

THE HARROWER

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ALIGNMENT: Law

HIT DICE 50 (225hp)

ARMOR CLASS 6 [13]

ATTACKS: See Below

SPECIAL: Immune to all forms of magic or mental control of any type, and see below.

MOVE: 6



The Harrower

Results of Attacks on the Harrower (1d20):

1-7 Bleats loudly and takes damage normally.

8-13 Looks at you sadly, no other effect.

14-16 Disappears

17-19 Slain. An ocean of blood gushes from his wound, and begins to fill the terrain, no matter how large. The level of blood rises 1d6 inches per turn. When the depth reaches one foot, the effect becomes as swamp. When the depth reaches three feet, all movement is halved. When the depth reaches four feet, small creatures like goblins, gnomes, dwarves halflings and kobolds must swim or drown. When the depth reaches six feet, man sized creatures must swim or drown. The blood level will keep rising, flooding all available space for about five hundred miles around, receding in 1d6 days. All creatures within this area, whether living, undead, diabolical, water-breathing or whatever will die if they do not escape.

20 Slain Catastrophically: as Slain, above, but the blood keeps spilling until this entire plane of the netherworld is filled with an ocean of it, at which point the plane fades from existence altogether. This takes about one year.

Note that any slaying of the Harrower does not prevent him showing back up, whole and unharmed, the next time he is encountered.

Encountering the Harrower

He can be met by random encounter (generally a 1% chance) anywhere on the lower planes, despite all guards, locks and defensive spells.

The Harrower I intend to insert into my upcoming campaign, set on the lower planes, where the players will be lesser demons, devils, and perhaps undead, social climbing (i.e. warring and backstabbing) to become demon lords and arch-devils.

This will be set against the blackened, lava-flowing, planes of Hell, Acheron, the Abyss, etc. The players will have to do the usual things, like adventuring, to gain in experience and power, but on the higher levels they will have to claim souls (probably in the form of larvae in big, demonic anthills, I haven't really decided on this yet) as power resources, to build armies of minor demons, devils and undead to claim their right to rule.

The campaign will be one of Stygian glory, where the players will raise great palaces from the very molten silver, gold and platinum of the lower planes, only to see them smashed by their demonic/devilish rivals. In a sense, it should turn into a massive "game of thrones" (to coin a phrase) where nobody trusts nobody, and everybody vies to become the lord of all the underworld, etc.

Of course, Hell is Hell, and all is pretty fruitless in the end. Nobody can really die. If you get killed, you just reform as something weak and have to start all over again. Even if you DO manage to claim the top job, well, what then?

You have all of eternity in which to try to hold onto it, while everybody else is now scheming to take it away from you.

The Harrower figures into this as a spoiler. He is not terribly bright, but is incredibly powerful. Nobody is quite sure where he came from, but he is serious trouble to any demon lord or arch-devil in whose realm he shows up. He is accompanied by fortress-shattering storms, and mass escapes of larvae, dretches and nupperibo to... where? In game terms, this makes the lands he passes through, for about fifty miles around, unproductive for the infernal powers until he leaves. The Harrower wanders through rather slowly, while the netherworld surges all around him. The Harrower doesn't really attack anybody. He just sort of wanders around and bleats and all of this stuff just happens in his backdrop. If he is attacked, see the table above for what happens. Note that it is possible to kill him (temporarily) and make him go away for awhile, but, as often as not, it will make things far worse, as wounding him with a weapon can cause literal oceans of blood to spill forth from him, wiping out Stygian armies and destroying their fortresses, perhaps even entire planes of the netherworld.

What horrible agent of Law the Harrower is, none even of the wisest arch-devils can say. He appears as a small, white lamb, wounded and dripping blood from the heart, walking with a limp.