it clears up. A creature failing a saving throw after coming in contact with the monkey begins itching all over (-2 to hit and saves) and has its Movement halved until healed. The monkey is known to fling its excrement up to 30ft at foes.

When angry or frightened, a Blight monkey emits a harsh, grating screech. Any creature within 30ft must make a saving throw or be

shaken for 1d3 rounds (-1 to hit, damage and saves). An individual who makes a successful save against the Blight monkey's screech is immune to the effects of any screech for 1 day

Like the Blight apes, these little beasts are believed to have originated in distant Libynos and were originally brought to Casterhage as part of menageries, but unlike the apes no one wanted to continue importing the creatures after their nasty disposition was discovered. Somehow, it seems, they just kept creeping unseen onto ships in Libynosi ports and disembarking upon reaching the city. There was a time when seeing dozens of the things scampering across yardarms and hawser lines to reach the docks from ships newly arrived from the East was a common sight. When the true extent of their colonization of Castrohage was realized and their disease-ridden nature fully grasped, the city took steps to curtail this mass immigration. However, despite its best efforts the city's efforts were far too late, and now thousands, if not tens of thousands, of the creatures clamber unseen — though certainly not unheard — across the city's maze of rooftops.

Something about the city's influence appears to have corrupted the creatures and changed them from previously mischievous and unruly animals to actual beasts with just enough intelligence to have a taste for cruelty and a strong penchant for chaos. Despite their nimbleness and glimmerings of intelligence, all attempts by folk to domesticate them have failed as they invariably turn against their would-be masters at the first chance. They routinely destroy books and valuables, and attack family

pets. Their habit of biting off the fingers and toes of humanoid infants sleeping in their cribs has earned them the eternal ire of Blight apes everywhere who always attack them on sight. Blight monkeys share this animosity, going out of their way to ambush or abuse Blight apes at every opportunity even flinging themselves into suicidal attacks in their attempts to bring harm to the apes.

Blight Monkey: HD 1; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d3 plus disease), or excrement (disease); Move 12 (climbing 12); Save 17; AL C; CL/XP 2/30; Special: disease (itching, red skin, -2 to hit and saves, save avoids), enraged screech (30ft radius, -1 to hit, damage and saves for 1d3 rounds, save avoids).

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Protyugh

The creature is a horrible mix of otyugh and ... something. It has the basic tripod shape of an otyugh with its fanged maw on the side of its central body, but instead of a tentacle and an eyestalk, it has an arcing tail with thick spikes down its entire length. In addition, two arms ending in wicked claws emerge from the mouth of the beast to grope at whatever it can make its next meal.

Protyugh

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (1d8), 2 claws (1d6), tail slap (1d8 plus confusion)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: confusion, regenerate, resist electricity, swallow whole

Move: 9/9 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 11/1700

A protyugh A creature hit by a protyugh's tail slap is infused with raw chaos, and must make a saving throw or become confused (as a *confusion* spell).

If a protyugh rolls a natural 20 to hit with its bite attack, it instead swallows the target whole. This deals 4d6 points of damage each round to the swallowed creature.

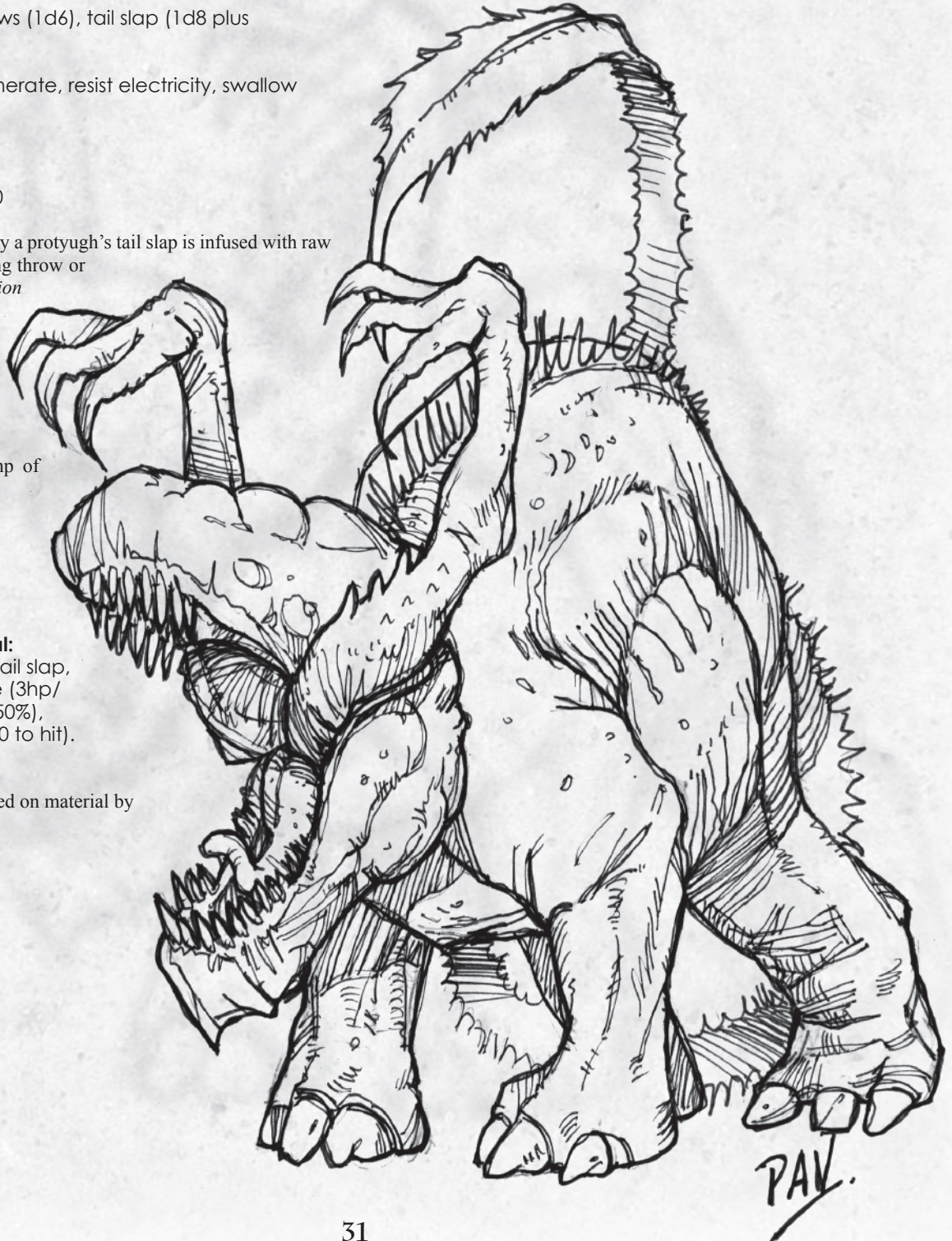
A protyugh regenerates 3hp of damage each round.

Protyugh: HD 8; AC 3[16];

Atk bite (1d8), 2 claws (1d6), tail slap (1d8 plus confusion); **Move** 9 (swimming 9); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** confusion (as spell after tail slap, save avoids), regenerate (3hp/round), resist electricity (50%), swallow whole (natural 20 to hit).

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Rat, Festering Lyme

This revolting, diseased-looking rat is the size of a small dog. It is covered in lice that visibly swarm in its filthy, matted fur.

Rat, Festering Lyme

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: bite (1d4 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: delusional infestation

Move: 12/9/9 (climbing/swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2d10 (pack)

Challenge Level: 2/30

A festering Lyme rat is a rodent.

Festering Lyme rats inhabit the sewers, canals, and subterranean waterways of the blighted city of Castorhage. The Lyme rat, possibly

through the Blight's proximity to Between, can affect those who see it with a short-lived delusion of parasitic infestation.

Living creatures who see a festering Lyme rat must make a saving throw or be nauseated (-1 to hit and saves) for 1d4 rounds as they suffer the hallucination of bugs crawling over and under their skin. The bite of a Lyme rat carries a wasting disease that does 1d4 points of damage per hour unless the target makes a saving throw.

Rat, Festering Lyme: HD 1; AC 7[12]; Atk bite (1d4 plus disease); Move 12 (climbing 9, swimming 9); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** delusional infestation (5ft, anyone seeing rat must make save or suffer hallucinations of bugs crawling on skin for 1d4 rounds), disease (1d4 damage per hour, save avoids).

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Rat, Giant Rat of Shabbis

This black-furred rat is the size of a bear. It has a long, hairless tail, and its oversized jaws are crammed with yellow fangs pitted with decay, and tangled with strands of hair and filth caught between them.

Rat, Giant Rat of Shabbis

Hit Dice: 4

Armor Class: 6 [13] or 8 [11] (during wererage)

Attacks: bite (2d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: disease, lycanthropy, wererage

Move: 15/12/12 (climbing/swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 6/400

Despite its size, a Giant Rat of Shabbis is able to squeeze into tiny spaces and is therefore found in the same sorts of places as other rats: sewers, disused subterranean structures and caverns, and in the holds and bilges of ships from where it swims to enter new ports. They are greatly feared as they are known to spread plague and the curse of lycanthropy, even though they are not lycanthropes themselves. This strange fact has led some scholars to speculate that the Giant Rat of Shabbis may be the original source of wererat lycanthropy. Whatever the case, those who succumb seem to become only hybrids of giant rats or festering Lyme rats, and not of a Giant Rat of Shabbis itself.

The bite of a giant rat of Shabbis delivers a form of plague to anyone who fails a saving throw. Victims of the bite experience high fevers and suffer teeth-rattling chills while at the same time their muscles spasm painfully and tendons tighten, causing limbs to draw up into an almost fetal position. In addition, the victim suffers a purplish rash upon his cheeks, forehead, neck, armpits, and groin that eventually blisters and breaks open, causing oozing wounds that leave scars and can lead to further serious infections. Those that recover from the plague usually bear discolored scars from this rash as a memento, and frequently move with an uneven gait or have a slightly twisted arm due to permanent tendon damage. The target suffers 1d8 points of damage per hour until cured.

Whenever a Giant Rat of Shabbis is reduced to half or fewer hit points, it flies into a wererage. It gains a +2 bonus to hit and damage, but takes a -2 penalty to armor class. In addition, the bite of a Giant Rat of Shabbis in wererage infects a humanoid target with wererat lycanthropy (save resists).

Rat, Giant Rat of Shabbis: HD

4; **AC** 6[13] or 8[11] (during wererage); **Atk** bite (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 15 (climbing 12, swimming 12); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** disease (1d8 damage per hour, save avoids), lycanthropy (wererat), wererage (+2 to hit and damage, -2 armor class penalty, bite inflicts lycanthropy).

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Satymouthther

This hairless, gray-skinned man with goat-like legs and horns like a rams is covered in a mass of staring eyes and countless, fanged maws that yammer ceaselessly.

Satymouthther

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d4), gore (1d6), shortbow x2 (1d6)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: magic resistance (30%), persuasive song, ravenous embrace, spittle

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 13/2300

This hairless, gray-skinned man with goat-like legs and horns like a rams is covered in a mass of staring eyes and countless, fanged maws that yammer ceaselessly. The satymouthther is a strange and rare mix that sings songs that madden, sadden, lull, and terrify. Unlike a satyr, the creature is interested only in fostering negative emotions, lying and bullying; it disdains charm and diplomatic persuasion. And unlike a gibbering mouther, it is a being of insidious intellect whose mouths sing and manipulate rather than simply induce temporary insanity.

If a satymouthther hits a single creature with both claws, the target must make a saving throw or be grabbed. The target takes 2d6 points of damage each round as the many mouths on the satymouthther's body begin to bite and drink the victim's blood.

A satymouthther can emit a cacophony of maddening sound. All creatures within 60ft must make a saving throw or be affected by *confusion*, *sleep* or *fear* (roll 1d3 to determine the effect for each creature that fails its save).

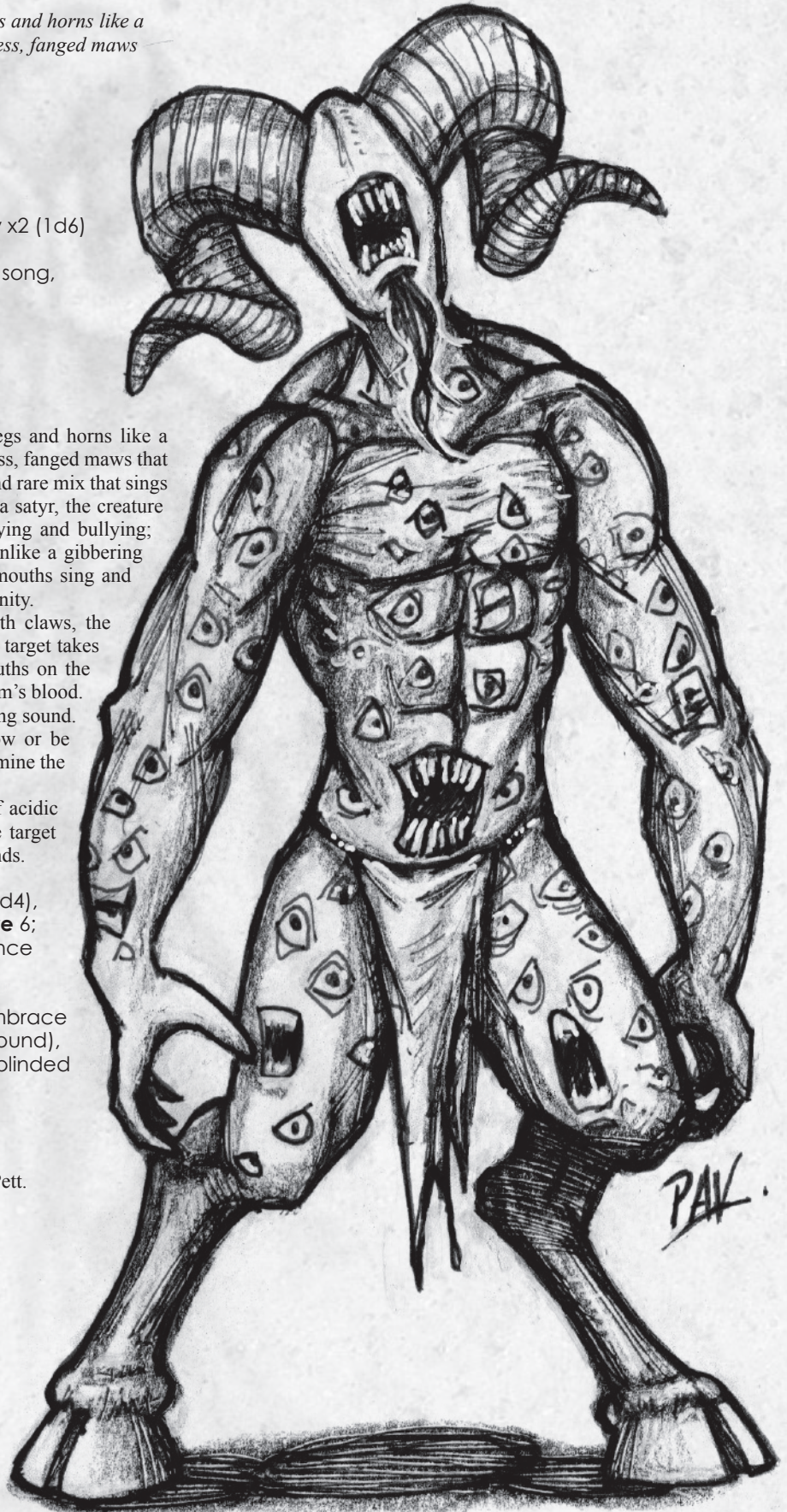
Each round, a satymouthther can emit a stream of acidic spittle at a target within 30ft. If the spittle hits, the target must make a saving throw or be blinded for 1d4 rounds.

Satymouthther: HD 9; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), gore (1d6), shortbow x2 (1d6); Move 15; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 13/2300; **Special:** magic resistance (30%), persuasive song (60ft radius, save or affected by confusion, sleep or fear [1d3 to determine for each creature]), ravenous embrace (2 claw hits, held for 2d6 bite damage per round), spittle (30ft range, once per round, save or blinded 1d4 rounds).

Equipment: shortbow with 20 arrows.

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Skulking Manticore (Musk)

No larger than a mountain lion, these dusky gray, leonine creature slinks through the shadows, its human-like head set in a scowl of concentration, its bat-like folded neatly against its flank. It holds its tail aloft, and the tip of it gleams with the dull glint of unpolished iron.

Skulking Manticore (Musk)

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d8), 6 tail spikes (1d6)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: surprise on 1-4 on 1d6
Move: 12/18 (flying)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 9/1100

A skulking manticore has a featureless gray hide that is able to adopt the color of its surroundings like a chameleon. A typical skulking manticore is 4ft long and weighs 120 lbs.

Skulking manticores have the ability to match their skin coloration to the surrounding environment, not unlike a chameleon. This allows them to surprise prey on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

Skulking Manticore (Musk):
HD 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d8), 6 tail spikes (1d6); **Move** 12 (flying 18); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** surprise (1-4 on 1d6).

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Slithering Bulette

The massive creature has four legs thick as a tree trunk and the vague suggestion of armored plates over its head and back. A great, toothless maw opens at the front of its head. Its back plate rises up between its shoulders into a fin-like dorsal hump. Even stranger, however, the entire creature appears to be composed entirely of some transparent gelatinous substance that has difficulty holding its form.

Slithering Bulette

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 slams (1d8 plus paralysis)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: engulf, paralysis, transparent

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

A slithering bulette secretes an anesthetizing slime. A target hit by a slam attack or engulf attack must a saving throw or be paralyzed for 3d6 rounds. The creature can automatically engulf a paralyzed opponent.

A slithering bulette can charge opponents and make a slam attack. If it hits, the target must make a saving throw or be engulfed by the creature. Engulfed creatures take 1d6 points of damage per round as the slithering bulette drains their bodily fluids. After an opponent is completely drained of fluids, the slithering bulette ejects to the withered husk from its body.

Its lack of coloration makes a slithering bulette extremely hard to spot when it stands motionless (10% chance for all creatures to spot).

Slithering Bulette:

HD 9; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk**

2 slams (1d8 plus

paralysis); **Move**

15; **Save** 6; **AL** N;

CL/XP 12/2000;

Special: engulf

(after successful

slam, save or

be pulled into

bulette; 1d6

damage per

round), paralysis

(3d6

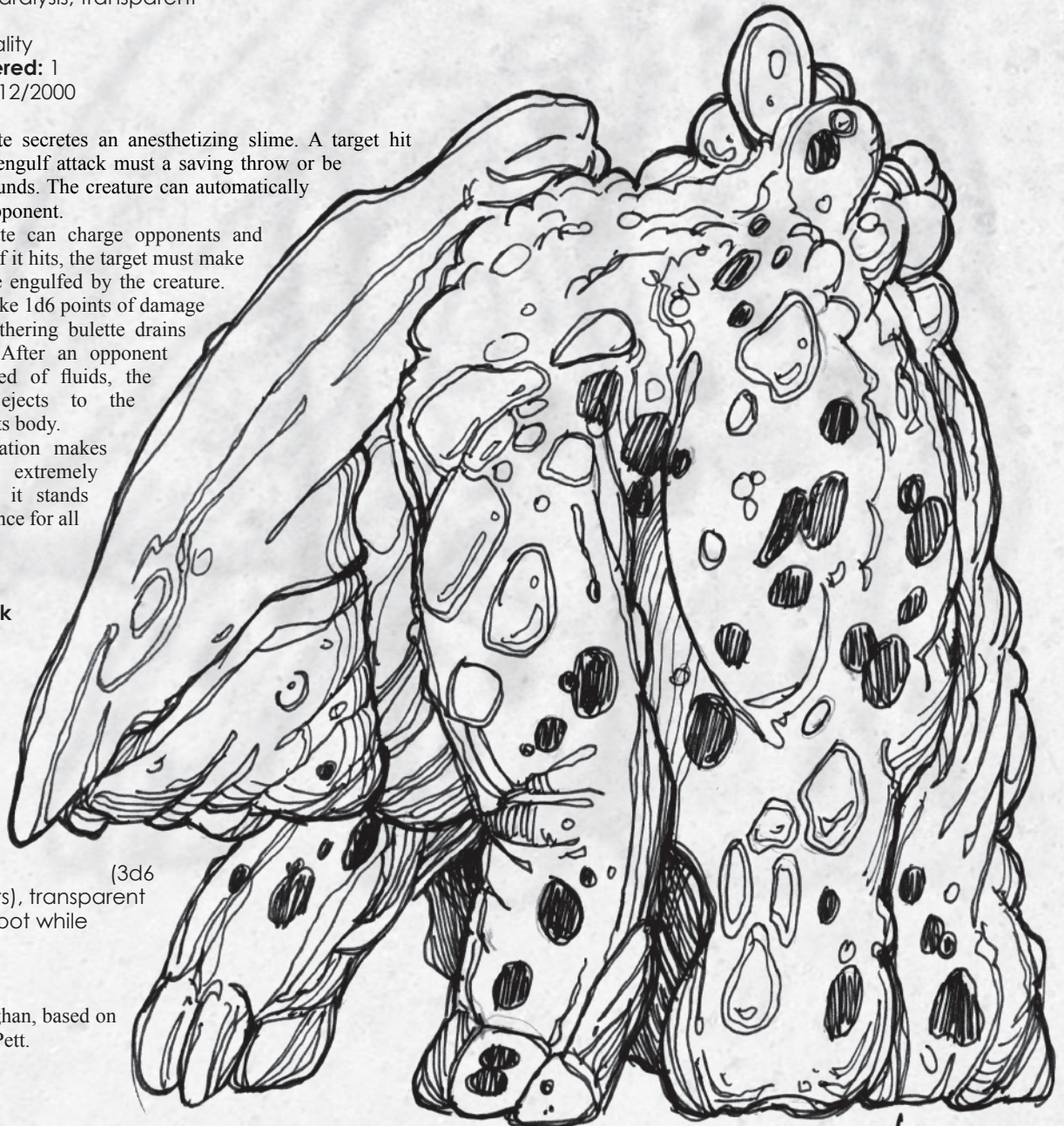
rounds, save resists), transparent

(10% chance to spot while

motionless).

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Slithering Tangle

A sinister serpentine tangle of rotting vines ends in an approximation of a humanoid head, its maw lined with slime-dripping thorns.

Slithering Tangle

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (1d8 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: constrict, fascinating cloud, immune to electricity, poison, spells

Move: 15/9 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d2+2 (nest)

Challenge Level: 15/2900

Slithering tangles appear to be snake-like tangles of rotting vegetation, but like shambling mounds, they are actually intelligent, carnivorous plants akin to animate tangles of creeping parasitic vines. Each serpentine vine ends in an approximation of a humanoid head, its maw lined with slime-dripping thorns. These repulsive creatures lair in despoiled forests and fetid swamps where they blend in with the surrounding terrain while they wait to ambush their prey. They also can be found underground living among damp fungal thickets. They are able to draw sustenance by parasitizing other plants and by sending rootlets into the soil to absorb raw nutrients, but they prefer to consume flesh and bone from animals crushed in their coils. A slithering tangle has a 25% chance after biting of wrapping its vines around the target. The target can make an Open Doors check to escape the vines. Any creature wrapped up by the slithering tangle is constricted for 2d6 points of damage each round.

The bite of a slithering tangle forces a creature to make a saving throw or fall asleep for 1d3 hours.

Once per day, a slithering tangle can emit a transparent cloud of pollen in a 20ft spread that has the power to lull the minds of those that smell it. Once activated, the cloud persists for 5 rounds unless dispersed. All creatures in the cloud must make a saving throw or stand in awe of the swaying vines for 1d6 rounds.

Slithering Tangle: HD 10; AC 5 [14]; Atk bite (1d8 plus poison); Move 15 (swimming 9); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: constrict (25% chance after bite, 2d6 damage per round, Open Doors to escape), fascinating cloud (20ft radius, save or stand in awe for 1d6 rounds), immune to electricity, poison (sleep for 1d3 hours, save resists), spells (4/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds, charm person, light, magic missile*; 2nd—*hold person, detect invisibility, phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt, slow*; 4th—*confusion*.

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Spider, Chymic

The body of this spider-like creature is a mass of humanoid faces caught in drawn-out hideous screams. Ten spindly legs rise unevenly from the bulbous mass. Between tufts of bristly hair hang needle-sharp fangs that drip with a bitter-smelling, thick red liquid.

Spider, Chymic

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (1d6 plus poison)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: chyme spray, egg implantation, nightmare projection, poison

Move: 12/12 (climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 9/1100

The body of a chymic spider is a mass of humanoid faces caught in drawn-out hideous screams. Ten spindly legs rise unevenly from the bulbous mass. Between tufts of bristly hair hang needle-sharp fangs that drip with a bitter-smelling, thick red liquid. Chymic spiders are not true spiders, but rather are born from the fear that spiders instill within many intelligent humanoids. These spiders sneak through the city rooftops and await their prey for days on end.

These rare creatures lurk along the edges of Sister Lyme, hiding in gables, chimneys, and under eaves and seemingly found nowhere else in the world. Composed from the latent fears of arachnids somehow given life, the creature is able to project these primal fears into any living creature. It simply prefers to stalk and prey on those who fear it most. It is able to project these nightmares and can cause victims to be paralyzed while it enters their lairs, and lays its eggs within them. The baby spiders within whisper to their new host, wanting to be fed, obsessing about food,

and within 24 hours they erupt to feed on their host before separating to make their own lairs.

The bite of a chymic spider delivers a neurotoxin that paralyzes the target for 1d6 rounds unless the target makes a saving throw to throw off the effects.

also 4 (save for half)1

A chymic spider does not simply devour a paralyzed victim, but instead implants a clutch of eggs within its abdominal cavity. Implantation delivers 1d4 eggs that can be removed from the host body only by cutting them from the victim (dealing 1d2 points of damage each) or by spells such as *cure disease*. After 24 hours, the eggs hatch inside and begin feeding. Each round these newborns remain inside the victim they deliver a dose of chymic spider poison, attempting to paralyze the host as they feed for 1d8 points of damage per round. When the host dies, 1d4 new chymic spiders emerge from the corpse.

Anyone who wanders into the chymic spider's 1-mile radius that might be the least bit fearful of spiders is quickly identified. The chymic spider begins methodically stalking the victim, waiting for its chance to make dream contact. A chymic spider can project a nightmare into any sleeper. This nightmare is so powerful that it can paralyze its victim for 1d4 rounds unless he succeeds on a saving throw. The victim is allowed a new save each round.

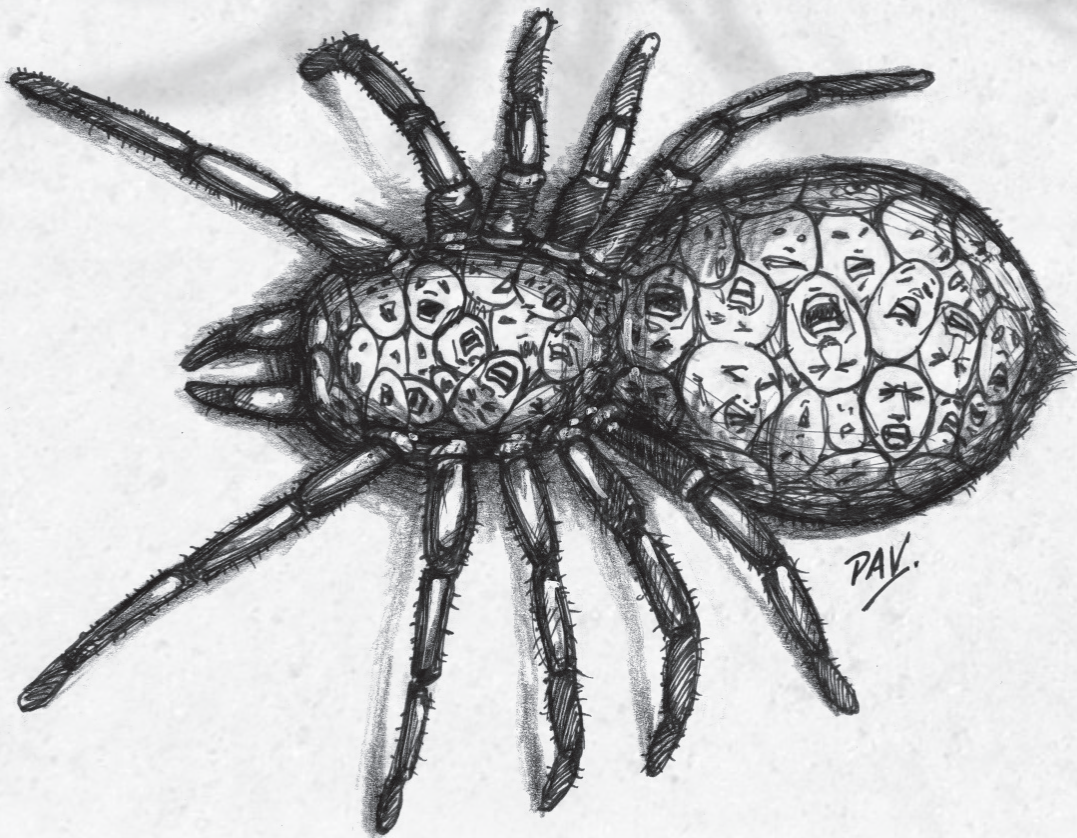
Spider, Chymic: HD 6; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (1d6 plus poison);

Move 12 (climbing 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100;

Special: chyme spray (once every 1d4+1 rounds, 15ft cone, 4d6 damage, save for half), egg implantation (1d4 eggs, 1d2 damage to cut out or cure disease, 1d8 damage per round), nightmare projection (1-mile radius, save or paralyzed for 1d4 rounds), poison (paralysis 1d6 rounds, save resists).

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Spider, Gable

A spider the size of an alley cat scampers up the side of a tenement building. In its mandibles, it drags what appears to be a clothesline, with many of the garments still dangling limply behind.

Spider, Gable

Hit Dice: 1, 3, 5

Armor Class: 8 [11] (1HD); 6 [13] (3HD); or 4 [15] (5HD)

Attacks: 1HD: bite (1d4 plus lethal poison); 3HD: bite (1d6+1 plus lethal poison); 5HD: bite (1d6+2 plus lethal poison)

Saving Throw: 17, 14, or 12

Special: poison, sticky globule

Move: 9/6 (climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d8+2 (colony)

Challenge Level: 1HD: 2/30; 3HD: 4/120; or 5HD: 6/400

Gable spiders are different from other varieties of giant spiders, and it is for this reason that the whole of the city isn't shrouded in endless sheets of webbing. Gable spiders are not web spinners. The size of an alley cat, they are still agile climbers like normal spiders and still live in web-like structures, but they lack spinnerets of their own. Rather, they are instinctively master builders when it comes to stringing together the detritus found in the city's dumps and alleys: frayed ropes, sail cordage, clotheslines, lengths of twisted rags, curtains, sailcloth, and more. Even lengths of chain and bits of lumber construction can be found in the web-like contrivances that the gable spiders build. They combine these myriad materials in twisting, knotted mazes of suspended lines that can shame the largest of spider webs for complexity. They knot and anchor these mismatched lines among the rooftops and with each other to create these swaying-but-stable webs of junk.

However, just because they are not web spinners does not mean the gable spiders are not masters of their domain. Rather than spinnerets, gable spiders have large swollen glands that secrete a sticky fluid they use to coat their rope and cloth constructions to provide the same benefits of a natural web. Creatures stuck within their depths become easy prey for the gable spiders who are able to move in and among these artificial webs with great agility and speed. Any creature falling into a gable spider's web must make an Open Doors check to escape before the agile spider descends to feed.

The bite of the gable spider delivers a lethal venom.

The spider can project this globule up to 30ft to hit targets. Any creature struck must make a saving throw or find itself covered in the sticky web fluid and slowed to half speed.

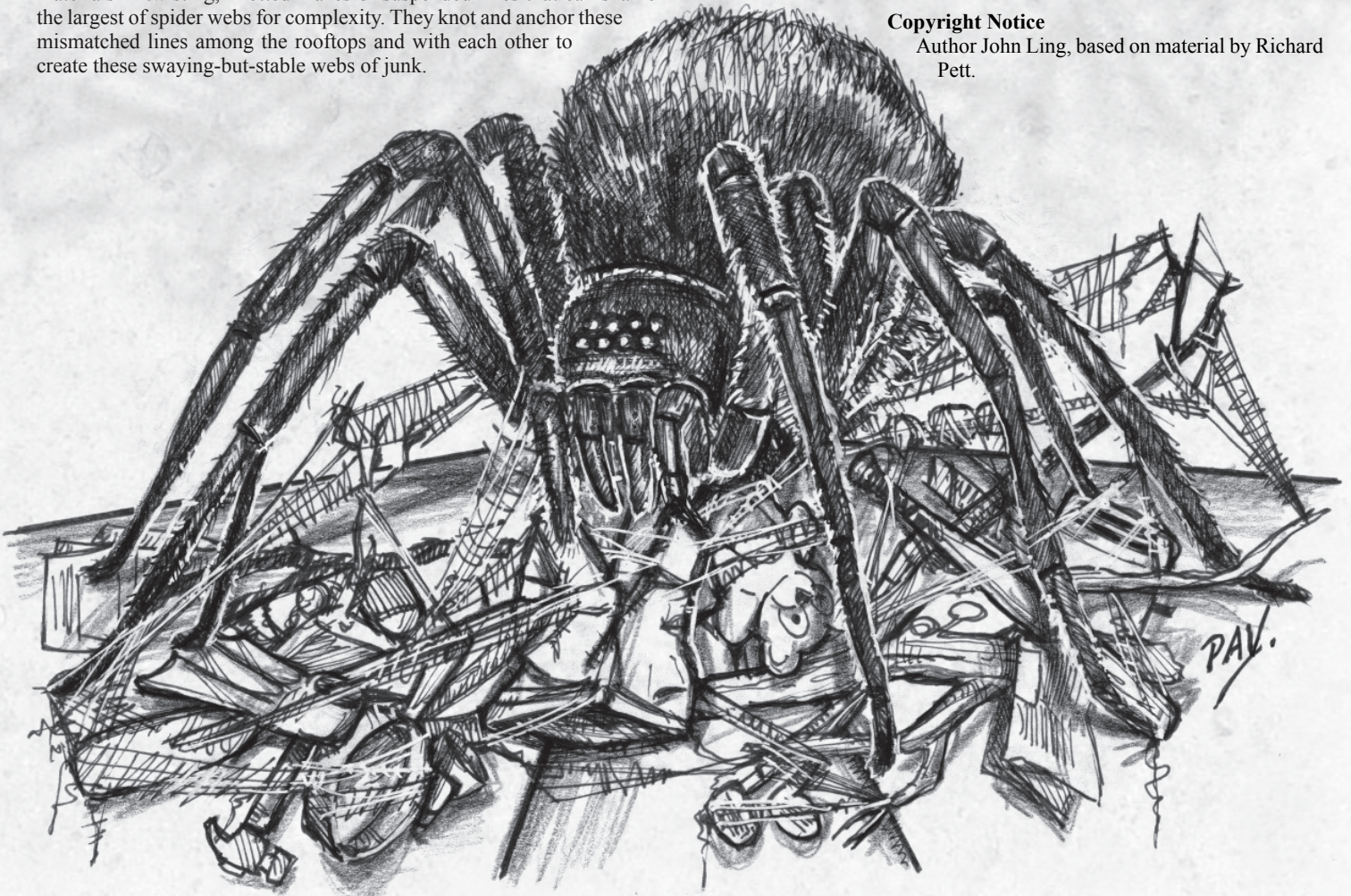
Spider, Gable (Small): HD 1; AC 8[11]; Atk bite (1d4 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; **Special:** poison (save or die), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

Spider, Gable (Medium): HD 3; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+1 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** poison (save or die, +1 to save), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

Spider, Gable (Large): HD 5; AC 4[15]; Atk bite (1d6+2 plus lethal poison); Move 9 (climbing 6); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** poison (save or die, +2 to save), sticky globule (30ft range, save or movement halved).

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Squarpy (Sessile's Singing Terror)

At first glance, this creature looks like an ordinary giant squid of prodigious size. However, a closer look shows a small, beaked mouth near the tip of each of its tentacles, and its two longer arms each end in great, bird-like talons.

Squarpy (Sessile's Singing Terror)

Hit Dice: 10
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: tentacles (3d6), talons (1d6), bite (2d4)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: captivating song, constrict, ink cloud, jet
Move: 18/27 (jet)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 12/2000

Perhaps the most infamous creation of the Physician Simon Sessile, this great beast is kept in the great aquarium at the Capitol, where its huge water tank enclosure is encased in thick, iron-reinforced, soundproof glass. The only access is through a second room on the floor above, which is simply a small metal cage with tightly spaced bars in which food-carcaasses can be loaded and then dropped into the tank by pulling a lever to release the bottom of the cage. Nevertheless, despite all of these precautions, it seems that an aquarium keeper or night watchman disappears in the vicinity of the aquarium at least once a year. Sometimes some remnant of the missing person's clothing is spotted resting at the bottom of the great tank, but usually there is no evidence of their fate other than, perhaps, a faint red haziness in the water the next morning. How the squarpy is able to lure these individuals into its sealed tank is unknown, but few doubt that it is doing just that.

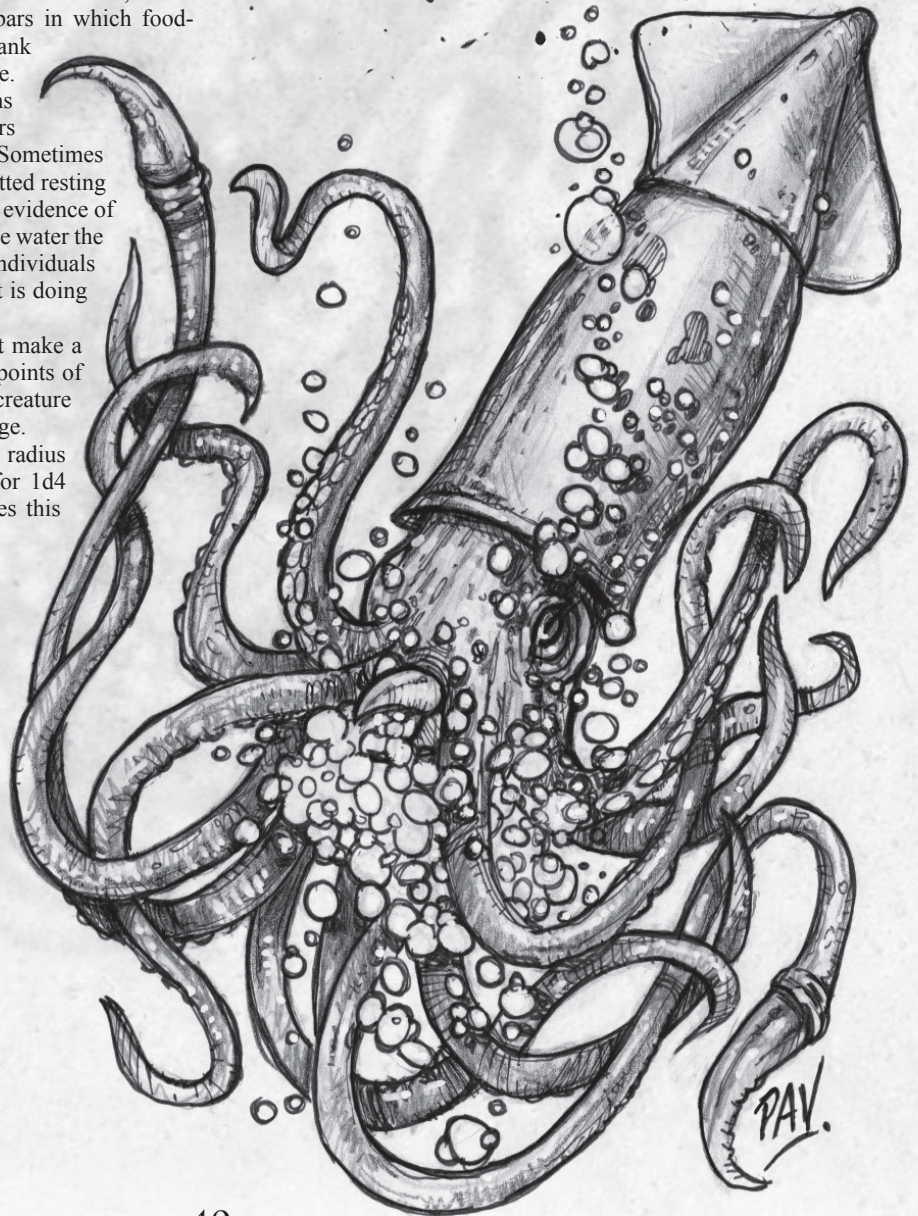
A target hit by the squarpy's tentacle attacks must make a saving throw or be grabbed and constricted for 3d6 points of damage each round. The squarpy can also move the creature toward its mouth to instead deal automatic bite damage.

A squarpy can release a cloud of ink in a 20ft radius around itself once per round. This cloud remains for 1d4 rounds and acts as a *darkness* spell. It often releases this cloud if threatened, then jets away from the danger.

Squarpy (Sessile's Singing Terror): HD 10; AC 3[16]; Atk tentacles (3d6), talons (1d6), bite (2d4); Move 18 (jet 27); Save 5; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** captivating song (300ft radius, save or approach), constrict (grab after tentacle hit, save or automatic 3d6 damage), ink cloud (1/round, 20ft radius, as *darkness* for 1d4 rounds), jet (Movement 27 in one direction).

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Stegocentroper

A massive lump-like creature bursts from the cavern floor. It is has a great fanged maw flanked by large mandibles above which is a single insect-like eye. Four chitinous tentacles emerge from its body behind its head, and the body itself is covered in bony plates with a double row of sharpened crests running down its back. Numerous centipede legs propel it forward as it continues to emerge from its burrow.

Stegocentroper

Hit Dice: 16

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: bite (3d6), sting (2d4 plus lethal poison), 4 tentacles (1d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: immune to electricity, poison, spines, swallow whole

Move: 30/20/20 (burrowing, climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 19/4100

This abominable cross between a roper and a giant centipede is a true nightmare of the deep places of the earth. It inherited the fierceness and strength of both species, magnified in its combination. Fortunately, it did not inherit the roper's intelligence, having only the dim awareness of the lower forms of life. It lives to eat and believes virtually anything it meets to be potentially edible. It can deliver a lethal poison with its tail sting (save or die).

If a stegocentroper rolls a natural 20 to hit, it swallows a creature whole. The swallowed creature takes 3d6 points of damage each round.

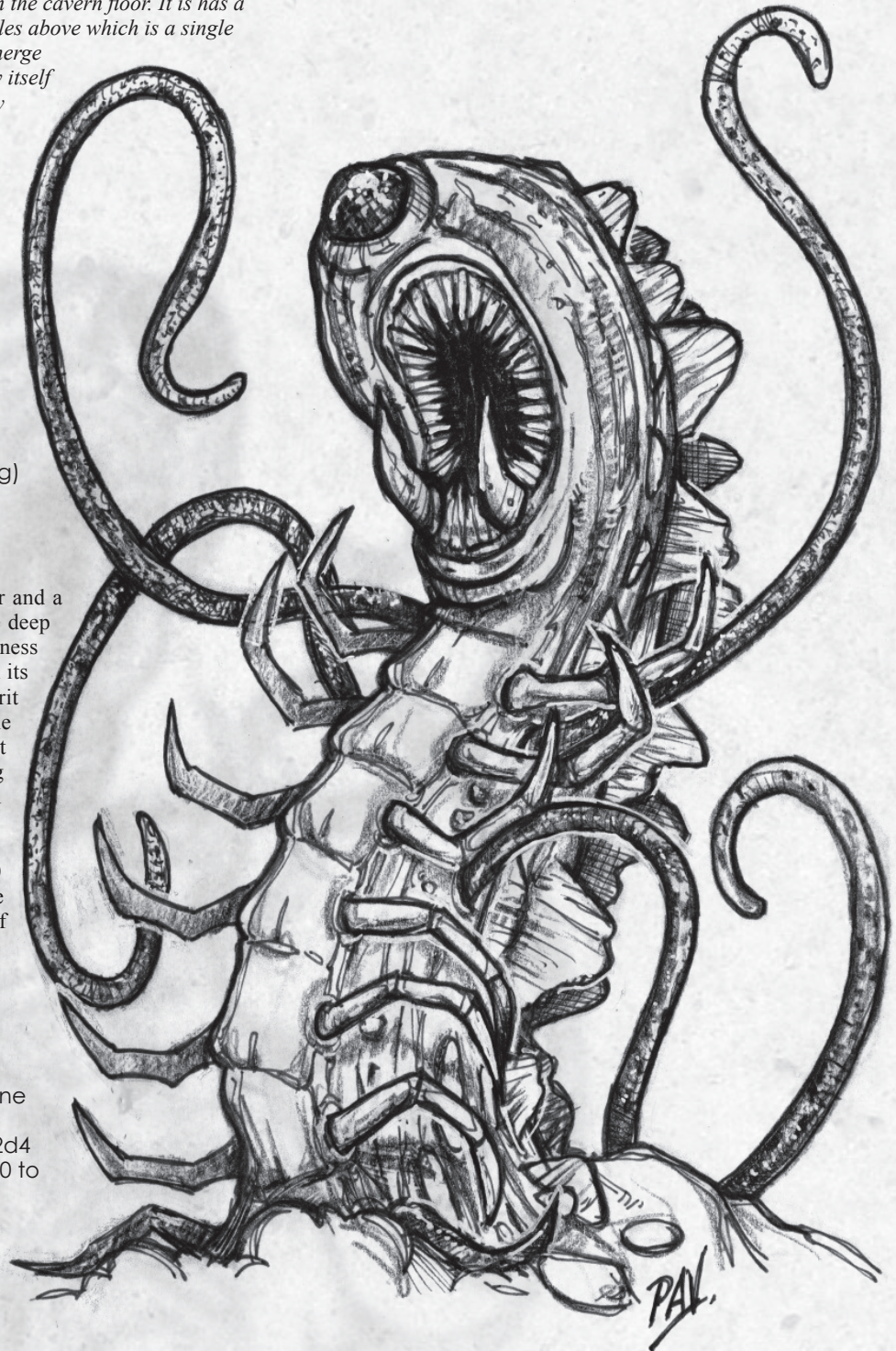
Stegocentroper: HD 16; AC 2[17];

Atk bite (3d6), sting (2d4 plus lethal poison), 4 tentacles (1d6); **Move** 30 (burrowing 20, climbing 20); **Save** 3;

AL N; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special:** immune to electricity, poison (save or die), spines (attacker must save or take 2d4 damage), swallow whole (natural 20 to hit, 3d6 damage/round).

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Stircatrice

The creature flaps its bat-like wings awkwardly through a series of bounding leaps, its red-rimmed eyes fixated in rage upon its target. Beneath these eyes in its insectoid head, a long beak-like proboscis extends forward seemingly testing the air, with a pitch-black wattle dangling below. The body of the creature is lean like that of a cockerel with feathers as black as its wattle and six insect-like legs with jagged grasping claws. A long serpentine tail extends behind the creature, also feathered in the same inky plumes.

Stircatrice

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: sting (1d4 plus poison and blood drain), tail slap (1d6)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: blood drain

Move: 9/18 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2, 1d2+2 (flight) or 2d4+4 (flock)

Challenge Level: 5/240

A stircatrice has bat-like that propels it.

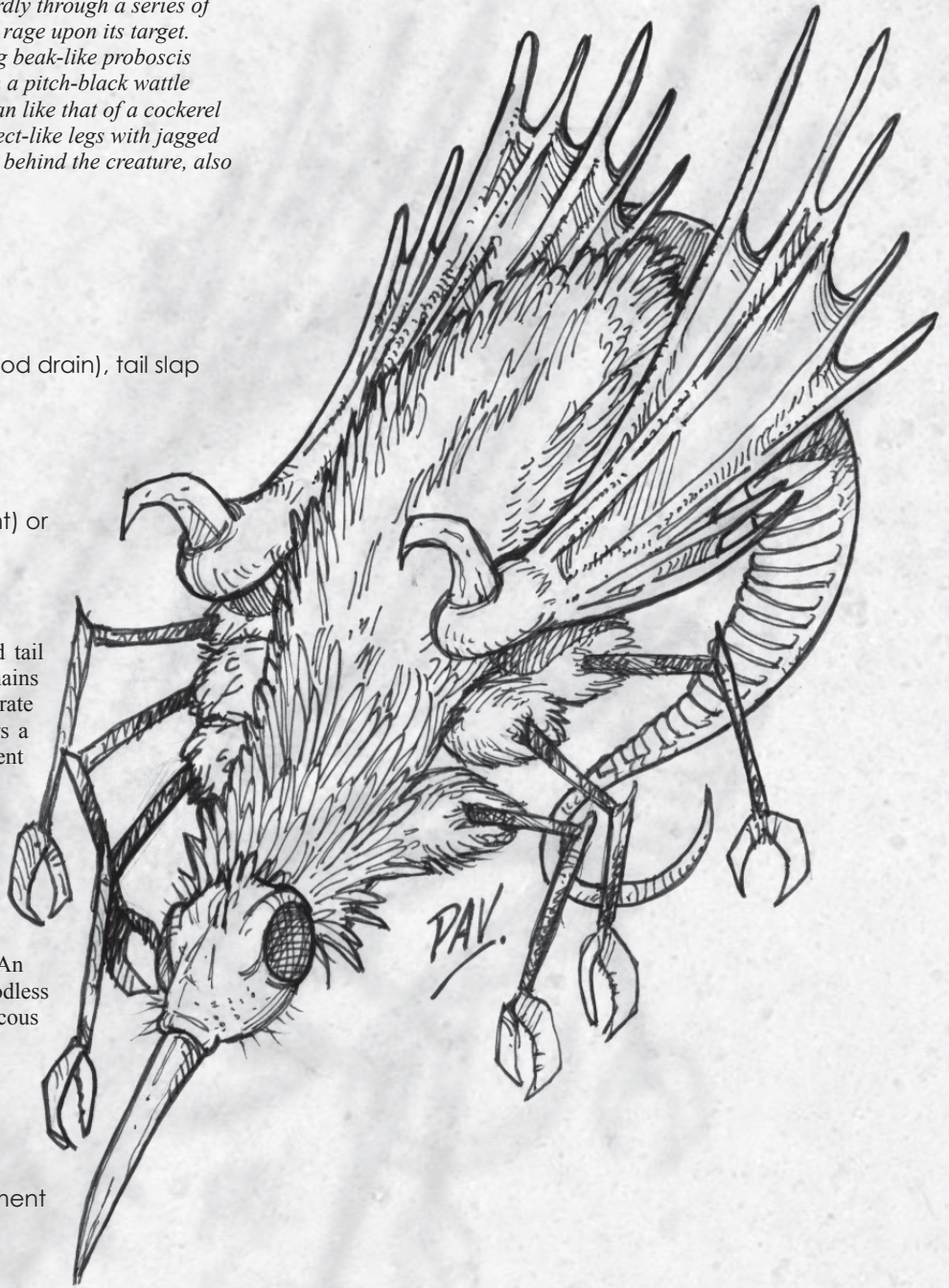
A stircatrice attacks with its proboscis and tail slap. If the creature hits with its bite, it remains attached and drains blood automatically at a rate of 1d4hp per round. Further, the bite delivers a paralytic poison that slows a creature's movement by half if it fails a saving throw.

Kept in menageries throughout the city, stircatrices are usually kept in double-walled cages since even a peck of their long, slender beak can spread a fatal infection. Some yogis and entertainers of a more dramatic nature enter a stircatrice's cage to meditate or prove their mastery over the fearsome creature. An equal number of these have ended up as bloodless corpses as have emerged alive — to the raucous approval of their audience.

Stircatrice: HD 3; AC 5[14]; Atk sting (1d4 plus poison and blood drain); Move 9 (flying 18); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 5/240; **Special:** blood drain (1d4 damage/round after bite, slow movement by half if save fails).

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Swarm, Blindingcrow

This screeching whirlwind is a tumultuous mass of black feathers, talons, and pecking beaks.

Swarm, Blindingcrow

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: swarm (3d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: disease

Move: 3/15 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 1d2+2 swarms (flock), 1d6+4 swarms (murder)

Challenge Level: 6/400

A blindingcrow swarm is a mass of such birds mobbing together to defend against a predator or some other individual that has sufficiently antagonized them, usually through approaching too near a roosting murder of the birds or with loud noises. The swarm's many pecks and slashes carry diseases that cause blindness in any creature that fails a saving throw.

Swarm, Blindingcrow: HD 5; AC 4[15]; Atk swarm (3d6 plus disease); Move 3 (flying 15); Save 12; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; Special: disease (save or blinded).

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Woerm

This worm-like monster's eyeless head has a hooked jaw and large, pointed ears. Its scaly hide is dull gray with a crest on its head and along its back to its tail, along which its shrunk, vestigial legs hang limply. Its long, multi-jointed arms are like slimy spider-legs tipped with elongated, clawed hands.

Woerm

Hit Dice: 5

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: bite (1d6 plus disease), 2 claws (1d4)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: disease, disorienting scream, regenerate, stench, vulnerable to sunlight

Move: 15/6/12/12 (burrowing, climbing, swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2, 1d10+2 (gang)

Challenge Level: 8/800

Woerms are an aggressive, insular race who constantly hunger for flesh and who have become adept at survival in the crippling and stifling confines of the Underneath. Originally spawned of cursed unions between morlocks and troglodytes, they are rarely encountered and never above ground, as sunlight repels them. Woerms caught in sunlight are unable to regenerate and take 1d8 points of damage per round. Woerms are blind and immune to gaze attacks. In darkness, woerms regenerate 2 hp per round.

Woerms communicate with their own kind via a high-pitched scream. Creatures within 15ft of a screaming woerm must make a saving throw or be affected by a *confusion* spell. A stench also surrounds the woerm, so that creatures within 30ft must make a saving throw or be nauseated (–1 to hit, damage and saves) until they leave the woerm's presence.

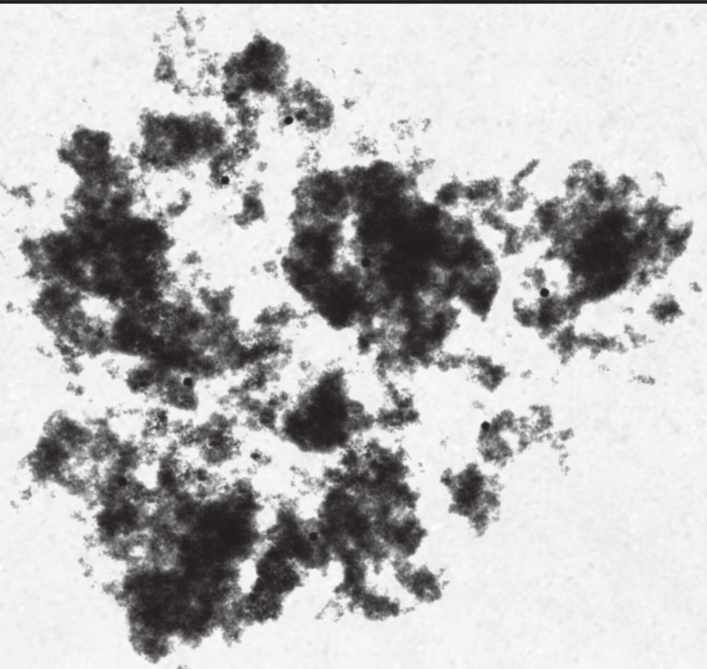
A woerm can deliver a filth-filled bite that forces the target to make a saving throw or contract a wasting disease that does 1d6 points of damage per hour until cured.

Woerms are surprisingly sophisticated and intelligent, and have complex and powerful clans and groups; two opposing groups of woerm never work together, but occasionally a great leader forges a larger kingdom of the creatures. These clans can last for decades — centuries even — and the feasting halls that rarely have been discovered have shown their appetites and successes. Occasionally, the insular woerms form an alliance with, or more often enslave, a race of subterranean dwellers, typically their morlock or troglodyte forebears.

Woerm: HD 5; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6 plus disease); Move 15 (burrowing 6, climbing 12, swimming 12); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** disease (save or 1d6 damage per hour), disorienting scream (15ft radius, save or *confusion*), regenerate (2hp/round), stench (30ft radius, save or nauseated, –1 to hit, damage and saves), vulnerable to sunlight (1d8 damage/round).

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Appendix A: Animals

Blight Albatross

Hit Dice: 1
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: bite (1d3 plus disease)
Saving Throw: 17
Special: cursed fate, disease
Move: 6 (flying 15)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 3d4 (flock)
Challenge Level: 2/30

Sometimes known as a gooey bird or a muckmawk, the Blight albatross is common along the shores of the sea around the city of Castorhage. They gained these nicknames for the feeding technique of the bird, where they dive into the muck-laden waters and emerge with fish and feathers covered in the filmy sludge that covers the Lyme River on many days.

The Blight albatross's diet is predominantly fish, crustaceans, and offal, although they also scavenge carrion when necessary. Due to the nature of the pollution found in the river and its inhabitants, the Blight albatross has developed considerable resistance to diseases and poisons. Any creature bitten by one of these birds must make a saving throw or contract a wasting disease (1d6 points of damage per day, *cure disease* heals). The folk of Castorhage are reluctant to kill one of these birds, for it is considered bad luck. Those that have slain one of these creatures soon finds the legends are very true, and for a period of time find their luck changed for the worse. Any creature that kills a Blight albatross must make a saving throw or receive a curse (-2 to hit and saves). *Remove curse* ends the bad luck.

The adult plumage of most of the Blight albatrosses is usually some variation of dark upper-wing and back, with white undersides. A Blight albatross stands 3ft tall with a wingspan of up to 12ft, and weighs 20 lbs.

Blight Albatross: HD 1; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d3 plus disease); Move 6 (fly 15); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 2/30; Special: cursed fate (curse on bird's killer, -2 to hit and saves), disease (1d6 damage/day, save resists).

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Blight Cockerel

Hit Dice: 1d6
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: 2 fighting spurs (1d4), bite (1d2)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: none
Move: 12
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: B/10

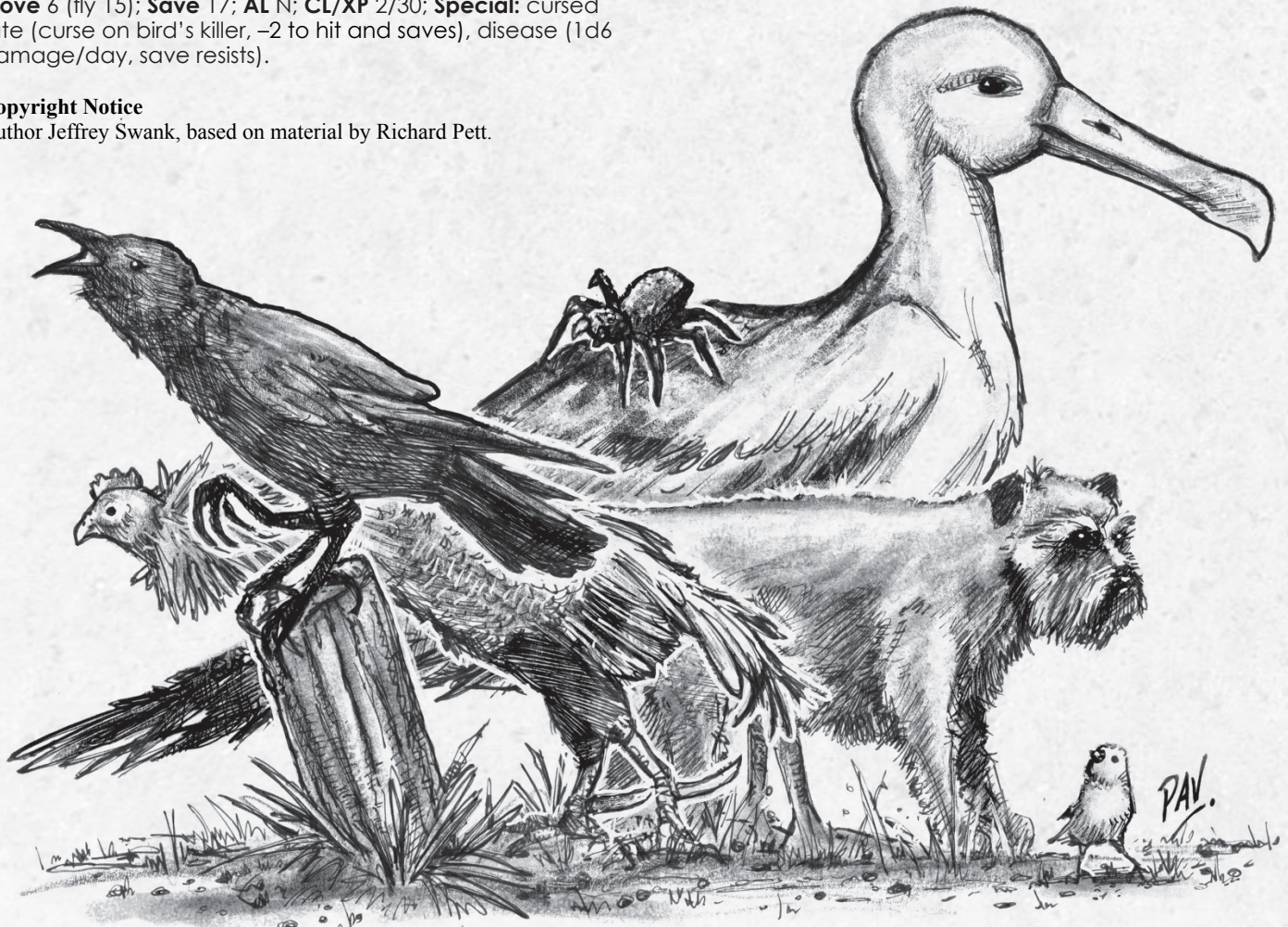
Lanky and bedraggled, with thin feathers other than a wide tuft around the neck, this rooster is particularly ugly for its kind. Its wattle and comb are both shredded and torn from past battles, and razor-sharp spurs have been tied to the backs of its legs. A Blight cockerel stands 2ft tall and weighs 10-15 lbs.

Cockfighting is a common pastime among the coarser citizens of the Blight (and secretly many of the upper crust as well) and the gamecocks have been bred for centuries in the city just for these contests. The resulting breed of Blight cockerel is a distempered gamecock known for its viciousness in fights. Many runners of cockfights no longer allow Blight cockerels in their venues because of the likelihood that neither bird will survive and their investment in training a prized gamecock will be lost even in victory. Blight cockerels often are fitted with razor-sharp blades tied to their legs to slash apart their foes.

Blight Cockerel: HD 1d6; AC 7[12]; Atk 2 fighting spurs (1d4), bite (1d2); Move 12; Save 18; AL N; CL/XP B/10; Special: none.

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THE TOME OF BLIGHTED HORRORS

Blindingcrow

Hit Dice: 1d4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d2 plus disease)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: disease
Move: 3/15 (flying)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2, 3d4 (flock), or 10d10 (murder)
Challenge Level: B/10

A blindingcrow is a glossy black crow with fleshy pustules and sores growing out from under its plumage. This bird has a thick, heavy bill and even more surprisingly has a central third leg that ends in an array of sharpened talons. The bite of a blindingcrow causes blindness if the victim fails a saving throw.

Blindingcrows are fairly intelligent carrion birds known for their problem-solving skills and ability to adapt within the city environment. Despite past attempts to exterminate them, blindingcrows are more common than ever in the city's trash dumps and are known for their distinctive screeching caw. Sociable, especially when not nesting, blindingcrows may gather in communal roosts on winter nights, sometimes with thousands or even tens of thousands roosting at one location.

When large groups of these birds gather, they sometimes form a huge swarming flock and chase predators in a behavior called mobbing. Loud noises are the most common cause for a murder of blindingcrows to attack an individual.

Blindingcrow: HD 1d4; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d2 plus disease); Move 3 (flying 15); Save 18; AL N; CL/XP B/10; Special: disease (save or blindness).

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Canary

Hit Dice: 1d2
Armor Class: 8 [11]
Attacks: none
Saving Throw: 18
Special: vulnerable to gas
Move: 3 (flying 12)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 3d4 (flock)
Challenge Level: A/5

This tiny songbird has feathers of pale yellow with a slight greenish tinge, and is streaked with gray and brown on its back and wings. When exposed to bad air (gases or spells), canaries are sickened 1d4 rounds before breathing creatures would ordinarily begin to feel the effects. After exposure to such a hazard, there is a 50% chance that a canary dies regardless of whether it was removed from the hazardous conditions in time or not. While a single canary poses no danger to anyone, too many scoffing adventurers have not come out of deep mines after encountering pockets of deadly gases that the tiny birds could have warned them of in advance.

Canary: HD 1d2; AC 8[11]; Atk none; Move 3 (flying 12); Save 18; AL N; CL/XP A/5; Special: vulnerable to gas (notice bad air 1d4 rounds before others, 50% chance of death).

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Dog, Blight-Bull (Light Fighting Dog)

Hit Dice: 2
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d6 plus jawlock)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: jawlock
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d10+2 (pack)
Challenge Level: 3/60

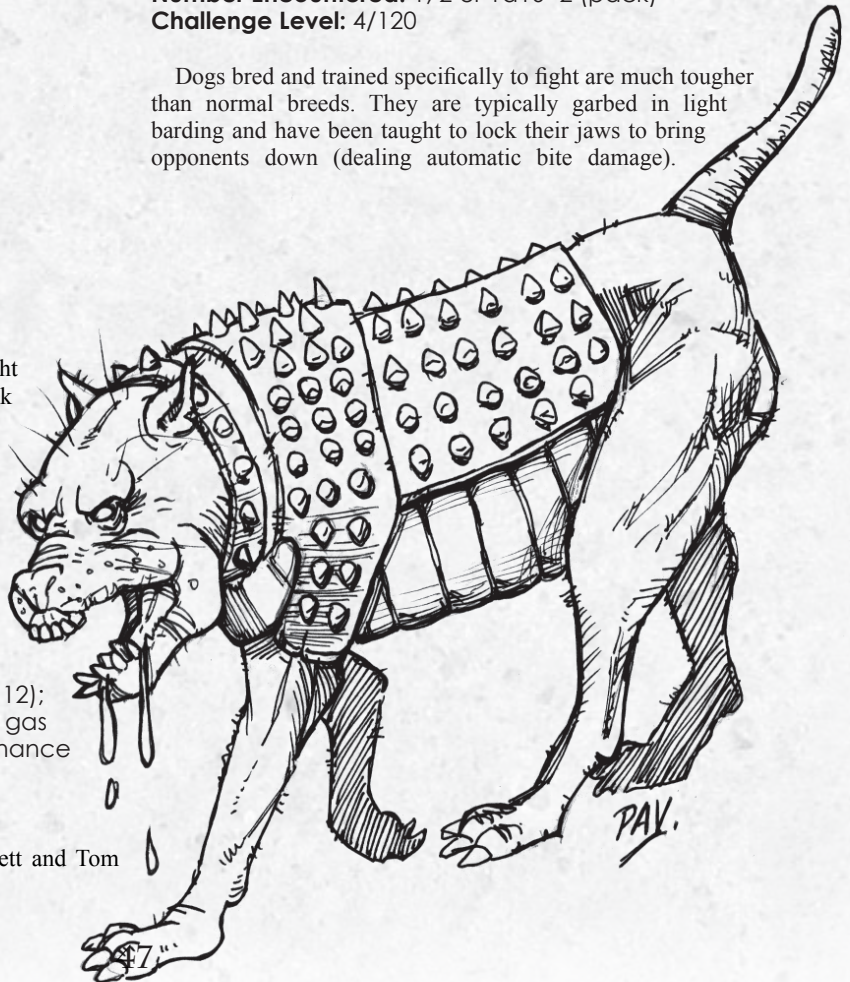
This vicious-looking dog is heavily muscled and scarred from many battles. They are often outfitted with leather barding. A blight-bull locks its jaws when it bites its prey, doing automatic bite damage each round until it lets loose or is killed.

Blight-Bull (Light Fighting Dog): HD 2; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6 plus jawlock); Move 15; Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; Special: jawlock (automatic bite damage after hit).

Dog, Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog)

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d6+2 plus jawlock)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: jawlock
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d10+2 (pack)
Challenge Level: 4/120

Dogs bred and trained specifically to fight are much tougher than normal breeds. They are typically garbed in light barding and have been taught to lock their jaws to bring opponents down (dealing automatic bite damage).



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Their training has suppressed some of their natural instincts and rendered them quite specialized; consequently, they aren't of much use for other activities such as tracking, but continue to fight well past the point when other dogs would no longer be able to continue.

Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog): HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+2 plus jawlock); Move 15; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** jawlock (automatic bite damage after hit).

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Dog, Terrier

Hit Dice: 1

Armor Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: bite (1d3 plus death shake)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: none

Move: 15

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 3d4 (pack)

Challenge Level: 1/15

This small dog's legs are long for its size, and its coat is shaggy and rough. It has a short muzzle and small ears that flop forward. If a terrier makes a successful bite attack against an opponent of its size or smaller, it can make a grapple check against the opponent. If it succeeds, the terrier immediately shakes its head violently in an attempt to break the neck or back of its opponent. This attack deals 2d3 points of damage.

Frequently kept as pets by both the impoverished and well-to-do of Castorhage, these small dogs were originally bred to hunt the rats and other vermin so commonly found in the Blight. They are intelligent and extremely loyal, working well as both trained hunters and family pets. They stand up to 16in tall and usually weigh around 14 lbs.

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Lyme Angler (Slop-Shark)

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: bite (2d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: disease, lantern lure

Move: 12 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d4+2 (school)

Challenge Level: 8/800

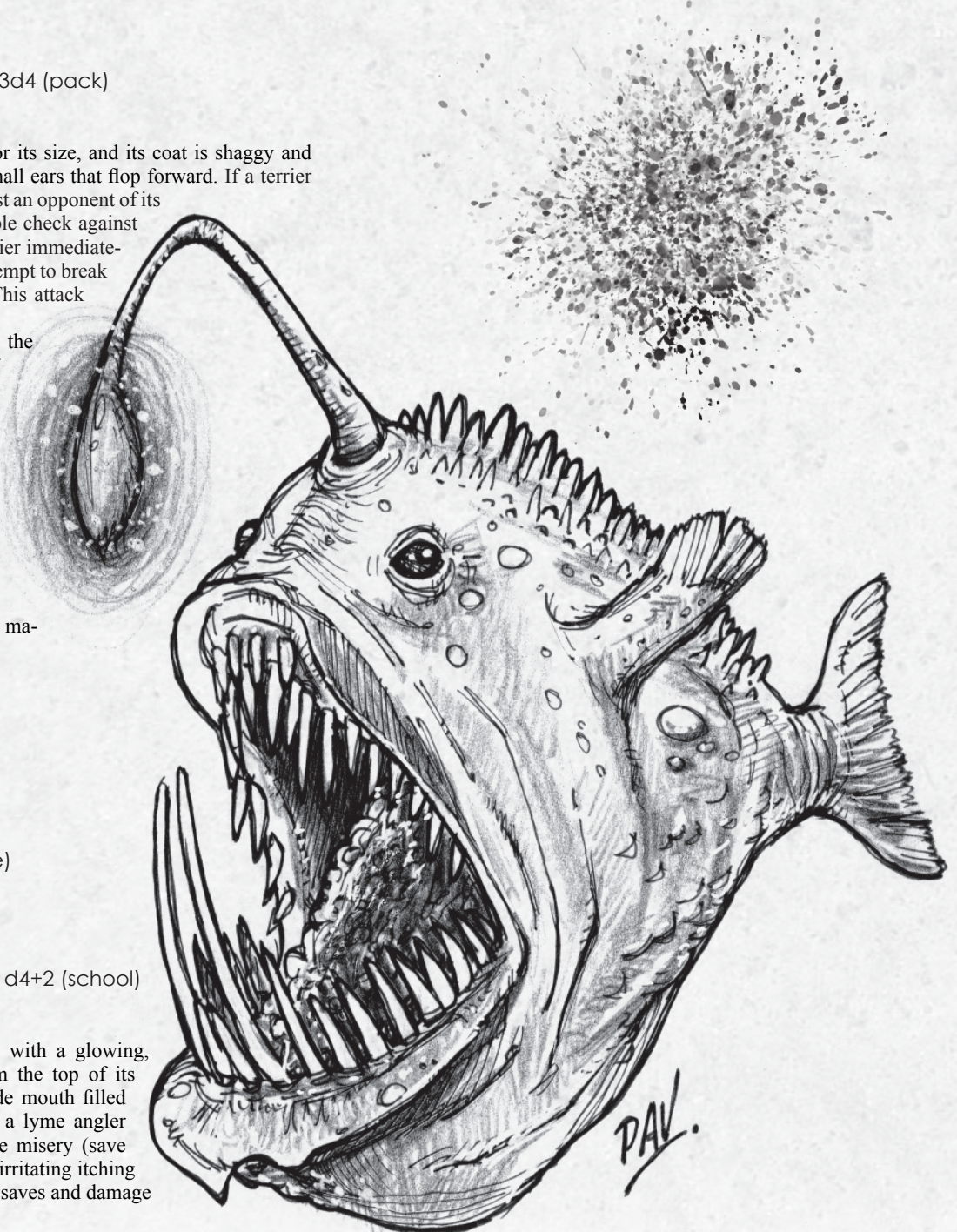
A lyme angler is a bloated fish with a glowing, fleshy protrusion that extends from the top of its skull and dangles in front of a wide mouth filled with needlelike fangs. The bite of a lyme angler carries the risk of contracting brine misery (save resists), which causes an extremely irritating itching at the point of the wound (-1 to hit, saves and damage until healed).

Also known as slop-sharks along the River Lyme, the lyme angler can also illuminate the dangling lure on its forehead with a phosphorescent glow equal to a candle. Any creature seeing the lighted lure must make a saving throw or become mesmerized by the bobbing glow. Mesmerized creatures automatically lose initiative when the lyme angler strikes. One of the most notorious man-eaters of the river, the immense Lyme angler can reach lengths of more than 20ft and weigh up to 5000 lbs.

Lyme Angler (Slop-Shark): HD 6; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (2d6 plus disease); Move 12 (swimming); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** disease (brine misery, save or extreme itching, -1 to hit, saves and damage until healed), lantern lure (save or mesmerized, automatically lose initiative).

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THE TOME OF BLIGHTED HORRORS

Sough-Eel

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (2d6 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: disease, grab, swallow whole

Move: 6 (swimming 15)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2 or 1d6+2
(school)

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

A sough-eel is nearly 20ft long with a pale hide almost translucent like a fish's belly but marred by great areas of sloughing flesh that hang loose in rotten folds. It is eyeless, with a row of small black nodules extending back from its snout. Several small vestigial fins grow sporadically along the length of its body. Its mouth, however, is the most noticeable feature, occupying nearly a quarter of its length, and splayed wide with a crowd of jagged fangs.

These vile predators are found exclusively in the dark, filthy waters of the Great Lyme River and Fetid Sea in the vicinity of the City-State of Castorhage. Some have speculated that they were once a temperate water variety of moray eel that was indigenous to the area until the Lyme was tainted by the noxious effluvia from the metropolis known colloquially as The Blight. Unlike most aquatic species that were unable to survive the poisoning of the waters, the sough-eel population managed to endure the deadly waters but were changed in the process. Their hide is in a constant state of dying and sloughing off in large swaths and layers.

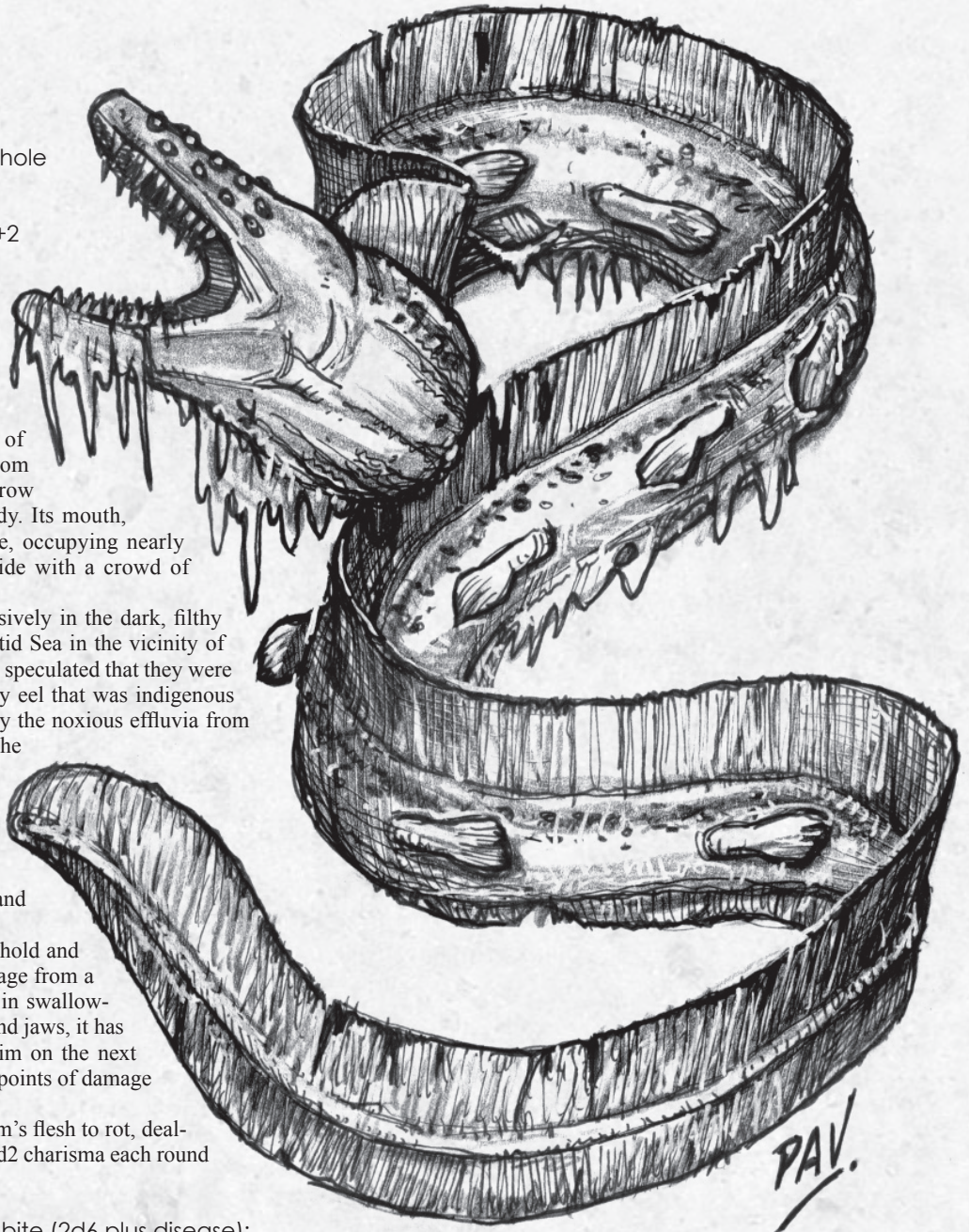
If a sough-eel bites a victim, it grabs hold and automatically inflicts 1d8 points of damage from a second set of jaws in its throat that aid in swallowing. After a sough-eel bites with its second jaws, it has a 2-in-6 chance of swallowing the victim on the next round. Any victim swallowed takes 4d6 points of damage from the acids in the eel's stomach.

The creature's bite also causes a victim's flesh to rot, dealing 1d4 points of damage and a loss of 1d2 charisma each round until the victim makes a saving throw.

Sough-Eel: HD 8; AC 5[14]; **Melee** bite (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 6 (swim 15); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** disease (1d4 damage plus 1d2 charisma until successful save), grab (automatic 1d8 damage after bite), swallow whole (2-in-6 chance after grab and bite, 4d6 damage).

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Appendix B:

Between Creatures

Between Dream

This ghost-like figure is composed of nightmarish imagery and screaming faces.

Between Dream

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: incorporeal touch (1d8 plus nightmare curse)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: nightmare curse, spell-like abilities

Move: 15 (flying)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 8/800

Between dreams are ghost-like figures composed of nightmarish imagery and screaming faces. Between dreams are weaker versions of animate dreams that form in Between rather than on the Ethereal Plane. Like animate dreams, their true appearances are vague and nebulous, but they react to the fears and emotions of those around them, taking on increasingly nightmarish appearances that differ for each viewer.

A creature that fails its save has a 50% chance of fleeing (as a *fear* spell). Three times per day, a Between dream can cast *confusion* and *fear*. Once per day, it can cast *dimension door* and *sleep*.

Between Dream: HD 6; AC 2[17]; Atk

incorporeal touch (1d8 plus nightmare

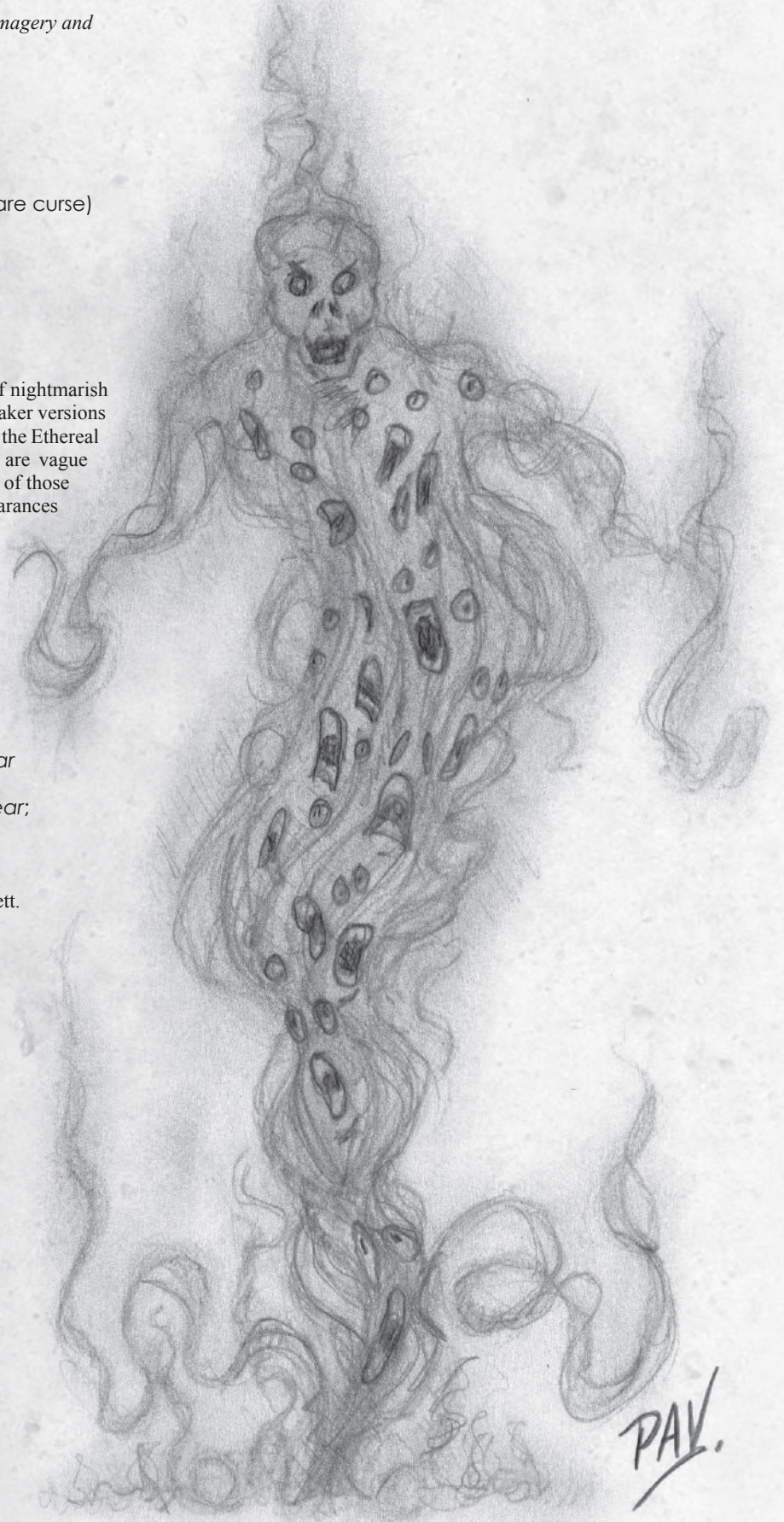
curse); **Move** 15 (flying); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/**

XP 8/800; **Special:** nightmare curse (horrible visions, save resists, 50% chance to flee as *fear* spell), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: 3/day—*confusion*, *fear*; 1/day—*dimension door*, *sleep*.

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Between-Cat

Vaguely feline, this hairless, pale creature has wrinkled, flaccid skin, a pair of stunted vestigial limbs extending from its flanks, and a ring of small tentacles around its neck. Its clawed forepaws each bear one wickedly hooked claw much larger than the others. Its eyes are dark voids, and a long, prehensile tongue extends from its mouth.

Between-Cat

Hit Dice: 2
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d3)
Saving Throw: 16
Special: immunities (disease, poison), nulltropic scratch, resist cold, spell-like abilities
Move: 12/9 (climbing)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2, 1d4+2 (pack), 1d4+6 (hunt), council (30+)
Challenge Level: 4/120

Vaguely feline, a Between-cat is a hairless, pale creature with wrinkled, flaccid skin, a pair of stunted vestigial limbs extending from its flanks, and a ring of small tentacles around its neck. Its clawed forepaws each bear one wickedly hooked claw much larger than the others. Its eyes are dark voids, and a long, prehensile tongue extends from its mouth.

A Between-cat exists simultaneously in Between and in the mundane world, and is capable of traveling back and forth between them. Each round before making its attack, a Between-cat can designate one of its claw attacks to cause nulltropic damage rather than normal damage. This unique damage induces a loss of order and energy in the target, producing an overall breakdown of its substance toward nothingness. More than mere entropy, which simply describes the loss of order and cohesion, the nulltropy of the Between-cat brings about a complete loss of existence in any form, albeit on a minuscule scale.

A single Between-cat's nulltropic scratch deals only 1 point of nulltropic damage. However, this damage scales upward in the presence of multiple Between-cats. If more than one Between-cat is present, any others within 100ft of the attacking Between-cat can bolster the nulltropic damage of the designated attacker. Every Between-cat that opts to do so provides a cumulative +1 bonus to the attack roll of the nulltropic scratch and increases the damage dealt as indicated in the table below. More than one Between-cat in a battle can have its nulltropic attack bolstered in this way, but each Between-cat present can bolster only one nulltropic attack per round.

# Between-Cats	Nulltropic Damage
1	1
2	1d3
3	1d4
4	2d3
5-6	2d4
7-9	2d6
10	3d6
11-14	3d8
15	3d12
16	5d10
17-30	6d12
31-55	10d12
56+	20d10

A creature slain by the nulltropic scratch of a Between-cat (or cats) can return to life only with a *wish* spell.

While their full agenda is not known, two facts about Between-cats are recognized among the most learned of scholars. First, they ceaselessly search through venerable tomes, petroglyphs, and other ancient writings in search of some unknown secret or secrets that they have revealed to no one. Second — whether related to the first item or not — Between-cats seek to completely unmake reality for their own hidden reasons. Because Between-cats possess their strange nulltropic attack, they are literally able to accomplish this latter goal one tiny piece at a time. Fortunately for the sake of reality and all who live in it, the nulltropic damage caused by a single Between-cat is minuscule, and they are loath to use it indiscriminately. They instead save it for enemies in battle or for certain artifacts and writings they have found over the years, as well as for aboleths, whom they consider bitter enemies.

Between-Cat: HD 2; AC 5[14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3); Move 12 (climbing 9); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** immunities (disease, poison), nulltropic scratch (damage scales with multiple cats), resist cold (50%), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*read magic*; 1/day—*read languages*.

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Caul-Cuckoo

This is no ordinary human child, but an infection, something that leeches upon a living babe whilst in the womb and smothered it, becoming something partly human and partly from Between. Its form is fluid, oily almost, and the disturbing mixture of human and slug is revolting to behold.

This creature is a pallid pupa, no larger than a finger, with a tiny, twisted humanoid face.

Caul Cuckoo

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: 3 tongues (1d4 plus 1d6 acid)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: change shape, lullaby, spell-like ability, vulnerable to salt
Move: 9/6/9/9 (burrow, climb, swim)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 2, 1d6+2 (gang)
Challenge Level: 6/400

Creatures within 30ft who see a caul cuckoo in its natural form are sickened for 1d6 rounds (-1 to hit and saves, save avoids).

Caul cuckoos are the tragic result of an unborn child corrupted by a caul cuckoo syre while still in its mother's womb. A caul cuckoo has a 50% chance of being in either of its two forms at birth. If in its human form, it usually waits until after nightfall to either escape into the night, or murder its sleeping parents and then escape into the night. If born in its slug-like form, it immediately attacks its mother and any others present in an attempt to escape. Though the birth of these creatures is a rare occurrence, there is a reason that many old midwives carry a bag of salt with them whenever they attend a new delivery. A handful of salt burns a caul cuckoo, dealing 1d6 points of damage on the first and following rounds.

A caul cuckoo can take the form of a humanoid. A caul cuckoo's humanoid form is fixed by its humanoid mother — it cannot assume different humanoid forms. A caul cuckoo retains its tongue attacks while in its humanoid form. Equipment worn or carried in its humanoid form melds with its body when assuming its natural form.

Caul Cuckoo: HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk 3 tongues (1d4 plus 1d6 acid); Move 6; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** change shape (*polymorph self* into humanoid), lullaby (300ft radius, save or confusion), spell-like ability, vulnerable to salt (1d6 damage for 2 rounds).

Spell-like ability: constant—ESP.

Caul Cuckoo Syre

Hit Dice: 1
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: none
Saving Throw: 17
Special: implant, lullaby, spell-like ability, vulnerable to salt
Move: 6/6/6/6 (burrow, climb, swim)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level: 1/15

A caul cuckoo syre is a pallid pupa no larger than a finger, with a tiny, twisted humanoid face.

Caul cuckoo syres are the progenitors of caul cuckoos. They spend the majority of their lives stealthily searching out pregnant humanoid females to infest, corrupting their unborn children into caul cuckoos.

A caul cuckoo syre can crawl into the birth canal of a helpless (including sleeping) humanoid female and implant itself into her womb. Once implanted, each time the host sleeps for a full night, the syre bathes the host's developing embryos or fetuses in unnatural hormones and other chemicals leeches from its own body. As a result of this process, every following morning, the host is automatically sickened for 1 hour. After 5 nights of this process, the host's developing embryos or fetuses are transformed into caul cuckoo fetuses (which take the subtype of the host as their alternate form), and the syre fully dissolves and is destroyed.

A *cure disease* spell cast on the host creature automatically renders the syre unconscious for 1 minute. If the syre dies or becomes unconscious, it is immediately ejected into the birth canal, where it is automatically detected by the host and from where it can be removed safely. While implanted, a syre is considered helpless.

When a caul cuckoo syre sings, it may target one creature within 30ft that must make a saving throw or fall asleep for 1 minute, as per the *sleep* spell. Creatures with more than 4 HD are immune.

A handful of salt burns a caul cuckoo syre, dealing 1d6 points of damage on the first and following rounds.

Caul Cuckoo Syre: HD 1; AC 5[14]; Atk none; Move 6 (burrow 6, climb 6, swim 6); Save 17; AL N; CL/XP 1/15; **Special:** implant (sleeping victims), lullaby (30ft radius, save or fall asleep for 1 round), spell-like ability, vulnerable to salt (1d6 damage for 2 rounds).

Spell-like ability: constant—ESP.

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Gloam

This black humanoid doesn't appear to have eyes, a nose, or ears, but its mouth, set in a permanently too-wide rictus smile, is filled with awful, jagged teeth which, just like its claws, appear to be composed of fragments of mirror.

Gloam

Hit Dice: 9

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8)

Saving Throw: 6

Special: fear gaze, magic resistance (20%), mirror shards, regenerate, resistances (cold, electricity), spell-like abilities

Move: 24

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 14/2600

A gloam is a black humanoid that doesn't appear to have eyes, a nose, or ears, but its mouth, set in a permanently too-wide rictus smile, is filled with awful, jagged teeth which, just like its claws, appear to be composed of fragments of mirror. A creature that sees the gloam's face must make a saving throw or cower in fear for 1d6 rounds (as a *fear* spell). Gloams regenerate 2 hit points per round.

A gloam's teeth and claws are razor-sharp shards of mirrors. It can conjure additional mirror shards at will to use as ranged weapons to inflict 1d4 points of damage on a successful attack.

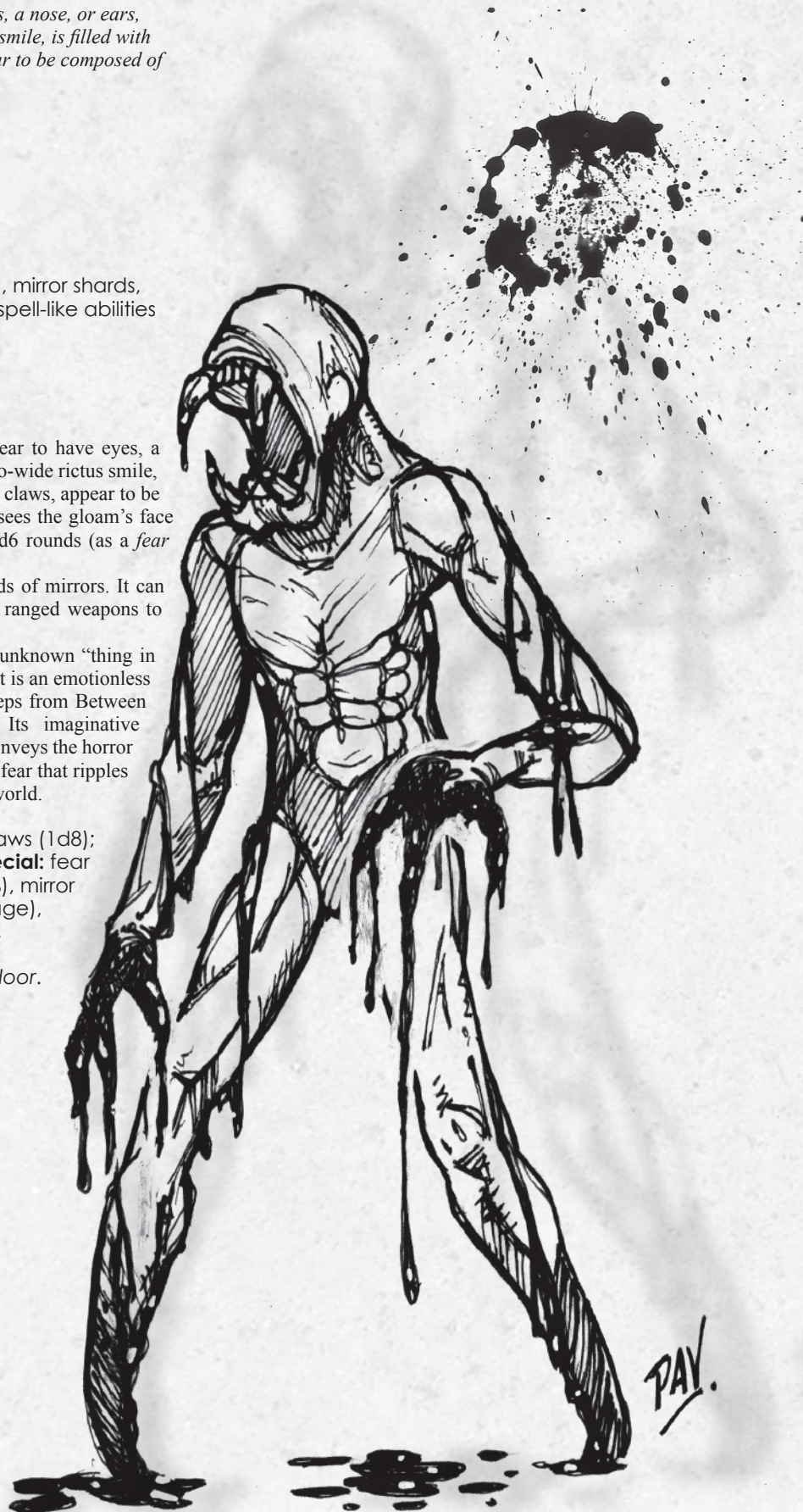
A gloam embodies the paralyzing terror of the unknown "thing in the darkness" combined with a stalking murderer. It is an emotionless entity composed of alien flesh and shadow that steps from Between to terrorize communities with serial killings. Its imaginative dismemberment and placing of its victims' bodies conveys the horror they experienced when they encountered it and the fear that ripples outward from a gloam's presence in the mundane world.

Gloam: HD 9; AC 2[17]; Atk bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8); Move 24; Save 6; AL C; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** fear gaze (save or fear), magic resistance (20%), mirror shards (at will, ranged to-hit roll, 1d4 damage), regenerate (2hp/round), resistances (cold, electricity) (50%), spell-like ability.

Spell-like ability: 3/day—*dimension door*.

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Herald at the Threshold

A thing of sublime chaos, this creature seems to have no set form yet is composed of flaccid skin and a trio of grasping, tentacle-like limbs. Its form is partially made of boiling emotions that clothe the thing in waxy flesh. Its great limbs grip at its surroundings, lacerating stone in its grasp, while some sort of fetid opening surrounded by moist bones rises to a set of horns like demented curved instruments through which an agonizing, grating scream tears.

Herald at the Threshold

Hit Dice: 10

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attacks: 3 claws (1d8)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: absorb, overwhelming mind, screaming pipes, spell-like ability

Move: 12/12 (climbing)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 14/2600

Three times per day, a herald can emit a deafening scream through its horn-like appendages. All creatures within 30ft of the herald must make a saving throw or be permanently deafened and stunned for 1d4 rounds. Those who succeed on the saving throw are still deafened for 1d4 rounds.

A herald at the threshold that rolls a natural 20 to hit tries to absorb the target. The creature must make a saving throw or end up absorbed into the herald and take 1d8 points of damage per round.

The biology, sounds, and very existence of a herald causes those who see it to make a saving throw or be struck with a malady (see *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City* by Frog God Games).

A herald at the threshold's mind is overwhelming in its power and alien structure. Three times per day, a herald can project its mind in a telepathic assault on all creatures within a 30ft cone. Creatures caught in the blast must make a saving throw or be confused (as per the *confusion* spell) for 2d4 rounds. In addition, creatures that attempt to make mental contact with a herald, including via spells such as *ESP*, are immediately subject to this attack.

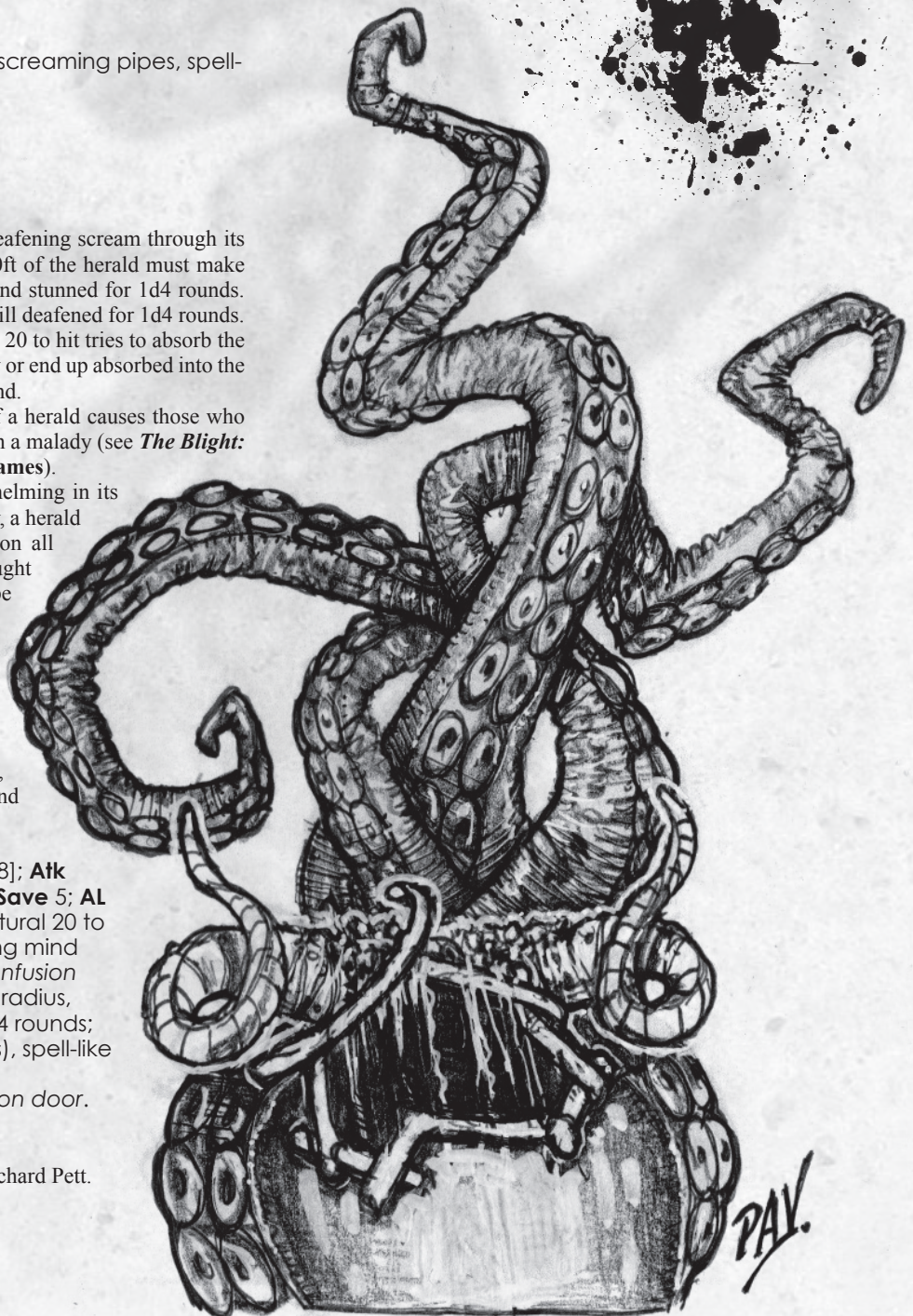
Born by the Beautiful to serve her needs as keepers of her thresholds from Between, the heralds are creatures that defy mortal and mundane reference.

Herald at the Threshold: HD 10; AC 1[18]; Atk 3 claws (1d8); Move 12 (climbing 12); Save 5; AL N; CL/XP 14/2600; **Special:** absorb (natural 20 to hit, 1d8 damage/round), overwhelming mind (psychic assault, 30ft cone, save or *confusion* for 2d4 rounds), screaming pipes (30ft radius, save or deafened and stunned for 1d4 rounds; successful save, deafened 1d4 rounds), spell-like ability.

Spell-like ability: at will—*dimension door*.

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Hyme

Superficially it could be a horse — certainly there is some horse in it — but the resemblance is unnatural. It is a dark thing, a thing the eye finds difficult to rest upon, with the anger and musk of a horse, but the shape is wrong. Its head is dark and long, and slaver drools from it onto the ground. And though it tosses its head like a horse, it has barbed teeth within its jaw.

Hyme

Hit Dice: 6

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: bite (1d8), 2 hooves (1d6)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: bray of terror, musk of fear

Move: 18

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 3d4 (herd)

Challenge Level: 7/600

The first hyme came about one terrible night when a creature from Between was captured and held in a stable. Whilst the greedy captors sought to sell their prize to those who collect such creatures in peculiar menageries, something terrible happened, and when the greedy hunters returned they simply found the creature gone and the horses within mad with terror. Cursing their bad luck, the hunters looked for new prey. A few months later, each mare in the stable birthed a horrible dark thing that resembled a foal but was certainly not of this world. The hunters went back to their original purchaser with their new creatures and sold them. These were the first hymes.

A bastard union of the Between and the horse, the hyme combines the qualities of a horse with the aggression

of a Between creature. They are hard to tame, but not impossible, and broken ones now regularly pull coarse cabs around the city. Initially, such terrible dray were the exclusive property of those aristocrats who could afford them, but their prodigious appetites created more hymes from unions with mares (hymes are born to both hyme-hyme and hyme-horse parents). They are now seen regularly, but most often on dark nights.

Hymes command very high prices, and are extremely rare to find for sale. Occasionally, one becomes available, but generally only particular dealers — such as Gropfit, Swift & Humb: Hyme Dealers by Royal Appointment — sell them. A hyme sells for 6500gp.

Amake a ing throw(-1 to hit and saves) for 1d4 minutesThey can also emit a bray of terror that causes any creature within 60ft to make a save or be affected as if by a *fear* spell.

Hyme: HD 6; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (1d8), 2 hooves (1d6); Move 18; Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** bray of terror (60ft radius, save or affected by *fear* spell), musk of fear (60ft radius).

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Mantis-Thing from Between

It is fleshy, but in a revoltingly waxy, insectoid way. It staggers on several insect legs and drags itself along on two long limbs, making the thing look like it is obsequiously praying to some demented god as it moves. It has a vast bloated head riddled with teeth, but moves with appalling speed despite its large size. As it moves, sinews, faces and limbs of people bloat its flesh, and horribly distorted hands grope outward from this vile host. Wreathed about its sickening flesh are palpable manifestations of misery, regret, and bitter, dashed hope.

Mantis-Thing from Between

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d8 plus grab)

Saving Throw: 8

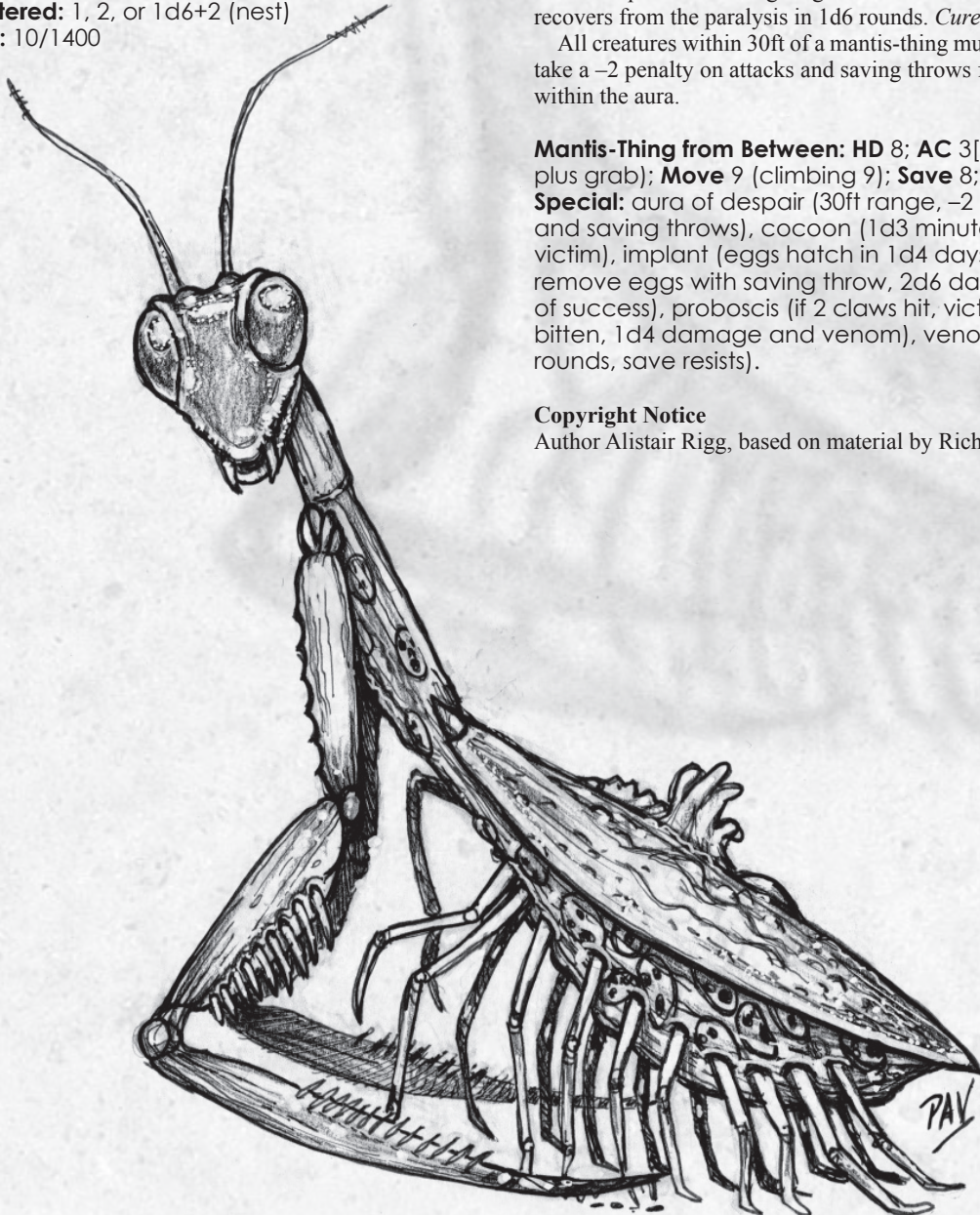
Special: aura of despair, cocoon, implant, proboscis, venom

Move: 9/9 (climbing)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 1d6+2 (nest)

Challenge Level: 10/1400



Mantis-things are exaggerated versions of insects, distorted by the horror of parasitic infestation and the misery of hopelessness. They are semi-intelligent, and communicate via a language composed of clicks from their mouthparts, and the position and trembling of their patterned forelimbs.

If a mantis-thing hits a single target with 2 claws, it grabs the creature and bites them with its proboscis for an additional 1d4 points of damage and subjects the victim to a paralytic venom. The creature must make a saving throw or be paralyzed for 1d4 rounds. Once per day, a mantis-thing can encase a creature in a dense cocoon composed of fibrous material excreted from its mouth. The process, throughout which the victim must be helpless, takes 1d3 minutes.

A mantis-thing grows its eggs inside of a living host. The host must be helpless but alive to implant an egg. Once an egg is implanted, it exudes paralytic enzymes that keep the victim in a state of perpetual paralysis, but also keep it nourished and alive. This condition lasts until the egg hatches in 1d4 days, at which point the young mantis-thing consumes most of its host, killing it. An egg can be surgically removed (saving throw or the host takes 2d6 points of damage regardless of success), at which point the host recovers from the paralysis in 1d6 rounds. *Cure disease* destroys the egg.

All creatures within 30ft of a mantis-thing must make a saving throw or take a -2 penalty on attacks and saving throws for as long as they remain within the aura.

Mantis-Thing from Between: HD 8; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d8 plus grab); Move 9 (climbing 9); Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** aura of despair (30ft range, -2 penalty on attacks and saving throws), cocoon (1d3 minutes with helpless victim), implant (eggs hatch in 1d4 days and kill host, remove eggs with saving throw, 2d6 damage regardless of success), proboscis (if 2 claws hit, victim grabbed and bitten, 1d4 damage and venom), venom (paralysis, 1d4 rounds, save resists).

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Mockingbeast

This creature's former body is now a collapsed tangle of rubbery limbs and gnashing teeth that thrashes and gurgles as it drags itself about with claws and tentacles that have sprouted from random locations.

Mockingbeast

Hit Dice: 11
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: bite (1d8 plus disease), 2 claws (1d6 plus disease), 3 tentacles (grab plus disease)
Saving Throw: 4
Special: disease, flux
Move: 9/6 (climbing)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 1d6+2 (haunting)
Challenge Level: 15/2900

A mockingbeast former body is now a collapsed tangle of rubbery limbs and gnashing teeth that thrashes and gurgles as it drags itself about with claws and tentacles that have sprouted from random locations.

A mockingbeast grabs foes up to 20ft away with its tentacles and draws them to it. If a tentacle hits, it does no damage, but exposes the creature to mocking plague if they fail a saving throw. Onset of mocking plague begins 1d6 hours after infection. The infected creature loses 1d6 points of damage every 10 minutes thereafter. *Cure disease* removes the disease. A creature that would die from mocking plague must make a final saving throw. If this save succeeds, the victim instead transforms into a mockingbeast.

A mockingbeast's body constantly shifts and changes in response to the Between plague that infuses it, reshaping and rebuilding it in minor but hideous ways. Once a mockingbeast enters combat, these mutations begin to alter it in small ways. Each round, at the start of a mockingbeast's turn, roll on the following table to see what additional effect the Between flux has on it — all of the following mutations last until the end of the combat, and for 1d4 minutes thereafter.

1d6	Result
1	If the mockingbeast has been damaged by a melee attack within the last minute, it gains +2 to-hit and damage. If not, it instead regenerates 1 hp per round (3hp/round maximum).
2	If the mockingbeast has been injured by a spell within the last minute, it gains magic resistance 5% (maximum 20%). If not, all creatures within 10ft of the mockingbeast whenever it is damaged by a piercing or slashing weapon are sprayed with digestive fluid and take an additional 1d6 points of acid damage (max 3d6).
3	If the mockingbeast has been struck by a weapon within the last minute, its natural armor bonus increases by +2 (max +6). If not, it gains an extra melee attack. Roll 1d6: 1—bite (1d4 damage); 2—3—claw (1d6 damage); 4—6—tentacle (1d6 damage).
4	If the mockingbeast has been damaged by a ranged attack within the last minute, it gains a breath weapon usable once every 1d4 rounds (3d8 acid damage). Otherwise, the mockingbeast grows agile appendages that increase its Movement by 6. If the mockingbeast already has a breath weapon, its breath weapon is immediately reusable whenever this result is rerolled.

1d6	Result
5	If the mockingbeast has taken at least 25 points of damage, it immediately heals 3d6 hit points. If not, its melee attacks deal an additional 1d4 points of damage.
6	If the mockingbeast has taken at least 40 points of damage, it gains a spell-like ability. Roll 1d6: 1— <i>mirror image</i> ; 2— <i>invisibility</i> ; 3— <i>strength</i> ; 4— <i>darkness 15ft radius</i> ; 5— <i>fly</i> ; 6— <i>fear</i> . Reroll if the mockingbeast has already acquired the indicated spell-like ability.

Mockingbeast: HD 11; AC 4[15]; Atk bite (1d8 plus disease), 2 claws (1d6 plus disease), 3 tentacles (grab plus disease); **Move** 9 (climbing 6); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** disease (1d6 damage/10 minutes, save avoids; if death occurs, save or turn into mockingbeast), flux (body changes each round during melee; see description).

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Nightmare Choir (Between Peacock)

A fleshy sack, discolored with veins, sits amid and beneath a trio of gangling legs that bend in all the wrong places. A head is thrust back that looks part bird, part cockroach; its beak more akin to a stinger. Its peacock-like plume is littered with wretched-looking scraps of flesh topped by a grisly collection of severed harpy heads, the eyes of which watch you with tortured expressions.

Nightmare Choir (Between Peacock)

Hit Dice: 8

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: sting (2d6), 3 talons (1d8), 2 wings (1d6) or bite (3d6) or tongue (grab)

Saving Throw: 8

Special: captivating hymn, death throes, horrific inversion, swallow whole.

Move: 6/12 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 12/2000

In its usual form, a nightmare choir appears as a veiny sack of rubbery, feather-flecked skin, with bony, feathered wings, a swan's neck tipped with a beak-like stinger, three skinny, multi-jointed legs tipped with talons, and long, peacock-like plumes tipped with the severed heads of harpies. A nightmare choir is an animalistic predator that uses the mesmerizing songs of harpies to lure prey to its side. When prey is near, the monster suddenly inverts its body to make a surprising attack. When the monster inverts, it suddenly bloats into a balloon of flesh that rips apart to allow a great maw of hooked teeth to burst forward, and a long, sticky tongue to shoot out to draw its prey in. The collapsed flesh sack envelops its stinger, wings, and plume, which become unusable in this alternate form.

While inverted, a nightmare choir's tongue grabs opponents with a successful hit and pulls them into the creature's mouth on the following round. A creature must make an Open Doors check to pull free of the tongue or take automatic bite damage. If a nightmare choir rolls a natural 20 to hit with its bite, it swallows the creature whole, dealing 2d6 points of damage each round.

The thirteen eye-feathers of the nightmare choir's plume are worth 100gp each.

Nightmare Choir (Between Peacock): HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk sting (2d6), 3 talons (1d8), 2 wings (1d6), or bite (3d6) or tongue (grab); Move 6 (flying 12); Save 8; AL N; CL/XP 12/2000; **Special:** captivating hymn (300ft radius, save or charmed), death throes (20ft-radius explosion, 4d6 damage, trapped as web spell; save for half and to avoid being trapped), horrific inversion (anyone within 30ft must save or be confused, gain malady), swallow whole (natural 20 to hit, 2d6 damage/round).

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Nimb

A shimmering in the air, like a heat haze, describes the silhouette of a humanoid form.

Nimb

Hit Dice: 2

Armor Class: 1 [18]

Attacks: incorporeal touch (1d6 plus identity absorption)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: identity absorption, +1 or better magical weapons to hit

Move: 12 (flying)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1

Challenge Level: 4/120

The nimbi are incorporeal creatures from Between that appear as shimmering silhouettes of humanoid forms. They are strongly drawn to other intelligent beings, and step through mirrors and other reflective portals between the dimensions to follow those they feel connected to. Sometimes, a nimb telepathically communicates with its target, attempting to negotiate a bonding. Often, however, their alien mindsets and troubling requirements prove an insurmountable barrier to such discussions, and they resort to force, hoping that an agreement can be made after the bond has formed.

A nimb can bond itself with a willing or helpless humanoid through its touch (save resists). This functions as *magic jar*, except the host is still in full control of its body. The nimb and the host can communicate telepathically as if they shared a common language.

Protection from evil and similar effects do not expel the nimb from its host nor limit its abilities. The nimb can sever the bond, whereupon it appears outside the host body. If the host dies, the bonded nimb is ejected.

A creature bonded to a nimb gains a hazy outline that can separate from the main creature as an incorporeal double (as a *mirror image* spell). The double has one-quarter of the host creature's hit points. This double comes with a price, however, as the nimb feeds on the bonded creature each day, draining 1d4 hit points.

Creatures hit by a nimb's incorporeal touch attack must make a saving throw or take 1d6 points of damage.

Nimb: HD 2; AC 1[18]; Atk incorporeal touch (1d6 plus identity absorption); Move 12 (flying); Save 16; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** identity absorption (*magic jar*, save resists), +1 or better magical weapons to hit.

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Spiboleth

A hideous, three-eyed fish creature with a lobster-like tail, eight long spider legs extending from its flanks ending in sharp claws, and a strange globular gland just beneath its head drips a thick slime.

Spiboleth

Hit Dice: 7

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6 plus poison), tail slap (2d6)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: mucus web, poison, spell-like abilities

Move: 9/9/12 (climbing/swimming)

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1, 2, or 1d6+2 (colony)

Challenge Level: 10/1400

A spiboleth is a hideous, three-eyed fish creature with a lobster-like tail, eight long spider legs extending from its flanks ending in sharp claws, and a strange globular gland just beneath its head that drips a thick slime.

Spiboleths superficially resemble a smaller version of the aboleths, but with chitin-covered, spider-like legs instead of tentacles. In addition, though they have the same vertical arrangement of eyes, those of the spiboleth are actually multifaceted and provide the spiboleth with a greater field of vision. Though powerful in their own right, the spiboleths are still less powerful than their aboleth cousins, and they do not possess the same form-altering slime and mucus cloud as the aboleths. Instead, the spiboleths have the ability to live indefinitely out of the water, though they are more comfortable in damp places where they can keep their bodies moist, and they possess the ability to secrete a thick mucus from which they can construct great webs made from thick strands of the nearly translucent substance. The webs are somewhat sticky, but the mucus also has a paralytic poison that makes them much more dangerous.

Though spiboleths hail from Between, many of them find their way into the mundane world and set up hidden lairs in the waters and along the coasts. There is no telling how many of the great docks or blind riverside alleys that seem empty at a glance actually hold the web-strung lairs of these spider-like aberrations hidden behind the camouflage of *phantasmal force* as they watch their oblivious prey wandering by mere yards away and contemplate their murky thoughts of conquest.

A spiboleth constantly coats its front claws in the slimy mucus secreted by its spinneret glands. Any creature hit by its claws (or that stumbles into its web) must make a saving throw or be paralyzed for 2d6 rounds.

The spiboleth's spinneret-like organs are located beneath their heads. These specialized glands secrete the thick, paralytic mucus. This mucus is thicker than typical aboleth mucus and does not form a cloud when underwater or cause creatures to lose the ability to breathe air. Rather, this mucus can be drawn forth from the gland that produces it by the spinnerets and formed into web-like strands. Once woven by the spinnerets, the mucus becomes locked in its shape and is extremely tough though still extremely flexible. With these mucus strands, a spiboleth can create a mucus web. Like any web, these must be anchored on at least two solid surfaces, but unlike a normal web, these can be created both in the air or underwater. They tend to dry out and deteriorate faster in air (requiring replacement

every 1d4+1 days), but underwater they can last for weeks. Because of the nature of the web's construction, a spiboleth can cause a large air bubble to be attached to all or a part of a mucus web that is underwater. Air-breathing creatures can be captured and held without drowning in these air bubbles. By capturing air from the surface in the slime coating of its underbelly, a spiboleth can replenish the air for a single air bubble with each trip to the surface.

In addition to the creation of this webbing, a spiboleth can throw a strand of mucus web up to eight times per day. This is similar to an attack with a net but has a maximum range (in the air or underwater) of 50ft. Targeted creatures hit by the web are ensnared and immobile. If a creature stumbles into a mucus web or is struck by a successful web attack, it is also exposed to the spiboleth's poison.

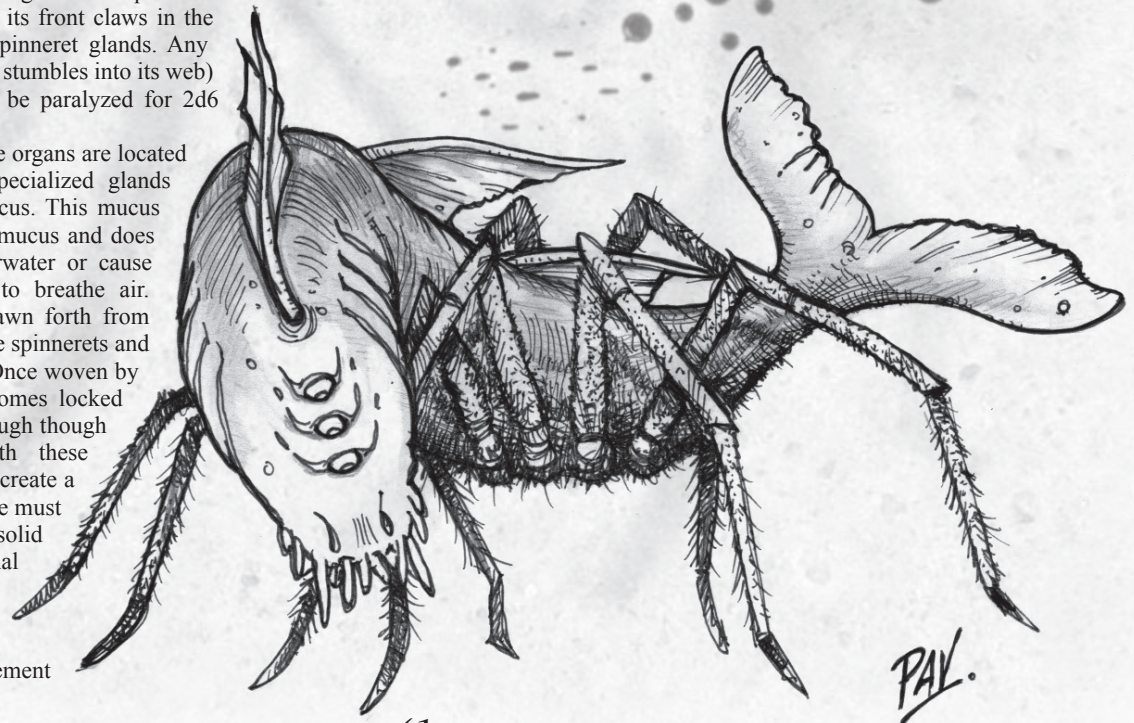
Spiboleth's have limited spell use. At will, they can cast *phantasmal force*. Three times per day, they can cast *charm monster* and *hold person*.

Spiboleth: HD 7; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6 plus poison), tail slap (2d6); Move 9 (climbing 9, swimming 12); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: mucus web (paralytic properties), poison (paralyzed 2d6 rounds, save avoids), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*phantasmal force*; 3/day—*charm monster*, *hold person*.

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Spite-Waif

The figure is child-like, but any sense of innocence is immediately overshadowed by the aura of malevolence that seems to almost palpably exude from it. Its flesh is gray and pasty, seemingly too loose for its body. Its head is hairless with a wide mouth and distended jaw full of needle-sharp teeth, and, though humanoid in shape, when it moves it scuttles about on all fours like some kind of insect with too many joints.

Spite-Waif

Hit Dice: 3

Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attack: bite (1d6), 2 slams (1d4+2)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: create *mirror-portal*, immunities (*charm*, *sleep*), shape change, spell-like ability

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaos

Number Encountered: 1 or 1d4+2 (gang) **Challenge Level/XP:** 5/240

Spite-waifs are gray and pasty, its skin seemingly too loose for its body. Its head is hairless with a wide mouth and distended jaw full of needle sharp teeth, and, though humanoid in shape, when it moves it scuttles about on all fours like some kind of an insect with too many joints in its limbs. Spite waifs are immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells. Once per day, they can cast *sleep*.

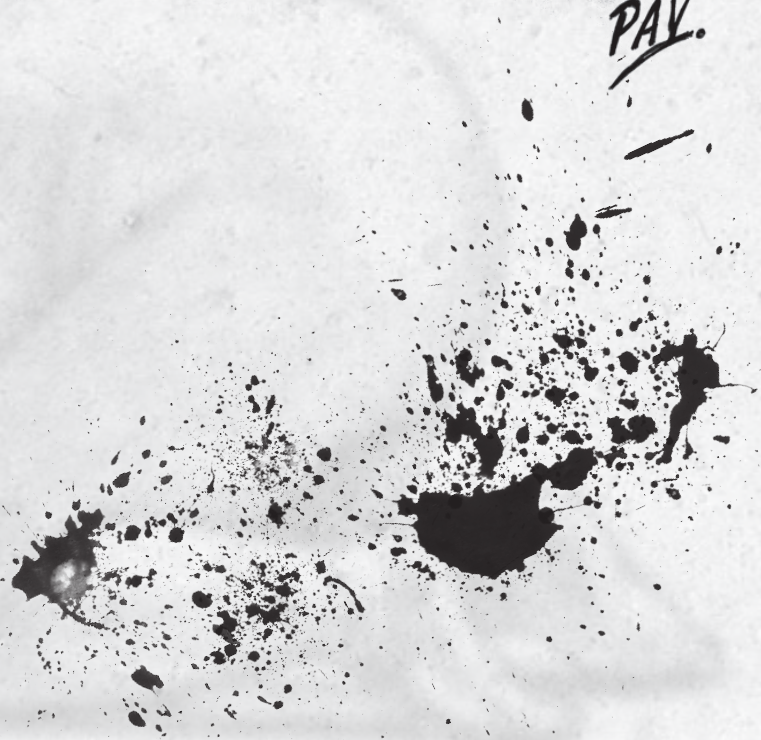
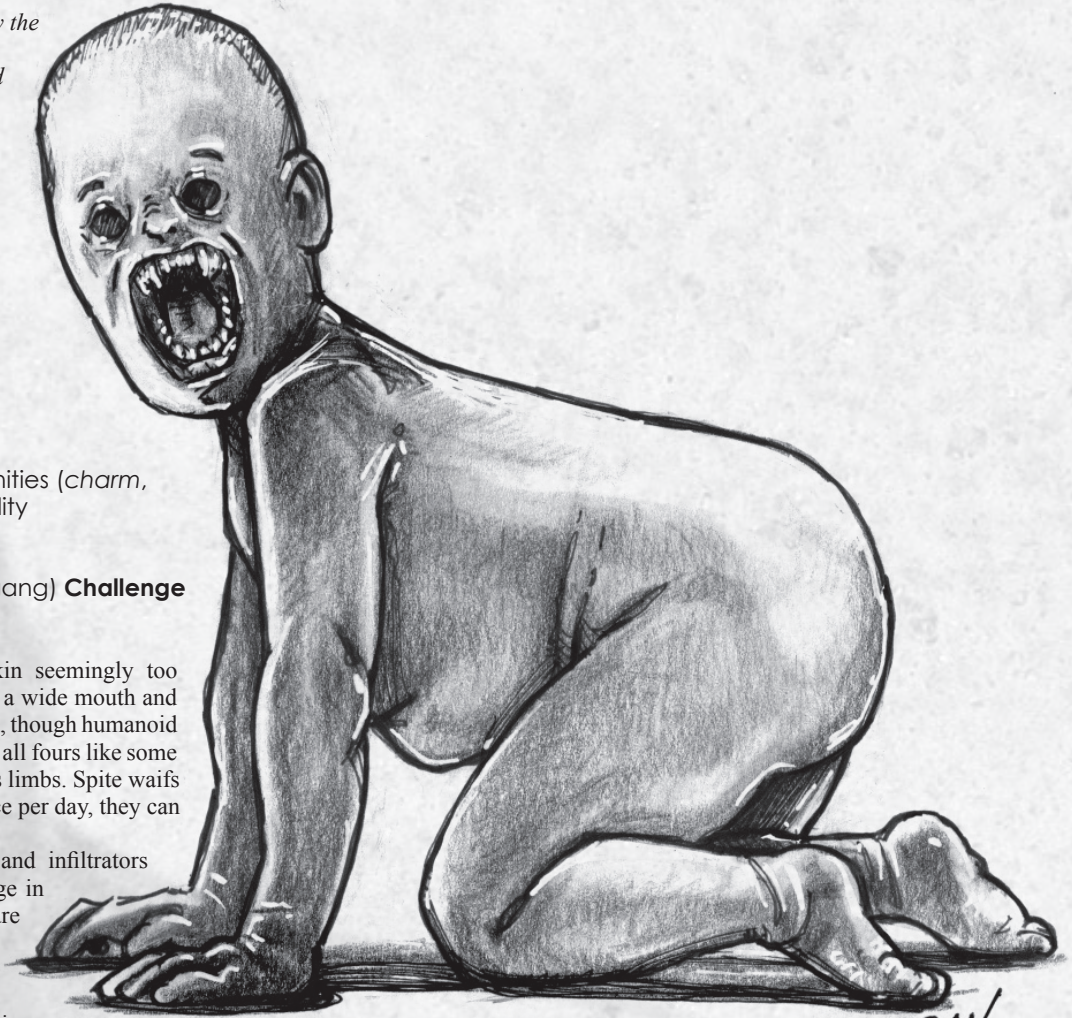
Spite-waifs are insidious changelings and infiltrators from Between. They are an immature stage in the development of a doppelganger that are native to that bizarre realm. While they have the doppelganger's ability to change shape, they lack its physical power. As a result, they are used primarily as changelings to replace children of the Material Plane and then grow up within that child's household and live its life. The spite-waif usually devours the child at the time of the switch. If a spite-waif is killed, it remains in the shape of its assumed body. A *dispel magic* cast on its corpse reveals its true nature.

When a spite-waif reaches physical maturity (usually within 10–12 years), it completes its transformation into a full doppelganger, losing its bite and swallow whole abilities as well as its innate ability to create *mirror-portals*.

Once per day, a spite-waif can turn a normal mirror in the Between into a portal to a mirror in the Material Plane. The portal can be opened from either end by sliding the chosen mirror aside and revealing an extradimensional portal. Anyone can pass through the *mirror-portal* if he can fit through the mirror's pane. Once created, a *mirror-portal* remains open until closed. If either mirror is destroyed, the *mirror-portal* is closed permanently.

Spite-waif: HD 3; AC 5[14]; **Melee** bite (1d6), 2 slams (1d4+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** create *mirror-portal* (portal to Between), immunities (*charm*, *sleep*), shape change, spell-like ability.

Spell-like ability: 1/day—*sleep*.



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Wallow-Whale

Something stirs in the sludge beneath, swimming through the arsenic poison that passes for water. It is vast, a seething globe of flesh, a mountain of rotting skin that hangs like a bridal train behind its back. It has at least a dozen eyes oddly spaced on its foul body, and a vast maw capable of swallowing a ship.

Wallow-Whale

Hit Dice: 15

Armor Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: bite (2d8 plus disease)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: capsizes, disease, swallow whole

Move: 15 (swimming)

Alignment: Neutrality

Number Encountered: 1 or 2

Challenge Level: 16/3200

Originally found only in the Unsea of Between before some of these great cetaceans somehow escaped and began reproducing in the mundane world's oceans, wallow-whales are now the terror of the Fetid Sea and one of the primary threats for which the Castorhage Navy diligently patrols those waters. Wallow-whales are offal, carrion, husks, leavings, and scum given life. Stirges are frequently seen circling them when they surface to launch a spume of oily brine, purulence, and clotted fluids from their blowholes, and ooze capable of surviving in the acidic environment can sometimes be found infesting their cathedral-like stomachs. Wallow-whales aren't afraid to venture close to the city to feed upon the excrement, rot, and flotsam that seethes like a gyre around its foundations. Yet despite their foul body habitus, the ambergris of a wallow-whale is a thing both rare and highly valuable, selling for as much as 100gp/pound. Daring or foolhardy whalers armed with cold-iron harpoons hunt these beasts upon the oceans, and in some cases upon the Unsea, with specimens typically yielding 1d6x10 lbs. of the substance, while some have reported whales yielding 3d6x10 lbs.

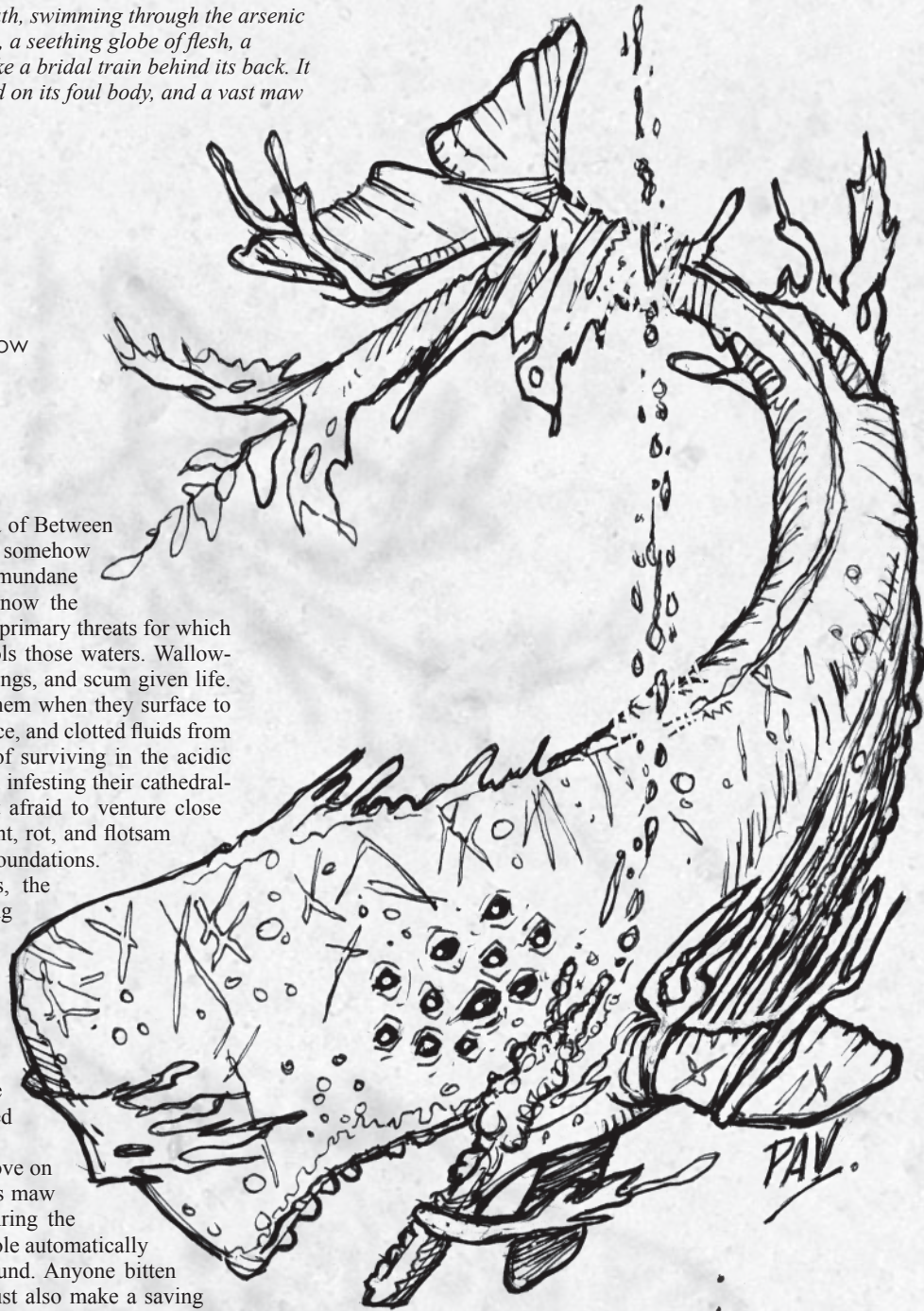
If a wallow-whale rolls a 15 or above on its bite attack, it grasps a victim in its maw and swallows the creature whole during the next round. A creature swallowed whole automatically takes 3d6 points of damage each round. Anyone bitten or swallowed by a wallow-whale must also make a saving throw or contract a wasting disease from the myriad infections loosed on its body. This disease breaks down the victim's body, doing 2d6 points of damage every hour until cured.

A wallow-whale can rise its massive body below ships to capsizes them.

Wallow-Whale: HD 15; AC 3[16]; Atk bite (2d8 plus disease); Move 15 (swimming); Save 3; AL C; CL/XP 16/3200; Special: capsizes, disease (2d6 damage/hour), swallow whole (15 or above to hit, automatic bite damage and 3d6 damage each round).

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Appendix C: Hazards

Hazards

This appendix lists hazards that can be encountered in The Blight.

Blight (Hazard)

This peculiar lichen is ubiquitous to the city of Castorhage, and reports of large infestations of it occur in the earliest city records, and it is from this constant presence that the city has obtained its nickname. It is a leafy foliose lichen with a dull gray coloring that is darker on the underside. Its drab coloration makes it difficult to see (1-in-6 chance) from distances greater than 10ft in any conditions other than bright light. Like most foliose lichens, blight grows only slowly — except in total darkness. In total darkness, it grows extremely rapidly and can cover hundreds of feet in only a few hours. Infestations of the lichen tend to pop up in the darkest of alleys or on heavily overcast or moonless nights. The dwarves of the Underneath warn of caverns where the stuff grows unchecked, forming drifts dozens of feet deep. Furthermore, some scholars speculate that the lichen possesses some form of intelligence. They base this on the fact that when options for growth exist toward and away from some living victim that the blight can grow upon, it always grows toward the living victim.

Blight is generally considered to be harmless when encountered, but it grows very densely over whatever surface it encounters. That, combined with its extremely rapid growth in total darkness, makes it very hazardous to a helpless creature. If a helpless creature (asleep, drunk, paralyzed, unconscious, etc.) is in an area of total darkness that blight has access to, it quickly grows over the creature with a thick, impervious layer of lichen. This does no direct harm, but breathing creatures are immediately subject to the effects of suffocation. Likewise, if a creature regains consciousness or mobility after being overgrown with blight, it is considered entangled and must make an Open Doors check to break free. As long as a victim remains entangled, he continues to suffocate. Blight is extremely vulnerable to fire, which deals double damage to it.

If a victim is slain by blight or if it grows over the corpse of a living creature, a truly remarkable quality of the growth is revealed. The corpse of a living creature is absorbed in short order and is completely gone within hours, leaving nothing behind but inorganic remnants such as belt buckles, swords and armor, gold fillings, etc. A creature absorbed by blight cannot be returned from the dead by anything less powerful than a *resurrection* or *wish*.

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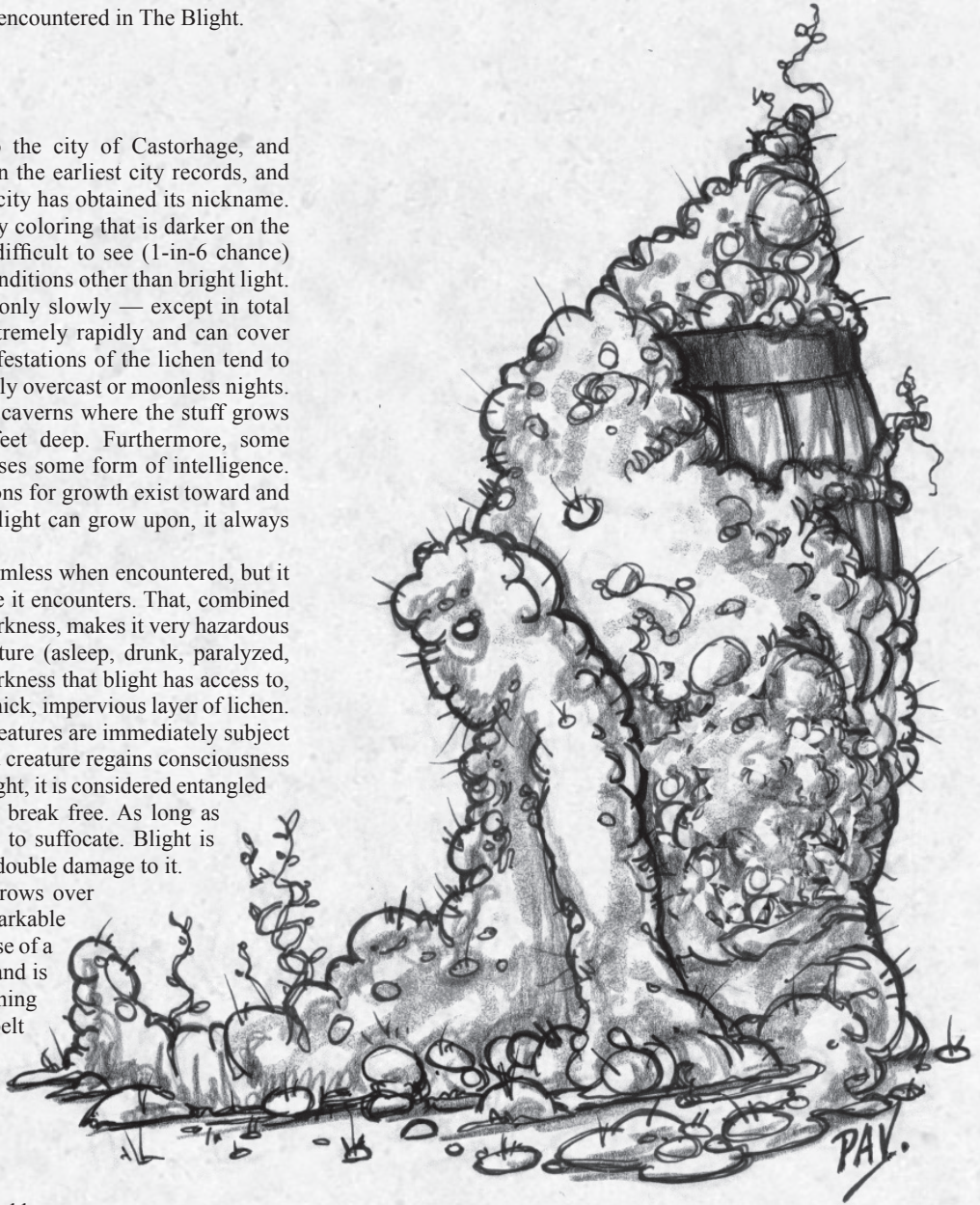
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Derange (Hazard)

Derange is blamed for much of the unsavory behaviors to be found in The Blight, or at least folk find it convenient to believe it to be the source. Derange is a condition brought on when the tiny earwig spider lays its egg in the ear of a sleeping victim. The warmth of the victim's body causes the egg to hatch and the tiny earwig larva to burrow through the eardrum and inner ear into motor control centers in the victim's brain. Once the larva has nested in this area, it creates a small cyst and begins to draw nourishment from the hormones and chemical interactions within while bathing these centers with chemicals of its own. The result is that the victim's personality changes, his alignment randomly shifting each morning when he awakes (see table). The victim is still in control of his actions, but these actions reflect the priorities and methods subscribed to

by this new alignment. At night, the victim often awakes in the midst of sleep with a return to his original alignment and a full and sickening awareness of the things he has been doing.

This condition can be removed with a *cure disease* spell. Likewise, each morning upon awakening the victim is able to make a saving throw to resist the alignment-altering effects of the manifestation and function with his normal alignment. After 1d3 weeks, the derange larva matures into an earwig spider and exits the victim to begin the next stage of its lifecycle. When this occurs, the victim must make saving throw. If successful, he fully recovers from the effects of the derange, though often with serious repercussions from the alignment shifts. Many victims of derange find themselves dead, badly injured, or imprisoned as a result of their previous actions, and derange is not recognized as a legal defense before the Courts of Castorhage. If the victim fails the save, then the departing earwig spider ruptures a major blood vessel as it clammers out through the ear, and the



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victim dies in his sleep unless immediate magical interventions occur that are capable of saving his life.

Second-Head Fluke (Hazard)

1d8	Alignment Shifts To
1-2	Lawful
3-4	Neutrality
5-6	Chaos
7-8	Same as previous day

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Dislocating Larvae (Hazard)

These tiny green larvae resemble tadpoles no larger than a pinhead but can spawn in sufficient numbers in small pools of stagnant water to give it a greenish tint. When ingested, the larvae colonize the stomach of the victim and begin to feed and reproduce in his digestive tract. A full-grown dislocating larva resembles a green hair no more than 2in or 3in long. As they reach maturity, they feed on the colonized tissues and migrate to other tissues as they lay thousands of eggs. These hatch into even more of the larvae. The pain caused by this process causes terrible convulsions in the victim that can even be forceful enough to dislocate joints.

Each day that the larvae infest their victim, they deal 1d4 points of damage, and have a 5% cumulative chance per day of causing sudden spasmodic fits for which the ailment is named. These deal an additional 1d6 points of damage per day as the victim's joints twist and snap. In the final stages of the infestation, the victim begins to feel an uncontrollable urge to seek out a body of water (preferably stagnant) and does anything in his power to seek one out in order to die in it and allow the larvae colony within his body to continue to survive rather than dying with their host. A *cure disease* spell cast on the victim kills all larvae and eggs infesting the victim.

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This dreaded microscopic parasite is relatively common in the Lyme River, and many fishermen have caught the sickness after accidentally swallowing Lyme water. It is also able to spread by physical contact with those already afflicted. This foul sickness manifests as a large swollen tumor that appears on the victim's shoulder that over a period of a few days grows into a second, cankerous head. This head is a most horrible thing to look upon, consisting of disfigured and distorted features, random tufts of hair, misplaced teeth, and dark patches of melanoma. Despite its obvious disease origin, this head-like growth often uncannily resembles the victim, even in its distorted and horrifying state.

Once a case of second-hand fluke is contracted, madness and a physical decline are sure to follow. Once the second head fully manifests after the first week, each day thereafter requires a saving throw or the victim becomes delusional and dangerous from the mental and emotional stress caused by its manifestation (as per a *confusion* spell). After 1d6+2 days, the effects of the second-head fluke begin to have a more pronounced manifestation. The pseudo-head growing on the victim's shoulder begins to utter nonsensical vocal sounds as if attempting to talk, and the head spasmodically flops about at random times. Anytime anyone is adjacent to the victim once the infestation has reached this stage, there is a 1-in-6 chance that the pseudo-head flops toward them to bite (using the creature's attack roll) for 1d4 points of damage. If the pseudo-head's attack is successful, the bitten individual must make a saving throw or contract a second-head fluke infestation as well.

Once second-head fluke is contracted, it becomes increasingly difficult to remove. During the initial days before the pseudo-head grows, a *cure disease* cures the victim and reverses its progress. Once the pseudo-head fully forms, the pseudo-head itself must also be physically removed. This deals 1d6 points of damage to the victim. Once the pseudo-head is removed, a *cure disease* spell is still necessary to complete the cure or another pseudo-head regrows after 1 week.

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Appendix D:

Monsters by Challenge Level

Monsters by Challenge Level

Challenge Level (CL) A to 1

Blight Cockerel
Blindingcrow
Canary
Caul Cuckoo Syre
Dog, Terrier

Challenge Level (CL) 2

Blight Albatross
Blight Monkey (Primate, Blight)
Night-Slug
Rat, Festering Lyme
Spider, Gable (1HD)

Challenge Level (CL) 3

Blight Ape (Primate, Blight)
Dog, Blight-Bull (Light Fighting Dog)
Hooded Raven

Challenge Level (CL) 4

Between-Cat
Dog, Pit-Mastiff (Heavy Fighting Dog)
Nimb
Spider, Gable (3HD)

Challenge Level (CL) 5

Spite-Waif
Stircatrice

Challenge Level (CL) 6

Caul Cuckoo
Gable Hate-Owl
Gravid Ghoul
Rat, Giant Rat of Shabbis
Spider, Gable (5HD)
Swarm, Blindingcrow

Challenge Level (CL) 7

Hyme

Challenge Level (CL) 8

Between Dream
Gargoyle, Scrimshaw
Golem, Lesser Flesh
Lyme Angler (Slop-Shark)
Woerm

Challenge Level (CL) 9

Living Disease, Bloody Flux
Skulking Manticore (Mulk)
Spider, Chymic

Challenge Level (CL) 10

Elemental, Ragefire (8HD)
Fleshgine, Macabre Lift
Lyme Walrus
Mantis-Thing from Between
Sough-Eel
Spiboleth

Challenge Level (CL) 11

Bileborn
BookTown Panther
Protyugh

Challenge Level (CL) 12

Bog Lantern
Crathog
Fleshgine, Dungier's Buggy
Great Canal Python
Moon Angel
Nightmare Choir (Between Peacock)
Slithering Bulette
Squarpy (Sessile's Singing Terror)

Challenge Level (CL) 13

Hollow and Broken Hills Crocodile
Hydra-Hag
Satyrmouth

Challenge Level (CL) 14

Elemental, Ragefire (12HD)
Gloam
Herald at the Threshold
Naga, Blight

Challenge Level (CL) 15

Hobbreth's Mighty Pump No. 87
Mockingbeast
Slithering Tangle

Challenge Level (CL) 16

Horde, Larva
Wallow-Whale

Challenge Level (CL) 18

Elemental, Ragefire (16HD)

Challenge Level (CL) 19

Stegocentroper

Challenge Level (CL) 24

Body Snatcher

THE TOME OF BLIGHTED HORRORS

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The Tome of Blighted Horrors

For use with *The Blight: Richard Pett's Crooked City*

This book is a Blight GM's best friend; it takes the 24 new monsters and templates to be found in the Bestiary chapter of the *The Blight GM Guide* and breaks them out into a separate book before adding more than 50 additional new Blight and Between monsters to this mix and bringing the total up to over 80 new monsters. In addition the book provides new universal monster rules and compiles new subtypes and feats along with all the subtypes and feats in existing Frog Gog Games Tomes of Horrors into a single book for ease of reference. To round it all out, the appendices provide a complete listing of the monsters in this book by type and subtype, by CR, and by terrain, as well as, lists of monsters as PCs and monsters that can be trained.

Don't go into a game with your players unarmed. Take *The Tome of Blighted Horrors* with you, and let them know the danger of venturing into *The Blight*.



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